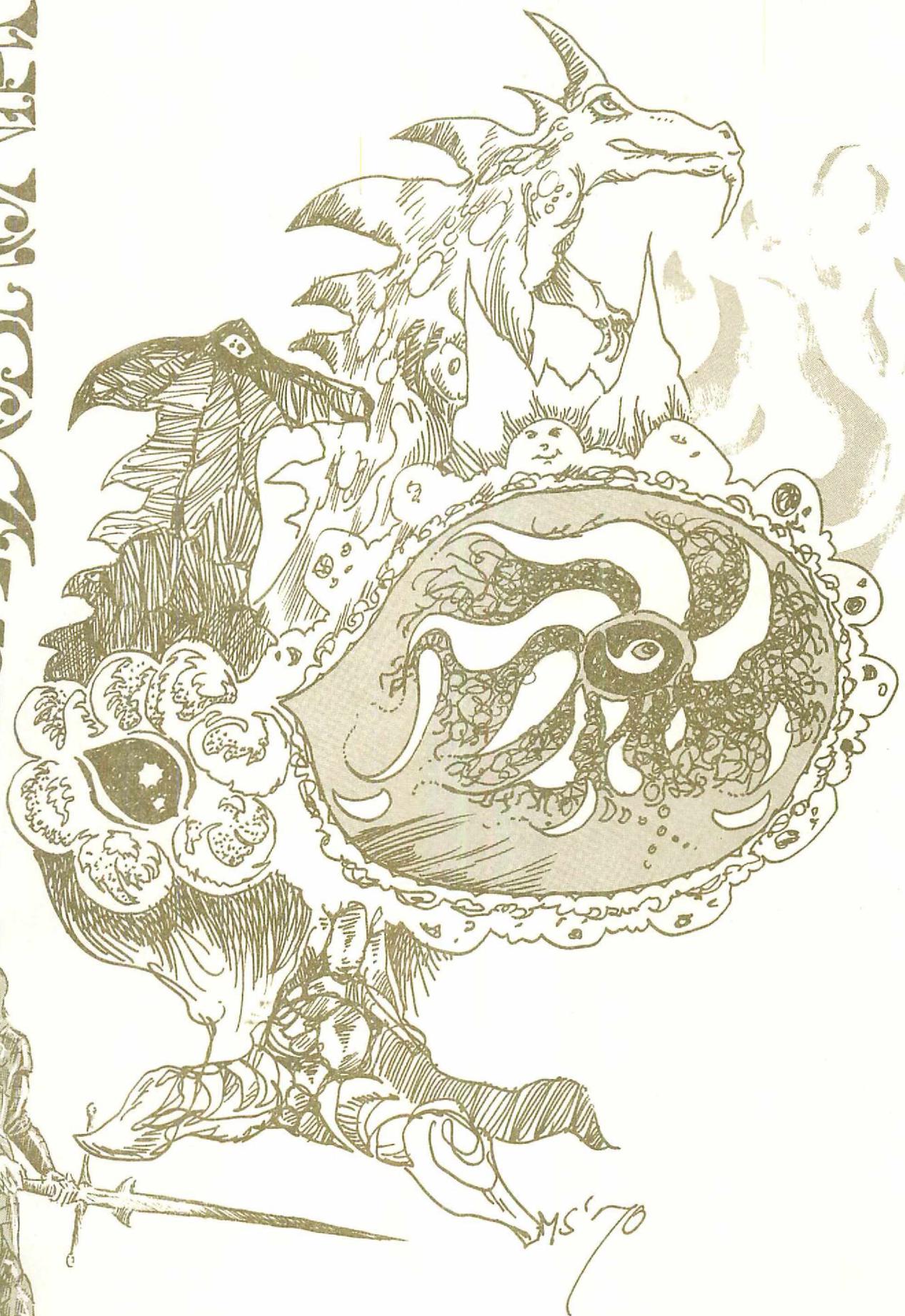
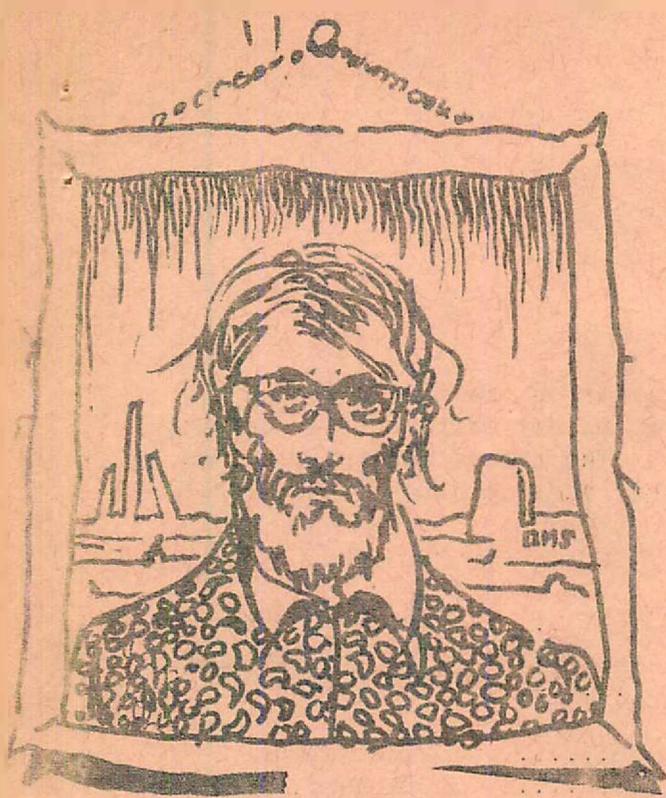


