

THE

PROPER BOSKONIAN



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PB #3

Snuffing is a Way of Life

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Issues may be obtained by doing something nice for us (like contributing, especially artwork), by sending money (35¢, 3/\$, \$2.50/yr for subscribing membership to NESFA), or just by standing there and looking like a potential vote. We have no schedule at the moment, but if I can get out two issues by the end of the year, we may be back on quarterly or better.

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BOSTON IN '71 BOSTON IN '71 BOSTON IN '71 BOSTON IN '71 BOSTON IN '71

EDITORIAL

Phillycon draws nigh, and I needs must get out an issue of the Proper Bostonian. Which means I needs must write an editorial. There isn't awfully much to talk about in this issue. I am still saving Baycon for a special conreport issue, which I'm going to write up real soon now, just as soon as my typewriter comes back from its extended vacation in the repair shop. The poor old Olympia dates back to 1957, which might not impress Bill Danner, but means that they don't automatically have all the parts for it on hand out here in the provinces. They claim a new watzit is on its way from New York, but I suspect that the broken part has been shipped back to the Black Forest, where a gang of gnomes is waiting to reforge it as soon as St. Swithin's Day falls on the new moon. Which is to say, real soon now.

Meanwhile, life in Boston has been wending on its fannish way. As a new-sprung gradschool dropout who has yet to obtain gainful employment, I have had much opportunity in the last two months to realize the benefits of fandom as a way of life. And as the secretary of a rapidly accelerating Boston in '71 bidding committee, I have had need to do so as well. Much plotting and snuffing has been done in this period, involving the inviting of guests of honor and seconders for the bidding session, the making of arrangements with the St. Louiscon committee (there will be no formal bidding parties, so come on up to the five-room Boston suite for our never-failing hospitality), and familiarizing ourselves with the delights of our chosen hotel.

This hotel is the Sheraton-Boston, Boston's newest and largest. A flyer detailing its numerous attractions will go out with this issue, so I will say only that for offering a wide range of facilities and conveniences, for being convenient to all transportation, for being in the heart of the New Boston yet within minutes of the cultural and historic attractions of the Old Boston, for all this the Sheraton-Boston is the most attractive conhotel we have seen in several years.

NESFA has been active too, of course. Our biweekly meetings have been continuing regularly. In October, we twice fared northward for the sake of autumnal scenery, to Jim Ashe's in Peterborough NH and to Mitch Chefitz's in Andover MA. For our next meeting, we turn to the sunny southland and Phillycon (anyone who doesn't believe Philadelphia is the sunny southland can read my editorial in PB#1); corresponding members and other interested parties are invited to look us up on Sunday to observe our ~~deliberations~~ deliberations.

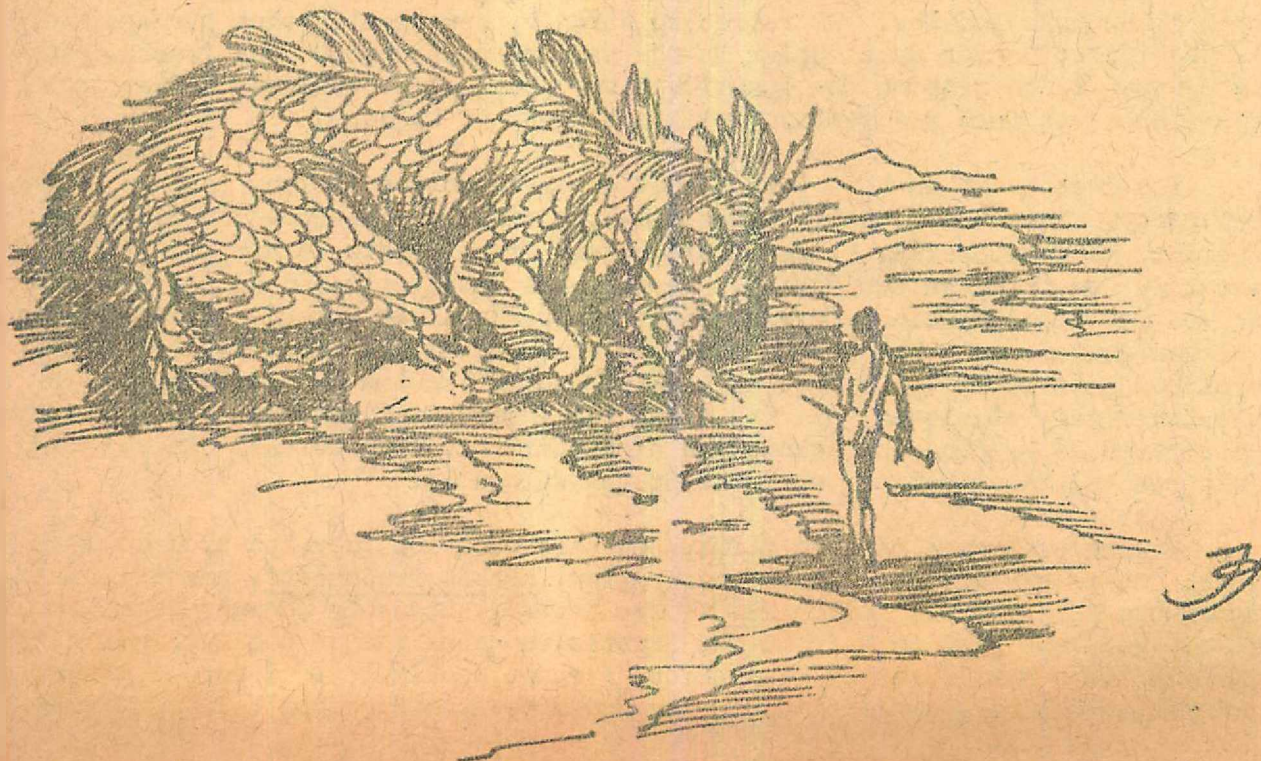
We also seem to be coming more in contact with local prodon this fall. Can't really count Harry Stubbs/Hal Clement of course, since he's turning into a fan. (He's treasurer for Boston in '71, for example.) But Isaac Asimov has put in appearances at one NESFA meeting and at Tony Lewis's Halloween party. Tom Disch turned up one Friday while visiting friends locally and Russell Seitz (resident Scotsman and metallurgist) gave him fifteen pounds of molybdenum to take back on his motor scooter. We brought Disch along on one of our Chinatown expeditions, as we did with Lester and Evvie del Rey after the Tolkien Conference.

Ah yes, the Tolkien Conference. In case any of you were not among the three thousand or so people who received flyers for this last summer, let me state that this Conference was held by Ed Meskys, Thain of the TSA, in mid-October, at Belknap College, in Centre Harbor NH. The weather was atrocious, the meeting hall was filled with dead and dying flies (which seemed to have a

particular fondness for the back of Brian Burley's collar as a final resting place), and all the papers (except mine, which was linguistics) appeared to be the product of midwestern theologians. But the parties at Ed's in the evenings were fun, plenty of fans came up from New York, and Lester del Rey's speech, the last on Saturday evening, came close to redeeming the entire program.

His thesis was that the latter portions of the Red Book of Westmarch were written largely by Sam, who subtly altered certain portions to make himself appear more noble at Gollum's expense. Lester contended that a weakened Gollum couldn't possibly have been able to bite through bone, and that Sam must have accidentally cut off Frodo's (invisible) finger with Sting in an inept attempt to attack Gollum. The Ring, he said, actually slipped off the bloody stump and fell in the crack by itself, while Gollum survived the succeeding cataclysms and finally travelled to the West as the last, and longest-lasting, of the Ringbearers.

Much spirited argument was aroused by this speech. The question of whether the Ring could have allowed itself to fall into the Crack of Doom was raised, and a variety of solutions to this problem were suggested. Gollum's inability to have bitten anyone's finger off was much discussed, with me pointing out that his having only six teeth would have made it rather difficult (*Hobbit*, p. 86) and Nan Braude mentioning that according to traditional magical lore, if he had taken the Ring in his mouth, it would have been the same as wearing it. This did not happen, because he did not become invisible, and yet he could not have bitten the finger off below the ring without doing so. The issue of whether it would be possible to sever the ring-finger without affecting the others was tossed back and forth, with subsidiary commentary on whether or not the Ring was still on its chain and what effect this would have had. I don't know what the Midwestern theology types may have made of it, but for all us warped fannish sorts it was great fun.



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That weekend was memorable also for the fact that none of us was called upon to display any athletic prowess. You see, Leslie Turek has gone on a Great Outdoors kick this fall and has, from time to time, dragged substantial numbers of NESFans off to pit their wits and muscles against the forces of implacable Nature... Our first expedition was a climb halfway up Mount Washington. Up wasn't that bad, actually, but the trouble began when the, we thought, slightly more interesting route we decided to take down took us up instead. And up. And up. We left behind trees and shrubs and finally were climbing over an endless desolation of large boulders, trending steeply upwards still. We might then have faltered, were it not for the inspirational example of Harry Stubbs's dog Pepper, whom he had brought along, supposedly, for a little healthy exercise. We finally emerged on the top of the spur and got to go down instead. We slid, slithered, and stumbled our way back into the valley and emerged around nightfall, feeling exhausted, filthy, and thoroughly proud of ourselves.

Compared to this, tipping over in a canoe, which is what I did during Leslie's next venture, was positively relaxing. The scene was the Concord River, which was at that point about fifteen feet wide, four-and-a-half feet deep, and well removed from being a raging flood. As a matter of fact, as we had paddled under the "rude bridge that arched the," it had appeared of a veritable millpond smoothness. Although perhaps I shouldn't speak so familiarly of millponds. The tranquil Assabet River, onto which we also ventured, becomes a millpond further up, in the town of Maynard. And yet even in that deprived condition, it has been known to overflow its banks in the spring, flooding the cellars of the former mill building and doing considerable damage to the facilities and morale of its current occupant, the Digital Equipment Corporation (makers of FDP computers and other instruments of the Devil).

Our third exploit was a climb up Mount Monadnock. This mountain features the standard easy climb for this area, but we were taking a slightly steeper and less frequented path up the other side. We were thoroughly appalled, upon arrival at the summit, to find just how frequented this other route was. An entire high school was apparently at the top, screaming, shouting, and pushing each other into puddles. We retreated hastily, speculating that perhaps there is justification for mass murder in the name of aesthetics. Our fourth adventure was a canoe trip on the Ipswich River, but as it involved no disasters worse than wet feet and pants, I will not speak of it here.

The last event in this period that deserves notice is Tony Lewis's Halloween party. This was actually a weekend-long affair. The Brown Entourage -- Charlie, Marsha, Sheila, Elliot Shorter, and Frank Prieto -- arrived Friday evening, some time before one am. We were all vastly pleased to see one another, as you may imagine, since it was almost two weeks since we had parted after the Tolkien Conference. The Boston crew had come out of its usual Friday night cycle of activities -- Chinatown, Baskin-Robbins for ice cream, Star Trek at the Lewis's -- at eleven, and had spent the intervening time in such productive activities as reading the unabridged dictionary out loud to each other. We had just reached "abomination" when the Browns walked in.

Beware of Browns bearing gifts. On this occasion they had brought me a rare, not to say unique, fanzine for review, Niekas Crudsheets, and the latest Georgette Heyer novel, Cousin Kate. The latter, strangely enough, is a Gothick Novel, complete with an Heir to the Estates who goes mad at the full moon. Or perhaps its a subtle parody of gothics, I can't really say. I merely advise anyone who has been avoiding Georgette Heyer because they don't like gothics not to start with Cousin Kate.

