

PROPER BOSKONIAN No. 10

"REAL SOON NOW" ^{JD}

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The Old Guard Passes On*



One of the nice things about Proper Boskonian is that it is a club zine which the club is constitutionally obliged to support. The Editor is not just someone who happens to be putting out the zine - he is an elected officer of the club. Just because one person is tired of the job doesn't mean that the zine comes to an end - someone else is elected to the job, and PB carries on.

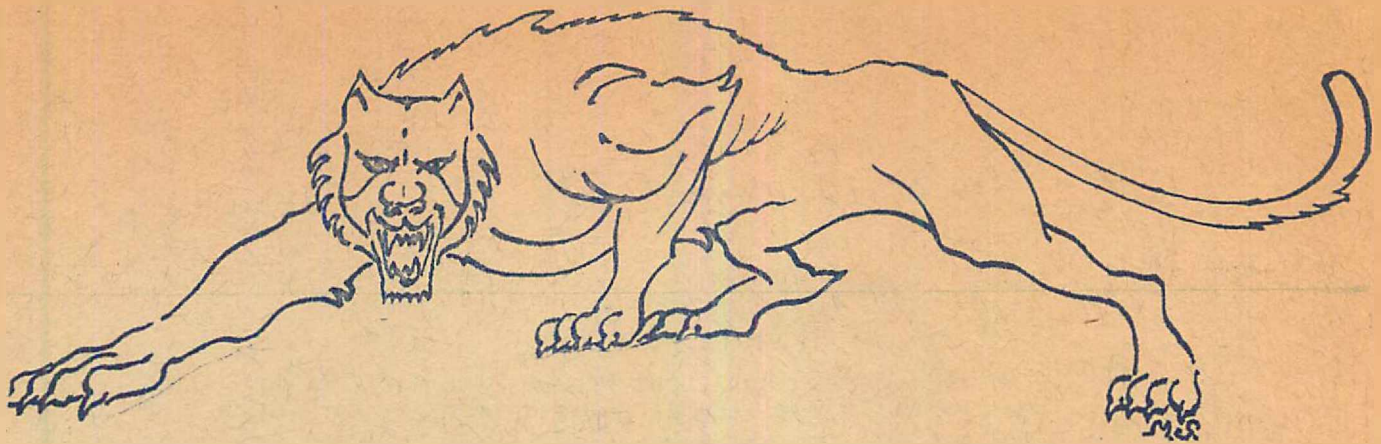
This triumph of fannish democracy has occurred once again and there is a new ~~lucky~~ Editor to put out PB, the honorable Dr. Anthony R. Lewis. Since the evil Arluls (as he is known to those who have had the misfortune to be acquainted with him) has vilely and despicably stolen my position of Editor from me it behooves me to acquaint you with the sort of fanzine you can expect from now on. He informs me that he feels strongly that too much money is wasted on paper for PB and that henceforth it will be put out on recycled Springfield Oval. (Springfield Oval is a particularly inferior grade of sandpaper used by MIT in lieu of toilet paper.) He also feels that there should be a more democratic approach to typography and that PB should be a launch pad of the New Wave in spelling. He takes exception to the totalitarian uniformity of left adjusted margins. His editorial approach will be based on "take out all them big words and put in some stuff what a guy can read."

Seriously, I expect that Tony will do a very good job as the new Editor. He has promised that PB will come out more frequently and this issue is evidence that he means to keep that promise. He hopes to get the club more involved in putting out PB, which will be good for both the club and the zine. I am looking forward to PB II and all the issues after it. I am also sincerely grateful to Tony for taking the job over.

I like the issues I put out and I would have liked to put out many more like them. However my enthusiasm for the work and my available free time vanished some time ago, a sad and common story among fanzine editors. If PB had been an ordinary fanzine it would have vanished into the past, like many another fanzine whose editor grew tired of it. Fortunately it is not and there is someone new to pick up the torch and carry it on.

Richard Harter

* YOU WON'T HAVE DICK HARTER TO KICK AROUND ANYMORE



Welcome to Proper Boskonian #10 (the eleventh issue). Layout for this issue was done by Dick Harter and Mike Symes. The issue may appear to be a bit unbalanced in content with the large Cutiecon Report taking up a good fraction of the space. That decision was mine as newly-elected Editor. I felt that it was important to get out an issue of Proper Boskonian so that N.E.S.F.A. members would have an actual issue in hand. I also felt that this would make it somewhat easier to get volunteers for the divers tasks involved in putting out this magazine.

A bit of philosophy is perhaps in order here. Proper Boskonian is the official clubzine of N.E.S.F.A. and, as such should reflect the interests and desires of the organization. I think that one of the more important goals is to bring Proper Boskonian out on a regular (I hope) basis; this will mean that issues will most probably be shorter than some of the giants that Dick produced in the past. However, if a regular schedule can be established then longer articles can be run in two or more installments. Whenever possible I will try to run material by N.E.S.F.A. members but this will not preclude items by non-members which will be of interest to the membership. I intend to steal shamelessly from APA:NESFA any material of good quality and general interest. (I have some tentative selections already.) I would like to encourage members to write for Proper Boskonian - articles, reviews, and the like. Fiction I will be harder about than non-fiction; a good piece of fiction should probably be published in a professional journal where the author can get paid. Other fiction may not be worthwhile. However, there is a grey area where, due to style, content, length, or some other factor, a piece of fiction would be what I think would fit into Proper Boskonian. So try, already.

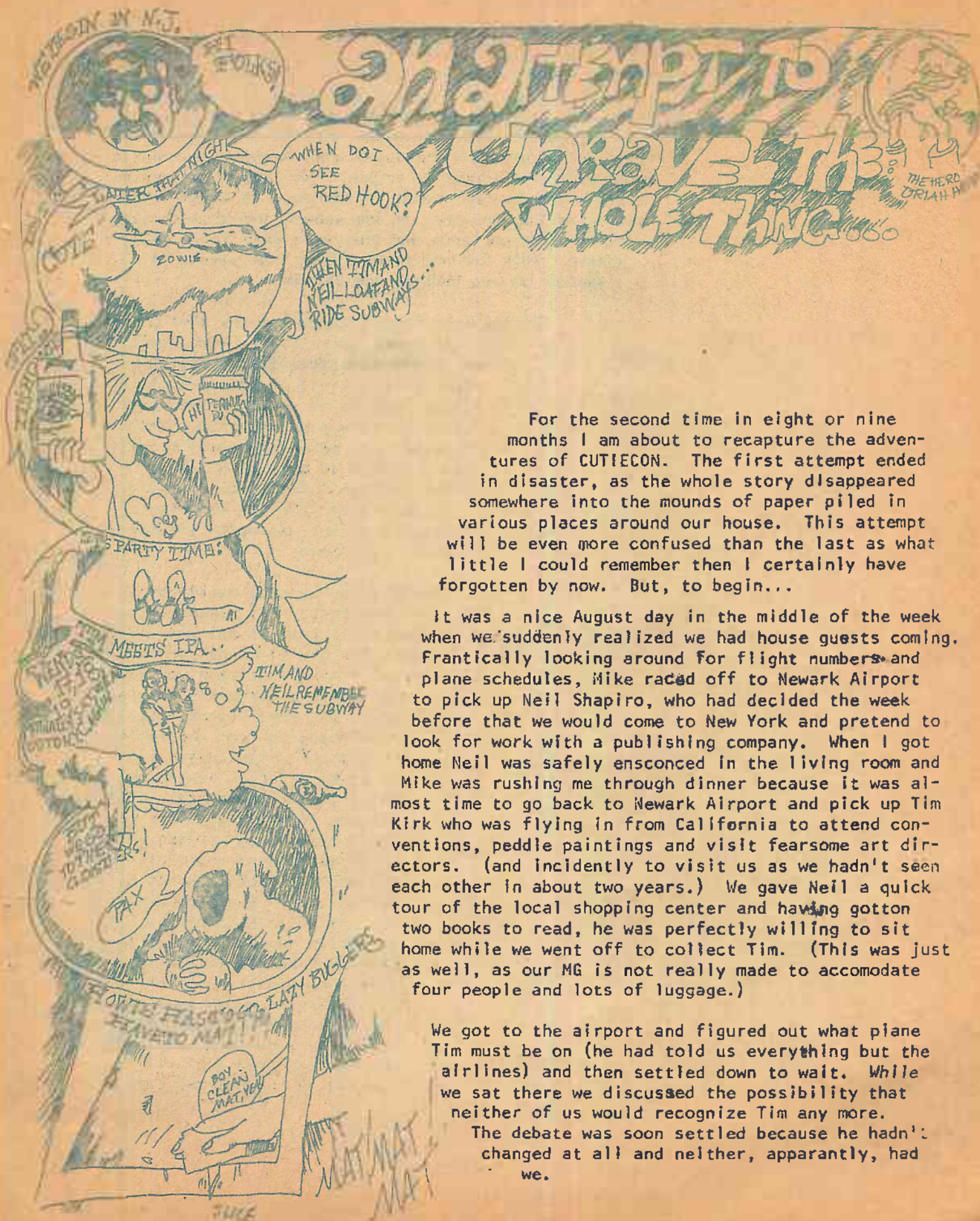
I am going to introduce a new concept in fanzines called the DEADLINE. I will be cutting off the next issue just before Torcon. After Torcon we will get to work putting out #11. Material received after Torcon may or may not make it into that issue. If not it will probably go into the following issue. I will be more lenient with letters-of-comment.