# Prayer Book







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THE PROPER BOSKONIAN NO. 7

This issue of PB is brought to you by Richard Harter on the mimeo, with invaluable assistance from Marsha Elkin, and Mike Symes as art editor. The contents page and colophon are in pink in memory of Fuzzy Pink. The trials and tribulations of putting out this issue are a horror story in themselves and too gruesome to mention at this time. So much for that.

Editor.....Richard Harter  
Assistant Editor.....Marsha Elkin  
Art Editor.....Mike Symes  
  
Typing.....The Editors  
Mimeography.....Richard Harter  
Photo Offset work for the covers.....Bob Wiener  
Collation.....The Club

Covers

Front Cover by Mike Symes  
Back Cover by a dirty dozen artists (to belisted)

Artwork

Alpajpuri -----47  
Fabian-----18, 51  
Gilbert-----11, 15, 17, 20, 27, 28, 37, 38, 39, 48, 49, 50, 55  
Green-----53  
Harter-----7  
Eisenstein-----8  
Kirk-----4, 5, 46  
McLeod-----14, 23, 25, 31  
Rotsler-----10, 21, 32, 33, 34, 44  
Symes-----3, 6, 50, 55

Proper Boskonian is available for trade, contributions, membership in NESFA, by order of the editor, or by outright purchase. Price (this issue only) thirty five cents per issue, three for one dollar.

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PO box G, MIT station  
Cambridge, Mass, 02139

# The Instrumentality Spicks

Starting with this issue I am going to seriously attempt to upgrade both the quality and regularity of PB. In order to do this I am going to try to hold to the following general policy:

**Schedule:** PB will be published quarterly in Feb., May, August, and Nov.

**Artwork:** All artwork will be returned to the artist upon rejection or upon use automatically unless the artist specifies otherwise. Ten run sheets on white paper of all artwork used will be sent to the artist unless otherwise specified.