I stayed at the Lewis's with the mob that evening. Tony and Sue have plenty of sofas and soft rugs, and it didn't really seem worth going back to Cambridge for just a few hours sleep. I stopped off at my place the next morning to change clothes while the mob was touring the Sheraton-Boston, then took the bus in to meet them for lunch. It was then just past eleven, and the Kon-Tiki, one of the hotel restaurants which we wanted to sample on behalf of Boston in '71, didn't open for lunch until noon. We spent the intervening hour viewing the adjoining shopping plaza, including a prolonged wander through Brentano's.

At twelve we returned to the hotel for the best \$2.50 buffet lunch I've ever encountered. Served until three, it included an appetizer table that could easily provide a full meal by itself, four excellent entrees, and a selection of fruit and pastry for dessert. This buffet could be a really great asset for a World, along the moderately economy-minded fan to feel like a gourmet without shelling out the seven or eight bucks needed to justice to the place at dinner. The true cheapskates, of course, can frequent the coffee shops across the street.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in doing various tasks around Boston. First we drove to Haymarket to pick up some pumpkins for the party. Next we headed towards a costume shop so Tony could rent an outfit in which to play genial host. The place he had chosen was closed, but the Starr Bookshop, just across the street, was not, so we looked for used books instead. Finally we headed to another costume place a block away; Tony selected an Oriental despot getup and Paul Galvin chose a vaguely wizardish robe, although we all agreed he would have looked much more appropriate as an 1890's banker.

The next stop was an art store in Cambridge. Charlie Brown's costume consisted of a button saying "I'm an artist -- I paint nudes. Want your nude painted?" He figured he'd better get some paints, just in case he found a needy nude. After a stop at my place, where I forgot to pick up all the same things I had forgotten to pick up that morning, we headed off towards Belmont. Our points of call were Martignetti's for liquor and Baskin-Robbins, where Tony had ordered two pumpkin pie ice cream cakes and we all enjoyed cones (except Sheila, who unfortunately picked two losing flavors).



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We arrived back at Tony's house shortly after six and found the party already starting, as everybody who lived more than ten miles away had apparently decided to arrive two hours early just to be on the safe side. So we all hurried into our costumes: Tony as the Oriental despot, Sue in the Ariel costume that won her a second prize at Baycon, Marsha as a spiral nebula in black leotards and silver ribbon, Charlie in a beret of Tony's, and me test-running the steel breastplates Seitz had forged for me. Elliot Shorter wore the cloak he'd fashioned for Anachronist shindigs and a sword from Alexander's Department Store. He had been a Wandering Minstrel for the tournament, but on this occasion Sue decided he was obviously the Grey Mouser. Sheila had been supposed to go as a reverse spiral nebula, but Marsha's white leotards were too baggy on her, so she gave up the idea and lent the black ribbon to Elliot to decorate his staff to lend to Paul. By blousing her dress up over a chain link belt and wearing boots and a dagger she managed to look vaguely costumed. This was well for her, as Charlie was painting everyone in ordinary dress.

Since Boston fandom is rather new at this sort of thing, there weren't too many really good costumes, but a few do deserve mention. Drew Whyte dressed Arab, claimed to be Lawrence of Transylvania, and continually made bad puns, an invidious habit he has gotten into lately. Russell Seitz came in full Scottish regalia, including a crudely-beaten, silvery armlet that looked all sorts of authentic until he handed it to you to hold. As you fell to the floor under its weight, he would calmly explain, "Platinum."

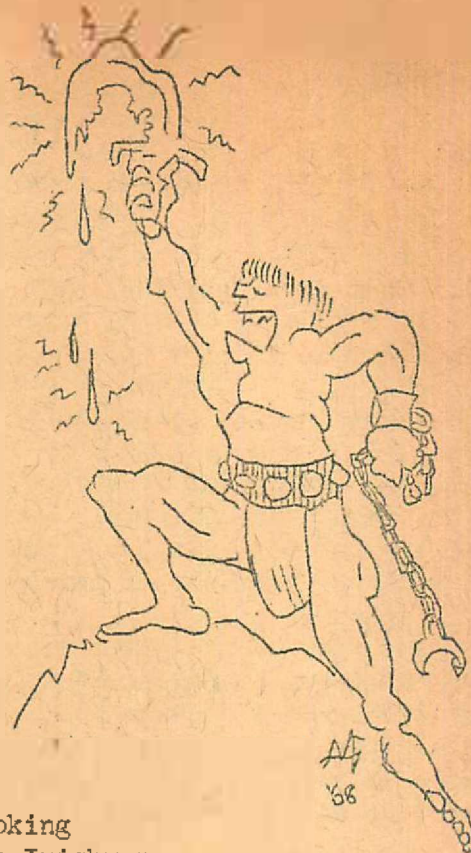
One mysterious figure appeared robed all in black, with a black mast and various bits of weaponry at its waist. When spoken to, it made no answer, but simply held up the stop watch that hung about its neck. After waiting long enough to impress the entire crowd, it vanished out into the night. A few minutes later Bill Desmond walked in wearing only the black robe, without appurtenances, and looking not so much eerie as clerical, like the good Boston Irishman that he is.

By about three the party had pretty much dissolved, and shortly after four the dozen or so of us who were staying overnight began to collapse at intervals in various spots about the living room floor. We all slept past noon, not having Ed Meskys to wake everyone up at six am by going to early mass. (A parents' weekend had kept him at Belknap.) We had time to do little more than head out for an early diner, another excellent meal at the English Room in Boston, and hang around my place for an hour or so doing some mild snuffing. Shortly after six, the New Yorkers drove off into the sunset, all of us bidding each other a fond adieu and promising to restore any misplaced belongings at Phillycon, five days thereafter

* * * * *

The preceding pages were written on Sunday and Monday evening. It is now nearly seven pm on Wednesday, September 6. Various events have managed to take place in that brief period of time. For example, I have typed twelve stencils. For another example, I have run 500 pages with each of nine stencils, or at least Tony, Sue, and I working in rotation and in teams have. Tonight we run off eight more stencils. Another three tomorrow and then we collate. Fandom is a peculiar sort of neurosis.

And then there was an election. I don't remember that very clearly, since I got up at eight-thirty am in order to vote, so as to leave myself plenty of time for typing stencils. My croglement was made complete when I was handed a paper ballot and told to put it into a wooden ballot box when done. I do remember how I voted for president however. I first discarded all three major candidates, on principle, thus going John W Campbell one better. I next reluctantly eliminated the Prohibitionists because of a conflict with a proposal further on in the ballot to continue issuing licenses for the sale of alcoholic beverages. That left me with the Socialist Workers. Or was it Socialist Labor? At any rate, that's whom I voted for. What a joy it is to belong to an enlightened citizenry.



Trivia Quiz

-- Jim Saklad

1. What is a "solid solution of transplutonian elements"?
2. What is Chonir? His homeworld?
3. What was Noy's last name?
4. Who Pinglot?
5. In what way was Maxon mighty?
6. What was the ultimate goal of the Fenachrone?
7. What was Sergei Orel's rank on T-1339?
8. Who said, "Whee!"?
9. What is the "Kansas City clutch"?
10. What was Ditworth's proper name and station?
11. Who or what "vastened"?
12. What happened to Dr. Pintero at 1:13 PM?
13. What is the most obvious effect of (unaltered) Spacoline?
14. What are some of the significances of 5,271,009?
15. What was Lazarus Long's real name?
16. How should one now spell Marshall Zebatinsky's name?
17. "The conversation had come 'round to death rays again..." Whose anecdote picked up the thread of the conversation?

ANSWERS TO UNANSWERED QUESTIONS IN THE LETTER COLUMN OF FB#2

1. Jim claims the Iapetus run hauled fertilizer but can't give the source.
8. The journal referred to was the November 1959 Western Astronomer.
10. One planet was a single Faerie City with spires and minarets. The other was a perfect sphere with a polished metal surface.

And Everett C. Marm? Oh, he was the fellow with all those jellybeans.

My Day (or so) in Andorra

-- William H. Desmond

---Oh, I want to go to Andorra, Andorra, Andorra
 It's the place that I adore,
 They spent four dollars and nineteen cents
 On armaments and their defense,
 Have you ever heard of such confidence?
 Andorra; Hip hoorah!---*

Travel...what joy, what bliss, what fun. Many years ago in my benumbed youth, I joined the Navy to see the world. (Travel, pay, and adventure, right?) I had dearly wished to see all those exotic ports of call, fabled in song ("O the monkeys have no tails in Zamboanga...") and story ("Jesus yeah, Bill. I remember the time we pulled into Hamburg. We hadn't been ashore more 'n ten minutes, me 'n ol' Ellis, when we ran afoul of this pair of big blonde German broads who..."), to say nothing of Hollywood war flickers and movie musicals ("Bali Hai will call you, Any night any day; Here an I your special island, Come away, come away..."). So it would only figure that the entire five years I served in the Navy would see me checking out such fun cities as: (1) Sioux City, Iowa (aargh), (2) Calumet City, Illinois/Indiana (whee), (3) Brooklyn, New York (cough), and (4) Charleston, South Carolina (Y'all come see us 'gain, y'heah?).

Until last summer, I'd never been anywhere near even one of those 'Fabled and Exotic Ports of Call'. My heart became more saddened and my wanderlust fantasies developed new and ever more embroidered patterns. When at last I couldn't stand it any longer, I loaded my roommate's neat one suiter with assorted wash and wear, my camera, a small stack of Traveler's Cheques, and a slew of old but as yet un-eyetracked prozines. Stashed and ready, I bagged ass for Spain. The reason I picked Spain was because it was within easy reach of my banknotes and because of all the countries in Europe I had no close or even distant relatives there. And too, the city of Barcelona had always been one of the places high on my list of 'Fabled, etc., etc.' (Any old sea dog worth his salt could bend your ear for hours with cogent memories and wild 'war stories' about Barcelona.)

I had originally hoped to roll over by way of tramp steamer, but the bucket I had booked passage on had sprung a leak too many and was dry docked in Brooklyn. It was to take two weeks before it expected to sail again, so I opted out for a round trip flight on Iberia for Madrid. Air travel, bah humbug! Madrid was a very quiet city, all considered. The only impressive thing I saw there (and nearly burned out my mind in the process) was a museum, the Prado. Words cannot do justice to all that is the Prado. Enough to say, see it once, but take the better part of a year to see it properly. Otherwise forget it; there

*Being the chorus from Pete Seeger's "Andorra," an instant folk ballad he created after reading a newspaper filler piece about how the Republic of Andorra spent all of \$4.19 for the purchase of blank ammunition to be used in their Independence Day celebrations; the kicker to this is that the government listed this purchase in their annual budget under Defense Allocations.



is too much to see in a few days. Leaving Madrid by train, I went directly to Barcelona. By the Great Ghod Bloch's Severed Organ, what a city!!! It was all anyone ever said it was and more. There are no lies or misstatements about Barcelona. All you hear is true!!!

It is an ancient city, awash in forgotten generations of history. It is a beautiful city, bedazzling by day, magical by night. It is a young city, it pulsates with dynamic life. It was summer and all the world came to Barcelona. The music hummed, the wine never stopped flowing, and the laughter of joy swirled through the city. I met a world full of benignly balmy and holiday happy clowns. Odd and loud Irish, affable British, incredible Dutch, goofy Swedes, and (would you believe it) even-stiffer-when-they-were-tight Germans. Every one mixed it up and nessed around, sleeping in the afternoon, juicing and/or jaggging in the evening, and sunning in the early morning. So what about andorra? Oh yeah...Andorra!