There are no LoCs in this issue since almost all of them are comments upon some aspect of Proper Boskonian #10 and, as such, are extremely dated. However, LoCs are welcome and solicited especially specific comments on ways to improve Proper Boskonian.

Dick has done a good job putting out Proper Boskonian in the past. No issues have come out for a while as he quite correctly put his job (which pays for the rent, food, and conventions) ahead of his hobby. (FIJAGH? Mr. Harter). Anyway, here is the latest issue of Proper Boskonian - it is not the new Proper Boskonian but a continuation of the traditions of the past established by Cory Seidman (now Panshin) and Dick Harter. I hope that I can edit issues as well as they have done.

And now, here we go again.....

Tony Lewis



AN ATTEMPT TO UNRAVEL THE WHOLE THING

For the second time in eight or nine months I am about to recapture the adventures of CUTIECON. The first attempt ended in disaster, as the whole story disappeared somewhere into the mounds of paper piled in various places around our house. This attempt will be even more confused than the last as what little I could remember then I certainly have forgotten by now. But, to begin...

It was a nice August day in the middle of the week when we suddenly realized we had house guests coming. Frantically looking around for flight numbers and plane schedules, Mike raced off to Newark Airport to pick up Neil Shapiro, who had decided the week before that we would come to New York and pretend to look for work with a publishing company. When I got home Neil was safely ensconced in the living room and Mike was rushing me through dinner because it was almost time to go back to Newark Airport and pick up Tim Kirk who was flying in from California to attend conventions, peddle paintings and visit fearsome art directors. (and incidently to visit us as we hadn't seen each other in about two years.) We gave Neil a quick tour of the local shopping center and having gotten two books to read, he was perfectly willing to sit home while we went off to collect Tim. (This was just as well, as our MG is not really made to accomodate four people and lots of luggage.)

We got to the airport and figured out what plane Tim must be on (he had told us everything but the airlines) and then settled down to wait. While we sat there we discussed the possibility that neither of us would recognize Tim any more.

The debate was soon settled because he hadn't changed at all and neither, apparantly, had we.

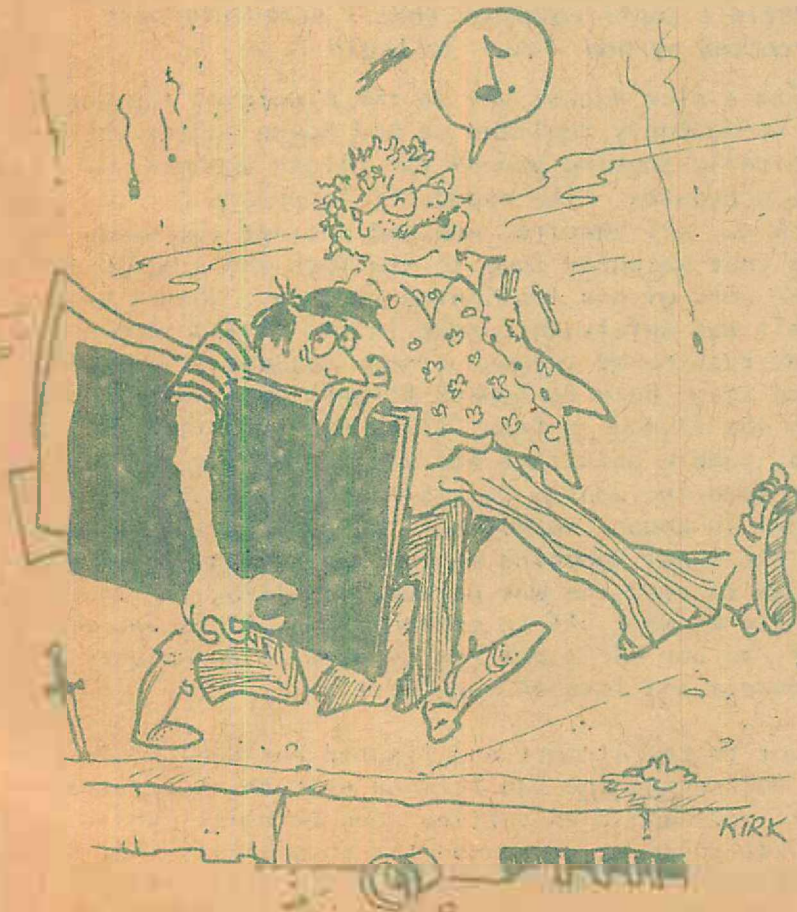
The drive home consisted of Tim being amazed that not all of New Jersey was a giant factory sitting on an ugly swamp in the midst of race riots.



The next day Mike brought Tim and Neil into the city and met me for lunch. We introduced them to the Alamo Chili House, an inexpensive and quite good Mexican restaurant which everyone seemed to enjoy. Over chili and oysterettes I got to hear tales of terror. It seems Mike had taken Tim and Neil on the subway and also through the 42nd Street area and they were both still in shock. This did not prevent Tim from saying he wanted to see Redhook and Harlem.



Things were fairly quiet for the rest of the week, at least until Friday when Howie Green drove down from Boston bringing with him all kinds of liquor including a giant bottle of southern comfort which he announced was Mike's wedding present (to make this sound professional I should at this point say -- See Rochcon I for wedding report. There I said it!) As you might imagine no one was quite themselves when I got home.



On Saturday we once again embarked for New York, this time convincing Howie that it was perfectly safe for him to drive to the city in his giant tank car. It was rather a harrowing trip as Howie has some miscellaneous metal hanging from the bottom of his car which causes him to brake a lot to avoid pot-holes and other hazards. But we made it downtown where we found everything we wanted to go to was closed and that there was an Irish rebellion on Fifth Avenue. Having wasted most of the day, we zoomed off to upper Manhattan hoping to reach the Cloisters before it closed. For the uninitiated, the Cloisters is a medieval cloisters that was brought over stone by stone and filled with appropriate medieval relics, including the Unicorn tapestries

We got there just in time to rush through the museum, point out Harlem from the battlements, and convince everyone they'd have to come back and really see the place sometime. Then it was back to Edison and time to introduce everyone to our spring. The spring which when we are not too lazy, is where we get our water is located in Roosevelt Park which is our back yard or so we like to think. It is tested by the county authorities and every day there are thousands of people there filling jugs with water to supply their families for the week. Needless to say New Jersey tap water leaves something to be desired.



Then it was rest and party throught the night.

Sunday it was time for Neil to go back to Rochester, and so we once again zipped over to Newark Airport. When we got back we found Howie telling Tim old college tales with Tim rolling about in helpless laughter. It suddenly occured to us that Howie had to leave and Mike and Tim had not matted any of the things that he was supposed to carry off to Boston. After much frantic activity during which everyone laughed at Mike as he tried to cut mats, the job was done and we sent Howie on his way with his giant jars of peanut butter and honey, his basic diet.



During this first week of EDICON we had discovered some peculiar things about Tim Kirk. Are you ready Tim, the truth is about to be REVEALED! Tim Kirk has funny money! And he drinks milkshakes every day and doesn't gain weight. Before everybody starts refusing Tim's money or turning him in for counterfeit- ing, I will hasten to say that Tim was mislead early in life by a West Coast banker who told him that BARCLAY Travel Checks were well known in the East and he would have no trouble cashing them. I will not begin to recount the many escapades that ensued every time Tim tried to cash a check. All I will say is that at last report he had become a firm believer in American Express Travelers Checks.