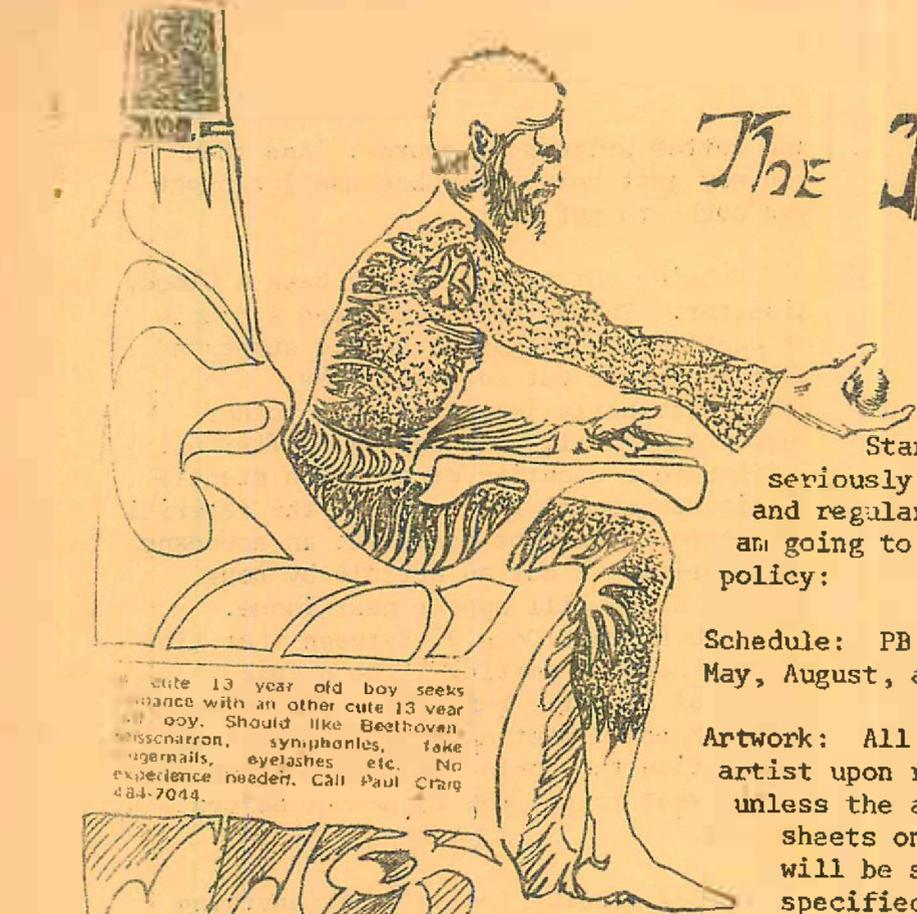
**Material:** PB ordinarily will not run fiction and poetry. PB can and will use reviews, con reports, serious and humorous articles, puzzles and games, recipes, and anything else sufficiently exotic or erratic to strike the editors fancy. Effective next issue five copies of his or her own thing will be sent to each contributor in addition to the contributors copy of the issue. PB does and will reprint good material from other zines.

**Covers:** The last two covers have been done photo offset by Bob Weiner, to whom a great deal of credit is due. I have finally understood (I think) the process used to get multitone color in the covers. It involves putting two different types of ink in the ink tray. Covers will continue to be photo offset.

**Reproduction:** Repro will continue to be by G-466. We will experiment! Art will be electrostencilled on the NESFA Rex electrostencil cutter.

**Prices:** Effective next issue the price of PB will go up to fifty cents. I sort of hate to do this because I feel that fanzines are overpriced. However the fact is that PB costs about thirty-seven cents per issue (including postage). It seems only fair to the membership of NESFA that the price per issue should cover costs. Since the postal rates are going up, the price of PB has to also. Subscriptions at the rate of three for \$1.00 which are postmarked before May 1 will be honored.

**Trade & Freebies:** The policy here is somewhat more erratic. As a general rule we will trade with anyone with one exception. There are two graft lists, mine and Cory's. Copies to contributors and



A cute 13 year old boy seeks  
romance with an other cute 13 year  
old boy. Should like Beethoven,  
Mozart, symphonies, fake  
nagernails, eyelashes etc. No  
experience needed. Call Paul Craig  
484-7044.

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and letter writers of course. And then you may just get a copy because I thought you ought to get one.

Putting out this zine has been a bloody disaster. Things really started a couple of weeks ago when Marsha gently suggested that we get PB out real soon now. She had a distinctly immediate tone to her suggestion. Well that was OK. After all I did have a quantity of stuff on stencil. The issue was all laid out and the material was there. (In fact there was an abundance of material - I cut an article by Doug Hoylman which will appear next issue. Sorry about that Doug.) Between that time and the March 7 meeting I got a fair number of stencils run off, mostly artwork. At the March 7 meeting I blithely announced a collation the coming Thursday; after all we did want to get the issue out before Boskone.

