

PROPER BOSKONIAN # 9

3	The Instrumentality Spieks.....	Richard Harter
6	Once Upon A Quest.....	Dian Girard Pelz
14	A Case Of Inquiry.....	Mike Gilbert
16	Probably Digby.....	Tom Digby
21	Lettuce 42.....	Doug Hoylman
23	More Radicals.....	Doug Hoylman
24	Heicon III	Marsha Elkin
36	The Missing Right Finger.....	Mike Gilbert
44	\$150000 Worth Of Jellybeans.....	Jim Saklad
46	The Alphabet Corner.....	Divers Readers

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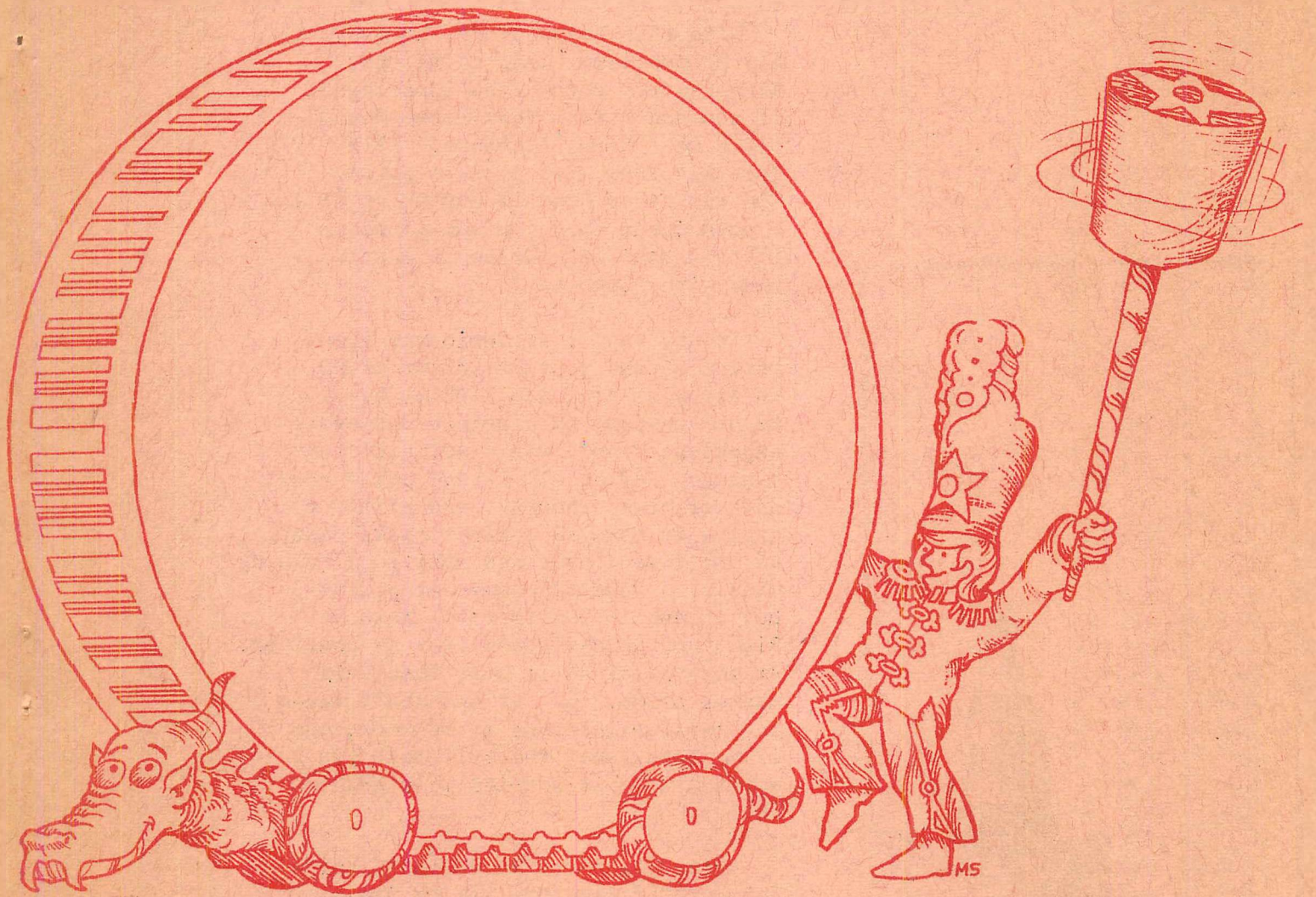
Alphonse - 54
ATom - 26,28
Brad Balfour - 49,55, 1
Tom Digby - 16,17
Caleb Fullam - 7,69
Mike Gilber - 13-15, 18, 36-43, 46
Howie Green - 21,22
Dick Harter - 74
Marilyn Hawkes - 29, 30, 59, 64
Jonh Ingham - 48
Terry Jeeves - 27
Tim Kirk - 44
Jim McLeod - 8,9, 32, 33, 67, 68
Bill Rotsler - 31, 35, 51-53, 58
Jeff Shalles - 73,75
Mike Symes 3, 20
Roseanne Zaino - 24

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THE INSTRUMENTALITY SPIEKS by The Editor in his secret identity as Alphonse

As those of you who read my various apazines know I always credit my typos, spelling mistakes, repro difficulties, etc. to a retired state department gremlin named Alphonse. Of late I have gotten very worried about Alphonse. Originally Alphonse was a very convenient excuse for my various eccentric notions on how to spell. Lately, however, things seem to have gotten out of hand. In a recent issue of Apa-L there appeared an apazine, using my title, written and composed by someone who purported to Alphonse. Unerving, very unerving.

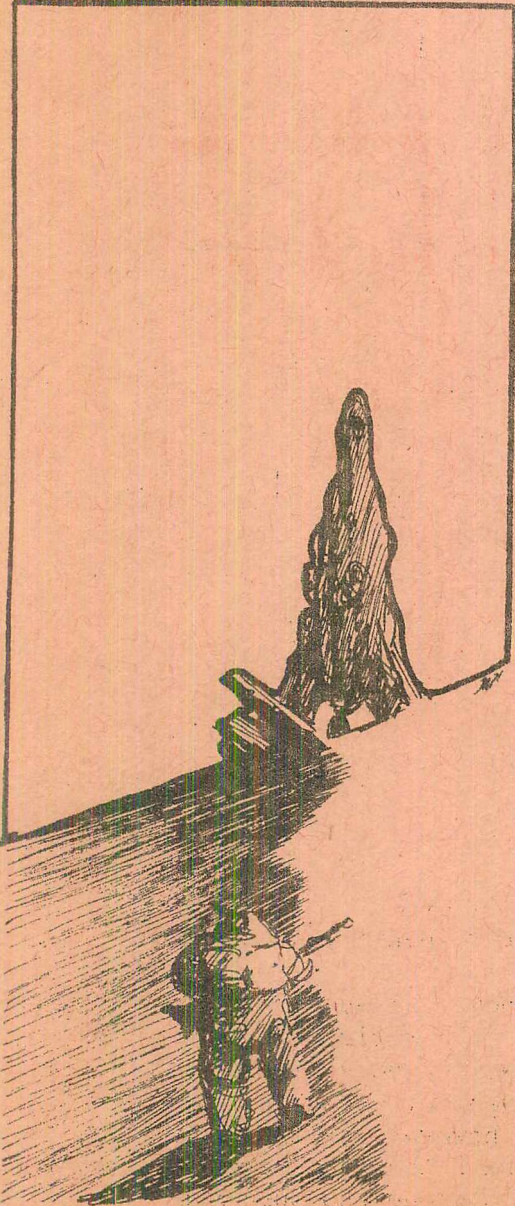
With this issue I have gotten the definite impression that I no longer have things in hand. It maybe, as some uncharitable friend suggested, that Alphonse and Ted White are in some awful conspiracy to get me. (Now there's a thought - do you suppose Alphonse handles distribution for Amazing and Fantastic??) Somehow I doubt it. Alphonse, after all, is a gentlemans gremlin, even if he is driven to humble employment, and Ted is a well known SF personality. I just don't believe there ever could be a meeting of minds.

With this issue of PB, however, it has become very clear to me that Alphonse has gotten the upper hand. If you don't like this issue don't blame me - blame Alphonse. It's more his than mine at this point. (On the other hand if you think it is a good issue then you can attribute it to a residual influence I still have with Alphonse.)

In any case I am seriously about resigning the post of Editor of PB in favor of Alphonse. This, as you might surmise, is a rather desperate expedient, one I would not undertake lightly. After all I have put a great deal of time, thought, and effort into trying to make PB a first class fanzine. At one time I even had ambitions towards winning a Guho (Alphonse, stop that!) But I have to consider the future. Right now he has taken over my Apazines. At this point he is more than half master of PB. So far he hasn't taken any serious interest in my work, but if he does, what then? I tell you it worries me - it worries me a great deal.

After all I really wouldn't suffer too much if Alphonse ran my fanac. It's Just A Goddam Hobby, after all. But my job is my bread, my bed and board. If Alphonse takes over my work I'll be out on the street with all the other starving engineers, programmers, and scientists. And I'm too skinny to starve. So if the next issue of PB lists Alphonse on the masthead as Editor you know what happened.

I see that my prognostication that Wendy Fletcher is one of the Fan Artist Hugoballot (Goddammit Alphonse.) Anyway as I was saying before my words were so rudely scrambled I see Wendy is a nominee. Now some of you may have been wondering if she really was eligible. The rules are very specific about the nominee having appeared in a fanzine. They say nothing whatsoever about art entered in artshows. Well, for those who are wondering, yes she is eligible.



Fred Patten, in the course of not answering a letter I never wrote, explained that she had appeared in a couple of very minor fanzines which makes her technically eligible by the rules. The rules, mind you, don't say anything about judging an artist on the basis of artwork published in fanzines - only that the fan artist must have appeared in some fanzine in the year of question. Wendy is only the most extreme case of a trend that has become more and more marked over the past few years. A number of years ago fan art appeared almost exclusively in the fanzines - the artshows as they exist today did not exist then and the rule made sense. But nowadays all of the best fan artists (many of whom are trying to break into the pro ranks) reserve their best efforts for the art shows and their money making auctions - and who can blame them. But should fanzine artists be judged against the artwork that appears in art shows? The first is usually a black and white sketch suitable for fanzine repro techniques. It does not usually represent any great investment of time and labor. Art entered in art shows, on the other hand, represents a lot of time and labor and utilizes the full range of media available to an artist. Fanzine art is done for nothing. Artshow art is done with the expectation of making money - sometimes a good deal of money. And it doesn't seem right somehow.

What's to be done? This year, nothing. This year you vote for the best fan artist on the ballot according to your notions. I may vote for Wendy in first place and I may not - that's my business. But next year I think we ought to have two fan art Hugos - one for fanzine art and one for art show art. Call them whatever you like - fan and semipro, illustration and exhibition - whatever you like. But that's what I think there ought to be. And, if their seems to be significant amount of agreement with me, I will introduce a motion to that effect at LACon.

Of course there are people who feel that there are too many Hugos already. Well I have a solution for that. Why not abolish the Fan Writer Hugo. We've already awarded it to the people who really deserve it. There really aren't enough people who write both widely and well for it to be very meaningful. Junk it and be done with it.

Various and Sundry on the Contents:

The discerning reader will note that there are two pages missing. These were removed in accordance with President Nixon's Phase III plan for controlling the inflation of fanzines. He will also note the peculiar significance of the numbers chosen.

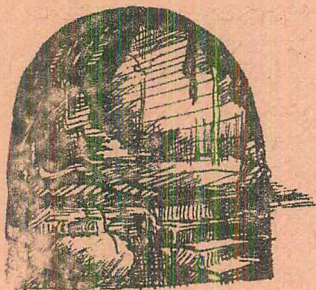
Apologies are due to Dian Girard Pelz for omitting her name on the title page of Once Upon A Quest. Dian ran a series of rather amusing "fantasies" through Apa-L which I am reprinting by agreement with her.

Tony Lewis pointed out that the Noreascon attending rate the second year was Six dollars, not Seven. Thus Torcon is more expensive than Noreascon.

Various parts of this issue have appeared before in other zines. They include Once Upon A Quest, part of Probably Digby, and the two ATom illos which are reprinted by permission of the author and first appeared (I believe) in Locus.

ONCE

UPON A QUEST



Word went flying around the palace like a bunch of flamingoes, its ugly long neck stuck out ready for the axe. "Today is the day!" The word went flying from the stables, where the green-clad urchins groomed the dapples and gilded their cloven hooves. Word went flying from the kitchens, where the white-robed chefs prodded their scullions with hobnailed boots encasing stout feet, and sniffed gingerly at unnamed concoctions in huge simmering kettles. Word went flying to the grand chamber, where the Lady in Puce strummed idly on her seventeen-stringed guitar and mocked the lad with the yellow vest who had to use the metronome. "Today is the day!" she said archly. Word went flying into the throne room and preened its sunset-coloured feathers in front of His Majesty.

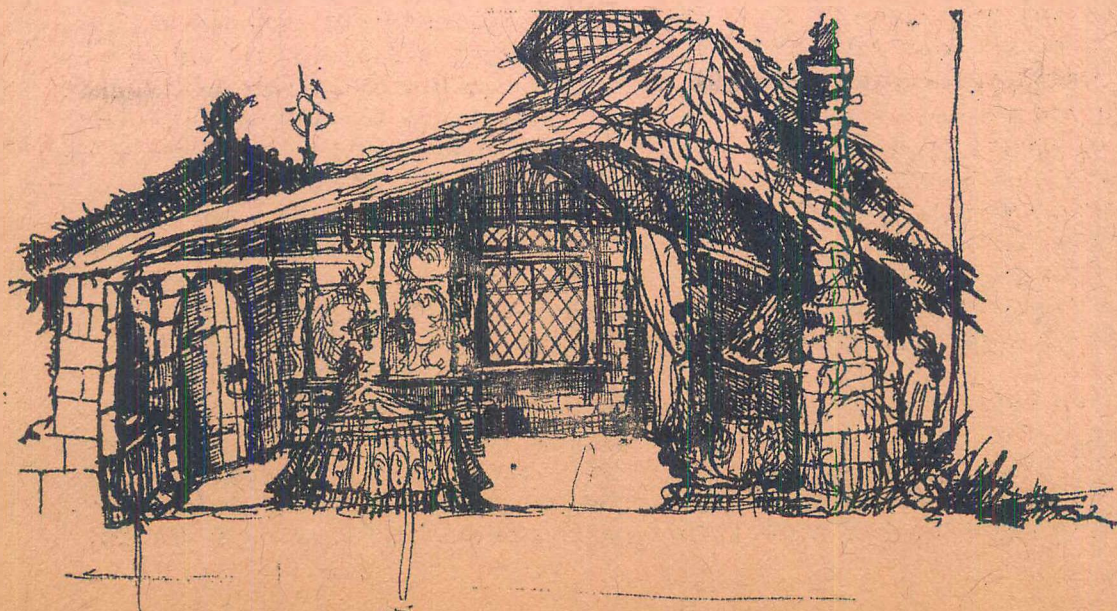
His Majesty, better known to Her Majesty as Leodorick, rested his bearded chin in his left palm, tied knots in his beard's twelve points with his other hand, and looked pleased. Then switched his chin to his other palm and scratched his ample chartreuse-clad paunch. He still looked pleased. "Today," he said, looking over at Her Majesty, "is definately the day!" Her Majesty, better known as Dimples, or Lurena the Befuddled, looked up from a piece of ineptly done embroidery, lowered the lashes on her huge blue eyes once, twice, thrice, and puckered her cupid's-bow mouth at His Majesty. She was not queen because of her brains. Leodorick kissed her loudly and brusquely on the lips, and slapped her thigh with a resounding thwack, roaring with kingly laughter. "Today," he guffawed, his eyes streaming with happy tears, "is most certainly, absolutely, decidedly and without any doubt -- any possible, probable shadow of doubt -- the day!"

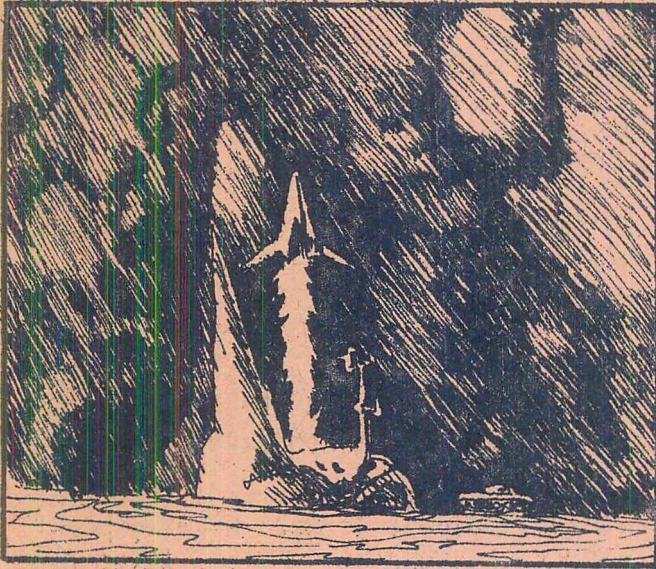
His kingly merriment leaped and gurgled and danced out of the room, dashed up the stairwell, down the corridor and under the door that lead to the highest room in the tallest tower in the palace. It fell defeated at the foot of the stairs, which led upwards for 300 steps, turned a corner, doubled about, and then resignedly chugged upwards for another 482. At the top of the stairs was a bolted door, and behind the bolted door was a princess. "Today is absolutely not the day!" said the princess. The toad, who was patting himself with her lavender talcum powder, having bathed in the morning coffee, shrugged his shoulders. "Lookit, kid, that's the way it always goes: you're born a princess, you grow up, and pretty soon someone decides to marry you off to someone else. That's life." He sat down on the edge of the marmalade pot and studied the mutinous pout on her lips. "Now, if I were an enchanted prince, we could find a way to have me unenchanted by going through all sorts of terrible ordeals" -- here he mimed drowning in the salt dish -- "facing terrible foes, and declaring our undying love." He whipped a serviette off of the table to use as a cloak, and, bowing low,

humbly offered to throw the butter knife at her feet. The princess sighed and gazed out of the window. "Unfortunately," the toad went on, "I ain't no enchanted prince. I'm a toad. T as in tipsy, O as in oblivious, A as in asinine, and D as in dedicatedly delirious. Sorry." He shrugged, sat down on the leftover piece of toast, and began to tug on his crimson boots of leather. "But," said the princess, turning around to look at him. The toad held up an admonishing finger. "I know just what you are going to say. You are going to ask why you can't go off and sit beautifully and forlornly in some enchanted forest until some gallant manages to win through the impossible odds just alluded to and secures you for his loving bride. Well..." He paused for breath, and then began to hold out his foreclaws, one by one. "First of all, enchanted forests are hard to come by these days. Secondly, who is going to see to your shelter, food, and clothing during this lengthy sojourn? Thirdly, who is going to guarantee that the staunch rescuer doesn't turn out to be vicious, stupid, ugly, and with nothing to recommend him but a build like a bull ox and a head too hard for anyone to crack? Fourthly..." here his voice sank to a gentle chiding tone "what is to prevent you from getting old, my poppet? No one wants to rescue an overage princess." He laughed suddenly, swung his yellow velvet cape off of the handle of the water pitcher, and executed a brilliant veronica. "Cheer up, my Clerette, your husband-to-be may not be bad at all. Today is the day, he arrives with his retinue at six-fifteen sharp, and we'll get a good look at him."

Clerette buried her face in her hands and wept softly. The toad, his ugly wide-mouthed face suddenly very soft, hopped down beside her as she sank into a large gilt armchair. His tiny claws made little scratching sounds on her sleeve as he attempted to pat her consolingly. "In all of the stories, the princess runs away, meets a handsome, brilliant, dashing brave lad with whom she shares all sorts of wonderful adventures, and then finds out at the end that he is the prince she was betrothed to all along. He wasn't any more eager for the wedding than she was. Don't cry, Clerette, please don't cry."

The princess lifted her head and smiled at him out of tear-reddened amber eyes. "I don't care about the handsome prince, Castigore, really I don't. It's just that I don't want to get married at all. Other princesses





are supposed to complain about being forced to marry someone they don't love, and all that, but it's all one to me. I just don't want to get married at all. I want to laugh and play and see the red swans tuck their heads under their wings in the glistening twilight. I want to feed the ebony peacocks that stride at the Gates of Wisdom, and I want to know what it's like to be alone. All of my life there have been people. People, people, people. All of my life belongs to other people, and if I get married it will just go on being that way, don't you see?" She looked up at him anxiously. "First there would be the husband to look after and

pet, and do things for. Then there would be children to hang on my skirts and demand to know about things I can't begin to describe to them. Then there would be grandchildren, and I would never be alone until they close my lids at the very end. I've almost been grateful for being locked up here in the tower, because I'm finally alone." Castigore bit his lip and looked somberly at the quite gazelles that grazed in the magenta rug. Finally he said softly, "I would have left long ago if I had realized you felt that way. I've never been one to intrude on anyone's privacy."

"Oh, my dear friend! Not you, certainly! I feel so very safely alone with you. I wouldn't have you leave me for all the pearls in the sea." She reached out an ivory forefinger and gently stroked the top of his head. Then she took the gold and ruby ring off of her finger and set it on his warty brown head. "See," she said, "here is your crown. You are my prince, and I will keep you by my side always." Then she got to her feet and strode back and forth across the chamber. "I suppose I've got to marry sooner or later, but oh! I don't want to -- I don't want to, Castigore!" She stopped suddenly in front of the chair and looked down at him. "Let's run away. Let's run away just like they do in all the stories about unhappy princesses. Let's go and make our way in the world and forget all about all of this. Please?" Castigore looked doubtful, but shrugged his shoulders and nodded. "Whatever you want... I guess. But you'll have to go the whole route and disguise yourself as a boy, or I won't have any part of it. It's whole hog or none at all." Clerette grinned at him delightedly. "Now aren't you glad I've always been a bit of a tomboy?" She turned to survey herself in the large mirror that hung on the wall. The purple and orange striped pants fit her to a charming T, and the slashed-sleeve tunic of gold, with red serpents, was loose enough that it sufficiently disguised the fact that she was seventeen-going-on-eighteen and molded accordingly.

She ran her fingers through her auburn hair and then let the waist-long strands fall forward over her shoulders. "It will have to go, Castigore, sorry." The toad, who had often admired her silky locks, shrugged and grinned. "Maybe someday you'll let it grow out again," he said laughingly. The princess wrinkled her nose at him as she picked up a pair of shears.

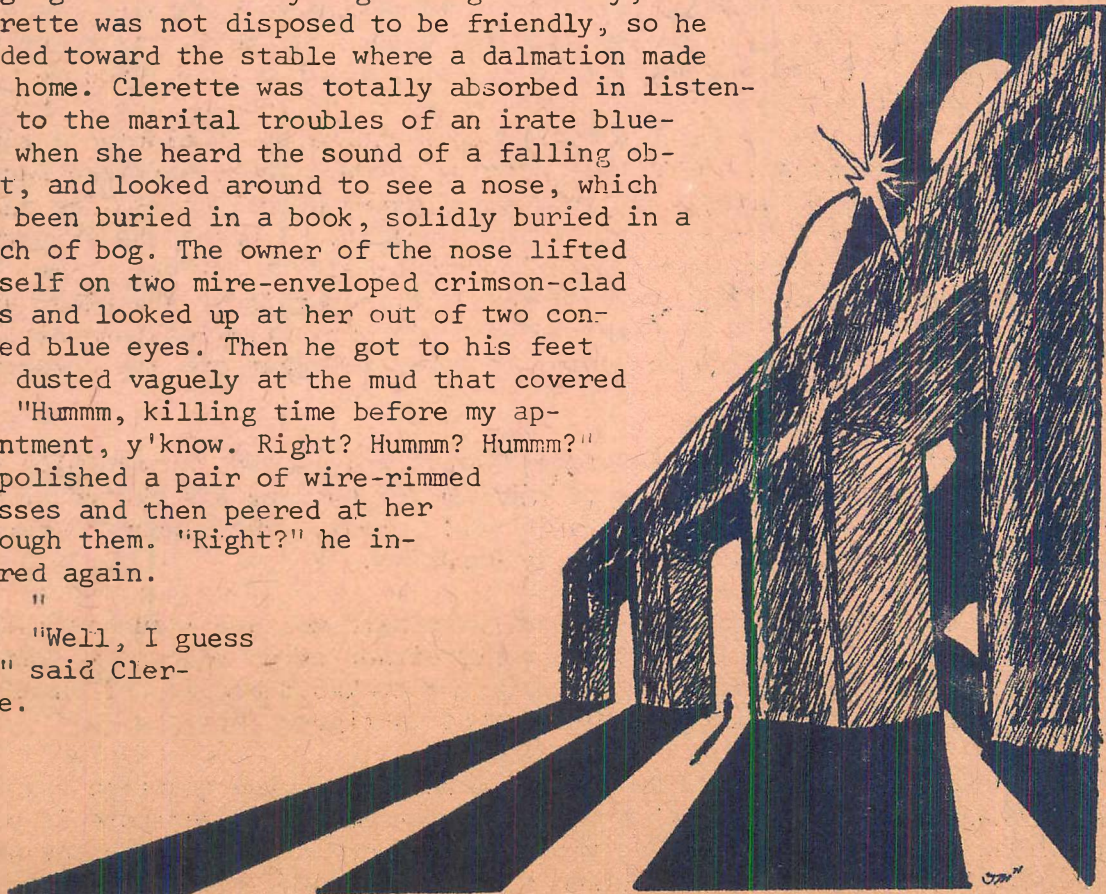
Fifteen minutes later, her head covered by an elfin tangle of short curls and a grey hat with an ostrich plume, Clerette climbed out of the window via the traditionally tied-together sheets, and, with Castigore riding in a leather bag slung across her shoulder, dropped to the ground with a sickening thud. "Oof!" said the princess, rubbing the portion of her anatomy which had met the earth with such a disconcerting impact. "I certainly hope I learn to do that better before I have to do it again!"

"So do I," came a voice from the bag, as Castigore tried to disentangle himself from the peanutbutter sandwiches, kite string, nails, and other miscellany that Clerette had deemed necessary for their trip. "Now what? Where do we go from here?" "Welllll...." said the princess, gazing about uncertainly, "I've never really been out of the palace before except to go visit Aunt Mathilde of the Western Kingdom, or Uncle Gregar who rules the Iron Mountain -- and then we always took the hippogryf."

"What it boils down to is you don't know where we are or what we're going to do, or where we're going to go. Right?" The princess nodded miserably. Castigore rolled his eyes heavenward, then hopped out of the satchel and started toward the castle wall. "You sit down on that mossy log over there, and make friends with someone. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Clerette seated herself gingerly on the indicated log and stared down at a stag beetle who was rolling a bit of turf along the grassy ground. He was too busy to be friendly. A large grey wolf sauntered by with his tongue hanging out and his eyes gleaming wickedly, but Clerette was not disposed to be friendly, so he headed toward the stable where a dalmation made her home. Clerette was totally absorbed in listening to the marital troubles of an irate blue-jay when she heard the sound of a falling object, and looked around to see a nose, which had been buried in a book, solidly buried in a patch of bog. The owner of the nose lifted himself on two mire-enveloped crimson-clad arms and looked up at her out of two confused blue eyes. Then he got to his feet and dusted vaguely at the mud that covered him "Hummm, killing time before my appointment, y'know. Right? Hummm? Hummm?" He polished a pair of wire-rimmed glasses and then peered at her through them. "Right?" he inquired again.

"Well, I guess so," said Clerette.



"You aren't, by any vague, impossible chance, supposed to meet your prospective bride this evening, are you?" The stranger brightened visibly, as if she had wiped away all of his difficulties at once. "That's it exactly! Not terribly eager, y'know." He looked somewhat downcast for a minute, and then went on. "Got here early, y'know. Bad form to be early for an appointment. Almost as bad as being late, don't you think?" He looked at her anxiously.

"Oh, yes, very bad form indeed," responded the princess. "But don't worry about it too much, because the princess will be late, too. In fact, the princess won't show up at all." "You must be the princess," said the stranger, holding out his hand. Clerette took the proffered hand awkwardly, show it gingerly, and then crossed her legs and sat down on the grass. The stranger crossed his legs and sat down in the bog. He looked rather astounded, but was disinclined to move.

"You say the princess won't show up. You are very definite about it. Only the princess or her most intimate confidant would know that, and since it would be much more of a startling coincidence for you to be Clerette herself, I assume you are indeed the princess, y'know. Oh, and you needn't feel embarrassed about not wanting to marry me - no one does, y'know. Pop has tried twelve times, and they all back out at the last minute. I'm used to it. Do you feel just the least little bit embarrassed about maybe having hurt my feelings?" He looked at her hopefully.

Clerette shook her head regretfully. "My desire to please people has just lost a battle with my normally truthful nature." "Well," said the prince, for such he was, "at least I won't have to sit through a long tiresome banquet tonight if you're not going to be there." He looked almost cheerful as he added, "I can get to sleep early tonight and be up in plenty of time for the goose calling contest. I do hate sitting through those marriage banquets, y'know. They always go wrong, and they serve everything I don't like and I get heartburn because I have to eat it to be polite. I upset the soup tureen frequently. And the princesses and their fathers always get mad at me. I'd much rather read, or fish, or call geese, or something. Anything, as a matter of fact." He looked at Clerette with his brow wrinkled into little mountain ranges. "If your're not going to marry me, what are you going to do this evening?"

"I'm running away," said Clerette determinedly. "Oh, wonderful!" said the prince, pulling himself up out of the bog and pushing his thatch of black hair out of his eyes. "Let me come with you!" "Wha...wha...what?" stammered the princess, with her eyes open wide in surprise.

"Well," said the prince, "if you run away with me, and I run away with you, there won't be anyone for them to marry either of us to, and we can both get a little peace out of life." The princess looked dubious. "I guess it would be all right, but I'll have to see what Castigore says."

"Who's Castigore?" asked the prince, more because the question ought to be asked than from any real desire for the information. "Castigore is a toad," the princess said proudly. "Well, that's not a very nice thing to say about someone who is supposed to be a friend of yours, y'know," said the prince, his faith in the princess's gentility and upbringing somewhat undermined. "No, no," said Clerette impatiently, "Castigore is a real toad. You know, little and brown and warty and lives under rocks. Only he doesn't. He sleeps

in an empty #12 tomato juice can in my closet." "And I thought my friends were odd," said the prince, somewhat aghast. "They at least sleep in napkin boxes!"

"Well, let me tell you, Mr. High-and-Horrid..." began the princess in an irate tone. Just then Castigore hopped up to the two of them, with his tiny sword in his claw. "Is this fellow bothering you, Princess?" Castigore was always careful to be properly respectful to his lady when anyone else was around. Clerette lowered her slim brows and tapped her foot ominously, but finally answered, "No, he's the fellow - what's-his-name - who is supposed to be marrying me. He wants to run away with us."