Having reclaimed my house from the YMCA contingent and no longer feeling like a den mother taking her boys to camp, I decided to collapse for a while and make Mike and Tim work. Matting and drawing became the order of the day until it was time for Tim to visit the publishers after being told that he was a Disney artist and that his work was cute he and Mike went off to the quiet of Edison to recover. Of course they placated themselves first by visiting the SOLDIER SHOP the downfall of anyone trying to save money. The Soldier Shop looks kind of like someone's living room except that it is filled with military history books, miniature lead figures, and old uniforms. Come to think of it it looks like our living room.

Then it was time for the BIG EVENT
-- MY BIRTHDAY!--

I came home bringing with me Sue Miller who had come into New York for a few weeks between terms at the University of Wisconsin. Sue brought with her a toy for me. It is called ORBiT and consists of a round plastic globe inside of which are a bunch of ball bearings the idea is to get them to achieve orbital patterns. It makes a lot of noise and we got peculiar looks on the bus going home.

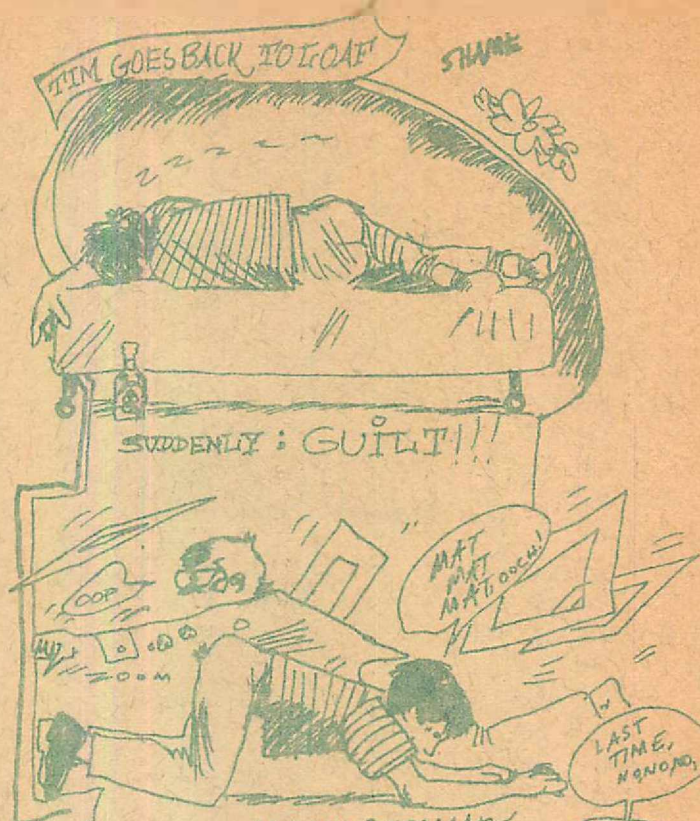
SHEILA AGONISTES

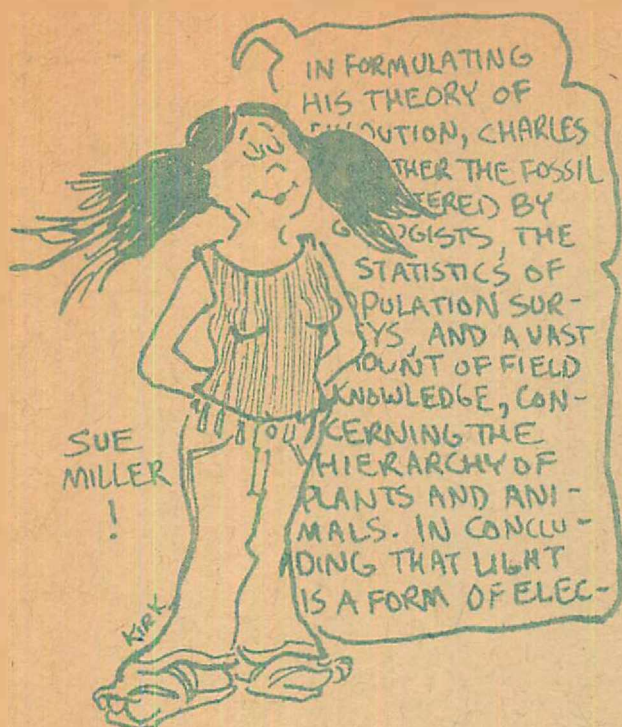
★ WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS ★



BALLANTINE





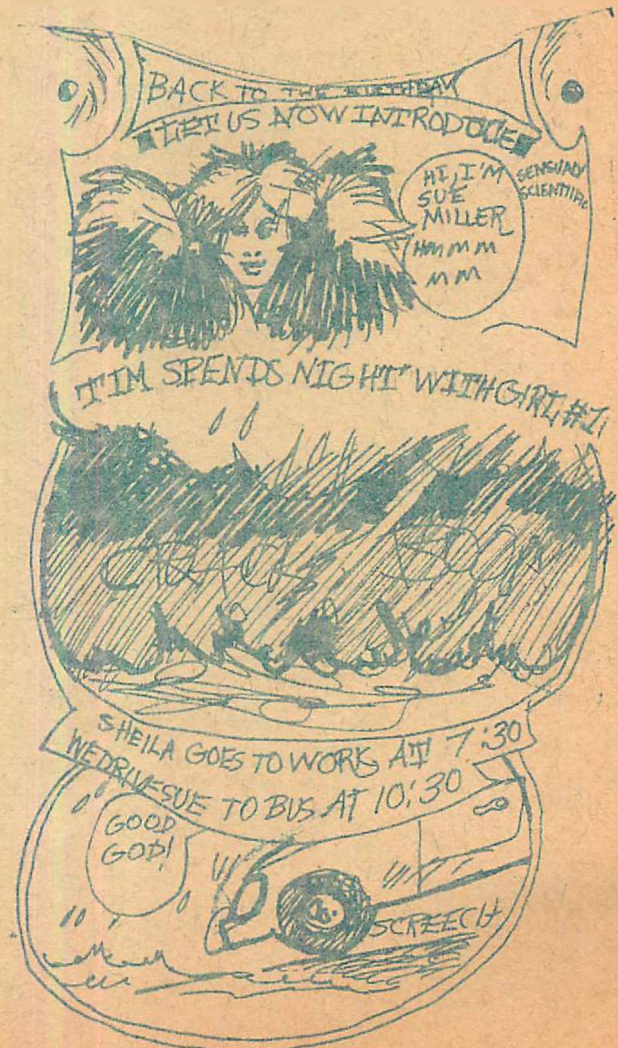


We got home to find a funny little cake with, a giant candle, a funny big card from Mike and Tim, a dwarf orange tree that Mike had bought for me, and from Tim a plant of unknown origin. After some champagne and dinner, we stumbled over to the big new shopping center at Woodbridge to give Tim and Sue the grand tour and incidentally to stuff ourselves with unneeded dessert.

Then it was back home and frantically pack to get ready for the Rochcon trip. The next morning I left for work in the pouring rain while Sue decided she really could sleep a little later and then take a bus to the city. This was the first mistake of the day! Around 3:00 Mike called to tell me that a hurricane was on the way, New Jersey was being flooded and the shopping center where my bus normally lets me off was under three feet of water. Needless to say Sue had not managed to get on a bus and they were about to chase frantically around looking for a way to get her back to the city before we left for Rochester.

When I got home only two hours late Sue was still trying to get a bus and I had to completely wade around the shopping center to meet everybody. While doing this I was

treated to the sight of people swimming in the parking lot. After phoning around to train and bus companies and hunting up train stations only to find them closed, we finally got Sue on a bus at 9:30 at night. At this point the Rockcon weekend began to look dubious, what with the hour, the flooding and the hurricane warnings of more to come. We finally decided to go to bed early and get up in the middle of the night to make a valient effort to reach Rochester. As most valient efforts do this one failed and it was 8:00 Saturday morning before we were ready to leave.





The trip was pleasant except for one interlude when the road was flooded and the poor little car was overwhelmed by water halfway across the newborn lake. We were all forced to roll up our pants and wade into the cold muddy water to tow the now floating little car to land. A minor miracle was that the car started right up once we had pulled it to land. Tim seemed to enjoy the whole trip as he played navigator and was fascinated by the strange names, the mountains, the newly created mud flats, and some neat old houses along the way.

EVENING WE WERE TO GO TO ROCHCON, FINDSUE BUS

THE BUS!!

