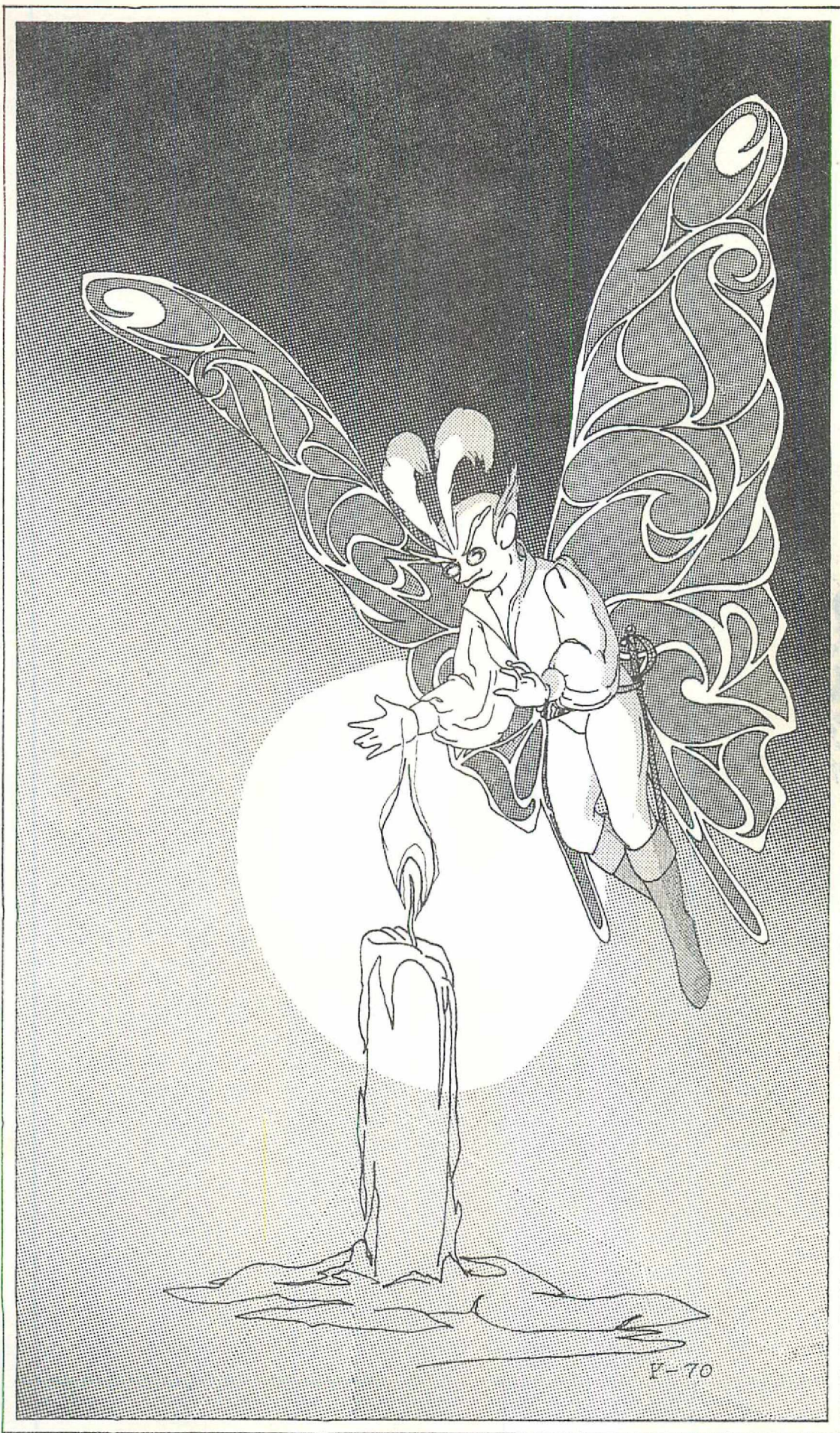
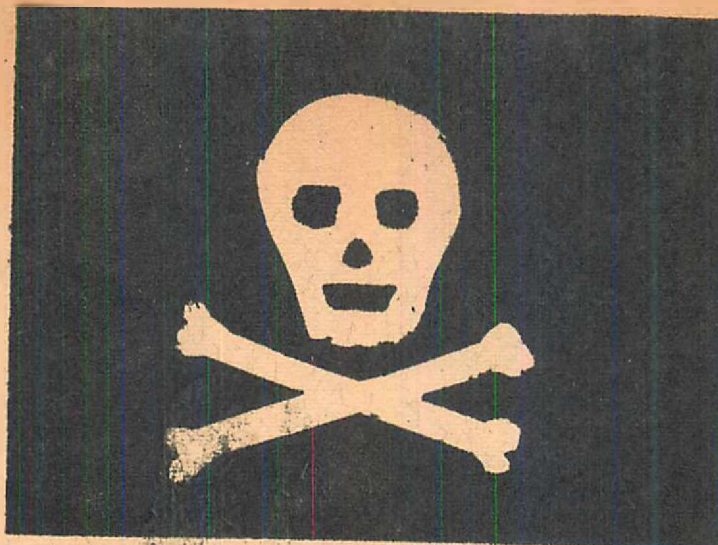


# PROPER BOSKONIAN 8









WARNING: The Surgeon General has determined  
that reading this Fanzine is Dangerous to  
your health.

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THE PROPER BOSKONIAN NO. 8

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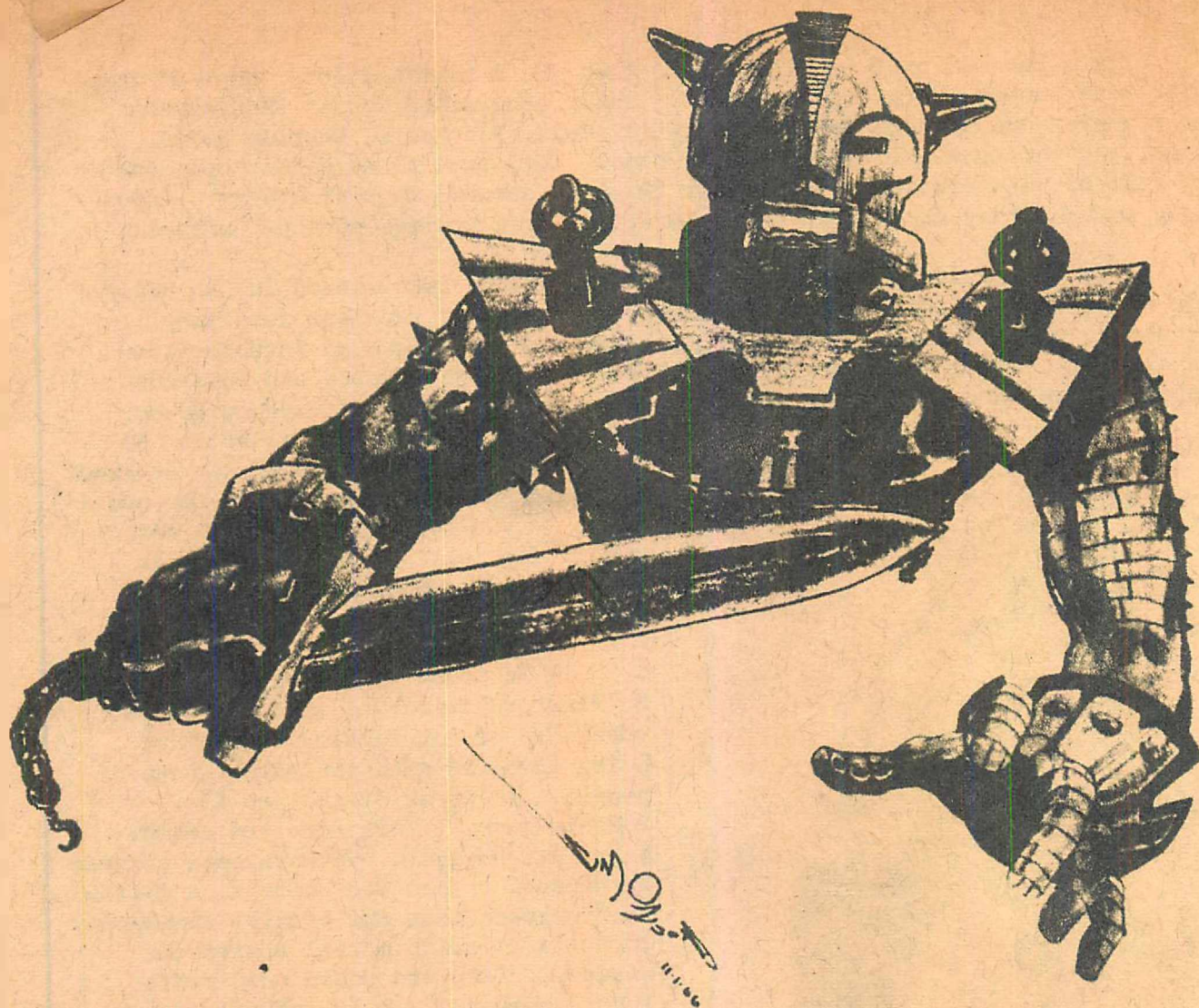
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Tale and Probably Digby are reprinted from Apa-L with permission  
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## The Instrumentality Spieks

One of the delights of fandom is the never-ending stream of characters who are going to save and purify SF and/or Fandom. They arise; they issue their manifestos; people take them very seriously; all sorts of statements are issued pro and con; people get very upset about what "they" are doing; and a good time is had by all.

Lately the game has gotten even more amusing and wobbly-headed than usual. Usually it is an isolated messiah or two but now we have a whole band of holy rollers who are out to save Fandom. I refer, of course, to THE FANNISH INSURGENCY. Now some of you might not be familiar with this valiant band. (The whole idea that any fan might not have heard of them or didn't give a damn would wound them to the quick if it were not for the fact that anyone who is not vitally aware of them is, by definition, not a fan -- at least not a trufan.) For practical purposes they constitute Joyce and Arnie Katz, Rich and Colleen Brown, Ted White, Terry Carr, Greg Benford, John D. Berry, Jay Kinney, and a supporting cast of thousands. Some of their publications are Focal Point, Potlatch, Metanoia, and Amazing Stories. (Some insurgency that has control of



a prozine!) These people are, as they will tell you, the very heart of faanish fandom.

'Tis a curious crew. Collectively they are a talented lot. Most of them write well; several are professionals. Their proclaimed God is Faanishness. Their sacred enemies are Sercon, SFR, Dick Geis, Ted Pauls, Charlie Brown, Locus, and the Horde of Faceless Fake Fans. They tend to be highly opinionated and full of vituperation. They abhor fanzines devoted to controversy. (Amusingly enough, they do this in fanzines filled with vicious personal attacks.)

It is not entirely clear to me what this sacred faanishness is, an admission which automatically places me among that horde of faceless fake fans. Offhand it would seem to consist of personal anecdotage and an introspective concern with fandom as a community, all done in a lighthearted and humorous fashion. The sort of writing that Cory Panshin (nee Seidman) used to do so charmingly when she edited PB and TZ is a model of faanish writing. At least it would be if it weren't for the qualifiers -- you see, what Cory did wasn't really faanish. It may have looked faanish and sounded faanish, but it wasn't faanish at all.



It is those qualifiers that get me. My first reaction was that her defect consisted of not talking to and not being involved with the right group of people. (I speak of the pre-Alex Panshin days.) This reaction cannot be right, however. We have been assured by noneother than Ted White in a letter to Energumen that the Fannish Insurgency is not a cliquish mutual admiration society. (And who would know better than a member?) It is entirely possible to be a member of an SF club for years, to attend conventions for years, to publish fanzines, to receive fanzines, to write and read about your fellows, and yet to be a faceless fake fan by the standards of the Fannish Insurgency. Rigorous standards indeed! But they are not, repeat not, a self-centered clique. If you don't believe it, just ask them -- they'll tell you.

This year the Fannish Insurgency seems to be hyped up on the Hugoes and the Hugo nominations. Not the Pro Hugoes, mind you, but the Fan Hugoes. (Although Terry Carr did whimper about AND CHAOS DIED not making it onto the ballot.) And also not the Fan Artist Hugo. The Fannish Insurgency does not seem to have much interest in fan art. Since fandom and fanzines generally seem



to be getting much more heavily into art, layout, and visual appearance, you can see how unfannish fandom is becoming. (One suspects that their mistrust of the current emphasis on layout and appearance is due to the fact that to get good layout you must think about your fanzine before you put it out.) The important Hugoes are the Fanzine Hugo and the Fan Writer Hugo, and it is hard to say which is more upsetting to the Fannish Insurgency.

The trouble with the Fanzine Hugo is: The big circulation Sercon zines have an unfair advantage over the small faanish zines; this advantage is increased because the self-serving, ego-tripping, Hugo-hungry editors of the Big Circulation Sercon Zines shamelessly campaign for the Hugo; and they get away with it because the Horde of Faceless Fake Fans aren't aware of real fandom. Worst of all, SFR got two Hugoes in a row, which proves it. Dick Geis, lovable rascal that he is, comes right out and says that he wants a third one. I concede that it is a little pushy to blatantly campaign for a Hugo; it escapes me, however, how this could possibly be in worse taste than the typical issue of Focal Point.

Campaigning for a Hugo does seem to be a cardinal sin with the Fannish Insurgency. It is gross immodesty and the height of bad taste. The First Law of Fandom is that Thou Shalt Not Toot Thine Own Horn. Ted Pauls has cynically suggested that the Fannish Insurgency beats this law by collectively praising each other. In support of this fatuous claim he cites Potlatch, wherein Joyce Katz recommended a long list of insurgent Fanzines and Fan Writers for the Egoboo poll. Ted White cleverly refuted this dastardly assertion by pointing out that Ted Pauls had friends too. (The thing that really startled me about Joyce's recommendations was that she could only think of three artists to consider -- I could think of a dozen offhand.)

If you think the Fanzine Hugo situation is bad you should see the Fan Writer situation; it is even worse. It can be summed up in two words: TED PAULS.

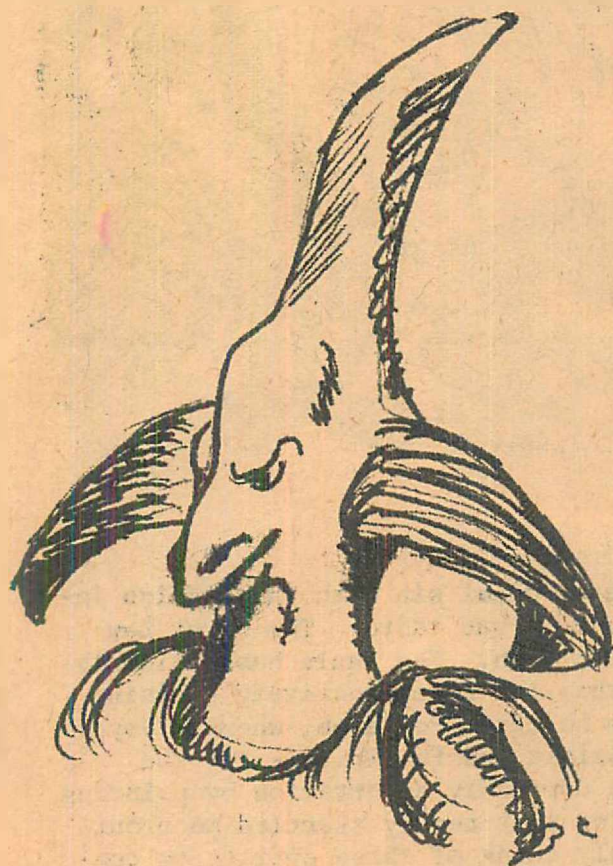




The sins of this man are manifold. He writes large numbers of book reviews. (Writing book reviews seems to be another one of the seven deadly sins.) He is impossibly fuggheaded. (That is to say, he has attacked the Fannish Insurgency collectively and individually.) He is a staunch defender of SFR and Dick Geis. He is a proponent of large-circulation fanzines. Worst of all, he seems likely to win a Hugo. Now, I ask you, isn't that simply terrible?!

Don't get me wrong -- I like the Fannish Insurgency. They may be vulgar, tasteless, and irrational, but they are often amusing and interesting. They peddle their nostrums with skill. Despite their wild charges against assorted windmills they have affected the current fanzine scene, mostly for the better. Many of them do write well and entertainingly. (I may even nominate Arnie the K. for best fan writer next year -- who knows.) As far as I can make out, the main business of fandom is gossiping about itself. If that is true, then the Fannish Insurgency has done as much as anybody to enrich the lives of all true fans everywhere.

Speaking of the fan writer Hugo, I was amused by the latest Granfalloon, which, as you probably know, is the genzine published by Linda Bushyager -- a rather nice young woman who is terribly sincere about fandom and fanzine publication. She allowed as how she was croggled by Tom Digby's being on the ballot. She went on to explain how she got and read nearly every major fanzine and hadn't even heard of Tom Digby. And that, I admit, cracked me up. Yes-sirree Bob!



It was obvious that she felt affronted -- right up on her high horse, you might say. Here she was, right in the center of the fanzine scene, one of the big names in fandom, and they go and nominate somebody she hadn't even heard of. How dare they!? Oh well, she needn't feel bad. She has company in her crogglements. Terry Carr was somewhat underwhelmed himself, although one rather gets the impression that he would be happy to see anyone, including Tom Digby, beat out Ted Pauls. The Glicksohns were more polite in Lowdown, but they obviously had a great deal of difficulty in disguising a "How in the Hell did he get on the ballot?" reaction. All these serious and important people getting upset. My, my, my.

It is an interesting question. How could someone who, in effect, only writes in Apa-L (distribution -- 65 copies) get on the ballot? Well, for one thing, it takes surprisingly few votes to get on the ballot, particularly in the fan categories. Ten to twenty will usually sneak you into last place. If this seems surprising,



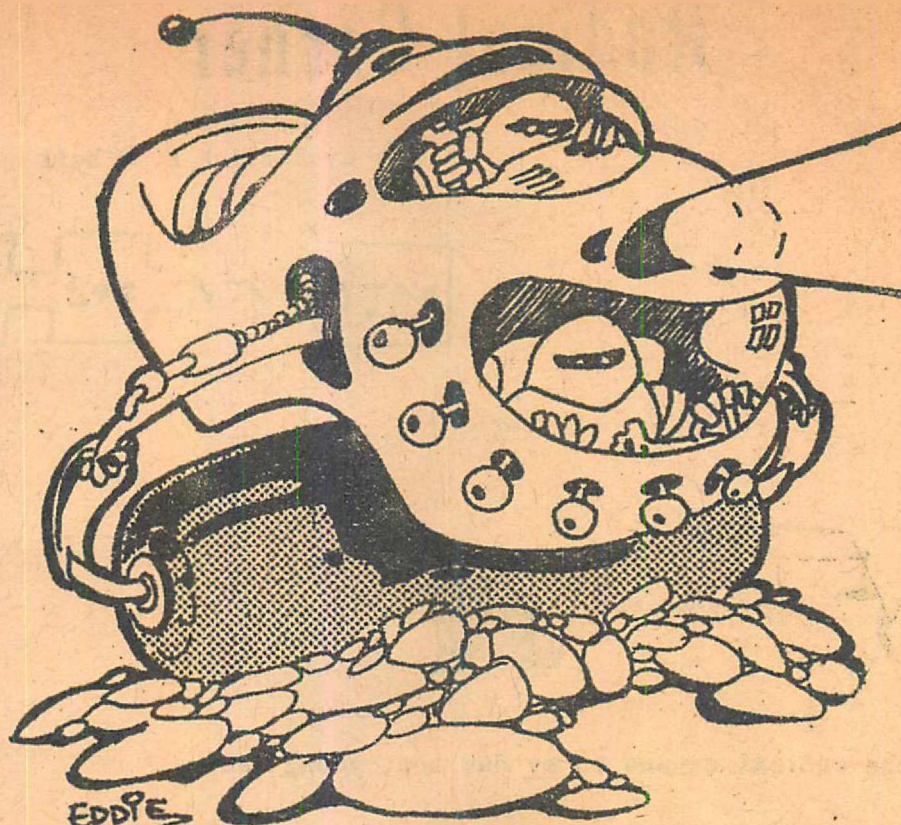
recall that, first of all, a large number of people don't nominate in the fan categories and that, secondly, the first and second place nominees sop up a large share of the votes that are cast. Third, fourth, and fifth places are usually determined by bloc voters and by a small number of nonconformists.

The other thing is that Apa-L has a surprisingly wide influence. It appears 52 times a year. During the course of a year almost everybody on the West Coast sees a few copies. (To say nothing of a substantial number of people on the East Coast.) Fifty-two times a year -- that's more than three thousand

copies of Apa-L. During that year Digby wrote approximately two hundred pages of material, which is probably more than anyone on the ballot except Ted Pauls. Linda Bushyager, Terry Carr, and Mike Glicksohn may not have read Apa-L, but a lot of other people have. And enough of them were impressed with Digby's writing to nominate him.

The thing that really cracks me up is Linda's calm assurance that she knows where it's at and her bewilderment when something totally unexpected pops up. Friend, in today's fandom, nobody knows where it's at. Fandom is too big, too anarchistic, too disorganized, for any one person or any one group of people to grasp. Maybe it was possible in the old days, but it sure isn't today, friend, it sure isn't today. The reason we have the monster cons and the proliferating regionals is that there are simply one hell of a lot of fans. Fifteen hundred, two thousand for a world con, and you know a lot of people didn't make it. Clubs all over the place. Dallas had 6000 people on their mailing list, give or take a few. Sure it's loaded with comic fans, but there are a lot of people they didn't catch. Hundreds of fanzines, more than any one person could read or keep track of. Dozens of fringe fandoms interlocked with fandom -- creative anachronuts, mythopoetics, ERBdom, comic fans, and who knows what else. It's a big country with lots of cities and towns, thousands of colleges and universities, three thousand miles across. There are Canadians and Europeans. There is just a lot more to fandom than any one person can keep track of.

Oh well, if we get too confused we can always go and sit at the feet of Armie the K., Ted White, and the Holy Fannish Insurgency and learn where it's really at. Yessirree Bob.

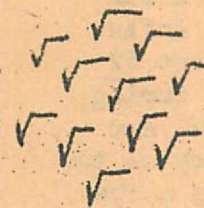


# Radical Corner

© by Patrick E. O'Neil

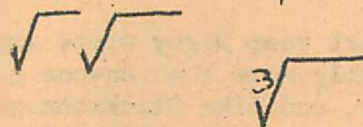


We had radical causes in my day too, young man.



$$\begin{array}{r} 3 \overline{) 1.000} \\ 9 \phantom{00} \\ \hline 10 \phantom{0} \\ 9 \phantom{0} \\ \hline 10 \end{array}$$

No. What he's saying just isn't relevant for today.



Yeah, but some people go too far!!

$$\begin{array}{l} \sqrt{mv^2/R} \quad \int_1^x dt/t = \log x \\ PV = NRT \\ v = -\frac{1}{\phi} \frac{d\phi}{dx} \\ W = \int F \cdot dx \end{array}$$

$$\sqrt{5}$$

$$\sqrt{\pi}$$

So how was Leary's talk?

I left the demonstration early and studied for the quiz. How about you?

$$\sqrt{7}$$

$$\sqrt{2}$$

$$\sqrt{16}$$

$$\sqrt{5}$$

He says he's a radical, but he looks like CIA to me.



# MURPHY'S LAW

by Craig McDonough

## 1. INTRODUCTION

The contributions of Edsel Murphy, especially his general and special laws delineating the behaviour of inanimate objects, have not been fully appreciated. It is deemed that this is, in large part, due to the inherent simplicity of the law itself.

It is my intent to show, by example, that Murphy's law has produced numerous corollaries. It is hoped that the reader, by noting the body of literature that these examples comprise, may obtain a greater appreciation of Edsel Murphy, his law, and its ramifications in engineering and science.

As is well known to those versed in the state-of-the-art, Murphy's law states that "if anything can go wrong, it will." For the more mathematical reader it can be expressed by the equation:

$$1+1 \text{ is hardly ever } 2$$

Some authorities have held that Murphy's law was first expounded by H. Cohen when he stated that "If anything can go wrong, it will - during the demonstration." However Cohen has made it clear that the broader scope of Murphy's law obviously takes precedence. To show the all-pervasive nature of Murphy's work, herewith is offered a small sample of the applications of this law in electronics and electrical engineering.

## 2. GENERAL ENGINEERING

- 2.1 A patent application will be made one week after a similar application has been submitted by an independent worker.
- 2.2 The more innocuous a design change appears, the further its influence will extend.
- 2.3 All warranty and guarantee clauses become void upon payment of the invoice.
- 2.4 The necessity of making a major design change increases as the fabrication of the system approaches completion.
- 2.5 Firmness of delivery dates is inversely proportional to the firmness of the schedule.

2.6 Dimensions will always be expressed in the least usable form. Velocity, for example, will be expressed in furlongs per fortnight.

2.7 An important instruction manual or operating manual will have been discarded by the receiving department.

2.8 Suggestions made by the value analysis group will increase costs and reduce efficiency and capabilities.

2.9 Original drawings will be mangled by the copying machine.

2.10 When there is a specific part of the operating manual that is need for reference in the course of a problem then that portion of the manual is no longer in print and all previous copies of the manual have been destroyed.

### 3. MATHEMATICS

3.1 In any given miscalculation the fault will never be placed if more than one person is involved.

3.2 Any error that can creep in will. It will be in the direction that will do the most damage to the calculation.

3.3 All constants are variables.

3.4 In any given computation the figure that is most obviously correct will be the source of the error.

3.5 A decimal will always be misplaced.

3.6 In a complex calculation one factor from the numerator will move into the denominator.



### 4. PROTOTYPING AND PRODUCTION

4.1 Any wire cut to length will be too short.

4.2 Tolerances will accumulate unidirectionally toward maximum difficulty of assembly.

4.3 Identical units tested under identical conditions will not be identical in the field.

4.4 The availability of a component is inversely proportional to the need for that component.

4.5 If a project requires  $n$  components there will be  $n-1$  in stock.



4.6 If a particular resistance is needed then that value will not be available. Furthermore it can not be developed by any available series or parallel combination.

4.7 A dropped tool will land where it can do the most damage. (This is also known as the law of selective gravitation.)

4.8 A device selected at random from a group having 99% reliability will be a member of the 1% group.

4.9 When one connects a three-phase line the phase sequence will be wrong.

4.10 A motor will rotate in the wrong direction.

4.11 The probability of a dimension being omitted from a plan or drawing is directly proportional to the importance of the dimension.

4.12 Interchangeable parts aren't.

4.13 The probability of a failure of a component, assembly, system, or subsystem is inversely proportional to the ease of repair or replacement.

4.14 If a prototype functions perfectly then the subsequent production units will malfunction.

4.15 Components that must not and cannot be assembled improperly will be.

4.16 A DC meter will be used on an overly sensitive range and will be wired in backwards.

4.17 The most delicate component will drop.

4.18 Graphic recorders will deposit more ink on humans than on paper.

4.19 If a circuit cannot fail then it will.

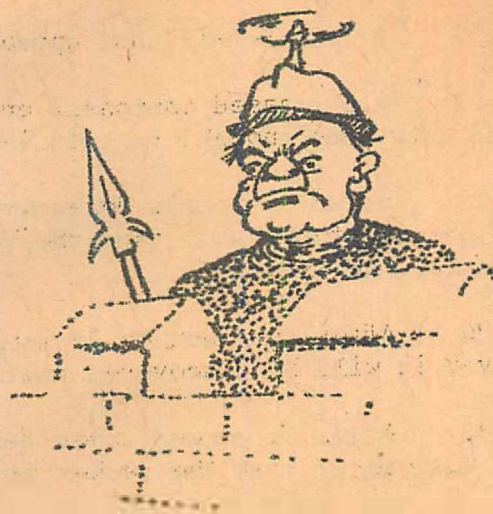
4.20 A fail-safe circuit will destroy others.