Monday evening I didn't get anything run off for divers reasons. Tuesday night I started running off Joe Ross's zine for him - 26 pages, 75 copies. No sweat. I figured it would take a couple of hours to run off. Well it would have except for one little thing.

While I was in the middle of running it all of a sudden the G-466 started making funny grinding noises. Shortly thereafter it froze up in the middle of feeding a sheet of paper. Disaster, I thought. Something is busted and I shall not get PB out.

However I decided not to despair prematurely. Maybe, just maybe, I could figure out what was wrong with the beast. So I looked at it and scratched my head. Now as it happens I know next to nothing about the internal workings of Gestetners/or any other mimeo. However I just got a cram course.

The first thing I did was to gently run it through the cycle by hand. After some trial this established that the thing ran OK except when it was actually feeding paper. I also established more or less in my mind that there was nothing obviously wrong that was visible. I turned it over on its side and looked at what was to be seen from the bottom. Nothing there either. I took off the roller at the bottom. (the one that presses the paper against the silk screen) and established that it wasn't binding. So finally I took off the panel on the side of the machine. Keerist what a lot of gears.

T. MARK

So began the work of trying to figure out what did what. After some peering and studying I eventually located the complex of gears, moving plates, etc. that were engaged when paper was being fed. This, of course, did not immediately help me because I had no notion of whether any particular thing was doing what it was supposed to or not. Finally, however, I saw that a little metal plate with a funny shape caught a metal knob and ground it against one of the large gears. Aha I said. This cannot be right. Can it be that the bend in the metal arm that this knob is attached to is not supposed to be there? Investigation established that this metal arm was connected to the proofing button and all it did was engage the feed mechanism when the proofing button was pushed. I took my trusty little pinkies, bent the arm back to where it was supposed to be, and Lo The damned thing worked.

In retrospect I consider the fact that the trouble represented a minor miracle. In a machine of this kind any trouble is likely to be one of two kinds. Either you did something abysmally stupid, like not plugging it in, or something is busted and it takes special tools and special parts to fix it. It is very unusual for the problem to be one which an intelligent man can both find and fix without any special traing or equipment. You may credit the appearance of this issue to the fact that in my younger days I was a farm boy in South Dakota and learned to work with machinery and not be intimidated by it.

Speaking of the appearance of this issue, it is pretty ratty. There are three major reasons for this. First of all there is my own inexperience in running off an issue on the G-466. Secondly the paper we bought for the issue is definitely not to be recommended - besides having see through problems it warps when you get ink on it. Thirdly the stencils I used for the letter column had wide margins, and I didn't realize it when I typed the stencils for the letter column.

On the other hand most of the artwork looks good. In case you are looking at a particular page and wondering why the artwork looks very good and the repro in the text looks lousy the explanation is very simple. With a few exceptions all artwork was pasted up separately and run separately. This is a pain but it does give better results.

Wednesday evening Bill Desmond came over and video taped Marsha and Georgine doing belly dancing. That shot much of Wednesday evening. However there was all Wednesday night and part of Thursday and that, kiddies, is how PB got out.