PEPPERONI?

ROCHCON 4

3AM! RING NO TIME TO GO

HEY ITS 10:30 OK. SUNLIGHT!

RAINS STOPPED

ALL RIGHT, LETS TRY IT!

ZOWIE



SPASH

COME ON

(NOT IN THIS FORM HEALTH)

GROW

OFF AGAIN: UNVENTFULEXCEPT



LOOK, TREE, HOUSE

NOT LIKE CALIF. NOPE

WIDE EYE WONDER

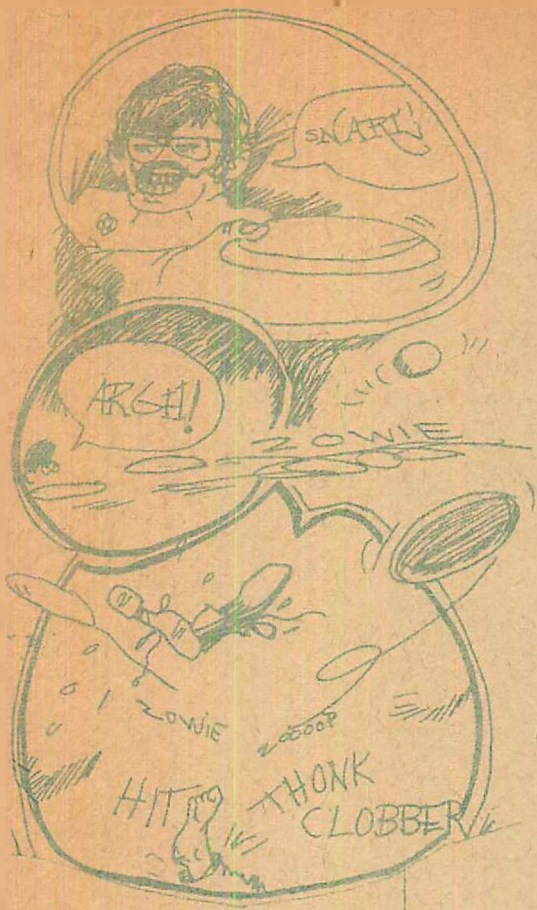
ARRIVAL

We arrived around two o'clock to find Mike's mother ready with food and conversation and Tim was accepted into the Rochcon club. Since we only had about a day to spend, we were soon rushing

Tim all over Rochester.
 First Mike showed Tim RIT,
 the art school Mike had
 attended. Tim was duly
 u n i m p r e s s e d.
 Then it was off to the
 German Butcher Shop, a
 place chock full of
 meats, and cheese and
 gourmet goodies.
 We came away with
 lots of food and loads
 of sweets and a very
 happy Tim. Next it was,
 time for the Planetarium,
 which put on a very
 good show to impress our
 guest with.

Then it was relax with
 daddy and mommy and the
 cats, enjoy the good
 food and good company.
 But before we knew it it
 was Sunday and time to
 go as Tim snapped last
 minute pictures of every-
 thing and everyone and
 mourned over the lack
 of snow in August, we
 grabbed Suzi out of the
 car and headed back
 to Edison.





Things went on pretty quietly for awhile with Tim's treat at a yummy Japanese restaurant breaking the monotony. There was a rousing game of frisbee in which Mike seemed bent on crippling Tim for life. And there was the evening they decided to make paper mache figures to be cute and to sell at Noreascon. After some minor tragedies about three or four figures actually got finished and the kitchen was a total wreck.

Then there was the night we took Tim to Don Lundry's house so he could see Don's fabulous collection of player pianos, organs and the like. Tim was entranced as was Don with finding someone so appreciative of his hobby. Michael on the other hand read alot of books.

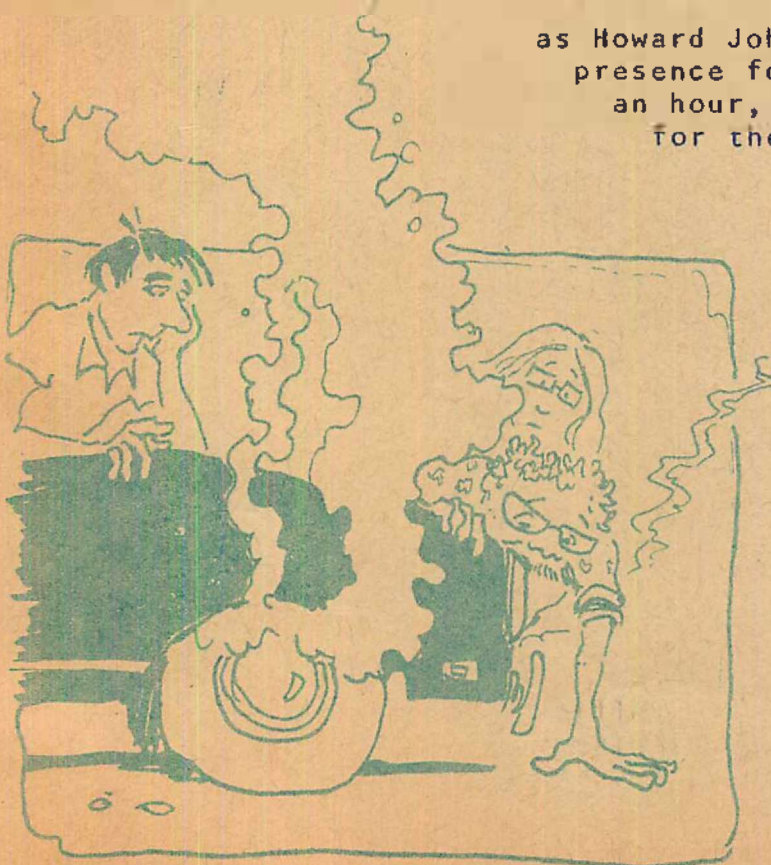
Before we knew it it was Thursday night and time to prepare for the Noreascon. As we hadn't done any packing yet we decided it was only right to have a party so we could arrive thoroughly exhausted on Friday night. So it was that I found myself trudging home from work bringing along Sue Miller, undaunted by her earlier washout stay and Paula Paster, another transient visitor from a Midwestern



Friday morning came and with it the last frantic preparations. The only thing we had neglected to do was get directions for the trip and so that evening we found ourselves zooming off into the sunset with no idea of where we were going. At least we started by zooming. But suddenly all of us began to smell something funny and then we noticed that smoke was gushing up from the front of the car. Pulling over to the side of the road we soon discovered that the smoke came from the front tire or somewhere along the axle. Taking the car apart we soon ascertained where the problem was but couldn't decide what caused it. A helpful Jersey cop came along and after deciding that we were stealing our car from ourselves began to laugh and gloat over people who were stupid enough to own little foreign cars. He provided the necessary inspiration and we soon found ourselves back on the road (only an hour later) with the mystery still unsolved and our noses hanging out the windows waiting to catch a whiff of smoke. We soon lost the smoke but immediately afterward we also lost ourselves. There we were in Somewhere, Connecticut, with our only solace being that we found a Baskin Robbins along the way. Another several hour delay ensued and we suddenly found ourselves travelling in the dark. Being sensible people we stopped for dinner at a Howard Johnson so Tim could eat clam tummies in comfort. This was another mistake

as Howard Johnson's ignored our presence for the better part of an hour, and then served us for the worse.

But as all tales of high adventure must have a happy ending we discovered when we finally found our way that if we hadn't gotten lost we might have been part of a forty car pile-up on Rte. 84. Arriving at about midnight, we hunted down Marsha and the art show, unloaded artwork and started off for Cambridge and her apartment where we were supposed to spend the night.



After our fourth or fifth pass through Harvard Square we finally reached Chauncy Street around two in the morning. By this time Mike and the little MG were both pretty steamed up. And all four of us were rather cramped. (I forgot to mention that we had picked up Sue along the way so she could spend a free all expenses paid night in Cambridge.) A small party ensued, where we relieved the harrowing hours of our trip, including when the Mass Pike police stopped all the cars to look for an escaped convict, and Sue told us how five little children had tried to pick her up as she valiantly awaited our arrival. Thoroughly disgusted, we all went to bed, little knowing what horrors awaited us in the morning.