4.21 An instantaneous power supply crowbar circuit will operate too late.

4.22 A transistor protected by a fast acting fuse, will protect the fuse by blowing first.

4.23 A self starting oscillator won't.

4.24 A crystal oscillator will oscillate at the wrong frequency - if it oscillates.





- 4.25 A PNP transistor will be an NPN.
- 4.26 A zero-temperature-coefficient used in a critical circuit will have a temperature-coefficient of -750 ppm/degree.
- 4.27 A failure will not appear until a unit has passed final inspection.
- 4.28 A purchased component or instrument will meet its specs long enough, and only long enough, to pass incoming inspection.
- 4.29 If an obviously defective component is replaced in an instrument with an intermittent fault then the fault will reappear after the instrument is returned to service.
- 4.30 After the last of 16 mounting screws have been removed from an access cover it will be discovered that the wrong access cover has been removed.
- 4.31 After an access cover has been secured by 16 hold-down screws it will be discovered that the gasket has been omitted.
- 4.32 After an instrument has been fully assembled extra components will be found on the bench.
- 4.33 Hermetic seals will leak.
- 4.34 When reassembling an instrument for the first time there will be no visibility where the most delicate connections and adjustments need to be made.
- 4.35 When working in an enclosed space there will always be protruding sharp edges and/or corners in the path of work.
- 4.36 A self-starting or self-servicing instrument or unit will - when you are making internal adjustments.
- 4.37 During replacement a discharged capacitor will discharge - usually while it is in your hand.

## 5. SPECIFICATIONS

- 5.1 Specified environmental conditions will always be exceeded.
- 5.2 Any safety factor set as a result of practical experience will be exceeded.
- 5.3 Manufacturers' spec sheets will be incorrect by a factor of .5 or 2.0, depending on which multiplier gives the most optimistic value. For salesmen's claims these factors will be .1 or 10.0.
- 5.4 In an instrument or device characterized by a number of plus-or-minus errors the total error will be the sum of all errors adding in the same direction.
- 5.5 In any given price estimate the cost of equipment will exceed the estimate by a factor of 3.
- 5.6 In specifications Murphy's law supercedes Ohm's law.

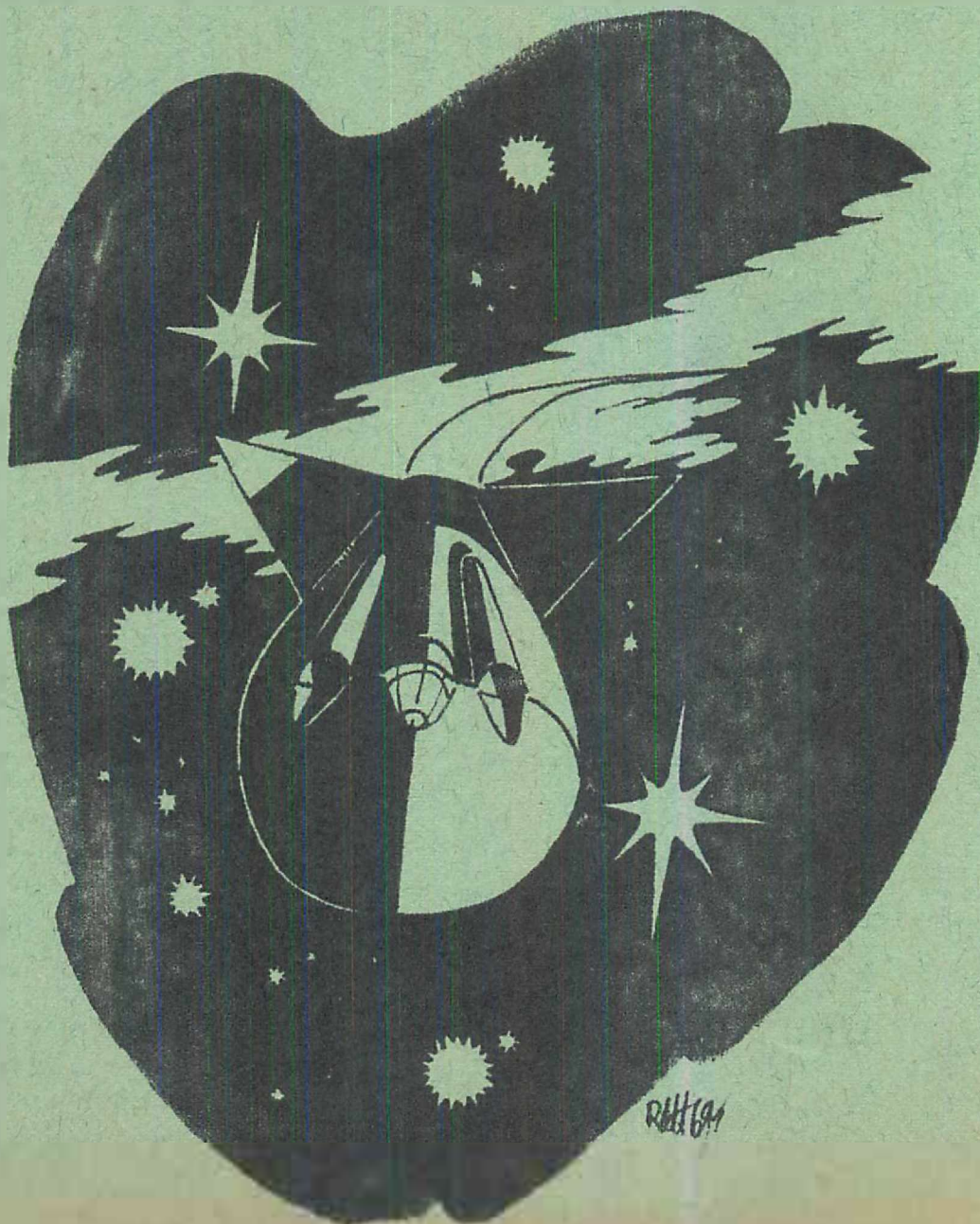


## ABOUT EDSSEL MURPHY

The man who developed one of the most profound concepts of the twentieth century is practically unknown to most engineers. He is a victim of his own law; destined for a secure place in the engineering hall of fame, something went wrong. His real contribution lay not merely in the discovery of the law but more in its universality and in its impact. The law itself, though inherently simple, has formed a foundation on which future generations will build. In fact the law first came to him in all its simplicity when his bride-to-be informed him of the impending birth of an heir to the family fortunes.

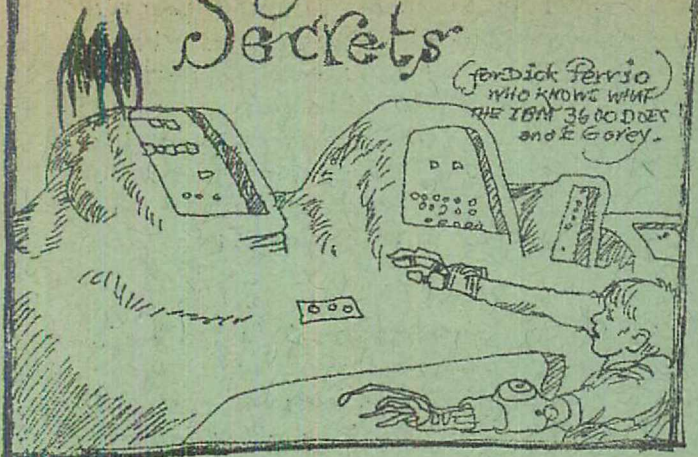
### *Editors note:*

*There is considerable confusion and much disagreement about the precise allocation of credit for Murphy's law and its various ramifications. The law has been variously credited to Finagle (von Nagle?) and others. Finagle's treatise on the Firmagle (Firmagel?) Constant has earned him such undying fame that the spelling of his name is in doubt. We should also mention such other great pioneers in this field as Bugger, and Diddle. The interested reader is referred to the Communications of the ASF. -R.H.*





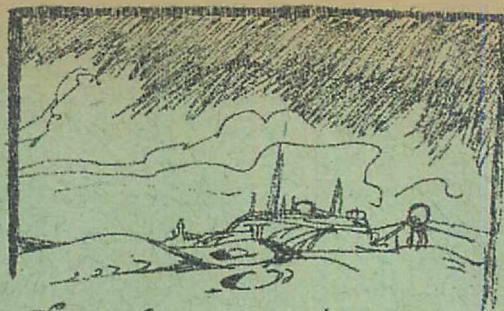
# THE Animate Secrets



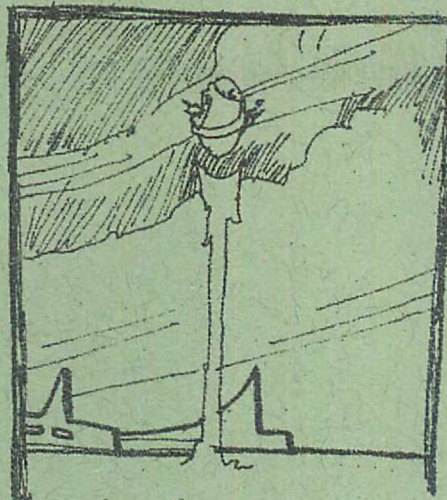
One night in what once had Winter, late visitors to the Seven Suns Comp. Center were startled to see a strange creature resting on the main sympathy banks...



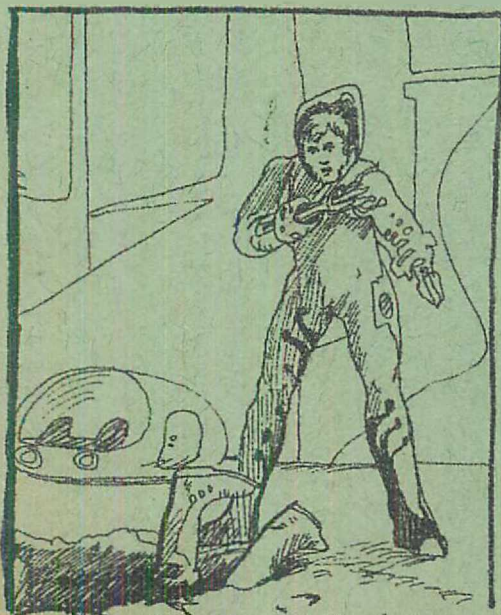
After which, it was seen that the hand had fallen from the statue of justice.....



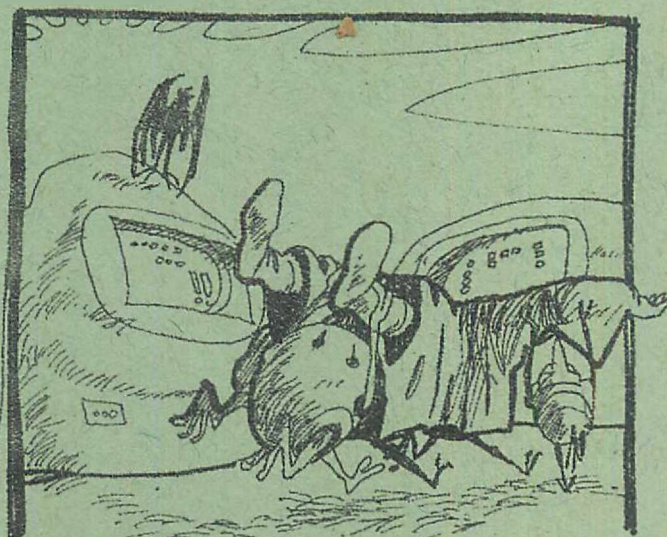
Suddenly, a great dust storm blew in from the western deserts.



Then the transport A-15 was 15 minutes early, ..



.. Layland the fool fell into a deep crater with abandon...

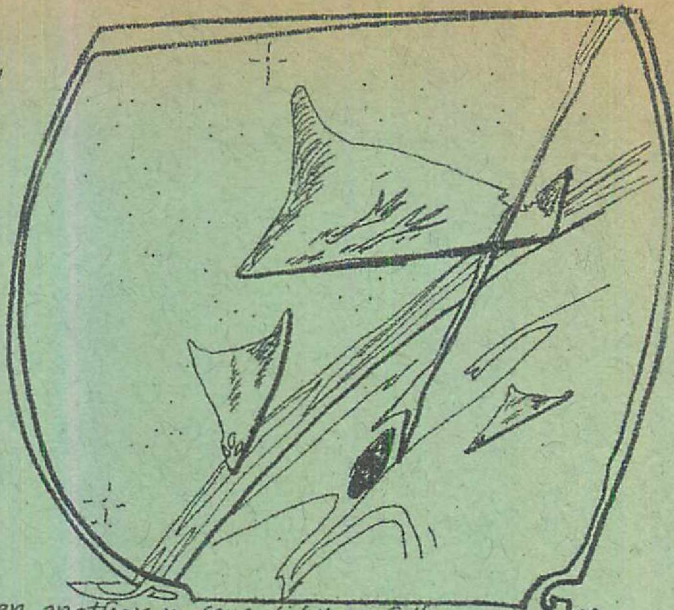


Quickly, the body was taken to the reconstruction machines...

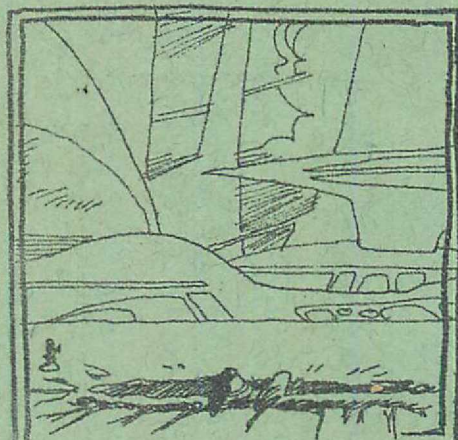




"Why?" commented  
Lord Conquest in  
regard to people falling  
into craters...



then, another meteor slid through the air scorching  
a glider...



Wend Lefthand fell into the crater,  
nearby lay a chessman....



WILD MACHINES RAN ACROSS THE DUNES AT  
MOONRISE....

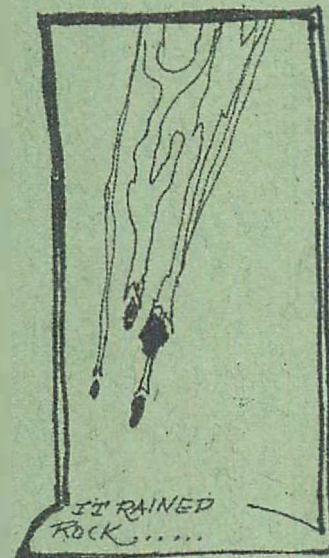
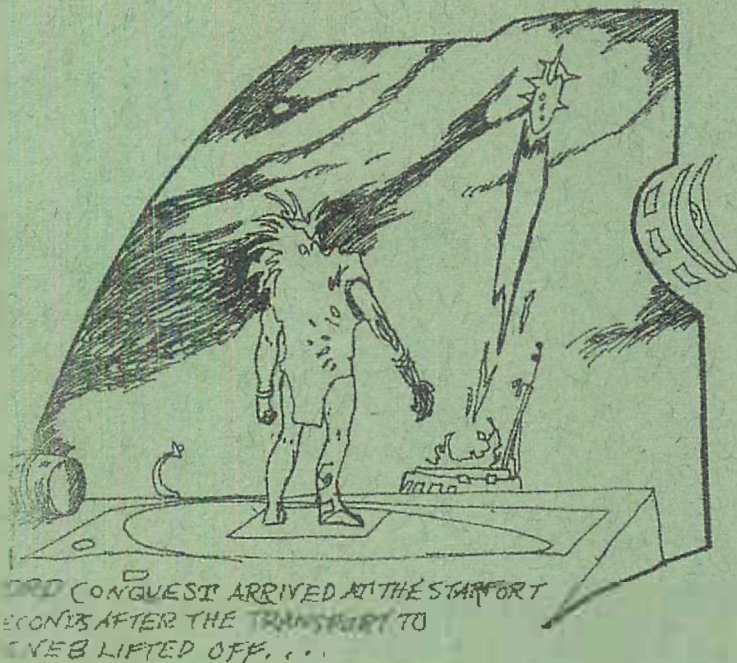


LADY RED-12 WAS NOT IMPRESSED WHEN  
THE CRATER FORMED IN HER VIEWER...



LAYLAND THE  
FOOL WAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN  
SEEN DANCING ON A TOWER  
WITH THE LADY BLUE....

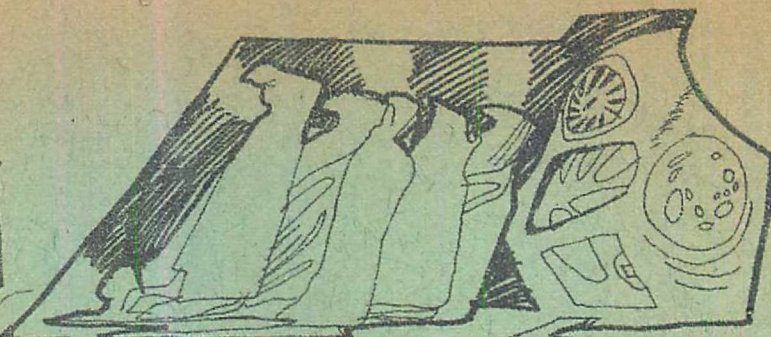








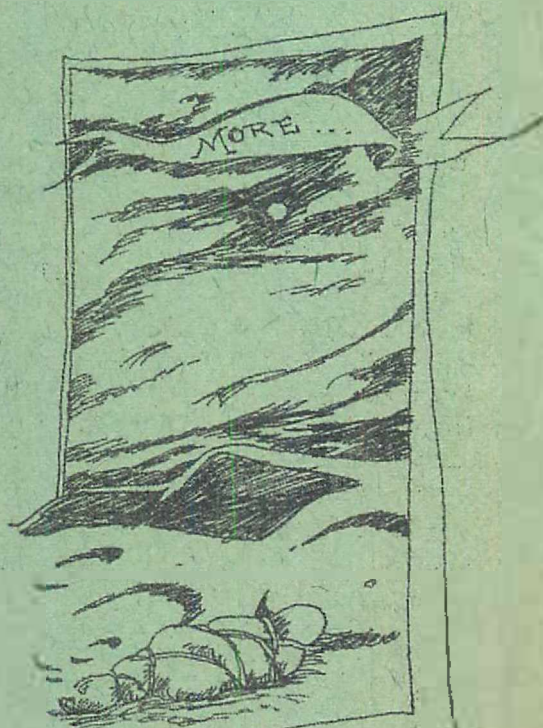
AND A CHESSMAN  
WAS FOUND NEARBY



.... THE ATTENDANTS CONSULTED THE CENTRAL  
COMPUTER....



THE LADY RED-12 WAS FOUND IN A  
BOTHTEL WHEN A WILD MACHINE CONFESSED  
AND LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF WAND  
LEFTHAND, IN SHOCK, HIDDEN IN THE DUNES.



CONCERNING THE COMPLETE  
MYSTERY AND SOMETHING IN THE  
DUNES

THE MISSING  
RIGHT FINGER

# VECTOR PRODUCTS

and

## SCIENCE FICTION

by

DOUG HOYLMAN

A frequent hypothesis in science fiction is that the three-dimensional world which we perceive is in fact a subspace of a universe with four or more dimensions. (I should point out right away that I am only talking about dimensions of space; time is another matter.) In the early days of sf this idea alone was the basis of many a bad story, and maybe even a couple of good ones; nowadays it usually turns up as a background assumption, where "hyper-space" is vaguely invoked as the means for getting from one star to another in a reasonable length of time. The question then arises as to what the nature of such a space would be. The geometry of four- or  $n$ -dimensional space can be worked out by straightforward mathematical techniques, and has not been a topic of much interest since the turn of the century. (See, for instance, Manning's The Geometry of Four Dimensions, a dull mathematical treatise on the subject, or Abbott's Flatland, a dull novel on the subject, both in Dover paperbacks.) The physics of such a space, however, is another question. A few years ago I ran across a paper in the American Mathematical Monthly which can be interpreted to support the following argument: If there is a space of more than three, but finitely many, dimensions, which is accessible from ours, then the number of dimensions of such a space must be exactly seven.

To make this treatise of reasonable length, I'm going to assume that the reader knows the basic properties of vectors as taught in a calculus course. If you don't but would like to find out, go to any decent library, look under 517 if it's on the Dewey Decimal System, take any book called Calculus, Calculus and (or with) Analytic Geometry or vice versa, or College Mathematics, and turn to the chapter or chapters on vectors. (There are usually two, one on vectors in two dimensions and one on vectors in three dimensions; read both.) Don't let the location of the material in the book frighten you; you won't need any of the preceding stuff on derivatives and integrals. You'll need to know a bit of analytic geometry, which will be discussed in an earlier chapter; and it might help to know what "sine", "cosine" and "determinant" mean, but it's not essential.

Okay. Now recall that while vector addition, multiplication by a scalar, and the dot-product can be defined with equal ease in a vector space of any number of dimensions, the cross-product is defined only in three dimensions (because the right-hand screw rule--stop that snickering in the back row, now!--is meaningless in fewer or more dimensions). But the cross-product is used in the statements of a number of physical laws; the description of rotary motion, for example, and the vector-differential form of Maxwell's Equations. Therefore, in a space where cross-products could not exist, the laws of physics would necessarily be different, perhaps incompatible with those of our own universe so that such a space would be inaccessible to us.

In the paper which suggested this article, Bertram Walsh asks which spaces do in fact have cross-products. First, we have to decide just what we mean by a cross-product. He notes that the familiar cross-product in three dimensions has the following properties:



$$\begin{aligned}
\mathbf{a} \times \mathbf{b} &= -\mathbf{b} \times \mathbf{a} \\
\mathbf{a} \times (\mathbf{b} + \mathbf{c}) &= \mathbf{a} \times \mathbf{b} + \mathbf{a} \times \mathbf{c} \\
t(\mathbf{a} \times \mathbf{b}) &= (t\mathbf{a}) \times \mathbf{b} \\
\mathbf{a} \cdot (\mathbf{a} \times \mathbf{b}) &= 0 \\
|\mathbf{a}|^2 |\mathbf{b}|^2 &= (\mathbf{a} \cdot \mathbf{b})^2 + |\mathbf{a} \times \mathbf{b}|^2
\end{aligned}$$

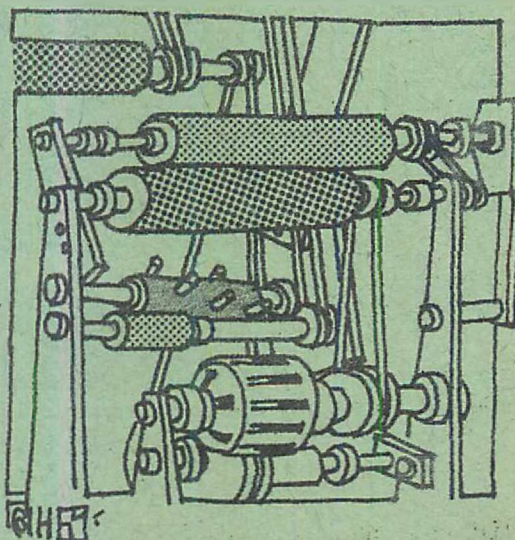
where  $\mathbf{a}$ ,  $\mathbf{b}$  and  $\mathbf{c}$  are any vectors,  $t$  is any real number, and  $|\mathbf{a}|$  represents the magnitude of  $\mathbf{a}$ . He then takes these properties to define a cross-product on a space of  $n$  dimensions, and proceeds to show that if a cross-product with these properties exists, then  $n$  must be either 0, 1, 3 or 7. (For those who know some abstract algebra, this result is essentially equivalent to Hurwitz's theorem.) The 0- and 1-dimensional cases are trivial; the cross-product is always the zero vector. (Notice that by the last of the listed properties, the cross-product of non-parallel vectors must be non-zero, since  $(\mathbf{a} \cdot \mathbf{b})^2 = |\mathbf{a}|^2 |\mathbf{b}|^2 \cos^2 \theta < |\mathbf{a}|^2 |\mathbf{b}|^2$ , so that we can't get away this easily in higher-dimensional spaces.) In three dimensions there are two cross-products, right- and left-handed. But in seven dimensions, there are an infinite number of possibilities; given any two vectors, there are five dimensions full of directions perpendicular to both of them, and we can find a cross-product which points in any of these directions (this will then determine what the cross-product of any two vectors must be).

So if the laws of physics with which we are familiar operate in a space of more than three dimensions, the number of dimensions must be seven. Certainly this has science-fictional possibilities. Suppose, for instance, that the universe has seven dimensions but seems to have only three because we perceive only one of the many possible cross-products. (Is this plausible? No matter.) Then it is discovered how to produce a local change in the cross-product. With a small change, there is a shift into--not a parallel universe, but one at an oblique angle. When the direction of the cross-product is exactly reversed, an object becomes it's mirror image (antimatter?). And when the cross-product becomes zero, the object is reduced to a one-dimensional form suitable for sending through a matter transmitter. Anyone who cares to use this idea is welcome to it.

#### NOTES

The article is: Walsh, Bertram, "The Scarcity of Cross Products on Euclidean Spaces", American Mathematical Monthly 74 (1967), 188-194. That's the February 1967 issue, Classroom Notes section.

The best explanation I've seen of the physical motivation behind the definition of the cross-product is in Britton, Kriegh and Rutland, Calculus and Analytic Geometry, Freeman (San Francisco), 1966.



# \$150,000 Worth of Jellybeans

## by Jim Saklad

- 1) What was Mike Smith's mother's full name? His father's?
- 2) What is the SMMR and for whom does it work?
- 3) What did Lindsay Joyce become?
- 4) The demise of earth occurred because of the violation of a treaty between the United States and a tribe of Indians. What tribe? What was the working of the treaty?
- 5) What was Horthy doing under the bleachers?
- 6) Who were the furies that hounded Corgo?
- 7) What was Waldo hired to fix?
- 8) Now this is what I call trivia: What was Gully Foyle's serial number?
- 9) Where was Saul Dagenham when he was "burned"?
- 10) I thought I ought to have a giveaway to balance #8: Who wrote "progris riport 1 -- march 5, 1965"?
- 11) What does R.U.R. stand for? Q.U.R.?
- 12) Whom did the Quisatz Haderach marry? Who bore his children?
- 13) Dolan interrogated the pi-man. What was Dolan's first name?
- 14) What happened when the Impacted Man went downstairs?
- 15) What did Evelyn Cyril Gordon find on Ile du Levant?

\*\*\*\*\* ANSWERS FOR PB7 \*\*\*\*\*

Perhaps it's merely an artifact of PB7 coming out a year after PB6, but somehow it seems too long between issues to associate question with answer. So -- no, Doug Hoylman, I'm not going to give you the answers in the same issue, but I will at least remind you of the questions.

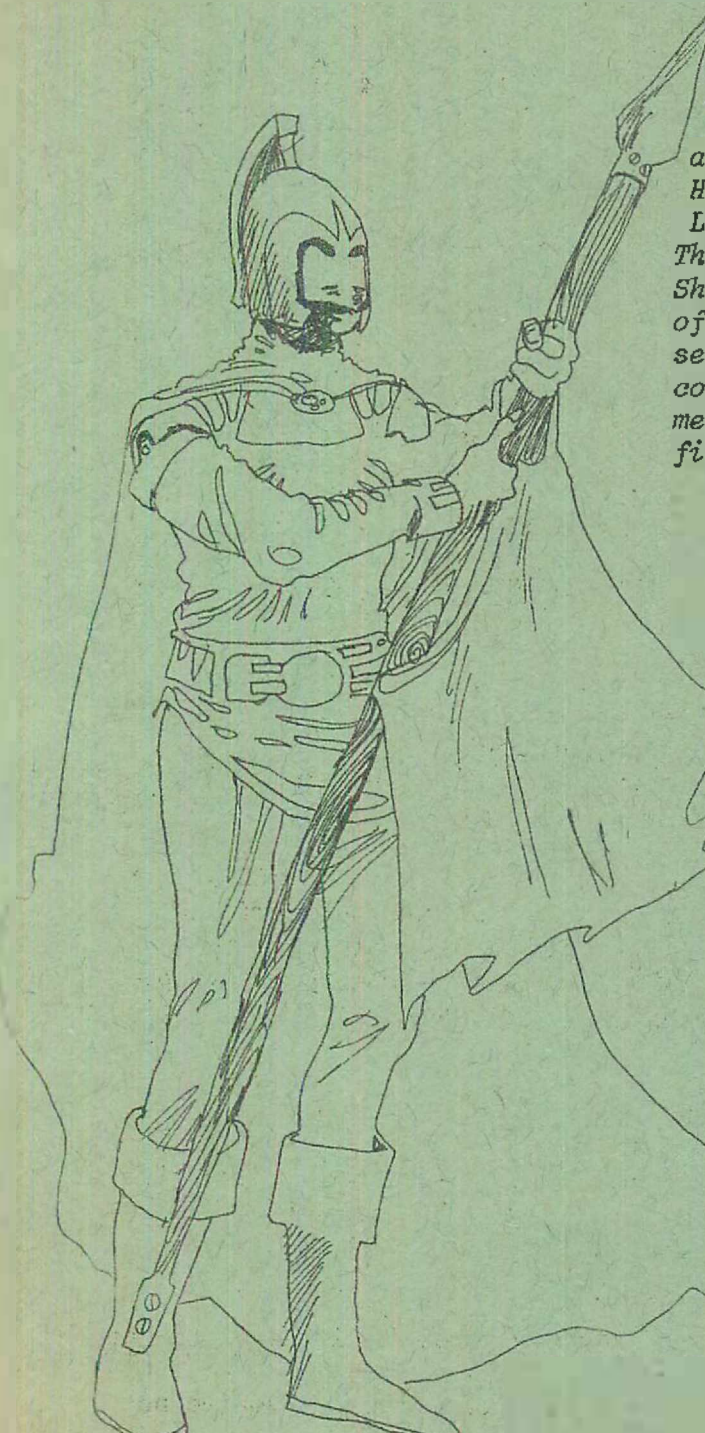
- 1) What did the Dromozoa do? Well, it's really sort of hard to describe -- they sort of seeded people, and grew extra bodies, or pieces thereof, on them. Where? On A Planet Named Shayol. Cordwainer Smith, of course.