Equal Rites For  
Rapidogroffs

RIGHT MORRIS

electric &  
Acoustic  
MAN &  
WOMAN  
everywhere

ON  
Right  
Right  
OUT  
Right  
OFF

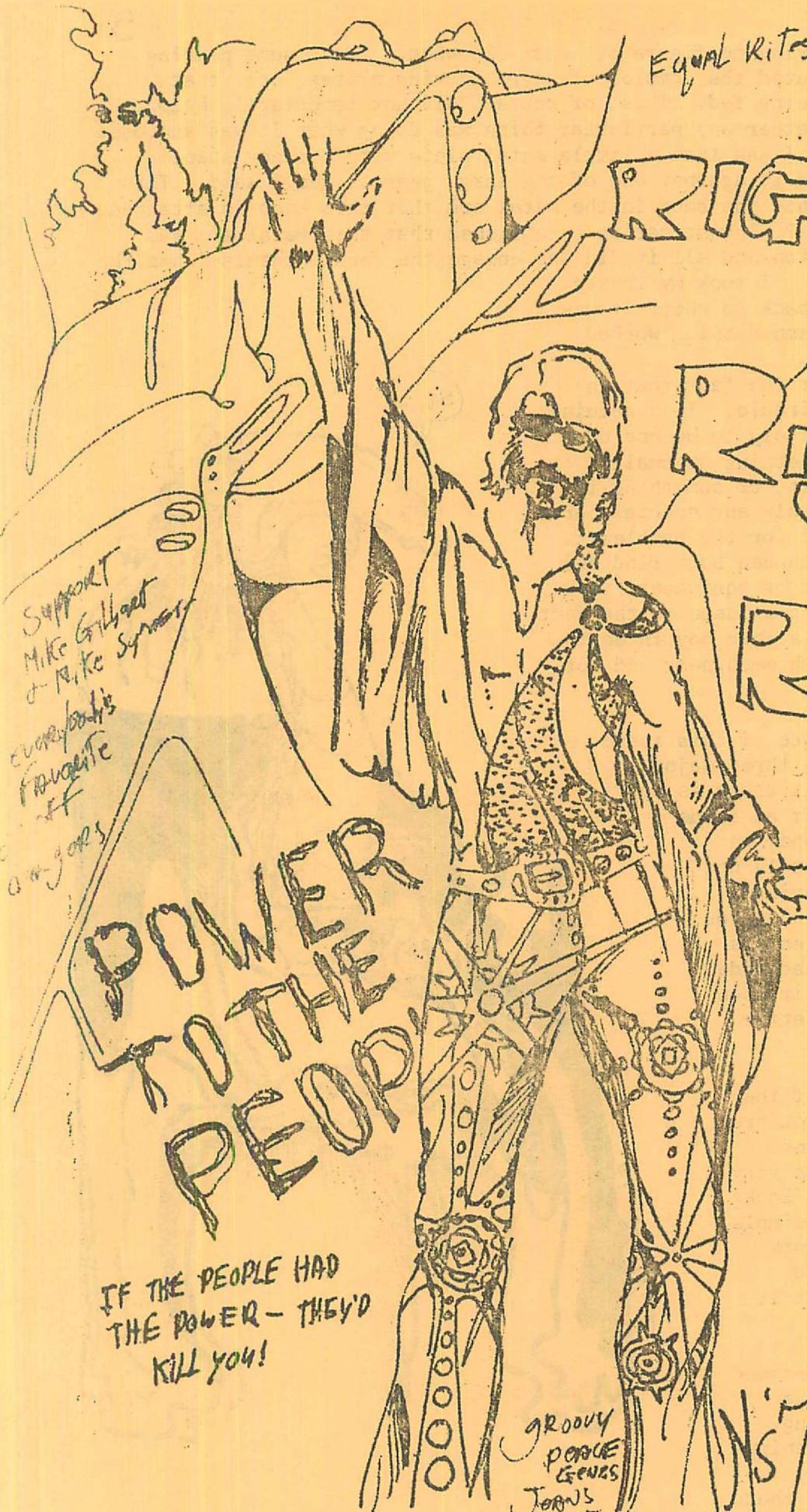
SUPPORT  
Mike Gilbert  
& Mike Symon  
everybody's  
Favorite  
FF  
a 1000's

POWER  
TO THE  
PEOPLE

IF THE PEOPLE HAD  
THE POWER - THEY'D  
KILL YOU!

groovy  
PEACE  
GENES  
JOHN'S  
ROCKIT

NS70



## THE EDITORS CONFER

Mike Symes: the maudlin, maundering, marinated meathead from Mattapan.