"Prince Farvarian, at your service," said the prince, bowing low and falling face forward into the bog again. "One numbskull," muttered Castigore, "I can take care of - but two? Is there no rest for the ungodly? This," he said aloud, "is getting to sound more and more like some poorly written adventure novel by an underpaid, undernourished writer with a taste for comic irony." Gesturing wearily to the two to follow him, he led the way towards the edge of the forest. Behind him, Clerette and Farvarian took up the threads of what threatened to become an unending dispute.

Some hours later, Castigore called a halt and turned to survey his tired, sweaty charges. "I think it's time we paid a call on the local witch of the neighborhood." "Who's that?" asked Farvarian. "Who knows, who cares?" shrugged Castigore. "Every neighborhood has a resident witch, and we are just about far enough along in the plot that we are supposed to consult the local witch and find out what we are supposed to be doing. She is supposed to live up to her part of this narrative by supplying us with a riddle to work out, a magic potion to use for something, or some sort of magic gifts to aid us on our Quest."

"But we don't have a Quest," protested Clerette. "Then have Faith," snapped Castigore. "It's much better in the long run anyway." Somewhat subdued, the two royal personages walked quietly along after the toad, as he made his way through the seemingly impenetrable forest, stopping now and then to ask directions. Several hours later they came to a clearing where a small stone building sat in the middle of velvet-soft orange grass. A huge wooden door with a silver knocker took up almost all of one side of the building, which looked to Clerette about the size of one of the wardrobes in her room at home. After hesitating for some moments, Farvarian finally lifted the knocker and banged it heavily on the door three times. There was the sound of footsteps, and then the door opened to reveal a footman about three feet tall holding a yard-high candelabra which flickered and flipped its flames at their faces. The footman, who had huge green eyes and a searching forked tongue, politely inquired as to their business, and, upon learning they wished to see the witch, stood aside and motioned them inside. To their astonishment they were at the entrance to a vast hall, and could see staircases and corridors leading off like the openings of mazes in every direction. Castigore, unable to believe his eyes, looked outside again before the door closed, to verify the size of the tiny, and immense, witch's hut. They followed the footman to a reception desk where a large sign said "The Witch is IN," and an ugly snaggle-toothed receptionist took their names and inquired as to where the bill was to be sent. "I thought," said Castigore, slightly taken aback, "that this was usually a free service for residents." "For residents, yes," cackled the receptionist. "You're from the next county, so we have to charge non-resident fees. That's so your own resident Witch can't claim we're stealing her business. Why didn't you go to her, incidentally?"

"Well, err, ah, you were recommended," butted in Clerette, anxious to get the matter over and done with. The receptionist looked gratified. "Our Witch is one of the best. Especially in her specialty field." She handed them a red form, a yellow form, and three green forms with carbon paper between them. "Fill out all of these papers, and then hand them to the Familiar in waiting room number five." She then abruptly turned her back and went back to reading a cheap paperback novel with a lurid cover.

Four corridors, three vestibules, and four staircases later they found waiting room number five, handed their completed papers to the Familiar - a mauve snake with five legs - and sat down to wait. The waiting room was icy cold - which they soon discovered was due to the presence of a Yeti with persecution complexes. Seven weeks later, having made numerous stealthy visits back to the castle for food and changes of clothing, they were finally called into the Witch's office. The Witch was a charming young girl with green hair, silver skin, and a soothing cauldron-side manner. "What can I do for you?"

"Well..." began all three of them at once. "Just a moment, just a moment," smiled the Witch, waving her hand. "You," she said, pointing at Castigore, "are obviously an enchanted prince. She must be the princess you are hopelessly in love with, and he is either your best friend, her brother, or both. Right?" She smiled smugly.

"Well, no," said Castigore. "He is an inept prince, she is his unwilling bride-to-be, and I am a toad. I am happy." "I am willing to grant the other two premises," said the Witch, "but no one, absolutely no one, could be happy being a toad. You must have a neurosis." She shimmied her way over to a cabinet, took out a vial of noxious-looking liquid, and, grabbing Castigore suddenly, poured the contents of it down his throat. Castigore stood stock still for a moment, and then sat down dazedly on the floor with lavender fumes rising out of his nostrils. The Witch seemed vastly disappointed that he was still a toad.

Turning to the other two, who were now hugging one another in mutual fright, she held out two capsules on the palm of her hand. "Swallow these!" she demanded.

"I..I..I can't swallow anything without a glass of water," said Clerette. Farvarion nodded his agreement dumbly. "Oh, all right," said the Witch, turning towards the hand basin. Just then Castigore staggered to his feet. Setting down the two capsules along with a paper cup of water, the Witch grabbed him up and poured the contents of another vial down his throat. Castigore gurgled, blinked, and turned into a large brown cow. "Moooooo?" he lowed miserably.

"Oh!" Clerette broke away from Farvarion and walked over to shake her finger furiously in the Witch's face. "Now just see what you've done! You disenchant him right away! He was perfectly happy being a toad!" She stamped her foot angrily. Castigore lowed imploringly. The Witch crossed her arms and took refuge in professional aloofness. "Look upon it," she said, "as therapy. Besides, no one can be happy being a toad!"

"Farvarion, do something," wailed the princess, her arms flung around Castigore's neck. Farvarion drew himself up to his full ineffectual height and tried his best to loom at the Witch. "If you don't take care of him, I'll... I'll...I'll report you to the Witches and Wizards Local for malpractice!"

The Witch sniffed hautilly. "I will not be responsible for turning something - anything - into a toad. That is a matter for an apprentice Witch, not a practicing professional." "If you're still practicing..." began Clerette, but a warning look in Castigore's big brown eyes silenced her. The Witch went on. "I'll be happy to turn him into anything with an overall dimension of not less than 70 inches - that's union rules. Take it or leave him - to spend the rest of his life as a cow. At that," she went on, lookingly scathingly at Castigore, "I should think anything would be better than being a toad."

"oh, oh, oh," sobbed Clerette, "Do anything!" The Witch, suddenly all smiles at being given her head, busied herself with mixing sundry vials, pots, and bags of concoctions. Finally finishing, she tilted back Castigore's head and poured an ample measure of a purplish fluid down it. The cow lowed miserably, flicked its tail, stuck out its tongue, and finally turned into a young man. He was slightly stooped, but somewhere around 70 inches tall; he had a wide mouth, and brown hair. When he turned toward Clerette, it was with a gay little hop in his stride. "I thought you weren't an enchanted prince," said Clerette, her eyes wide. "He wasn't," said the Witch smugly. "There is no reason why a toad - bleh! - can't be enchanted into something as well as a person can be. I cast a spell over him and turned him into a prince."

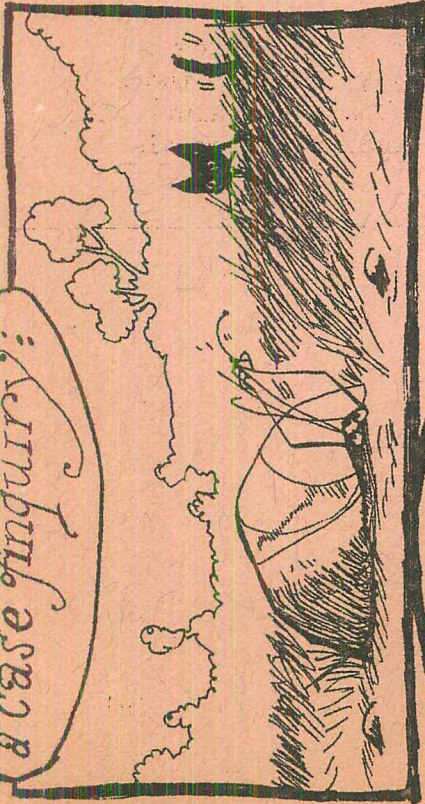
Castigore lifted his fingers and placed them under Clerette's chin, tilting her face to meet his lips. "Now that I am a man," he said, "we can truly share life. Come walk with me through scented gardens, share my happiness, be my wife."

"Now that you are a man..." began Clerette. "I still want to be alone! Cummon, Farvarion, we've got a Quest to find!" And, pulling the startled prince after her, she ran out into the corridor.

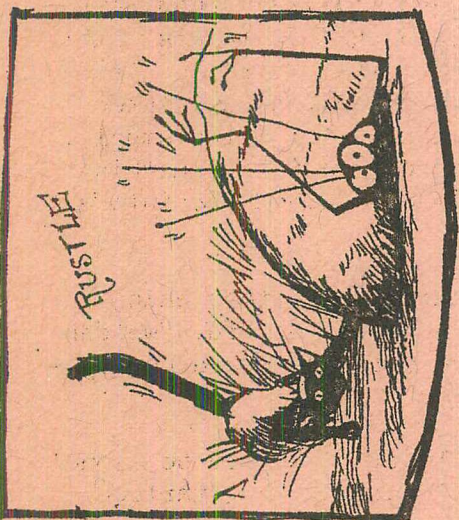
Castigore shrugged, grinned somewhat wryly, and patted the Witch on the arm. "thanks anyway, kid," he said. He sighed softly. "Well, those two nincompoops will still need someone to look after them." He saluted the Witch gravely and then turned and strode out into the corridor after his charges.



a case of inquiry:



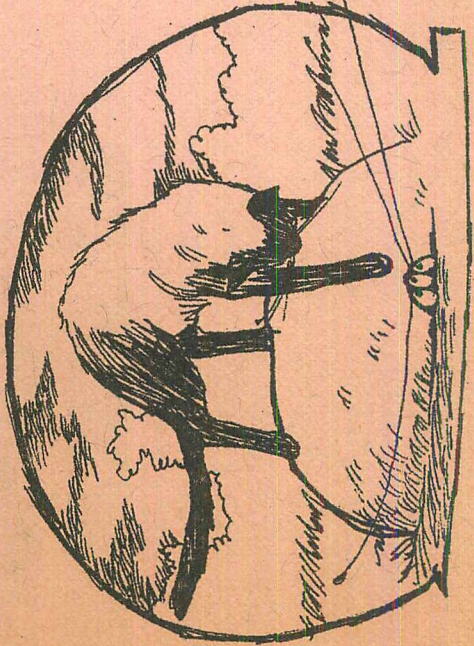
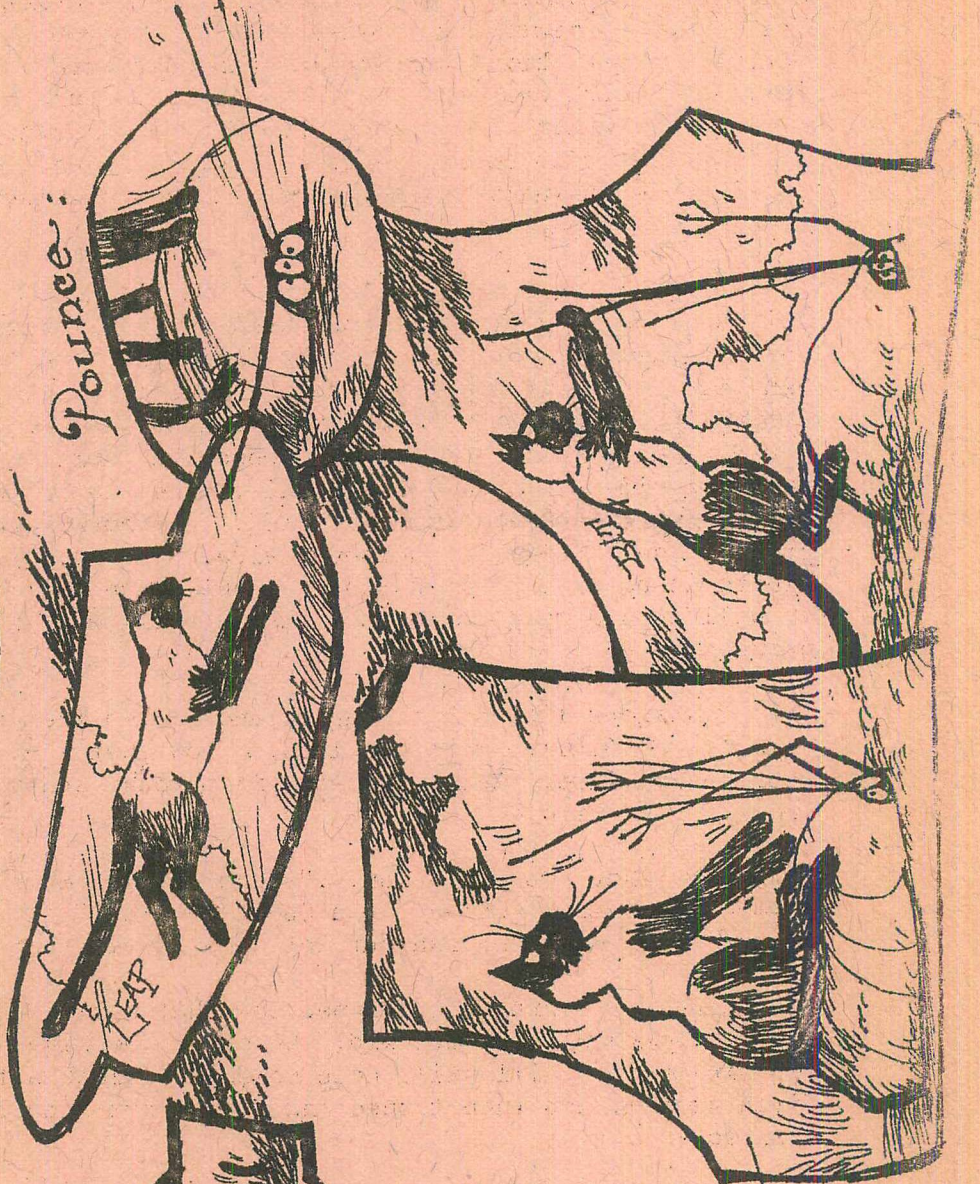
one morning:

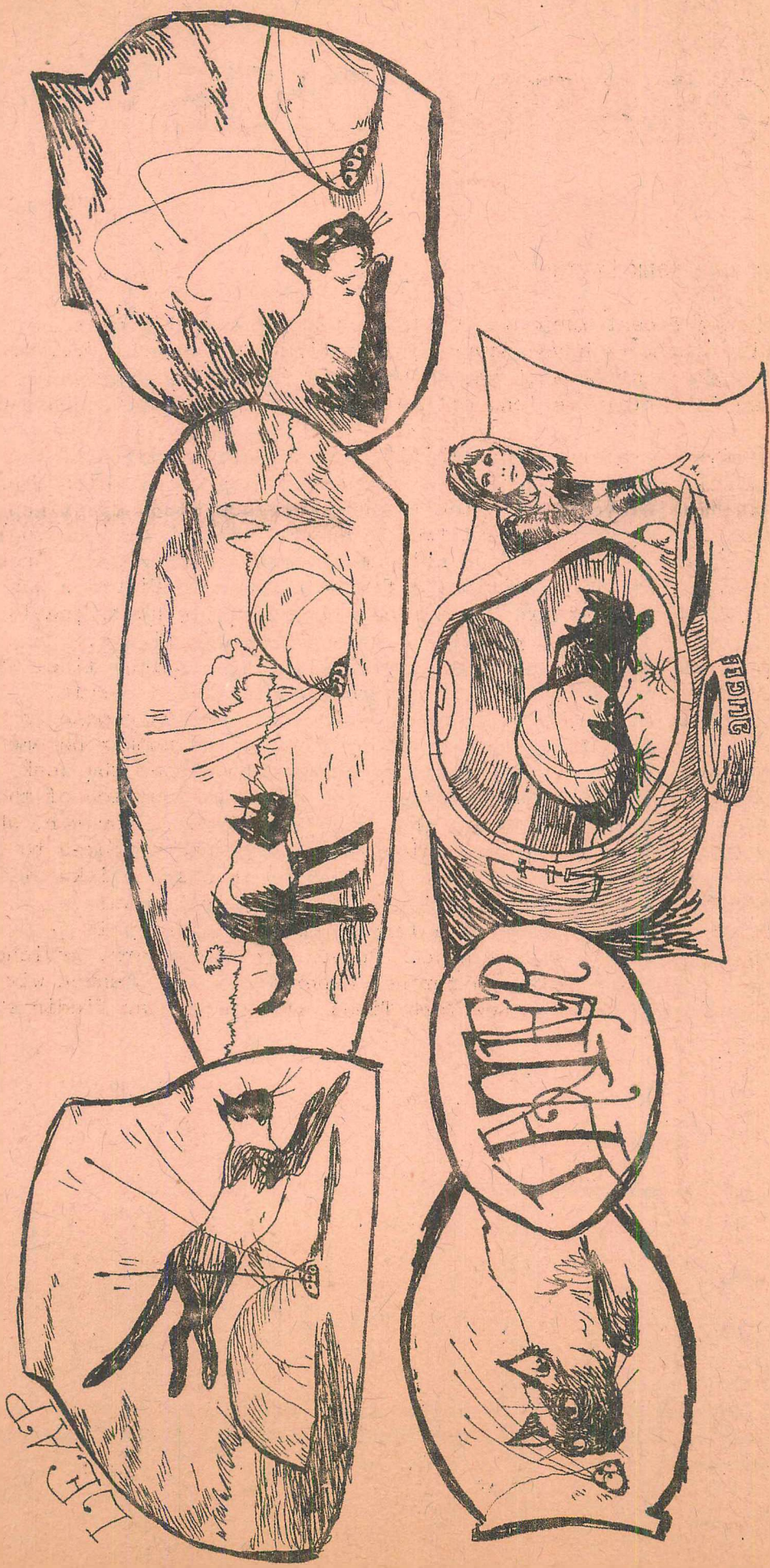


bursting



Pounce:





PROBABLY DIGBY

SCIENTISTS DISPROVE OLD FOLK SAYING

In an article in a recent issue of SCIENCE a team of scientists at Miskatonic University claim to have shown that the figure of speech, "...more _____ than you can shake a stick at," has no basis in fact. The expression is in fairly common use in certain regions of the U.S. although almost unheard-of elsewhere.

In order to give the proper reproducibility and scientific validity the researchers built a stick-shaking machine, a simplified diagram of which appears in Figure 1. The machine could be adjusted to shake various kinds of sticks, usually wooden dowels but sometimes small tree branches, through various angles at various rates, with the forces exerted being monitored and recorded. When the force was plotted against the position, a figure similar to Figure 2 was obtained. For thin dowels the figure was a wide ellipse, while heavy dowels with a greater ratio of mass to air resistance gave a narrower figure. In theory a frictionless rod in a vacuum would give a slanting straight line, while a stick of zero mass but considerable air resistance would give a circle.

The machine was then set up so as to shake sticks at various people or objects assembled in the laboratory, on the theory that as the number became greater than the maximum number a stick could be shaken at, either the peak force required or the area within the ellipse on the graph (a function of the power required) would increase, or perhaps the motor would stop. However, when the various sticks were shaken at various things and the graphs compared to the control condition of not having anything for the machine to shake sticks at, the results showed no clear-cut effects. Figure 3 is a typical result, appearing to show that shaking a stick at a large number of hippies is just about as easy as shaking it at a few or none. Curves for zookeepers, artichokes, and Boeing 747's were similar. Although further experiments are planned with igloos, policemen, and copies of the New York Times, no spectacular findings are expected.

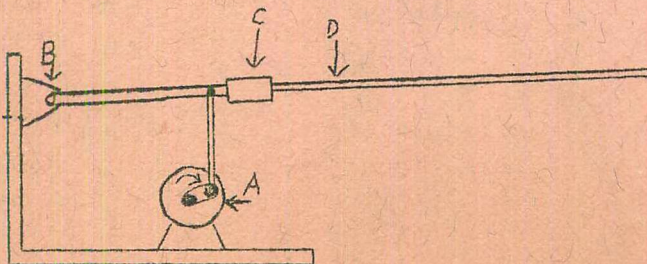


Figure 1.

Experimental apparatus. A, motor-driven crank assembly; B, combination pivot and position transducer; C, combination clamp and force transducer; D, stick under test.

The researchers had planned on additional experiments in which the machine would be taken out into the field to shake sticks at baseball fans, cumulus clouds, discarded beer cans, and such like "on location" but it appears that the negative initial results will result in the cancellation of future funding, thus terminating the series.

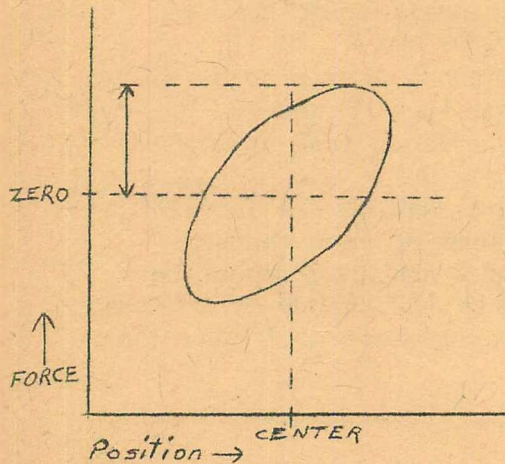


FIG. 2

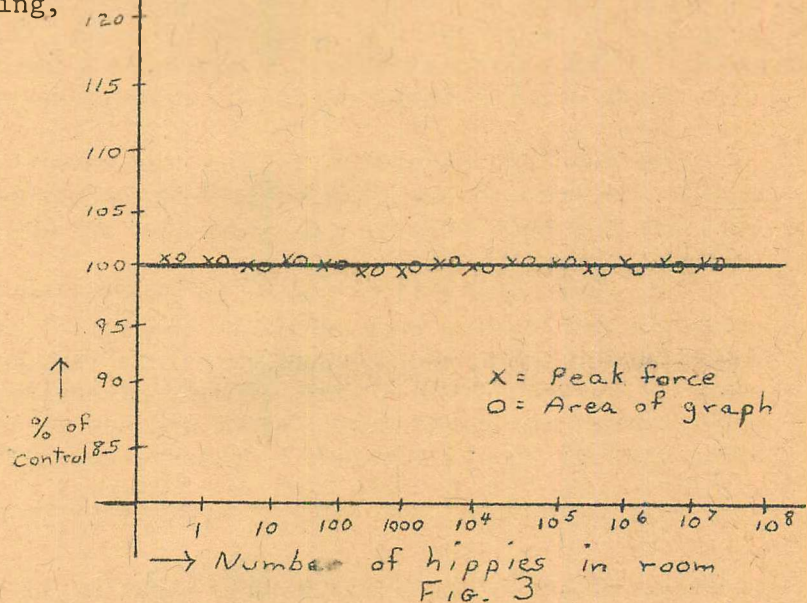


FIG. 3

In the October 1971 issue of IF is an article entitled "Death Comes to the Megafauna" (L. Sprague DeCamp) in which the author speculates on the reasons for what appear to be great waves of extinctions (such as the dinosaurs) every few dozen million years. He mentions various reasons, and appears truly satisfied with none.

To appear to get off the subject a little I seem to remember reading that some astrophysicists have a theory to the effect that the gravitational constant may be changing with time as the universe expands.

To appear to get further off the subject but to really tie both the above items together, there was a story some years back in one of the prozines (ANALOG??) about the invention of a hyperdrive whose only real problem was that using it killed all living things aboard the ship, even when suspended animation was used for protection. This was explained as being due to the space warps involved changing the energy levels of atoms so that, in effect, the laws of chemistry changed slightly and life forms evolved under one set of laws could not survive under the other.

Now I don't know much about the theories involved, but I wouldn't be surprised if in a universe in which the gravitational constant slowly changed with time some other "constants" such as the dielectric constant of free space, the charge/mass ratios of subatomic particles, and Planck's Constant changed also. If some of these other constants were to change, then that would cause changes in such things as the sizes of electron clouds around certain atoms, and perhaps the relative strength of ionic vs. covalent bonds, thus changing the energies of various chemical reactions, the stability of various compounds, the yields of reactions, etc., etc. Also, photons of a given wavelength might be more or less able to cause reactions, and might be absorbed differently in the atmosphere. In effect, the laws of chemistry (and also of other sciences) might be changing with time on the geologic time scale.

What I am postulating might be happening is similar to what happened with that unfortunate ftl drive I mentioned a while back, with one major difference: since the changes are measured over the geologic time scale life forms can evolve and adapt, although certain specific types might not. If, for example, a certain enzyme became less and less effective the change might eventually wipe out species that depended heavily on that one enzyme but spare others that happened to use a different one, or happened to come up with mutant enzymes that worked under the new conditions. Also, the genetic code itself could change so that, for example, it may now be impossible to specify certain extinct life forms which existed during a period when perhaps mammals could not be specified.

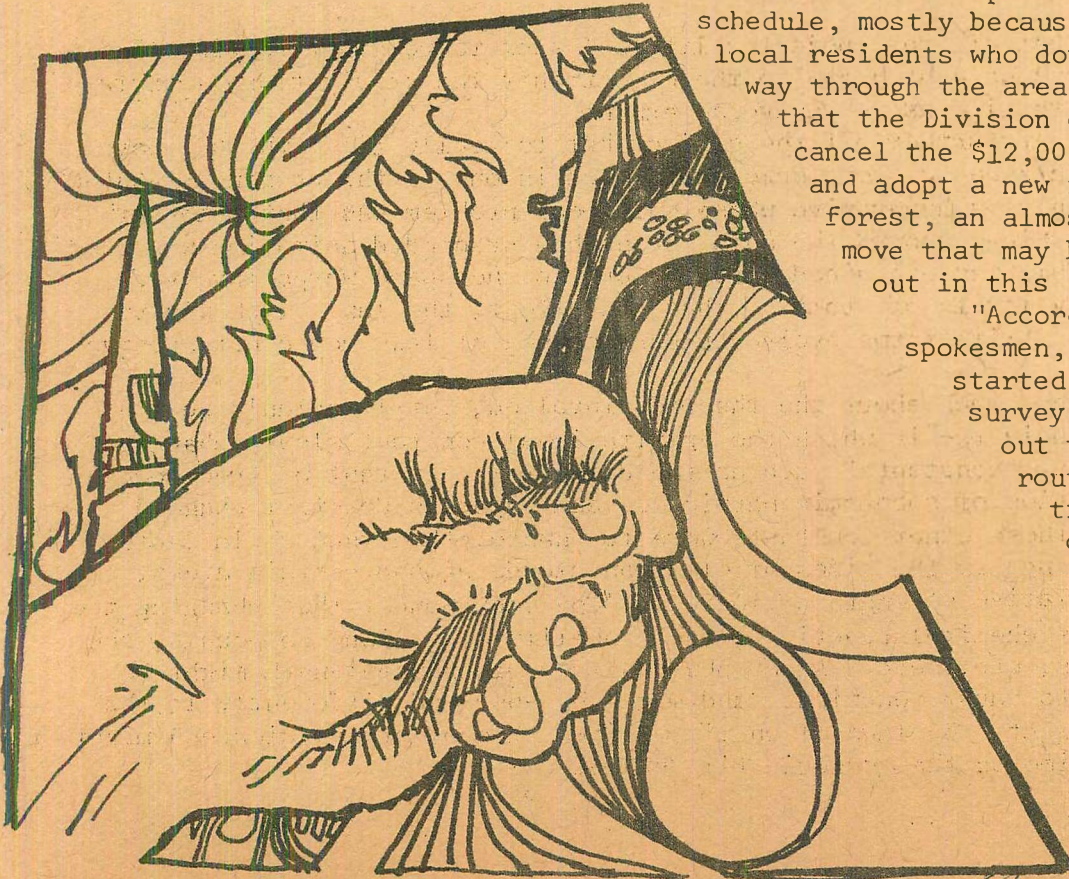
One possible objection is that the waves of extinctions appear to be fairly sudden compared to the time scale of such changes in the laws of nature. However, various threshold effects can sometimes produce sudden effects from gradually-changing causes.

Of course the entire theory on which I've based this may now be in limbo since I haven't hear much about it lately. I suppose some of your readers could answer that, and perhaps calculate various things I can only speculate about. However, I don't know offhand of any way to prove the theory if it looks good, except to invent time travel and see if the time travelers drop dead soon after arrival in the far past. (Story, anyone??)

---From CIVIL ENGINEERING NONSENSE magazine 11/31/69

"FREEWAY CONTRACT IN TROUBLE---Acme Conglomerated Mining Enterprises has more than it can chew on its hands in its latest venture into the construction field. The project, construction of a 12-mile stretch of Asmodeus Freeway through the Enchanted Forest of Drenden, is at a standstill and hopelessly behind schedule, mostly because of trouble with local residents who don't want a freeway through the area. It is reported that the Division of Highways may cancel the \$12,000,000 contract and adopt a new route around the forest, an almost unprecedented move that may be the only way out in this case.

"According to ACME spokesmen, the trouble started with the first survey parties sent out to mark the route. Most of the trees in the path of the freeway did not relish the thought of having to move but were resigned to it until surveyors started



marking them with spray paint and subjecting them to other indignities, and an attempt to cut some branches which were blocking a sighting @scalated into a sort of war between the freeway builders and the forest.

"At first the troubles were rather subtle, consisting of such things as light traveling in curved paths to confuse the surveyors. In addition, the local gravity field was often altered by as much as five or ten degrees from true vertical and maps and survey notes were altered. In one case a ninety-degree gravity shift led surveyors up a sheer cliff face until they were almost at the top and one surveyor almost fell over the edge in the fog which had prevented them from noticing the deception. At this point the fog lifted suddenly and the surveyors panicked and jumped over the top, falling 20 or 30 feet across the plateau before the gravity shifted back. All their equipment, which had been left sitting on the cliff face in the general excitement, fell to the base of the cliff and was lost.

"In addition, there were numerous incidents of workers being turned into frogs. Although they resumed human form when brought out of the forest, they couldn't work there because they just turn right back into frogs when they re-enter the wood.

"At first ACME fired all its workers for being crazy. After the reports kept coming in and the situation became clear a number of magicians were hired to fight back, with some success at first. The survey was finally completed but other work is at a virtual standstill as the magical forces on both sides battle it out.

"Although we just might be able to finish the job a year or two behind schedule,' the ACME spokesman stated, 'we think Highways is going to cancel the contract.' Several top thaumaturgical engineering consultants have stated that the only way to prevent the concrete from turning to sugar candy is to use powdered silver instead of sand in the mix, and even then the Forest will be able to prevent travelers from ever using the road."

A NOTE FROM OUR ERRANT ART EDITOR

Dear Proper Bosk:

Mr. Gilbert's fine chronicling of the events leading up to the saga of the Missing Right Finger were accurately depicted. Successfully maintaining the spirit of that great era, Gilbert evokes images of those great illustrators of yesteryear, Orban and Valigursky. Although the story may be clearly delineated I'm afraid Mr. Gilbert has left out some minor details which slightly obscure the delicate nuances of the plot. To relieve this slight deficiency I consulted the original chronicle and drew an addition which appears on the next page.