- 2) The Seat of Judgment, in, I believe, the Del Rey story of the same name, was a tall, sharpened stake, heavily greased. The sentenced victim was seated upon it, and slowly died, uncomfortably, as his strength waned.
- 3) A GP hull is transparent to any electromagnetic radiation in frequencies visible to any puppeteer customer; and to gravity. Further, antimatter, in sufficient quantity, can "get through" a GP hull. That's sort of a hedge.
- 4) The Heinlein and the military ship were using their deep-radar to look for Kzanol's second suit, in World of Ptavvs.
- 5) The fellow who buried the native of Vega XXI next to his own father was named Enoch Wallace; and he was the keeper of a Way Station (#18327) in Cliff Simak's story of the same name.
- 6) Outsiders followed starseeds, and probably still do, throughout Known Space.
- 7) Teal? He designed "and he built a crooked house" -- a four-spatial-dimensional house. Heinlein story.
- 8) After a while the psychic transference from man/robot to robot/man gets so complete that, as Vandaleur's android said, "he doesn't know which of us we are these days." First line of "Fondly Fahrenheit."
- 9) "Fight," was "A Word From Our Sponsor." Fred Brown short. Lord only knows who actually said it.
- 10) Well, that's sort of hard to figure -- how tall Go-Captain Alvarez is. He was the man who discovered a planet called Shayol, and the dromozoa just made him grow large. He is described as a human mountain, his foot six stories high. If you figure he's lying down, and a one-foot-long foot is 60 feet heel to toe, that would make a 6-foot man 360 feet long.
- 11) I never was entirely sure whether the Widget and Wadget were machines, constructs to house aliens, or the aliens themselves; and whether Boff and Google were the Widget and the Wadget, or the aliens, but at any rate, there they were on Earth, investigating the presence or absence of synapse beta sub sixteen in the residents of that world. Sturgeon story. Great!
- 12) "Millions for nonsense, but not one cent for entropy," said Fourmyle of Ceres.
- 13) Actually I don't have the story handy to check, but the vacuum breather's record is supposedly up around two minutes -- Clarke's first-person narrator was one of the founding members of the club, at about 10-15 seconds.
- 14) The IMT? The mad dogs. The Interstellar Master Traders. Cities in Flight.
- 15) The Howard families? Methuselah's Children. And don't tell me you've not heard of them!

# HEICON - II

by Marsha Elkin



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: MARSHA ELKIN, femme fan, sets out for HEICON. She travels from Manhattan to Idlewild via a canoe trip in Massachusetts. From Idlewild she and a host of other fans travel to London via Holland. In London she sees the Tower of London, the Cutty Sark, and a statue of Sir Thomas Crapper, inventor of the flush toilet. She does some shopping and eats a lovely lot of food. After a party at Ella Parker's she sets out on the next leg of the trip to Heicon. This involves travelling to Liverpool, meeting the Shorrocks, and seeing Delta group films.

I don't know quite what I was expecting the Delta Group films to be like, but what I actually saw was far beyond anything I might have imagined. They were perfectly marvelous. I hadn't laughed so much since I saw Flanders and Swann. I was a bit startled when the first things shown turned out to be a Tom and Jerry cartoon and a reel of PSYCHO (not the whole film, just the first reel) but then we got to the main films of the evening. The first one was an absolute gem of slapstick humor called "I Was a Teen Age Birdman." Our hero, starting with a pair of cardboard wings and going on to ever more complex though equally unsuccessful methods, tried valiantly to get aloft. He did succeed at one point but the results were not quite what he'd hoped for. This was followed by such gem's as "Dr. Frankenstein's Experiment," which I thought was the ultimate parody of the horror movie until I got to Heicon and saw the longer and funnier film they'd done on this theme (called, I think, "Castle of Horrors"). My favorite film



for the evening was "Dr. Doom and the Annihilation Ray, Part 3." This, I gather, was the third part of what was destined to be a four part serial. Parts 1, 2 and 4 however have not yet been made (or, I suspect, even written) though they are planning on doing them Real Soon Now. I hope they do. This was certainly a lot more interesting and amusing than most of the old serials I've watched.

The rest of the films were on a par with these, although these were the ones which made the strongest impression on me. I was also impressed with the two youngest Shorrock kids, Alan and Gavin. They had been sent off to bed a few hours earlier and had come back down for the movies. They sat quietly and watched the films and then went back off to bed when they were over. No fuss, no unpleasantness, no coaxing. I'm not used to kids who are not only nice kids but are also polite and well behaved.

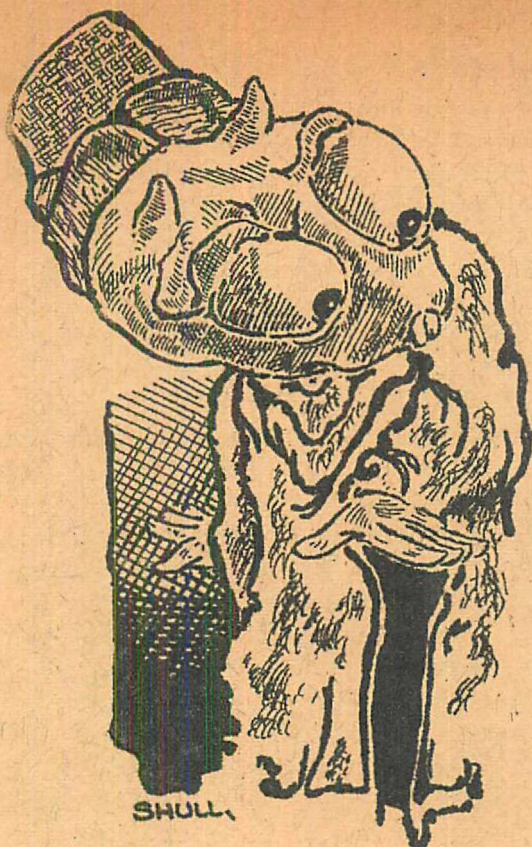
After the films people sat around and talked; and gradually a number of them disappeared into the front room for a card game. Since I'm not a poker player I remained with the rest of the conversationalists and discussed all sorts of random things, mostly centering around history. As people started leaving to go home and the talking crowd thinned out, I wandered into the front room to observe the card game for a bit. Norman had opened a bottle of white wine in there and since Bruce was distinctly more interested in the cards than the wine, I appropriated his glass (with his consent even) and enjoyed it. I watched the card game for a bit (I do enjoy poker as a spectator sport though I don't play) until at around 4 AM I discovered that my eyes were having a distinct disinclination to stay open. I started saying goodnight to people and in only a half hour or so I was climbing the stairs leading to the second floor and the bedroom that I was to sleep in that night.

And all of a sudden it was 10:15 in the morning and I was starved. Since I heard some noises coming from downstairs, I quickly pulled on some clothes (the heaviest ones I'd packed as it was quite cold) and ran downstairs in search of people and, hopefully, breakfast. I found Ina and Marge in the kitchen, while some of the young Shorrocks were popping in and out at erratic intervals, and in a few minutes I was handed a lovely large plate of breakfast. I happily emptied the plate and then wandered upstairs to see if the sleeping beauties on the third floor were either awake or ready to wake up. I tested their degree of awakability by tickling the bottoms of their feet and made two discoveries. The first was the Elliot was ticklish and was ready to wake up and the second was that Bruce wasn't but was ready to wake up anyhow.

After tenderly and seductively whispering the magic word "breakfast" into their ears to ensure that they continued waking up, I went back downstairs and got ready for a momentous occasion. I was going to wash my hair, using the Shorrock's SHOWER! Yes, that's right. A real, honest to goodness shower. After nearly drowning myself while trying to rinse the shampoo out of my hair in the incredibly deep and long bathtubs in the Regent Palace, the prospect of getting to use a real shower for the purpose was a high treat. Not quite comparable to the food and wine we'd been consuming but a treat nonetheless. I really enjoyed that shower. It was the only one I saw until I got to Amsterdam at the end of the trip.

I came downstairs a while later, cheerfully combing my very wet hair and discovered that Bruce and Elliot had gotten up and had breakfast and that Bruce had already gotten into a card game with Norman and Tony (at least I think his name was Tony). They were playing for very nominal stakes but this didn't seem to detract from their interest in the game. Bruce emerged from this some-





what the loser (but still ahead from the night before) as Ina brought in a heaping plate of sandwiches and other good things for lunch. We all did our best to demolish the tower of sandwiches and succeeded very well, and then we sat around and talked for a bit before Norman, Ina, Elliot, Bruce and I all piled into the car to go over to the train station.

This time we went via the Birkenhead Tunnel instead of taking the ferry. A traffic jam caused by a car that had broken down and had to be towed away nearly made us miss the train but luckily we did arrive in time.

We piled onto the train, picked a set of seats and dumped our stuff on them, and then piled out again to say goodbye to the Shorrocks until Heicon. And at that point I managed to appall Ina when I plaintively mentioned that I was hungry again. Bruce made soothing noises and said that I could have one of the space food sticks that he'd brought along in his briefcase.

The trip back was fairly uneventful and we arrived at Billy Petit's party only about half an hour later than we'd said we would. We were greeted by Billy with the news that over half the people had already been and gone. There seemed to be enough people there at that point so that we didn't feel unduly deprived by this news.

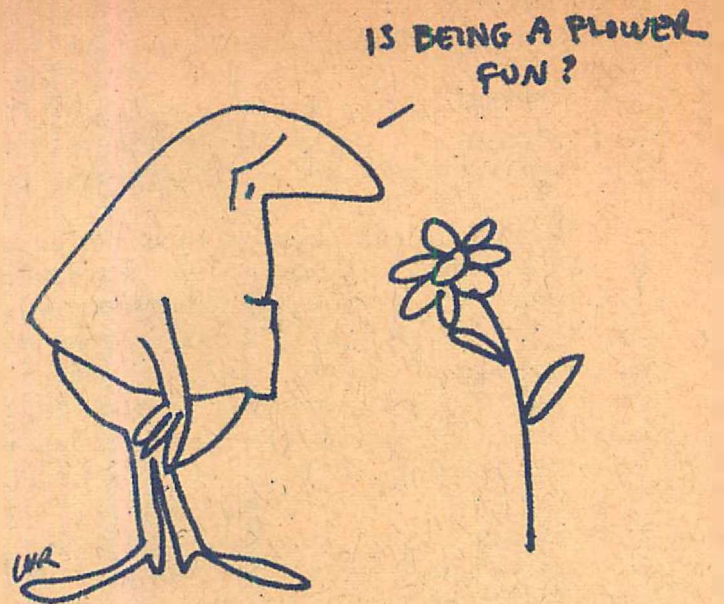
We took a quick check through the areas that the party was occupying to see who was there and ended up in the kitchen, both to check out who was around and to survey the refreshments. Judging by the totally decimated look of them lots of people has already passed through that kitchen that day. Then, while Bruce cornered Arthur to get him to draw an ATomillo on his cartoon shirt and Elliot was being introduced to a gentleman about a foot taller than he was ( a distinct novelty for Elliot), I made the acquaintance of a pair of white pekingese that were wandering around the party. They either belonged to Jerry Webb or Ann, or one to each. I was never quite clear on that. They were a perfectly delightful and very friendly pair of dogs. I'd never liked pekes up till this point since most of the ones I'd run into were overfed and ill tempered but I have now seen the light and changed my views on the breed.

I talked to John Brunner for a bit about good places to shop and then wound up listening in on a conversation between Bruce and Astrid Anderson on con bidding. Somewhere in the midst of this Arthur grabbed me and informed me that he was about to lead me down the garden path. I soon discovered that he meant this quite literally as I got a tour of the paths in the rather large garden behind Billy's apartment. It was getting quite dark at this point and after the third time I tripped over something (or simply my own feet) we headed back into the apartment and on into the kitchen where Arthur and Ted Tubb started singing. I drifted back into the livingroom, where I was introduced to Archie and Beryl.



Mercer and was informed that the arrangements for our visiting them the next day had already been made. They commented about how seeing us there was convenient in that it saved phone calls and then they left a bit later. They had to get to work the next day.

Since we hadn't stopped to check into a hotel for the night we asked Billy if he could put us up for the night. Luckily he not only was agreeable to the idea but also had bed space for three. The party ended at midnight but we sat up and talked to Billy about books and book dealers for another hour or so.



Billy woke us at around 8:30 next morning and made tea for us. He'd been going to go to work shortly thereafter but the conversation was so interesting that we didn't notice the time passing. The end result was that he went to work later than planned and we took the 11:00 train instead of the 10:00. This time we were travelling first class instead of second and there was quite a difference. I am in favor of British notions of first class rail travel.

In Oxford we managed to navigate our way to Blackwell's without any difficulty other than that provided by lots of interesting shops. The first part of Blackwell's that we got to was the children's bookshop and I immediately entered, leaving the others to follow me or abandon me as they chose. Elliot followed me and Bruce abandoned the two of us for the time being. I happily worked my way through all three floors of the place, piling up a big heap of books I wanted, and then blithely told the clerk to charge them to my account and send them to me. Elliot was, at this point, only about halfway through the second floor books so I cheerfully told him that I was abandoning him and headed over to the main floor.

I found Bruce there, heading to the office to pay the bill on his account, which at that time amounted to something like 58¢. I think he was also establishing an account for the Engineering Library of UCLA. I discovered the cookbook section at that point and speedily became oblivious to all else. I collected a couple of cookbooks and a book on mushrooms and took them over to the counter to have them sent home. Also I ordered a couple of SF books I'd wanted that they didn't have in stock and picked up a C.S. Lewis that they had there. I collected Bruce, who was in the dictionary section, and we went looking for Elliot. He'd managed to discover their art and illustrated book section, which is next door to the main shop, and was quite obviously lost for the next hour or so. Bruce and I looked (or drooled as the case may be,) shuddered briefly, and headed out fast before we succumbed to temptation and ended up pawning our souls for the next couple of years. We agreed to meet Elliot at the station and went off in search of lunch which was a bit overdue at this point.



Unfortunately for lunch, neither Bruce nor I can resist antique shops or interesting looking thing shops, and there were lots of these along the way. We stopped at a clothing shop featuring Scottish ties, sweaters, jackets, etc. and I found a truly appalling tie for Richard. It was pale pink and baby blue paisley and quite interesting. I also got him a MacDonald plaid one to compensate for the paisley and picked up a nice tweed tie for my father.

By the time we had browsed through the antique stores and another book shop we had a choice: lunch or the store where Ann had said I could find minis. I did want a new mini but I was hungry and so was Bruce. Lunch won. And so it was in Oxford that I first made my acquaintance with a Wimpie Bar. They well hamburgers and hot dogs and such. Edible, cheap, and reasonably fast, which was the main consideration at that point. We gobbled up some lunch and headed off to the station where we met Elliot a few minutes later. And, after reclaiming our bags, we piled onto the train and we were off for Bristol.

Bristol has a very busy sort of station and we were very glad to spot Archie waiting to guide us out. We happily followed him to a small red car and then considered the problem of how to fit all four of us and our bags into it. We managed it, though I'm still not sure how and Archie started considering the question of whether he should take us straight home or via a more roundabout and scenic route. The scenic route won and we got to see the canal and the river, the Cathedral which had been cleaned up and the Central Library which hadn't and looked much dingier by comparison, and the University Tower. And then we arrived chez Mercer and discovered Beryl preparing to feed us. She informed us before we sat down to eat that one of her chief loathings was people who came to visit and then said that they'd eaten on the train or that they weren't hungry. We laughed and told her that she had nothing to worry about with us. And then we proceeded to make large inroads into all of the edibles in sight, finishing by demolishing a chocolate covered lime layer cake. Beryl looked extremely pleased. We were extremely pleased.

She then inquired what sort of things we liked to drink. Among the choices we were offered were cider, which I jumped at, and draft mead, which we all were curious about. Archie went out and returned with those and some other drinkables besides and a bit later Peter Roberts, alias Peter Rabbit, arrived.

And a bit later still we all went out for dinner, that happening at a Chinese restaurant nearby that Archie and Beryl wanted to introduce us to. On the way there we passed a number of thing shops and in the window of one of them we spotted a swordstick that was exactly what Bruce wanted for his Gorice costume. Since it was about 10:00P.M. at this point, the store had long since closed but we made a note of its location and resolved to come back next day, and then continued on to dinner.

Dinner turned out to be surprisingly good. I didn't expect too much from a Chinese restaurant in Bristol and was quite pleasantly surprised. They weren't up to the noble standards of the House of Roy but, on the whole, the dinner was enjoyable. By means of some determined sleight of hand, assisted by diversion tactics from me, Bruce managed to grab the check before the Mercers did and thereby launched a three day competition in creative check grabbing.

Back at the Mercer's place afterwards Peter introduced us to the mysteries of the aardvark game. That killed most of the rest of the evening, up till some improbable hour of the morning. (Improbable when you consider that Archie had to get up early next morning to go to work.) The aardvark game is one of



the more entertaining substitution games I've run into. One substitutes into song lyrics the word aardvark with the limitations being that it has to be a two syllable word that you are substituting for, as, for instance, "Hark the aardvark angels sing." If the word you are substituting for is a rhyming word in the song you may run into trouble but this can sometimes be gotten around by using a word that rhymes with aardvark and sounds reasonable in context for the rhyming word. This practice led us to such hit songs as "Every little lark seems to whisper aardvark." I sat there quietly absorbing the ground rules of this game and trying not to fall asleep until suddenly, with a cry of "Aardvark Nagila," I announced my success at both endeavors.

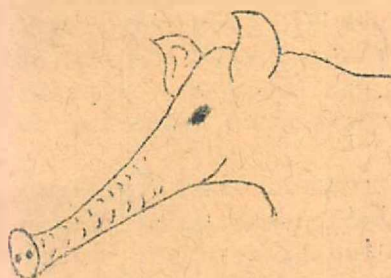
And we were off and running. The game ran till about 3:00 A.M. and Peter, who'd started it, seemed somewhat appalled at the undending supply of masterpieces (or something) that we kept pouring out. These were probably increased by his having explained that one could also substitute wombat (this was less preferred by the knowledgeable, though) for two syllable words, bandicoot for three syllable words, and axolotl for four syllable ones. Scansion on these last two was a fair amount more difficult.

After Peter left we sort of generally collapsed and I was awakened by Beryl at some ungodly hour like 8:30 or 9:00, as the others were. Happily for me Beryl's notion of waking a guest includes bringing a cup of tea and even though I dozed off for another twenty minutes or so, when I finally did manage to struggle up it was very welcome. So was Bruce's cup of tea which I annexed after I'd gotten dressed since he doesn't drink tea very much. I straggled downstairs and found that Beryl already had breakfast waiting and by the time I'd finished that I felt ready to face the world again. Luckily I wasn't expected to do anything useful or even intelligent for the first hour or so, it taking our party that long to get organized, but presently we set off for the shop we'd noted the night before to get Bruce his swordstick.

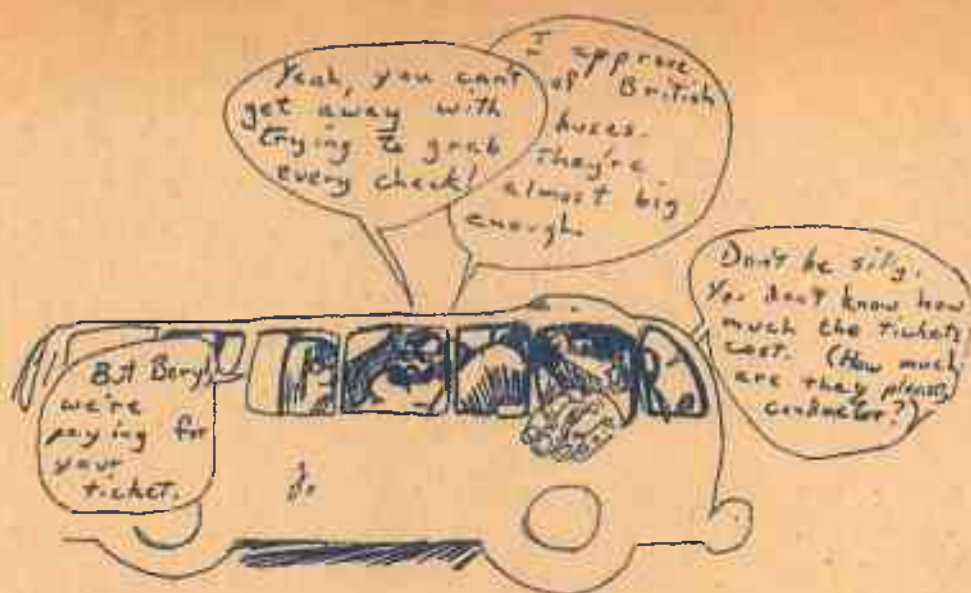
With this safely accomplished Beryl started giving us the guided tour of the area. This involved a browse through the Christmas Steps, a fascinating alleyway containing a not terribly distinguished bookstore and tons of lovely looking antique shops. And a little later we started out for the bus to Bath.

Our path to the bus led us past a sewing things shop where I stopped to stock up on embroidery thread and into a paperback bookstore to look for some more junk reading for train trips. While hunting for junk reading I spotted a rack of Georgette Heyer novels and picked up a couple of my favorites for Beryl. I handed her the bag when I came out and asked if she could fit it into her bag. She agreed that she could but looked somewhat stunned when I then informed her that they were hers.

We muddled our way to the bus stop without any trouble and got on the bus, and then Beryl showed her true colors. She informed us that she was paying for the tickets. We protested this at great length but she finally squelched







us with the remark that we didn't know how much the tickets were. We were silenced by this simple retort and then both stunned and outraged when she turned to the conductor who was collecting the fares and asked how much the tickets were. Bruce recovered enough to protest that since she didn't know either, there was no reason why we couldn't pay for her ticket. She explained that she needed change for a £ 5 note and then when the conductor couldn't supply it insisted that Bruce make change for her since he did have change. She won the argument about this too.

The bus trip was enlivened among other things by a friendly fellow passenger who noticed our U.S. accents and started talking to us. He was curious about what had brought us over to England and when we explained that we were on our way to a science fiction convention in Heidelberg his only reaction was one of interest. It was a pleasant change from the usual reaction I get on telling a non fan that I'm going to a science fiction convention.

We said goodbye to our new acquaintance at Bath and started off in search of the Pump Room and the Abbey. After a few false starts we managed to orient ourselves and set out. Bath is a very pleasant town to wander through. The architecture all goes together. At least there were no concrete and glass objects clashing with the old buildings in the part of town we wandered through. We got to the Abbey and stopped to admire the lovely Jacob's Ladder carved on the front before wandering on to the Pump Room and the old Roman baths.

At the entrance to the Pump Room and the Baths Beryl did it again. As we were examining some paintings in the entry way and wondering about where to get admission tickets she quietly headed over to the appropriate spot and got tickets for all of us. She had an unfair advantage in that she'd been there with some other visitors only a week or three earlier.

The Pump Room was exactly as described in a Georgette Heyer novel. The only things missing were the people in Regency garb. The pump waters smelled fairly horrible so Bruce and I turned our attention to other things, such as the paintings, but Elliot was made of sterner stuff and resolutely hunted



around till he found a glass (the supply that was supposed to be by the pump were all dirty) and tasted the stuff. I admire his fortitude but don't particularly envy him the experience.

When we'd finished browsing around the Pump Room, we wandered down toward the Roman Baths. It was at this point that Beryl mentioned that they have guided tours at fairly frequent intervals, so we decided that if there was a tour on fairly soon we'd take it. The little cardboard clock indicating the time of the next tour showed that it was only about 15 or 20 minutes away so we opted to wait for it. It was worth the wait. The tour guide was very young, probably a student doing this on a part time basis, and very pleasant and well informed about the baths and the excavations which had been going on in them. Despite having studied a fair amount of art history and archaeology, these were the first honest to goodness excavations I'd ever seen and I enjoyed them accordingly. The Romans had some very nice notions about what constituted a proper bath.

By the time the tour finished we were all starved, so we went up to the restaurant on a terrace overlooking the Long Bath for a snack. I think we may have appalled the waitress by the amount of food we ordered. Beryl and I lunched or dined or whatever on mushrooms on toast and scones with clotted cream and preserves. Bruce and Elliot opted for something more substantial (or that at least sounded more substantial, we got huge helpings of mushrooms) and Elliot joined Beryl and me for the scones. By dint of cleverly taking the largest scone, which I was able to split into three sections instead of the usual two, I managed to get a rather larger share of the clotted cream than I really was entitled to. Clotted cream is definitely one of the nicer things in life. Beryl cheerfully told us that the cream they were serving was nothing compared to the kind you got in Cornwall and I am now eagerly waiting for a chance to taste the cornish product.

A rather large and overly friendly wasp joined the group at this point and our waitress endeared herself to us by trapping in an empty tea pot so we could finish eating in peace. While we were all taking evasive action and the waitress was moving in with the tea pot to capture the wasp I managed to tell her to make sure to give the check to Bruce and not let Beryl have it without Beryl overhearing.

With the wasp gone, we turned our attention to the pastry tray for a finish to the meal. The waitress brought us the check afterwards and Beryl insisted that it be given to her. Our waitress remembered her instructions though and handed the check to Bruce while Beryl grumbled about sneaky underhanded people.

After tea we shopped for some souvenirs for Georgette Heyer reading friends and then headed back to the bus. Bruce and Elliot went to sleep on the bus, leaving Beryl and me to watch for such oddments as Bruce's swordstick, which kept falling over and rolling down the bus aisle.

We had originally planned to leave that night but we decided that we really wanted to spend more time with the Mercers (not to mention a closer look at the shops on the Christmas Steps), so we relinquished our plans to get to Stonehenge and even shelved the idea of a trip to Brighton to see the Pavillion.

That night we got to taste the mead that had been gotten the night before. It was really heartwarming stuff. It also, incidentally, warmed the rest of you pretty thoroughly. It tended to disappear pretty quickly as well. Undoubtedly a high rate of evaporation due to the temperature it generated.

Between the mead, the Bristol Milk, remains of the cider, etc., we had enough stuff to drink that evening. Archie and Bruce went out at some point in the evening and came back with fish and chips for all of us (I never found out who succeeded in picking up the tab for that). And the conversation happily veered all over the place again that evening. Archie and Beryl have weird and wonderful senses of humor and these interacted strangely with ours to produce some rather weird discussions. Since we all had to get up fairly early the next morning we called it quits comparatively early that night, but even so I found getting up to be quite a chore the next morning.

The early morning cup of tea that Beryl provided helped me get up and downstairs to the milk. Bristol provides (for a fee, of course) absolutely delicious milk. Compared to the stuff you buy in containers in New York or Boston it's like drinking cream. When Beryl found out that we were all milk drinkers she made a point of getting this stuff for us on the grounds that we probably couldn't get anything like it at home. She was so right. Picture a bottle about midway in size between a pint and a quart with about two inches of cream separated out at the top. That was rich milk! Yum!