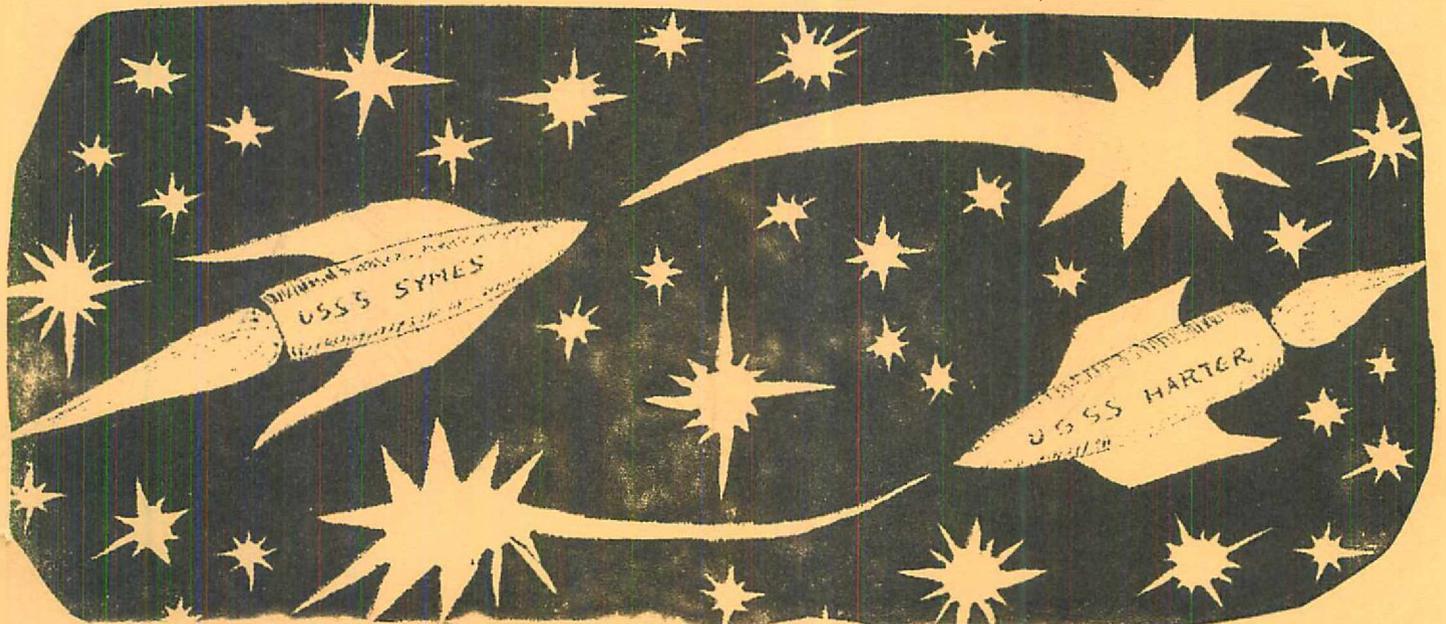
You may wonder why a dissipated bum like Mike Symes is associated with PB. The real reason is charity. You should do something for somebody whose vices have left him in a state of premature senility at the age of 20. Then there is the prestige of having an "art editor" on the staff. Of course there isn't much prestige in having an "artist" whose epileptic scribbles would disgrace a three year old but it sounds good. After all, lots of people haven't seen his "artwork."

Actually, it isn't too hard to work with Mike as long as you remember a few simple rules like never getting downwind from him. All you have to do is tell him what you want done and go away for a while. When you come back you will find him sitting there with a blank look on his face and his thumb in his mouth. Tell him once again what you want done and go back to what you were doing. After an evening of this you will have gotten a lot done and Mike will have a clean thumb. Believe me, this is very good--anything clean about Mike is an improvement.

Dick Harter: the gypsy mutant reconverted industrial vacuum cleaner plastic hippie fanzine editor.