A week after arriving in Barcelona, I'd moved south to a small fishing village/resort town where I met this brother-sister (Hans-Anica) team of Hollanders who were slowly heading back home from Valencia by way of the coast. They were pushing along with an incredible antique pig of a Harley/Davidson, complete with sidecar. We were juicing it up in a scruffy little bodega (wine shop) when Anica mentioned that they were going home by way of Andorra. Anica was a bit nifty, tastey even. So with a hungry look in my eye, I asked if they had room for me as far as Andorra. They did. We made an expense sharing deal the next day and left in the late afternoon for Barcelona. We were only going to stay the night; that's the reason we stayed three days. Hans found a French girl and then disappeared. Anica and I spent the time not looking for him. On the road again, we whipped west from Barcelona, traveling through some real wild looking country and a few sleepy and evil looking villages on the way to Lerida, where we spent another night. Traveling is the only way to travel!

After rousing from a dead tired sleep the next day, we rolled north and connected with an ominously numbered route, Cl3l3. From here the land table started to rise acutely, so that soon the Harley was wheezing and grinding and bellowing and lifting an enormous cloud of roadway dust and dirt, although we weren't going all that fast. We stopped once to get out of the direct rays of the near to tropical sun and go skinny dipping in a mountain pool that magically and invitingly appeared along the road. Cooled, cleaned, and refreshed, we began again and, climbing higher ever higher, finally crested the mountain pass and rolled, looped, twisted, and dived down into the beautiful mountain valley that was Andorra. Andorra is one of the last of the postage stamp republics that used to dot Europe not too many years ago.

Fortunately for Andorra though, this country is located in such a generally inaccessible spot in the high Pyrenees that it has never profited anyone to think of absorbing it. The way it works is that Andorra has enjoyed a recognized sovereignty under the suzerainty of the President of France and the Spanish Bishop of Urgel for some six or seven hundred years. Napoleon granted Andorra the status of Republic in the early 1800's. Andorra is governed by a Council^a General composed of twenty-four members. Tourism and sheep herding are major industries. (The two go hand in hand, somehow.) Because there are no taxes on goods, smuggling (into France and Spain) is a profitable passtime for the natives. Fact is, Hans and Anica were going home by this route to take advantage of this business by hustling some tax free goods past the French Customs. (Just what

or how I didn't think it prudent to ask.) They said that this little action helped pay for part of their holiday. So be it; such are the clever little corner cutters that the guide books never mention, but are handy to know.

The three of us socked into a small combination hotel/youth hostel/motel up the road from the capital city/town of Andorra la Vella. There were no vacancies, of course, but room was found for us anyway, as is the custom during the tourist rush season. We ended up sharing a room with two French girls. Hans liked the idea (so did I for that matter) and he commenced to avidly hustle the both of them. Neither of the girls spoke much English, but that wasn't much of a problem because Hans and Anica could get along in at least five languages. So all of us managed to understand each other via both medias of direct translation and frantic gesticulation. (I might interject at this point that, for myself at least, I never really appreciated the value of being able to speak other languages until I took this trip. It took just six hours travel time by jet to rudely awaken me to the fact that I was a lingual dumb-dumb.)

We were shortly joined by two German couples from next door who had a pair of guitars between them. It wasn't long before we had a party going, replete with wine, cheese, bread, grapes, songs, dances, and gales of laughter. I pooped out somewhere after midnight and just undressed and crashed into my cot for about a million Z's. The party kept going, and it must have been a good one, for when I woke, the room had the general appearance of a disaster area. Empty wine jugs and cheese rinds were intermingled with a helter skelter scattering of various pieces of wearing apparel about the perimeter. In the center, the room's two beds had been grouped together and in various stages of undress were one of the German couples and Hans with the two French girls. Anica was in the shower/bath at that moment, so I pulled on a pair of slacks and went out onto the patio to check out the morning.

Zot!!! It was a beautiful morning. And oh that mountain air...whee! A few deep breaths of it and I was wine high again. I heard some stirrings from inside the room and present! Anica joined me on the patio looking as bright and nifty as ever. After chiding me for doping off so soon the evening before, she volunteered to show me around the town. So when I had showered and shaved we walked down to the city, had some breakfast, and then spent the rest of the morning touring the town. Should I ever need to jump into the Get-Away-From-It-All bag, Andorra is the place for it. We spent the morning in light shopping, sight seeing, and gathering odd facts. I was interested to no end by this little gem: Upon providing the necessary expenses (for travel, meals, and accomodations) it is possible to convene a special session of the twenty-four-man Council-General of Andorra and issue most any proclamation you wish. Usually people use the time to have the Council-General proclaim a special observance of their visit to Andorra. It costs but \$53.00.

Near the center of town, I almost sprained my wrist and forearm trying to pour off a free mouthful of wine from a jug provided by the gracious town fathers. This jug, more precisely called a porro, looks like a lab flask with a conical spout extending up from the base at about a 35° angle. It sits in free access of anyone who needs a quick whistle wetter. The way it works is this: You

grasp the jug by the filling neck and, pointing the spout towards your mouth, you tilt the jug and your head back at the same time, and the wine or whatever streams directly into the back of your mouth. However, if you would drink from a porro properly, you must hold it at straight arms length! Herein lay the catch behind the town's free wine supply. The wiley town fathers had put out a vessel that held at least four liters! If you were going to take



a drink, you had damn well better do it right and hold the jug at arm's length while quaffing. Haw!!! Like a clown, I tried it and got an arm ache and a stained shirt for my troubles.

Repairing then to a cozy bodega, the two of us spent the afternoon sampling different wines in a more conventional manner and more or less feeling each other out on attitudes in general and opinions in particular. Later we walked back to the H/YH/M, or whatever it was, to find our room was empty. Everyone had left; the Germans were gone, the French girls were evidently off swimming in the H/etc.'s pool, and Hans was, I presume, in town purchasing their prospective smuggling goods. We were (cackle) ALONE AT LAST!!! After hesitating for a few self-conscious moments while the quiet room and the empty beds leered at us, we laughed a bit, then got undressed and hopped into bed. Presently the French girls returned, occasioning some more self-conscious laughter. We showered and dressed again and waited for Hans to return. When at last he came back, the five of us went to dinner. A little while after we ate, Anica surprised me by saying that she and Hans would be leaving that night. (Whatever their reasons (jiggery-pokery with the French Customs most likely), I didn't inquire further. What more but say goodbye? Returning to the room, I straightened out my gear and got ready to go back to Barcelona the next day. I went back by way of Omnibus; it was a colorful but generally uneventful trip. So much for my day (or so) in Andorra.

---Oh at last I've been to Andorra, Andorra, Andorra
It's the place that I adore,
If I spent \$ x dollars and nineteen cents
On bread and wine as recompense,
It was a bargain! I'll say with deference
Andorra; Hip hoorah!---

THE FOLLOWING FILK SONG WAS LEFT WITH
US BY BRUCE BONGART BEFORE HIS RECENT
MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE FROM CAMBRIDGE
Tune: House of the Rising Sun

There is a place in Cambridge
Where you see computers run;
It is the ruin of many a lad,
And God, I know I'm one.

I learned FORTRAN at seventeen,
I learned it just for fun,
But I got into Time-Sharing
Before I was twenty-one.

Go see the flickering CRT's,
And see a Sort-Merge run,
But never, never give your soul
To au - to - ma - ti - on.

My father was born in Iowa,
My mother's from Michigan,
But I must live by One-Twenty-Eight
And work at Raytheon.

I see the Three-Sixty/Ninety-Two,
The greatest yet to come;
And I grieve the day when first I saw
The DEC P - D - P - One.

One foot upon the loading ramp,
One foot upon the plane;
I am flying out to Stanford
To link a computer chain.

And if I die upon my way,
Shed not a tear for me;
For the code I wrote shall live on
For half eternity.

Route 128 is the local center of the cybernetic universe. If you don't understand any of the rest of this, explaining it won't help.

NAVSPEC - I - 2197
 12 June 1941
 SUPERSEDING
 USN Manual 13/71
 par 4.3 and 4.4.2
 dated 10 November 1918

INCANTATION, EMERGENCY

This specification was developed by the Thaumaturgical Division, Office of Naval Research, on the basis of currently available liturgies. It is issued by the authority of the Secretary of the Navy.

1. SCOPE AND CLASSIFICATION

- 1.1 Scope. This incantation is intended to deal with crises of Grade I, Grade II or Grade III.
- 1.2 Classification. This incantation is intended for use by naval personnel in the following classes.
- Class I - Petty officers
 - Class II - Ensigns and Ensigns, Junior Grade
 - Class III - Lieutenants (all grades)
 - Class IV - Staff Officers (all grades)
 - Class V - Ship Captains.

2. APPLICABLE DOCUMENTS

- 2.1 Specifications and standards. The following documents form a part of this incantation to the extent specified herein.
- NAVSPEC - C - 65 Curses, Enlisted Men
 - NAVSPEC - C - 66a Curses, Officers
 - NAVSPEC - H - 4172 Harrassment, Senior Officers
 - U.S. Navy Manual on Stowage, 394-S, Appendix IV
 - U.S. Army Field Manual 169 B, Mule Handling Under Adverse Conditions
 - Finnish Weather Control, Vol II Knots and Curses by C.I. Wainomoinen, Capt. Mahan's translation
 - Names of Power in the New Deal, Lt. Cmdr. Burlap Mather
 - The Necronomicon of Abdul Alhazrad, Capt. Mahan's translation.

3. REQUIREMENTS

- 3.1 The invocation. When in danger or in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout.
- 3.1.1 Direction. Circles shall be run widdershins in the northern hemisphere only. In the southern hemisphere, circles shall be run in the normal direction.
- 3.2 Screaming and shouting. All screams and shouts shall be expressed in a firm and positive manner.
- 3.3 Subject matter. The subject matter shall be related to the crisis inducing the incantation.
- 3.3.1 Type I. Petty officers shall feel free to address enlisted men and officers according to NAVSPEC - C - 65 and NAVSPEC - C - 66a, except that officers shall always be addressed as "sir".
- 3.3.2 Type II. Ensigns and Ensigns, Junior Grade are limited to NAVSPEC - C - 66A, Par 3.1. In addition, they shall only speak when spoken to, except that in the absence of other personnel, an Ensign may address an Ensign, Junior Grade.

- 3.3.3 Type III. Lieutenants (all grades) may cite NAVSPEC - C - 66a at their discretion.
- 3.3.4 Type IV. Staff officers, including Line Officers acting in a staff capacity, are authorized to cite NAVSPEC - C - 66a and NAVSPEC - H - 4172.
- 3.3.4.1 Type IV A. Staff officers of flag grade are also entitled to quote from the U.S. Navy Manual on Stowage 394-S, Appendix IV.
- 3.3.5 Type V Grade I Crisis. Ship Captains are entitled to cite NAVSPEC - C - 66a, NAVSPEC - H - 4172 and the U.S. Navy Manual on Stowage 394-S, Appendix IV, regardless of their rank.
- 3.3.5.1 Type V Grade II Crisis. When a Ship Captain judges that a crisis is of Grade II, he may cite Finnish Weather Control, Vol II, U.S. Army Field Manual 169 B, and Names of Power in the New Deal.
- 3.3.5.2 Type V Grade II Crisis, Class A. When a Ship's Captain is above the rank of Commander, or has advanced in the chain of command by battle casualties to a position held by an officer above the rank of Commander, he may, subject to review by a General Courts Martial, cite the Necronomicon of Abdul Alhazrad. The General Courts Martial shall determine whether or not the crisis was in fact Grade II, and may, at their discretion, order a psychiatric examination on the officer at trial and on the witnesses.