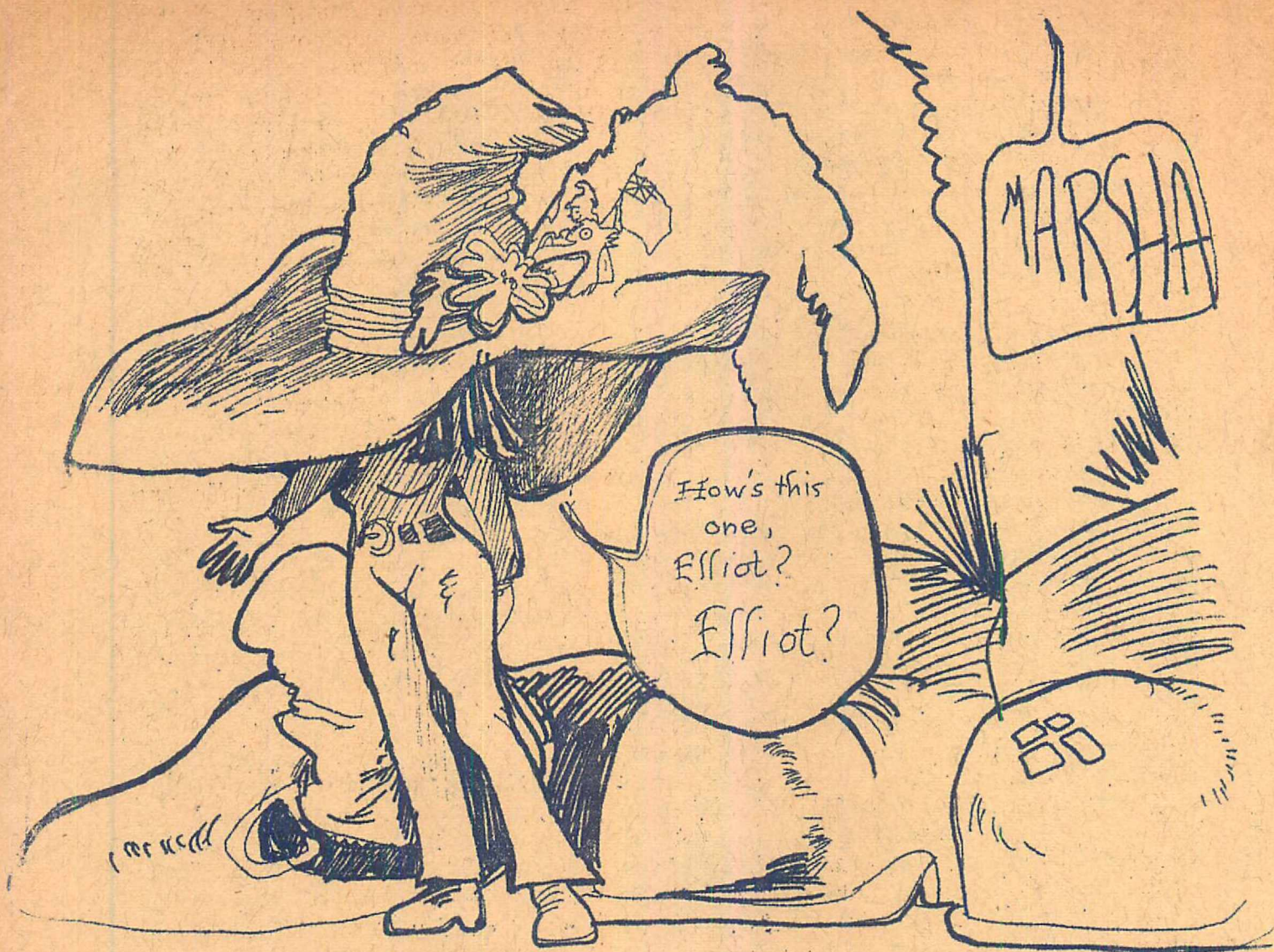
Breakfast, with large quantities of milk, out of the way, the three of us set off on our shopping expedition. We stopped at the Harvey's shop and Elliot stocked up on all the Harvey's sherries that never get imported to the U.S. (seven different kinds) and I got a box of the chocolates filled with Bristol Cream that they make and which Beryl had introduced us to the day before.

And then we headed for the Christmas Steps. Bruce and Elliot were looking for weapons mostly and I was looking for a tea strainer. We all met with a great deal of success on our searching. Elliot found a 15th or 13th Century longsword (at least I suppose it would be a longsword for someone shorter than Elliot), Bruce found a sword cane and a sword swagger stick which made a matched set with the swordstick he'd bought the day before, and I found an antique sterling silver tea strainer for £ less than the silver plated one I'd priced the day before. It seemed like the height of something or other to buy sterling silver for substantially cheaper than plate, especially since the sterling silver tea strainer was so much more attractive than the plate one.

Bruce found the sword cane in the same store where I found the tea strainer and then we set off in search of something lethal for Elliot. This led to a highly amusing scene with Elliot towering over the clerk in one of the stores, waving a Nazi army officer dagger in each hand and sadly explaining that they weren't any good to him since they didn't come alive in his hand. The clerk looked as though he wasn't sure whether to make sympathetic noises or to duck rapidly. He adjusted to the situation fairly quickly and brought out several other weapons, a couple of which met with qualified approval from Elliot. While this was going on I spotted what I assumed (correctly) to be a snuff box and an inquiry to the other clerk resulted in several of them being produced for my inspection. I picked out a nice wooden one with a silver clover on the lid for Richard and then tuned back in on the other conversation. Elliot had wavered over a couple of swords and a dagger and then decided to check out a couple of other shops first and if nothing more suitable turned up at one of the other shops he'd come back and buy one of these probably maybe.

It was at a place called Bristol Visual History that Elliot found the sword of his dreams. I assume that it looks better now that it's been cleaned up some but it looked pretty grubby at the time. It did have several assets though. It was big enough for Elliot and balanced right for him.





And it was there that I fell in love with a little bronze (well, probably brass) axe, double bitted with a stiletto in the haft and lovely chasing on the haft and blade. I asked the clerk how much it was and, trying to be helpful, he gave me a price in dollars. Without even thinking about the matter I asked him what that was in pounds. He looked incredulous and Bruce and Elliot cracked up. I mentally replayed the conversation to find out what had startled everyone and was somewhat embarrassed. I had gotten so adjusted to thinking in pounds at that point that dollars seemed like funny money, not quite real. I explained this to the clerk by way of apology but I'm not sure that he believed me. However, he did give me a price on the axe in pounds. Sigh! I could have bought it but I wouldn't have been able to afford anything else on the trip.

Happily clutching our new possessions, we trundled back to the Mercer's to finish packing and have lunch and then Archie came back from work to take us to the train.

The trip back to London was totally uneventful and we checked into the Great Royal Western Hotel for the one remaining night we'd be spending. This time I even indulged in the luxury of a room with a bath. And then the three of us



set out for the Cook's office in the Regent Palace to pick up our plane tickets for the trip to Frankfurt next morning. When we got there the Cook's office was closed so we continued along to the American Express office to see if something had arrived for Bruce and that too had just closed. With the errands all necessarily postponed for the next morning we set off for Germain's, a store specializing in antique weapons so that Bruce could look at a swordstick he'd spotted there at the beginning of his trip. He examined this while Elliot and I browsed through the rest of the store and then he regretfully decided that the three swordsticks he'd already gotten were really more than sufficient. Especially when this one would have set him back slightly more than the price of the other three combined.

With that major decision behind us we set out for Liberty of London to get me another hat. Liberty's was just as plush and expensive looking as when Bruce and I had been there before and the sales people were just as dignified and polished. We, on the other hand, were looking a bit the worse for wear after several days of nearly nonstop activity. We must have presented a strange picture as we walked through the lobby, heading straight for the hat section and then earnestly started inspecting the hats. The saleswomen in the section were not really convinced that this wasn't all just some elaborate put on but one came over anyhow and asked if she could help. Elliot explained that we were in search of a hat for me and that it had to be just right. And the next 15 or 20 minutes was a frantic muddle of hat trying on and rejecting. The saleslady was looking somewhat harried and also a bit incredulous when we finally settled (or at least Bruce and Elliot settled) on a large floppy green hat.

That being decided on we started out in search of dinner and decided in view of our previous success there to eat at the Swiss Center again. And once again it proved an excellent place to eat. We were in a different section of the restaurant this time with a totally different menu but the food was just as good. The only point of overlap between the two sections was the dessert menu and I cheerfully settled on the concoction I'd had the last time while the other two scolded me for not being adventurous. After tasting their desserts I was just as happy that I'd stuck with the same one as last time. I think I'd lucked out and gotten the one thing on a good menu that would most appeal to me.

After dinner we wandered over to Dark They Were With Golden Eyes, an SF bookshop, and browsed through the place and then headed back to the hotel to collapse. I decided to use that private bath before sacking out rather than optimistically deciding that that I would have plenty of time in the morning to take care of such matters as baths. And then I got a good look at the bathtub and nearly changed my mind. I had thought that the tubs at the Regent Palace were huge but this thing made them look small. It was about seven feet long and at least six inches higher than the Regent Palace ones. It was also narrow, which meant that the only really convenient way to turn around in it was to stand up, turn around and then sit down again. After nearly drowning in the smaller ones in the Regent Palace I was scared to try washing my hair in this monster. Vanity triumphed though and I went ahead with it. And discovered that the hand holds that they'd provided actually made things fairly simple.

This was my last effort for the evening, and then next thing I knew it was morning, at least an hour later than I should have gotten up, and there was a pounding on the door. Bruce and Elliot had gone out to take care of such things as getting the plane tickets, while chivalrously leaving me to get some extra sleep. But they'd run into delays and were late and I was only just waking up and hadn't really finished packing the night before.



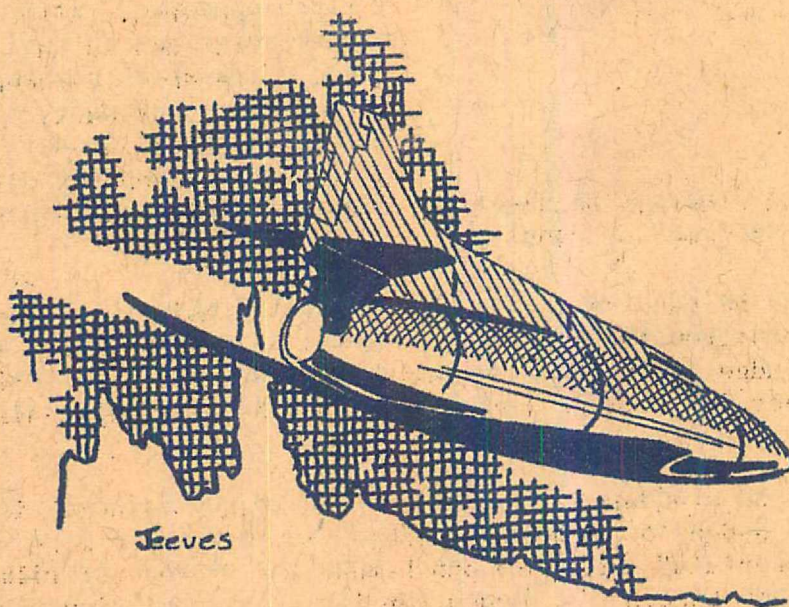
I scrambled frantically into some clothes and packed quickly and then, thinking wistfully about breakfast, the three of us dashed to the Underground and started off for the airport.

The trains were slow and we managed to just miss making connections at every point. Then, when we reached the airport we made a dash for the appropriate area, which of course was about halfway around the airport from where the bus left us, with me making a pretty poor third. I lost sight of the other two for a frantic couple of minutes but caught up when the handle on Bruce's suitcase broke, dumping the case on floor hard enough to pop open one of the compartments and spill stuff out. We frantically jumbled stuff back in and ran over to the TWA counter to check in for our flight.

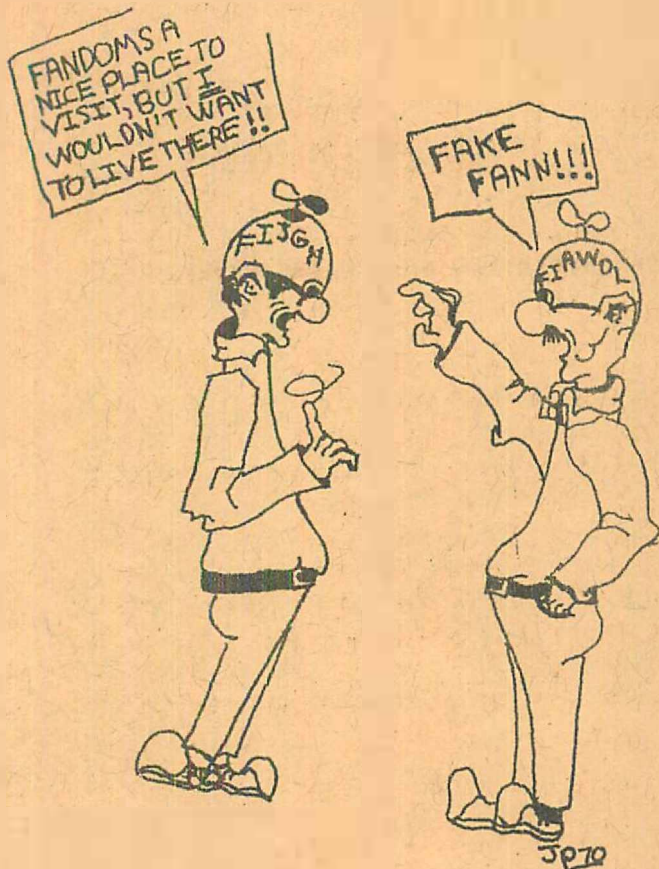
The clerk was unhelpful. In fact, the clerk was actively obnoxious. He read us a lecture on being late while he was calling to make sure we could get on the flight and grumbled about our wanting to carry on our bags. Then he warned us that we probably wouldn't get a meal on board since we were so late checking in and after a few more minutes he confirmed that our seats were indeed open and that we could get on this flight. With only a few more snide remarks he finished okaying our tickets and then told us to hurry as we only had about three minutes to get to the plane.

While we were being lectured and grumbled at Bruce had taken off his belt and strapped it around his suitcase to improvise a handle and then then the three of us took off. We ran up the stairs to the line where you have your passport checked as you're leaving, went through the gate after this and into the main departure lounge, headed towards the individual plane gates and then the really horrible realization struck us. While that horrid clerk had been being obnoxious to us and hurrying us and impressing us with how late we were and how much we had to hurry, he had never told us which gate the plane was leaving from. And there we were, with no time to run back and ask, no one in sight who looked at all official to ask and no departure board which provided the information anywhere to be seen.

*To be continued.*



## Reviews And Commentary



### SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CINEMA

by John Baxter

PAPERBACK LIBRARY 66-420 \$1.25

If you think sf movies should be as good as the written stuff--if you think they should be literate as to plot, mature, and logical--if you think STAR TREK contained television's best sf, or even if you just happen to like the show--then you will be as infuriated by and opposed to this book as I am.

I can't argue with Baxter's objective historical observations--he first deals with the influences that the sf and fantasy film has been subjected to in the countries where it first appeared. After explaining how these influences have always caused differences between the written and filmed product, he proceeds to mostly logical areas: the serials, the inevitable monster movies,

atomic war types, and others. He sometimes devotes considerable space to one movie, like "Things to Come" or "2001".

But it's the way he handles these subjects that I object to. He has accepted the aberrations from the published material, apparently with a smile. As such he doesn't judge a movie on the validity of a script, but primarily by moments of good effect and (alleged) symbolism, and he attributes all of these to the directors.

By these overblown standards, "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms" is "a classic", "I Married a Monster from Outer Space" is "a work of more than usual brilliance", and "Tarantula" has "more punch than the average sf film". "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" is lauded for its erotic religious symbolism, and even the indisputably bottom of the barrel comes out looking at least fair. "Teenage Caveman" is thus "a clever Z picture given some ingenious twists".



"Monster on the Campus" has "little to recommend it" and "The Amazing Colossal Man" does "not offer much for the connoisseur". Whether or not Baxter's points about matters such as "ingenious twists" or symbolism are well taken or not, he has neglected such priorities as over-simplicity of plot and obvious lack of scientific accuracy. The author is comparable to a tree surgeon who finds the bark healthy but fails to notice that the trunk is rotten at the roots.

Baxter's views are no less absurd pertaining to television: e.g., to him, STAR TREK is undeserving of serious consideration as sf because it was mired in "formula situations" and parallel worlds, while only about 8-10 episodes out of all 79 could possibly fit this description. However, OUTER LIMITS contained "the best science fiction ever to presented on television", as the author naturally shrugs off the production company inclusion of one monster per program and other deficiencies.

On the other hand, Baxter gives indications of being quite well-read and knowledgable, writing in a sophisticated and sure style: in a word, convincing. And that's what bothers me. He's perfectly entitled to his opinion, and just as entitled to write and try to market them. The trouble is, they might spread.

*Reviewed by Jonathan Thomas*

#### SWORDS AGAINST DEATH

by Fritz Leiber

ACE 441-79150-075 75¢

I'm still wondering about this one. It's good, yeah, I like it a lot. But it's one of those books where "what it is" and "what it's about" differ drastically.

"What it's about" goes like this: As the fifth volume of this saga opens, the young and embittered heroes Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser have lost their first loves Ivrian and Vlana under most vile circumstances. They're leaving the city of Lankhmar in order to engage in adventures and wanderings and thereby forget the two girls. But these efforts prove futile, for out of boredom they return to Lankhmar without expunging or even obscuring their painful memories. More escapades follow and after responding to a near fatal summons from a faraway Death, the heroes make their way back to Lankhmar, encountering more mystic dangers on the journey. Finally another encounter with Death in a different form allays the haunting memories of Ivrian and Vlana and the tale ends with the protagonists carrying out one of the first deeds assigned them by Ningauble and Sheelba. (Note of explanation: This is the fifth book in publishing order but second in order of events depicted.) In short, the book is supposed to be about two daring adventurers who partake in daring ventures to forget their first loves.

Now as to "what it is." Although the author tells us that Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser are love haunted, there is no evidence of this for 108 pages; in fact, they seem quite carefree. Continuity does exist in the book but it is not due the author's connecting device. The book is, in effect, a collection of related short stories and novelettes, most of them apparently unchanged since their magazine appearances. Only one, "Thieve's House", appears to have been rewritten to fit the circumstances.

As such the book is interesting. Many of the stories first appeared in UNKNOWN thirty or so years ago, and show how Leiber's style has changed for the better. In his newer episodes the outrageously fantastic (such as a tower bending over and whacking holes in the ground) is avoided. His humor is more refined and more often used. However he still hasn't straightened out which wizard is the patron of whom. In the SWORDS IN THE MIST Ningauble is the patron of the Mouser and Sheelba is that of Fafhrd. This time Sheelba is with the Mouser and Ningauble with Fafhrd. All in all a good book and well worth the seventy five cents.

*Reviewed by Jonathan Thomas*

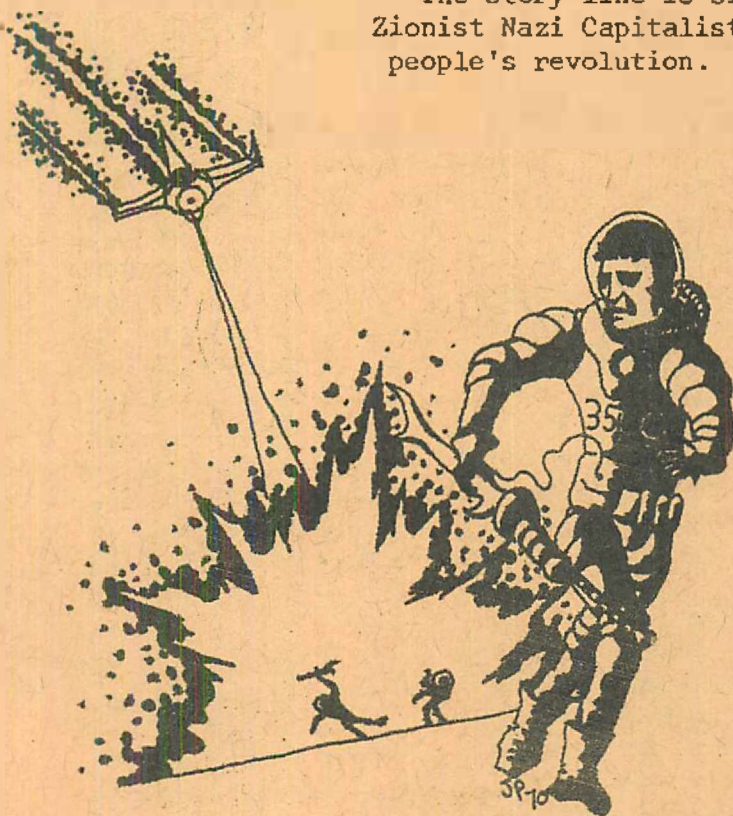
RECORD REVIEWS: THE GREAT INTERSTELLAR MARSHMALLOW CONSPIRACY &  
A PLANET NAMED SHELPH  
 Godovaci and Sons, Belgrade, Yugoslavia

Many people have complained that the way the Hugo awards are set up makes it very difficult for worthy non-English works to get on the ballot. However foreign authors have it easy compared to foreign records. This year two records made it into the drama award category which is all very good but the record that should be isn't and, now, never will be.

I refer, of course, to that brilliant comic opera The Great Interstellar Marshmallow Conspiracy. If it had been recorded in English it might have a chance even though it is classical comic opera and not rock. However a record which is sung in Croatian and which was distributed only in Yugoslavia (except for smuggled copies) obviously never had a chance.

The story line is simple enough: The International Zionist Nazi Capitalist Conspiracy is defeated in a great people's revolution. The bloated capitalists flee to Alpha Centauri where they find the Nik-Naks, a race of gentle peace loving bagel farmers. The bloated capitalists immediately enslave the Nik-Naks and put them to work in gigantic marshmallow factories. The capitalists return to Earth and attempt to defeat the democratic people's republic of Earth by bombarding them with gigantic marshmallows. They almost win because of a lazy drunken commissar's son but they are finally defeated by a heroic tractor driver. At the end the hero and his tractor sail off into the sunset to Alpha Centauri to free the oppressed Nik-Naks.

As can be seen the story line is straight communist party line propaganda. The lyrics,





however, are something else again. They satirize everybody with equal fervor. Some of the cuts are

Marshmallow Moon over Belgrade  
I'm a Commissar's Son -- I don't Have to Work  
The Virgin's Lament or I Wish I were a Tractor Wheel  
The Marshmallow Thoughts of Chairman Mao  
Why can't the Nik-Naks Learn their Place?

After hearing this record I feel that if every fan learned Croatian and moved to Yugoslavia the world would be a better place.

*Reviewed by Nathan Childers*  
*[Mr. Childers also reviews*  
*music for the Boston Post.]*

#### THE GATES OF TIME

By Neal Barrett, Jr.

Ace Double #27400, 75¢

(with "Dwellers of the Deep", by K. M. O'Donnell)

This is an extraordinary novel, and one that leaves in its wake an unanswered question as to whether the author is a modestly talented newcomer whose first novel contains several fluke elements or one of the supreme geniuses of SF in the 1970's. Reading "The Gates of Time" is somewhat like watching the finale of an aerial fireworks show, as the reader is dazzled by bursts of color rapidly succeeding and merging into one another; the display is not particularly coherent, and its ephemeral superficiality is quickly revealed under detailed critical analysis, but it's a marvelously breath-taking spectacle so long as one is content to watch in open-mouthed mindlessness.

Some science fiction novels are distinguished by profound underlying concepts, certain others (though regrettably few) by their expert characterization, still others by richness of background, stylistic excellence, that elusive quality known as "atmosphere", convoluted structure, complexity of plot, and so on. "The Gates of Time" is a novel that is noteworthy, above all, for its scope. Vastness of scope is a quality usually identified with the pulp science fiction of another day, the galactic adventures of E. E. Smith and that ilk. Such efforts, however, generally possessed a juvenile overtone that makes them seem naive to the point



of absurdity to the modern reader. Barrett's achievement is that he attains vastness of scope without sacrificing sophistication. This novel takes place against a background of an empire of several million worlds and races, threatened by races from another galaxy led by a being from an altogether different universe. Its time-scale is as breath-taking as its spatial boundaries: a war between a galaxy-wide Earth Empire and the forces of the Andromeda Galaxy is a half-mythical event from the misty past of 500,000 years ago.

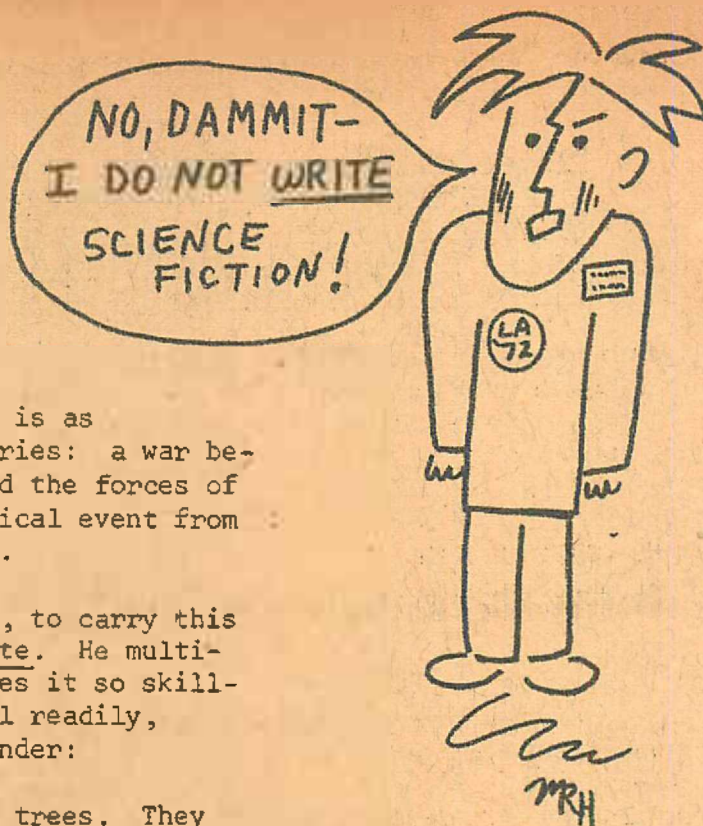
What enables Neal Barrett, Jr., to carry this off so well is that the man can write. He multiplies alienness by alienness and does it so skillfully that the reader accepts it all readily, smoothly and with proper awe and wonder:

"The towers were thick as iron trees. They blotted out the sun, smothered light, and disappeared into unthinkable heights. I pushed through chitterings, roars, mewlings, grunts, whisper-hisses. A great hairy shape as big as a small house lumbered by blindly and shoved me off onto brown storms. The stones slithered away and cursed me with dusty voices. I jumped back onto the Way, looked aside from the rust eyes of a spine thing that turned itself inside out and snapped at my legs. The big translucent tube curled up into itself above and fluted into a shiny dome. The creature inside, breathing pink poison, pressed itself against the smooth sides and blinked at me with puzzled, wormy eyes..."

The E. E. Smith's and Edmund Hamilton's of the genre never in their lives wrote anything that good. Or this:

"Under a glass bridge was a fern-hollow covered in turquoise grass as fine as silken hair. Gray mollusks half the size of a man spider-crabbed about on nervous pinlegs. They dragged their ridgy shells and left dark dewmarks trailing behind. Occasionally they gathered in little groups, shells clack-clack-clacking in rapid speech. When they finished, they waddles after a blue-green line down into a watery tunnel and disappeared."

There is a lot of excellent writing in "The Gates of Time", enough to make it clear that this Barrett is an extremely talented author who is worth watching closely. His expert use of vast scope, his ability to handle a variety of alien creatures and environments rapidly flashing before the reader, the sheer number of ideas and plot elements that are crammed into 135 pages (some of them ideas that might themselves have inspired novels--such as Quan-Lhis, "one" of the principal characters, a strange symbiotic pair of aliens) make this a fascinating and highly worthwhile novel. If there are







rough spots--humor that is too heavy-handed, dialogue that sometimes borders on the puerile, a certain vagueness of thematic structure and looseness of plot, a feeling that there is just too much happening for any author to encompass in this few pages--they do not prevent "The Gates of Time" from being a remarkable piece of science fiction.

*Reviewed by Ted Pauls*

#### COMMENTARY

I KEEP TELLING MYSELF TO LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE BUT SOMEHOW I NEVER SEEM TO LISTEN.

I keep telling myself, too, that I should give up commenting on what I read because I am getting to be too critical in my old age. Maybe I expect too much or maybe I've read so much that everything is old hat and I'm no longer impressed...or maybe I've finally learned to recognize the difference between good and bad writing.

Consider that in 1966 the Tricon membership voted Isaac Asimov's Foundation series a Hugo for being the best SF series of all time. And in 1966 I agreed that was a pretty good choice, it having been some 15 years or so since I read the stories.

It came to pass, unfortunately, that a few weeks ago I took down the Foundation trilogy from the shelves and read my way straight through all three books. Fantastic! That collection of juvenile tales based on a preposterous premise is the best SF series of all time? Ridiculous!