The next morning we awoke reasonably early but not nearly early enough for our quick dash to the Prudential Center and the setting up of the art show. Starting only about an hour late, we proceeded to get thoroughly lost and found ourselves, like the Flying Dutchman, circling on an endless journey round and round Harvard Square. With the car overheating, we found ourselves caught up in a funeral procession, and only extreme luck finally put us on the right road at last. Reaching the Sheraton in a totally vile mood, we unloaded our bags and prepared to check those of us who were registered in to the Hotel. Then we spent a few frantic hours in the art show room attempting to set up Mike's, Tim's and everyone else's artwork. This effort was mixed with explanations of our disappearance from the face of Boston into the twilight zone of the Cambridge traffic circle, and the many reasons why Mike was sending up clouds of smoke, (he claimed it was all righteous anger



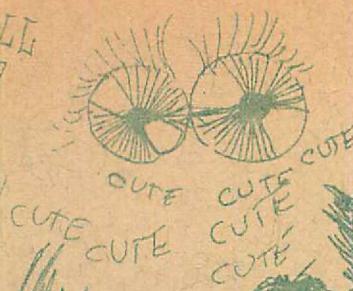
THE CUTIE CON AT FULL TILT

IN VAGUE ORDER WE PRESENT

THE AUCTIONS

A SCHOENHEBERG

A GAUGHAN



SCIENTIFICALLY
SPEAKING IT
WASNT HERE
10 MINUTES
BEFORE SOME
UNHISTORIC
TWEET TRY'S
TO PICK ME UP!

THE FILMS

POO-POO
PA-DOOP



HOWIE,
U STEPPED
ON ANOTHER
ONE!

AND THE PROOF THAT
SAM DELANY SHOULD
TO BOOKS "THE ORCHIDS"
LET THIS
OFF

FUNNY
STUFF

BOO

HISS

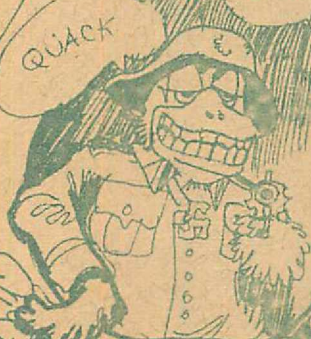
THREAT

SNARL

MIST

FANTASY RUNS WILD

QUACK



BOOM
BOOM
BABY
"MIST"

KONTIKI
ROOM

MUSES OF ART



EAT EAT

ALL U CAN GET
3.00

NOW YOU KNOW WHY
IDOL LOOK THAT WAY!

and helping the car cool off.) In the meantime Howie had shown up with a few paintings of his and was soon filling out forms and hanging things with the rest of us.

It must be admitted that Noreascon has become rather hazy in my mind at this point in time in the art show room or one of our rooms or in Boston. Therefore and as this report is probably long enough anyway I will only state a few "h i g h l i g h t s ?" (things I can remember.)

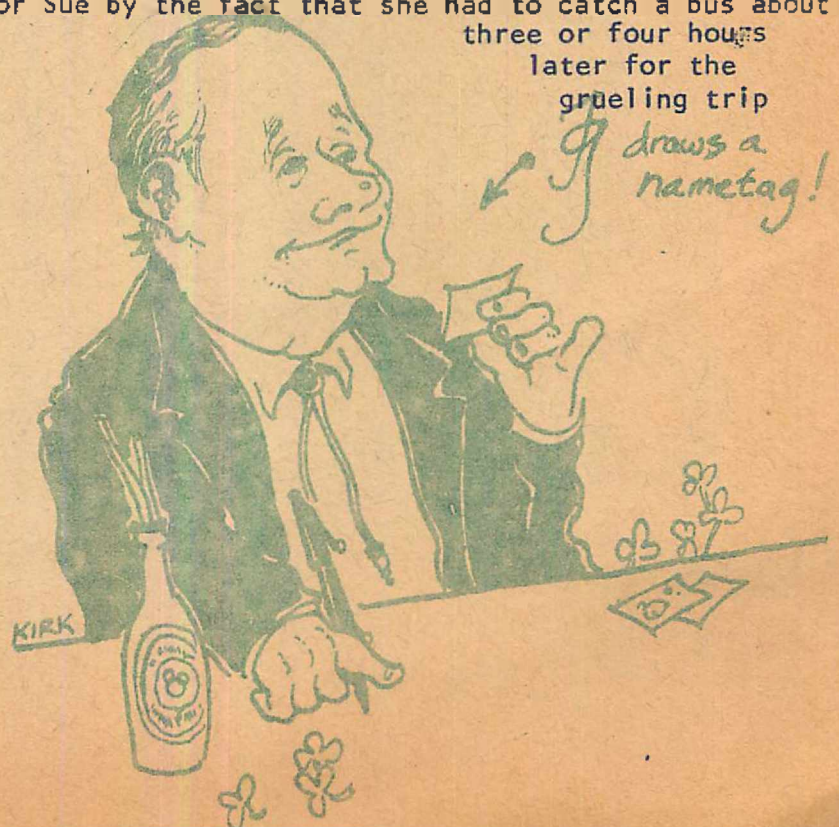


First there was all that food. This means the Kan Tiki Ports shmorgasbord, which we gluttoned ourselves on twice, once at the expense of expansive Tim Kirk. The other forays for meals were not quite as successful. We went to a Pewter Pot where the waitress said, "Not more of them!" and then proceeded to tell us of three sf convention goers who had come in every day, sat at her table, and each day had given her another hotel key, presumably for a tip. Then there was the German restaurant where everything we tried to order was not being made that night, so we ended up eating the American dishes they served. And there was the fish fry place which ended with a trip to Baskin Robbins for consolation. Oh, woe was us! We didn't partake of the banquet, only of the banquet speeches, so I leave it to other people to tell tales of banquet trauma/

The program, I must admit, was not attended by any of us, except for the night we watched the films, sitting valiantly through the night as we waited for Sleeping Beauty or Snow White (I forget which) which turned out to be an old Betty Boop cartoon in rather poor taste, (But then I'm not a lover of "camp") Ichabod and Mr. Toad which was about the last thing to come on, at which point most of us were well on the way to being uncomfortably asleep. (The discomfort was increased for Sue by the fact that she had to catch a bus about three or four hours later for the

grueling trip

draws a nametag!



The art show it must be admitted took the greater part of our attention during the day and there were artists and still more artists wandering constantly around.

The masquerade was highlighted by the judges wearing judge robes and by Cookie Monster a la Amy Brownstein, plus a Sesame Street skit.

LAST DAY

TINT TAKES US OUT TO THE KON-TIKI

CHARGE

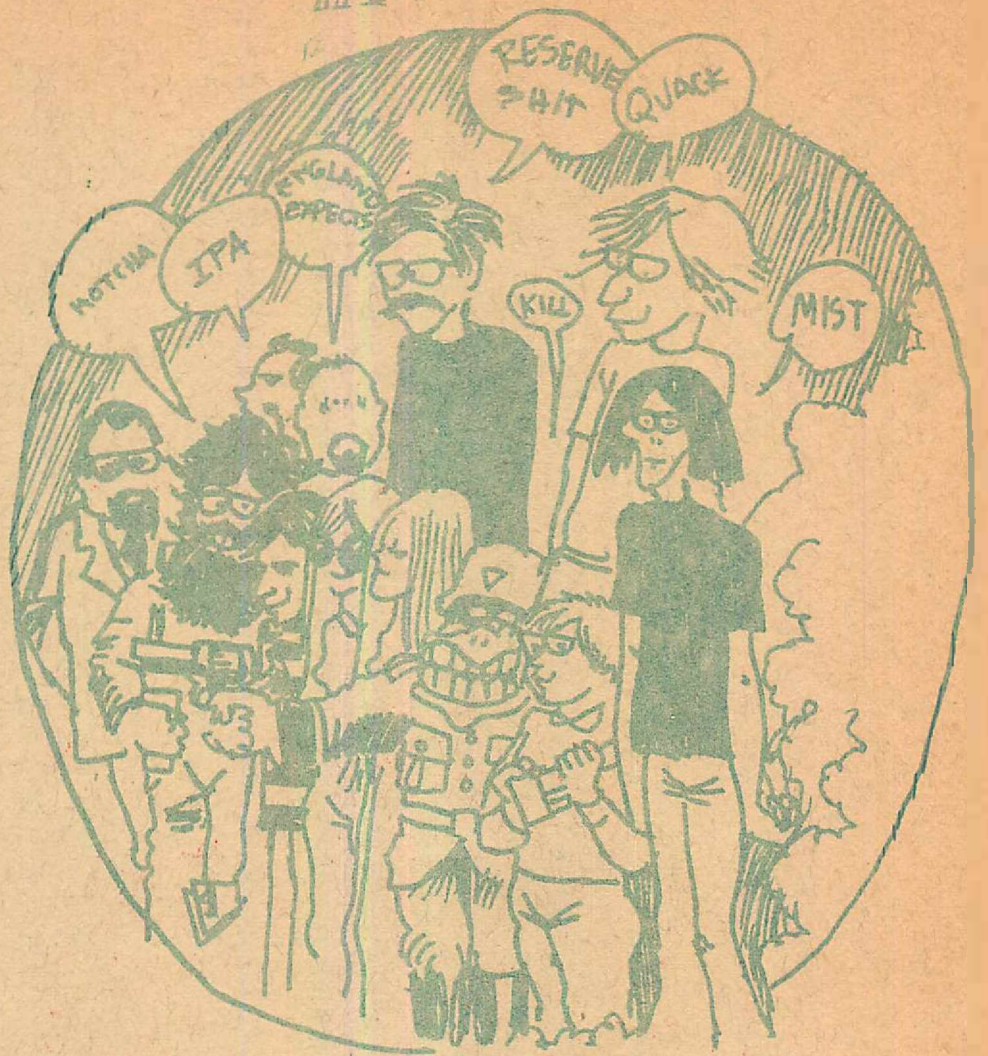
I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN

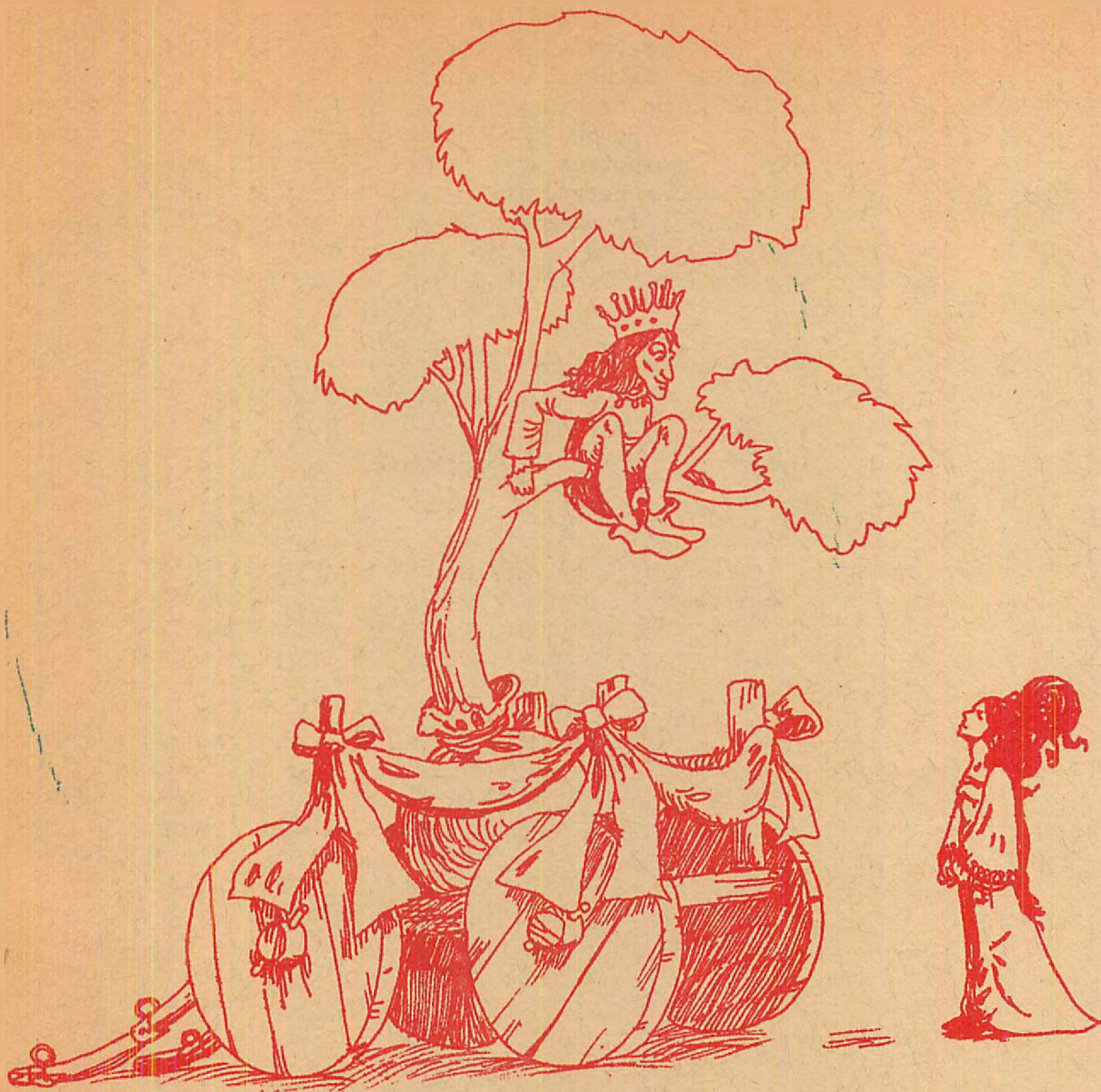
GNORFI

RESOLVED TO LOSE THE 7 OR 8 LBS. OF KON-TIKI APRICES WE BID

AD IIU

THE Artists





The Royal Saga of Stoneworth
Dina Polz

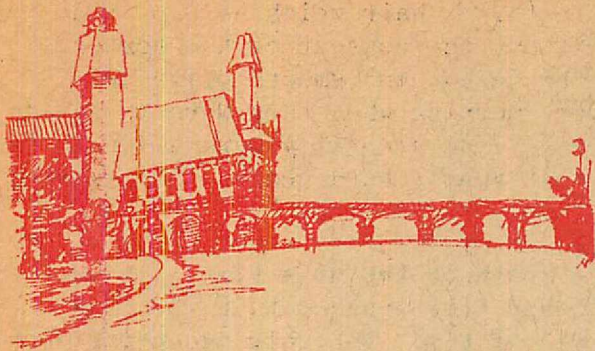
Stoneworthy Suchkin lived in a tree. For no particular reason. Many hundreds of people had asked him why he lived in a tree, and he always gave them different reasons. Stoneworthy wasn't very old, nor yet very young. He was just in that in-between age where a man can't decide whether to be dignified or a rounder, and a woman can't decide whether to be blonde or brunette. As a matter of fact he was quite a fine looking figure of a man. He had long black hair which he kept tidy with a tortoise shell comb that he had gotten without the consent of the tortoise, *BIG* grey eyes that always looked either nervous or dazed, and smooth olive skin. He wove leaves and flowers in his hair fresh every morning when they were in season, and braided his hair in 79 braids when they weren't. He generally wore a jerkin he made out of the discarded down and feathers in last year's bird nests. Stoneworthy was a bit of a local landmark.

He seldom lived in the same tree for more than a month or two at a time. It was rumored by the townspeople that a month was all any tree would put up with him, and that after that they found *WAYS* of getting rid of him. The only exception seemed to be a young sycamore who had no taste, and was really too juvenile to know better. It wasn't that Stoneworthy was a bad sort, really, but he was an inveterate gambler. Perched on the lowest limb of his tree-of-the-month he would play poker with the local residents by the light of aardvark fat lamps until dawn. Naturally there had been some question of his having an advantage by reason of being able to see half of the hands in the game, but he crossed-his-heart-and-hoped-to-die, so after that no one even thought about it anymore. While the cards were being dealt, the favorite pastime was to ask Stoneworthy why he lived in a tree, and try to catch him repeating the same story twice. They never did.

The fame of the Stoneworthy poker games was such that people came from miles around to play cards at the feet of the Master. It wasn't that he was that good, but he styled himself the Master-Of-The-Monthly-Tree, and people certainly sat at his feet. The odd thing about Stoneworthy was that, although no one had ever observed him to descend from any tree and take up a new position, he had likewise never been observed to commit an improper, rude, or socially unexceptable act. "After all," replied Stoneworthy when queried about this, "There are ladies present." And so there were. The village nymphets were no stronger than the boys, and the housewives no stronger than the men. One and all they came at various times to play Jacaranda (pass seven, pass four, discard three, pick up twelve, bet fifteen times, exchange cards with your second opponent to the left, bet twice, pass four, discard seven, and roll your own. They did not use a standard deck.) and other simple games. Being mere villagers they did not feel that it was proper to play the more sophisticated games of the nobility, such as Kackrat, Dependable Dozens, or Chuck-Always-Wins.