- Mike Symes -

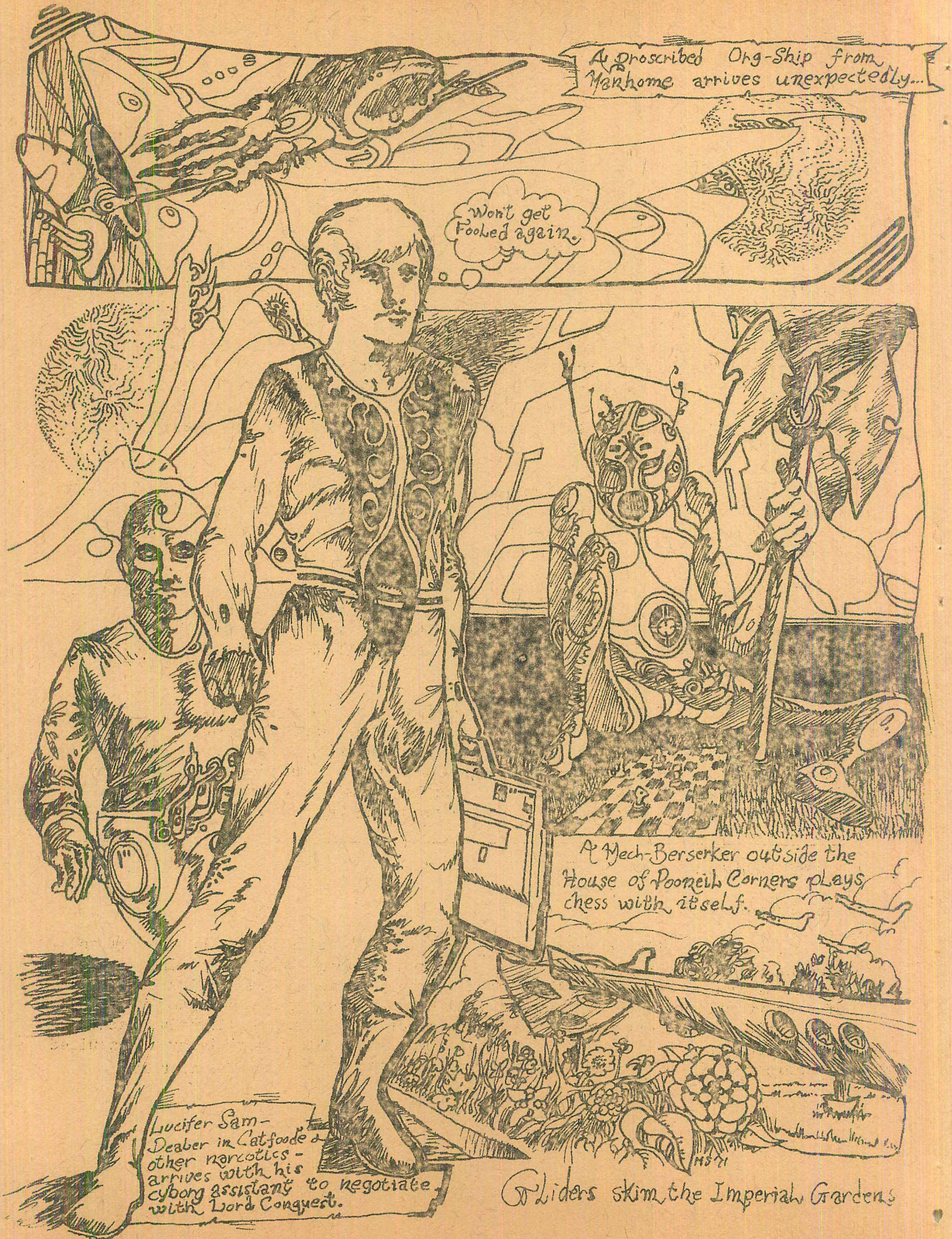
A proscribed Ohg-Ship from
Manhome arrives unexpectedly...

Won't get
fooled again.

A Mech-Berserker outside the
House of Pooneih Corners plays
chess with itself.

Lucifer Sam-
Deaber in Catfoode &
other narcotics -
arrives with his
cyborg assistant to negotiate
with Lord Conquest.

Gliders skim the Imperial Gardens





LETTUCE 42, the latest issue of the newszine of food fandom, is a parody perpetrated weakly/biweakly by Doug Hoylman, who considers himself well qualified to satirize this increasingly prominent aspect of fandom, since he has been eating food even longer than he has been reading science fiction. Collation last issue (and a sumptuous collation it was!) by Betty Crocker, Howard Johnson, Baskin Robbins and Dunkin Donuts. Subs are 85¢ each, with tomatoes 10¢ extra. For foreign agents, contact your local office of the CIA (look in the Yellow Pages under "Imperialist Lackeys"). Lettuce is also available free with this issue of PB, for artwork and news items, and in salads and club sandwiches. Reg. Penna. Dept. Agr. All unsigned material is a lie.

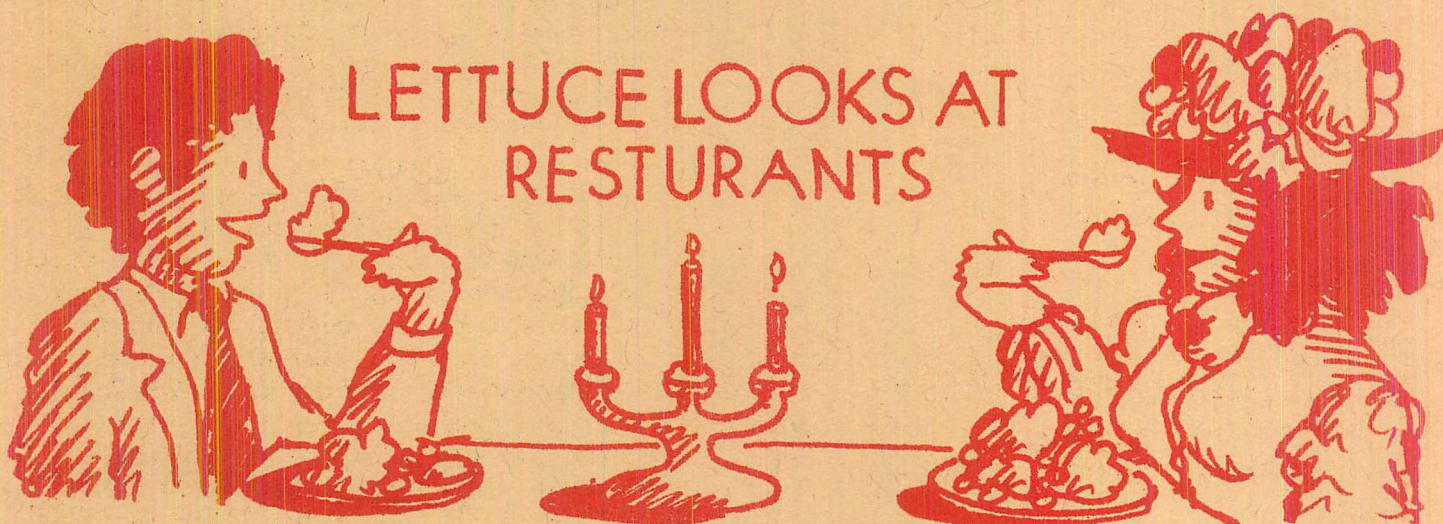
August 37, 1971

CONVENTIONS: ChowCon I will be held during Thanksgiving weekend at the Maitre-D Hotel in New Orleans. GoH - Julia Child. The program includes a lecture on domestic wines by the New York port authority, "Buster" Minal. There will also be a discussion on Chinese food by a five-member panel (three from Column A, two from Column B). At the banquet on Saturday evening will be the presentation of the Esco awards, for Best Expensive Restaurant, Best Medium-Priced Restaurant, Best Cheap Restaurant, Best Foreign Restaurant, Best Restaurant Chain, Best Restaurant Decor, Best Supermarket, Best Cookbook, Best Ice Cream Flavor, and Best Indigestion Remedy. This will be followed by an all-night movie program, including Candy, Duck Soup, Cold Turkey, Tea and Sympathy, Days of Wine and Roses, and Alice's Restaurant. Open throughout the convention will be the menu exhibit, the wine-tasting room, and the snack bar. Attending memberships \$3, supporting memberships \$2, plus tax and tip. Supporting memvers get all progress reports and a copy of the banquet menu.

ICE CREAM FLAVORS FOR SEPTEMBER: Baskin-Robbins: Marshmallow Butterscotch Coconut Fudge Ripple, Butterscotch Strawberry Marshmallow Pecan Fudge, Coconut Strawberry Almond Caramel Mint, Almond Butterscotch Fudge, Grapefruit, Boysenberry, Papaya, Pear, Loganberry, Cinnamon, Prune, Gingerbread, Carrot, Tomato, Baked Potato, Pumpernickel, Camembert, Thousand Island, Kosher Dill, Lasagne, Western Omelet, Bacon, Turkey-with-dressing, Moo Goo Gai Pan, Worcestershire, Scotch-on-the-rocks, Martini, Menthol Cigarette, Envelope Glue, Anchovy Pizza, and Water.// Howard Johnson's: Chocolate, Vanilla, and Strawberry.

RECOMMENDED READING: The Kosher Chinese Cookbook; The Mafia Cookbook; The Anarchist Cookbook. (These all really exist--DJH)

COMING UP: Beginning in our next issue, due to popular demand, will be a schedule of restaurant openings, a guide to gourmet food stores and discount liquor stores, and announcements of Weight Watchers and Alcoholics Anonymous meetings.



MAIKNOMA STEAK HOUSE (666 E. 66th St., New York) has only one thing on the menu--rare steak, at \$10.95 a portion. "Anything that expensive," quips the manager, "must be rare!" The Maiknomah's long-standing tradition of defenestrating anyone with so little taste as to ask for such unnecessary embellishments as potatoes, salad or dessert was brought to an end by the Civil Rights Act of 1964, and today the management will permit you to bring in whatever side dishes you wish to prepare at home or purchase elsewhere, for a nominal cover charge of \$1.25 an item.

MANNY, PABLO & LUIGI'S (360 South St. N.W., North Easton, South Dakota) may very well be the world's only kosher Mexican-Italian restaurant. The menu includes matzoh pizza, chicken minestrone, refried beans Parmagiana, and the ManPabLui Special, which is either a blintz with tomato sauce, a fried manicotti, or an enchilada with sour cream.

LA CUCARACHA (711 Camino Casino, Las Vegas) is patronized mostly by people who don't know what the name means. Avoid the pailla.

PARIS MAISON (99 Della St., San Francisco) is a moderately-priced French restaurant with such Continental specialties as *fromageburger avec pommes frites*, \$8.95; *jambon et fromage suisse sur pain de seigle*, \$7.50; and *lait agite* (in *chocolat*, *vanille* or *fraise*), \$3.95.

ALICE'S (Stockbridge, Mass.) Walk right in, it's around the back, just about a mile from the railroad track. You can get anything you want at Alice's restaurant.

LETTUCE 42 98/37/71)

Green

86 Salad Ave.

Thousand Islands, Ontario

More Radicals

BY DOUG HOYLMAN

$$\sqrt{5} \quad \sqrt{-1}$$

Hey, man,
are you for
real?

$$\sqrt{\quad}$$

$$\sqrt{\quad} \quad \sqrt{\quad}$$

I think he's a Minuteman
or something.

$$\sqrt{2} \quad \sqrt{3}$$

$$\sqrt{\frac{5.783 \times 10^{-2}}{\log 4.8} + 86 \pi^3 \sin 34^\circ}$$

I just can't figure
him out.

$$5^2$$

$$\sqrt{9}$$

$$\sqrt{4}$$

Well, I'm glad
to learn that some
of you fellows can be
rational.

$$\sqrt{7}$$

$$\sqrt{5}$$

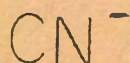
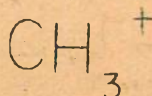
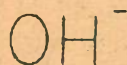
$$\sqrt{3}$$

$$\sqrt{2}$$

$$\sqrt{11}$$

$$\sqrt{17}$$

$$\sqrt{6}$$



$$\sqrt{\quad}$$

$$\sqrt{\quad}$$

Oh, they're from the chemistry
department.

HEICON III

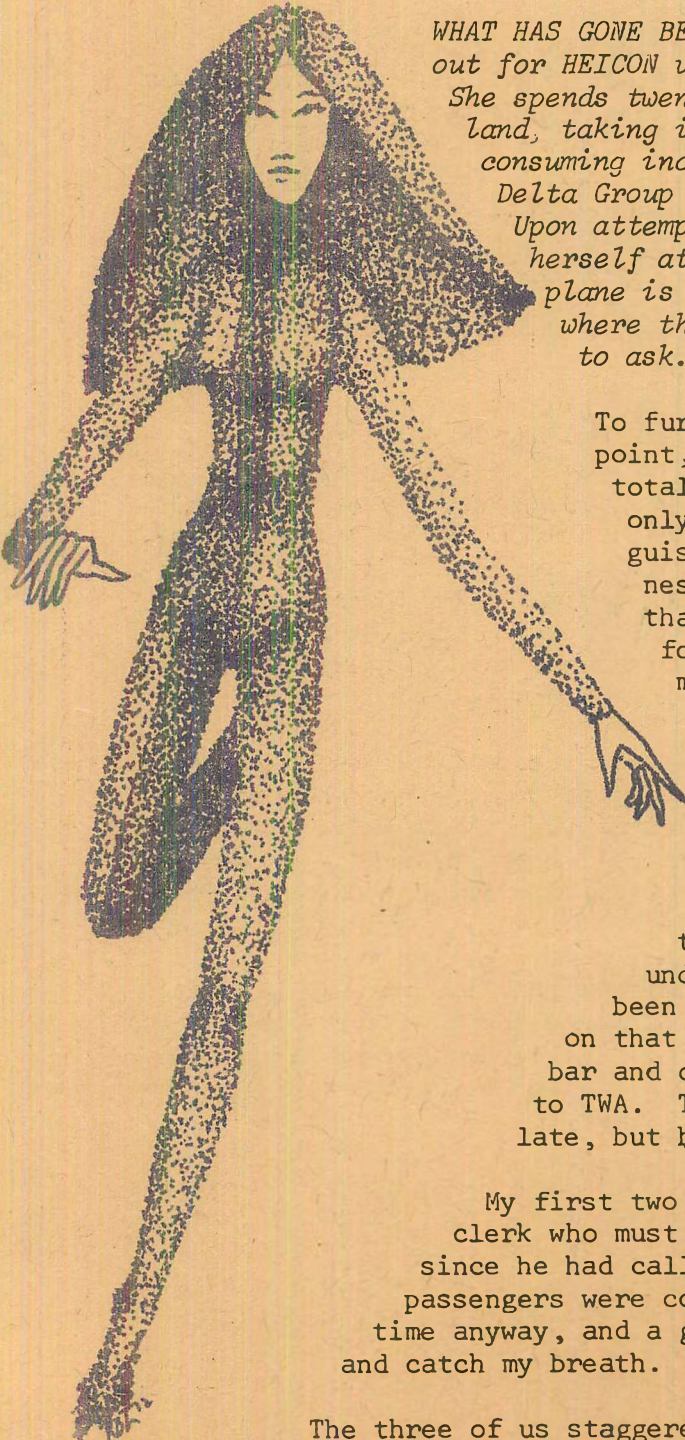
WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Marsha Elkin, femme fan, sets out for HEICON via a canoe trip in Massachusetts. She spends twenty-four pages wandering around England, taking in statues of Sir Thomas Crapper, consuming incredible amounts of food, watching Delta Group films, and investigating book stores. Upon attempting to depart for Heicon she finds herself at the airport, two minutes before her plane is supposed to depart, with no notion of where the proper gate is and no one in sight to ask.

To further add to our confusion at that point, the loudspeaker produced an almost totally unintelligible announcement. The only word that we could definitely distinguish was Frankfurt. With my usual readiness to assume the worst, I decided that we had just heard the last call for boarding our flight and that we were missing the plane.

At that point a couple of people in official looking uniforms wandered in our direction and we hastily asked them at which gate the TWA flight to Frankfurt was boarding. They provided us with the information that the announcement we had been unable to understand was that the TWA flight had been set back an hour and the passengers on that flight could go to the refreshment bar and charge some random amount of food up to TWA. The flight not only was running way late, but boarding hadn't even begun.

My first two reactions were fury at the miserable clerk who must have known that the plane was late, since he had called to let them know that three more passengers were coming, and who gave us such a hard time anyway, and a great desire to sit down somewhere and catch my breath.

The three of us staggered over to the area near the snack bar, found a not too dirty table and some chairs and collapsed.



MARSHA ELKIN

When we had caught our breaths, we took turns guarding the luggage and getting snacks, and at some point along the way we ran into Jack Williamson and discovered that he and his wife were on our flight too. The snacks were somewhat above the usual U.S. airport standard. I decided to try one of those odd concoctions that you always read about in English novels, a cucumber sandwich. I was a bit surprised to discover that it was actually good.

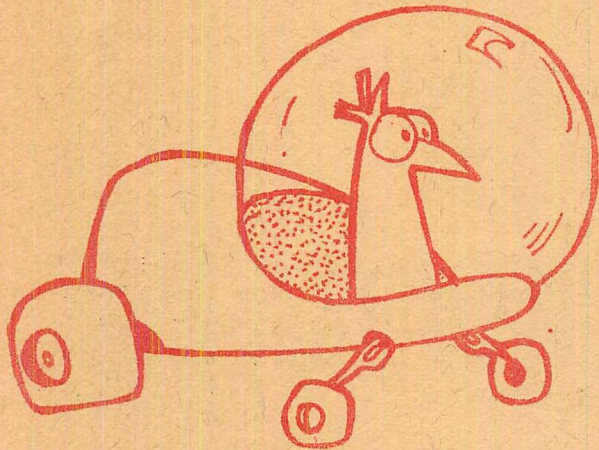
By now we had pretty much recovered from our ordeal and since it was about fifteen minutes to boarding time we got up and started wending our way over to the appropriate gate, stopping along the way to look at the stuff for sale in the duty free shops. I saw lots of things I would have liked and not much that I could afford.

We boarded the plane and had a very uneventful flight to Frankfurt. It was nice not to have anything exciting happening for a while. At Frankfurt we straggled off and waited while Elliot got his luggage and then we thrashed out the vital questions of how to get to the railroad station and what to do about changing money. These major decisions out of the way, we headed for the train station and arrived there just a few minutes before the next train to Heidelberg. We found a car with some vacant seats and collapsed. Or at least Bruce and I did. Elliot dumped his luggage down and wandered off down the car to take pictures of the train and spent most of the trip taking pictures of the area we passed through.

They announced the stops a few minutes before we actually arrived at them and so when they called out "Heidelberg" we gathered our baggage together and headed for the nearest exit to be able to get off the train promptly. At the exit we ran into Ethel Lindsay and Bill Burns, who had been riding in the next car, and when we got off the train we met Sue Sanderson who had been several cars further down the train. At this point I decided that the convention was really starting.. Sue was staying at the Nekar Hotel, where both Bruce and I were staying, but Elliot was at the Europaische Hof and Ethel and Bill were staying at other hotels. Sue and Elliot headed for the taxi stand at one side of the station since they had about half a ton of luggage each (Sue was going back by liner, Elliot just tends to take along a lot of stuff), while the rest of us headed for the trolley stop at the other end of the station.

After a short trolley ride and a couple of blocks of walking we arrived at the Nekar Hotel, which was small, quiet and pleasant. The elevator was also small, and Bruce and I and our luggage and the guy who was showing us upstairs crowded it pretty thoroughly. The rooms were of pretty good size though and the furnishings were rather nice. The only thing which puzzled me was the discovery that the mattress came in three sections, more like three large cushions than a mattress. When I remembered, I asked fans staying in other hotels and almost all of them said that their mattresses came in three sections too. I never did find out why.

After unpacking and collapsing for a few minutes, I decided that I felt able to wander off in search of the convention. I was assisted in this decision by Bruce, who



decided that it was time to roust me out and go off in search of the Stadthalle, where the con was being held. This turned out to be only two or three blocks away, and as we were wandering over there we ran into the Lewises and Brownsteins. They were on their way back to their hotel (the Europaische Hof) for dinner, so we continued on to the Stadthalle.

When we got there we found that the only thing that had been going on was registration and that that had been closed for the day. There was, naturally, a bunch of fans milling around outside, trying to decide what to do and we joined them. After about fifteen minutes of milling, the majority of the crowd headed off toward the main street in search of refreshment or dinner or both. Bruce and I joined them, and as we all headed up one of

the side streets leading to the main street we ran into another group of fans heading for the Stadthalle. The two groups merged and then split up again when the main street was reached. Bruce and the Stopas and I were all in the mood for a fairly substantial dinner and wandered into a nice looking place which turned out to be one of the many pastry shops in the area. It was nice but not exactly what we were looking for so we exited and wound up having dinner in the Perkeo, a nice restaurant which may or may not have had a hotel attached. I was never clear on that point. The four of us settled down to an excellent dinner and some catching up on what we had each been doing so far on the trip and a bit of socializing with the group at the next table among whom I failed to recognize Judy Blish in her blond wig.

After dinner we wandered over to the Europaische Hof and became part of an impromptu party that happened in the hotel bar and lobby. Among the more amusing features of the party was watching Elliot go on being stunned over the sudden and, to him at least, totally unexpected appearance of Adrienne Martine. She had made a masquerade costume for him and he had promised to wear it if she could get someone to take it over to the con since it wouldn't be completed till after he had already left for the con. She simply hadn't told him that she would be the one to deliver it.

It turned out to be a really lovely party. In many ways it was the best one I went to at the con, which usually seems to be the case with parties that happen instead of being planned. I was delighted to see Lars Strandberg again and I enjoyed meeting the other Swedish fans he introduced me to that evening. It wasn't really a very describable party. No one did anything particularly worthy of record. It was simply a very pleasant enjoyable evening.

At some random hour of the morning Bruce guided me back to the Nekar Hotel, which was just as well, since I was convinced at that point that it was in the opposite direction (my sense of direction scrambles easily and the next thing I remember was waking up and thinking about breakfast. German hotels do not have nearly as civilized ideas about breakfast as do English and Dutch hotels. A continental breakfast is not really sufficient to do anything except stave off hunger until you can get somewhere that will serve you a full meal (or at least something more substantial than tea and rolls, tho they were very good tea and rolls). Or at least that was the case with the continental breakfasts at the Nekar.

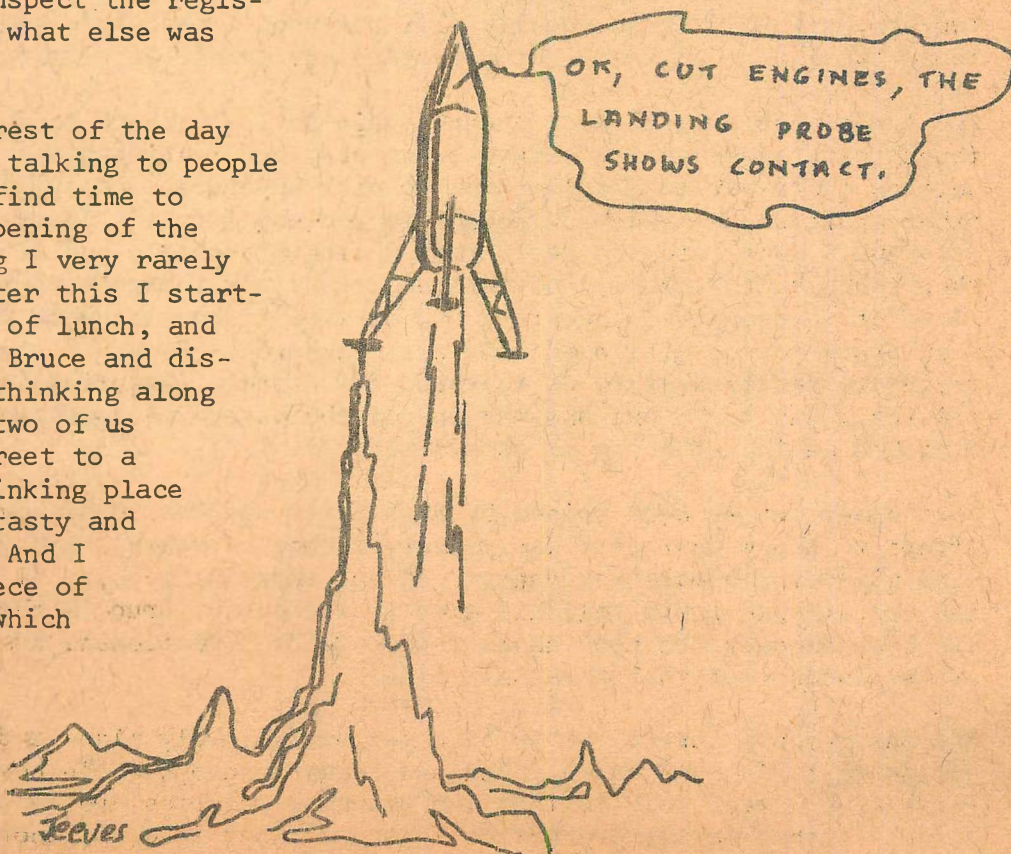
I gobbled down what there was of breakfast and then set off with Bruce for the

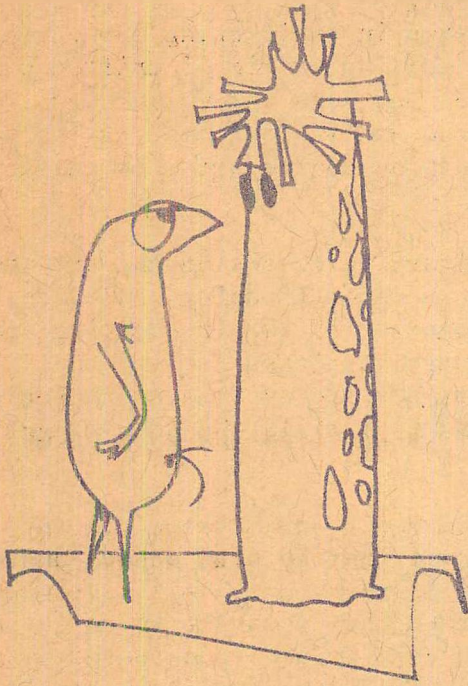
Stadthalle and the longest slowest registration line I'd seen in quite some time. I took a look at it and shuddered and then just drifted with it. It was a great way to find people. I wasn't really that interested in registering early so when I spotted people I wanted to talk to who weren't waiting on line I drifted off to talk to them. I was very happy to run into Bob and Kate Wadey that way, since I hadn't seen them since a couple of Westercons ago and I spent most of the rest of the time till I heard that they had started setting up the art show talking to them.

When someone did finally mention that they were starting to set up the art show I went upstairs to watch/help/get in the way. I succeeded in doing one of these, but I'm not sure to this day of which. I also spent some time in admiring the really excellent art show hangings which Hans-Werner had found for the con. They were probably the best ones of the peg board sort that I'd ever seen. Unfortunately, they aren't readily transportable which sort of kills the idea of getting a set for U.S. convention art shows.

And it was in the art show that I first met Michel Feron and a group of other Belgian fans and I was extremely pleased to discover that my high school and college French was able to stand up to the conversation reasonably well, although for speed in conversation we eventually settled on Michel speaking to me in English and to the others in French. The others spoke in French (punctuated by me saying "slower, please", one phrase in French that I am very fluent in saying), and I spoke in English. The subject under discussion, naturally enough, turned out to be the worldcon rotation plan and the growth (hopefully impending) of European S.F. conventions. After half an hour or so of this I wandered over to the other room of the art show and grabbed Bruce for the discussion, and since it seemed about to start from the beginning again with his introduction into it, I went downstairs to inspect the registration line and see what else was going on.

I spent most of the rest of the day wandering around and talking to people and even managed to find time to watch the official opening of the convention, something I very rarely get to. Not long after this I started thinking in terms of lunch, and then when I ran into Bruce and discovered that he was thinking along the same lines, the two of us headed across the street to a little eating and drinking place which we each had a tasty and cheap bowl of stew. And I learned my second piece of German on the trip, which was the phrase for asking for a glass of dark beer. The first piece of German I'd picked up on the trip had been the name for the





pastry shops which we found in Heidelberg (and which I can pronounce but not spell).

I did actually have some slight knowledge of German, enough to get me through a menu and to inform someone that I spoke German very badly. This was courtesy of a year of college German but since they were having riots in school during much of that year I got very little out of the course except for a not too bad accent. It is reassuring in a strange sort of way to know that when you are saying "I don't understand" in a foreign language, you are saying it well enough for the person you're trying to get the idea across to understand. Of course, I suppose that the fact that you can't make them understand would communicate the idea almost equally well.

After lunch we went back to the Stadthalle and I headed up to take a look at the huckster room. I was somewhat underwhelmed by it, since it turned out to be mostly displays, rather than things for sale. Since it was obvious that I

wasn't going to spend much money there I went up another floor to the art show rooms to see how things were going. And I put a bid on an Eddie Jones painting that I particularly liked and thought I might stand a faint chance of getting. There were two others that I liked equally well but when I saw who'd started the bidding on those two I decided that I didn't stand any chance of getting them.

And I was beginning to feel hungry again so I went back to the main con floor and found that the Wadeys and Nivens were also considering dinner. Bruce and Fred Patten were on their way to Fred's hotel to pick up Bruce's masquerade costume and some other stuff which Fred had brought to the con for him. Larry and Fuzzy and Bob and Kate and I went into the restaurant in the Stadthalle and Bruce said he'd join us there when he got back. The meal was tasty and inexpensive (a cold platter) but somewhat inadequate in quantity and we were discussing what to do about the matter when Bruce got back, loaded down with packages. He had a platter while we went on trying to decide what to do to round off dinner. The final decision, not too surprisingly was to go out and try one of the pastry restaurants, and when Bruce had finished eating, the six of us started off.

On the way out we were joined by Russ Seitz and Charlotte Boynton and, mostly in an effort to annoy Charlotte who is very strong on women's lib, Russ asked me if I'd mind his being a male chauvanist pig and carrying my bag. I cheerfully handed over the bag, though I did tell him that it was one of Bruce's that I'd been carrying since he already had both hands full. Being a gentleman, Russ carried the bag even after finding out that it wasn't mine.

The pastry shop turned out to be a perfectly lovely place and the pastries were some of the best I'd ever eaten. Pat and Peggy Kennedy, who'd been in Vienna before the convention, later told me that the Viennese pastries are superior to those in Heidelberg. If they really are better I can see that I've got another reason for wanting to visit Vienna some day. However, since I hadn't tasted any Viennese pastries, I was quite happy with the ones I had in Heidelberg.

After we had all finished happily stuffing ourself with pastries the group split up. Larry, Fuzzy and Bruce had to get into their masquerade costumes and the rest of us wanted to head back to the Stadthalle to see what was going on if anything. The answer to that was nothing much. People were milling around, talking, and waiting for the masquerade to start. And when it did start the masquerade turned out to be quite a disappointment to those of us used to U.S. standards. There were only about twenty people in costumes and most of the best of those were reruns of costumes I'd already seen in the States. The European fans don't really seem to be very costume oriented and I did get the feeling that they were holding this masquerade mainly to humor the American and British fans. Hopefully, at the next European worldcon there will either be more interest in a masquerade or the idea will be shelved.