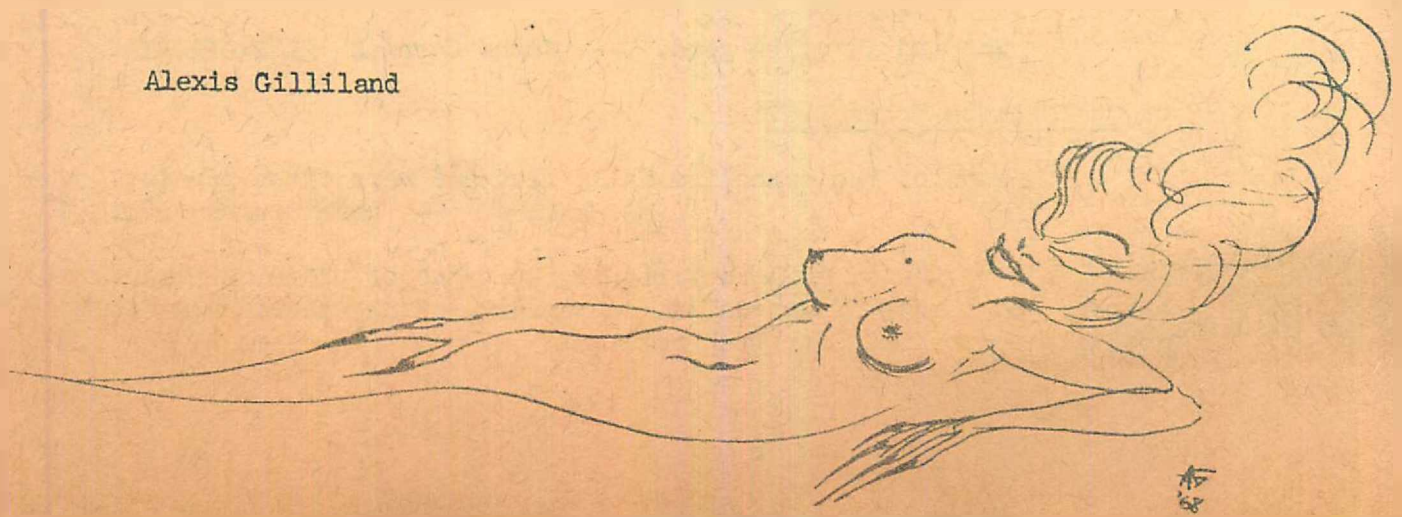
4. QUALITY ASSURANCE PROVISIONS

- 4.1 For Type I-IV the gradual subsidence of the emergency is regarded as indicating the effectiveness of the incantation.
- 4.2 For Type V, the invocation's effectiveness will not be considered apart from the effectiveness rating of the Ship's Captain.
- 4.2.1 For Type V, Grade II, Class A. The effect of a citation from the Necronomicon of Abdul Alhazrad will be evaluated by the General Courts Martial, which will take into account the positive as well as the negative aspects.

5. NOTES

- 5.1 Citations from the Necronomicon of Abdul Alhazrad will in no circumstances be broadcast, either in code or in clear.
- 5.2 Grade II Crisis. Handling of Grade II Crises is restricted to Ships Captains and Flag Officers.
- 5.3 Grade III Crisis. Only the Admiral of the Fleet, the Secretary of the Navy and the President of the United States are authorized to deal with a Grade III Crisis, although the U.S. Senate may be called upon to advise and consent. In any event, citation material is classified TOP SECRET and is not accessible to personnel below the rank of Admiral.

Alexis Gilliland



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CRUDZINES, NEOZINES, AND FIRST ISSUES --- Mike Symes

First, an explanation. Two minor events are responsible for this column. I volunteered to review fanzines for Proper Boskonian and Cory Seidman suddenly decided to have fanzines reviewed in group categories, club-zines, crudzines, etc. You already know which group I was chosen to review, and so I feel I should indeed reveal my "credentials" for reviewing crudzines. I publish one. Also, I'm supposed to be closer' in age to the high-school type people whom Cory claims are responsible for most crudzines, since I did graduate only last June. And, like most of them, I do like rock, although I cant afford it and my FM radio is in wretched/bad condition. The closest I've ever come to involvement in an amateur rock group was management of one that folded before it formed.

The general criteria for crudzines, as outlined by Cory, are first issues in general, admission of presence in high school, and, of course, low quality material. Most, because of Bad Repro, are instantly recognizable. Somewhat helpful is the recent admission of the editors themselves that they publish crudzines:

...This being a cheap cruddy zine like it is... -- Ed Reed L'ANGE JACQUE

...We have already started work on #2, (do I hear groans?) -- John Hatch ZINE-OPHOBIA

Crudzines are good for you. -- Ed Smith FLIP

I suppose all zines must have gone through their cruddy stage. -- Frank Lunney BEABOHEMA

Many of the editors are young, naive (to various degrees), liberal/radical (left), semi-hippy, Simon and Garfunkle fans. They like SF and, with the exception of DREEGH (which is dull in compensation but which does have a publication cat), are unable to review SF beyond the plot summary, like/don't like level.

Film reviews are worse. Planet of the Apes is particularly popular:

Brilliantly satirical -- Dave Szurek EXILE 4

This movie is wonderful. -- Dan Hatch INFINITY LIMITED

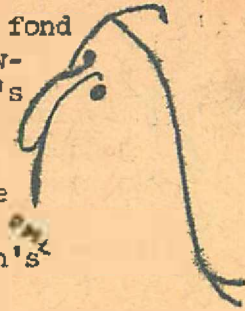
The end is quite good. -- James Corrick ZINE-OPHOBIA

Or One Million Years B.C.:

Much of the symbolism falls flat and very often meanings are obscure. -- Dave Szurek EXILE 3

Ed Smith's review of 2001 is typical: 2½ pages of plodding plot summary and ½ page of unoriginal commentary. Zine-Ophobia has fairly good but restrained Star Trek reviews.

Fan fiction is always present and, of course, bad. EXILE seems fond of running fan fiction that is unintentionally funny. John Crawford's "Snarth" (Exile 3) is almost as good as Robert E. Howard's Almuric and Bob Malisani's "Funkiness Forever" (Exile 4), with its unreal picture of sex and college life, backed by typos and misspellings, is extremely funny, almost worth reading. (By the way, contrary to popular belief, the photo-reduced offset Exile 4 is readable. But then again, I'm nearsighted.) Faith Lincoln's "The Minatory Mimosa" in Beabohema 1 is just bad.



Almost as bad as unsuccessful (intentionally or unintentionally) fan fiction are parodies which fail to come off. Bob Vardeman's Voyage to the Bottom parody in Flip 1 is an example. Even worse (if possible) is "Star Trip," Bill Gard's Star Trek parody in DREEGH. Freiburger does it better. Perhaps the worst thing appearing in fanzines is fan poetry. A BLEEDING ROSE is composed almost entirely of it. Caveat emptor!

Personalzines aren't really that bad. Ed Reed's running commentary in his IT AIN'T ME BABE, on the televised Dem-Com is mildly interesting/amusing. I'm waiting for the Realist version however. Ed Reed's genzine, though, is something else. He promotes New Worlds for best prozine and Disch's Camp Concentration for best novel. I'm not sure that Disch is that great an SF writer. After all, he doesn't have curly hair.

But of all these crudzines, the most insidious of all was INFINITY LIMITED, designed to "attract the other 80% of the SF readers" into fandom.

- BEABOHEMA 1 - September 1968 - 25¢
Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St, Quakertown PA 18951
- A BLEEDING ROSE 2 - June/July 1968 - 25¢
Michel Barnes, 1716 Summerlane SE, Decatur AL 35601
- DREEGH 1 - August 1968 - 40¢
Bruce A. Fredstrom, POBox 647, Eugene OR 97401
- EXILE 3 - March 1968 - no cash
- EXILE 4 - August 1968 - 25¢
Seth Dogramajian, 32-66 80 St, Jackson Heights NY 11370
- FLIP 1 - July 1968 - 25¢, 5/\$
Edward R. Smith, 1315 Lexington Avenue, Charlotte NC 28203
- INFINITY LIMITED 1 - June 1968 - 30¢
Daniel Hatch, 13 Donna St, Thompsonville CT 06082
- IT AIN'T ME BABE 1 - September 1968 - 10¢
- L'ANGE JACQUE 1 - July/August 1968 - 25¢
Ed Reed, 666 Westover Road, Stamford CT 06902
- ZINE-OPHOBIA 1 - July 1968 - 10¢
John Hatch, 12 Pine Road, Glens Falls NY
Kevin Maul, 7688 Marine Drive, South Glens Falls NY

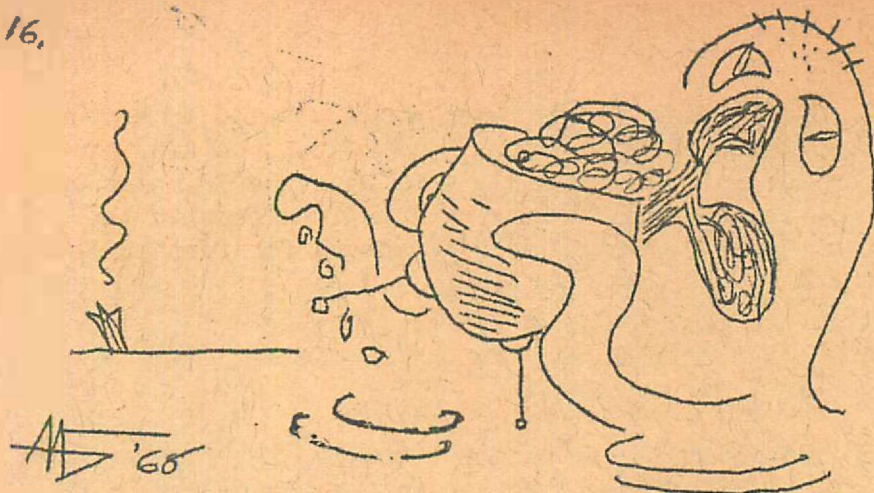
Yed has just uncovered a small pile of additional crudzines which were part of the pile that arrived while she was in California and that managed to get buried under a pile of junk instead of being filed away. If you sent us a crudzine last summer and do not see it reviewed here, do not despair. Mike will do it full justice in the next issue. --CJS

S T A R
T R E K
F A N Z I N E S

Susan

H

Lewis



CINEFANTASTIQUE 20 - August 1968 - Special Star Trek issue contains a chronological list of episodes, brief cast credits for each, and glimpses into the third season, all sandwiched inbetween catalogs of film posters. The four pages of Star Trek photos from #5 (July 1968) are reprinted here also.

GALILEO 7 1 - June 1968 - More than fifty pages of illos (all Bush). Some poems, none scanning and one by Shirley Meech readable, and a story. It's chiefly an illo zine and a good one.

INSIDE STAR TREK 1 - This is the official organ of the show, at least in so far as it is published by Lincoln Enterprises which is owned by Roddenberry. It had brief articles on upcoming shows, the cast and crew members. If you want lists of upcoming shows, here's one source.