The fall of the Galactic Empire plunges the entire galaxy (except the Foundation) into the Dark Ages and Barbarism. Some worlds have gone all the way back to chemical fuels for energy. Atomic power is forgotten, all science is forgotten, they are back to the use of coal and oil and back further than that even. But still these "barbaric" worlds are parts of states that encompass two or three or six star systems and men go charging back and forth between the stars. Barbarians in starships? All right, so Asimov explains that the barbarians are still using the relics of the Empire even though they don't know how to fix them or what makes them go. But if man has slipped that far back would he still know how to use a starship? A highly complex vehicle like a starship would seem to be beyond the understanding of superstitious, unlettered barbarians.

Consider Asimov's concept of the Galactic Empire: umpteen million worlds all inhabited by one race: Homo Sapiens. Nobody else? No eetees? In all the vast reaches of the galaxy is there no one but the men of Earth? Do we assume that all other worlds are lifeless? Or that man has killed off all of the competition?

The individual stories are quite forgettable. The basic idea of the thousand-year plan to re-establish civilization and the Empire is memorable but the individual stories are not. Characterization is negligible--in the whole series there is only one memorable character: The Mule; the rest are simply cardboard.

One of the main complaints about SF is that the stories are all too often juvenile. They are. Far too many SF tales, even today, are written for young audiences. It is a bit jarring to realize that even the great SF classics were written for juveniles. I suppose this is because these stories were written for publication in one of the SF magazines and the audience of those magazines was considered to be primarily teen-agers and the editors didn't want to take any chances on getting parents riled up against their magazines any more than they already were.

The Foundation series is no exception. The writing is aimed at younger readers and, indeed, in Second Foundation all attempt at pretense that the story is anything but juvenile is completely abandoned and we have a teen-age girl as the protagonist.

OK, I tol you I was getting too critical in my old age. You may fire away with your rebuttals. But how long has it been since you read the Foundation series?

*Roy Tackett*





## THE INTERMITTENT STAMMER\*FANZINE REVIEW

STYX #1 - Joe Krolik, 490 Cordova Stl, Winnipeg 9, Manitoba, Canada, and Andris Taskans, 456 Locksley Bay, Winnipeg 15, Manitoba, Canada - 45 pages, \$1.25, irregular.

Fandom's going topsy-turvey and we wee duckies are bobbing spindizzily right along with it. In fact the whole scale of values seems to have turned upside down; a mild shower of anarchic disorder exists which has brought some bastard children upon us. The upheval? Simply over the priority of values, brother. There was a time when writing was the contemplated Buddha; the simple and pure communication of ideas unblemished by the sinner's marks of artwork and repro. But now there exist Olympian reproducing machines, spewing out their blasphemy of glossy and cheap formats. Today the values are reversed; to be saved and march triumphantly into the APA of heaven you must produce an extravaganza ranking with Solomon's riches in breathtaking offset beauty. AND print what writing you can get...

Of course neither extreme is fair to the other, although I have an admitted predilection to the former. Fortunately a middlin compromise seems to be on the way; zines can be brainy and bee-yutiful as SFR and Energumen have proudly shown. There are, however, some heathens who have not yet heard the Good Word and still breath heavily one way or the other. For example, Andris Taskans and Joe Krolik, who are newly arrived fish in our fannish pond who are determined to make a big splash.

Krolik and Taskans are remarkable charcters; they are the blue-babies of that incredible half-breed, the comix/sf fen. With all the clannish feuding that has been going on between those particulars we may thank Ghu for the Saviour's advent! The only way that we are going to decide that not all comix fen are loud mouthed brats (or, from the other side, that not all sf fen are effete middle-aged snobs) is to behold the truth with our very eyes; SUPERFAN, the amiable fella who treads boundaries without fear. Krolik and Taskans reflect this in their editorial policy which blithely placws an sf review side-to-bedside with a portfolio of comicovers.

Sf/comix intermarrying is also symbolically displayed on the covers; the frontispiece is a Gaughanesque delusion of interplanetary outer space, while the bacover consists of the typically bold, simplistic elements of comicism. I don't know whether this expresses a subconscious desire to put sf on top but, artistically speaking, Riley's cover is the superior of the two. Steve is a youthful unknown; he is a Massachusetts newcomer who recently took over the rickets-stricken Return To Wonder (much like a Fapazine on Medicare) and infused new life into it. He does moderate justice with a typewriter, but his forte is art - versatile, dynamic art, seized with unmistakable presence. He has come a long way from the days when he was hacking out crowded manglemurals for RTW's thud-and-blunder ishes, but he has received very little outside recognition. Excepting Riverside Quarterly, Styx is the first genzine I have seen graced with his adorning.

Others should soon follow. Riley's Styx cover is remarkably adapted to the mood of that title; it depicts a skelter-crazy universe, highlighting "planets" (actually glorified slingstones) and "stars" (dustbin specks) in a self-parody of flouted beauty. Below hangs a huge lopsided Earth, seemingly held together by a few clumsy strings, tired beyond belief, and the black silhouette of a man standing on top, enraptured with a sense of

wonder as he, awed, surveys the universe. One almost senses the thots running thru his head: "What is man, that he can compare with handiwork like this." Chalk it to my natural prejudice against comixism and my general fleabrain knowledge of art, but to me Brad Caslor's bacover simply cannot compare with the Riley.

Like any firstish of a zine not ferociously dedicated to one sliver of sf or another Styx is brimming over with fanfic. Unfortunately I no longer read fanfic simply because it dulls the senses without any of the redeeming euphoria of alcohol. The stories are: "The Day of Downfall for the Udderless Cow, In the Year of Our Censor, 19--" (luscious irony, that) by Reid Edwards; "The Snappy Message" by W.G. Bliss; "The Screech Owl" by Chester D. Cuthbert; and "Hannibal's Concise Analytical Paradoxy of the Universe" by Reid Edwards again. Which brings me to a confession; I did read this story and enjoyed every last drop of it. Basically it is the heartwarming tale of a 10-year old boy who makes Kafka look like the next door neighbor's retarded dog - and who writes a condensed novel that makes Ballard's attempts look like Presidential commission reports. There is something flagrantly funny about that - Lord knows we have our lion's share of genius kiddies! Reid has an indolent, carelucky style about him. For no reason at all "Hannibal" reminded me of Shirley Jackson's "One Ordinary Day, With Peanuts." I luvved it, and adore Reid Edwards. So much for piercing criticism.

Having extracted our laff for the page we now turn reluctantly to weightier matter. Exactly how radically the scale needle tips can be deduced from the title "Stapledon, Pain, and the Essence of Glory." Make no mistake about it, that sounds suspiciously like a 2500 word-or-more homework assignment we've all had to do for dour English teachers who delight in sexual intercourse with footnotes. David McClintlock writes earnestly and valiantly; he is one of those Sincere Young Men with something literally earth-shaking to say. Perhaps to the diffident, the seekers of social light opera a Quest For Meaning seems double-up hilarious. The deeper the probe, the stronger the inclination for nervous laughter - something that David just decided to risk, I suppose.





I do quibble with his apparent belief that impressive subjects require equally impressive words. The most complex writers that I ever blindly groped thru were Ernest Hemingway and Leo Tolstoi - both of whom rarely used a word over three syllables. A statement like "Stapledonians philosophy has evolved into what can perhpas be called a cosmical theistic evolutionism" is, I fear, muddy water. Officious terminology is entirely the wrong approach. The more difficult the subject, the more urgent the need for a pithy interesting style; the reader will be impressed enough by the content without getting a double-dose from the style. In the best writing style and content emerge as one; the words have somehow transferred their kinetic energy to the ideas. That's what you should aim for, Dave. (And do as I say, not as I do!)



Roman Kozak has some liner notes in "Ballard's Terminal Beach: A Selective Criticism of his Short Stories", which devotes approximately a page to discussing the thematic innards of each puzzle story. As the title may suggest, this article isn't really recommended for general circulation, but if you happen to be in heavy on JGB it may furnnish some useful guidelines.

Trogdolyte that I am, the most delicious Styx feature for me was the three page folio of St. Louiscon photos. These are like caviar, or mebbe vanilla divinities; they should be chewed slowly and thoroughly, noting with a conoisseur's taste buds the exquisite flavor of each particle. Did you know, for example, that Jack Gaughan looks like a recruiting GI officer, or that Harlan Ellison bears a striking resemblance to a devout Demolay, or that Jeff Jones could surely pass for a manic-depressive jazz musician? Or...

Then there are four pages of, er, "poetry". Enuff said.

Oh yes. The mix at Styx has gone to apparent great expense to produce a supplement, a foldout of 36 EC Comic covers. The reproduction and arrangement is perfect. The selection could not have been better. However I am a callous and insensitive brute when it comes to Them Funny Pitchers; so much so that I even snickered when Krolick compared the EC Comics to Galileo and Leonardo de Vinci. Sacrilege? Perhaps. If you, gentle reader, happen to be a comixcollector, grab this folio. It's probably a bargain.

Whatever else you may say about Styx, you certainly can't accuse it of tunnel vision. This is a grabbag where anything is up for sale, but there's no fire in it, no unifying personality. I think that editors Krolick/Taskans

labored far too much at working and not nearly enough at haveing a ball. But then, there is very little pleasure to be derived from a financial loss of two hundred dollars. From what I've caught from the drift of the wind this is evidently the first and last ish of Styx. If I may offer a little woodshed advice I believe the harassed editors should strip the price down to 75¢ and take the loss - nobody is going to shell out a buck and a quarter for a rag short of immortal.

And next time, Joe and Andris, try a dittoed personalzine.

*Reviewed by Leon Taylor*

*Fanzines for review in this column (The Intermittent Stammer\*Fanzine Review) should be thusly marked and sent to Leon Taylor at: Box 89, Seymour, IN 47274. Letters about this column should be sent likewise. Mr. Taylor will see that both reach print in one form or another.*

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## LOGIC PUZZLE

When Caliban's will was opened it was found to contain the following clause:

"I leave ten of my books to each of Low, Y.Y., and 'Critic', who are to choose in a certain order.

"No person who has seen me in a green tie is to choose before Low.

"If Y.Y. was not in Oxford in 1920 the first chooser never lent me an umbrella.

"If Y.Y. or 'Critic' has second choice, 'Critic' comes before the one who first fell in love."

Unfortunately Low, Y.Y., and 'Critic' could not remember any of the relevant facts; but the family solicitor pointed out that, assuming the problem to be properly constructed (i.e. assuming it to contain no statement superfluous to its solution) the relevant data and order could be inferred.

*What was the prescribed order of choosing; and who lent Caliban an umbrella?*

*(Reprinted from Problems Omnibus I by Hubert Philips. The problem was composed by M. H. Newman. Phillips wrote for many years under the pseudonym Caliban for various English newspapers and journals.)*



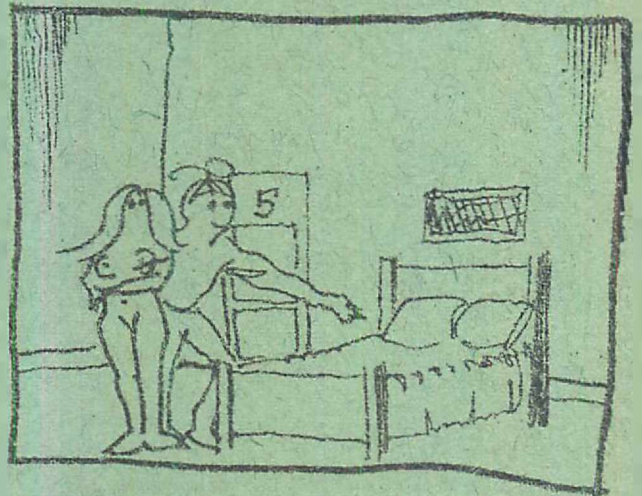
# CHURCHY TALE

by

## EDDY TAPLES

1. There once was a Fan who went to a convention and spent his time chasing a femmefan in hopes of getting laid. By the last night of the con, every approach had been tried but the Very Direct, so he tried that. Taking her to his room he said: "Femme, Femme, jump into bed, or I shall not get laid tonight!"

"I won't," said the Femme.



2. So the Fan went into the bar and sought a Filthy Pro, whose lecherous habits were well known, and from whom all Femmes fled precipitously. And when he had found the one he sought, the Fan said: "Pro, Pro, pinch Femme; Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

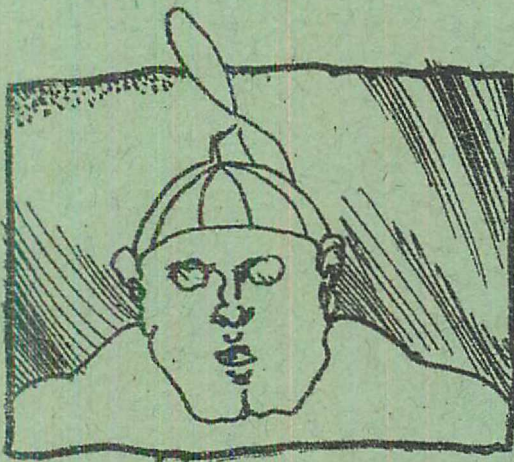
"I won't," said the Pro.





3. Then the Fan went into the Huckster Room and rummaged through the Zines until he found one which specialized in vicious reviews and slashing criticisms of professional science fiction writers and writings, its circulation among the largest in fandom, and its influence the most far-reaching, even unto the hallowed halls of the SFWA. And when he had found it, the Fan said: "Zine, Zine, pan Pro; Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"I won't," said the Zine.



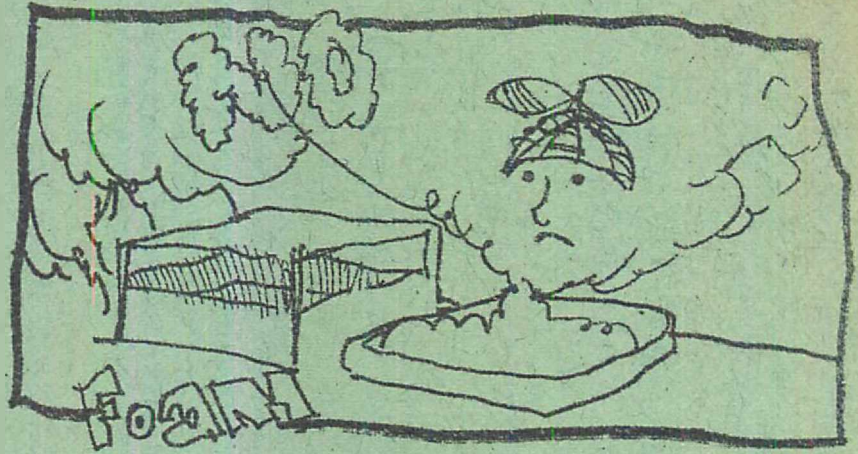
4. So the Fan dashed into the NFFF Hospitality Room and sought out the neofanest of the Neos, a neofaned who, though he'd been in fandom for years and produced many fanzines, always gave the impression of being a 10-year-old who'd just put out his first one-pager yesterday. His publications looked like that one-pager, even after all his time in fandom. To him the Fan said: "Neo, Neo, crud Zine; Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"I won't," said the Neo.



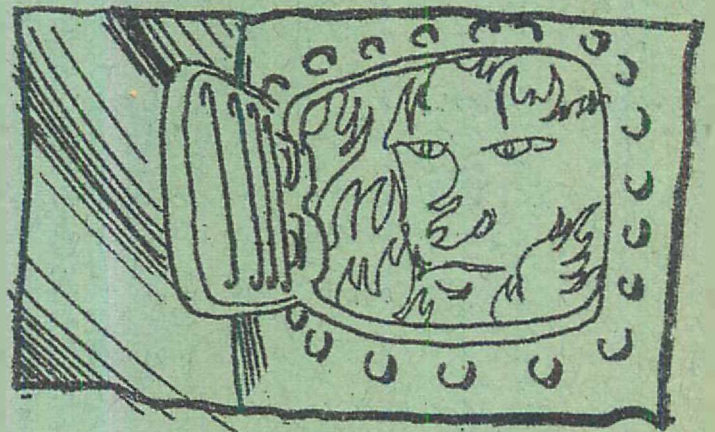
5. The Fan dashed to the nearest telephone and began calling stationery stores. All of them were, of course, closed. The operator refused to give out the home phone numbers for any of the store managers. In desperation, the Fan ran three blocks to a 24-hour grocery store. There he bought a cookie sheet and several boxes of gelatin, which he brought back to the NFFF Hospitality Room. Borrowing some hot water from the tea-making set-up, he made a crude Hektograph, which he exhorted: "Hekto, Hekto, smear Neo; Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

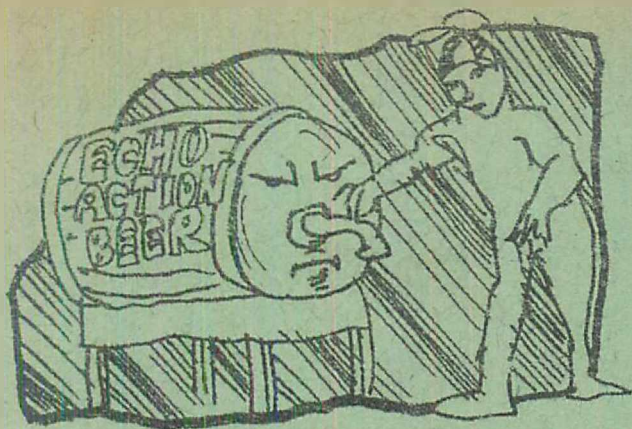
"I won't," said the Hekto.



6. Into the basement of the hotel went the Fan until he found the main furnace, which, since it was summer, was going full blast. (It was, after all, a Con Hotel . . .) He threw open the grate and demanded: "Fire, Fire, melt Hekto; Hekto won't smear Neo, Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"I won't," said the Fire..





7. Back once more to the bar went the Fan, grabbing up a tapper of Bheer, which he . . . lugged into the basement. Setting it down and opening the spigot he demanded: "Bheer, Bheer, quench Fire; Fire won't melt Hekto, Hekto won't smear Neo, Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"I won't," said the Bheer.



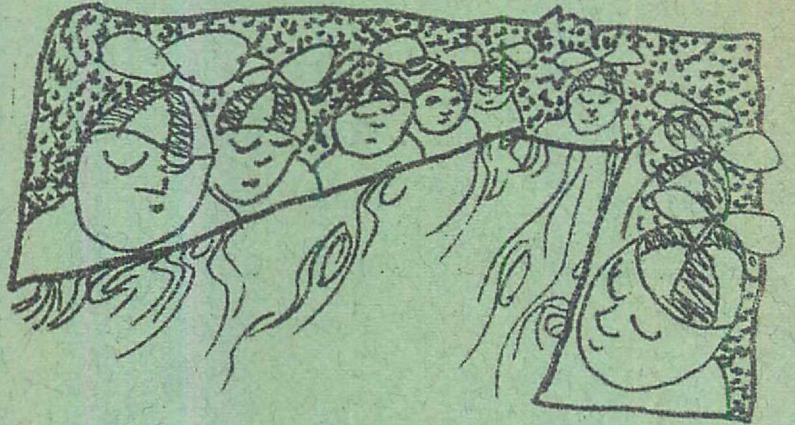
8. The Fan then searched his memory, and came up with the name of the winner, for the last three years running, of First Place in the Annual Fan Poll for "Best All-Round Trufan." Then, picking up the tapper, he carried it to the con suite, where the Trufan was busy playing poker. "Trufan, Trufan," pleaded the Fan, "chugalug Bheer; Bheer won't quench Fire, Fire won't melt Hekto, Hekto won't smear Neo, Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"Go to hell," said the Trufan.



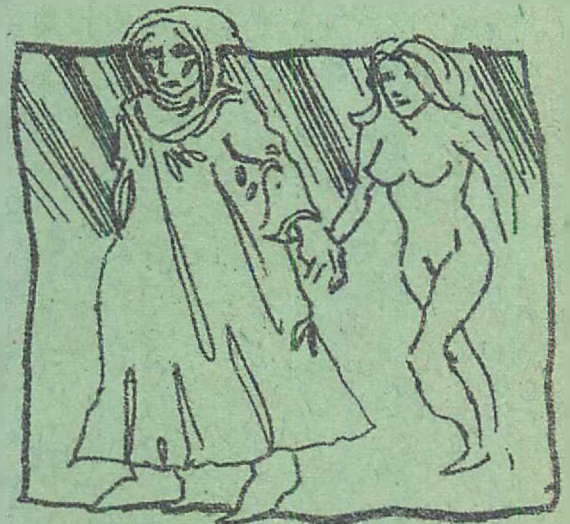
9. In a suite on the fifth floor, the Executive Committee of the Fanclub to which the Trufan belonged was meeting, and it was there that the Fan hastened next, knowing that the Trufan valued his status as a Power in the Fanclub. "Club, Club," pleaded the Fan, "oust Trufan; Trufan won't chugalug Bheer, Bheer won't quench Fire, Fire won't melt Hekto, Hekto won't smear Neo, Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"Get out," said the Club, unanimous for once.



10. In a smoke-filled room out by the pool the Fan located his regional Secret Master of Fandom, who could control all the workings of fan groups through manipulation, innuendo, threats, and whatever else was necessary. "SMOF, SMOF," begged the Fan, "railroad Club; Club won't oust Trufan, Trufan won't chugalug Bheer, Bheer won't quench Fire, Fire won't melt Hekto, Hekto won't smear Neo, Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"Get lost," said the SMOF, turning back to the girl he was with.





11. In the Convention Headquarters the Fan found the Con Committee, and to them he told his troubles, since there was only one way to get around the regional Secret Master. "Committee, Committee," he begged, "bribe SMOF; SMOF won't railroad Club, Club won't oust Trufan, Trufan won't chugalug Bheer, Bheer won't quench Fire, Fire won't melt Hekto, Hekto won't smear Neo, Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"Send us a memo and we'll think about it Real Soon Now," said the Committee, going back to counting their money.



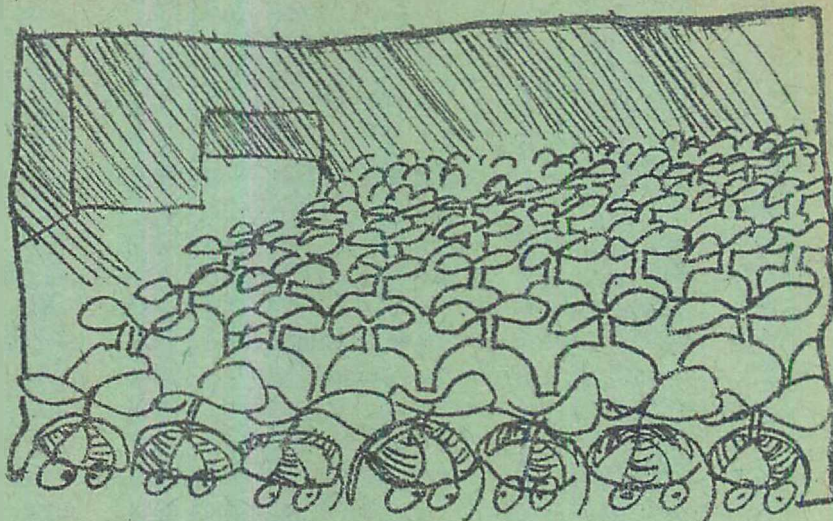
12. In desperation, the Fan went to the Hotel, for though it would be a dirty trick, there was one reasonably sure way to influence the Committee. "Hotel, Hotel," he pleaded, "screw Committee; Committee won't bribe SMOF, SMOF won't railroad Club, Club won't oust Trufan, Trufan won't chugalug Bheer, Bheer won't quench Fire, Fire won't melt Hekto, Hekto won't smear Neo, Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

"We wouldn't think of it," said the Hotel.



13. There was only one thing left to do. Into the main auditorium dashed the Fan, and up onto the stage, where he seized the microphone and addressed the entire main audience of the convention. "Con, Con," he demanded, "roast Hotel; Hotel won't screw Committee, Committee won't bribe SMOF, SMOF won't railroad Club, Club won't oust Trufan, Trufan won't chugalug Bheer, Bheer won't quench Fire, Fire won't melt Hekto, Hekto won't smear Neo, Neo won't crud Zine, Zine won't pan Pro, Pro won't pinch Femme, Femme won't jump into bed, and I shall not get laid tonight!"

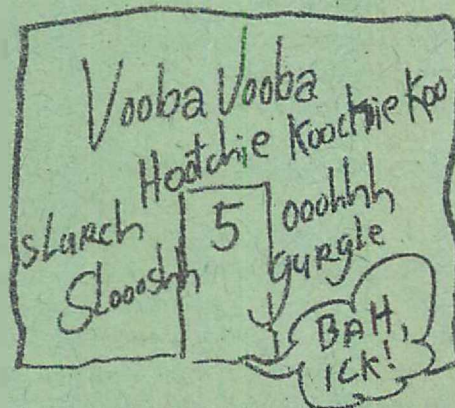
"Oh, we're always ready to do that!" cried the Con.



So: the Con began to roast the Hotel, the Hotel began to screw the Committee, the Committee began to bribe the SMOF, the SMOF began to railroad the Club, the Club began to oust the Trufan, the Trufan began to chugalug the Bheer, the Bheer began to quench the Fire, the Fire began to melt the Hekto, the Hekto began to smear the Neo, the Neo began to crud the Zine, the Zine began to pan the Pro, the Pro began to pinch the Femme, the Femme jumped into bed, and the Fan got laid that night!

\* \* \* \* \*

It wasn't worth it.



# PROBABLY DIGBY

## ---RECIPE dep't---CHOCOLATE COATED REFERENCES

Ingredients: Materials for making a large quantity (see below) of some fairly hard chocolate fudge or candy that hardens after being poured as a liquid; one manhole cover (if you want to reduce this down for one or two people you might substitute a stove lid); one large flat pan a couple of inches deeper than the manhole cover is thick and a couple of inches larger than said cover in diameter; other utensils, etc.

Carefully clean manhole cover and pan. Measure amount of water required to fill pan to a depth of about one inch, and record the result. Place manhole cover in pan and measure additional water required to fill pan to top (manhole cover should be ribbed side up,) and record the result. Discard water and set manhole cover aside for later.

Prepare sufficient chocolate to fill pan to depth of one inch (see above). Pour into pan and let harden. Place manhole cover on top of hardened chocolate. Prepare sufficient additional chocolate to fill pan to top. Pour into pan and let harden.

Remove entire assembly from pan. Serve. Watch reactions of new neos wondering about "that iron thing in the middle."

An alternative method might involve dipping a chilled manhole cover into that chocolate dip they use for ice cream cones. However this requires a wire or something through a hole in the cover for the dipping and some purists might object. If a sufficiently low gravity environment is available a Tootsie Roll could be used as a hook, thereby softening the objections.

\*\*\*\*\*

Maybe the way to keep soldiers from having to decide what is a legal or illegal order is to make it illegal to be given an illegal order. Then the instant that the order is given the soldier is hustled off to the stockade so that there is no chance for any atrocities to be committed.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Probably Digby is a column of selections from Tom Digby's Apazine, Probably Something, which appears regularly in Apa-L. This will be a standard column in PB from now on. It may, from time to time, include material which has not appeared elsewhere. Then again it may not. It will run from 1 to n pages, where n is a number larger than n-1. Selections will be made by Tom Digby or by the Editor, depending on who makes them.*



# THE GRANDFATHER KILLERS by RICHARD HARTER

The proscribed world of Iritzan is distinguished among the worlds of the galaxy in that it possesses time travel. The citizens of Iritzan have been time travelling for the last ten thousand years and will continue to do so for the next hundred thousand years whereupon they will abandon the practice.

The culture and conditions of a world which practices time travel are strange indeed to the outsider. One must understand that cause and effect still hold. Moreover one cannot change the past or the future. If one travels in the past, that travel is part of the past. What was, was. What will be, will be. (This is an English translation of an Old Iritzan proverb. The Iritzan words for expressing time relationships are much more complex and precise than those of English. The original of this proverb is untranslatable.)

The outsider does not find it easy to accomodate himself to the notion of a past which can be interacted with but not changed. He fears paradox and asks such questions as "Suppose a man went back in time and killed his grandfather before his father was born. What then?" The Iritzan native learns as a child that one cannot alter a known past, that the very attempt leads to the most peculiar and dangerous results. Indeed the topic of the man who attempts to kill his grandfather forms the subject of a series of children's stories.