After the masquerade I wandered over to the Europaische Hof to look in on the Swedish party, before going over to the Liverpool party. The Swedish fans had either taken a suite or thrown open together a couple of large adjoining rooms for the affair and both rooms were mobbed. (There may well have been a third party room but, if so, I never got that far). It took me somewhere between an hour and an hour and a half to get from the first room to the second room. I was told by one of the Swedish fans in the first room that there might be some nonalcoholic drinkables there. It seemed as though every time I tried to go around someone I got into a conversation with them. You can take an awfully long time to get from one room to another by that method.

About two steps into the second room I made the acquaintance of one of the Spanish fans and we started talking about science fiction. There was a certain amount of difficulty about this since he didn't speak English and I didn't speak any Spanish. We communicated in mediocre French (his was about on a par with mine), interspersed with a fair amount of hand waving. I was somewhat amazed to find how a few appropriate gestures can aid to a faltering conversation. After about half an hour we did bog down totally and were rescued from our linguistic crisis by John Brunner, who stopped on his way past to help untangle the conversation. It turned out that our problem had been caused by the fact that we were discussing different books at that point. I was under the impression that we were discussing DESTINATION UNIVERSE while he thought we were discussing THE STARS MY DESTINATION. After John had cleared up the problem we ended the conversation by mutual consent (or possibly as a result of battle fatigue) and I left him happily talking to John, whose linguistic talents were far more equal





to carrying on an intellectual discussion in a foreign language.

About three steps later I reached a group of familiar people and happily collapsed onto a corner of the bed they were sitting on. Luckily for me, since I was getting pretty tired at this point, talking to Don Lundry, Adrienne and the Nivens didn't call for any linguistic efforts. I was still feeling somewhat shell shocked from my conversation with the Spanish fan (whose name I never did learn).

After a while I decided that it was time I did one of two things: either set out in search of the hotel in which the Liverpool party was being held or go back to the Nekar and collapse. As the necessary preliminary to either of these actions I got up and started toward the other room and the door I had come in by. I don't think that the trip back to the other room took more than half an hour or so but I do remember that it was during that trip that I was privileged to hear Bob Silverberg announce the discovery of the

"Sprechen sie foreign?" syndrome. Those of us who suffered from it found that when someone addressed us in a language we didn't know, our first reaction was to reply in a foreign language (any foreign language) rather than in our own language. We wasted a fair amount of time speculating on the reasons for this and never did come to any definite conclusions. And by the time I got back to the first room I had decided that while more partying would be nice, some sleep seemed like an even better idea if I was going to survive the next several days of conventioning.

I slept a bit later on Saturday morning and was the last of the fans at the Nekar (all three of us) to get down to the breakfast room. I hastily had my tea and rolls and walked over to the Stadthalle to discover the latest piece of excitement. This was that the A.S.T. (the radical, politically minded noisemakers) had published a diatribe against the con, particularly against the masquerade the previous night and the Bavarian Night and St. Antony ceremony scheduled for that night. I got the feeling from as much of the diatribe as I managed to read that the A.S.T. were feeling severely put out by the fact that most of the fans at the convention were simply ignoring them. I think they would have been much happier if we had gotten upset about their activities and had staged counter protests or some such. The indignity of being ignored by a group of people who were there to have fun and who really didn't care about them had them very upset.

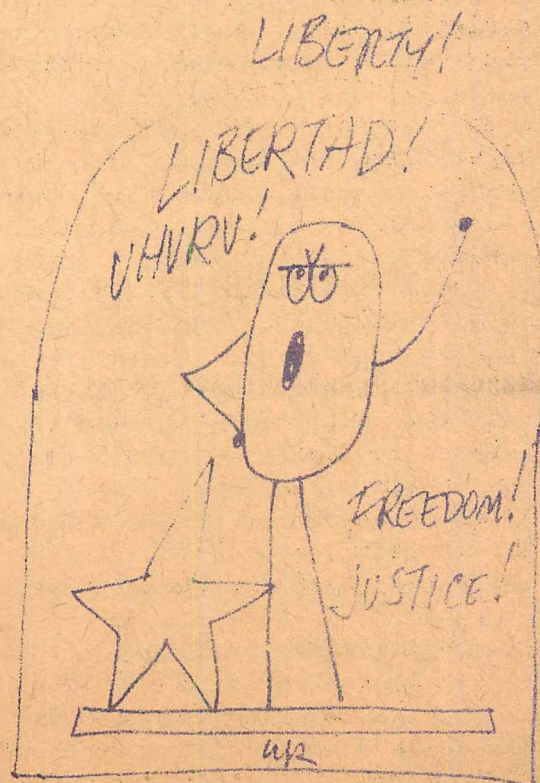
I wandered upstairs to the art show rooms to see if anyone was bidding against me for the Eddie Jones painting I wanted and discovered that Steve Goldin and Drew Whyte were both after it too. I decided that to cheer me up I needed more breakfast or perhaps an early lunch and found Bruce, who'd been up lots longer than I had, and suggested food. He agreed that this was a good idea and the two of us set off to try out a place that Ethel Lindsay had recommended. The food was tasty and inexpensive and the service was reasonably prompt, so we got finished in plenty of time to get back for the showing of the two large Delta Group films. These were the two that we hadn't been able to see while we were in Liverpool as they were already en route to Heicon. The first film shown was the long spoof on the old

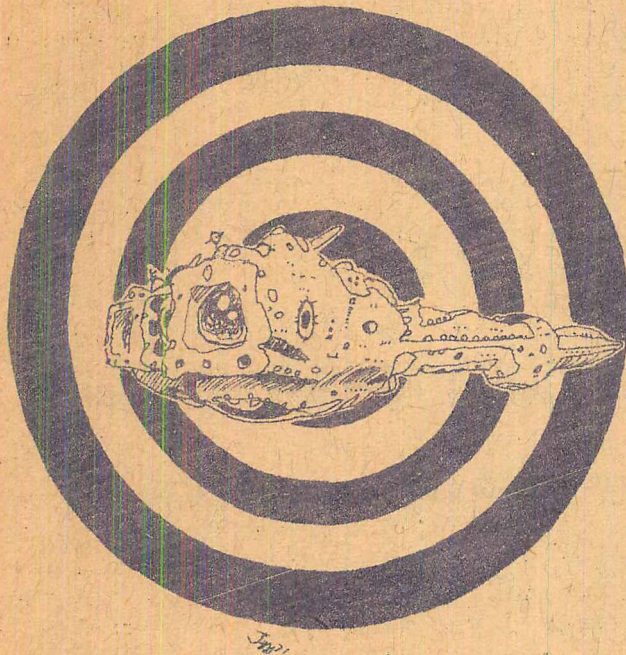
horror movies and it was just hilarious. The room that the films were being shown in was packed and everyone seemed to be enjoying this one, despite the fact that the sound track wasn't very clear. You didn't really need a sound track to appreciate what was going on. After this one was finished they started showing "Breathworld", which is a three reel spoof on Harry Harrison's DEATHWORLD (Harry himself gets killed in the first reel) but for some unfathomable reason they started with the second reel and showed it all the way through before showing the first reel. After the first reel had been shown there was an hour's break for technical difficulties. These turned out to be the fact the Dr. Franke was giving his Guest of Honor speech and had almost no audience as many of us were upstairs watching the Delta films. Dr. Franke found it quite understandable that so many of us would prefer to wait and read the translation of his speech that was being printed next day, since he was speaking in German and knew that most of the con attendees would have trouble understanding him. However, the committee was upset on his behalf and asked whoever was showing the films to recess for an hour or so so that Dr. Franke would have a slightly larger audience at least.

I gather that the films did reconvene in an hour or so, but by then I was up in the art show minding the store for Hans-Werner and talking to whoever wandered in. And a few hours later, as I was beginning to start contemplating the prospect of dinner Bruce wandered in to tell me that the deadline had passed and that LAcon had the worldcon for '72. And a bit later we went down to the lobby of the Stadthalle, where Fred Patten was selling memberships for LAcon and suggested dinner. The three of us went over to the little restaurant (which was also a snack bar and pinball joint) to eat and wound up sharing a table with a couple of American non fans and trying to explain about science fiction conventions to them (we had forgotten to take our badges off and they asked what they were for).

We took Fred over to the pastry restaurant for dessert and he thoroughly approved of the place and then we headed back to the Stadthalle. We got there about an hour or so after the Bavarian Night had started and I got to help set up registration for LAcon. Since I wasn't terribly interested in the Bavarian Night I took a turn at the registration desk until the St. Fantony ceremony was due to start.

When that was about to begin I went into the main hall and found that Bruce had saved me a seat. The St. Fantony ceremony was a good deal more impressive this time than any of the previous ones I'd seen, though this is not too surprising since this was the first one I'd seen done with a reasonably full complement of members. The envoys were sent out to locate the prospective new members of the order (and Axel Melhardt had to be paged when he couldn't be located) and then they were given the waters of St. Fantony to drink. Fred Prophet got to play the role of the false fan who chokes on the waters and he was ceremoniously escorted behind the stage curtains to be beheaded or some such. The audience got to listen to him noisily





suffering his fate (and I later found out from him that the curtains had muffled sound so effectively that it had taken three of them shouting off stage to be audible to the audience).

About a third of the way through the ceremony there was some shouting on the balcony and a batch of pink leaflets came dropping down into the audience, courtesy of the A.S.T. Bruce hurried upstairs to see what was happening, followed closely by Stu Brownstein who had delayed only long enough to put down his camera. They were followed by four or five other fans who didn't want to see the ceremony disrupted and the group of them engaged in a staring match with the A.S.T. members on the balcony through most of the rest of the ceremony. Having finally aroused some opposition, the A.S.T. didn't seem inclined to see just how aggressive these opponents were feeling and contented themselves with simply staring back. And the Knights continued the process of inducting six new members into the order.

By the time the ceremony was over it was about midnite and although there seemed to be a number of parties getting ready to start up I decided that I would probably be in better shape to enjoy the rest of the con if I did something sensible like getting a good night's sleep. I also wanted to be sure to get to the business meeting which was being held at some reasonably appalling hour of the early morning next day.

I woke up in time for the business meeting next morning feeling much better for a full nights sleep and hurried over to the Stadthalle. I actually got there about fifteen minutes early and settled down to work on my embroidery and watch the rest of the business minded people muddle in. Phil Rogers was running the meeting and did a beautiful job. In fact, I don't think I've ever seen a convention business meeting run more efficitly. He opened things up by reading an incredibly detailed motion to redefine the boundaries of the three North American rotation plan zones and after that had gotten a laugh he had it tabled till Noreascon. Then, "in accordance with the precedent set at St. Louis" he ripped up the political motion submitted by the A.S.T. And we settled down to the real business of the meeting at that point. The business included a return to the old three year rotation plan with non-North American bidding sites being able to put in a bid at any time (thus allowing Australia and Stockholm to bid on two successive years), a motion that the Hugos would go with the worldcon, even in non-English speaking countries, and a motion of support for a new (and hopefully regularly scheduled) European science fiction convention.

After the business meeting I spent the rest of the morning wandering around and talking to people until I decided that lunch time was rapidly approaching. Bruce, who was selling LAcon memberships at this point was agreeable to going out for some food if I could find Fred to take a turn at the counter. I found Fred upstairs in the art show room and fairly easily persuaded him that he wanted to sell memberships again for a while and then Bruce and I set off. Lunch, naturally enough, finished off with a visit to one of the pastry restaurants which we observed had now been discovered by a horde of other fans. It was a particularly nice place since there were tables outside in a very pretty garden and they had no particular objection to

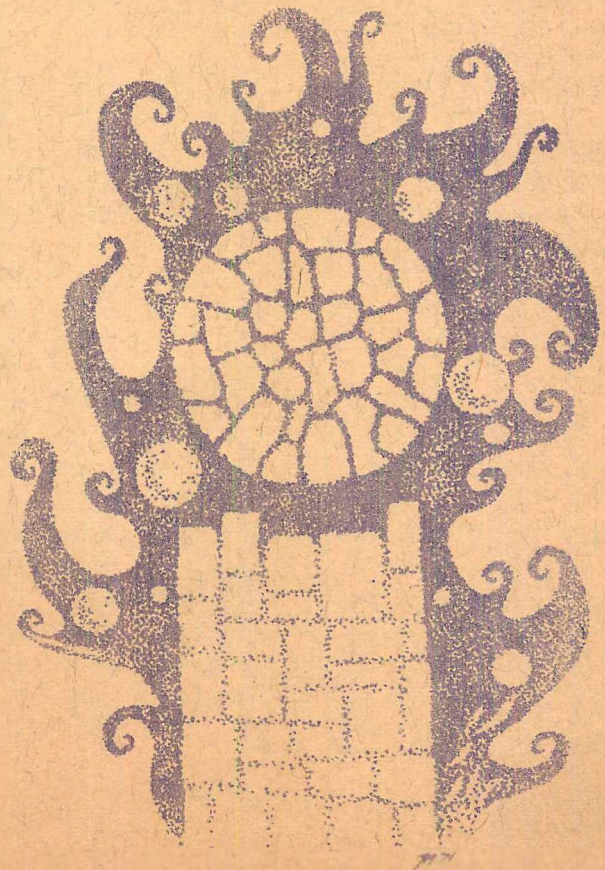
your spending a couple of hours relaxing there. It was a very tempting thought but neither of us had seen anything of Heidelberg at that point so we took a walk instead of spending a couple of hours relaxing. Heidelberg. Heidelberg is something I hadn't really believed could exist. It is a lovely, friendly, gracious tourist trap. I'm not used to the idea of a tourist trap being anything else, such as friendly or gracious but somehow Heidelberg managed it. I like the place and hope to get back there again one day.

After an hour or so of wandering around we started back to the Stadthalle for the art show bid off, which Bruce was running. The paintings weren't going for anywhere near the prices they would have gone for at a U.S. worldcon but on the other hand my budget was a lot tighter. About half way through the bid off the Eddie Jones painting that I wanted came up and I managed to outbid Steve Goldin but was in turn outbid by Drew Whyte. It turned out afterwards that Drew really wanted it to publish somewhere (he didn't yet know where) and would be willing to sell it to me afterwards. I watched the rest of the bid off until the Mike Symes paintings I'd brought to the con for him had gone and then I wandered downstairs again to make sure I wouldn't miss Ted Tubb's Guest of Honor speech. I found Ted having a beer to fortify himself for the ordeal and he handed me a set of language records which he was planning on auctioning off later and sent me off to get the autographs on the album of any pros I could find. Operating on the anything for a friend principle, I set off on my signature collecting mission and wound up missing most of his speech as a result. I came in for part of it but realized that I'd actually heard most of what went into it at Ella Parker's party a week or so earlier. I continued collecting signatures for him until the auction was about to start and as a result got to meet Karel Thole, the Urania artist, in the art show room and talk to him for a few minutes.

Ted's speech was well received but the auction which followed was pretty much a disaster. I'm told that Ted is appretty good auctioneer but after giving his speech he just sort of collapsed and things were going for pitifully low prices or weren't selling at all.

The auction finished early and people started drifting off to get ready for the banquet. I walked back to the Nekar to change and got back to the Stadthalle to find that the three buses which would be taking people up to the Heidelberg Castle where the banquet was being held. We piled onto the buses and a few minutes later we were on our way to the castle. The castle was very heavily bombarded during some previous wars and had only partially been restored. Both the restored and the crumbling parts were very picturesque, though I wasn't to thrilled with having to pick my way carefully over the cobblestones in the dusk while wearing high heels.

People poured into the banquet hall and sat down pretty much anywhere. I ended up sitting with Larry and Fuzzy and Bruce and a batch of strangers. The food was,



of course, the usual standard convention blah. It is both reassuring and disheartening to find that some things, like the quality of banquet food are universal.

Since the guests of honor had already given their speeches during the daily program, all that was necessary for the banquet was for the toastmaster, John Brunner, to do his thing and present the awards. And he made a very nice job of it, though I am told that the German Peghoot he told regarding Bob Silverberg was the best part of his performance and I didn't understand that at all. The Hugos were awarded and lots of people accepted for the winners, none of whom were there to claim their rocketships themselves. The closest thing to a firsthand acceptance was the NASA representative who accepted the Dramatic Presentation Hugo for the Appollo 11 coverage. And after the banquet was over everyone piled out of the Castle to get onto the buses and go back to the Stadthalle. And from the Stadthalle I proceeded back to the Nekar and went to bed. The main event for Monday was the boat trip on the Nekar River and if you weren't there at 9:30 when the boat left, you didn't get to go.

Happily, I had no trouble getting up in plenty of time for the boat trip next day. In fact I was there about half an hour early, which gave me plenty of time to say goodbye to the Wadeys, who had to leave early that afternoon and couldn't take the boat trip for that reason. Saying goodbye to the Wadeys was the first sign for me that the convention was really almost over. I had begun to feel that the con was going to go on for ever. The boat actually did leave at just about 9:30 and just after we'd started three latecomers turned up on the pier. They eventually met us on the landing at Neckarsteinach, the town where we were stopping for lunch, having found a taxi driver in Heidelberg who was willing to drive them to Neckarsteinach. The boat trip up to Neckarsteinach was very pleasant and went fairly rapidly. I spent quite some time talking with Peggy Kennedy and her mother, whom I hadn't previously met.

We reached Neckarsteinach at about noon and promptly left the boat in search of lunch. I wound up in a pastry shop (yes, I do like pastry) with Bruce and a group of the British fans and we all happily consumed first breakfast type pastries and then dessert type pastries. At that point I really felt that something a bit more solid for lunch would be nice and Bruce and I set off in search of someplace that served main dishes. We didn't find any. Neckarsteinach seemed to be closed for lunch. I'm told that a few dozen fans actually did find a restaurant that was serving real food. The rest of us were mostly divided into two groups: the ones who ate pastries and the ones who found a grocery and bought some food and ate it sitting on ~~the~~ grass. Bruce and I got to the grocery just after it closed and wound up at another pastry restaurant eventually on the grounds that it was open and willing to serve us food, even if it was pastries (even if you like them you can get pretty tired of them if they are all you can get.)

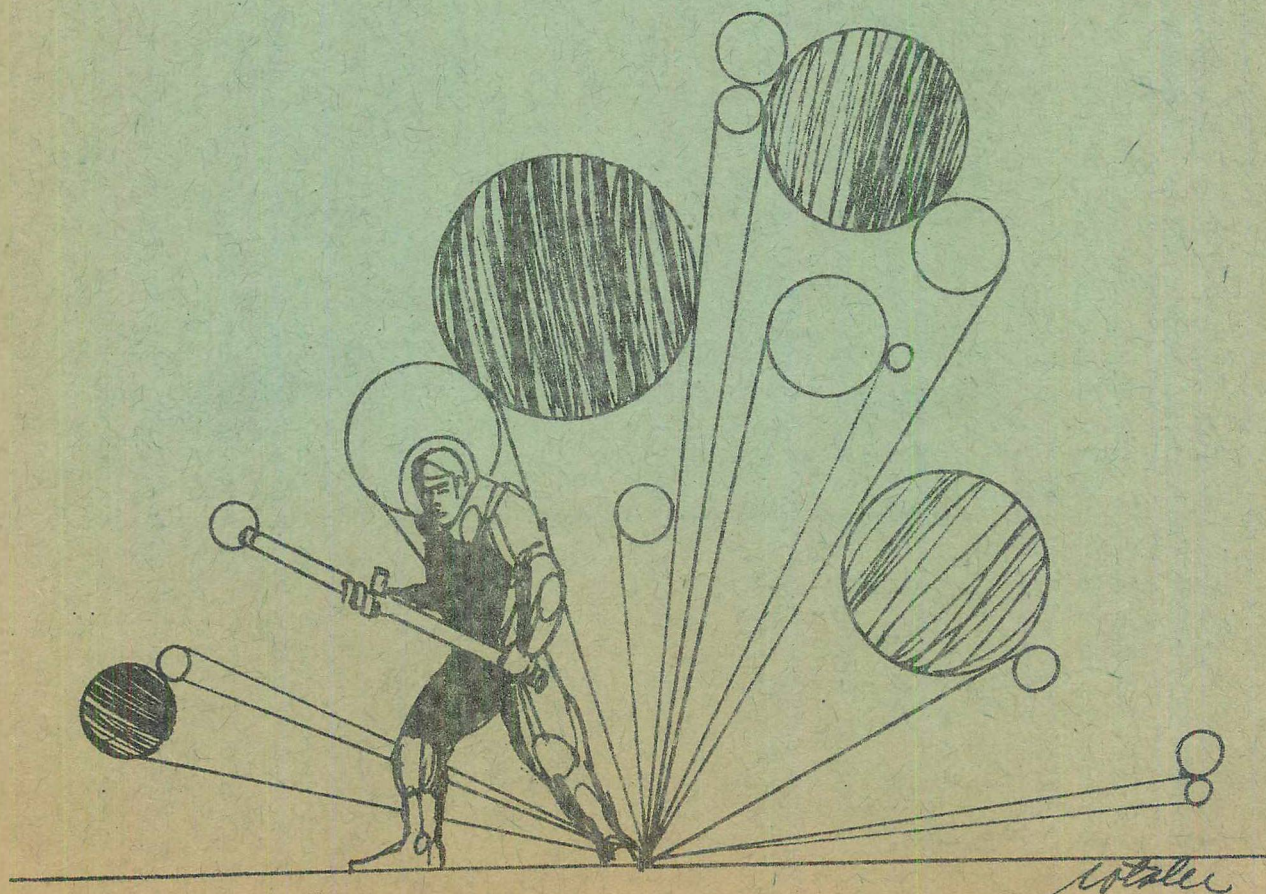
The boat trip back was considerably livelier. Some of the fans had picked up some jars of bubble soap at a toyshop in Neckarsteinach and were happily busy blowing bubbles over the river. Bruce found, or perhaps started, a poker game, and Ted Tubb led a progressively less inhibited song fest. I alternated between listening to the singing and joining the bubble makers (the two groups were at opposite ends of the boat) and talking to people I ran into as I wandered back and forth between the two groups

After the boat ride I teamed up with Bruce again and we went off to the Perkeo Restaurant for a good solid non-pastry meal. Unfortunately, they didn't have their dinner menu in effect yet, only the snack menu. I was quite happy with their notions of snacks though. Most places would quite happily call them full meals. I did. And I had a fruit concoction for dessert, not more pastries!

After dinner we went back to the Stadthalle to find that the last item of the con, a critique of the con, was still going on. Once this was over Bruce got pressed into service as auctioneer for the left over auction material. I took over the LAcon registration desk and only got to listen to the auction that went on. Once he had managed to get some quiet by the simple expedient of hollering for it, he started in on the stuff that hadn't sold the day before and the stuff that hadn't been gotten to. And he got rid of it all. The European fans had never seen an auction run the way Bruce runs a typical LASFS auction and they stayed to watch in fascination and also wound up buying. With Tony Lewis relieving him at the auctioneering occasionally, he managed to get rid of everything, including such gems as the broken tandem bicycle that one of the British fans had donated to the con and a carton of empty bottles. He even auctioned the shirt off Mario's back and finished by auctioning off the list of auction material. Even in retrospect it seems hard to believe the way people were buying the most incredible things.

And after the auction, which was the real closing item of the con, we grabbed the wine which Bruce had gotten as the prize for his masquerade costume and headed for the Europaische Hof and the party that the Nivens were throwing. And it was a very nice party and a lovely conclusion to the convention.

And since the rest of the trip was spent wandering around Heidelberg and Amsterdam doing touristy things, I think that I will end this trip report here at the end of the Heicon. It was a great trip and a lovely con and this report has gone on more than long enough.



THE MISSING RIGHT FINGER

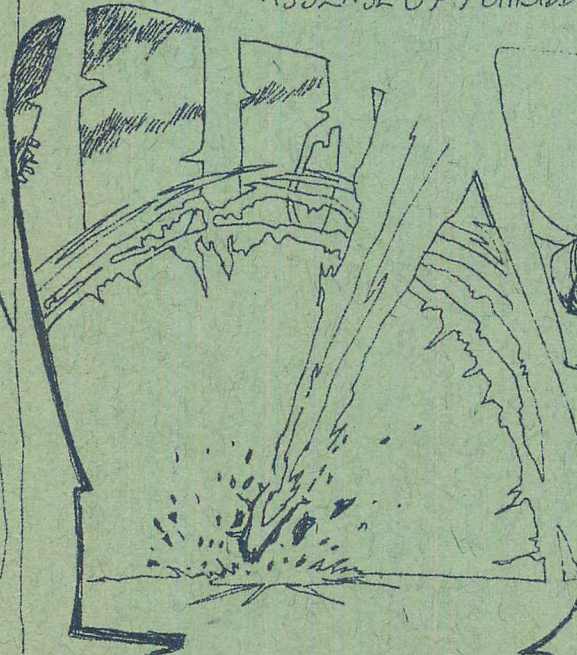
Tale two, explaining more
with knowledge of less...
concerning the Animate Secrets



MORE AND YET NOT WITHOUT BATTERING,
GHOSTS FLICKERED IN THE DAYLIGHT



LAYLAND THE FOOL
WAS FOUND WANDERING
TRUNK IN A TUNNEL



A METEOR IMPACTED ON
HOWARD GREEN, LORD OF
THE SCIENCE COUNCIL



TO THE ATTENDANTS OF
THE CENTRAL COMPUTER CAME
A SENSE OF FORBIDDING AND THE COMPUTER UTTERED....



STRANGE CREATURES WERE
TEACHING ASSED THROUGH THE
COMPUTER BARKS...



STRANGE SIGHTS WERE SEEN IN THE DUNES



THE LADY RED-12 WAS ASSAULTED



BY THE TIME LAYLAND THE FOOL
STAGGERED BY THE GHOST WAS
GONE

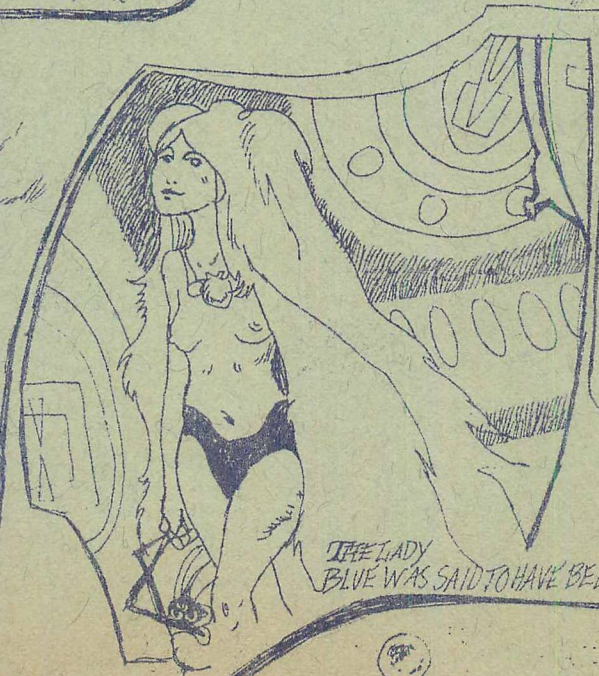


A MANY FACED GHOST APPEARED BEFORE TECHNICIAN
FANZ AND LAURAL

SEEK LAYLAND
THE
FOOL



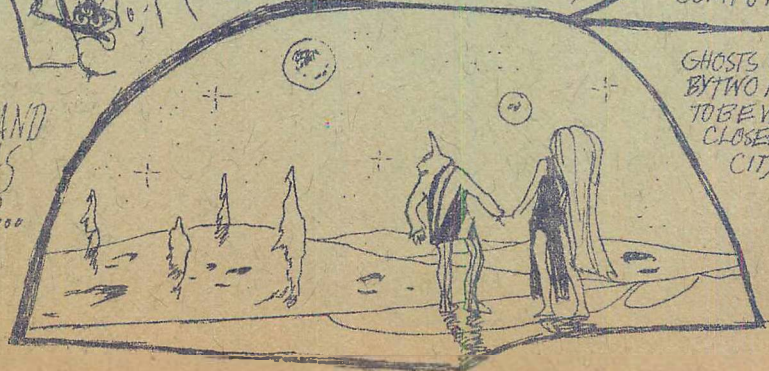
THE TRANSPORT FROM
ALCHANAR ARRIVED IN A
HAIL OF METEORS.....



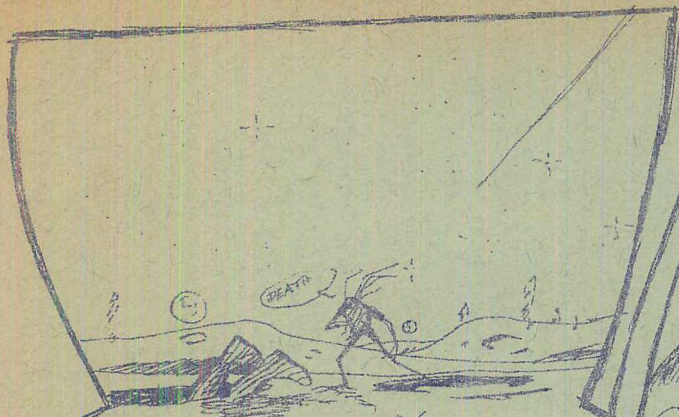
LADY
BLUE WAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN SEEN

THE CENTRAL
COMPUTER UTTERED

LAYLAND
HAS
FLED...



GHOSTS WERE SEEN
BY TWO NIGHT WALKERS
TO BE WHEELING
CLOSER TO THE
CITY WALLS...



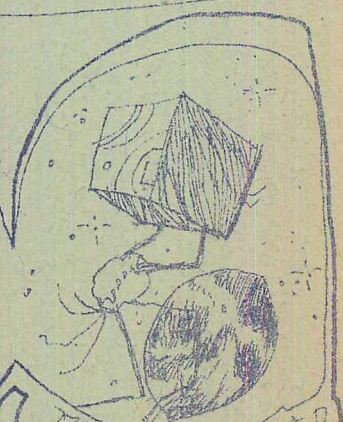
BEFORE THE MOON'S HADSET, THE NIGHT WALKERS
WERE FOUND IN FRESH CRATERS



SUDDENLY
A GHOST APPEARED AND SEIZED A LOGIC



INSTANTLY
THE GUARDIANS
APPEARED AND PERSUED THE GHOST DOWN...



THE SNOR FLICATED
STEADY 22,000
MILES UP...