Stoneworthy lived a quiet and virtuous life, asking no more than to win once in a while and to hear the flutter of the deck through the sleepy reaches of the forest. It was on a bleak day in December that all of this came to a sudden and tragic end.

It was about seven in the evening and the nightly game was in full sway when a *STRANGER* turned up. Now, right away the participants could tell that this was no ordinary, run-of-the-mill stranger. He was riding a huge black charger, had a retinue of seventy-four persons, was addressed as "Your Majesty" and was wearing a tall gold crown. As a matter of fact, it was King Gogolbert, ruler of the neighboring monarchy, who had come to play cards. The players respectfully made a spot for him on the grass, and were even unusually courteous when he admitted he had never played "High-lo, jury-rig your own". As a matter of fact, they accepted him.



It might be well at this point to say a few words about the King. King Golgolbert was the scion of a long line of rulers. His mother had been a princess before she was a queen, and his father was the umpty-ninth in the ruling house of Golgolberts. Our particular King had been raised to the spatter (so called because of the Royal Spattered Robe, which had been purchased by the First Golgolbert and stained with gravy at the Royal Coronation. It had never been cleaned, as a mark of respect and laziness, and was consequently quite stiff.) since he was a mere babe. He was sick of it. Golbert (as he liked to be called) imagined that if he was one more yard of royal red carpet, or heard the words "your majesty" once more, he would scream, scream, scream.

He tried to abdecate, but there was no one he could abdecate in favor of. He had neglected to marry, feeling he had been pushed into enough already. He tried to get some of the neighboring kings to annex the country, but they refused. He even tried to wage war and thereby hand over his problems to the winner. He rather embarrassingly managed to win the two combats he tried and gave up in disgust. The only thing left was to cheat. Golbert reasoned that as the king of the country, and absolute monarch, he owned the country lock, stock and vinyards. Not to mention unwashed populus, mangy cur dogs, surly innkeepers, and brown-nosed servants. He obviously couldn't sell it, there was no one around who either wanted it, or - since those disasterous two wars - could afford it. So, the next best thing was to lose it in some game of chance. King Golbert was a bit of a poker hustler. He could play every game that Stoneworthy knew, and lots more besides. And he cheated like a true master. In training to be king, he had been taught to lie, keep a straight face, dissenble, sandpaper his fingers, and develope good peripheral vision. (It was part of the course in Diplomacy.) Now he bided his time. The game went on.

By nine o'clock the game had dwindled to four. By midnight there were only three, and at two in the morning, Golbert had the helpless Stoneworthy to himself. A lesser man would have pulled out, aware that something was fishy (a herring sandwich in the king's hip pocket) but Stoneworthy, inveterate gambler that he was, stayed on. By four in the morning a dazed Stoneworthy found himself handing his bird-down jerkin to the king in exchange for the Royal Crown, and was the sole proprietor, owner, and responsible party for the Kingdom of Cascorrigol, winner of two major wars, possesor of the finest vineyards in the land, and - incidentally - betrothed to the daughter of the King. (No, the King never married, but he wasn't obstinate either.)

King Golgolbert, now divested of his title, his royal properties, and his worries, ogled the local balcksmith's daughter, eventually married her, took over the smithy, raised seven hugh and surly sons, and gloated to the end of his days. At any rate he now passes out of our narrative never to be heard of again.

The host of servants that had accompanied the previous king were happy enough to do homage to King Stoneworthy the First, feeling that after more than umpty-nine Golgolberts it was time for a new royal monogram, but there was only one trouble. Stoneworthy refused to leave his tree. He shook his head and maintained that there was nothing in the agreement that said he had to come down to earth to be a king. So he sat in the sycamore with his arms folded, the crown sitting jauntily on his head, and continued work on a jerkin made of cast off locust wings. Eventually the court solved the problem. Comandeering a local labor force, they gently and carefully uprooted the sycamore, deposited it on a huge wheeled platform draped with velvet and pulled by the two most magnificent royal elephants in their most magnificent trappings, and bore their king triumphantly home.

Once the royal palace was reached some additional debate was carried on with Stoneworthy, but as he still refused to descend, the sycamore was planted in the royal courtyard, which was partially roofed over, and the people accepted their new ruler as a true individual.

The ex-king's daughter, faithful to the wishes of her father, came to the palace from her home with her mother - the village seamstress, (her father had always had a weakness for domesticity) and duly wedded the new king. She was dressed magnificently in gossamer and red satin with ropes of rose colored pearls through her raven hair. The sycamore, being considered by many people as part of the king himself, and often petitioned for favors, was draped in cloth-of-gold and emeralds. Stoneworthy had by then finished his locust wing jerkin and suplimented it only by tying different playing cards to each of the braids of his hair, it then being winter.

Unfortunately, the details of the marital affairs of Stoneworthy the First have been lost to posterity, but speculation has run rampant on the significance of the thirty trees which the young queen caused to be planted at various locations between the Royal chanbers and the courtyard. In any case the young queen was in due time delivered of a fine young boy with the same coal black hair and olive complexion as the king. The members of the court, relieved to see a continuous line of rulers in their future, and being much enamored of tradition, scoured the neighboring forest until they found a tree which they deemed suitable for the son of the Master-Of-The-Monthly-Tree. This tree, a truly elegant maple, was planted in the courtyard at the side of the much revered sycamore, and was ascended by Stoneworthy the Second when he assumed the crown. As for Stoneworthy the First, at the end of his life, filled with the richness of years, he died in peace and was muffled in elegant wrappings and ceremoniously carried from one to another of the monthly trees from then on. It is rumored that, just before he died, he confided to his son the true reason he lived in a tree.

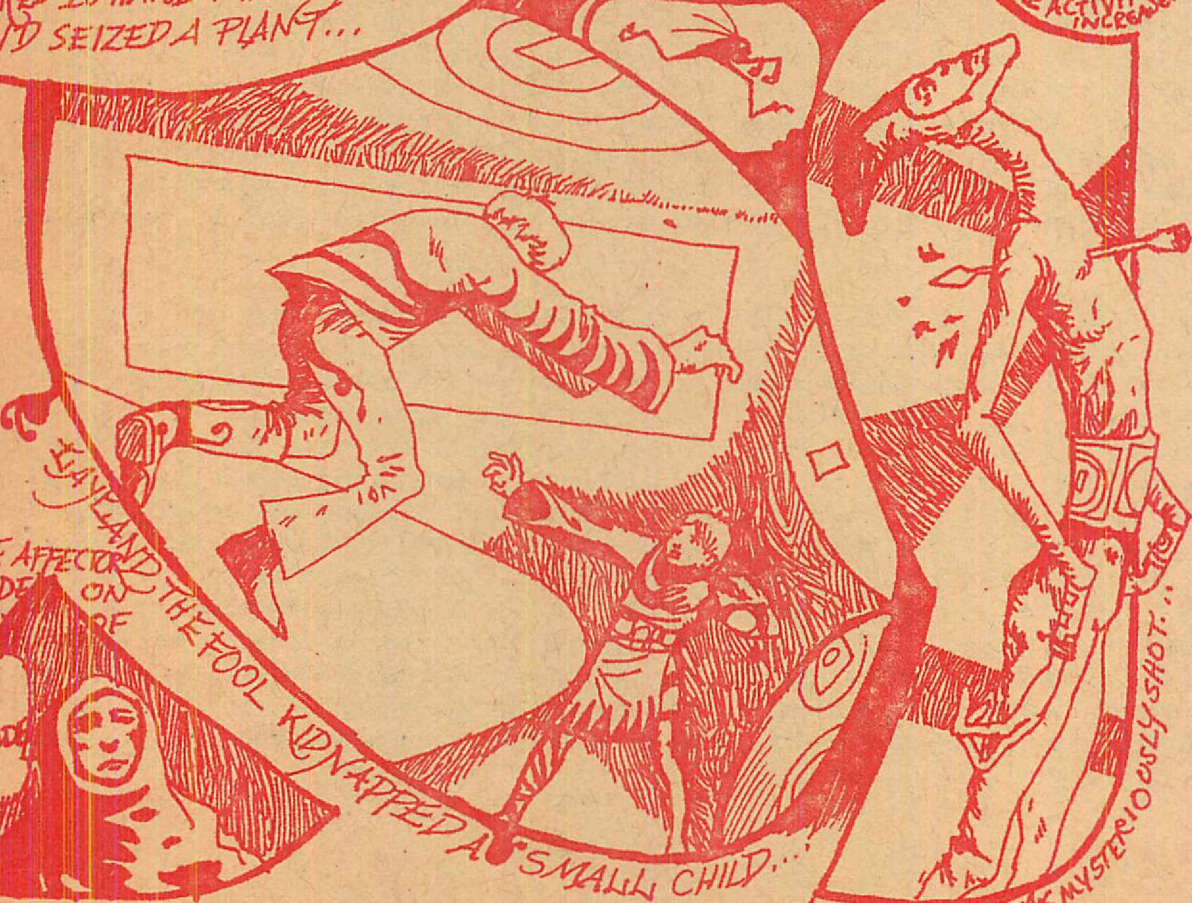
The Rock is RED

WHERE THE CLUES ARE PRESENTED...