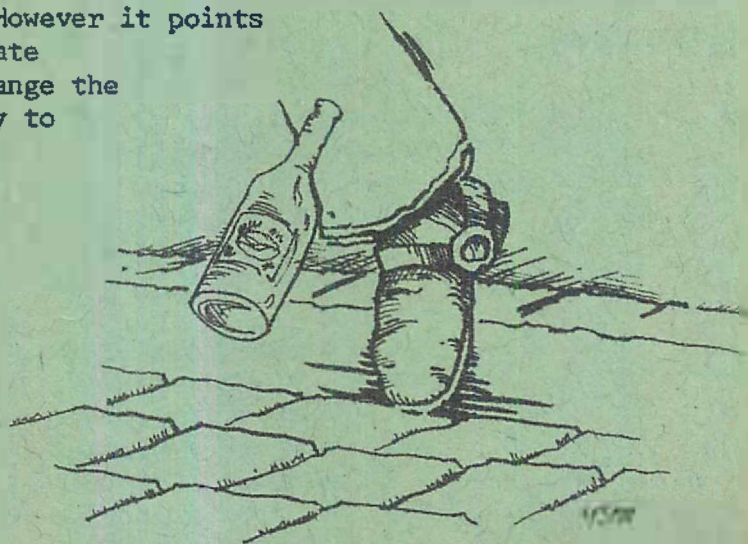
## 1. Dal Sirizan

When Dal Sirizan was drunk one evening he decided to test whether it was possible to kill his grandfather. He immediately got up and rushed out of the tavern. Forthwith he tripped over the curbstone, cracked his head, and died on the spot.

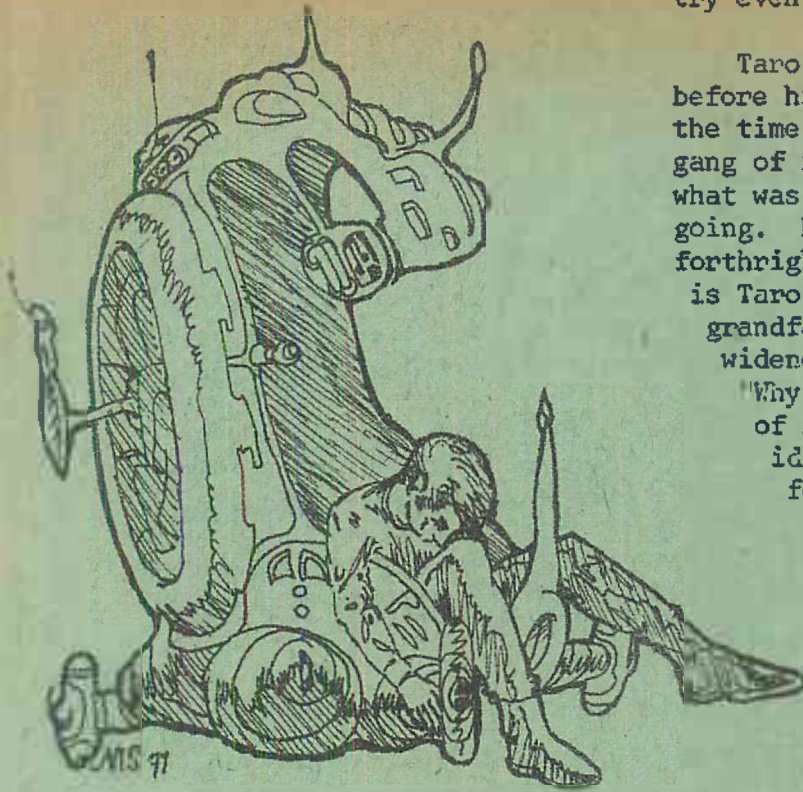
(This tale is very simple. However it points out very clearly that the immediate consequences of attempting to change the known past/future are very likely to be immediately fatal. It also points out that the attempt is usually only made by those of unsound mind.)

## 2. Taro Mayan

One day Taro Mayan resolved to kill his grandfather. Naturally he knew this was impossible. However his grandfather had treated his father and mother very badly and Taro hated him for it. His hate was so great that he had to



try even if he was bound to fail.



Taro went back to a time many years before his father was born. As he left the time portal he was accosted by a gang of idlers who demanded of him, what was his name and where was he going. Now Taro was an honest and forthright man and replied, "My name is Taro Mayan, and I go to kill my grandfather." The idlers' eyes widened in surprise, and they said, "Why then, you are the Taro Mayan of legend, and we are the gang of idlers who save you from your folly." "Nonsense," said Taro, "the legend is only a children's tale. Let me pass." The gang, however, saw its duty and did it. They grabbed him, beat him until he was unconscious, dumped him in the time portal, and sent him back to his own time.

Taro awoke many hours later, sore and bruised.

"Truly," he reflected, "I am the Taro Mayan of legend. It is said that I abandoned my notion of killing my grandfather, and that I led a long and happy life. Let me go and do so." And he did.

(This is a traditional and favorite Iritzan morality tale. Notice that he was punished when he attempted to defeat the way of things and rewarded when he stopped. Notice also that things turned out the way they did because Taro was a "public personality". Things happened the way they happened because it was known to happen. The fact that everything known to have happened must happen explains many of the peculiarities of Iritzan politics.)

### 3. Imil Fatar

When Imil Fatar was a young man he hated his grandfather who made a deliberate point of antagonizing him. Finally, in a burst of rage, he went back in time, burst into his grandfathers apartment, and killed him. After doing the dirty deed he was stricken with remorse so he reported himself to the police. The police, who knew that he was coming (of course), patiently explained that things were not quite what they seemed. It was true enough that he had killed his grandfather. However his grandfather had known that he would be killed by Imil. It seems that after Imil had gone back in time his grandfather had contracted an incurable and painful disease. Since euthanasia would not be legal for another five thousand years the elder version of Imil's grandfather went back in time to meet Imil and be killed by him. The police further explained that a court would rule in the future that Imil was an unwitting accomplice of his grandfather in the latters plot to commit suicide and, hence, was found innocent. Imil went back to his own time and told his grandfather all about it to make sure that he would know about his forthcoming misery.





#### 4. Goldoy Mirvan

It was often remarked that Goldoy Mirvan was the very image of his grandfather. One day young Goldoy went back to a time when his grandfather was a young bachelor. He forthwith killed him, burned his body, and secretly took his place. Later on he met his grandmother, married her, and raised his father and his two aunts. It is said that when he was an old man that Goldoy Mirvan was his very favorite grandchild.

(This is not a traditional Iritzan morality tale, and no parent tells it. None-the-less every child seems to know it.)

#### 5. Pomar Arrish

Pomar Arrish was a determined and careful man. First he went to the registry of lives and found out his date of death and the age at which he died. Next he checked his police record. Having determined that he would never be arrested and that he would live to a ripe old age, he set out to kill his grandfather.

Unfortunately for Pomar, his grandfather had warned himself that Pomar was going to attack him. When Pomar arrived his grandfather kidnapped him and stranded him on a desert isle where he remained alone for the rest of his life.

(The registry of lives is a typical Iritzan institution. A record is kept of the date of death and age at death, if known, of every citizen which is available to him if he wishes to know it. Some do, some don't.

This story illustrates the old saying "What you don't know can hurt you."

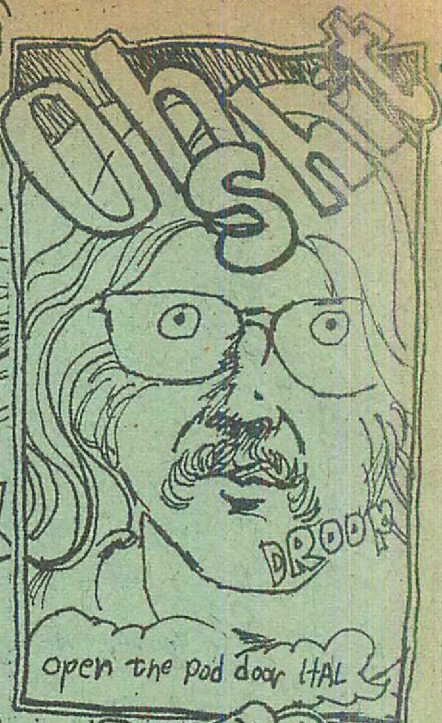
The fate of Pomar Arrish illustrates what usually happens when you attempt to cheat fate - something not in the record trips you up when you do. The more you know, the more unexpected and unusual the event that spoils your plans.)





# war of the beer Zombies

there's no way to delay  
that trouble comin'  
every day...  
oops!



CLUNK

Mike Symes, clean  
hippie freak fanartist  
peter max  
stream of righteous  
Grooviness

hey dere Symes,  
whatcha doin'  
man? You  
Suck!

duh, peace  
baby.  
heh, heh

hey Okie, your hairs  
getting good in the back,

tubba  
ford

okie  
McFart

tater-  
head  
walski

he's done  
bananas  
too!

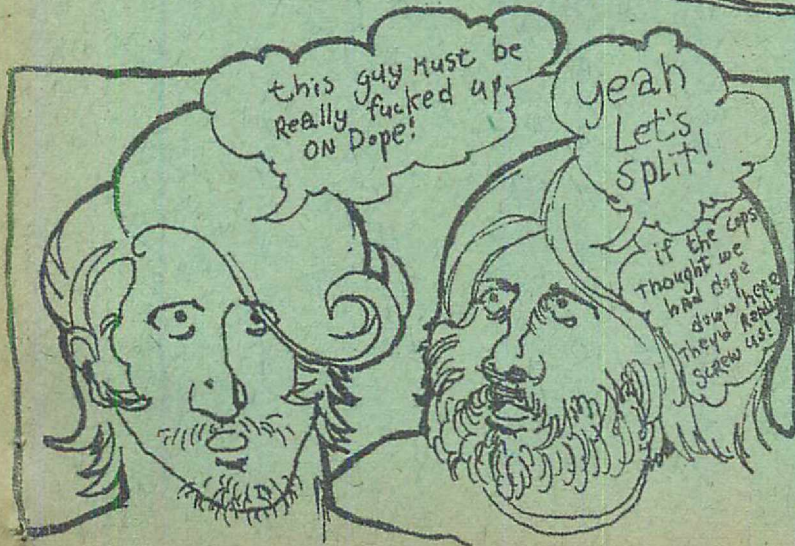
PALL OF DOOM

plaid  
flares,  
ugh





trapped! What would Lenny Bruce do? Ken Kesey? Kurt Vonnegut? Sam Moskowitz?





## SOLUTION TO THE LOGIC PUZZLE ON PAGE 44

I have to apologize. I had assumed that the published solution was correct (if somewhat confusing.) So I decided to analyze it carefully so that I could print a clearer version. In doing so I discovered that the published solution was not correct. It is possible to determine the order of choosing. It is not possible to uniquely reconstruct the data. You can, however, restrict it to one of two possibilities.

At first sight this puzzle seems outrageous and obviously impossible. The second statement, in particular, seems completely irrelevant. However the puzzle is amenable to analysis if a few general principles are kept in mind. These are:

A conditional statement of the form "If A then B" is trivially true if A is false.

All of the statements are needed. If a particular combination of data allows the order to be determined from only two statements then it can be ruled out.

You cannot use the correctness of the Attorney's statement about the reconstructability of the order and the data as an assumption since that is the proposition to be demonstrated.

The simplest and clearest (?) procedure seems to be to consider statements one and two in order, then their conjunction, then their conjunction with statement three.

FIRST STATEMENT: If neither Y.Y. nor Critic had seen Caliban in a green tie then the statement is trivially true and, hence, superfluous. Therefore at least one of the two has seen Caliban in a green tie. Also Low is not last.

SECOND STATEMENT: If Y.Y. was in Oxford or if nobody lent Caliban an umbrella then the statement is superfluous. Hence Y.Y. was not in Oxford and one or two people lent Caliban an umbrella.

FIRST TWO: Suppose that the data is known. If Low lent Caliban an umbrella then he is not first. By statement one he is not last; hence he is second. If so then either Y.Y. or Critic but not both have seen Caliban in a green tie. Hence the order can be determined from statements one and two only, making statement three superfluous. Therefore Low did not lend Caliban an umbrella.

If Low is the only one who did not lend Caliban an umbrella then he must be first by statement two so that statement one would be trivially true and, hence, superfluous. Therefore only one person (not Low) lent Caliban an umbrella.

Let A be the other person who did not lend Caliban an umbrella and let B be the person who did. The second statement allows four possible orderings, namely, [A, Low, B], [A, B, Low], [Low, A, B], and [Low, B, A]. There are three possible green tie situations: Only A saw Caliban in a green tie, only B did, or both did. The orderings compatible with each possibility are:



A only: [Low, A, B], [Low, B, A]  
 B only: [A, Low, B], [Low, A, B], [Low, B, A]  
 Both: [Low, A, B], [Low, B, A]

Note that in all of these possibilities the ordering [A, B, Low] has been eliminated by the first statement so that it is not superfluous.

Now consider the third statement. If it can be shown that Low is first then it fixes the order as [Low, Critic, Y.Y.]. Now if both A and B saw Caliban in a green tie then Low is first by the first statement so that statement two is superfluous. Hence either A or B but not both saw Caliban in a green tie.

From statements one and two only we can rule out the possibility that only B saw Caliban in a green tie. For, if he did, then he is not first by virtue of statement one alone and statement two is superfluous. Therefore it is A only who saw Caliban in a green tie.

Low, therefore, is first and hence the order is [Low, Critic, Y.Y.]. Also we know that Y.Y. was the first to fall in love. There remains one final question to settle if the data can be uniquely reconstructed - is A Critic or Y.Y.? Neither possibility can be ruled out as can be seen by examining the following table. In the table x's indicate that a particular ordering is not allowed for the given combination of data.

	Critic is A			Y.Y. is A		
	1	2	3	1	2	3
[Low, Critic, Y.Y.]						
[Low, Y.Y., Critic]			x			x
[Critic, Low, Y.Y.]	x				x	
[Critic, Y.Y., Low]	x			x	x	
[Y.Y., Low, Critic]		x		x		
[Y.Y., Critic, Low]	x	x	x	x		x

The published solution is that Critic lent Caliban the umbrella. It depends, however, on the false inference that if it is known that Low precedes Critic then statement three implies immediately that the order is [Low, Critic, Y.Y.]. This inference seems to be based on the notion that for statement three to be relevant Low cannot be second. (The idea being that the statement is trivially true if Low is second.) Although it is true that the third statement is true if Low is second regardless of who first fell in love we cannot rule out the possibility that Low is second for the following reason: Suppose that the other two statements ruled out all orderings except [Low, Critic, Y.Y.] and one in which Low is second. Suppose further that Low was the first to fall in love. Then the third statement could be used to infer that Low must be second. If such were the case then we could not infer the order without knowing some of the data, contrary to the Attorney's assertion. As I have remarked, however, the correctness of his assertion is not part of the data. *(If the above discussion seems confusing just think about it for a while. It will very quickly become even more confusing.)*

Finally: Although the question "Who lent Caliban an umbrella?" cannot be answered by a name it does have the answer, "The person other than Low who did not see Caliban in a green tie."

# The Alphabet Corner

Doug Hoylman

165 Hopkins Ave., Apt. 5  
Jersey City, NJ 07306

I don't see why you're disturbed about the appearance of PB7. Aside from an occasional boundary dispute between the staples and the margin, and a slight problem with p. 36, the issue looks quite good.

The issue seems a bit heavy on the conreports, but then you can't print what you don't have. The "Mundane Con" article was a fascinating bit of heuristics, but I would sort of like to know what SAA stands for.

Much of the computer humor which has appeared in PB has either gone over my head or just grazed the top of my skull, but the flow chart (I think that's the right term) in this issue didn't take much specialized knowledge to enjoy. In fact, this might be a good example to use to teach people how a flow chart works.

One of your correspondents presents me with an irresistible if over-obvious opportunity: the "algebberish" in my Sherlock Holmes article was really quite elementary, my dear Watson. The article may well be, as Mike Glicksohn suggests, the quintessence of fandom, but it really isn't part of science-fiction fandom at all. It belongs to a quite independent, though similar, body of thought known in the U.S. as Sherlockiana and in Britain as Holmesiana (because to Americans, Holmes is a jurist, and to the English, Sherlock is a poet), perpetrated primarily by a group called the Baker Street Irregulars (to which I don't belong, though). This form of scholarship (which may be regarded as a parody of conventional scholarly writing, though this is certainly not its principal intent) attempts to reconcile the Sherlock Holmes stories (the essential truth of which is an unstated and unquestioned assumption) with one another and with other historical data. The definitive work on the subject is THE ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES by W. S. Baring-Gould, a mammoth two-volume set; next to this in a large library you may find some other (and more portable) collections of Sherlockiana; and a really large one might have the BAKER STREET JOURNAL. It's all pretty silly, but fun, and a good chance to show off your erudition.

Well, I suppose that playing solitaire in the first place indicates a basic weakness of character. There is, after all, little chance that a solitaire-player will arise from the table a better person for the experience; while virtually any other form of leisure-time activity, from fanzine reading on up, provides some exercise of body or mind, or an opportunity for acquiring new ideas or information. I play solitaire, by the way. It seems to me that cheating would take away any possible feeling of satisfaction at winning. Of course, most forms of solitaire are pure chance (I prefer two or three varieties I know of that take some slight degree of skill), so you're kidding yourself if you feel any satisfaction; but if you cheat assiduously enough, you always win, and what fun is that?

As to the logic puzzle, Who's on first, What's on second, I Don't Know's on third, etc. (courtesy Abbott & Costello) Seriously, I haven't tried it yet, but it looks straightforward enough; since only two lists are being matched up,



you can draw a chart and start crossing off the impossibilities. Compare this with the "water-and-zebra" problem, which gave a roughly equal amount of information for matching up five different lists. The surprising thing about that one is that the given information doesn't even mention water or zebra. (Maybe you should reprint this so people will know what I'm talking about. Karen Blank published it in APA-NESFA 7.) Another problem I heard recently, which asks for unexpected information from little data, is as follows: In the morning, it began to snow, and continued snowing at a constant rate through the afternoon. At noon a snowplow set out. Between noon and 1 it traveled two miles; between 1 and 2 it traveled one mile. The snowplow plows snow at a constant rate. When did it start snowing? (Antimathematical types are advised not to try this problem, as it leads to a differential equation.)

*I'm glad to know that you feel that the issue looks good. Perhaps I am much more sensitive to the appearance because I am acutely aware of every little flaw in the reproduction.*

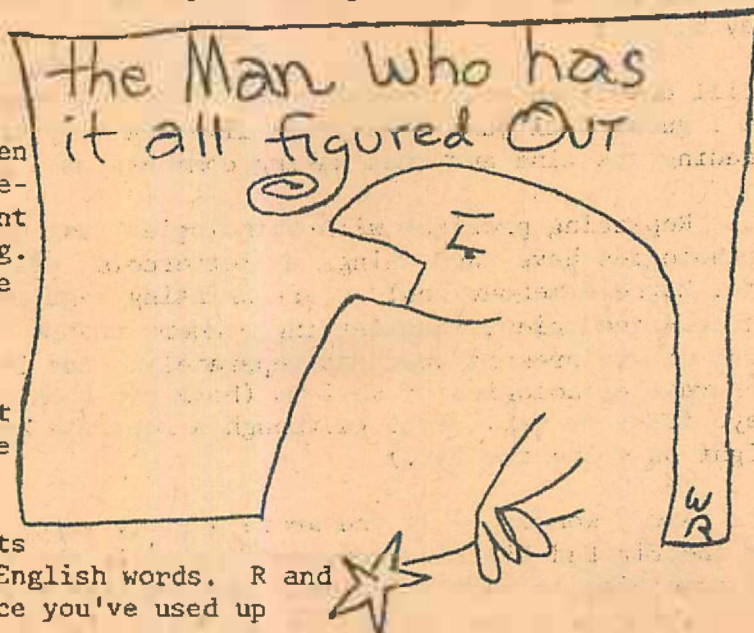
*Just for you, Doug, I am running the all time most mind bending logic puzzle that I have ever seen. Out of kindness to the readers I am including the answer and how to get it. I have seen the snowplow puzzle before but it is a nice one anyway.*

*The concentration on Con Reports was deliberate. The trouble is that I laid it out to be run shortly after the Heicon-Toronto sessions. Unfortunately I didn't get it out until March when it was much less timely. In part it was an experiment to see what the reaction would be to an issue with a single theme. From the reaction most people seem to prefer an issue with a wide variety of material. So it goes.*

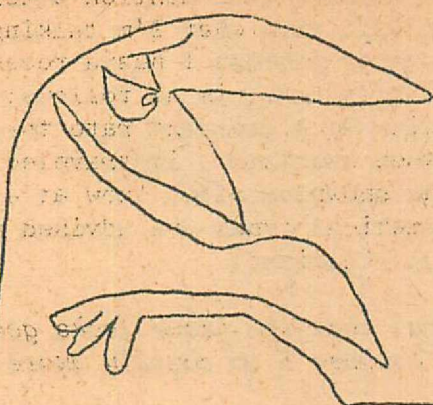
Dainis Bisenieks      It has been a while since the last PB, hasn't it? The 210 Pearson, I.S.U. only way I knew I hadn't missed an issue was by looking at Ames, Iowa. 50010 the answers to the quiz - I remembered some of the questions. April-25, 1971 As for the new quiz - gee, there's a lot I haven't read. #7: If Teal built a "crooked house" it was a tesseract; if not, not. #11: the presence among humans of Syndrome somethingorother. #14: Interstellar Master Traders...I could look up what they were called. #15 - the Howard Families in Methuselah's Children lived a long time.

It can take an awfully long time to canoe to the Heicon. When I saw the beginning of that conreport, I knew the first installment wouldn't get as far as Heidelberg. Will this one, too, conclude some two years after the event?

I played around with the five-word game for a while. But if nobody's got it yet, I suppose I can honorably concede defeat. One thing I did was to list all the combinations of two consonants that can begin and that can end English words. R and S make the best combinations; once you've used up



The  
Happy  
Boy-Man



those you're in trouble. You can try to eliminate Q or X or V or possibly Z. Since you have to use three of the preceding, the best start would be to list all the usable ones and then play around with them...and, oh yes, with the few that have Y as a vowel. I had recourse to Polish money (ZLOTY), Russian nobility (CZARS or TZARS and a KNYAZ) and even to a member of one of the lesser-known ethnic

groups of Europe (VLACH) but got nowhere.

I don't know any ex-bugs, though I have heard of a bug who was an ex-poet (archy). If he has better luck in his next incarnation, then I suppose he would be an ex-bug. But we have no proof, have we?

A recent issue of the German newsmagazine DER SPIEGEL had a page on Alexander Kohn and his JOURNAL OF IRREPRODUCIBLE RESULTS.

*Aw, come on. It wasn't that long between issues. Well, come to think of it, I guess it was. I hope the relatively rapid appearance of this issue makes you happy.*

*At the time this is being written I do not yet have a solution for the five word problem. KNYAZ and ZLOTY don't look like good words because they both use two vowels (counting y) but VLACH looks like a promising word.*

Tom Digby

330 S. Berendo St.  
Los Angeles CA 90020  
May 1, 1971

Dear Fanzine

Several times in the past I've gotten fanzines in the mail and put them aside, intending to "do something later", only to find the zine, still unwritten to, several months later in some pile of something or other. So I guess I'll just treat this like APA-L by starting this letter before reading the zine and then making comments as I go.

Replacing prozines with anthologies just Won't Be The Same unless the anthologies have such things as lettercols, editorials, convention listings, etc. Maybe somebody could start printing regular anthologies of Letters to Other Anthologies, thus letting readers choose to buy or not buy each department of the present prozines separately. And if the trend spreads we could have separate anthologies of Reviews (both pro book and fanzine), story rating surveys (like An Lab), etc. (although a separate anthology of Tables of Contents might be going too far.)

And I wonder, -- If you wrote a story about a Weak-Willed Prozine Editor vs the Big Bad Distributors, setting it in the future or on another planet or something to make it science fiction ((A female radio DJ is reading aloud the lyrics of a song called "Boobs A Lot" (or some such). Sure sounds diff-



erent from when it is just played as a record.))) Or, perhaps, a Deal with the Devil to get a zine distributed, making it fantasy. Could you sell it? If not, how much disguise would be necessary to make it saleable?? Or has it already been done???

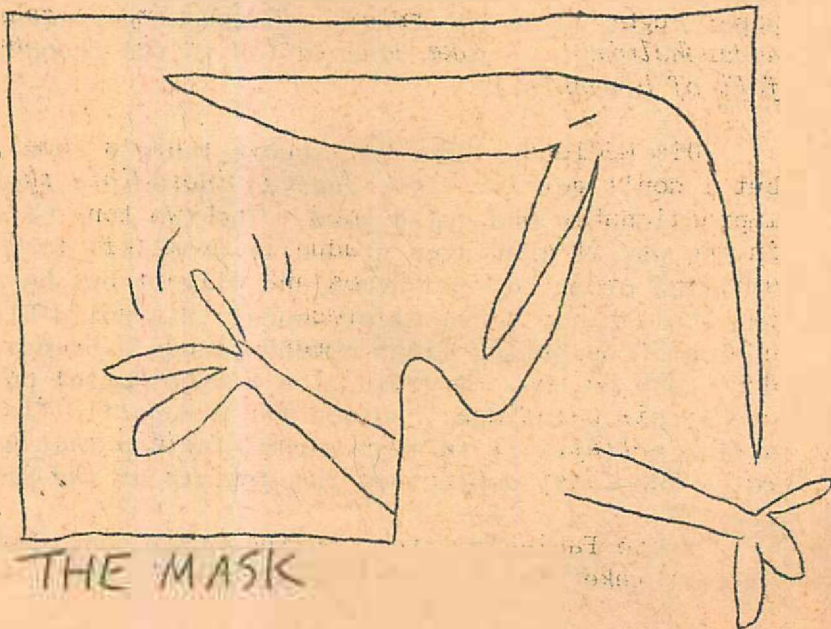
And what scientific journal is it that requires all papers to be printed upside down as in the EXAMPLE page you printed? If the pages were numbered Hebrew style and the covers also upside down the resulting zine could not be distinguished from a right-side-up zine once it left the printer's. (Or printers', if there is more than one printer in the same establishment.)

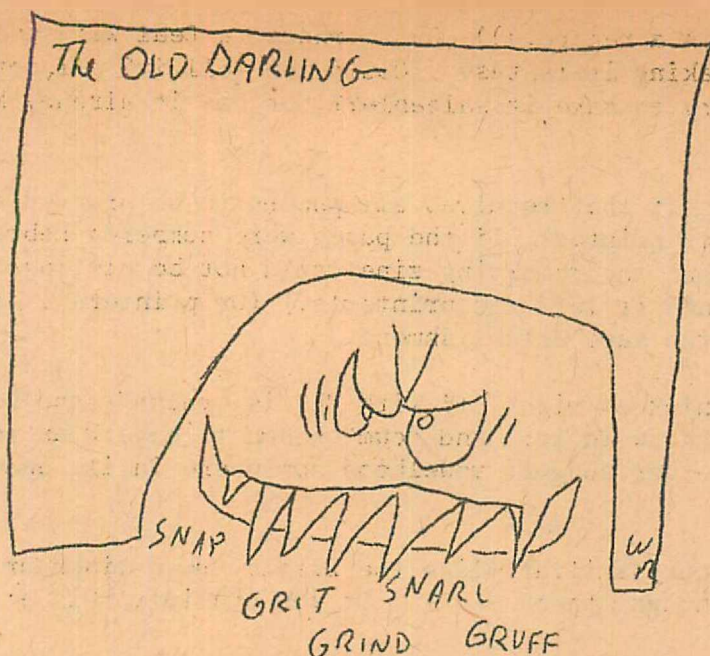
The only English word I can think of right off with CHT is "yacht", and some term in boating jargon might have chtsw in it. And "cwm" seems to have W as the vowel. Doesn't the name of that letter suggest vowelhood somewhere in its ancestry?

Some bits of the back cover look familiar (like the Little Green Dinosaur (even if it is in red ink)) even though others don't. Do you consider this a quiz?

Well, that seems to be all I can think of right now, so I guess I might as well stop since there's nothing worse than continuing a letter on and on to fill up space long after having run out of things to say, which is what some people sometimes do if they can't think of any good ways to end letters, and is also something fairly often done as filler material at the end of articles and such, especially in apazines, and which is sometimes good as a joke but can get boring if it gets out of hand which it seems to be doing at the end of this letter so I guess I'd better...AWRKK!!!!

There is a great deal to that notion of special collections of magazine departments. For example I would very much like to have the collected letters to Startling and TWS in hardbound. In fact I think I would even have to disagree with you about the notion of a collection of Table of Contents. At least I would if you extended it to an anthology of TOC pages. Even today I go back and peruse the TOC's of Planet Stories. Those titles! Those blurbs!! Sigh!!! What magazine today has such titles as "The Virgin of Valkarion", let alone such undying bits of prose as "For a thousand years Earth was the abyss of the universe: pariah of all the worlds: scorned by the younger planets. Earthman Thorpe guessed at the deep-space price he'd have to pay to carry back just one iota of culture." Or better yet how about "In the webbed hands of the expressionless, green faced ones rests the Screece gem. Some say it's a fabulous diamond; some an emerald; some a ruby - but wily Caine knew it was death." Should writing like that be allowed to moulder in yellowing pulps??