NARGOTHROND 2 - This has gestefaxed artwork (fair), a Star Trek HMS Pinafore pastiche (not cribbed from "HMS Trek-a-Star" -- Gilbert's lyrics are little changed), a Tolkien Survey which turns out to be a survey of Tolkien criticism and commentary, and a piece of fan horror-fiction and a puzzle. Policy is to have a Star Trek piece in every issue, but the central interest is Tolkien.

PLAK-TOW 6,7,8,9 - Somehow Shirley manages to keep this one coming. It contains spottings of Star Trek cast members in person and print, Star Trek clubs, fanzine news, good illos (mostly Bush, abetted by DEA and Austin). #6 has a special report on Leonary Nimoy in Visit to a Small Planet, #7 has one on a Nichelle Nichols special appearance, and #8 one on Mark Leonard in Midsummer Night's Dream. There are some nice outside bits too. The Avengers' Mrs. Peel appears briefly in #8, Dark Shadows' vampire in #9, and occasional Peanuts cartoons with a Star Trek touch. A very fine zine even if you don't read the news!

SPOCKANALIA 3 - 105 pages of articles, copiously and well illustrated, with some poetry and fiction. Devra and Sherna continue to produce a thick, interesting, well edited zine. Their authors apparently take the Star Trek universe seriously to the point of researching their articles, when possible, or at least write from more than superficial knowledge of the topics they discuss. The best.

STARDATE 1 - This is fiction and all quite good. If it were not for copyrights on the Star Trek universe, some might be commercially publishable. Very enjoyable. Also well illustrated.

TRISKELION 1 - Two pages of photos from Funcon, some depressingly superficial articles, a nice piece titled "Vulcan Ethnography," two fairly readable pieces of fiction. Right now it looks somewhat like SPOCKANALIA's rejects, but with some experience it could be good.

WHERE NO FAN HAS GONE BEFORE - July 1968 - This final issue contains an account of the renewal of Star Trek and pointers on what to do to keep it on (it was renewed for sixteen weeks, not the full twenty-six), news that the Trimbles are no longer involved with Lincoln Enterprises, referring Star Trek fans to the "official Star Trek newsletter" "Inside Star Trek" (see above) for further news, and explaining what is now available from whom.

CINEFANTASTIQUE - 25¢

Frederick S Clarke, 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park IL 60635

GAULTIKO 7 - 75¢

Kathryn Rushman, Box 89, Pearce AZ 85625

INSIDE STAR TREK - edited by Ruth Berman

Lincoln Enterprises, POBox 38429, Hollywood CA 90038

MARGOTHROND - 30¢, 4/\$ - quarterly

Rick Brooks, RRL, Fremont IN 46737 -- subscriptions

Alan G Thompson, POBox 72, North Aurora IL 60546 -- contributions

PLAK-TOW - 5/\$ - generally monthly

Shirley Meech, Apt B8, 260 Elkton Road, Neward DE 19711

SPOCKANALIA - 50¢ in person, 75¢ or 50¢ + 4 6¢ stamps if mailed

Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn NY 11225

Sherna Burley, 1480 Rte #46, Apt 123a, Parsippany NJ 07054

STARDATE - 50¢

Lois McMaster, 3481 West Henderson Road, Columbus OH 43221

TRISKELION

D.E. Dabbs, POBox 3923, Bryan TX 77801

WHERE NO FAN HAS GONE BEFORE

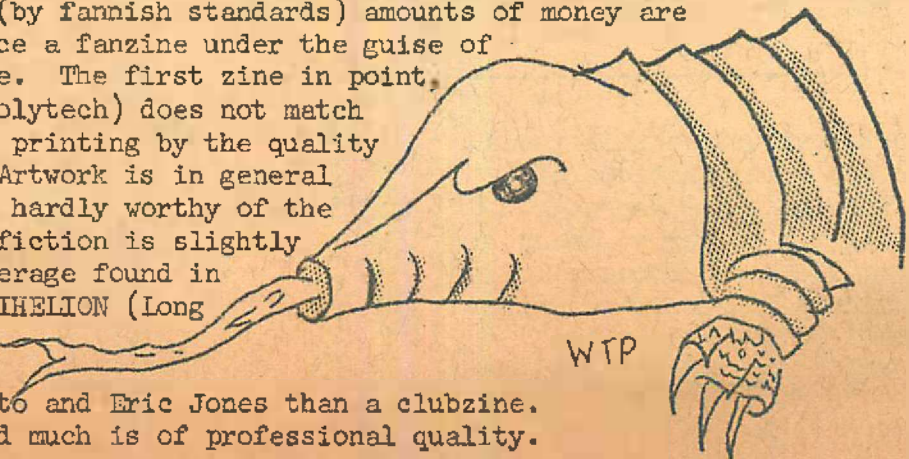
John and Bjo Trimble, 417 North Kenmore Avenue, Los Angeles CA 90004

* * * * *

VARIOUS OTHER SPECIAL CATEGORIES OF FANZINES -- Anthony R. Lewis

CLUBZINES come in divers sizes, reproduction, and quality; some reflect the spirit of the club and others the editor/contributors. INSTANT MESSAGE (New England SFA) is a newsletter containing minutes, club notes, notices of meetings, COA's, etc. OSFAN (Ozark SFA) is a more ambitious undertaking as a newsletter and includes a number of brief fanzine and book reviews along with club business.

Let us now turn to some of the college-based fanzines. Science fiction groups on campus may be encouraged or merely tolerated by the administration. In the former case, vast (by fannish standards) amounts of money are available to produce a fanzine under the guise of a literary magazine. The first zine in point, GOLANA (Brooklyn Polytech) does not match the quality of its printing by the quality of its contents. Artwork is in general quite mediocre and hardly worthy of the trouble. The fan fiction is slightly better than the average found in the fanzines. PERIHELION (Long Island University) is more a personal zine of Sam Bellotto and Eric Jones than a clubzine. Artwork is good and much is of professional quality.



Sam also is able to obtain reasonably good articles. Kudos to art editor Wm Stillwell for his layouts.

Two relatively "new" clubs are ACUSFOOS (Carleton University) with HUGIN AND MJNIN and the University of Chicago SFS with TOMORROW AND...; both groups are connected with the committee bidding for Toronto and Chicago in 1973 -- interesting. HUGIN AND MJNIN has a printed cover. (The one on #5 is quite good.) The contents are the usual mixture of reviews, LOCs, and fan fiction. Nothing bad but nothing particularly good. TOMORROW AND... in its first issue was very much a personalzine of the editor, Jerry Lapidus; however, in #2 he manages to get some other contributors. It doesn't differ much from any genzine with multiple contributors. Repro could be cleaned up slightly.

These last two zines have the potential embodied in a large group of contributors. The problem is that the editors don't edit, i.e., cull out the chaff; much of the writing has promise but it is still too self-conscious to be very good.

GOLANA - cash (no price given) or the usual - photo offset

Brooklyn Polytech SF Club, Box 439 333 Jay Street, Brooklyn NY 11201

HUGIN AND MJNIN - 25¢, 5/\$ - mimeoed

Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario

INSTANT MESSAGE - \$2.50 for subscribing membership (includes PB)

- samples on request - dittoed - biweekly

New England SFA - POBox G, MIT Branch Sta, Cambridge MA 02139

OSFAN - 15¢, 12/\$1.50, free to OSFANS - mimeoed - monthly

Ozark SFA, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood MO 63122

PERIHELION - 40¢, 6/\$2, 12/\$3.60 - photo-offset

Sam Bellotto, Jr., 190 Willoughby St, Brooklyn NY 11201

TOMORROW AND... - 25¢ - mimeoed

Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford NY 14534

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There are at present two NEWSZINES, LOCUS and SCIENCE FICTION TIMES. SFT is a monthly, photo-offset zine, specializing in book reviews, forthcoming books and magazines, publishing news, and convention reports. A long calendar of club meetings and conventions is included. LOCUS is mimeoed biweekly and is devoted to more ephemeral and timely info. Both publications are, of course, a must for any fan. Is it not interesting that both are products of the Bronx?

SFTIMES, Box 559, Morris Heights Station, Bronx NY 10453 -- 12/\$3

LOCUS, Charlie and Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Avenue, Bronx NY 10457 -- 8/\$, 16/\$2

Zines not reviewed in this issue include the more ambitious club-zines, foreign zines, special interest zines on topics other than Star Trek, and thousands and thousands of genzines. All these will be covered in the next issue. Any NESFANS with an interest in reviewing a specific class of zine see me. -- CJS



NONCON REPORT

-- Judy Krupp

On Friday, August 30, 1968, Roy and I traveled to the Paramus, New Jersey Holiday Inn to join eleven or so others convened to celebrate the country's second largest science fiction convention to be held this Labor Day weekend. We traveled by rented automobile via New York City with Leslie Turek, Dave Vanderwerf, and Drew Whyte.

Fred Lerner, chairman of the convention, greeted us. He was glad some people showed up. He said many who had promised to come to the Noncon went to Baycon instead. The most notable attendees were Walter and Marion Zimmer Breen and two very tiny Breens. The highlight of the convention was a telephone call from California giving the Hugo winners for 1968. This came at three am Sunday.

Early Monday we went in the too cold swimming pool. We spent the latter part of the morning helping the small Breen who was wearing a blue shoe to find the other blue shoe, while Marion Breen kept picking up the many pieces of orange that were so decoratively scattered around the hotel room.

Then we left for our Labor Day breakfast. Fred Lerner joined us and showed us the list of Hugos. We were joined by Leslie and Dave. Fred said he might like to join the NESFA in a hike on Mount Washington and bring some other people. Roy and I are bringing him a copy of The Boksey Twins as a bribe. After that the convention ended. We signed out and drove home, eating dinner in Providence on the way.

VENEGLA VONT ON GAFARIS 8

After some deliberation, Venegla Vont decided to answer his first space distress call. Deftly unscrewing the nose cone, he removed the scroll from the red emergency message rocket which protruded from the hull of his ship. He broke the seal and spread the scroll out over his instrument panel. Ignoring all other information, he quickly noted the planet of origin and, grabbing his throttlestick, blasted away at thirty-two lightspeeds to Gafaris 8, home of the eternally blossoming Eternal Blossom Flower and present position of pernicious powerplay.

Five minutes later he stopped, make a right turn, and landed on Gafaris 8. Alighting from his craft, he was met by the Emperor of Gafaris 8, who immediately informed Venegla of his problem. It appeared that every third year, the Nefarious Boggle Bird stalked through the capitol, and, putting the city's inhabitants asleep with a potent sleep gas which it ejected from two huge sacs under its wings, it devilishly stole and ate all the electric toothbrushes in the city, plunging it into a Health Crisis.

Venegla Vont cogently conceived a Solution: a certain means of lessening the effect of the sleep gas. At the outskirts of the city, he and a small fraction of the police force, armed with water hoses, met the Boggle Bird. Although yawning deeply, they managed to inundate its gas sacs with water, while shouting their battle cry of, "We who are about to sigh dilute you."

-- Mike Symes

Letter Column

Jerry Kaufman
2769 Hampshire Rd
Cleveland Hts, OH 44106
5 July 1968

Is there really a Fuzzy Pink? Yes? That's incredible. I thought I'd run into the oddest name in the country at Midwescon. That was Sunday Eyster, whose name was arrived at by... well, just say her last name first and her first name last. Yes. ((The sad truth is that

Fuzzy Pink is really Marilyn Wisowaty. But then Sunday Eyster is a fake too -- see the latest Granfalloon.))