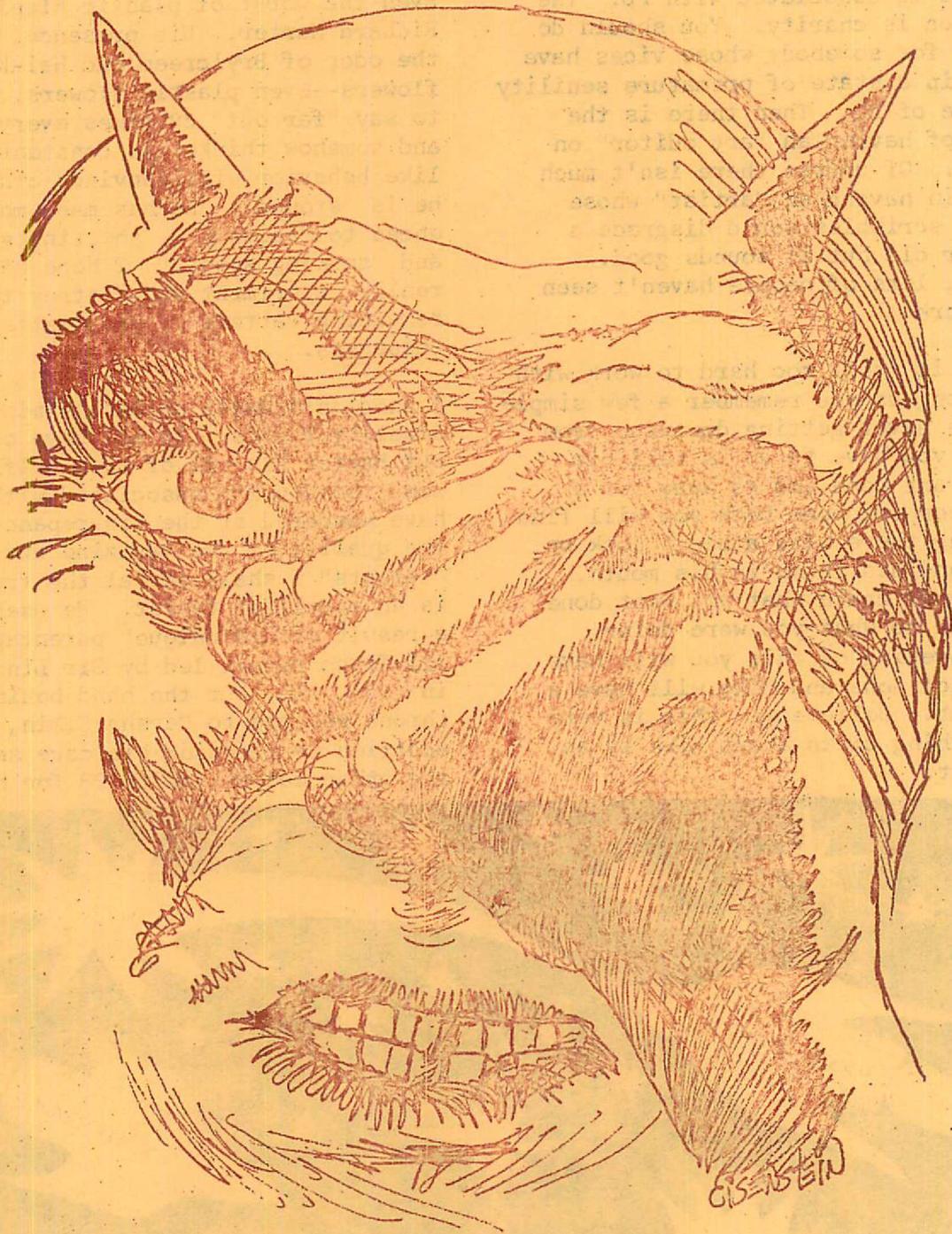
Even the worst of plastic hippies scorn Richard Harter. His presence, masked by the odor of Brylcreem and Hai-Karate, wilts flowers--even plastic flowers. He manages to say "far out" 39 times every half hour, and somehow thinks his constant cretin-like behavior will convince others that he is "stoned." He has made many references to "roofers," "shooting grass," and "smoking speed." I hope he doesn't really experiment and destroy the few remaining tatters of grey matter he possesses.

I shouldn't dwell on Dick's minor personality faults. We all have our quirks, but Harter has all of them. If you have wondered why I'm associated with PB, or have wondered at the discrepancy between the quality of the magazine and Mr. Harter's "talents" I shall reveal the truth! He is an excellent typist. He uses his toes, a result of his "unique" parentage (an ill fated safari led by Sir Linsey Carter in '35). Ah, but the hand behind the throne belongs to Marsha Elkin, who in addition to cleaning his cage and performing other duties, edits PB for him.



# Requiem For The SF Magazines?

by Joe Ross



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Locus has reported that Galaxy and If are going up to 75¢ a copy, 192 pages, bi-monthly. Charlie Brown pessimistically predicts the eventual death of all SF prozines.

One can, of course, reply "so what?" Why should there be such a thing as a science fiction magazine? After all, paperback books have largely replaced the pulps both as a source of reading material for those of us who are still literate and as a market for writers. The arrival of the original paperback SF anthology has even provided a market for the short story.