(Both of these jewels are from the July 1953 Planet Stories which I picked randomly from the shelf.) Now that I think of it the idea of reprinting the contents pages of PS in a single volume seems quite attractive. At one time I had toyed with the idea of indexing the Vizigraph but this seems like a simpler notion and equally worth while.

Presumably there is a variety of gamesmanship that is practiced by yachting people which would be known as yachtsmanship which would give us chtsm. Probably not, however. The makers of unabridged dictionaries are very inconsiderate of word game players.

Leon Taylor  
Box 89  
Seymour, IN 47274  
Dec. 24, 1970

It's not a matter of minature faith, fella; it's just that after prolonged experience you don't expect fanzines to survive the last gasp of changing faneds. No fanzine can serve two masters... congratulations for totally winning over yours. Er, may we now expect a PB monthly? (Not bloody likely. However you may expect it to appear on something vaguely resembling a quarterly schedule.)

My high regard for PB can be deduced from the fact that I am writing this on Christmas Eve, a time generally reserved for frantic last minute shopping. This year I have decided to save myself all the trouble and give fanzines for Christmas: PB#5, you'll be glad to know, will become the property of my parakeet who is dire need of cage carpeting. I figure a few pages of your cheap paper ought to do the trick. (Somehow my pleasure in this news is less than underwhelming. I take consolation in the thought that PB6 was not originally full of birdshit.)

Jim McCloud. Hmm. I suppose there's some clever pun attached to that but I don't get it. (No, just an incredible typo.) This bacover of Jim's is impressionable and quite good. The two tone effect is compelling, particularly in the way it modulates gradually from left to right. Jim reminds me of a skillful cross between Symes and Gilbert but he adds a superior asset of his own - his clear sense of presence. His solid black spots and free use of numerous supporting lines somehow lends a breath of life to the whole structure - don't ask me how. I would give a substantial portion of my right leg to see one of his paintings. McLeod for a Hugo!!! (I have to agree that McLeod is a fine artist. It is my personal feeling that he is one of the most underrated and least publicized fan artists at the present time.)

Steve Fabian's cover, on the other hand, bores me. I hope that Steve doesn't take that too seriously as it is the crayon book technique that puts



me off rather than his craftsmanship. But I'm glad he did it...in a recent issue of EMBELYN Steve talks about his intention to experiment with a wide range of styles and this PB cover seems to be another manifestation. (*Actually the cover for PB 6 was earlier Fabian.*) Besides somebody out there is bound to be attracted to this type of art. One amateur criticism, Steve: your background is a bit too blank. A tinge of color would liven things up greatly...

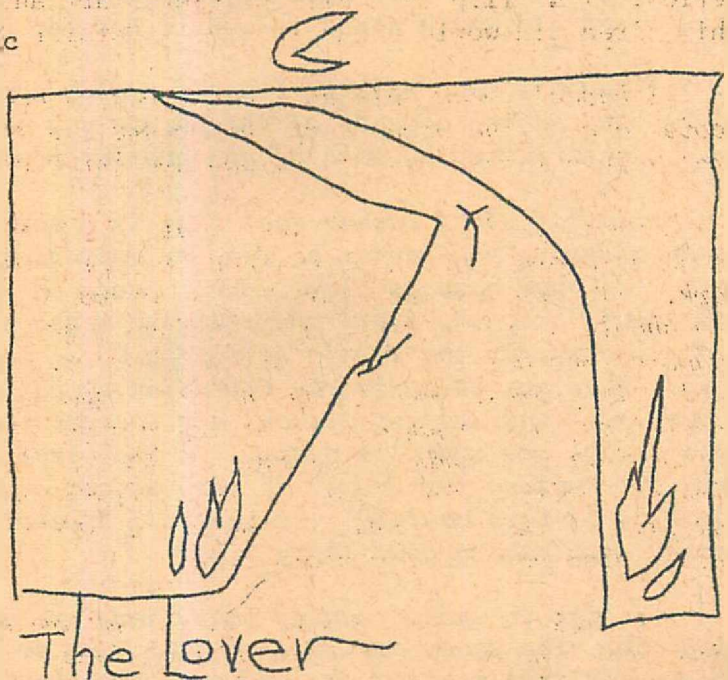
Your ecliptic photo on the contents page is religiously impressive and makes one wonder if he is about to experience fandom's wordwise version of 2001. Good Lord, that heavy black must've set you back the fortune of a small kingdom. What'd you do? Take over the Creative Anachronism Society and ransom one of their queens? (*Nope, bootleg photo offset, courtesy of Bob Weiner.*)

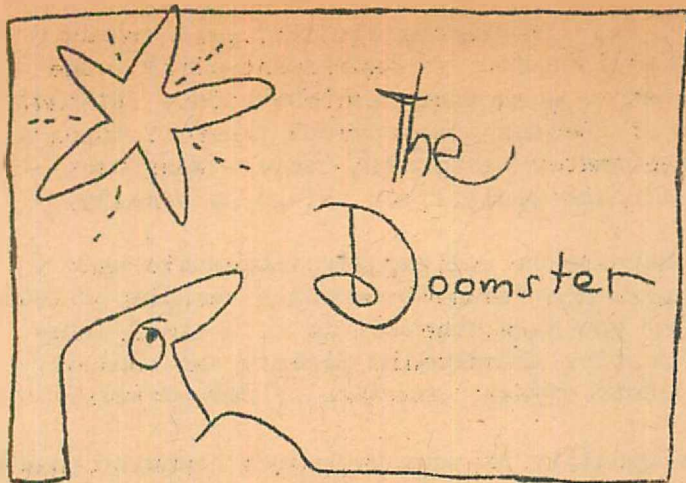
I would compliment you on the originality of your backwards numbered pages, but I've seen that routine rehearsed in so many fanzines by now that it's old hat. (*Nobody understands! The backwards numbering arose simply because the back of the issue got typed first. By numbering the pages backwards I could run off part of the issue while getting the rest of it together.*) The world is fast running out of ingenious ways to display page numbers. There was even a zine about a year back that made them incandescent. Short of making the page numbers of contents and inscribing the articles, locs, etc in tiny microdots in each page's upper right hand corner, I'm afraid you'll simply have to resign yourself to the traditional method of having a chimpanzee number the pages in conventional order, letting one of his hairy relatives take over when he runs out of fingers and toes.

I approve heartily of the fashion your editorial meanders from one trivial subject in right field on to one in left, almost simulating that freewheeling mental state one has in the final twilight moments before dropping off to sleep. Far too many editors write as if their pens were loaded with starch rather than ink, and seem more concerned with explaining to the reader why this isn't as good as it should have been then they are with just having fun. You obviously recognize the fact that your zine is a miserable failure and seem willing to make the best of it. Congratulations...and ghodd hluck!

Tony Lewis surely has a classic in his statement: "John showed a plethora of educational movies, some of which were interesting." Ah, but I know the plight well. Base Gagetown. Eh? Some fellow from up there sent me their fanzine - even autographed it for me. Now wasn't that thoughtful? On the whole I enjoyed Tony's con report and occasional witty asides. It sounded like an interesting trek to take.

Susan Lewis seems to have taken UBIK a bit too literally. Without arguing about the economic premise (which, by the way, is entirely feasible) Phil Dick is the playboy of reality and most of his novels of late - including





UBIK - have been allegories of reality. Thus his characters dress in ludicrous clothing because we do disguise ourselves in all sorts of grab bag things to hide us from the Outside World and they speak in approximately the same degree of ridiculousness. I wouldn't call the story "plotless", simply loaded with unconventional twists; again Dick is writing an allegory and is not trying to convince you of the specific situation's believability. He is portraying what he believes is the philosophy of reality, not

attempting to simulate concrete reality in a future situation. "Round one to the bad guys?" From what I gathered, Dick is trying in UBIK to say that there are no bad guys. Finally I am somewhat puzzled by Susan's apparent contempt for anyone who preaches that the world is confusing, stupid, and meaningless. (None of which Dick happens to be arguing either, but for now I'll grant her assumption.) "So the world isn't perfect. Since when is this new?" It is new to all those who haven't discovered it. By implication she seems to be arguing (unintentionally, I'm sure) that writers should only tell about the "edifying" things which returns us to the Old Wave - New Wave debate.

Yours isn't the only zine to be graced by Ted Pauls' "Wizards of Senechuria" review; DYNACENCE # 2 carried it as its lead article. Boy! Ted must've really been proud of that one! He deserved to be. Ted is a better critic than the fellows in the prozines for that matter. Wonder when we'll get around to giving him his Hugo? (Probably this year, if Tom Digby doesn't beat him out.)

Cory's conrap is so exhaustive that it warrants a complete Sunday afternoon devoted to nothing but reading the two instalments of her never-ending series. I did flip thru Bill Rotsler's art ahead of time. Marvelous. What this tired old world needs is a Bill Rotsler coloring book.

I haven't read UBIK so I can't really comment on the accuracy of Sue's review and on the cogency of the points you make in reply. However the general points raised by both of you are interesting.

First of all I rather feel that if a work which is allegorical must be read as an allegory and cannot be read or appreciated "straight" then it is a lesser work. If your message story cannot stand on its own two feet as a story then you should skip the story and tell the message straight. To take an unfair example consider the Narnia series by C. S. Lewis. Certainly these are allegorical. They are permeated by Christian symbolism and yet they can be read, understood, and enjoyed without any recognition of or reference to the the allegorical and symbolic props. On the other hand I must admit that the plot line of "Waiting for Godot" is very slight and yet the play is one of the most powerful of this century. In general, however, I still feel that an allegory should also have a good story line.

If Dick is indeed saying that there are no bad guys then I must disagree with him. The woods are full of them (and so are the cities, etc.) The real tragedy is that most of the bad guys are convinced that they are good guys.



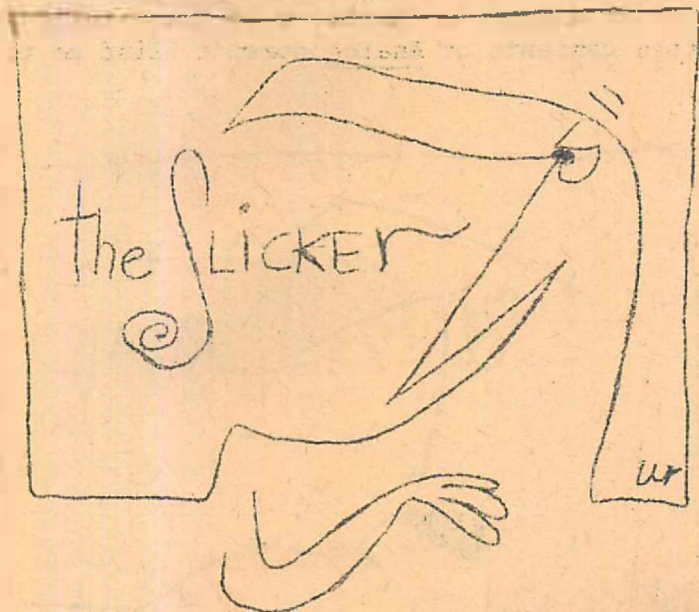
That is not meant facetiously, although it makes a good line. Most people are not equipped to recognize the evils of what they do or to act on that recognition when they do see it.

The statement that there are no bad guys can be taken in several senses. One common sense is the analysis which shows that such and such an evil man, Hitler for example, was the product of a given set of circumstances. My personal reaction to all such analyses is skepticism; we don't know enough. However, granting that such an analysis can and has been made, it does not exonerate the person in question. Hitler was an evil man; no analysis of his character can change that; it can only show why and under what circumstances he became the evil man that he was.

Another sense, which you may have meant, refers to the common assumption of both sides in a conflict that they are good and that the other side is bad. This is, of course, nonsense. The Russians are not evil or bad guys just because they are in conflict with us - they are evil for their own private particular reasons, just as we are evil in our own particular way. But, despite the tendency of both sides of any conflict to inflate their moral claims, I cannot agree that there are no conflicts without bad guys. Again I will instance World War II as an example. Certainly the Allies were no Holy Alliance, and certainly the Axis had many fine men on their side. But such reservations should not stop us from realizing that Nazi Germany, as an entity, was one of the most spectacularly evil manifestations of an aberrated humanity that has ever been seen in the history of man.

I tend to feel that your point about Sue's "apparent contempt" is well taken. The news that the world isn't perfect is scarcely fresh (according to one account the dateline on that particular story is 4004 BC) but then neither is the news that men and women like to sleep together, which does not prevent great love stories from being written. Fred Reinfeld, in one of his many books on chess, told of the differing reactions of the two great chess masters, Steinitz and Tchigorin, to the biblical maxim, "We were not put upon this Earth to be happy." Each, he said, took this as his motto. Steinitz said, "Therefore let us work hard." Tchigorin said, "Therefore let us squander our lives."

Both reactions represent a legitimate response to the maxim and it is impossible to "prove" either response to be wrong. Those who hold with the first view tend to feel that those who hold with the second are making every thing worse for themselves and everyone else. Those who hold with the second feel that those who hold with the first are deliberately denying to themselves and to others what opportunities there are for seizing pleasure in the world. My reaction to both views is that they tend to miss the point.



Mike Glicksohn  
267 St. George #807  
Toronto 180, Ont.  
April 26, 1971

Many thanks for PB 7, although I have to say that it is an eerie feeling to open a fanzine and read a letter that I appear to have written and of which I have no memory at all! But gradually I began to recall the issue I'd been commenting on and your repro

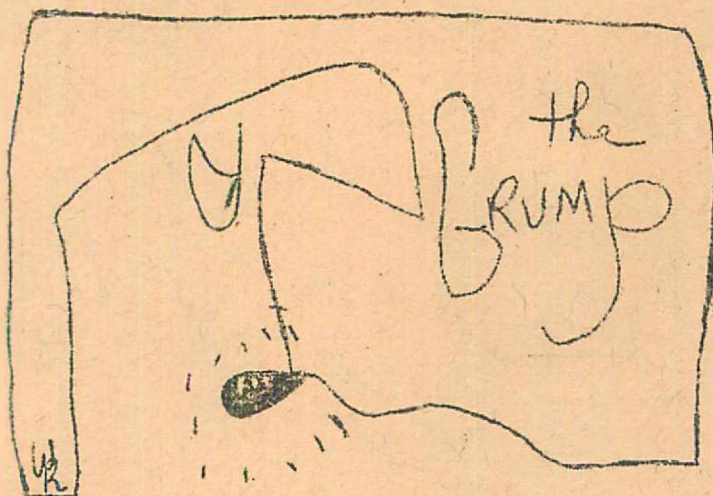
seems to have improved considerably. Running the art separately is a time-consuming business but the results justify the trouble. Your art repro was generally excellent; so dark, in fact, that you'll need to go to a heavier weight of paper to eliminate your see-through difficulties. However, the printing is so clear and dark that I had no trouble at all reading this issue, as usual in one sitting. With a heavier weight of paper, PB is going to be one hell of an impressive visual package.

The art work itself exhibits a variety of skill. I'm afraid that neither of the covers impresses me. The bacover is just too cluttered to be a good cover. It would have made a fine interior page, but it lacks any artistic cohesiveness and so is a weak cover. (I see Kirk, Barr, Bode, Berry, Gilbert, McLeod, Rotsler, Symes, Porter, Lovenstein, and Stiles but who's the twelfth?) (George Foster.) And the front cover strikes me as an inferior Symes; seems poorly balanced and far too "busy" for my taste, especially when compared to some of Mike's more restrained and tighter executed interior drawings. Kirk, of course, is marvelous, as is Rotsler while Gilbert continues to fluctuate from brilliant to mediocre. And some of Jim McLeod's work was most impressive. Really an enjoyable looking zine.

Contents this time have a certain solidity generated by Marsha's mammoth conrep. I found it interesting but perhaps just a bit too detailed and personal for the average reader. Tony's Philcon report, on the other hand, was a first class piece of fanzine writing and deserving of reprinting in an anthology of classic fannish creative writings...especially the section in which he mentions my name...

Joe Ross makes some valid points (which interprets as "Joe Ross says some things I agree with...") but he seems a bit reactionary as far as magazine cover art is concerned. I don't buy Analog, for exactly the reasons Joe gives, but I can still admire the artistry of Frank Kelly Freas, and my distaste for the written contents of Analog doesn't blind me to the fact that it is still the most

professional and visually appealing of the pro magazines. And while Amazing and Fantastic still have covers that, while recognizably science-fictional, bear no relationship to the stories inside, If, Galaxy, and F&SF use paintings that are created especially for particular interior contents. (or sometimes vice-versa, the stories are occasionally written about the covers.) Not to denigrate Paul in any way, but I certainly wouldn't want to abandon some of Jack Gaughan's fine interpretations of recent Galaxy

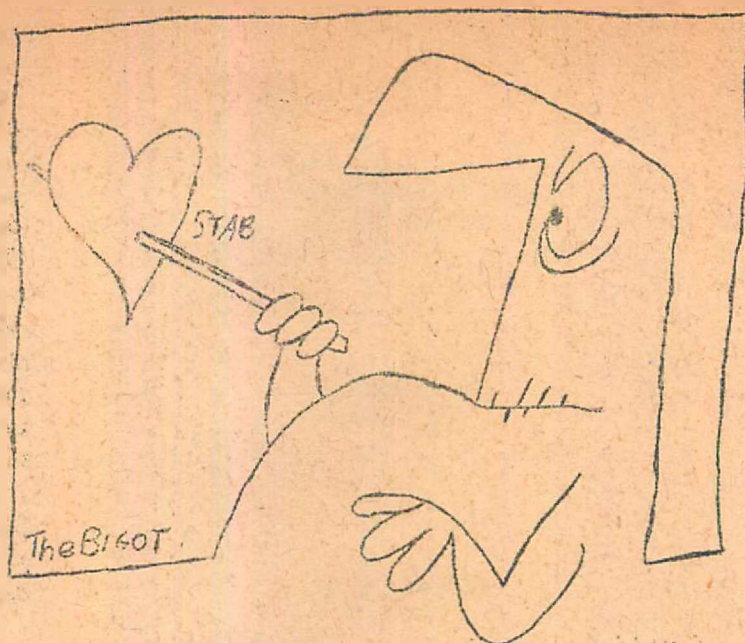




and If stories to return to the days of flying saucers hauling off the Woolworth Building! Of course, I'm a bit biased in this regard since as I'm typing this letter, I'm looking at ten Gaughan covers from various recent prozines that I bought at the Lunacon auction!

Oh yes: Pitcher=Harry; Catcher=Allen; 1st=Paul; 2nd=Jerry; Short=Ed; 3rd=Andy; Left=Sam; Center=Bill; Right=Mike. Got no conflicts from it, anyway.

Energumen 7 has both front and back covers by Gaughan, much to my intense delight.

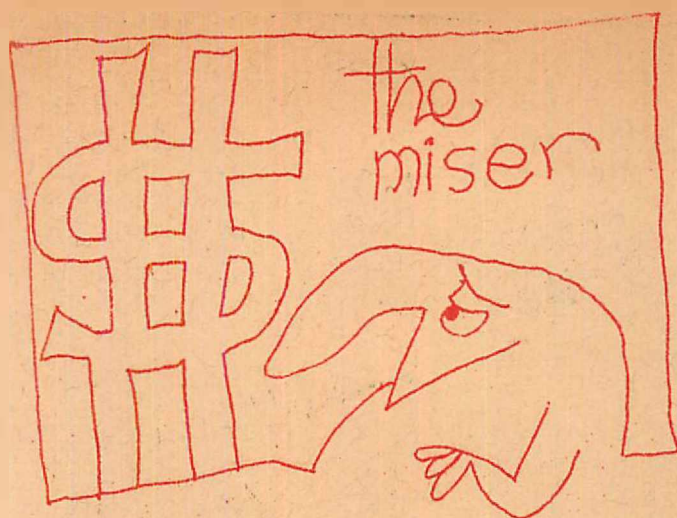


Glad to see Archie Mercer using the acceptable "douse" as the singular form of "dice". Obviously he is familiar with Ambrose Bierce's rejection of the more common form of the singular under the exhortation "Never say die."

I'm afraid I'll have to agree with you about Joe's article as far as the Pro art is concerned. My personal reaction to both the Freas covers and interior illustration is that they are marvelous. In fact I feel that the average issue of Analog is a work of art in its own right. One of the things that puzzles me is that I have seen no discussion in the fanzines of the major changes in layout in Analog that have been made recently. (Perhaps there has been discussion and I've missed it, but I just don't recall it.) For example there is extensive use of black printing on grey areas, new type faces in the titling, a different layout policy for the illustrations, etc. Actually I am in error in calling all of these changes recent. I just went to the shelf and glanced over the last five years. My collection runs back to '46 (I'm not a completist or a hard core collector) so it is easy to be a little bit vague about what is recent. However there is still a considerable amount of evolution over the last couple of years. In a letter to Granfalloon Ted White claims that Conde-Nast took the control of art direction out of Campbell's hands. Do you know if this is true? I tend to have my doubts since I know that Campbell made the decision to buy artwork from Mike Gilbert.

Thank you for the kind words about the repro, even if I can't entirely agree. Since you loc almost every fanzine in existence and since 37.8 % of your locs make reference to the degree of blackness or non blackness of the repro I will comment at length on the topic. (Which is to say I feel like talking shop.) My ability to get solid inking on illustrations is not due to any particular virtuosity on my part. NESFA has a G-466 duplicator and a Rex Rotary 2200 stencil cutter. Solid inking on the G-466 is very simple; you run the machine at a slow speed, you monitor the inking closely, and you hit the manual ink button every so often when the slightest indications of spottiness or fading appear. You do not use quick dry ink; you use Gestetner 217 ink or equivalent. The G-466 is a marvelous machine; you do not need to manually crank to get solid area inking even though the black areas run fifty to seventy five percent





of the area. Another thing that helps is that 2200 cuts a superior stencil. One thing that I am still not clear on is the relationship between the blackness of print and the number of lines per centimeter cut in the stencil. The 2200 will cut up to 300 lines per cm. (700 lines per inch for the non metric.) In practice you almost never need that kind of resolution - 100 lines per cm. seem to be quite adequate for most work. (I still don't feel that I have completely mastered the 2200 - there is a great deal of flexibility in setting all of the various controls.)

I notice that in *Energumen* your repro consistently has a faded look to it. The repro is very even in inking control but simply not dark. When you look at the solid areas you see that there are lots of little white areas in them, as though someone were doing white stippling on black areas. If you look very closely you see that the white areas tend to be lined (this is quite evident in the titles.) In most cases these lines run vertically, although they run horizontally in the Kirk illo on page 18 of *Energumen* ?. (Am I correct in supposing that the Kirk illo was part of illos which were electrostencilled on a pasteup sheet and that it was mounted sideways on the pasteup sheet? Egad, how do you do it, Holmes? Elementary, my dear Watson.) If I am correct you simply aren't getting the quality of electrostencilling you need. I have no idea of what kind of equipment you are using (I understand you access to university facilities) and I probably couldn't say anything useful if I did know - the 2200 is the only machine I've worked with. However I will pass on what I would suspect, based on my experience with it.

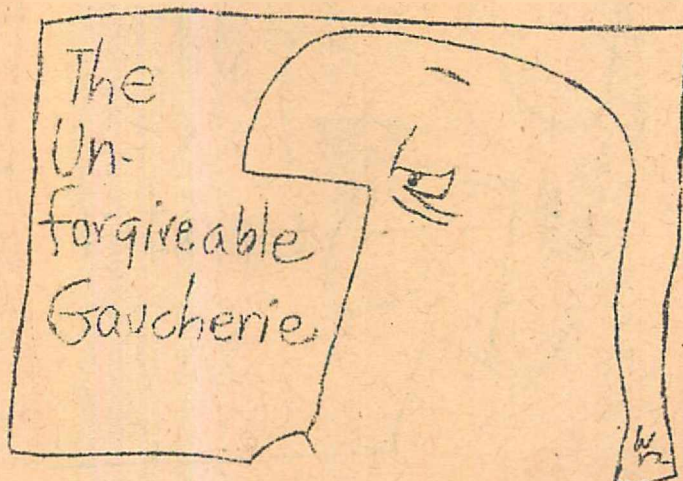
It probably is not due to variations in the line voltage. If you do not have a voltage regulator on the stencil cutter and if the city power supply fluctuates you will get white lines on the stencil. These, however, do not have the grainy appearance that your stuff has - they are very definite sharply defined lines. (I don't have a regulator on the 2200 and I occasionally have to recut a stencil when the Cambridge power supply is more erratic than usual.) You can get that kind of effect if the burn voltage is set too low. The proper burn voltage for cutting a stencil varies widely with the brand of electrostencil. Most importantly you can get that kind of effect if the stylus or the scanning eye are at all dirty. When I was first playing with the 2200 I was getting distressingly poor resolution in my electrostencils. I kept playing with the burn voltage settings and the number of lines per cm with no particular success. Eventually I discovered that the trouble was that the scanning eye was dirty. If you are using University equipment which is being run by students it is highly likely that all of the critical points in the machine are dirty - for the most part students take no care whatsoever of duplicating equipment. And, of course, it may simply be that the equipment you are using is not up to cutting good stencils. However I tend to doubt it - black and white line drawings are not really very demanding as far as stencil cutting goes. Charcoal, pencil, and photographs are a different story.



Since it seems likely that most of your troubles are due to faulty electrostencilling it is hard to tell if you are also having inking problems. At Lunacon I gathered that you electrostencil all your text. Actually I find this somewhat hard to believe. When I look at the text in Energumen ? it is nice and sharp. When I look at the text in Lowdown it looks fuzzy. From this I infer that in Energumen you typed onto stencil and in Lowdown you electroed the text. The printed text in Energumen is quite black enough for very good readability. Still it is not nearly as dark as the text in PB. I can see two possibilities; either you would like it darker but can't get it darker or else you can get it darker but don't choose to. Again I don't know what kind of equipment you use so I can't make a definite statement. However if you do want it darker the following points may be helpful. First of all you can always darken your printing by running slower. Secondly if your machine is like the G-466 you have both automatic inking and a manual over ride. On the G-466 you cannot get full inking with the automatic inker - you still have to monitor the inking and hit the override every so often. If you don't over ink slightly you get text which is about the darkness of Energumen and not as dark as PB. These remarks apply to the G and, presumably, to other silk screen machines. If you are using an AB Dick with a drum and pad there probably isn't much you can do about the inking. I have never used an AB Dick so I can't speak with any confidence about its limits. However Tony Lewis has one which he is very accustomed to using and he has said that you just can't get really heavy inking out of it. (At least he claims it is impossible to get really satisfactory solid blacks from it.) Actually I don't think you should complain too much about the faded repro in Energumen - it has a decadent look that goes quite well with much of Alicia's artwork. Besides you cannot run much darker inking if you are going to use the type of paper you are using - 24 lb buff of the type you are using is going to have massive see through if you run heavy dark illos.

At the time this is being written I have not yet seen the paper PB is going to be run on. Unless something goes wrong, however, it will be 20 lb twilltone of the type Focal Point and Locus are being run on. I'm afraid that you and others will holler about - no way around it, solid buff is a very attractive paper. My personal feeling has always been that Buff or Cream is even better than white - solid black on white tends to be a bit too harsh. There are a couple of reasons why PB will not be run on buff next issue. (Excuse me, thish.)

First of all there is the simple question of economics. I can get 20 lb twilltone paper for 88¢ a ream (plus 3% NY sales tax.) (This is in one hundred ream lots - however NESFA uses a lot of paper.) If I buy 20 lb buff locally it would cost me (NESFA) about \$1.60 a ream in case lots. I have no idea what 30 lb would run but I am sure it is more. If anyone knows where I can get 30 lb buff for under a dollar a ream, please let me know. Since NESFA foots the bill for PB I don't feel justified in spending money unnecessarily.