I SUCUMB



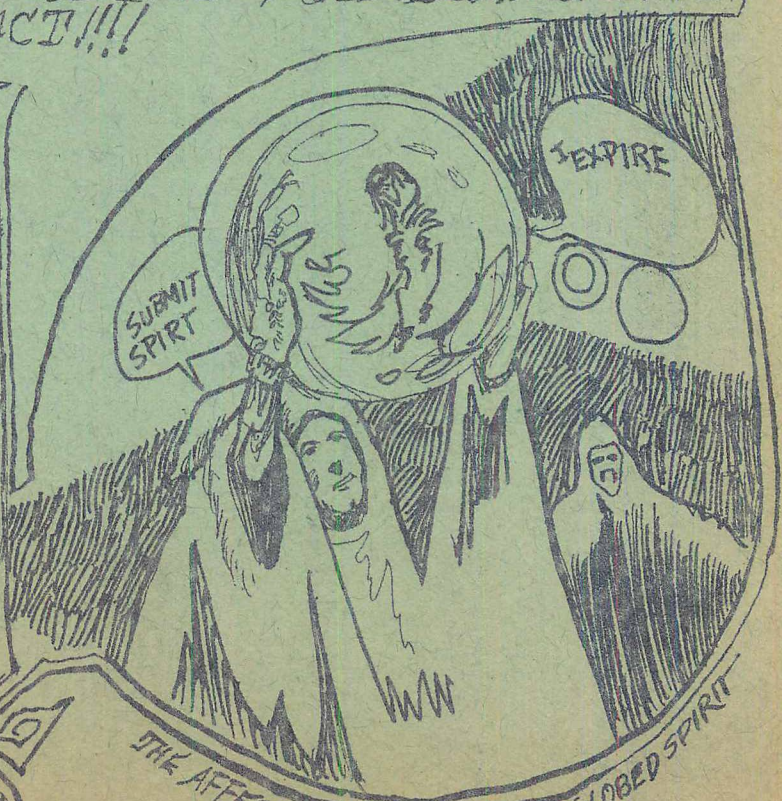
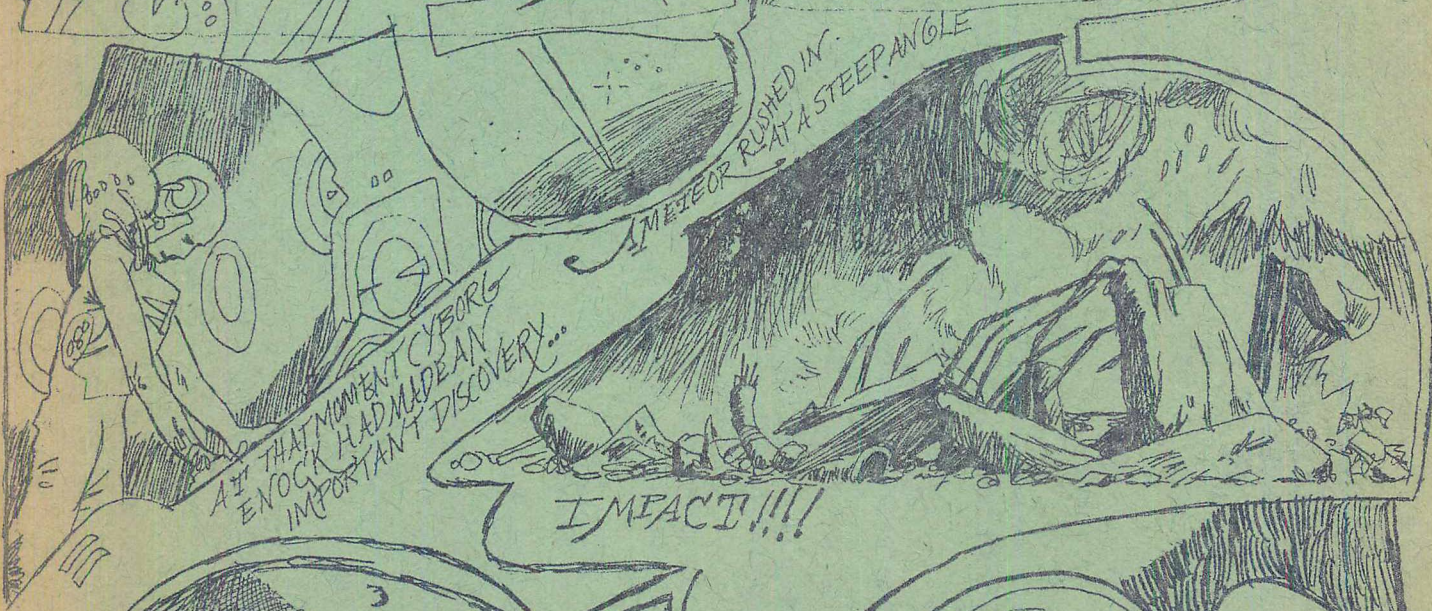
I FEAR

COMPLETELY TRAPPED
THE GHOST WAITED AS
IT WAS COMPRESSED
AND BROUGHT BEFORE THE COUNCIL

KLASEN SELLING
LOW GRADE ANTENNAE
PULLED AWAY FROM THE
CABLE



A PROGRAM HAS
BEGUN, INTONED
FAN-12, A PROGRAM
THAT SHALL
SOON BRING
RESULTS...



ON
LEAVING

MOONRISE

FAN-12 WAS ABLE TO SIDE STEP A FRESH CRATER

AN INTERESTING
OCCURENCE WAS DISCOVERED
ON A LOWER LEVEL

LADY BLUE WAS
SEEN ON A TOWER WITH LAYLAND
DANCING TO THE WALLS OF
GHOSTS....

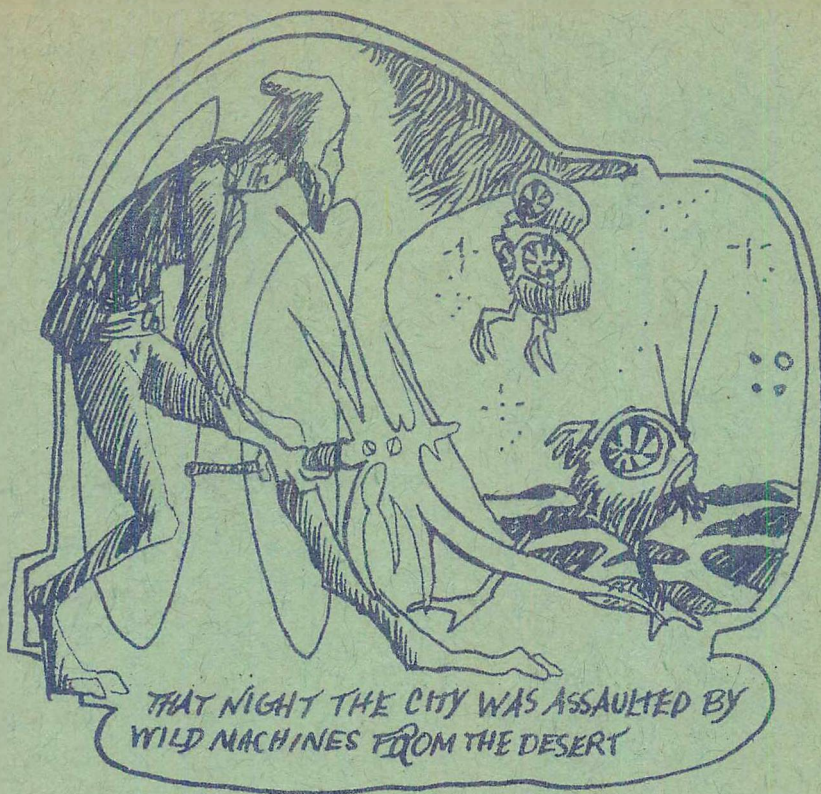
IT
RETURNS

ALARM

THE COMPUTER SOUNDED AN
ALARM

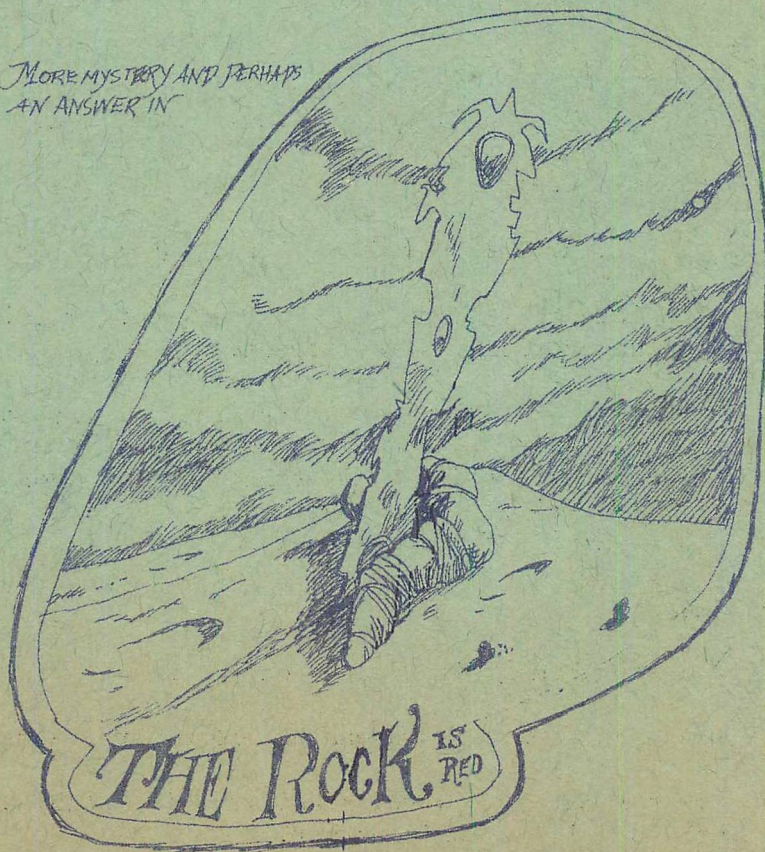
GHOSTS DANCED
AND UNDERWENT
STRANGE
TRANSFORMATIONS
AS THEY MOVED TOWARD THE
CITY....

LAYLAND WAS SEEN HOOKED INTO
A POD AND HEADING TOWARD
THE CENTER OF THE CITY



THAT NIGHT THE CITY WAS ASSAULTED BY
WILD MACHINES FROM THE DESERT

MORE MYSTERY AND PERHAPS
AN ANSWER IN



THE ROCK ^{IS} RED

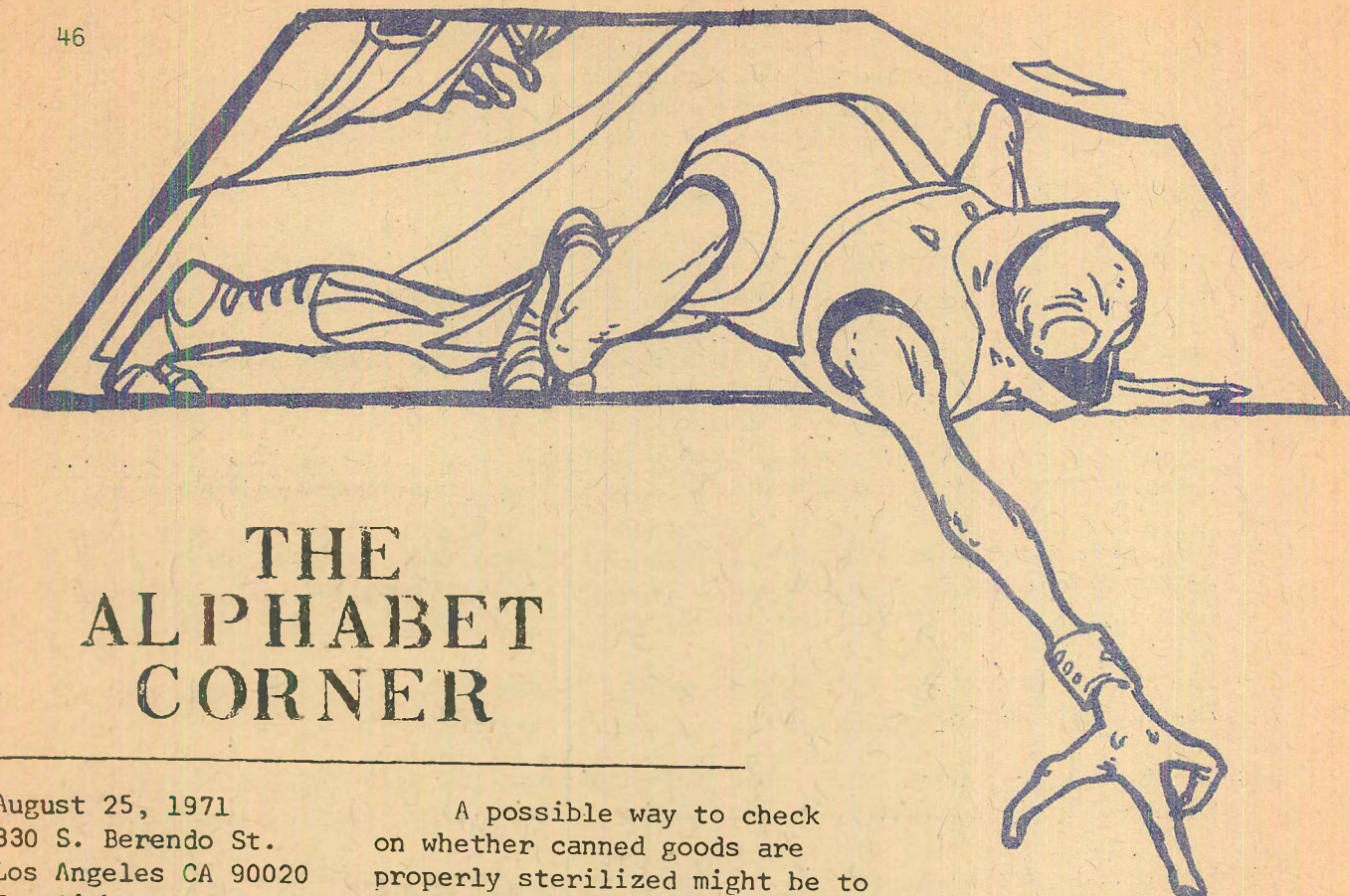
TRIVIA



- 1) What was Coeurl's food? What did he call it?
- 2) What prompted the description, "Brightly, brightly, and with beauty"?
- 3) What is Susan Calvin's profession?
- 4) Who would not wear his handicaps?
- 5) Who wrote "That Redheaded Venusburg Gal"?
- 6) When did Time triumph?
- 7) What was the name of the ship registry that Foyle consulted?
- 8) In The Big Time, what was Greta's last name?
- 9) Born 11,988 GE or -79 FE, died 12,069 GE or 1 FE. What is his name?
- 10) What was the last canticle of the Brethren of the Order of Leibowitz?
(Just the essence of the canticle is sufficient.)
- 11) Where did this man want to go? "Can you spare price of one coffee, honorable sir? No, sir, I am not panhandling organism. I am starveling Japanese transient stranded in this so-miserable year. Honorable sir! I beg in tears for holy charity. Will you donate to this destitute person one ticket to township of Lyonesse? I want to beg on knees for visa."
- 12) Whose eyes have blue whites?
- 13) What is a baliset? With whom is it associated?
- 14) What favor did So Spider, Baron of Dragons, perform for the red-headed Kid?
- 15) "I'm an unmarried mother---at 4¢ a word." Who is this? Whom did this person seduce? Who was this person's mother?

ANSWERS FROM PB 8:

- 1) Mary Jane Lyle Smith (of the Lyle drive) was Valentine Michael's mother; his father was Ward Smith (legally) and Michael Brant (biologically).
- 2) The Society for Mystical and Metaphysical Research (SMMR) works for an agency of the US Government, in an Analog story some years back.
- 3) Lindsay Joyce, of the crew of the spaceship Vorga, in The Stars My Dest., became a Skoptsy--a person with all senses disconnected surgically.
- 4) The US had a treaty with the Tickisall Indians that was to remain in effect "as long as the sun shall rise, or the grasses grow"--in an Avram Davidson story, "Or the Grasses Grow".
- 5) Horty was eating ants, in grade school, under the bleachers, in Ted Sturgeon's The Synthetic Man.
- 6) Sandor Sandor, Lynx Links, and Benedick Benedict were the Furies that hounded Corgo in Zelazny's "The Furies"--Tisiphone, Alecto, Maegaera.
- 7) Waldo was hired to, and did, fix the DeKalb's--the power-beam receivers that enabled flying machines to. Heinlein's Waldo, of course.
- 8) Gulliver Foyle, AS--128/127:006, of The Stars My Destination.
- 9) Saul Dagenham (Stars My Destination again) was "burned"--made permanently radioactive, without dying--at Tycho Sands.
- 10) Charlie Gordon, of course, in Flowers for Algernon.
- 11) Rossum's Universal Robots (RUR) fathered Quinby's Usuform Robots (QUR) in the story QUR (Healy & McComas, Adventures in Time and Space).
- 12) The Quisatz Haderach--Paul Atreides--married the Princess Irulan, but had his children by Chani, the Fremmen girl (Dune).
- 13) Simon Ignatius Dolan (simple Simon) interrogated the pi-man.
- 14) When the Impacted Man went downstairs, he abruptly dropped back millions of years into the past, every five feet or so, returning when he went up.
- 15) Evelyn Cyril Gordon--E. C. Gordon--Easy--Scar--met "Star", empress of the twenty universes, on Ile du Levant--stark nude--in Glory Road.



THE ALPHABET CORNER

August 25, 1971
330 S. Berendo St.
Los Angeles CA 90020
Tom Digby

A possible way to check on whether canned goods are properly sterilized might be to print the labels with an ink that changes color at the proper temperature so that any improperly heated can has a wrong color label and--- OOPS, how did that copy of CONSUMER REPORTS get into the fanzine stack?

How about a Hugo category for Best Blatant Hugo Campaign?

Could something analagous to cross products be defined in a space of n dimensions by taking $(n-1)$ factors at a time instead of always two? Or what about trying to cross-multiply (or define the operation for) more than two vectors in general?

And in a discussion of the aardvark game in ~~APA-L~~ several months back it was pointed out that, for playing the game in n syllables, one needs n different words to make the scansion work so that in addition to "aardvark" one needs another word like "baboon" for $n=2$. For $n=4$ possible choices were "AXolotl", "diPLOdocus", "stegoSAURus", "and "harlequiNADE". I don't remember what was decided for $n=3$, or whether anybody even tried to get up a set for $n=5$ or more. Also note that aardvark will sometimes fit in place of a one-syllable word at the end of a phrase, such as (double example) "Set the baboon for the heart of the aardvark" (any Pink Floyd fans out there??).

And if someone I'm talking to seems croggled by the concept of people traveling long distances to go to a science fiction convention for little rational reason, I usually try to make some analogy with baseball fans making special trips to see the World Series, which I think a fair number do.

In your discussion of "good guys" versus "bad guys", how are you defining "evil"? Is it something absolute or is it just what "good" people generally agree is bad?

Hmmmmmmmm Although my English teacher never mentioned it, I've noticed cases of what appears to be "m" used as a vowel: mainly "rhythm" and the "-ism" suffix. Or is that just classified as a vowelless syllable, along with the last syllable of "axolotl"?

And I've let this sit for a couple of days so now it's 8/28/71. And speaking of spaces of different numbers of dimensions, I seem to remember hearing of an assertion that stable orbits cannot exist in certain spaces, probably because of the way gravity would decline as inverse cube or fourth power or whatever instead of inverse square. Does anyone know anything about this? And all these objections (cross products and all) might be met by taking a chunk of 3-D space with you, much like two-dimensional creatures flying around 3-space in a paper airplane, appearing to us as marks on the paper. Similarly, the inside of a hyperspace ship might appear to be ordinary space, with only the drive and communications equipment having to be designed to actually work in a different type of space. This ties in with some sf stories in which the ship needs "shielding" while in hyperspace, if you assume the shielding consists of a chunk of 3-space.

I don't know about Idlewild, but changing Canaveral caused a fair amount of fuss among local residents (and others) who had no say in the matter and heard of it only when Johnson announced it in a speech. I saw one or two small news items telling of a fair amount of protest activity (mostly protests to Congress and the Florida legislature) but I got the distinct impression it was hushed up by the news media. One of the aerospace journals (either MISSILES & ROCKETS or AEROSPACE WEEK (or some such title)) accepted the change immediately while another did not, and carried it as the main topic in its lettercol for several months. Then suddenly no more letters on the subject appeared and they too were using the new name. The merits of the names aside, I think doing something like that by fiat without conducting some sort of opinion poll (anything from a formal vote to just proposing it and letting people write letters pro and con) is improper.

Hmmmmmmmm Maybe con registration prices are small compared to the total cost of going, but maybe if they've gone up by a greater %age than other costs they get noticed more. I wouldn't be surprised if some version of the law about the minimum noticeable change in sensory input depending upon the prior level also applied to prices. Therefore a change from \$3 to \$7 may be noticed much more than a change from \$100 to \$150. Also small items tend to go up in what appear to be large quantum jumps while large items may not.

And for those who are puzzled by my sample in LOWDOWN, it is a sample (apparently randomly chosen) of APA-L comments. The "title" of each paragraph is actually the title of the zine being commented to ("HOUSE AT POONEIL CORNERS", "IDEATIONAL FLUENCY", "LIQUID LOVE", etc.) except that the line about credit-card slot machines is the beginning of page two of the original zine, which always begins each page with some such weird subtitle ("LOSING YOUR DIME IN A COIN OPERATED VAMPIRE AND NOT KNOWING WHO TO COMPLAIN TO" was the subtitle of one recent page in another apa). The original was in APA-L #273 and was commenting on the previous week's zines. Those not familiar with APA-L might make the analogy of reprinting from some genzine lettercol out of context and without making clear that it is from a lettercol or telling what issue of what zine it's from. (Oh well, Sturgeon's Law, I guess.

And that seems to be just about enough letter for this issue (bringing up the idea of neo crudzine editors being able to buy "LoC" but the foot from somebody like the N3F??).

P.S. On your schedule: If you called it (for example) semi-annual, then if you turn out to be able to publish 3 time a year you'll get way AHEAD of schedule, thus maybe becoming a fannish first in the field of genzines. Just think of being able to announce that due to fortunate circumstances the Summer 1975 issue will be out in May of 1974 while quietly berating your staff because it was scheduled for March 1974.



I think you have something in your idea on scheduling. However I am not going to take any chances so effective immediately PB will appear every other year in odd numbered years, this being the 1973 issue.

Yes, you can define an $n-1$ "cross-product". The direction is orthogonal to the $n-1$ vectors. The length is the volume of the $n-1$ hyperparallelepiped defined by the $n-1$ vectors. I don't know whether the theory of this "cross-product" has been developed or whether it has any use.

Typists' comments: Some years ago my physics professor had us work out a couple of problems--orbits for a 3-D universe with inverse-cube gravity, and nature of gravity if orbits are elliptical with gravity source at center instead of at a focus. In the first case, all orbits are logarithmic (constant angle) spirals, and therefore all stable orbits are circles (angle zero). And in the second problem, the force is direct linear, not inverse anything; gravity increases with distance, and

all orbits, not merely all stable orbits, are elliptical.

In the quantum-mechanical hydrogen atom, the quantum jumps from level to level are relatively large at the lower levels, and become very small as the electron is lifted to high energy levels--even an electron would notice the change from 3 to 7 more than the change from 100 to 150.

Sept. 3, 1971

Ed Meskys

Box 233

Center Harbor NH 03226

Just finished reading PB8. I especially enjoyed Marsha's Heicon report. What's clotted cream? Sounds delicious! As for Asimov & ETs, there were also about three stories in the Robot series whose timeline almost ties in with that of the Foundation. These three weren't in I ROBOT and dealt with the discovery and intimidation of intelligent life on Jupiter, causing the race to withdraw into themselves and never attempt communication or travel outside of their atmosphere again.

Actually the robot stories and the Foundation series lie in alternate universes. In all of his universe both the hyperspace jump and the positronic robot are possible. The branch points are as follows: In the main line time travel was

discovered. After extensive development the time travel system self destructed, leaving 1932 as a branch point. The next branch occurs approximately now. In one branch WW III occurs and in the other it doesn't. In the branch in which it does the positronic robot is never discovered. This is the branch the Foundation series lies in. In the branch in which WW III does not occur there is a second branch point near the end of the twentieth century. In the I ROBOT branch the positronic robot is discovered then. In the other it is not discovered until much later. (Lije Baily series, Mother Earth.) ((Of course there was also an early branch point which leads into the universe of The Black Friar of the Flame but that branch occurred before Isaac really developed as a writer))

All of which raises an interesting question. In all three branches we cannot expect Jovian history to have been different until they were contacted by men. Since there are no Jovians in the Lije Baily and Foundation time lines, what happened to them? The only answer I can think of is that in the I ROBOT timeline they were contacted earlier. (The exploration of space proceeded faster with the aid of positronic robots.) Since the Jovians don't exist in the other timelines they must have died out between the time they were contacted in the I ROBOT timeline and the time they were contacted in the other timelines. As to why, who knows? My guess is catastrophic overpopulation.

Sept. 19, 1971
Robert E. Briney
245 Lafayette St., Apt 3G
Salem, MA 01970

That Logic Puzzle in Proper Boskonian #8 has been bugging me. By using the same methods of argument which you employed on pages 58-59, I seem able to arrive at a different solution, and also (what is worse) at a contradictory situation. Halp!

Hypotheses:

(1) No person who saw Caliban in a green tie may choose before L.

(2) If Y was not in Oxford in 1920 then the first chooser never lent Caliban an umbrella.

(3) If Y or C has second choice then C comes before the one who first fell in love.

General Rules of Procedure:

A conditional statement "if A then B" is trivially true if A is false or B is true; and any assumption which renders one of the hypotheses (1), (2), or (3) superfluous is to be ruled out.

So begin. If neither Y nor C has seen seen Caliban in a green tie then (1) is automatically true and, hence, superfluous. Not allowed. Thus, either Y or C has seen Caliban in a green tie, and the one(s) who did must



choose after L. Consequently L is not last. So far, so good.

If none of the three first fell in love, then (3) is true regardless of the order of choosing and, hence, is superfluous. Not allowed. Thus one of the three was the first to fall in love. Now assume that L chooses first. Then either Y or C must be second so that (3) implies that C must precede Y and the order L-C-Y is completely determined without making use of statement (2). This renders (2) superfluous, hence cannot be allowed. Therefore, L cannot be first.

Since L cannot be last and cannot be first, he must be in the middle and we are reduced to two orders: C-L-Y or Y-L-C. We also know that the first chooser did not see Caliban in a green tie, whereas the third one did; and that the first chooser did not lend Caliban an umbrella but one of the other two did.

But wait: return to statement (3). If L is second then neither Y nor C has second choice and (3) is trivially true, hence superfluous. So it would appear that this cannot be allowed either.

Where does that leave L? And us? And the "general rules of procedure" we have used?

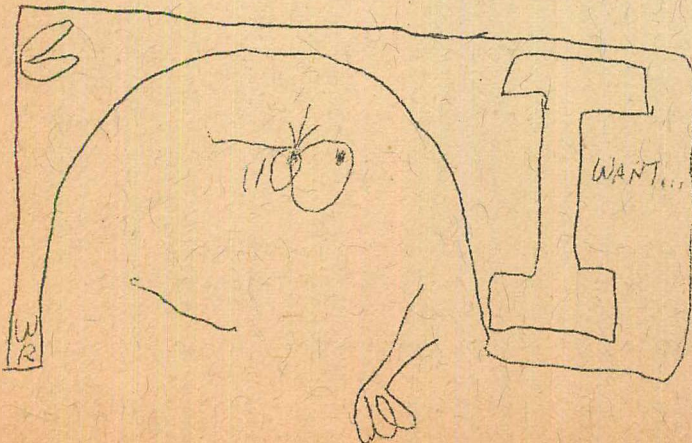
Now you see why I spent two pages on the solution. I was very carefully dodging these particular booby traps as well as some others which it is easy to fall into. It may make things clearer if I frame the procedures used in a more general way.

There are certain facts such as who saw Caliban in a green tie, who first fell in love, etc., which I shall call data values. For any particular combination of data values there will be 0 to 6 orders that are consistent with the three statements. Thus, for example, if no one saw Caliban in a green tie, Y was in Oxford in 1920, and L was the first in love then the possible orderings are C-L-Y, Y-L-C, Y-C-L, and C-Y-L. That is, for any of these four orderings the three statements are true, and for the other two at least one is false. Now, what do we mean when we say that the problem is properly posed?

Well, first of all, the data must be such that a unique ordering can be deduced. That is, given the data, there is one and only one ordering for which all three statements are true. Secondly we require that all of the statements must be needed - that none are superfluous. Now what does this mean? It means that if we eliminate a particular statement then the number of orderings consistent with the full set of statements is also consistent with the reduced set.

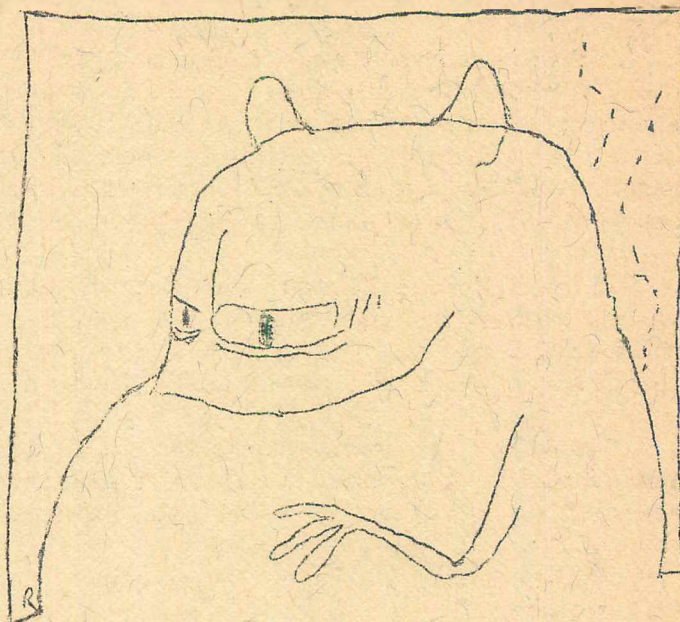
That is: Suppose we wish to check if a particular statement is superfluous, given a particular set of data values. We list all of the orderings consistent with the other two statements. If no orderings are eliminated by adding the statement we are questioning then it is superfluous. Thus in the example above both statements (1) and (2) are superfluous.

Now if the data values are such that a particular statement is true for all possible orderings then that statement is clearly superfluous.



Thus we can rule out any combination of data which makes a statement trivially true because it will be true for all orderings and, hence, superfluous. It does not follow that we can eliminate a particular ordering (or set of orderings) simply because they make a statement trivially true. The test of superfluity is that the statement does not eliminate any orderings.

This is what is wrong with your argument that L cannot be second. This point is discussed in the answer near the bottom of page 59. What I did there was to point out that if the first and second statements had been different then it might have been the case that the solution was that L was second. I also pointed out that L can be second only if the attorney is wrong about the order being reconstructible without the data. However, as I pointed out then, this is not one of the assumptions that goes into the problem - it is what we are supposed to prove.



HELL IS WAR

Now to your first point - the proposition that L cannot be first. My real difficulty here is to try to figure out what line of reasoning you are using - as it stands the arguments is simply a non sequitor. I think what you are doing is treating the order as part of the data. The ordering, however, is the thing that is to be deduced. Now if we knew from statement (1) alone that L was first then we could say, yes, statement (2) is superfluous. However statement (1) only that L is not last. (It must since statement (2) is not superfluous.) Given the orders consistent with statement (1), statement (3) eliminates the order L-Y-C only. It doesn't uniquely specify the order and thus render statement (2) superfluous. I am not sure that this makes it any clearer. If any of the readers can give a clear simple explanation of this whole point I would very much appreciate it.