THE ALARMS SOUNDED AS A GHOST
VEERED TOWARD THE CITY WALL
AND SEIZED A PLANT...

THE LADY BLUE WAS SEEN WITH
A WILD MACHINE IN A HALLWAY
LEADING TO THE STACEPORT...



THE AFFECTION
DECIDES ON
A COURSE OF
ACTION

I DECIDE

THE FOOL KIDNAPPED A SMALL CHILD...

A GUARDIAN WAS MYSTEROUSLY SHOT...

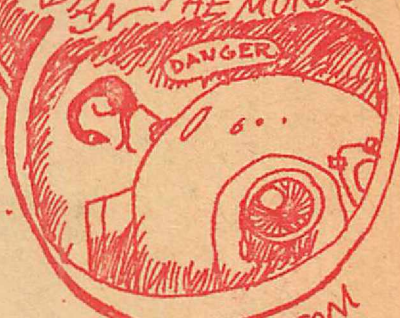
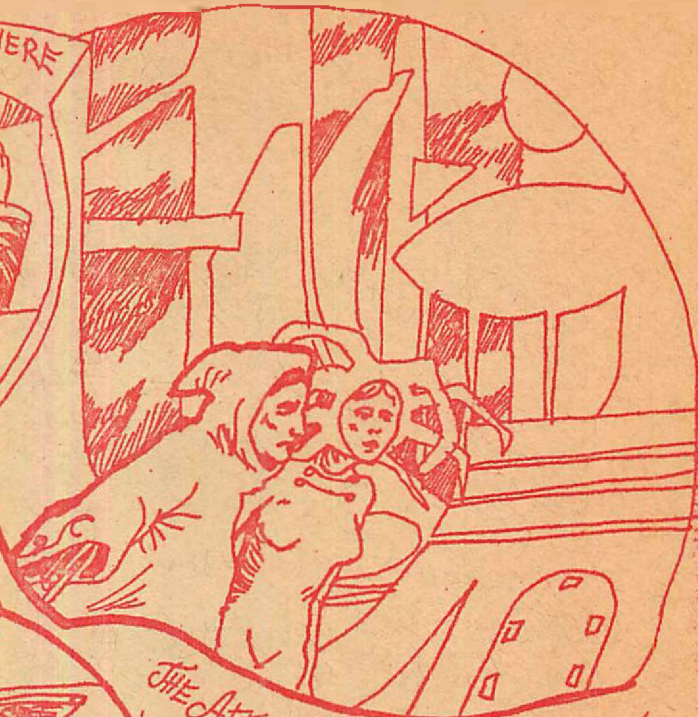
MEANWHILE, LAYLAND WAS SOMEWHERE



THE KIDNAPPED
FOUND FROZEN BY WAS
ANTENNA SALESMAN THE
IN THE EAST QUARTER



THE AFFECTOR HEARDED TO THE
SIGHT OF THE MURDERED
GUARDIAN

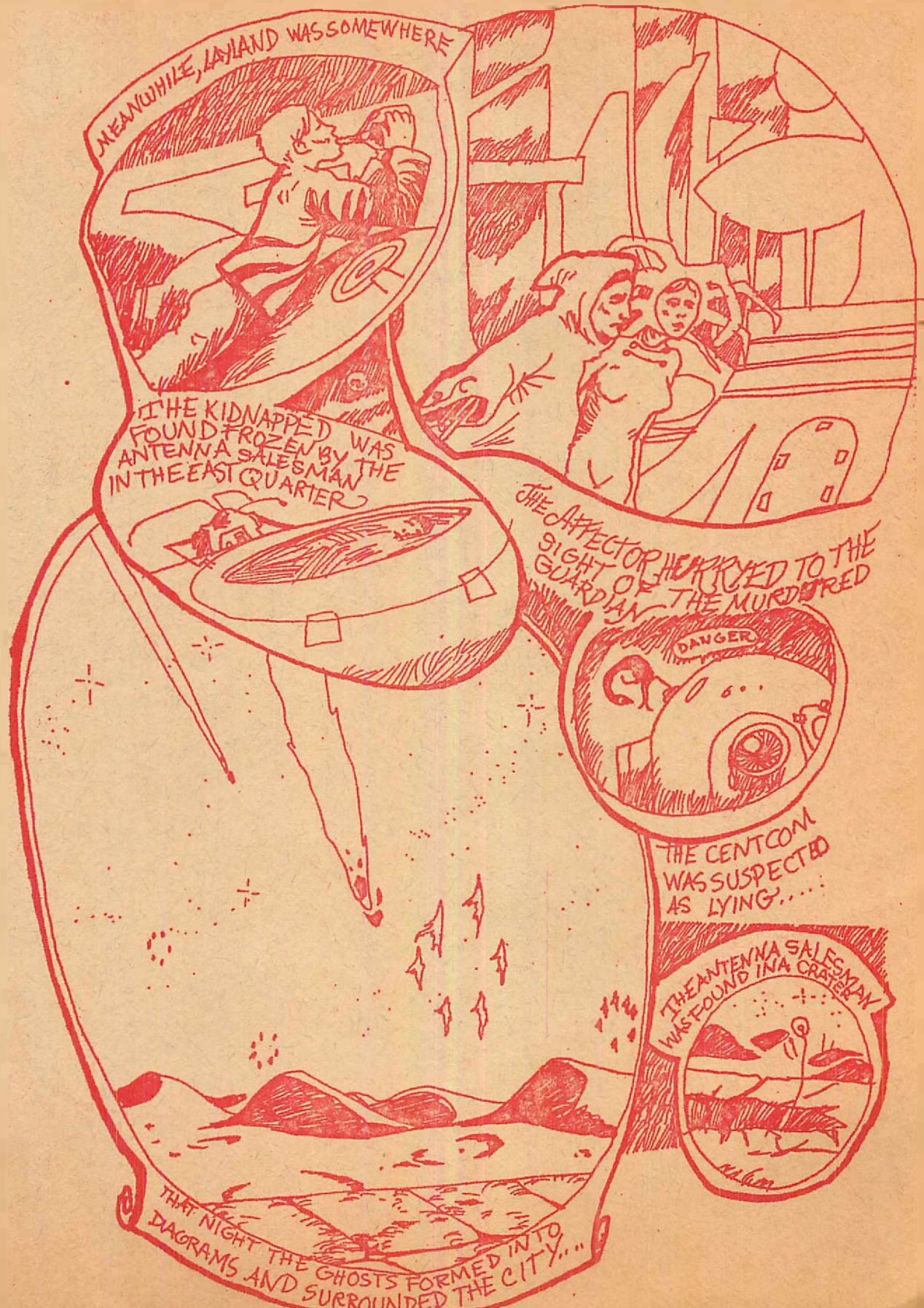


THE CENTCOM
WAS SUSPECTED
AS LYING....

THE ANTENNA SALESMAN
WAS FOUND IN A CRATER



THAT NIGHT THE GHOSTS FORMED INTO
DIAGRAMS AND SURROUNDED THE CITY...



Geofry Manlove
asserted that according
to Kelvan texts
there was peace

THE EFFECTOR WAS FOUND
ON THE EASTERN PARAPET
HIS PERSONAL CUBE WAS
GONE...

THE COUNCIL
WAS CONFUSED AND
INDESIVE

INDESG!

IN DISGUISE LAYLAND
SUGGESTED THAT SOMEONE HAD
MURDERED THE EFFECTOR FOR HIS CUBE.

Coming Next....
AN EXCITING DISCOVERY
OF IMPORTANCE....
IN

SOMETHING
HAS MOVED
AMONG THE DUNES