2001 is being splattered over the pages of every fanzine in existence, ~~it seems. This~~ it seems. This reminds me very much of the reaction STAR TREK got when it first came out. It seems, also, that fandom must be pretty low on things to write about. Was there this sort of a reaction when THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL was released? I hope not. One theory that another fanzine is pushing, is that the movie is based on Nietzsche's theory of the development of the superman. I can't say whether this is overinterpretation or not, but the conclusion that the slabs are creating a superman out of a man has been reached without going back to Nietzsche. Occam's razor, you know? ((But the slabs' theme music is taken from Strauss' Thus Spake Zarathustra.))

I, too, will read a Georgette Heyer book. From what I was told at the Midwescon, Jeffery Farnoll is sort of the Vargo Statton of historical fiction. ((Who's Vargo Statton?))

Charles Fort Jaunte (no e in Fort)

Could you, in #3, please do something about ~~the bottom~~ the bottom lines on your pages? I've noticed that I can't read a great many of them. They're most of them crumpled and folded like last night's bedclothes, and have you ever tried to read last night's bedclothes? (Come to think of it, that could in some cases be as good an indication of the future as tea leaves.) ((Tell us what causes it and we'll be glad to do something.))

* * * * *

William M. Danner
R.D. 1
Kennerdell PA 16374
23 July 1968

Many thanks for the Proper Boskonian #2 that came today. In addition to those nice words about Stef it contains a great deal of interesting material. I've just finished doing the puzzle and apparently I haven't been doing my homework properly because I had to do it the hard way.

I found it just as tough as those I used to do occasionally in the Saturday Review, which I haven't seen for a long time... I don't incidentally, hate the zip code. It's an excellent idea and it's too bad most P.O. employees refuse to use it. My hate is for the P.O. department itself which, at the beginning of the zip business, issued the wrong number to Kennerdell and didn't get around to changing it until about a year and a half later, after I had printed the wrong one on letterheads, envelopes, gummed labels, etc., in great numbers. This is the first letterhead I've printed with the correct number. I do think the reduction of all state abbreviations to two-letter combinations is idiotic as it results in a lot of meaningless symbols -- such as "Pgh", for example!

The comprehensive review of 2001 is the first indication I've seen that it's a Cinerama production. This means that I can't possibly see it until it is released in a single-film version. Pgh is all of 80 miles away and I won't drive that far for any movie. For that matter, I never got around to seeing any Cinerama production before moving here in 1957. It's another sign that I'm getting old, I guess, for I used to be an enthusiastic movie-goer in the twenties and thirties. I suppose I've averaged about one theater movie per year since coming to the sticks.

Since Doug Hoylman brought up the matter of your omission of apostrophes (which I, too, find a minor annoyance) I might respectfully ask why he used "me" instead of "I" and "laying" instead of "lying" (or has the problem been laying eggs all these years?) and misspelled "adviser", all in the same paragraph. Shame on him for two weeks! ((While we're picking nits, I might ask, with equal respect, why you persist in leaving your commas dangling so vulnerably outside your quotation marks.))

I can't recall reading "Sirens of Titā" but that name "Diana Moon Glampers" is one that gave me pause. It happens that, in the years 1926-1929 a fine medium-priced car named the Diana was made in St. Louis by the Moon Motor Car Co., which also made the Moon from 1905 to 1931. My father had a '27 Diana which I drove for two years, as he never learned to drive. I'd like to have it now. By another odd coincidence, the successor of the Diana was called the Windsor, and Dad had one of those for five years. Of course I have not the slightest idea what Windsor Creme may be and I'm not at all sure I want to know. ((Sorry. It's a kind of shampoo recommended by a certain beautician much patronized by long-haired East Coast femmefans.))

* * * * *

Doug Hoylman Now I'm trying to figure out whether the copy of PB/#2 that I
1304 N. Cherry got today is the one that I wrote for three days ago (the
Tucson AZ 85719 Post Office isn't that fast) or from the original mailing
26 July 1968 (the Post Office isn't that slow). (But you never know; I
 once got a copy of Kipple the day after it was mailed in
Baltimore. Third class.) At the same time I sent that request, I wrote my
postmaster asking how it is possible to keep one's third class mail from being
disintegrated while one is out of town. I haven't gotten a reply to that yet.
The post office is six blocks away. ((Actually it was the original mailing,
only a couple of weeks delayed so that some of the copies I handed out at
Midwescon had already been reviewed.))

Glad to hear that I have vast, not just half-vast, redeeming social value.
How much can I redeem it for?

After reading your editorial and the interview in SFTimes, I'm beginning
to suspect that Arthur C. Clarke doesn't understand 2001 either. Those of us
not privileged to live in communities with Cinerama theaters have not been
permitted to see it yet. Maybe I'll get up to Phoenix one of these days.

The SF-croctic was excellent. Only one typographical error, and one
altogether brilliant definition ("Anti-Calder"). Your comment was right;
once I got the words "sea serpent" it was downhill all the way. More! For
years I've been intending to try to make up one of these, but although I manage
to waste many hours a day I can never quite reconcile myself to tackling a
project of this size when there are things I ought to be doing. I suspect a
double-croctic would be much tougher to devise than a crossword. I'd like to
be able to get some SF references in the definitions as well as the quote. ((Try
jotting down good definitions as you think of them; then find a quote and fill
in for the extra letters with random definitions.))

be getting Life, plus the Post plus the 4 others, that's all 6 for just 49¢ and the change is collected at the end of the month. So since that's all there is to it, you'll help us build the service, right? Fine. Just print your name and address on the back of the card and thanks a lot."

There you have it, now beware...

* * * * *

Mike Zaharakis Gee, it's nice to know that you people have your own captive
802 11th Av NW author down there in Boston. I mean, after all, what fanclub
Minot ND 58701 wouldn't want Isaac Asimov as its own personal property.
 Minneapolis has Cliff Simak and on occasion Poul Anderson,
but alas, Minot has nothing remotely resembling a pro or BNF. ((Except that
Asimov is too busy to appear more than occasionally, sniff. But we also have
Hal Clement/Harry Stubbs who is being sneakily corrupted into a fan -- he is
already treasurer of the Boston in '71 Bidding Committee.))

We do have lots of John Birchers though and will trade you two of those, one polar bear, and a hand made native igloo for the Good Doctor. OK? ((No deal -- we already have the Birchers' national headquarters. But we might be interested in trading a geodesic dome for the igloo, if you can provide a year's warrantee.))

I enjoyed PE #2 as it reminded me that I am not the only one who has to put up with odd paper, typos, and other things such as bad repro. (After a diet of Psy & Staggie I had assumed that most of my fanzine efforts were so far below the average that I should burn them for warmth.) ((What was so odd about the paper? I went out of my way to get that.))

The Jack G. illos were superb. I can understand how he can win the fan art award but with the way the pros repro his stuff I cannot see how he'll win the pro award. ((But the pro artists all suffer equally from bad repro.))

Fannish communications being what they are, I did not hear about the Minneapolis-Con till too late. Next spring however Minot and Fargo fen will be there making it a bit of an interesting time as most of us are weird because we live in North Dakota. (Or is it that we're living in NDak because we're weird?) ((But "Fargo" was the answer to 16 Across in the August 4 Sunday Times crossword, so surely it can't be that weird.)) We do interesting things like worship the great polar bear and sacrifice crudzines to the gods of spring.

Perhaps the thing that struck me as interesting in #2 was the description of the wedding. Di and I just told everyone we were getting married one Saturday and that it would be nice if they wanted to come.

150 people showed up. It was a very nice wedding too. A simple communion service and a bunch of friends standing up front with us. (All but two were fen.) After the priest blew the minds of everyone there who was ghut Nordakotalutheran by inviting everyone to communion we snuck out the back way and attended the reception put on by Di's stepmother. (We were just in favor of a big party but Di's stepmother insisted on the reception to make the thing proper. After all, Di hadn't worn white or carried a bridal bouquet, nor had the wedding been normal up to that point.)

After the five minute appearance at the reception we returned to the local hotel to greet the celebrators who had paused in their revel only to attend the wedding. The party had started on Friday afternoon and resembled something you would expect at a con.

We put in 3-4 showings at the party and then watched Jim Cole roll down two flights of stairs in front of the House Detective. After informing the House Dick that "Ghu Seves/Green Stamps" we picked him up and sort of got him into the coffee shop and sobered up so he could get drunk again.

The party lasted about 8 more hours till four o'clock. Diane and I weren't there when it ended but we were told that everyone just sort of fell asleep where they were when the urge overtook them.

We woke most of the party up for church (Early Communion) and trooped them out to breakfast afterwards.

Then they partied some more till about 12PM Sunday night.

It wasn't really a three day wedding but...

I think all weddings should be like that. Diane and I had a stone groove just getting married with all our friends there. There were very few relatives as we had been asked why we had to get married before Aug. 19.

We told them that we had to make the convention on Labor day for our honeymoon and that we were stopping in places like Moorhead to visit Kaymar and Amherst to see Ray Palmer. They haven't spoken to us since.

My relatives understood this pretty well and forgave us for not visiting the West Coast on our honeymoon, but Di's father still thinks I should be committed.

* * * * *

Kay Anderson
4530 Hamilton Avenue
Oxnard CA 93030
30 July 1968

The Proper Boskonian wandered in today, with 12¢ due on it. You know, when we lived in Albuquerque I only got the fanzines I subscribed to. No surprises, no goodies, no flattering interest from the great unplumbed world. Then we moved out here and yours is the ninth to arrive

postage-due. Everyone told us the cost of living was higher in California. ((You mean you actually got the PO to forward fanzines? How is this miracle wrought?))

In contribution to your loc hassle, I must be the only person in the world who would see the abbreviation loc/L.O.C. and without hesitation pronounce it "loke".

The most interesting thing I've done lately, other than lose my car in the Disneyland parking lot (it covers about 600 square acres and there are signs all over the place entreating you to please notice what section you put your car in) is to spend the best part of two days with the Coulsons, seeing Paramount, nee Desilu. We saw most everything pertaining to STAR TREK and a few people and things belonging to MANNIX and M:I. I'd tell you all about it, except that I just finished telling 19 other people all about it, and even with the margins squunched and leaving a few things out, a comprehensive account requires about ten pages. So I am choosing little easily-covered facets to tell people all about. I am going to tell you about the commissary. It's a large, fairly attractive building in vaguely 1900-ish style. I think the outside is used as an exterior. Many buildings in the lot are, so you might have the accounting department in a turn-of-the-century New Orleans cat house, or the writers in a 1930-ish



bank. The commissary is furnished in Moderately Affluent Airport Waiting Room, and the menu featured liver and onions or stuffed bell peppers. It wasn't very popular. Eating there were assorted people in contemporary dress, a few M:I baddies from some evil East European country we don't want to mention by name because they might sue, a grubby-looking frontier scout, and some crewmen of the Enterprise. The liver and onions was very good.

However, you can read all about it from two or three points of view, probably briefly in Yandro and at great length in STP-2, which will be out one of these days.

If you liked the image of Harlan punching a network executive in the ~~side~~ nose, you would have loved a Les Crane interview show featuring Harlan, Norman Spinrad, and Robert Bloch. Harlan started off telling about "I See a Man Sitting on a Chair..." and Crane was getting goggle-eyed and trying to cut him off. Harlan said something about this hooker who has died and her soul is in a machine. Crane made the mistake of saying "What?" and Harlan giggled and said "A slot machine...well, not a slot machine...a slot machine..." Crane had a few bad moments, there.