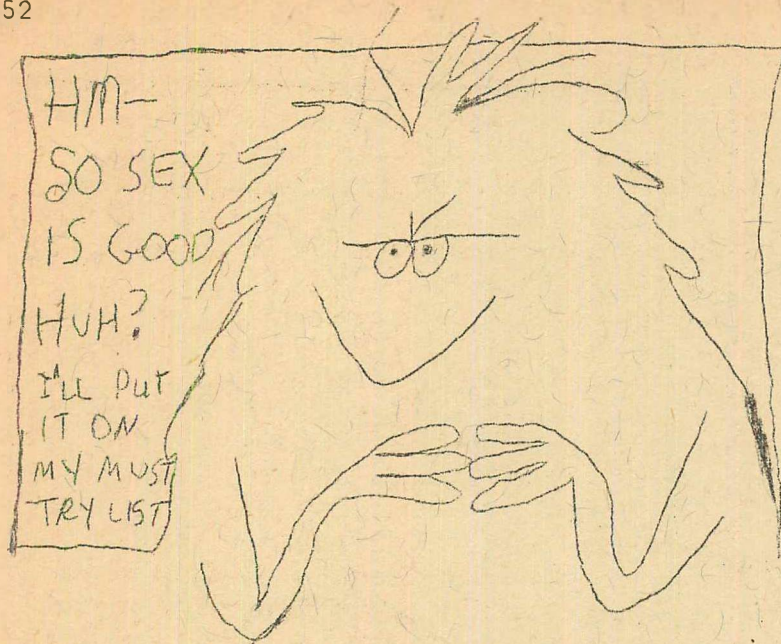
Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107
31 August 1971

Dear Harter or whoever:

Since you brought the subject up - not I, I didn't mention it at all in my Loc on PB7 - let us consider the question of convention fees and costs. Having recently attended a couple of non-SF conventions I've been having some second thoughts on the matter. Yes.

Let's start with my basic suggestion of a five dollar membership fee. I recommend - for North American Worldcons, that is - that five dollars be the fee for non-attending memberships. Said five bucks would give the non-attending member the progress reports, the program book and the Hugo voting rights.

Advance memberships, for those who plan to attend the convention, should be from 10 to 15 dollars, the exact rate and cutoff date determined by the convention committee. At the door memberships should be at least 25 dollars.



In addition, fees should be charged for admission to events such as the film programs you mentioned or the masquerade or fashion show or whatever special programming is, ah, specially programmed. Admission to lectures or panel discussions or the like should be, as now, part of what the member gets for paying his membership fee but there should be extra charges for the special programming.

There may not be any precedent for such charges in SF cons but there certainly is such precedent in conventions in general.

Enjoyed very much the compilation of the various facets of Murphy's Law.

Yoicks! You certainly did switch sides and signals there. You are quite right - non SF cons do tend to have much higher rates than SF cons. The basic reason is very simple - non SF cons are put on by professionals whereas SF cons are put on by a bunch of crazy fen who work their tails off for nothing.

SF cons are run very cheaply in comparison to non SF cons. Everything is done, so to speak, on the cheap. Take, for example, art show hangings (which I now know much more about than I ever really wanted to know.) If Noreascon had rented commercial art show hangings for the art show the rental would have been on the order of \$750 to \$1000. Did Noreascon plunk any such some of money down for renting art show hangings? Of course not. What happened was that, since nobody on the east coast had a full sized set of hangings, NESFA built a set. These cost on the order of \$350 to build and were rented to Noreascon for about \$100. The same story runs up and down the line. Computer programming and timme for handling mailing labels, counting the Hugo ballots, etc., were obtained for free. All of the clerical work prior to and during the convention was free. All the labor of registration, etc., etc., etc., is all free. If something costs a significant amount of money everybody's first reaction is: how can we do this cheaply by substituting fan labor and time for money. And everybody takes this for granted.

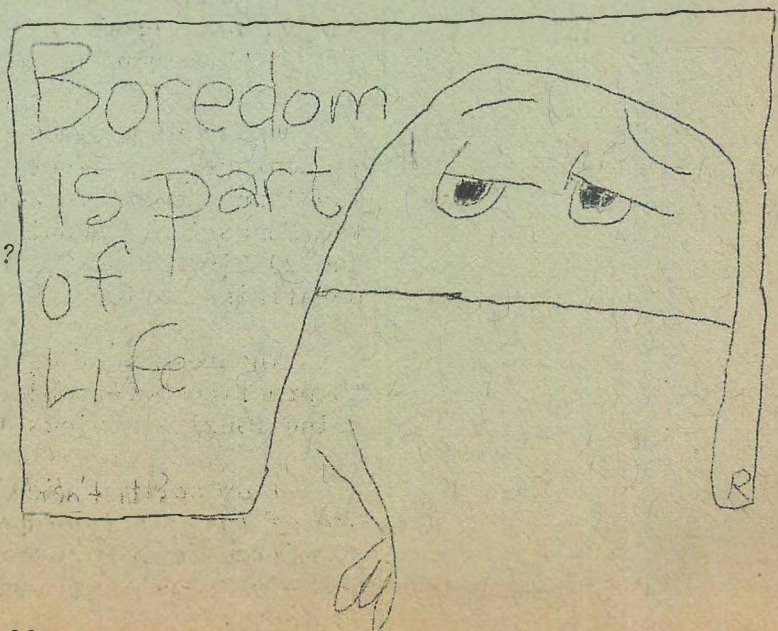
The whole question of convention rates is a very tangled one because the real conflicts are ones of value judgements, etc. For example, if the cons showed no movies at all, the rates could obviously be reduced. Is this desirable or would it be more desirable to add a dollar to the membership fee and have extensive film programs. On one side you can argue that film programs attract a lot of people who are only marginally fans, that it is unfair that somebody who is not interested in films should have to support them, and that they have no place in SF cons. On the other hand one can argue that everybody is paying for things that don't interest them in exchange for others paying for things that do interest them, that there are many fans who are strongly interested in films, that fans are people with diversified interests and that cons should appeal to those interests, and that (considering that con rates are an outrageous bargain anyway)

nobody has a real kick about an extra dollar in con costs. There are those who feel that the Con Committee should make as determined an effort as possible to hold the costs to members as low as possible while there are others who feel that better and more service is worth extra money. An obvious example of this is the choice of hotel. If your emphasis is on low room rates you are likely to get a hotel at which the service is inferior, the hotel staff is uncooperative, the rooms are small and crummy, and the convention facilities are inadequate. On the other hand if you place your emphasis on good facilities, an able and cooperative hotel staff, etc., the room rates are likely to be somewhat higher. You get what you pay for. The question is what people would rather have. The answer is, of course, that there is no great unanimity of opinion.

Nowadays worldcons have much higher attendance numbers than they used to have. There are those that feel that this is not as it should be and there are those that it is simply a fact of life which should be accepted. I don't mean to argue either side at the moment. However, if World Con attendance remains as high as it has been for the last few years or climbs, I rather feel that the Con committee's should feel free to hire help. There is a lot of work in putting on a full scale con. Hired help was not necessary at Noreascon - there was plenty of manpower available. However very few cons in the future are going to have the manpower resources that Noreascon did. It seems to me that there are, or at least should be, limits to the extent that the committee should kill itself on behalf of the convention. However I suspect that this won't turn out to be a very popular position - fans are very suspicious of anything that smacks of commercializing fannish activity.

On further point on rates which no one seems to discuss. Most cons have ended up in the black only because of the auctions. There has been, over the last few years, a significant change in this regard. At one time most of the auction material was donated free by the magazines which had a policy of retain-cover art and interior illos, etc., even though they had no real use for them. Thus a large block of auction material was essentially free to the con. Policy changes, and now the general policy is for the artists to retain the cover art, etc. As a result (and because artists are submitting much independent work for auction) most of the artwork appearing in the auctions is being supplied directly by the artists. The cons take 40% of the proceeds on auction sales. Many artists feel, in effect, that they are subsidizing the con. I agree!!

It is reasonable that an artist should pay something for being provided for auction facilities, etc. But is it right that he should pay hundreds of dollars. Is it right that the proceeds of his work, his effort, should go to subsidize the cost of attending the con for Joe Phan? Is it right? Is it fair? I don't think so. I think that the split should be more like 80-20 or even 90-10. In a regional the con has a claim for a higher cut because the con is paying for the function rooms. In a world con, however, the function rooms are free - the con is not significantly out of pocket for the auction. A 40% cut on the auction is just a ripoff.



Sandra Miesel Your editorial cert-
 8744 N. Pennsylvania St. ainly roasted the Faan-
 Indianapolis IN 46240 nier-Than-Thou coterie
 August 23, 1971 to a crisp turn. This
 may serve to enliven
 Noreascon or then again it may not - the PgHLANGE
 panel on faanish writing was utterly mild despite
 the divergent viewpoints represented.

However I was one of the many unacquainted
 with Tom Digby. So I questioned the Coulsons,
 who surely see as many fanzines as anyone in the
 country and have long memories of fannish lore.
 They couldn't immediately place Digby's name
 either. It should be emphasized that his nomin-
 ation was a shock not only because we hadn't read
 his work but because we hadn't heard of him. I've
 been in fandom four years and never, never heard
 this man's name: not in a loc, con report, refer-
 ence in another fan's writing, or mention in Calif-
 ornia friends' letters. He could have just as
 easily been a hoax (but for the integrity of the
 Worldcon committee.)

The feeling that his nomination was accomplished
 by bloc voting was none too cheering either. (Or
 is this a common practice? Am I being naive?)
 Which name on its long roster will APA-L choose
 to honor next year? The year after? Will other
 APA's now get delusions of grandeur?

You scarcely enhance Digby's reputation by
 printing a sample of his work - a legend is easier
 to maintain if safe from examination. This is great,
 Hugo-worthy writing? Permit me a derisive snort.
 200 pages just like it, you say? (How many pages
 does Charlie Brown fill in a year?) I would have
 vastly preferred to see Rosemary Ulliot on the ballot.
 Her 1970 columns were "few, but rosebuds all".

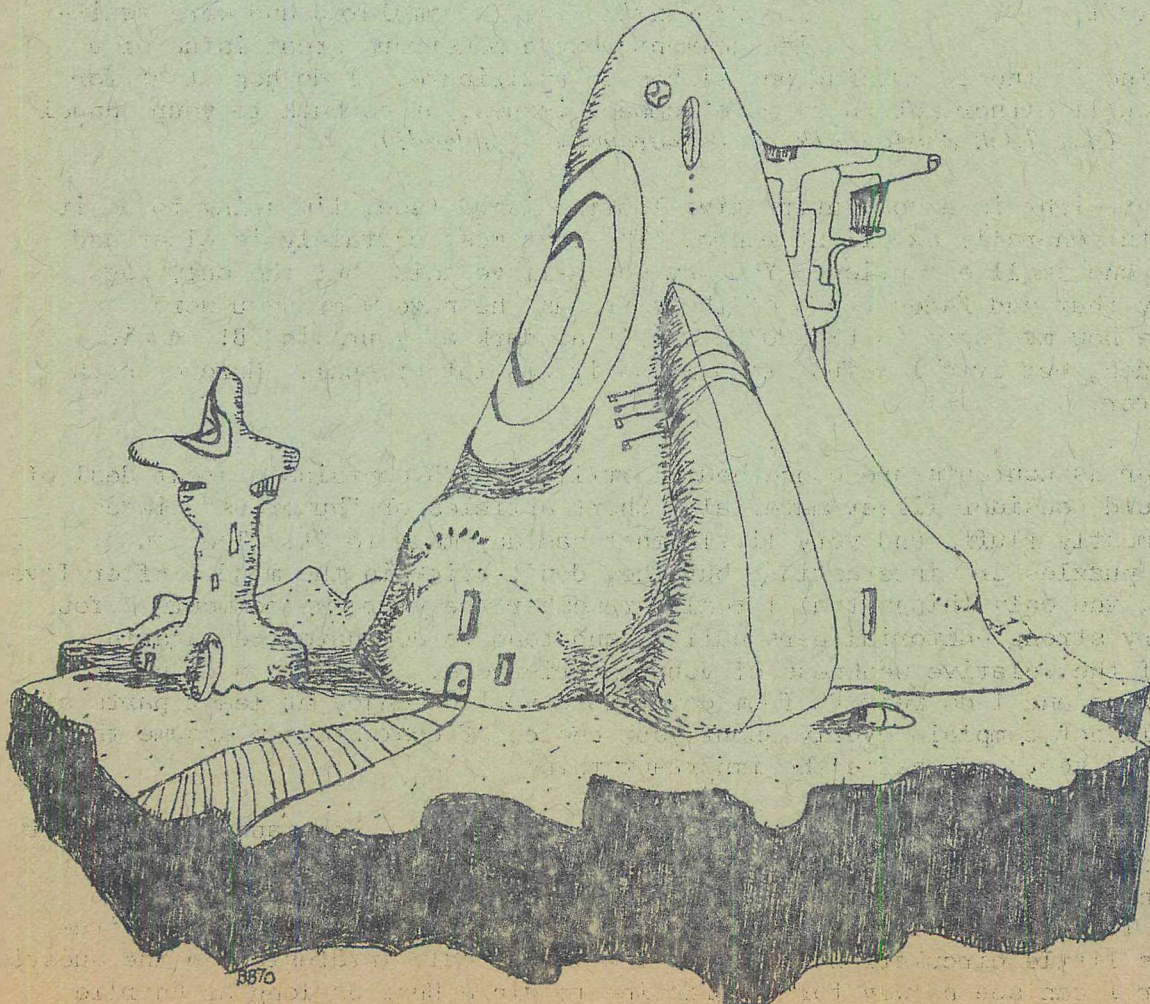
However, besides putting a Larry Niven story
 in context, the excerpt reminded me of 1) scandals
 involving chocolate-covered girls which rocked
 the Hungarian Communist party several years ago
 and 2) Sir Matthew Flinders Petrie's directions for
 parafining ancient skulls.

The remainder of #8 was amusing. I'll have
 to practice being objective - I'm supposed to be
 doing fanzine reviews for EMBELYON.

*I am sorry I didn't get to meet you at Noreascon.
 One of the disadvantages about being on a Con
 committee is that you really don't get to see the
 Con - How was it anyway? Perhaps we'll get to meet
 at LACon.*

Actually I am afraid that you are being somewhat naive if you feel that bloc voting plays no part in the Hugo nominations and final balloting. It doesn't happen every time but it is not uncommon. The startling example in recent times is the ERBdom Hugo which was bloc voted in by the Burroughs' Bibliophiles. (Unless my memory is playing tricks - I do seem to remember that they pulled it off.) Quite frankly I can't say how Digby got on the ballot: His nominations were scattered across the country, many of them being from the east coast. My guess is that there was some sort of informal campaign since it does seem unlikely that he would have gotten on without somebody talking up his nomination. There was not, however, any organized campaign, secret or open, within LASFS to nominate Tom. (I have enough inside knowledge to be quite sure of this.)

Although Tom's nomination was somewhat surprising I was not particularly displeased. I have to admit that the column I ran did not really do justice to Tom (but then neither did the Lowdown excerpt.) Part of the difficulty is that it is rather hard to excerpt and represent fairly someone whose writing appears mostly in APA's, particularly one like APA-L. The trouble is that most of the content consists of comments on apazines that appeared in the last issue which in turn consist mostly of comments on the issue before that which consisted... In short, apazine writing tends to be disconnected with context being everything. Reading a single specific piece is rather like listening to one side of a complicated conversation.



There are a number of comments one could make on Tom's writing. His prose style is definitely not his strong point - it tends to be somewhat jerky and rough. On the other hand this sort of style is appropriate to an APA. His strong point is his content which bubbles with unusual, interesting, and outre ideas and conceits. It is distinctly noticeable in APA-L that more people respond with comments to his apazine than to any other. Tom does tend to be a one talent writer - he does one sort of thing quite well. The sort of thing that he does is, perhaps, not particularly fashionable which I think is part of the furore that has been raised.

The particular selections in PB8 did not really do Tom justice if you were looking for a best of Digby cut. What happened was rather complicated but boils down to this: Originally I hadn't planned to reprint anything at all. At the last minute I both got permission from Tom to reprint and discovered that I had one page to fill. At the time Marsha's L file was mostly buried except for a few of the very latest issues. So I chose from them a couple of items which would be reasonably amusing and which would meet space requirements. You will have already noticed that there is more material from Tom in this issue, which I hope you will find more to your taste.

Michael Glicksohn
32 Maynard Ave., Apt 205
Toronto 156, Ontario
Canada
Sept 20, 1971

Eighty-two pages! And almost hot on the heels of #7! What are you trying to do, give us compulsive loc-writers heart-failure? It was bad enough coming home from Noreascon and finding 23 fanzines had accumulated and were awaiting comment, but a monstrous great issue of a regular zine is the last thing one wishes to anticipate. I do hope that for my sake you'll either return to more compact issues, or go back to your annual schedule! (Now look who's talking - Energumen 9 indeed!)

Number eight is a most attractive looking issue (see, I'm going to do it again) with generally excellent repro. The text most certainly is clear and dark with one small exception. You may not believe this, but the only page in my copy that had faded repro of the text was the page where you were telling me how my repro in ENERGUMEN wasn't as dark as yours in PB! A nice ironic touch, but even I refuse to believe it was intentional. More on such things later.

As far as contents are concerned, I still find PB contains a great deal of what I would consider filler material. Short articles or "humorous" pieces that are mostly fluff, and very little that has any meat to it. The contests and puzzles are interesting, but they don't stick in the mind. After I've read a PB, the only things that I really remember are your own comments. You have a very strong editorial personality, and tend to dominate the magazine because of the relative weakness of your contributors. However, a clubzine is a clubzine and I do read PB from cover to cover and enjoy at least parts of it, so I'll not complain overly about your choice of contents. I assume that they satisfy you, and that's the important thing.

I must say that I found your editorial fascinating. You manage to get off at least one shot at just about everybody around, regardless of what "side" they're on in the current controversey. Now that LOCUS has won a Hugo, I'm wondering if we'll get a renewal of interest in the question of the big-circulation vs little circulation fanzine. I'm unabashedly interested in the question myself for I can see no way for any fanzine to win a Hugo as long as Charlie

keeps on publishing. And as for the fan writer Hugo, well it sure as hell came as a shock to me, and I imagine the reactions will be quite energetic. I'd predicted Pauls would win, and if I ever for a moment thought he might lose, then it seemed that Terry Carr could possibly take it. But Dick Geis?! SFR was a fine fanzine, and I really thought it would take its third Hugo, but Geis just isn't that great a fan-writer. If there is any explanation other than a hell of a lot of "faceless" fans voting for Geis because he was the only name on the ballot they recognized, I can't offhand think of it. (I refuse to even consider the possibility of fans voting for Dick because they'd voted for LOCUS for fanzine and felt guilty.)

We impose a restriction on who can vote for the Hugos. They must be sufficiently interested in SF to join the worldcon. But perhaps we've reached the point where a further restriction is necessary in the voting for the fan categories. I know it has been suggested before, and I realize that coming from me it's going to sound like sour grapes from a loser, but it seems logical to try and put the voting on as informed a basis as possible. This is not merely my over-reaction to the victory of LOCUS, Charlie and Dena deserved some recognition for the service they provide to fandom, or even to the victory of Dick Geis, although if the majority of informed fans actually believe that Dick is a better writer than Ted or Terry or Liz Fishman, I'd be a bit disappointed. It is the simple result of a belief that one doesn't drag in people off the street and ask them their opinions of people and products they've never seen. I can't speak for OUTWORLDS or SPECULATION, but I'm damn sure that at least two-thirds of those who voted for Best Fanzine had never seen ENERGUMEN. Perhaps the percentage may have been even larger; and I'd imagine that even fewer had seen SPEC or the writing of Tom Digby. So, all personality conflicts aside, I sincerely feel that those who object to those aspects of Hugo voting that allow a group of people who are totally unfamiliar with a majority of the nominees to decide which is the "best" of something have a valid point. And I'm not just pissed off because I didn't win. I knew all along I could come no better than third and on the strength of the issues under consideration I damn well didn't deserve any more. So I'm actually delighted with our showing. But come next year, I'd like to think that those people who decide that the fanzine I produced in 1971 wasn't as good as X or Y or Z, will at least have some idea as to just what I did put out. And if Rosemary Ullyot doesn't win, or Grant Canfield loses, I'd hate to think they did so because two out of three voters looked at the ballot and said, "Who??"

Is there a solution? I really don't know. There have been attempts to bring in complicated plans for deciding who is an informed voter and who isn't and most of them have been rejected for being too cumbersome. A reading knowledge of SF is all that is needed in the fiction categories and this is hard to test for. But is it really unreasonable to suggest that the fanzine-based awards (as all three fan awards actually are, with the fan artist award tending to become less so) be somehow limited to those active in fanzine fandom? Of course, this would reduce the number of voters to perhaps a couple of hundred, and there is still the question of how to define an active member of fanzine fandom, so perhaps the entire problem is irresolvable. But I do think the matter is worthy of discussion. Do you?

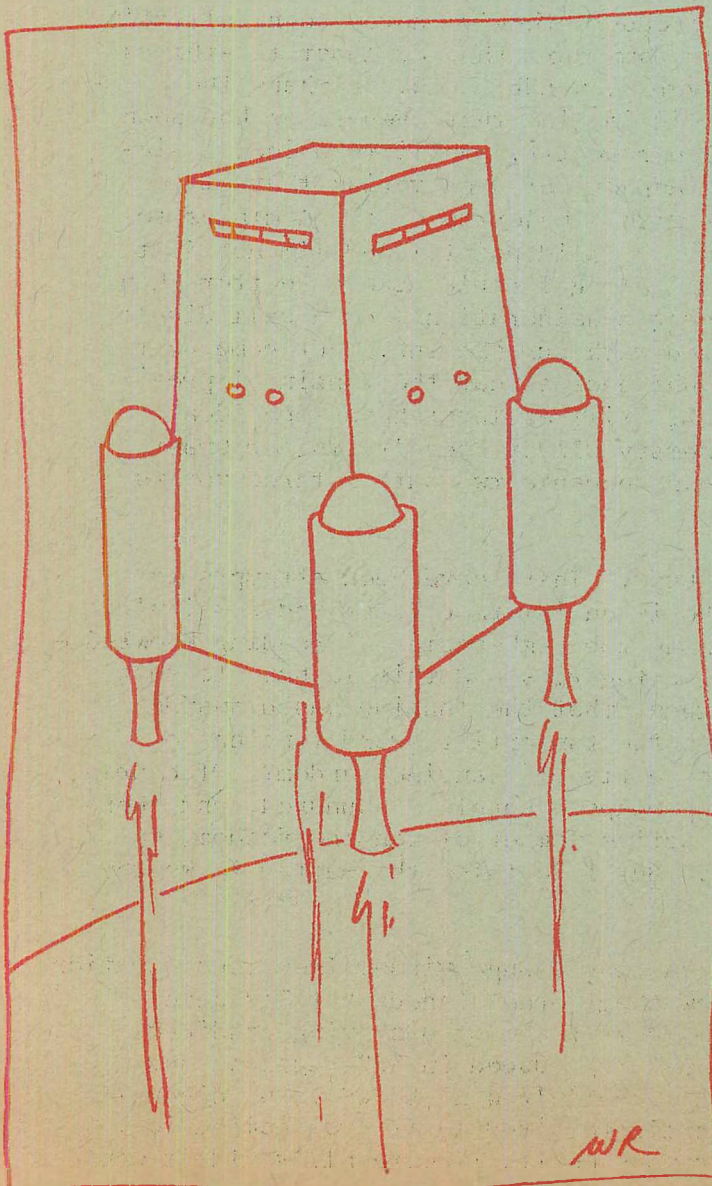
I am, by the way, utterly opposed to banning a Hugo winner from consideration for a certain length of time. I don't know about other faneds but I'd have precious little interest in an award won because the most deserving candidate wasn't allowed to run. I'll stack the issues I produced in 1971 against any other fanzine that came out this year, and I wouldn't want LOCUS to be disqualified for next year nor would I expect Charlie to withdraw it from nomination. If I can't beat LOCUS on grounds of quality and merit, I certainly wouldn't want to do it any other way.

My reaction to Tom Digby's nomination was not really quite what you described it as. I knew damn well how he got on the ballot; bloc voting (either planned or spontaneous, I understand it to have been the former) by LASFS. Personally I've known Tom since 1968 (or perhaps known of him: we met back then but he may not recall me) and have seen his writing in many THIRD FOUNDATIONS and a couple of APA-Ls. My reaction to his nomination was more one of shock that he'd been nominated when I could name at least three people who were much better writers without really having to think too hard about it. It upset me that the system was such that one did not really have to be all that worthy to get on the ballot, and not that someone I was unfamiliar with had been nominated. I guess that you are right in saying that my reaction was "How the hell did he get on the ballot?", but only in terms of relative merit, not because of any overinflated sense of my own fannish importance. Your claim that "enough...were impressed with Digby's writing to nominate him" breaks down in light of information I received from a LASFS member who said that no other nominee was even considered, it being assumed that Tom would get the LASFS votes.

The material this issue somehow provokes little comment. Both Mikes have some interesting graphical experiments (Symes' illos being the only thing that saves "Gnurrserly Tale" from being a total loss) but the words that surround

them contain few comment hooks for me. I'm amazed at Marsha's memory for trivial inconsequential details though. She must surely have made copious notes throughout the entire trip, but I cannot help but wonder if anyone really cares what Bruce had for breakfast, lunch and dinner each day. If she'd spend more time on the places and people they visited and concentrated on selecting only the really interesting or amusing anecdotes the report would not only be a lot shorter (let's all avoid the obvious puns) but a lot easier to read as well. The concluding paragraph is really the only one in this section of the report that conveys anything beyond a sense of rather dull routine, and I'm sure the trip must have been more exciting than that.

There is much that one could respond to in the letters. But I'm getting a bit carried away here so I'll restrict myself to a few remarks in response to your comments to me. You were right in most of what you deduced concerning my repro. The Gestefax I use (I don't know the model) is not available to students, being an administration run device. I just got friendly with the man they pay to run it and was able to use the machine at times. But experimentation was out, and to save time I had to run things at the 200 lines per inch



setting. The result is that faint network of lines you pointed out. Last issue (#9) I did tend to run the machine (the mimeo that is) more slowly and the illos did seem to be darker and I've taken to monitoring the manual inker more closely than I once did. Perhaps my repro will approach what I'd like it to be. As far as the text is concerned, I've always tried to balance legibility against see-through, settling for clear but not necessarily jet-black text in order to eliminate the see-through as much as possible. I do like the hard buff paper, but it certainly isn't as easy to work with as the fibretint, or twilltone, or whatever it is. It is not as absorbent, making pick-up more of a problem, and it has more see-through than the corresponding weight of Twil-Tone. However as far as I can determine, Twil-Tone isn't available in Canada! I know that sounds ridiculous, but no one I've approached so far has had it. If I can't get it as a result of my latest inquiries, I'll try and find out what it would cost to get it from Walter's and pay the import tax. (It may amuse you to know that the last lot of paper for ENERGUMEN cost me \$3.09 a ream.) I never said I electrostencilled all my text; I said I electrostencilled all my art, rather than handcutting the line drawings as some faneds do. You're right that you can always tell electrostencilled text by the fuzziness, and Richard did LOWDOWN that way to save time. It's really rather strange. I've always used a hard paper for ENERGUMEN but have a secret longing to put out an issue on Twil-Tone, while many Twil-Tone users have sighingly told me that they wished that they could afford the type of paper I use! A clear case of the grass being greener.



Much more could be said but will remain unsaid for now. Other commitments (a word that certainly looks as if it should contain two "t"s) are calling and cannot be put off longer.

Isn't that the way of it? Once one gets started there are always a million more interesting things to talk about.

I think you slightly misinterpreted what your informant said. There wasn't any LASFS planned bloc voting to get Tom on the ballot. Once he had gotten on the ballot the situation was much as you describe. As you may have gathered I was highly amused by Tom's nomination. I foresaw immediately the reaction that would occur and watched the returns with ever increasing delight. No doubt I was a bit too generous with the needle, and, if so, apologies.

I really don't quite know to account for Dick Geis winning the Fan Writer Hugo. (I put no reliance on my tastes in the matter - I voted, in order, Digby, Fishman, Pauls, Carr, and Geis which shows you how much in sync with the rest of fandom.) Actually Dick Geis is a much better fan writer than you are giving him credit for - if you take his entire body of work into account.

This whole question of who voted for fan Hugos (or pro Hugos for that matter) and why they voted in that fashion is rather moot. It is very easy to say that there was a bloc of fans who are essentially unfamiliar with the nominees in question and who are voting for nominees like SFR and Geis simply because those are the only names they recognize. I have no doubt that there was such a bloc. However it is in the nature of things that the size of this bloc is very hard to estimate.

Consider the difficulties: First of all the large circulation fanzines are likely to be superior in quality in the eyes of many people. (This is a rather obvious point - a large circulation fanzine doesn't become a large circulation fanzine unless its editor wants it to be and a large number of people are willing to subscribe to it.) Secondly there is a great deal of fashion and fad in the selection of nominees - one year someone will be a nominee and serious Hugo contender and the next he won't even be considered, as witness the fact that two years ago Charlie Brown was a nominee for best fan writer and this year wasn't even in the running. Then there is the simple difficulty that it is impossible to tell who the electorate is and, more importantly, how well informed it is. (This latter point is the critical one - it is easy enough to draw up a list of people who are reasonably well informed but it is very difficult to figure out who isn't on that list that should be.) There is the difficulty that fans are a widely varied and cussed lot and not only have different tastes but also different theories as to what ones voting should be based on.

This latter factor is one that is often overlooked in these discussions. People regularly damn the Hugo nominations and selections and cite, as evidence, that such and such nominations and winners were obviously inferior to other nominees and possible nominees. Now the catch to this is not in insisting that ones own tastes should be treated as holy writ but in demanding that a consensus of tastes match ones own. It is quite true that an individual or a select body of judges can have superior taste to the mob. Unfortunately a select body or individual can also have some startling biases and blind spots.

And then there are the fascinating and unanswerable questions. For example: How did Starlight get on the ballot? Was it because of the Analog bloc vote? Was it a sympathy vote because Harry's two best novels (Needle, and Mission of Gravity) came out in years when there were no Hugos being awarded? Was it simply because Harry is a hell of a nice guy and a lot of people voted for him for that reason? Or was it simply because there were a number of people who thought Starlight really was very good? And who can say? No one, really.