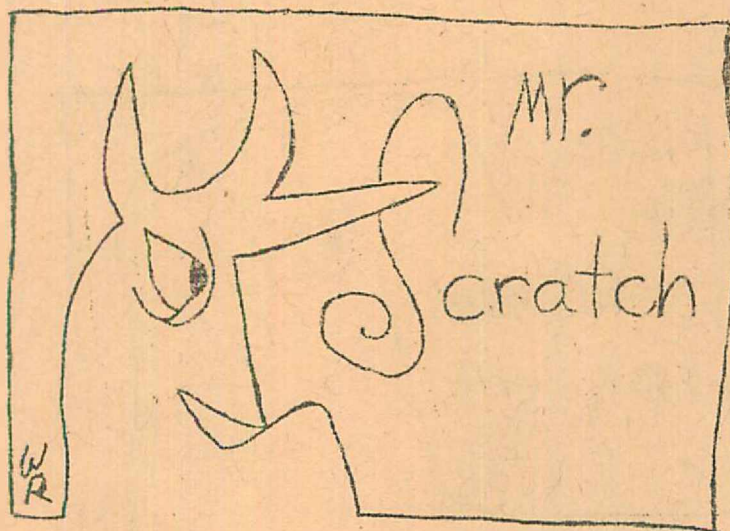


The other reason why I am going back to twilltone is see through. To avoid see through with solid buff I would have to go to at least 30 lb paper and perhaps even heavier. I would not like to go to thirty pound hard paper - it is considerably stiffer. It might be OK if I were bringing out an artzine but I am not. Actually there is a third reason why I am not using hard buff this. I have found it hell to work with. The grade of paper used in PB? was quite non-absorbent. As a consequence it had a tendency to warp badly when you did very heavy inking on it. After a couple of passes it no longer fed through the G very well and had a tendency to dogear the corners (when it didn't do even less lovely things.) Twilltone is much more absorbent and is generally better behaved.

In the fanzine panel at Lunacon you told Charlie that you preferred to run everything electroed because of the high cost of stencils and because you could get electroing done cheaply. You also said that not everyone could afford to use the techniques that Charlie used regularly because most people did not have access to the cheap supplies that Charlie (NY is definitely the place to buy supplies.) As far as paper is concerned that is definitely true - I don't know where else you can get cheap paper. However it is not so true as far as stencils are concerned. First of all the price break for vinyltronic electrostencils in NY is not all that great. I get vinyltronics from Gestetner for 32 cents apiece plus sales tax. I get them from Gold Seal in NY for 28 cents apiece plus sales tax. The savings is nice but not particularly critical. (The big savings in electrostencils is to use paper electrostencils from G. These cost 16 cents apiece. These are not really high quality enough for PB but they are quite satisfactory for APA: NESFA. Their main problem is that they are very fragile and do not stand up well for long runs.) The place where you can really save money, however, is on ordinary stencils. If you pay four dollars and up for a quire of stencils, which is what most people pay retail, you are being robbed. At present I am using cheap stencils from Gold Seal which cost me \$1.75 a quire. I realize that you can't get stencils from Gold Seal. However you can order from Walter's, a mail order office supplies house. Currently they are asking \$2.40 a quire without film, \$2.60 a quire with film, for ten quire lots. These are the same quality stencils that you would buy retail for four to five dollars retail. Besides handling cheap stencils they also handle cheap ink (and lots of other goodies for the well appointed fanzine editor.) I can vouch for their stencils because I have used them. I cannot vouch for their ink because I have

not tried it. However they do have G ink for \$2.10 a tube, which is even better than Gold Seal. In browsing through their catalog I also notice that they have Twil-Tone mimeo paper which they quote \$1.02 per ream in lots of ten reams or more. The color selection quoted is odd - white, azure, granite, rose, gold, lime, and fawn. Their address is:

Walter's  
RD #4  
Waseca, Minn.  
56093.





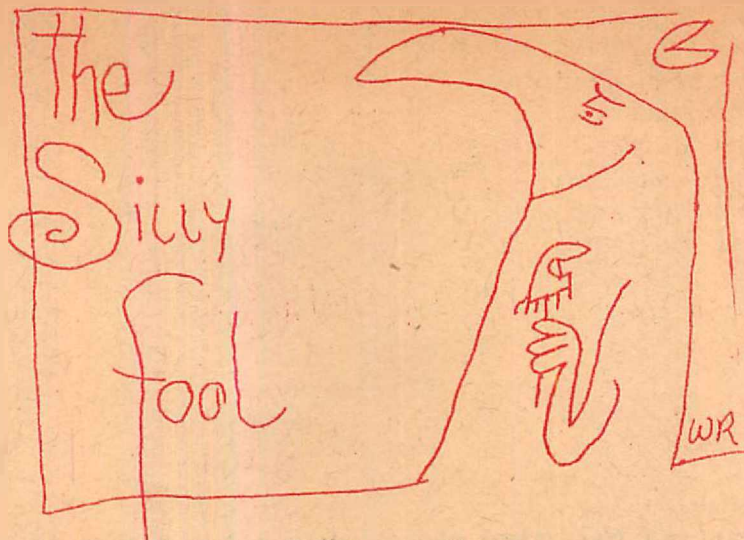
Roy Tackett  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107  
9 May 1971

The 7th issue of The Proper Boskonian was not, I fear, up to par. More than 17 pages of con reports was a bit much. And not really much to comment on in the issue except for Joe Ross's article and there's not much one can say about that.

I'd hate to see the pro-zines go under, too, but I imagine that their days are numbered. (Of course, that's been said before and they are still with us.) I don't pretend to know the ins and outs of the distribution problem although, if the local situation is typical, I'm sure there is one. One can observe, though, that except for ANALOG they are all operating on a shoestring (and a frayed one at that) and none of them, including ANALOG, produce enough copies per issue to get anywhere near the distribution we'd all like to see them get. The last estimate I saw was that there were around 250,000 newsstands in the country so obviously none of them produce enough to put even one issue on every newsstand. Certainly display is a problem but SF readers are stubborn enough to look for the magazines - although lack of display could make for a loss of new readers. I really don't think that's much of a problem either, though. People who visit newsstands these days generally know what they are looking for. The days of the browsers and impulse buyers are gone, too. Ah, well, I don't know what the solution is. The whole range of printed fiction went into a decline with the advent of television and I'm surprised the SF zines have last as long as they have.

Not much of an LoC so I've got to do something to earn the next issue. Enclosed is a thingee you may or may not want to print. It should stir the cauldron a bit.

Your contribution was most welcome and appears in the reviews and commentary section. I can't say that I particularly agree with your evaluation of the Foundation trilogy. I have reread Foundation and Foundation and Empire about a hundred times over the last twenty years (Second Foundation always left me cold) and it is still one of my favorites. I must admit that most of your criticisms are quite cogent, however. I will argue about your criticism that there are no ET's in the series. (Actually there are - there is a short story about a single dying race of ET's which were discovered in the early days of the Trantorian Empire. A clever bureaucrat manipulates a number of people into giving them the chance to steal ships and escape to the Magellanic clouds. The story was reprinted in the first Conklin anthology. I don't, however, remember its title or where it originally appeared.) In any case it seems quite likely that if cheap fast interstellar travel is possible then there will be at most one intelligent race in the galaxy. The argument is quite simple: no intelligent race is going to develop on a world which is colonized by another race. If interstellar travel is cheap then the first race which arises is going to snap up all of the available real estate before another race gets





a chance to get started. At the time *Foundation* was written and, apparently, for some time, after Isaac seems to have subscribed to this line of reasoning. Recall that in *The End of Eternity* the time travellers blockaded the development of space travel for over ten million years. At the end of that time the galaxy had been settled by other races who had developed in the mean time.

When the travellers were eliminated the Human race got there

first and the other races never got a chance to come into being. Actually there are any number of holes in that line of reasoning. First of all it seems likely that the biochemistries of all the life bearing planets will be incompatible. Secondly there is a great likelihood that an advanced race would protect and foster any developing race. In fact it seems likely that they would play god and deliberately bring other races into being. As a matter of fact we are trying to do something of that kind ourselves by trying to create artificial intelligence.

Speaking of controversy let us speak of convention rates. (Being a fanzine editor is marvellous - you can jump on your soapbox any time you feel like it.) You and others have complained extensively that Con rates have become too high. Now some of this opposition is from the likes of Ted White and can be ignored. (Ted's intellectual precision is illustrated by a recent issue of *Amazing* where in the back end he explained that the cost of the program books shouldn't have gone up because printing costs hadn't and in the front end he explained that the price for *Amazing* had to go up because of the rise in printing costs.) However it is not entirely clear to me what you have in mind when you say that the convention rates are too expensive. Surely you cannot be serious about the cost of an attending membership. When one considers the cost of travelling to a convention, the cost of staying at a hotel, the cost of eating away from home, and other related expenses of attending a convention I cannot believe that the cost of an attending membership is barring anyone from attending a Worldcon. If you are contending that the rates being charged are extortionate in that you are not receiving your money's worth of services then I also cannot agree. First of all costs in general have gone up a great deal over the last ten years. You have to allow a certain amount of markup just for inflation. Secondly the services rendered have also increased over the years. Extensive film programs are the most prominent example. On the general question of costs suffice it to say that nobody who is seriously bidding for a world convention is willing to put one on at less than five dollars a head.

However if your complaint is that, as a non attending member, all you are getting is a chance to vote on the Hugos and that you are paying too much for the privilege, then I have to agree. My personal feeling is that there should be a third class of Con membership which would exist solely to give those members voting rights on the Hugos. The rates should be no higher than is necessary to cover the cost of mailing ballots to those members. They would not get the progress reports (if they wanted the reports they could become corresponding members.) This class would be open to any recognized fan, much as the TAFF voting is.



L. Sprague de Camp  
278 Hothorpe Lane  
Villanova, Pa., 19085

Thanks for PB 7. Mr. Hoylman wonders about English words containing CHT; what's the matter with "yacht"? As for one wherein W is used as a vowel, there is "cwm" (pronounced "koom"), the Welsh word for a cirque or corrie. ::: I am still, for biographical purposes, running down unpublished letters from Robert E. Howard and Clark Ashton Smith; I have hundreds from Lovecraft (photocopies) & don't urgently need more. But if any reader knows of any, to anybody, from REH or CAS, not in the Lovecraft Collection at Brown University or in the Sterling Collection in the NYPL, I should appreciate hearing from him. Kaor,

William M. Danner  
R. D. 1  
Kennerdell, Pa., 16374  
May 26, 1971

Your word puzzle intrigued me mightily and I thought that if anyone were able to solve it I should be able to with this gigantic old (circa 1914) Century dictionary to refer to. But with over 8000 pages to look through it could be the job of a lifetime and there's not that much of my life left. So I scand a small section at the back that I'd never used before: a list of Amended Spellings. There's a whole page of 8-pt. solid text concerning them but I'll add only that some of them have come into common usage in this country (apparently the list was made when we were still under the influence of English spelling of words such as candour and colour) and others are used frequently by many people. Forry Ackerman makes a point of using simplified spelling but I think he overlooks many possibilities on this list. Here, then, are the five-letter words from the list that are suitable for your puzzle. There are a great many more which have either more or less than five letters, or have two or more vowels, or use one letter twice.

BLUFT	BLURD	BREST	BRETH	BRIMD	BURND	CARVD	CHAFT	CHAPT	CHARD	CHIND
CHIPT	CHUMD	CLAMD	CLAPT	CLAST	CRABD	CRAMD	CRIBD	CROST	CRUMD	CURST
CURVD	DREMT	DREST	DRIPT	DROPT	FISHT	FLAPT	FRILD	FRIZD	GLOST	GRAST
GRILD	GRIPT	GRUBD	HALVD	PLAND	PLOWD	PLUGD	PRIGD	PROGD	QUAFT	SCAND
SCARD	SCOFT	SCUFT	SCULD	SCUMD	SHAGD	SHAMD	SHELD	SHIND	SHIPT	SHIRD
SHOPT	SHUND	SKILD	SKIMD	SKIND	SKIPT	SKULD	SLABD	SLAGD	SMELD	SMELT
SNAPT	SNIFT	SNUBD	SNUFT	SPAND	SPARD	SPELD	SPELT	SPILT	SPILD	SPRED
SPURD	STABD	STALD	STARD	STARV	STEMD	STILD	STIRD	STUBD	STUND	SWABD
SWAGD	SWAPT	SWELD	SWERV	SWIGD	SWILD	THRED	TRAMD	TRILD	TRIMD	TROLD
TUNGD	TWELV	TWIGD	TWILD	TWIND	WELTH	WHIFT	WHIPT	WHIRD	WHIZD	WRAPT

Of course, a lot of them end in either D or T, but some of those BD and GD combinations, along with other more common words, might let you crack the thing with words that you can say are in a dictionary. As for me, I think I've spent enough time on it. Back to building O-gauge railroad models.



Sandra Miesel  
8744 N. Pennsylvania St.  
Indianapolis, IN 46240  
June 3, 1971

Thank you for PB 7 - and for sending it to  
the right address. Commendable alertness.  
(But you sent a COA.)

Although some profess not to like con reports  
(our resident crusty curmudgeon, Buck Coulson),  
I always do, whether I've been to the one being described or not. Nothing like  
doubling one's fun with vicarious experiences. But of course all conventions  
tend to resemble each other. Our cons are but one species of a far larger  
genus. I can bear witness from experience that large scientific gatherings are  
very much like worldcons - New Wave-Old Wave was never more fiercely debated  
than classical - non-classical carbonium ions.

Joe Ross asked if Campbell has published even one recent story containing  
views contrary to his own. Although I usually read everything in ANALOG but  
the fiction, I can think of one candidate: "The Price of Symeryl" by Kris  
Neville. I don't know the exact date (*Dec 1966*), but it has been within the  
last five years. After all, you're the people with the index! Anyway, the  
story in question is a parable of Vietnam, complete with portraits of LBJ,  
Humphrey, McNamara, et al. I can't imagine Campbell agreeing with any of it,  
but either he didn't notice or enjoyed slipping in a curve.

On word games: Is there an English equivalent of the famous Latin crostic

SATOR  
AREPO  
TENET  
OPERA  
ROTAS

Five letters that can be arranged into two pairs of palindromic words with a  
fifth palindromic word to stick them together, all of which forms a sentence.

One need not turn to Welsh for "w" used as a vowel: How about "blew",  
"Lewis", "lewd" etc.? Of course "W" isn't the only vowel in these words. The  
Celtic languages have an excuse for their unwieldy orthography - they weren't  
meant to be written in the Latin alphabet, any more than Polish was.

*You are right about "The Price of Symeryl" and I completely missed it  
when I read the story. I rather think that Campbell caught the point and the  
parable when he bought it - he might be a crusty old codger, but he is also a  
sharp old codger. Actually Campbell is one of the few people I can think of  
whom you can claim made the transition from the dove side to the hawk side over  
the years. I seem to recall that he was writing editorials at that time about  
what the Vietnamese really wanted was for everybody to get the hell out and stop  
bothering them. Even if he is showing signs these days of lapsing into perm-  
anent fits of conservative indignation he is still a strong individualist who  
does the unexpected fairly often. In view of the fact that the story is a par-  
able the closing line about 90% of the population being certifiably insane is  
very disturbing.*

*Speaking of indices I have just become the first person to use the new  
NESFA five year supplement, 1966-1970. (Since this is a NESFA publication  
I might as well toss in a plug.) Sitting in the apartment at this moment are  
the boards and the signatures for the supplement. (The boards are the hard  
covers - the signatures are the folded sections of 16 pages.) The printing*



has been done and the boards have been stamped. All that remains at this point is to do the actual binding. (The boards and signatures here samples from the printer which we approve before they go on to binding.) Anyway, since they were sitting here, and since you were asking about when the story appeared I went and looked it up, thus becoming the very first user of the new supplement.

---

Mario B. Bosnyak  
D-6272 Niedernhausen -  
Feldbergstrasse 26A

After having spent last night with the lecture of TPB No. 7 that arrived in the morning, and with TPB Nos. 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 (I have no No. 5.) that I've been able to collect during the last weeks, I thought that I'd write you an "ellosee" or a LoC. As I don't have much to say, perhaps the enclosed articles from our local daily newspaper would satisfy you? I think that Marsha should be able to translate them. I just find it funny, how one of the articles proves the "hold on" to old sex traditions and the other one shows a bit of booze progress. Perhaps it would be useful to warn NOREASCON Members (unmarried, of course) not to carry "illegal" stuff when coming to Boston? How 'bout reproducing these articles in the next PB?

Concerning PB, it is very good. I am known for my reluctance to write LoCs, which is mostly due to my scarce cognition of the English language, which I have never studied. But, as I've started, I just want to say a few (!) words. PB 7 was rather difficult to read, because of the staples that covered a part of the text. However, considering the difficulties you had with your Gestetner, the results are quite good. The only real comment I'd have are the illos. Though many of them are very nice, some beautiful, I think that they somehow should be connected with the text on the pages they're reproduced. I remember a post-St. Louiscon LOCUS with a lot of illos strictly connected with the happenings at the ChaseParkPlaza (which I still call the Schissparkplaza.) Wouldn't it be possible to convince Steve, Mike, and even Bill to make some sort of caricatures of the people you're writing of?

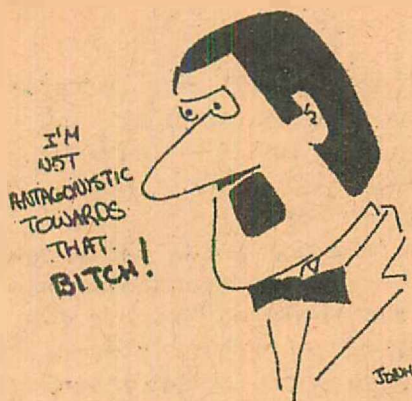
I've tried to play your Word Game on page 35 (and not 36 as you quote on the first pink page), but of course with scarce results, due to language difficulties. Besides this, I only have a small pocket English-German dictionary (I am Italian), so my sources are poor. I noted, however, that you missed the use of "Q" in your example. Is it because "Q" mostly requests "U" as company or why? I made several starts, with PHLOX, YOLKS, WROTH, and WRING, but didn't get very far. I wonder if anybody sends you better results than yours as I really cannot accept EXBUG and I think that the brand name you mean is VICK and not VICKS. I think I'll start playing Scrabble again sometimes...

Best regards to New Eminent Superior Formidable Association's members. Had hoped to meeting you all in Boston, but TAFF is weak this year!

-oOo-

PS

Do you know which is the longest word in German? Years ago they used to say that it was: DONAUDAMPFSCHIFFARTSGESELLSCHAFTSKAPITANSWITWE. In Bavaria, which is sometimes believed to be a German Province, a new word has been coined: HIMMIHERRGOTZAGGUMENTZEFIXALLELUJAMILEXTAMARSCHSCHEISSGLUMPFAREGTZ. If you don't find out what it means, I'll be glad to translate it for you if I can make it to NOREASCON.



Congratualations on winning TAFF!  
 Thank you for the clippings. I am not moving them thish, partly because of spce. and partly because neither Marsha's German nor mine is quite up to translating newspaper articles. However I expect I might well run them next ish. The one long German word which sticks in my mind is Hochsheitangelegenheiten. When I was in college I was quite active in dramatics. Every year the dramatics dept used to go on play tour, putting on a series of one act plays. The year I went I was playing the part of an absent minded professor in a German one act play. The plot revolved around two brothers who were both bachelors and professors. They were trying to get each other married off. (For those who don't speak German it means Wedding Arrangements.)

Thank for the kind words about the artwork. It would be nice to have everything directly illustrated; you may have noticed that two pieces were illustrated thish with artwork created specifically for them. However it is not something that can be done on a regular basis except when you have a very close working relationship with an artist. In most cases I try to make some effort to match the artwork with the text. Several Fanzine editors make loud noises about how one should do this. In practice nobody notices the nominal relationship or cares except the fanzine editor.

Archie Mercer  
 21 Trenethick Parc  
 Helston, Cornwall, U.K.  
 9 June 1971

Dear Nesfarious Ones, whoever and/or whyever you be.

It's happened again! The Seventh Proper Boskonian has successfully invaded Cornwall. In connection with which, I suppose it is only politic to point out that we've moved again. The above address, however, is permanent. We've bought it - with, it must be admitted, the assistance of a Building Society (a mortgage-finance company.)

Anyway, many thanks. I'm still not really attracted by your artwork - though at least most of it doesn't actively repel me, which helps - but the written text is still highly digestible.

"The Editors Confer" convinces me that neither Harter nor Symes is capable of having anything to do with the PB. Therefore Marsha (aka Cory) must do it all on her little lonesome.

Joe Ross's "Requiem" thing struck me as being almost precisely what I'd have to say if I'd ever got round to working out what my feelings on the matter were. In other words he speaks for me, too.



Having read his article, however, I started to wonder. Have I ever made anything happen, rather than taken my cue from externally-motivated events? Offhand I was and still am unable to think of an instance. Sobering thought, or something.

I enjoyed Marsha's pre-Heiconrep, naturally. I notice she's one person who doesn't entirely accept the new nomenclature of various bits of the American east coast. And certainly it seems a shame for the names Canaveral and Idlewild - whatever their origin - to be lost to geography. Idlewild in particular, perhaps - because whenever I see it I want to pronounce it "Idle-wide". Anyway, I look forward to further quarterly instalments.

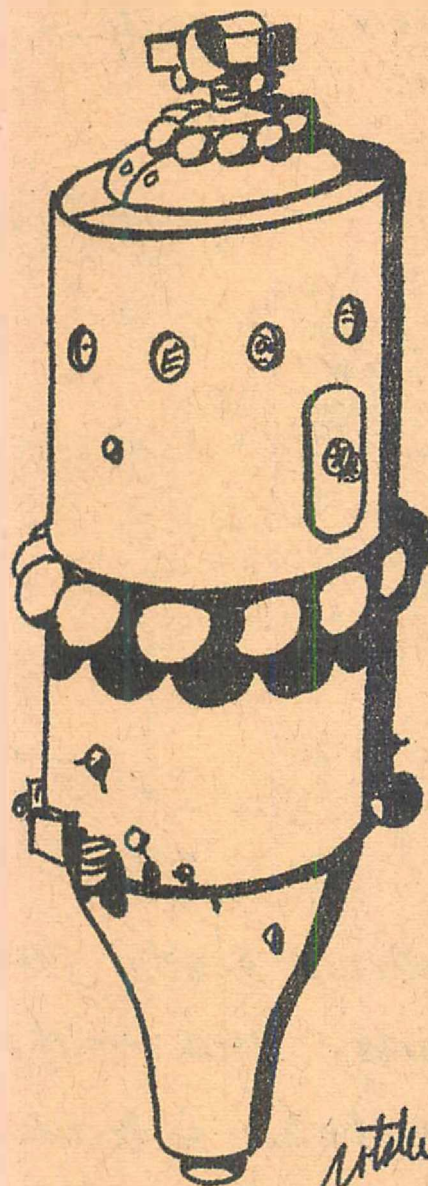
Tony Lewis on Philcon was also readable. So was Lois's "Mundanecon", though for the life of me I can't understand why stamped addressed envelopes would want to congregate - nor what they have to do with science, or possibly education.

Sue Lewis in "The Art of Coke Stacking" introduces a valid pastime. However, the coke bottle will never rise superior to the bheercan.

The lettercol is really a column by some editor or other with occasional interpolations by correspondents, but makes for easy if not earthshaking reading. And that's it. A nice issue, whoever may be responsible. Thanks again!

*You, Sir, are a harsh critic of artwork. I appreciate the Kudos, of which there have been some, but I am even more curious about the brickbats. How does it leave you cold, and what would you like to see? Not that I am likely to be able to do anything about it.*

*If you thought the last issues lettercol was dominated by the editorial comment I hate to think what you'll say about the lettercol thish.*



letter of comment —

*Handwritten signature/initials*

Do you all out there want to know why I  
left the Coop (co-op city) and N.Y.C. for  
Jersey... well →



well thats one of many reasons  
But that shows you the general  
tone of N.Y.C. —

PB should be sold through some of the bookstores in the  
Cambridge area — it should do well — the reason  
I suggest this is because I've been told, and in  
Rochester I've seen *funnags* on sale and doing well —  
its and idea —

oh well —  
Mike



B.T. Jeeves  
230 Bannerdale Rd.  
Sheffield S11 9FE  
June 6, 1971

Well first off, very many thanks for the copy of Proper Boskonian. Naturally, such a title immediately made me think of the good old Lensman series, but no nod doubt this is a co-plete red herring, and your title probably stems from a Boston Convention or something similar.

Whatever the origin, I thought both front and bacovers were very good indeed (so much so that the latter has inspired me to do a combined illo of my own). I wasn't so taken by the interior art work, other than the superb illos by Kirk and Fabian...both very good artists, and very good men. I had quite a shock when I looked at your contents page. I don't know who the guy in the frame is meant to be, but I do KNOW that he is the spitting image of a bloke on our staff...a real dream boat, who personifies the absent minded professor to a T. I also like your art policy, and enclose a few bits and pieces for you to inspect and pass on as to yea or nay...and feel secure that if you do not want it you will shoot them back. Likewise, I also enclose a copy of my own zine ERG, and if there is anything therein which takes your fancy, feel free to help yourself and reprint it.

I had similar trouble with my own Gestetner. It made wierd noises, then quit dead. I finagled off the side (NOT an easy job) and traced the fault to a broken 'handle dog'. This is a part which connects the rotating handle to the gearing...it has two small teeth which engage the gearing...both(thanks to skilfully planned obsolescence) had broken off. Luckily, I was able to drill two holes in it and make substitue teeth from some heavy gauge wire...and on went my Analog Checklist (Part 3).

Joe. Ross on s-f was right up my alley. I thoroughly enjoyed this, and hope that you persuade him to give you more in a similar vein. Also excellent was Marsha's Heicon report which held my interest from start to finish. One query though...how come she landed at Schipol on the way to Heathrow??

The LOGIC Puzzle...Unfair, Unfair. I wanted to have a go at this, but was utterly defeated by the inbuilt culturalbarrier. I don't KNOW what the infield/outfield positions are at baseball. I don't even know any of the positions...other than pitcher, batter, and catcher...so how the hell can I tackle this thing??? It would have been just as hard if rephrased to cover a game of cricket...I have no interest in that either, and don't know know any of the positions in that game. So can we have a problem that doesn't assume a complete knowledge of some utterly stupid game...(To me, all professional games are stupid, I'm not just sniping at baseball)...otherwise I can easily fake up an insoluble problem based on finding the players taking part in the ancient Mart-ian game of Sokkfeetle. *(I'm sorry but I cannot accept puzzles based on Sokkfeetle unless it is specified whether it is being played under college rules or under Professional rules.)*

Kosmic Kontinuity..utter rubbish, balderdash, and a waste of paper.

Coke Stacking, very good. So much so, that had I got a pile of coke bottles handy I would be duty bound to have a bash. I was also taken by the five letter word game...scattered around our house are numerous little bits of paper bearing my (so far) unsuccessful attempts.

Jim Saklad's quiz intrigued me...more than intended, until I realized that the answers on the right hand page...were to a previous quiz. I pummeled my gray matter... to very little effect, and this is all I can offer.

- Q3. Duodec can get through a GP hull (Probably a wrong answer, but I have in mind Galactic Patrol)  
Q7. Could Teal have designed a 'Crooked House' a la Heinlein??  
Q11. The Widget and the Wadget belong with the Boff...that's all I know.  
Q15. The Howard families were the long-livers of the the Heinlein tales. Heck, I KNOW ONE.

I liked the quiz even if it was too hard for me.

Philcon and Mundane Con reports were both lacking that vital spark shown in Marsha's report.

All of which brings me to the fact that I haven't enjoyed a fanzine so much in a long long time. Thanks again for mailing it, and hope that you can use my illos.

*The illos were very much appreciated. (I always appreciate artwork - PB gobbles it up.) As you may have noticed the two illos that appear thish were not two that you sent - they were donated by Marsha. However I can and will use the illo's you sent in the future.*

*The bloke in the frame was me - the other chap was Mike Symes. The amusing thing is that I too am notoriously absent minded.*

*You may be happier about this issues Logic Puzzle - after all it was composed by an Englishman. On the other hand you might not be so happy after you've worked on it a bit.*

*For what it's worth, you have my sympathy at missing out on TAFF. What can I say?*

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That's it for letters. We also heard from John Ingham and Jim Shull, both of whom sent artwork (gracias, gracias) Tedd Trimbath, Ken Scher, Carolyn Watson, and others.

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AFTER THOUGHTS: The repro was, again, somewhat erratic thish. This time around it is mostly a matter of paper. Due to a variety of irrelevant hassles I didn't get the paper that thish was supposed to be run on which would have been OK except for that one carton of granite which is the thinnest 20 lb. paper I have ever seen in my life. Sigh!

In PB 7 I announced a quarterly schedule. According to that schedule I am supposed to have an issue out for the World Con. However... This issue slipped about a month and a half for various reasons. I have enough material for another issue right away but I don't have the time. I just don't have the time. No way. Actually a quarterly schedule really isn't possible - three times a year, yes, but quarterly, no.



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