I have a cat, too. He's a grey and white spotted Manx who looks uncannily like a Dutch rabbit. He used to be our cat, but since he got \$17.50 worth of abscess in his leg from being bitten by the neighbor's cockatiel, he's my cat.

We just moved here from New Mexico about six weeks ago, and I'm not used to it yet. I am bothered by things like the fact that the pretty fog that comes in on little cats' feet stinks of oil and old fish, and that there is so much humidity in the air the hills seven miles away are seldom visible. And when you look out to sea the horizon seems up above where you're standing, which is only four feet above sealevel, and what if all that water flowed downhill, as water is wont to do? I wish I had my desert back.

* * * * *

Ivor A. Rogers
University of Wisconsin-Green Bay
Green Bay, Wisconsin 54302

Since I have been writing to as many of the important fanzines as possible to tell about the Secondary Universe conference, I thought that this would be a good time to

write and make a pro forma declaration in the hopes that all or part of it might be of interest to TPB staff and readers.

First a word about Secondary Universe and what and why. --- I don't really know how many fans will be interested in what we are trying to do since it's all very sercon and academic at times, but if we interest only 20-25% of Fandom, I'll be very happy. I think that we may be breeding a new type of fan---call us acadfans or profans or what you will, but there has been a tremendous increase of interest in the colleges and universities for SF and fantasy. Most of this has been among the undergraduates until recently, but many of us have kept our interest through grad school and on into the ranks of professorhood. As a result, many courses are now being taught in colleges and universities all over the US: Philip Klass at Penn State, Merril, Knight, Wilhelm, our west, Mark Hillegas at University of Southern Illinois, etc. Tolkien is regularly included in courses at Wheaton College and at U. of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, to name just two. I came within an inch of teaching a class in SF film this summer, and so on. EXTRAPOLATION, the newsletter of the Modern Language Association is now beginning its ninth year of publication,

and the MLA will have a huge section on SF at its December meeting this year. Well, fine. This is what fandom has been asking for for many years--acceptance of SF by the "literati" as an important genre in its own right. I have noticed, however, a certain coolness among fans to this movement; primarily, I would suspect, because the impetus came from outside the ranks of regular fandom. This is too bad, but there is another danger too--that this branch of fandom becomes so ingrown that it kills the movement by over-academization. This is why I have been writing letters to as many fan publications as possible to interest them in Secondary Universe II. The ideal blending at a conference of this sort would be 1/3 fan, 1/3 academic, and 1/3 writer-artist-filmmaker-etc. Also, at a conference of this sort, we don't need many spectators--everyone should be a contributor. If all you can do at a con is to wear your TANSTAAFL or FRODO LIVES button and attend parties, this type of a con would not interest you much. (Although we did have some nice parties at # I.) This is intended to fill a space half way between a Fancon and the meetings at the MLA. I hope that you can use some of this in TFB and that some of your readers will be interested in attending.

* * * * *

Harry Warner, Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown MD 21740
15 August 1968

The second Proper Boskonian has relieved my mind. The reprinted review of 2001 demonstrates that fans aren't the only puzzled viewers. I doubt that the film will show in Hagerstown until the year 2000 $\frac{1}{2}$, so I've been interpreting it while handicapped by inability to view

it. The only thing I'm sure about, after a dozen fanzine reviews, is: if there's supposed to be a specific meaning and message, it's a failure from that standpoint. Too many intelligent people with knowledge of modern films are reacting with utter dissimilarity. I've seen the monoliths interpreted as sexual symbols, symbols of progress, and religious manifestations, plus some claims that they were just alien creations that possessed no particular significance otherwise. The Harvard Crimson review is the most specific, of all I've seen in fanzines, and provided me with some information about the events on screen that I hadn't seen before. When I finally get to see the film, it ought to seem like an old friend, something like the deja vu sensation I experienced when I finally saw the Janet Leigh stabbing in Psycho, after hearing about it so endlessly in fanzines.

You probably didn't mean it that way, but I found some significance in the way the 2001 material came right after the Asimov-Latvia item. I suspect that there may be a lesson here for us: whether it's a very sophisticated movie or straightforward science fiction stories in the classical tradition, it's possible for different people to get utterly different meanings. Whoever wrote the introduction to the Asimov translation was obviously impelled by political considerations. But I wonder how much of what he wrote was deliberately false, and how much resulted as sincere reactions? If I'd grown up in Latvia since World War II, maybe I would read into Asimov stories some things that aren't there, and if I were translating Asimov after a lifetime of conditioning in communist thought, maybe I would unthinkingly twist something he wrote into an entirely different meaning. All this isn't meant to excuse the distortions that Krilova created. But it might explain to some extent why foreign-language science fiction and fantasy rarely appeals to fans when published in English translation.

The fanzine reviews were fine, even though the quantity of them created unpleasant reminders of the quantity of uncommented-on fanzines in my bedroom. I'm not sure that the severity is justified in the Riverside Quarterly review.

Look at it this way: Even if a person likes his fanzines more filled with fun and games than RQ, this is an era when fandom is very severely in need of publications like Riverside Quarterly. Contents that seem stuffy and dull to many fans would impress certain non-fans as normal reading fare. These certain non-fans are college professors, on whom might depend the existence of a college-sponsored fan club and a place for it to meet; a big-name literary critic, who might suddenly give science fiction more space and better reviews in a major journal if impressed by the quality of a science fiction fanzine; perhaps even a foundation official, who might face a decision on whether to give a fan thousands of dollars to carry out some research or creative work connected with science fiction. RQ seems quite readable to me, a good fanzine whose justification for existence lies in its general interest; but even if it bored me stiff, I'd want it to continue and would hope for more fanzines like it, because fandom is growing away from a group whose members are recruited from prozine letter columns, and we may need prestige-conferring manifestations of fandom. It buoys my egoboo to have that fanzine review column in RQ, giving me the illusion that I write well enough to be worth publishing in such an intellectual place. Leland has been having stupendous problems, like the loss of most copies of one edition in transit, the Canadian mail strike, and the need of many more subscribers to bring him closer to a financial even break. I'd hate to see these problems do in RQ, because fandom would assume that the nature of its contents had killed it off, and it might be another decade or two before its equal came along.

((But what I was complaining about, Harry, was not the scholarliness of RQ, or even the dullness, but the superficiality. Too much of it has a term-paper feel, as though someone had read one literary or sociological analysis of some mundane phenomenon and set out to apply it to sf. The striking example of this in the issue I received is "Edgar Rice Burroughs and the Heroic Epic" by Tom Slate. This article begins with a straight textbook list of characteristics of the heroic epic. (This list has within the last generation been largely discredited by advances in our knowledge of oral literature and Mycenaean history, but let that pass.) He then proceeds to apply these criteria to Burroughs. These comparisons are mostly superficial (noble heroes, violent events) or even inaccurate, as when he compares the stilted language of Burroughs to that of certain English translations of Homer! He then makes a claim, based solely on these matters of content, that Burroughs deserves to be considered seriously as a modern heroic epic. Do you really think the academic community would take such a claim seriously? I don't.

((The following article, "Some Motifs and Sources for the Lord of the Rings" by Sandra L. Miesel, is less exaggerated in its faults, since it makes no claims beyond that Tolkien drew heavily on the traditions and symbolism of European myth. But even here the comparisons show no deep consideration. Examples are taken apparently at random in a meaningless hodgepodge, with no attempt to determine the precise sources used by Tolkien or whether he has produced a rationally unified set of symbols for Middle-earth itself. Moreover, she makes mistakes of fact, such as confusing the aes sidhe of Irish mythology with the mortal characters of the tales and discounting on that basis much of their influence on Tolkien's Elves. Admittedly the third critical article in this issue, part of Jack Williamson's thesis on H.G. Wells, is free of such faults; but neither is it exactly calculated to win the academic community over to current sf.))

The letter column was memorable for the magazine salesman anecdotes. The one I remember most vividly was a quite attractive young girl who came on a very cold morning. I couldn't have her standing outside the door while she recited

her spiel, and as soon as I let her in, she went down on her knees and looked so comfortable that I didn't have the heart to order her to get up. When her nose started to run uncontrollable, I forgot my ironclad policy and renewed a subscription through her to High Fidelity. The strangest thing of all was that I didn't have any trouble with that subscription. Except for the fact that two copies came every month for the next year, it was just as if I'd renewed through mail direct to the publisher. Only after she left did it occur to me that maybe she deliberately failed to carry a handkerchief.

Both your covers were particularly good this issue. I'm impressed by a recent spurt of originality and merit in the DEA artwork, and the Fabian socializing on the back cover gives me a warm, friendly feeling.

* * * * *

Dan Hatch
13 Donna Street
Thompsonville CT 06082
20 August 1968

Bolshoyeh Spasebaw for FB #2 (Even though I had to put my own staples into the binding) I hereby send my official LoC -- all other correspondence being of lesser importance and written with less content than this.

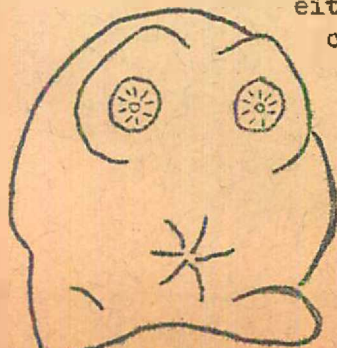
Is there anyone out there who sympathizes with the problems of a suburban actifan? I am benighted with the difficulties of decentralization, immobilization and non-communication with other fans in southern New England.

Does anyone know of an organization of Dunophiles? I am contemplating publishing a 'zine discussing Dune and its environs. I am attempting to grok more fully the novel by reading the magazine and book versions simultaneously. There is a slight difference between the two. Paul is more mature and intelligent in the book. I would like to get in touch with Frank Herbert in regards to reprinting the quotes of Princess Irulan's books. I have made a compilation for my own use and can be easily persuaded to mimeograph it up. (Does anyone know how to make a thumper? Mine doesn't thump, it just rattles.)

I disagree with Harry Warner on the subject of Hugo categories. In the case of a magazine, you have a certain continuity of editorial atmosphere. There are certain qualities in a magazine which make it a unique occurrence that lasts all year. (Very clear. Ha.) A television series is a group of unique creations working with the same set of characters. What is done with these characters is the thing being judged. The magazine is representative of the editor and his personaliti(es). The television series is a reflection of the individual writer on a flexible set of parameters.

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These dashes represent the pause I just took to observe what is either a particularly aesthetic display of lightening on the clouds or the shelling of Yale. They remind one of certain s-f scenes which I cannot call readily to mind.



With all due respect to the cat-lovers of the Universe, it seemed to me that the poem cited by Leigh Couch was implying that the cats were the precursors of the human race. This may or may not be true, however, if it is, it points out the inescapable parallel between humans and cats.

My contribution to S-F Trivia: What is it that is particularly notable about a man named Czigo. (Not primarily that he is deaf.)

Ed. R. Smith
1315 Lexington Avenue
Charlotte NC 28203

FB arrived alive and well in one piece and was read with interest

Your experiences with fen sound exciting, but I don't think I could take it. I am too much of an introvert to enjoy talking and party hopping and meeting with fen. This is probably because I grew up in the wilds of N.C. and am not accustomed to all the fannish hurahs, so that my only contact is through mail and in fanzines. I probably will make St. Louiscon, though. ((So will everyone else. Are you prepared to face 1800-2000 fans at once?))