Or let us take the fan writer Hugo for a moment. Now if you take the entire body of work of each of the nominees there is no real doubt in my mind that Terry Carr deserved the Hugo. But if we restrict ourselves to 1970 the whole question becomes different. Scratch Liz Fishman and Tom Digby - they are both specialists operating within a narrow framework. This leaves us with Geis, Carr, and Pauls. Now compare Geis and Pauls. Pauls principal writing was a number of book reviews. Geis did book reviews and editorials. Pauls appeared in more zines - Geis probably reached as many people with one zine. Of the two, who was the better writer? Some say one and some say the other, but it is perfectly comprehensible that one would pick Geis over Pauls. Now compare Geis and Carr. This is a toughie because Terry did not write a great deal during that year and much of that was in very low circulation fanzines. Of the material that was available it is easy to score Carr higher on style and Geis higher on content. I'm not saying that one should but I am saying

that it is quite comprehensible to me that one would have much preferred listening to what Dick Geis had to say than what Terry Carr had to say in the year in question. And there you are with Dick Geis in first place. But, you scream, he did not deserve a Hugo for his writing in 1970! I sympathize. However, if Geis did not deserve a Hugo, then nobody else either - and that is a highly defensible proposition. The real trouble is that the whole category was weak this year, particularly compared with previous years. Terry Carr had a column in FP where he grumped about the Hugo nominations. His points about the fan writer Hugo were well taken. He said, in effect, Well here I am in contention. Naturally I would like to win, but if I don't I would like to feel that somebody worthwhile is going to beat me out and I don't think there is anybody. And, all told, I think he had a pretty legitimate case.

So much for the fan writer Hugo. Let's talk about fanzines. There is one proposition that I can assert that I feel there is little real argument about. That is: In any given year it is likely that the fanzine Hugo winner is likely to have a reasonably large circulation. Beyond that all is murky. As a practical matter I think the question is dead for next years balloting, because I don't think there is any such thing as a significant LOCUS bloc vote at this point. SFR turned people on - LOCUS doesn't. A lot of people felt that LOCUS deserved a Hugo; it wasn't so much that they were enthralled with LOCUS as they felt that it represented a lot of work in behalf of fandom, work that should be recognized. You may not feel that is a valid theory of voting but a lot of people do. I may be wrong, of course, but my own feeling is that LOCUS will be lucky to make it on the ballot next year and that, if it does, it is very unlikely to win. Very unlikely. Actually I rather feel that next years nominations will contain a lot of surprises in the fan categories.

I think your estimate of the number of people voting who had seen *ENERGUMEN* is low - perhaps quite low. The point is you can't just go by number of people on your mailing list who are Hugo voters. You have to consider two questions: how many people read a copy when an issue comes out, and how many people made a special effort to find and read copies when the nominees were announced. I have no idea. It is highly likely that any copy which goes to a club or to a center of social activity is likely to be read by several people. How large these factors are is a mystery. I have no idea and I don't see how anybody could say. Maybe 40% of the voters had seen E. and maybe 80%. I wouldn't be surprised at either figure. I wouldn't be surprised if the percentage were higher or lower. Personally I don't think that *Energumen* suffered particularly in the balloting, although I think that *Outworlds* and *Speculation* did (and particularly *Spec.*)

The whole thing about this question of circulation and exposure is that a lot depends on fad and fashion. If a zine gets a good press its circulation doesn't matter that much (within limits) because it draws attention and its effective circulation tends to be a good deal higher than its actual circulation. On the other hand a zine which is not fashionable and which does not have a large circulation is in terrible shape.

If all of this sounds like I am cynical, you're right. I won't agree with those who hold that the Hugos are essentially meaningless because I feel that the winners are usually supportable. That is, most of the time I feel I can see grounds for justifying the choice of the actual winner - even if I disagree personally with the selection. Hugos are sort of like democracy - it's not a very good system, but it's better than all the rest.

Mike Gilbert
22 Koster Blvd.
Edison NJ

Thank you for PB. Your repro was excellent - especially after seeing some of my stuff butchered in a recent fanzine. And it came postage due...

A suggestion! In order to really find out how your different repro systems look on paper make a test sheet of lines all widths, etc., and run it using different types and colours of papers - even different colours of inks - and you have a pretty good idea of what everything looks like.

As I have been griping about the nostalgia craze I find an echo in the editorial as it seems that the "Fannish Insurgency" is concerned with their own brand of nostalgia. I also find it odd that they have no concern (vocal at least) with art. My only explanations for this is that artists are notoriously not active in fannish politics or, possibly, as a yearning for the good old days when all you did with artwork was stick it on a page and type around it with no thought to layout or even repro.

On the use of artwork - the Rotsler's came out beautiful in red. It's what they needed, though I think it would be successful only on the smaller illos. The Murphy's Law heading was too "light weight", especially opposite the Radical Corner which, though enjoyable, has a tendency to interrupt the flow of the magazine because it flows all over the page. This could have been corrected by a border running around the outside of the page. All in all, the positioning of the illos lent a smooth flow through the issue with few exceptions. I did like the bacover much better than the front.

Throughout the entire time he had Analog Campbell had sole control of artists. He knew what he wanted for the magazine and, unlike many so-called Art Editors, he did have a good sense of what looked good and what didn't. Analog was the only place where you could expect a decent deal. Also Herb Stoltz was responsible for much of the Analog layout. (He is the Conde Nast art director.)

Unlike most zines PB has a complete list of totally readable contents - every article was interesting. You even beat out Glicksohn's zine and Bill Bowers this month. PB needs some art comment - perhaps our young reservist can talk for a page or two. I do think that PB visually came off its own this issue. I will be very disappointed if Mike Symes or I do not receive comments better than neat or blah on our own separate, definitely not standard, styles and efforts.

P.S. I like the excessive editorial comment in the letter column.

This will probably be the last issue which is so extensively commented. After all there are distinct limits to the amount of space one can devote to this sort of thing. I agree that it is nice. By their very nature letter columns tend to be very jumbled. Editorial comment tends to unify them by providing a running thread of common viewpoint and style.

Your comments on the artwork and the layout are a dramatic illustration of what commentary on artwork and layout should be and very seldom is. However you really can't expect sharp, concise, and meaningful commentary on visual appearance from very many readers. I know it seems unfair to the artists that the general reaction to artwork is so minimal and vague but the simple fact is that almost all fans can read and write whereas very few have been trained to actually see and analyze what they are looking at.

It isn't quite fair to say that in the good old days all you did with artwork was stick it on a page, etc. First of all there always have been fanzines in which a great deal of thought and care was taken about artwork and layout. Secondly those good old days are with us right here and now...

Fannish fanzines are, for purely technical reasons, quite unlikely to have a strong emphasis on art and layout. (Let me correct that - the layout and artwork are likely to be quite restricted in variety.) Most fannish fanzines stick to stencilled artwork, lettering, etc. The kinds of things one can do with hand stencilled artwork is quite limited even if one is very skilled.

29 September 1971
Archie Mercer
21 Trenethick Parc
Helston, Cornwall

Dear Bcskonian Property

The eighth of that ilk having hove in sight and been duly attended to, and there's quite a lot of it at that, a few words upon the subject would be doubtless Proper. About the artwork, for instance - which is generally attractive except that there's far too much Rotsler. (With artwork it's impossible to please everybody, particularly when everybody includes me.) Then there are the comic strips. "War of the Beer Zombies" looks clever but is lost on me because I lack intimacy with the in-group involved. "The Animate Secrets" is all broody and Bode and, to me, lacks point. Finally, "Gnurrserly Tale" looked initially promising, but wasn't worth it. (*Ouch!*)

This business of a certain T. Digby achieving a Hugo nomination entirely from a limited-circulation publication croggles me too, even though you purport to explain it. It would have annoyed me at one time - in fact a parallel case some years back, I seem vaguely to recall, did annoy me. Between then and now, however, I realized the essential meaninglessness of the Hugoes, manifested in all sorts of other ways besides this one, and entirely lost interest in their workings. One of the advantages of running big, big issues is that you can run therein big, big slices of Marsha's con/triprep. I'm not sure whether Nathan Childer's review is genuine or satire - which means it loses its point of course. If it is genuine, I would seriously suggest trying it on Our Man From Those Parts, Brian Willson Aldiss, who claims a nodding acquaintance with the Serbo-Croatian language.

No, I'm not - at least I hitherto wasn't - familiar with that particular Bierceism. I like it. Is Mike Gilbert a reincarnation of George Metzger? Oh yes. You were asking for more guidance as to what and why re artwork. Well, almost anything by Bjo or Jim Cawthorn or George Barr or Tim Kirk or several others of similar ilk can hardly do wrong. Shull 71, whoever he is, shows distinct promise - I do hope his threatened illo on P.5 survived OK - and Marilyn Hawkes, in a somewhat simpler field, likewise. Rotsler cartoons are ugly cartoons (usually they seem to me to lack point too.) ATom's one of the best when he cartoons, but his stereotyped stranded spaceman leaves me cold.

Thanks again all of you. Even though engineering technicalities are lost on me, I find the PB a highly readable fanzine. May it prosper - or do I mean proper? - no, prosper is correct. You're confusing me. Beryl mentions that she's very proud of having merited a cartoon/illo all, so to speak, to herself. She too enjoys following Marsha around the world - more, I think, because she's now met her than if she'd been just another faceless name. Best and things from us both.

It is sort of refreshing to hear someone come right out and say that he thinks that Rotsler cartoons are ugly - it's practically like questioning the true faith.

I had thought it was obvious that the Childer's review was a hoax. However a number of people were either taken in or weren't sure. The trouble is that so many unlikely things happen in the music world that it is difficult to tell whether something is a hoax or whether it just represents somebody's freaky notion of reality. Actually the Childer's byline is one I use for hoax book reviews, etc.

L. Sprague de Camp
278 Hothorpe Lane
Villanova Pa 19085

Thank you for PB8. For biographical reasons, I am interested in locating unpublished letters (other than those in the Lovecraft Collection at Brown University or in possession of my colleague Glenn Lord) by H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Clark Ashton Smith, and other members of the HPL-WT circle in the 1930s, to borrow for photocopying. Any help in this matter that readers of PB can give me will be esteemed a great favor.

- Kaor -

It is quite likely that you already know about the Grill collection (which, I am told, is the most complete collection of Lovecraftiana in the world) but if you haven't check with Jack Chalker or Mark Owings.

Dan Goodman
1406 Leavenworth
San Francisco, CA 94109

On your editorial: As you may not know, Fannish Fandom (specifically an ingroup of fannish fans which included some of the Fannish Insurgents) invented APA L. Not directly, no. But Fistfa/



Fanoclasts sprouted APA F, the first weekly apa & first local apa which APA L was an imitation of. When APA L folded it was Len Bailes (a certified Fannish Fan) who revived it after several months.

The Fannish Insurgents are fairly high on my list of ingroups which think they own fandom. So is a group with which I believe you have some connections: the Secret Masters of Fandom. Some members of each group are level headed enough not to make this assumption, few in either group are damfool enough to make it all the time.

Ted Pauls does some good writing (I recall, from KIPPLE, an excellently written paean of praise for a bright new Maryland liberal politician named Spiro Agnew) but I can think of several fanwriters who do rather better book reviews. Sandra Meisel and Fred Patten come to mind.

I think it is possible to keep track of what's going on in fandom. No one person can do it, of course, but a group including people of several fannish orientations might. Harry Warner has a fairly good idea of what's happening in fanzines; Bruce Pelz pretty well knows what goes on in West Coast fan politics and has a rudimentary idea of what's happening on the East Coast; Bjo Trimble probably knows about most of the artists in fandom. George Scithers knows about conventions.

Chocolate covered manhole covers don't appeal to me although they might be fairly edible if served with pure Ent blood (usually sold under the name "maple syrup".) I prefer another of Digby's recipes: toasted marbles. At one of Digby's Fourth Saturday Parties (held on the 3rd or 5th Saturday of the month, sometimes on the sixth Saturday, and occasionally on the 4th Saturday) I asked if anyone knew the recipe for fried marbles. Nobody did, but Digby toasted several marbles over a kitchen burner, the way one toasts marshmallows. The results were sort of melted looking, oddly enough. *(He probably forgot the chives - always spread marbles with chives and apple butter before toasting them. - RH)*

You're right that the cost of staying at a conhotel is higher than the cost of worldcon membership. Unfortunately concons mostly seem determined to choose the most expensive available hotels. I don't stay in "good" hotels if I can help it; I suspect most fans could happily do without the little luxurious touches of a Hilton or similar hotel. There's been a fair amount of talk lately about camping out cons; while this would be impractical for a Worldcon, it might work quite well for a small regional. (There are two types of campingcons being proposed. One, which I think would work nicely, is a small, quiet regional set up in the wilderness, run by experienced fans who are also experienced campers. The other, being advocated by Justin St. John, would be modelled after rock festivals; a lot of city folk camping out noisily, with nobody really running things and everyone high as a kite, a lot of noise, and plenty of programs.)

I go to cons mostly to see people in a congenial atmosphere. (If the concom is busy pushing people around to show Who's Boss, or the hotel staff is concentrating on being obnoxious, the atmosphere is not congenial.) Other people go mostly for the programs. I'm willing enough to pay for the programs I don't go to; they attract people I want to see, for one thing. But I dislike the idea of paying for movies. Or rock bands. (Or folk music, jazz, light opera, etc.)

I think there are too many frills in Worldcons and lesser cons these days. I think if some of these frills were dispensed with that Worldcons could be cheaper. I think a concomm really dedicated to cutting costs could cut back in other areas. (Cheaper program booklets, for instance; there's no reason I can think of why a program book has to look pretty. Maybe more expensive program books with lots of artwork could be sold as souvenirs to those who wanted them. Or maybe a concomm could offer art portfolios at a reasonable price and leave most of the art out of the program book.)

Apparently a large minority (possibly a majority) of Worldcon attendees these days are not recognized fans. Only a minority are genuinely active fans. The Hugoes may very well not represent fandom's choices at all.

I'd like to see a poll, divorced from the Worldcon, which had the same prestige as the Hugoes - a poll limited to the people who actually read fanzines. There have been several fanpolls intended for fanzine fans; but none of them have a wide enough circulation.

What might be done as a step towards this is to have as many polls in fandom as possible; the law of survival of the fittest will eliminate the weakest ones and eventually the best few will survive. Towards this end I'll be running a monthly (if I keep up the schedule) poll in APA L.

Harter, you're a lousy prophet; Ted Pauls came in third for the Hugo (right behind Terry Carr, who was certain Pauls would win) and Digby wasn't anywhere the top. *(Sigh; you're right - I am a lousy prophet. I didn't really think that Tom had a chance but I was very surprised that Ted Pauls didn't win. - RH)* I think Pauls will be helped some next year by Geis's being effectively out of the race but hurt by a trend away from book reviews. Digby will be helped by the Worldcon being on his home ground (although a lot of people will probably show up who attended LASFS ten years ago and know nothing important has happened since - don't know or care that APA L exists.) He'll be hurt by limited exposure as he was this year; APA L isn't broad enough voting base. I think Terry Carr will be helped by a current trend towards fannishness; but, if he doesn't get the Hugo in '72, he won't get it in '73 either. New types of informal fanwriting, based partly on fannishness and partly on Digby type idea-tripping will make Terry's style look oldfashioned.

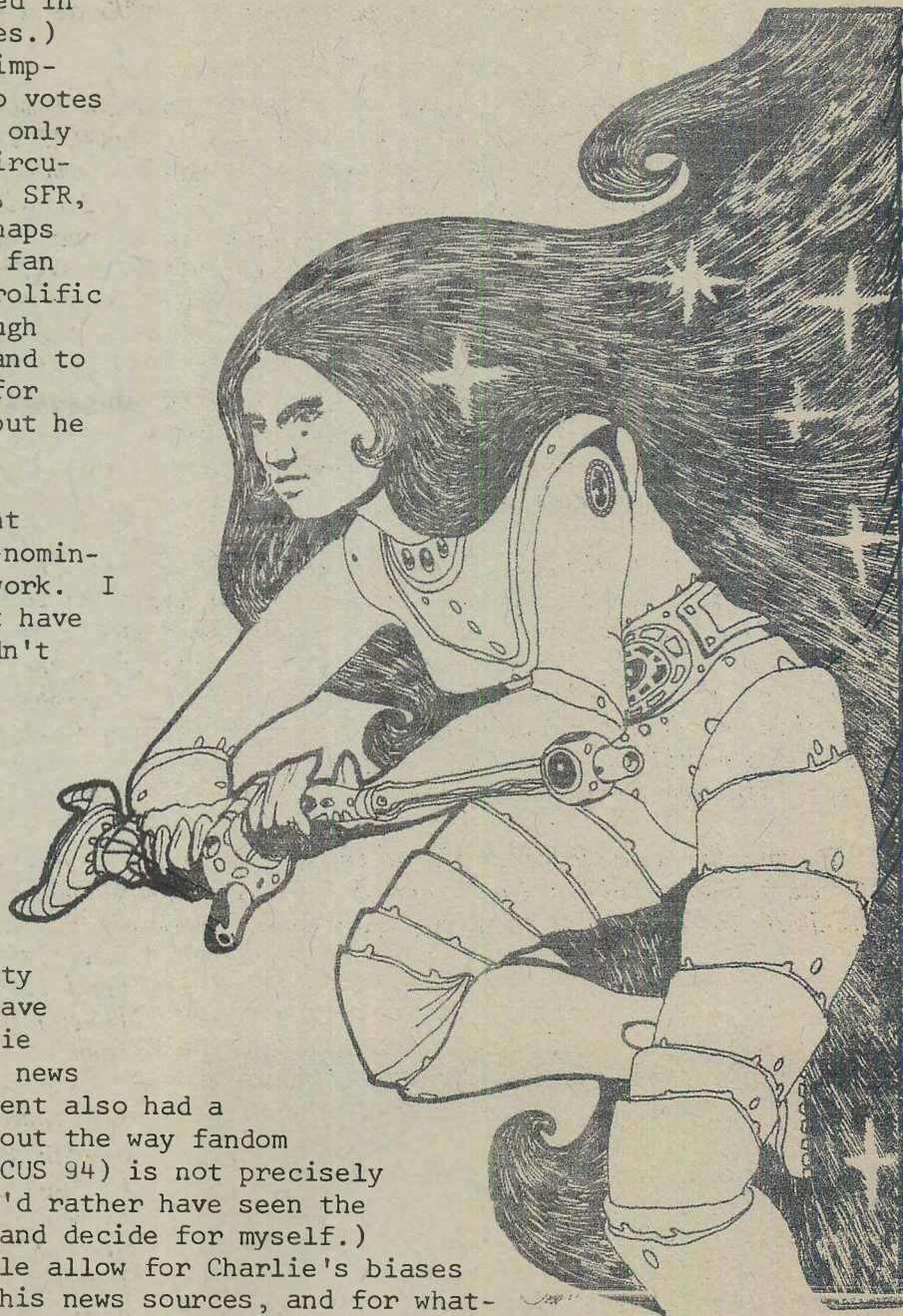
Liz Fishman was hurt by being mostly a one fanzine writer; YANDRO isn't a broad enough voting base either. If Rosemary Ulliyot gets nominated then Liz will lose votes, they seem to appeal to pretty much the same tastes and Rosemary's work is read by more people. I expect Rosemary to be nominated next year. Arnie Katz also has a fair chance for the nomination. (I wish to Hell Harry Warner would accept another fanwriter nomination but he won't.)

More predictions: LOCUS will be renominated but won't win. SFR is eligible but quite likely won't be nominated - no fresh issues to remind people of its existence. ENERGUMEN will be renominated and has a good chance of winning; OUTWORLDS will be renominated unless Bowers gafiates. FOCAL POINT will likely be nominated - it isn't the best fannish zine but it has the largest circulation.

The three top fanartists will be nominated again. I'm not sure about Fabian & Gilbert; one or both might be crowded out. Possible other nominees - George Barr, Jim Schull, and Steve Stiles as a longshot. (Stiles appears almost exclusively in faanish zines - the top ranked nominees last time were

all people who appeared in a wide variety of zines.) Exposure seems to be important in getting Hugo votes although it isn't the only factor; the largest circulation zine nominated, SFR, lost. Rotsler is perhaps the most widely known fan artist and the most prolific (there seem to be enough Rotsler cartoons on hand to keep fandom supplied for at least five years) but he only came in third.

It seems important these days for a Hugo-nominated zine to have artwork. I suspect LOCUS wouldn't have won its HUGO if it didn't look so pretty, for instance. That is a hell of a way to judge a newszine. A newszine should be judged on the usefulness of its news and on the accuracy and objectivity of its reporting. I have complaints about Charlie Brown's objectivity in news stories ("Their statement also had a touch of bitterness about the way fandom treated their bid" (LOCUS 94) is not precisely objective reporting; I'd rather have seen the text of the statement and decide for myself.) Still, so long as people allow for Charlie's biases and for the biases of his news sources, and for whatever biases Dena introduces, and for the suppression of certain news on grounds of Good Taste (like the reasons for not voting for various TAFF candidates) LOCUS is useful. FOCAL POINT was also useful, especially as a corrective to LOCUS, so long as you remembered that it reflected a party line.



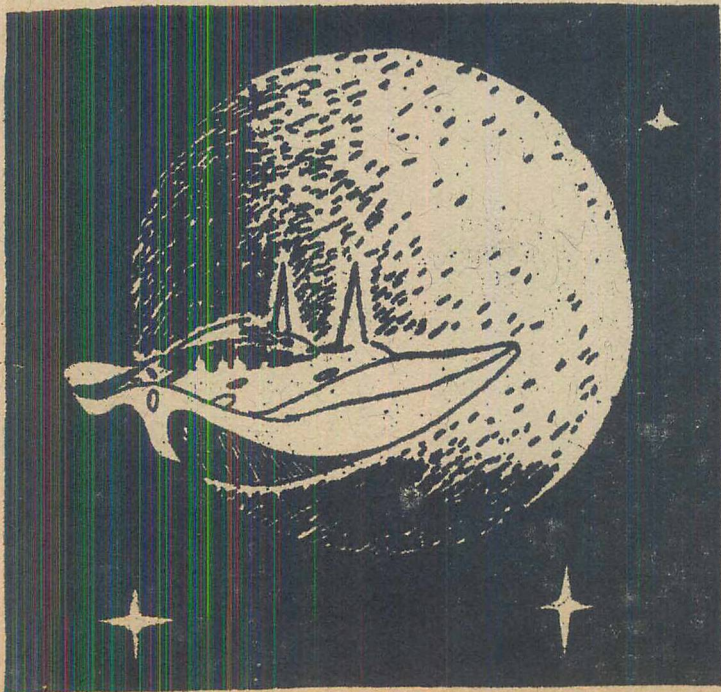
I get most of my fan news these days from SANDERS. (Actually, I get most of my fannews from letters, genzines, and apas; to my way of thinking, there's no really good newszine around.) So long as I remember that SANDERS is unlikely to speak ill of any Quinn Yarbrow project, and that in any dispute within the Creative Anachronists it would automatically side with the Western Kingdom against the Eastern Kingdom, and a few other things like that, I can take its reporting with only a few grains of salt.

To tie some of your remarks together: If there were a really good fan newszine one could keep track of what is going on in fandom through it. If one adopts that standard then the shortcomings of LOCUS as a newszine are sharply illuminated.

Your predictions are interesting and about what I would predict. Among the fanzines I would add as possible nominees: CARANDAIRTH, GRANFALLOON, SCYTHROP, and YANDRO. Among the fanwriters Sandra Meisel and Fred Patten. Among the fanartists I would count Austin, Kirk, and Fabian as being most likely to be renominated. It is conceivable to me that Rotsler might not be renominated, although the odds are that he will be. Gilbert is more likely to be bumped. (This is not because of his failings as an artist but more a matter of things that he prefers to do not being in fashion - "pretty" fantasy is all the vogue these days.) I would add as long shot possible nominees Jim McLeod and Wendy Fletcher (If Wendy were nominated it would be striking evidence of the dominance of convention fandom.) Beyond that I don't have any notions. I take that back - I predict that there will be one or more very surprising nominations.

As you know I disagree quite strongly about the frills - movies, art shows, huckster rooms, and costume balls provide an ambience which I enjoy and miss when they are not present. OOPS! I overlooked the most important frill of all - Chaos games in the swimming pool. I have to agree about rock bands though. (Despite liking rock music and bands.) I would draw the line between activities which are of particular interest to fans because of their interest in SF and activities which are of general interest. Thus I accept movies because they are of interest to many fans in their role as SF fans.

I have to concede that there is some justice in the plaint of those who don't want these frills (and indeed may prefer that they were not present) and object to having to help pay for them. However I don't see any real alternative - cons, these days, tend to be put on and voted for by people who do want them.



Despite the emotional energy the rise in con costs is negligible in comparison to the other costs associated with attending a con and this, I think, is the area where this sort of inquiry can most profitably be made.

The principal cost which is under the control of the committee is the Hotel room rates and the selection of the hotel. There are some significant constraints on the concom however. First of all there has been a general rise in hotel rates over the past few years - particularly on the east coast. Secondly the size of recent worldcons severely

restricts the choice of hotel. And, thirdly, a large percentage of those who go to cons do prefer a good hotel over a cheap hotel.

As a result I do not expect any significant changes in the costs of going to cons in the near future. If the attendance at worldcons dropped drastically (say to 500) I expect con hotel costs could be cut - there would be much freedom in selecting hotels.

I don't think that this is particularly likely. What I think is a more likely possibility is that world con attendance will keep growing and that the practice of using only one hotel will have to be abandoned. This actually would solve the problem of hotel costs because one could select the principal meeting place for facilities and select the residential hotels for their room rates. This, in turn, would make for other problems.

The whole question of who attends worldcons is an interesting one which has been, I feel, obscured by most of the published discussion I've seen. It is quite clear that there are a goodly number of people who attend cons who are not particularly aware of fandom. (I would count anyone who did not know that LOCUS exists as being rather unaware of fandom.) On the other hand I have strong doubts about statements that the Hugoes are not determined by fandom because I suspect that most people who make such statements have unduly restricted notions of who is a fan and what fandom is and because the people who actually vote in the fan categories are (as far as I can tell) people who have some knowledge of what they are doing.

The whole notion of a campcon or campcons is interesting. Actually organized fannish and quasifannish outings go on all the time. Of the two types of campcons that you describe I would count the wilderness head con as being the more likely to happen, for strictly cynical reasons. I can't see why experienced campers would want the responsibility of riding herd on a bunch of tenderfoot fen.

Your comment that I have connections with the Secret Masters of Fandom is quite correct - I mostly hang out with what could be called the SMOF crowd even though I don't tend to swing that way myself. Your comment raises an interesting point. A number of years ago one didn't talk of SMOF's, one talked of BNF's, a term that is sliding into disuse, which says something about the way fandom has changed. One usually got to be a BNF on the strength of one's writing and publishing. One becomes a SMOF by manipulating people to get certain things done in a certain specified fashion.



Peter Mabey
226 Nicholls Tower
Harlow, Essex
Sept 20, 1971

Solution to word game in PB#7: FJORD, NYMPH,
WALTZ, VIBEX (a weal - in most big dictionaries),
and GUCKS (gooey mucks - in Webster's unabridged)
- OK? I thought that CRWTH (a Welsh zither) would
have been a good word to use, but it takes too many
other useful letters: also Q-BOAT.

Peter, you are appalling! Do you realize that a quite respectable number of people at MIT have worked on that little puzzle off and on for several years without finding a solution. I checked all of your words in a dictionary and they are all OK.

Dainis Bisenieks
210 Pearson Hall
Iowa State University
Ames, IA 50010
Sept. 12, 1971

I have finished perusing PB8. My, my, Marsha
still hasn't gotten to the Heicon: my prophecy is
likely to come true. Do you need someone to trans-
late German newspaper newspaper clippings for you? I'll
do it if nobody else will.

By the way, you misspelled
DONAUDAMPFSCHIFFFAHRTSGESELLSCHAFTSKAPITANSWITWE. (*Not surprising - RH*)
One point I'm not quite sure on: where a word that ends with a double consonant
and one that begins with the same consonant are run together, can you have
three identical letters in a row? If so, you get a triple F instead of
double: In the old orthography of Latvian you could get five E's in a row:
NEEEEET (modern orthography NEIEIET, syllable division being ne-ie-iet)
meaning "not to go in".

*I don't remember any specific rule about not tripling consonants but
it wouldn't seem like the sort of thing that would be done in English. In
fact I can't think offhand of any instances where it would come up.
Come to think of it might not one be able to speak of hillllamas (being, of
course, llamas that live in the hills?) Probably not. I pose the question
to the readers. Can anyone think of a case where a letter is tripled or
where it is not when it potentially could be?*

Jerry Lapidus
54 Clearview Drive
Pittsford NY 14534
February 1, 1972

I've been meaning to write you about PB and
other things since Noreason, but now, with my
leaving for Amsterdam a bare two weeks away, I'm
actually trying to do it. This will be less in
detail than I'd hoped, but I did want to tell you
at least a couple of important things.

First I would like to thank you for your recommendation of Walters
for mimeo supplies in the letter column as well as your suggestions on
mimeo technique. As it happened, just a couple of months after reading
this, I was able to get hold of an old AB Dick 411, for only \$25, but in
surprisingly good condition. Unfortunately, try as I might, I was unable
to find any place around here for reasonable mimeo supplies. I was unable
to get stencils for less than \$4 or paper (decent twiltone) for less than
\$3.50 a ream (at least not in less than 100 quire or ream lots.) Taking
your advice and sending to Walter's, I got quite satisfactory stencils and
perfect paper and supplies in just about two weeks for far less than I could
have gotten it here. I've passed the word about Walter's on to other people,
so they might also benefit.

The other major thing is to congratulate you for your interest in purely visual features. As you know if you've seen TA...8 (and you certainly should have by now) I'm really interested in just letting artists go and play around with entirely visual stuff. You've got some really nice things from the Mikes, Symes and Gilbert here - and that certainly deserves note.

Otherwise, the magazine is wierd and looks very much like exactly what it is - a clubzine. A great variety of material and an even greater variety of quality. There is some really fine material, right alongside some really substandard work. Same with the artwork too. The result is a fat 80-page fanzine which leaves a mediocre impression, while there's enough outstanding material for a really good 50-page magazine. Reminds me very much of Niekas except for the basic interest behind it. I'm wondering, Richard, what's really your position there? Do you really feel yourself somewhat constrained to print a large amount of what comes in from the group, as it appears? I'm sure you didn't really think that this all was really great stuff - things like the Murphy's Laws, for example, which I must have seen in at least half a dozen fanzines by now.

It is perceptive of you to notice the resemblance between PB and Niekas. This is by no means accidental. On one hand Marsha Elkin to a great extent and Elliot Shorter and Frank Prieto to a lesser extent have given me many valuable suggestions on mimeo technique, layout, etc. All three were associated with Niekas. On the other hand I was an admirer of Niekas and my editorial policy is partly patterned on that of Niekas (although, Ghu forbid, not to the extent of using micro elite, which I regard as a real abomination.) You remark that I publish a great variety of material and this is true - it is deliberate policy on my part. To my way of thinking one of the great merits of fanzines is that they represent a forum where many things which would otherwise have no outlet can be published. Some time ago in a review of an earlier PB Buck Coulson commented that Nobody would enjoy everything in it but that everybody would enjoy something. I felt that it was an accurate description both of the particular issue at hand and of what I try to achieve.