The review of 2001 is one of the best thought-out ones I have yet to see, and did what a good review is supposed to -- helped me see things from another side and point out things I did not see in it. I have already seen it twice and will go again before it leaves. It's an expensive habit -- I should get hooked on something less expensive, like pot.

I thought 'Fuzzy Pink' referred to the type of paper you used. It's really a person, heh? Astounding. Simply incredible.

About the Hugo thing -- there have been several good novels so far this year, and I don't know what I want to take next year's Hugo. SLOWBOAT CARGO was rather good, but ended as pure action-adventure. MAN IN THE MAZE, PAST MASTER, and PENDULUM were all quite good, and how about RITE OF PASSAGE? I am reading Delany's newest, NOVA, which might stand a chance. Short fiction, however, is pretty bad. ((I pretty much agree with that last statement, except for Silverberg's "Nightwings," which I am rooting for for (I suppose) the novella category.

* * * * *

Joanne Burger
55 Blue Bonnet Court
Lake Jackson TX 77566
20 September 1968

By now you should have received a copy of my zine Pegasus #2. And I was wondering what your reaction was to Gertrude Carr's review of The Black Sheep. ((I liked it.)) I saw a letter of hers in Trumpet where she said she no longer read sf, but read Heyer instead. So I wrote to her, and we now exchange almost weekly letters talking mainly about Heyer's works. So I got her to write a review for me. Next issue will have her discussion of Heyer's mystery stories. Do you have a complete list of her works? The listing in the books is incomplete, you know. One reference book I was using (looking up something else, naturally) listed the following books as also by Heyer: Great Roxhythe (pub 1922), Instead of the Thorn (1923), Simon the Coldheart (1925), Helen (1928), Pastel (1929), and Footsteps in the Dark (1932). I have seen the names Great Roxhythe and Simon the Coldheart in one of her books, but I have never even glimpsed the others. Does your local library have any of these books? Our library is lucky to get copies of the Dutton reprints.

((The Harvard University library own both Roxhythe and Simon. The latter, owned also by Andre Norton and Paul Galvin, is a Henry V thing referred to in the family history section of Beauvallet. The former, of which I believe Barbara



AA
'68

Letters-11

Boynton has a copy, is about an agent of Charles II. The others are rumored to be about poor but honest working girls, but I've never seen any of them.

((For information on these and other matters, let me recommend to you the forthcoming issue of Niekas, containing a lengthy, multipart article on Heyer. Various sections will be by Hugo-winning fan-writers Alex Panshin and Ted White, by Charlie and Marsha Brown, and by yours truly.))

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Elliot Kay Shorter Written this 3 day of Oct at the Brown's, a place I find
512 W 169 Street myself more and more these days.
NYC 10032

There is a disease, a most virulent disease going around this area lately, Fanzine Reading. (Me, the friendly neighborhood 'fake fan' involved w/NIEKAS, LOCUS and Reading Fanzines. Sigh.) While muddling through the fanzinepile, before my stint at the Gestetner, I came across PB and its Letter Column. Perusing same, I stopped at J.R. Saklad's Trivia Game. Question 1 wasn't answered and my brain tingled. Located, as I was, in the center of a great reference library (Charley Brown's Collection) I reached for a shelf. The ANSWER was not (I don't plan ahead do I) LANCELOT BIGGS Spaceman. Now what was the second of the 3 books I'd thought of? You see the tingle in my brain signaled OLD contrary to the clue saying RECENT. Click POSSIBLE ANSWER TO QUESTION ONE: PEANUTS HORN! In the story in question sabotaged with a deadly yellow fungus. The story: Space Hawk by Anthony Gilmore. This answer hinges on the fact that IAPETUS and IAPETUS are, I believe, two spellings for the same place, that often get confused.

* * * * *

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

NED BROOKS who didn't agree with all the conclusions in the 2001 review.

STEVE FABIAN with more lucious art.

BRUCE PELZ who sent a solution to the puzzle and challenged me to do his in Shaggy #74. But since it was all fannish history, I ran screaming in terror from it instead.

ALEXIS GILLILAND who claims Avogadro's number is $6.02252 \pm .00028 \times 10^{23}$,
area code 914.

BILL PARK who has been studying graphoanalysis and is now able to write exactly like a professional sex maniac.

MAUREEN BOURNES who approves of any zine that deals in ST, GH, and cats.

WE DID NOT HEAR FROM:

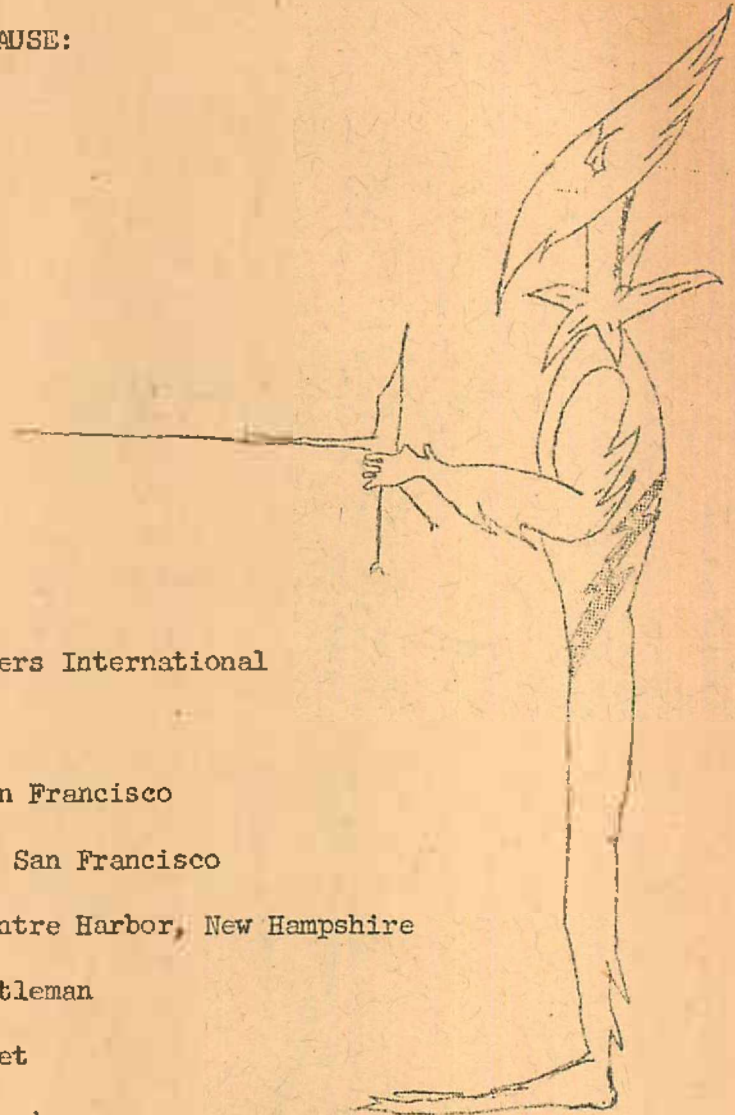
Most of our favorite artists, which is why this issue is a bit scantily illustrated. Come on guys, get on the stick and start storing up Karma.

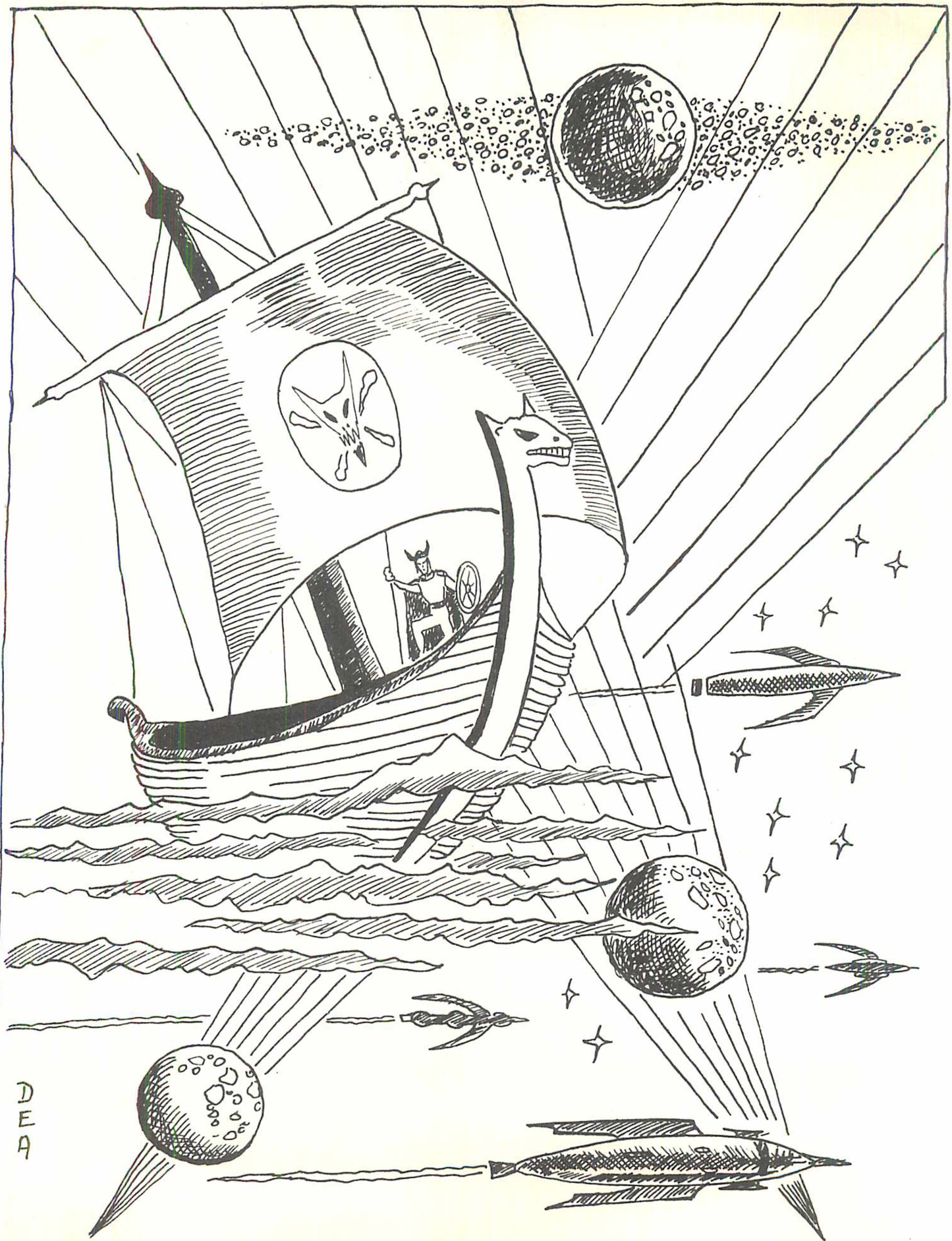


YOU ARE GETTING THIS ISSUE BECAUSE:

- You contributed
- You should contribute
- You might contribute
- artwork
- articles
- reviews
- lousey puns

- You wrote
- You telephoned
- You sent an emissary
- You are a member of NESFA
- You are a member of Smoffers International
- You are a member
- You left your heart in San Francisco
- You left your raincoat in San Francisco
- You left your socks in Centre Harbor, New Hampshire
- You have the air of a gentleman
- You have the soul of a poet
- You have the brain of a genius
- You have the brow of a Shakespeare
- You have the jaws of a lion
- You have the mimeo of a Lithuanian
- You look like a vote for Boston in '71
- We love you





DEA