Your question about my being constrained to print a large amount of what comes in from the group is hard to answer. Certainly it is not directly true. I am given a completely free hand by the club to print whatever I please. However I am indirectly influenced because I keep in mind that PB is a NESFA publication which is principally read by NESFA members and hence there is a strong bias towards things which I feel will interest NESFA members. There is also the simple fact that material from members is easier to obtain whereas I have to go out and solicit material from nonmembers.

Your remarks on the Murphy's Laws article miss the mark. First of all, although you may have seen similar articles in other zines many of my readers have not. Secondly there is a little story behind that particular article. Back in 1965, when MITSFS published the Index to SF magazines (well actually MITSFS didn't publish the MITSFS index but that's a long story), John Campbell wrote a letter MITSFS deploring their wasting time on compiling an index when they could do something more useful like compiling Murphy's Laws. I immediately took this as something that MITSFS and later NESFA should do at some point or another. Some years later, at the Boskone in 1971 I was at a discussion group on computers at which Craig produce a computer listing of Murphy's Laws. There was a great deal of interest expressed at that time in them and I offered to publish them, thus obtaining an article which would, I felt, interest many of my readers and would also redeem my decision of several years ago to publish a compilation of Murphy's Laws.

Your congratulations on the visual aspects are gratifying since you do take a strong interest in that sort of thing. Actually I tend to pretty much use classical layout - i.e. corner to corner placement of illos across diagonals with art facing towards the direction of text, generous margins, and ample space for headings without using large blocks of empty space. I try, in a general way, to match text and artwork without being terribly concerned about it.

PB8 inspired not one but two letters from Ted White which appear below. Since they are considerably more, er, controversial than letters which usually appear in PB I would like to make a policy statement at this point. I have no particular objection to controversy per se nor to publishing same. However PB is not a battleground for other peoples battles. If anybody wants to write in and explain in loving detail what a fugheaded SOB I am I don't mind in the least and am perfectly content to publish them. Such things amuse me. But if you want to write in and maul somebody else forget it. I don't mind doing a bit of brawling myself but I'm not providing a public arena.

One further thing: I do not ordinarily cut letters (outside of passages which are obviously not of general interest.) This is particularly true when the letter involved expresses strong opinions - I would rather present what the writer had to say than what I thought he meant to say. However letters over three pages will, in general, be ruthlessly cut for obvious reasons of space. The letters below from Ted are not cut (except for some material in the first letter which was totally irrelevant to PB.) They run a little longer than I would like but I really did not feel that I could cut them satisfactorily, and retain their original force and spirit.

Ted White
1014 N. Tuckahoe St.
Falls Church,
VA 22046
Oct 2, 1971

.....

Your editorial is, in turn, merely asinine.

If you knew whereof you spoke, I'd call you a liar. Obviously you're more ignorant than malicious, but your opening paragraph and the three or four lines of the second have the shoe on exactly the wrong foot. Yes, there has been a bit of a Holy War recently in fandom. But it has not been conducted by "THE FANNISH INSURGENCY" as you charmingly dub it. Up to now it has been largely the work of Ted Pauls. It would appear that now he has dropped it, you are the new leader. I have yet to read one of his attacks that was factually accurate; yours repeats every piece of nonsense he spouted, and where he was corrected publicly, by people such as myself, you've chosen to ignore it. To me that's a clear sign of your own fanaticism: deliberate blindness to anything which contradicts what you chose to believe.

You identify me as part of this Insurgency nonsense, along with "Joyce and Arnie Katz, Rich and Colleen Brown, Terry Carr, Greg Benford, John D. Berry, Jay Kinney, and a supporting cast of thousands." You specifically identify AMAZING STORIES as one of "their publications," and have the gall to add, "(Some insurgency that has control of a prozine!)"

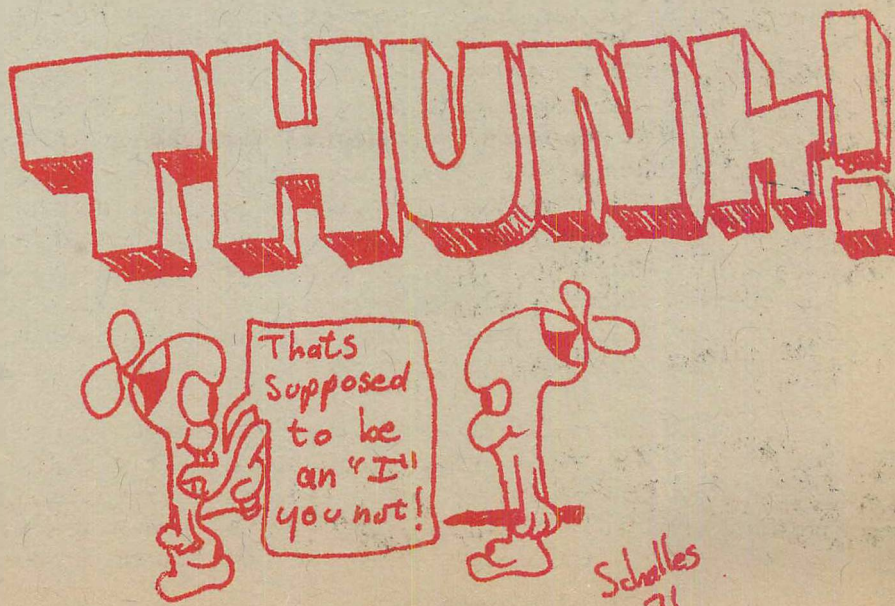
How do you reconcile this nonsense with the facts, many of which must be known to you? How do you reconcile my friendship with Dick Geis and my support of PSYCHOTIC/SFR throughout its entire second incarnation, both by remaining a major contributor to its pages and by continued reference to SFR in AMAZING and FANTASTIC? If AMAZING is in the control of "the insurgency," how can you possibly explain the treatment Geis and SFR have always received from me there? Taking it a step further, how about the editorial I based on a LOCUS news item, the credit for which I freely gave and which netted Charlie a few more subs. How do you reconcile my friendship with Ted Pauls, who credits me as his first mentor in fandom? As for "sercon", I refer you to my column in the latest ENERGUMEN, in which I deal with the word's actual meaning - one which you are apparently in ignorance of.

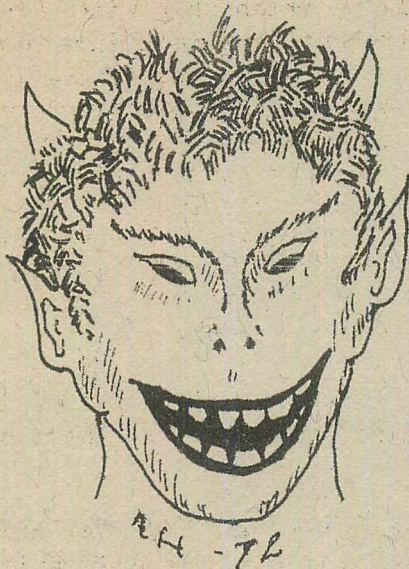
Equally, you seem unaware that a "Fake Fan" is a fan of fandom, not of sf - and few such fakefen are, or can be, "faceless". There have never been hordes of faceless fakefen.

"They abhor fanzines devoted to controversy." To the contrary, I've always rushed to support such fanzines, and not at all facetiously, either. I think controversy is the life-blood of fandom and I've never shied from it in twenty years. Your charge is one of hypocrisy; I deny it, flatly, and can point to my entire fan career in confirmation. (But then, what do you know about my fan career? Very little, I'd guess, and most of that uninformed gossip.)

You go on to sneer at my statement in ENERGUMEN that "the Fannish Insurgency is not a cliquish mutual admiration society," but how would you know? The phrase "Fannish Insurgency" is yours, not mine. You have redefined everything I said in order to sneer at it - but in total ignorance! What would you know about the personality conflicts that exist and have existed in that "mutual admiration clique"? You know nothing of a secret APA which was scuttled in feud, and little about what the actual opinion is of those people you named concerning each other. (Or care, either -RH) At the present time the list includes four people who aren't even speaking to each other! But by you they're a "mutual admiration clique"! Why? Because you say so?

You go on and on. You attack people who are in every respect your betters. You take arguments restricted to small-circulation fanzines and blow them up into fandom-wide crusades where none ever existed. Your description of what has been done, said and thought by all concerned is false to the point of outright lying. I despair of the time - and paper - required to deal with each point in turn. Each of your





paragraphs contains errors of fact and assumption that would require three or more paragraphs in refutation. Your opinion on who's interested in fanzine art is absurd - everyone you mention in your little list was publishing good looking fanzines before you were even aware of fanzines. *(Not bloody likely - some of them haan't even been born then. - RH)* Your notion of what might be "in worst taste than the typical issue of Focal Point" simply stuns me with its nonsequitor thinking.

Nothing within my recent memory comes closer to "wild charges against assorted windmills" than your editorial. Even your almost sensible conclusion is so loaded with misstated facts that it makes me wince. Fandom has for twenty years been big, anarchistic, and disorganized. (Hell - that's why Damon Knight started the N3F in 1941!) There've been "hundreds of fanzines, more than any one person could read or keep track of" for just as long. You think you've just discovered something new, but you haven't. Fandom is really not much bigger than it ever was - the turnover rate remains high - and most of those high circulation figures have been created by going beyond fandom, as you noted, to "dozens of fringe fandoms interlocked with fandom" - many of which share few overlapping interests, as an issue of the DALLASCON BULLETIN makes obvious. If people whose interests lay outside science fiction and fandom weren't enticed to Worldcons, the attendance figure wouldn't be much over a thousand. Additionally, if you asked every attendee at this year's Worldcon whether he was aware of fandom as an area of activity, I'll bet you one third (over 600) would say they weren't. Ask the remaining two thirds if they considered themselves active in fandom and I would be very surprised if more than half said they were. That's well under a thousand. Double it for the people unable to attend for one reason or another, and you've got the total number of people in North America who consider themselves fans - somewhere around twelve hundred. Of these, no more than half are concerned with fanzines, with fanzines, either writing for, publishing, or subscribing to. That number isn't much more now than it was ten years ago.

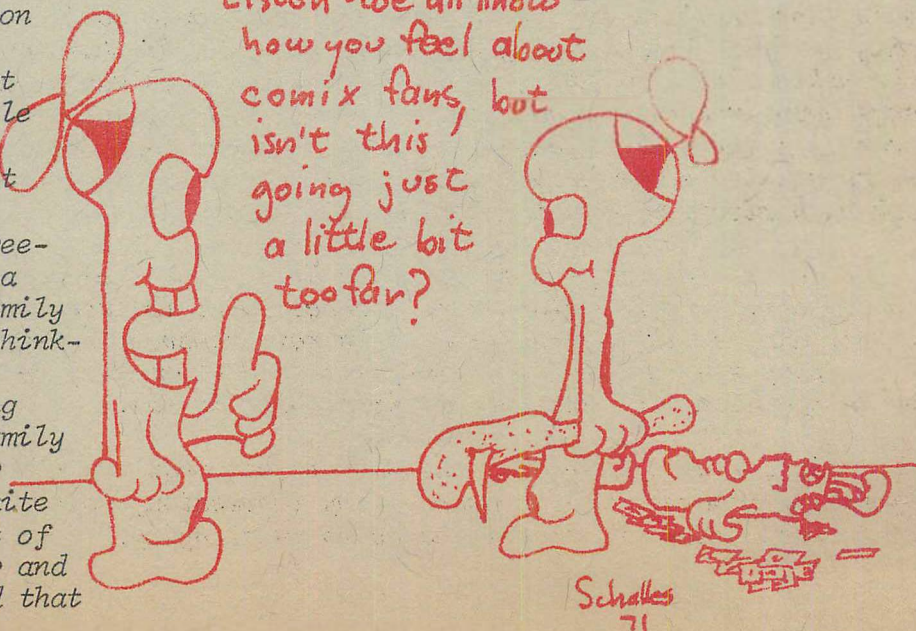
All things considered, I think you'd learn more at my feet than have up to now.

I suspect that the first thing I would learn at your feet would be to move fast. I must say that I was more amused than chagrined at the tone of your comments, although I must admit that you have some just cause for complaint.

To my mind you took the editorial far too seriously and missed the entire spirit of it. I'm not saying that you shouldn't get angry about it - that's your privilege - only that your anger is somewhat misdirected. However some specifics:

- 1 The term "fannish insurgency" is neither yours nor mine but the Katz's. It occurs to me since this is not the original version but a later day copy it could also be referred to as the neofannish insurgency.
- 2 It is quite true, as you indignantly note, that you supported SFR both in the pages of AMAZING, in SFR, and elsewhere. You have not, however, been above sniping at Charlie Brown in the pages of FOCAL POINT.
- 3 I have been reading sf magazines regularly for over twenty years. I do not recall any prozine that was ever dominated by a fannish orientation in its editorial matter as AMAZING and FANTASTIC are today - a rather narrow and partisan orientation at that. Now some of the old pulps did indeed devote large amounts of space to fandom. They carried fanzine review columns, some news, and large letter columns. However the editors did not get involved in the fray and, except possibly for isolated incidents, fannish politics did not appear in the prozines.
- 4 Whether there were (or are) one, two, many holy wars in fandom or none at all depends, I suspect, on whose ox is being gored at any particular moment. I will note, however, that FOCAL POINT (as revived by Rich Brown and Arnie Katz) was revived specifically to try to set fandom off in new directions and that, in effect, they didn't like what was going on and by god they were going to do something about. Whether this constitutes a Holy War I leave to you. Certainly it did constitute a political faction which was indulging in a fair amount of mudslinging and sniping of one sort or another for a while.
- 5 My representation of the Insurgency was, of course, a caricature. It is quite true that nobody on that list holds all of the views I ascribed to them, particularly in the exaggerated form that I cast them in.
- 6 I will have to disagree with you about the existence of a MAQ (mutual admiration clique.) Now it is beside the point that a number of the people mentioned are not on speaking terms - just as the existence of strong family disagreements does not stop a proud and ingrown family from acting as and thinking of itself as an entity - or regarding anyone not of the family as being of a lesser breed. Now it is quite noticeable that most of the people write for and about each other and that

Listen - we all know
how you feel about
comix fans, but
isn't this
going just
a little bit
too far?



they all were closely associated at one time or another, not necessarily all with all, but some with some. Now all of this is quite unexceptionable - it would be a strange world, after all, if no one had friends and associates. There is, however, in this group a strain of fannish dogmatism and a "we and ours are the soul of fandom" attitude that makes the term clique appropriate.

7 Notwithstanding all this the editorial is a major misrepresentation of your views for which apologies.

8 Your "correction" of Ted Pauls was somewhat less than that. Now Ted's charges were quite ill formulated but we can summarize by three charges:

- a) Arnie et. al. are guilty of cronyism and/or pushing a party line.
- b) Various polls, etc. show that the values in fanzine publication that are advanced in FP are not used as a basis of judgement by fandom.
- c) The value judgements in FP are wrong.

I don't have the relevant issues of *ENERGUMEN* at hand so I may be misrepresenting your reply. However my recollection is that your principal comments on (a) were that Ted was insulting your friends and that nobody would pick his friends for best fanwriter etc. (this was in reply to a comparison made by Ted between Joyce listing her circle as being worthy candidates and Ted listing list.) Now the first of these is a comment on the mode of argument and the second is a non sequitor.

As a paranthetical note I don't believe that Ted's charges of cronyism and/or partylining were warranted, at least as I have cast them. There is, after all, a substantial difference between championing the cause of your friends and those styles of writing and publication that one prefers and cronyism and/or partylining.

The rest of the exchange did not have much coherence either on your part or on Teds. Thus Ted seemed to be advancing the dubious argument that a large circulation fanzine must be good because it has a large circulation. You seemed to be advancing the idea that large circulation figures etc. didn't mean anything because a lot of these people don't really count. (I may be doing you a strong injustice here but if that isn't how you meant to be taken then what did you mean to say?) There was a rather silly interchange about who or how many people voting for Hugoes were really qualified to vote. I say silly because it is quite clear that neither you, nor Ted, nor anyone else knows enough people well enough among those people voting to speak authoritatively on the topic. And so on.

On points (b) and (c) my comments are: Point (c) does not really need comment. On the balance of evidence point (b) was true at the time of writing, and is likely true now it is not, however a terribly useful datum for analyzing the quality of writing within a particular school of writing. more to the point (b) and (c) are irrelevant to (a).

9 It is certainly far from the mark to say that you abhor controversy or fanzines devoted to controversy. My impression, however, is that you have a double standard when it comes to mudslinging.

So much for friendly chit chat. I could go on at length but, as you remark, I have a tendency that way as it is. I found your last paragraph interesting, if somewhat incredible. My first thought was to reject the numbers you cite as being rubbish. For example your figures imply that there are only about 600 people involved without fanzines, either "writing for, publishing or subscribing to." Taken literally that statement is false - the number is much larger. There are currently over two hundred fanzines being published, not counting apazines. The circulation figures of the large circulation fanzines have run much higher than 600. Even if we discount the circulation figures of SFR and LOCUS because they reach audiences outside of fandom one has to account for the fact that NIEKAS had a circulation of about a thousand several years ago. Thus simple objective evidence says that many more people are involved with fanzines than you allow. Similar comments apply to your estimates of the number of fans.

After a bit of thought, however, I decided that there was more to your figures than I had first allowed. The difficulty in trying to estimate how many fans (or fanzine fans) there are lies in the question of where you draw the line. If one is taking into account only those people who are fairly actively involved in fanzine fandom a figure of 600 does not seem too unreasonable with, perhaps, another thousand peripherally involved. Among that thousand I would count quite a few fanzine publishers - it is quite possible (and indeed common) to publish a fanzine and be only marginally involved in fanzine fandom.

The figure of 1200 fans total seems somewhat harder to defend. On the face of it it seems most unlikely. Unfortunately it is rather difficult to assemble meaningful evidence. When one is talking about fanzine fandom one can, after all, look at what and how much was written by whom.

However the statement I really can't swallow is the statement that fandom is not much larger than it was ten years ago. All other things being equal one would have expected an increase in fandom during the sixties. Fandom is primarily a middle class hobby - the sixties were a period of sustained prosperity. Fandom is usually entered at adolescence - the baby boom crested then. The available numerical indices - convention memberships, number and size of clubs, number of fanzines published, and fanzine circulations - all indicate that there was a large increase in the size of fandom during the sixties. This is strong evidence and one would need equally strong evidence to make a good case that there was no increase.

As an aside I offer three thoughts on the size of cons and the reasons for the growth in attendance. First of all I doubt that it has much to do with publicity - after all worldcons have been getting publicity ever since they first started. The general prosperity of the sixties probably had a great deal to do with the increase in attendance - many more people could afford to go to them. Thirdly fandom was ahead of its time in many respects and the general society was catching up in the sixties.

Ted White
1014 N. Tcukahoe St.
Falls Church,
VA 22046
Oct 2, 1971

After writing my letter in respnse to yours and your editorial, I sat down, wrote a chapter on my current book, and then decided to thumb through the remainder of PROPER BOSKONIAN in the hopes that I might, in the process, find it an enjoyable fanzine.

Well, it was not unenjoyable, but it was hardly memorable, either, and until I hit the letters column I was plodding along in much the same manner in which I read most dull but not uninteresting fanzines, with one eye open and the other drooping.

Mike Glicksohn's letter, however, brought me awake again, and your reply added the jolt of adrenalin that insured I'd stay awake, at least until I hit your reply to Tackett, which made me decide to write this second letter. Let's deal with the less inflammatory stuff first, though.

It's quite true that the bulk of the cover paintings on AMAZING and FANTASTIC have no relationship to the stories inside, but it is not true that none of them are story-related. In a number of instances stories were written around the cover paintings. The most recent is Terry Carr's "In His Image" in the November AMAZING. Coming up is an Alexei Panshin cover story written around a Todd/Bode painting. Etc. We've also had covers painted for specific stories; Kaluta's December 1970 FANTASTIC cover was done expressly for Laumer's "The Shape Changers." And he's presently doing an Elric cover for the February, 1972, FANTASTIC. We also have a new artist, Don Davis, who is Bonestell's protege, doing two covers for us for a Greg Benford novel. The reason we don't use covers which are related to the stories all the time is that many of our covers were painted for the artist's private pleasure and offered to us later. This is true of our Hinge and Jones paintings, for example. They're lovely covers and if I can find someone who will write a decent story around them I will, but I see no reason to be rigid about it. I'm more interested in having attractive covers than making sure they fit specific stories.

You misunderstand my remarks about the art direction of ANALOG. It is quite true that Campbell selected the artists who drew for ANALOG - and he may even have assigned them the specific stories. But he did not do the layouts, typography slection or art direction for the magazine after somewhere around 1960, when the logo was changed to the present sans-serif style (that was shortly before the brief switch to Bedsheet.) The change is quite marked. Before then, the layouts were all of a type and undistinguished. The title type was not varied much and the color of the cover logo (itself quite uhly) tended to blend with the painting instead of contrasting with it. But somewhere along the point when Conde-Nast took over Street and Smith - within a year or two - an art director was appointed to ANALOG and he redesigned it top to bottom. It was about this time that I visited John to show him samples of my own work and that of Andy Reiss (who now teaches painting at the Brooklyn Museum) and he explained what had happened in some detail. He also told me how van Dongen could field- strip a jeep in the desert and what a fine artist that made him. (*Which explains something I've wondered about for years - RH*) He never bought any of my stuff, and I dropped the notion of being a professional artist for good. Just as well; I lost most of my skills in short order, as my one atempt later (Nov 1969 AMAZING) amply illustrates.

You entertained only "doubts" about my veracity in that respect. You insult me openly in your reply to Roy Tackett. It azazes me that you have so little hesitation about your rudeness... Has it ever occurred to you that I just might know what I was talking about? I can't help doubting it.

My "intellectual precision" is better illustrated in the situation you refer to than yours is, by several long shots. I see absolutely no reason to compare the costs of printing AMAZING STORIES and the worldcon program book. In AMAZING's case, the printing is done under contract - and in the situation referred to, the contract had expired to , the contract had expired and the new one cost one third more. (We managed to find a different printer - who is, in my estimation, much better in addition - for a smaller price increase, or we'd be charging 75¢ for 96 pages - or out of business.) In the case of the worldcon program book, Tom Reamy had a captive printer who did the St. Louis program book quite well and far cheaper than the NyCon3's of two years earlier (ours was done by, *sigh*, Al Schuster.) Tom offered this printer - at the same rates - to successive worldcon committees. I have no idea whether or not Boston availed itself of him, but I'm told the offer was made.

As a matter of fact, no. (Morris Keesan said we did at Balticon but he was under a misaprehension.) Noreascon did get quotes from two Dallas printers as well as other quotes scattered around the country and finally settled on Alpine. It was quite true that the Dallas rates were substantially cheaper than other rates quoted. However they were not cheaper when you took into account the cost of shipping. (Reamy carried the St. Louis program books up in his van, himself. They arrived at the last minute, but it saved quite a bit of money.) The costs of both printing and shipping vary widely depending on how big a hurry you are in getting things - a factor which I am sure you are well aware of. The trouble with the program book is that you can't print until you have the nominations (approx July 1) and you must have them by the con - preferably a bit earlier. This in turn means that you can't ship at the cheapest rates (or even print at the cheapest rates unless there are special circumstances.) Program books are, after all, short run one-shots with a deadline.

So much for my "intellectual precision". Let's take the point a step further. Should the program book cost the con attendee one red cent? No, it should not. Nor should the progress reports, the cost of mailing said reports, or any other pre-con expenses of this nature. Program books and progress reports should - and easily can - pay for themselves, by selling advertising. The rates should be adjusted to cover all anticipated expenses, and will at their present level. Hell, we didn't have cheap printing for the NyCon3, but we threw in all sorts of extras, like the special issues of NYCON COMICS, and sent several progress reports first class mail. We didn't lose any money, and - get this - we charged only \$3.00 membership, #2.50 if you joined at Tricon. That was four years ago, and I refuse to believe that "inflation" covers a price rise of over 200% in the membership fee.

You are slanting your figures sir. The costs of joining Noreascon were \$5 the first year, \$7 the second year, and \$10 at the door. If you joined at the con you suffered an increase of over 200% but for the ordinary attendee it was 60 to 133% depending. Thus if you joined at the relevant preceding con it was 100% (\$2.50 to \$5.00), if you joined immediately thereafter it was 67% (\$3.00 to \$5.00) and if you joined later it was 133% (\$3.00 to \$7.00) A substantial increase to be sure, but not, except for the dilatory,

a 200% increase. Your comments on the question of walk-in member in the April 72 FANTASTIC (reply to Jerry Lapidus - p115) were based on incorrect information. Approximately 400 people joined at the door - of these the overwhelming majority were local and apparently most of them were not fans. Most of the people who ordinarily join at the con did, in fact, join before the con at Noreascon. Your comments about Toronto being cheaper are also misleading. Joining Torcon at Noreascon cost \$5.00 which is the same thing that it cost to join Noreascon the first year. However they will be cheaper for the majority of people if they keep that rate fixed.

The question of the cost of printing the program book and how much it costs the con attendee is pretty much of a red herring - the con attendee pays for the net loss, if any, which is distributed among the entire membership. As to your assertion that advertising revenues should cover costs - you overlook the fact that the economic situation in 1971 was different from that in 1967. Andy Porter handled selling advertising both for Noreascon and (so I understand) for NyCon. It was his opinion that if it had not been for the economic situation that about thirty more pages of advertising could have been sold, which would have been the difference between having a net loss and a net profit.

See, I know expressly what a worldcon costs to put on, and I know that most of the excuses offered for these megaleaps in membership fees are pure bullshit. The truth is that a) present-day committees want lots of money in reserve and b) the "extras" which add little to cons are eating it up. Take all-night films, for instance. In many cities that requires a union projectionist and he costs plenty. Film rental may also add up, if films can't be had for free through contacts. Films - and guards - are the two factors most often cited in driving up actual, to-the-member, costs. But guards have been around for the last decade; they're not a new expense (we had them for NyCon3, and damned little use they were, too.) And some committees have gotten their all-night films for almost nothing. The guards at Noreascon, on the other hand, were excellent - this may be a case of getting what you're paying for.

I strongly question the all-night film idea anyway. I think it's very analogous to the problems with new highways. Supposedly new highways are needed to relieve traffic congestion, but in reality they generate new traffic and the congestion goes on unabated. The films are supposed to provide a place for "the neos who don't know about the parties," and give people something to do. In fact they attract hordes of new "fans," most of whom are film fans and care nothing for sf (they cluster in the huckster room in the daytime and never attend the regular program.) This boosts the registration nicely, but if they weren't there, the films wouldn't be needed either. An all-night party room would suffice for those who (somehow) couldn't find a private party. It did, for years.

Tony Lewis and Bill Desmond (who ran the Noreascon film program) tend to agree with you strongly about the demerits of an all night film program. Their objection, however, is not that they are overrun with film nuts but that the con attendees don't really go to them - they simply serve as a place to crash. I agree with you that having to provide a place for the neo is a losing idea. On the other hand I feel that a good film program (but not a mediocre one) is desirable, despite the fact that I often don't get around to watching any. As for all-night party rooms - blecch. At 6:00 in the morning all true convention fans are down in the hotel lobby - finishing off the evening by going out to breakfast.

In fact, thinking about it, I think my estimate in my last letter about the number of fandom-oriented fans who attend worldcons was too high. When a fan-oriented program item goes on, I've noticed the hall empties remarkably quickly. Only one or two hundred remain, out of ten times that number in attendance. Since committees have for years wracked their brains for interesting fan-program items, I don't think we have dullness to blame, or narrow programming either. Most worldcon attendees look down their noses at "fandom" and don't want to hear "some fans talking." They want their favorite pros. Asimov or Ellison can fill a room faster than anyone else. Asimov and Ellison is an unbeatable draw.

This has to be the silliest paragraph in both of your letters. "Fan-oriented program items" are shunned precisely because they are dull and narrow.

You know, my interest in these things is not that of a narrow "fannish"ly oriented fan. I've been a collector, a letterhack (to the early fifties prozines - including that PLANET STORIES you mentioned; I won second prize - a Freas illustration - for one of my letters to PLANET) a critic, a convention fan, a publisher of ornately elaborate fanzines (STELLAR, VOID), fannish fanzines (VOID, MINAC, EGOBOO), apazines (FAPA since 1955, and lots of others, including APA L,) a professional editor, agent, anthologist, artist (just barely) and author. I've gotten into just about every area of SF there is, fan and pro. I put on a worldcon and I won a Hugo (*Fanwriter - 1968 - RH*) It is just barely possible, Richard, that the fool you seek to portray me as. Mind you, I wouldn't want to push that as a certainty, but you might reflect on it once in a while. Hell, I've even been a professional mimeographer, and I read all your stuff on electrostencilling with appreciation - I was patching in electrostencilled stuff in my fanzines in 1958, and I ran stuff on my Gestetner that looked almost like offset (the cover of VOID 28). I've also handset type, run offset presses, and stuff like that. I was journeyman printer and night foreman of Washington's largest letter-shop, Batt-Bates.

You seem to think I'm a dilletante, shooting off my mouth about things I know nothing about, full of self-contradictions and hot air. But that's because you don't read me very closely, or you're putting your prejudices in front of you, because although my opinions have been known to change with the years, I make a strong point of logic and consistency in what I write and I rarely talk about subjects on which I am not well-informed. (*Bullshit! - RH*) I might add that you've yet to find me wrong in any of the criticisms you've leveled at me. You've simply distorted my position or ignored aspects of what I've said.

Maybe you ought to take a Thalmic Pause and Rethink Your Postulates, huh?

P.S: I've known Tom Digby since 1965, and have enjoyed some of his japes (such as "Not a Bus Stop"), but the page you reprinted of his certainly wouldn't have impressed me if I was ignorant of his stuff and considering him for a Hugo. I can think of dozens of fans who have written better. The list includes Tom Digby.

One of the difficulties in commenting on your letters is that it is very difficult to avoid the temptation to get off a large number of sarcastic cheap shots. Lines like "It is just barely possible..." really are an open invitation. However, I reckon I can restrain myself.

AFTER WORDS

You know what? I'm tired, that's what I am. I've been running stencils for days, including some that did incredibly bitchy things on the G. And you know what, I'm tired.

There are a lot of things right and a lot of things wrong with this issue, some of which may not even show in your copy. There are a couple of hard luck pages in which every thing seemed to go wrong. Your copy may have some sterling examples, complete with ink on the edge carefully hidden under the staples. On the other hand it may have perfect repro all the way through. There are lots of little things - an incredible number of typos - that aren't quite I hoped they'd be.

But maybe it isn't all that bad. There's a lot of nice artwork and probably some you don't care for. It's a big issue and there is a lot to read. I thought it was good and interesting when I picked it out. I hope you found it so too. There are things that I cut because the issue was just running too long. They'll be out in the next issue, along with a lot of other stuff you might enjoy.

Anyway this is it - Proper Boskonian # 9. I hoped you liked it.

- Richard Harter -



774