But many of us, for reasons which Mr. Spock would undoubtedly dismiss as "illogical," would prefer to see the SF magazines continue to exist. I include myself in this category. If the prozines are to survive, however, it would appear that a re-evaluation of their content and format is in order. A few years ago, when I marked my first ballot for Hugo awards, there were several magazines to which I would gladly have given my vote. Now I cannot think of one.

By this time some reader has surely decided that this article is another one of those laments that "science fiction ain't got no sense wonder no more," to which the standard answer is usually given: "SF doesn't thrill you any more because you've grown older and nothing thrills you any more."

So now comes the plaintiff, still on the trustworthy side of thirty, and denies the said allegation. For if that were true, I wouldn't enjoy Sol Cohen's reprints. But in fact I do. I even enjoy occasional stories in the current magazines. It's just that I am not enjoying an increasing amount of what appears in the current non-reprint magazines.

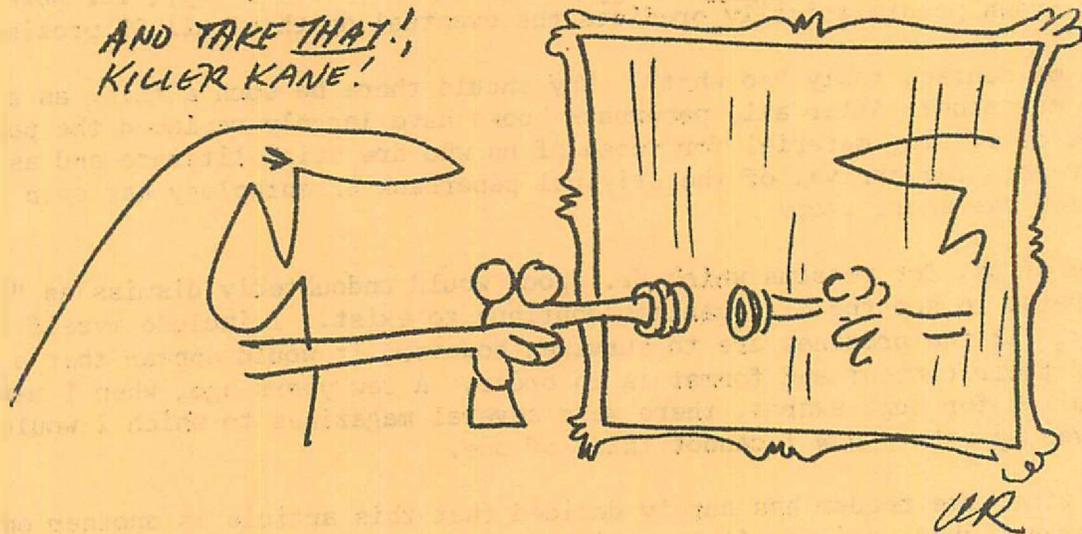
One reason is that modern fiction of all types seems increasingly to be produced by authors who feel that it is beneath them to write stories for pure enjoyment. Modern authors have to be "artistic" and if the reader doesn't like it or can't follow the syntax even, that's tough! They seem to think that because they are being "creative" and "experimental" they have the inalienable right to be published and read.

Why do so many protagonists in modern fiction have to be such incompetent, selfish assholes? Robin Hood is the character that we still read about, not Adam Klutz, who meekly gave in to the Sheriff of Nottingham, or Lou Freebean, who paid off the Sheriff to leave him alone. Now we are subjected to that idiot who let himself get pushed around by Mrs. Robinson, and in SF we've got Jack Barron.

I'd hate to live in a world where there weren't at least a few competent people who made things happen, and who made them happen because they thought such things ought to happen. There really are, even in today's supposedly rotten world, some people who make great sacrifices for some Cause. We couldn't even have science fiction conventions if there weren't.

Whatever became of the heroes who were handsomer, smarter, and stronger than anyone else? The world actually has had a few such genuine heroes in its history. And they don't even have to save a galaxy from destruction; I'll be more than happy if they manage to save or overthrow a government (provided that they do it because they believe in what they're doing, not because they've been paid to do it--and provided that the government clearly deserves whatever they are doing). Modern fiction doesn't even believe in the notion that some things are right and other things are wrong. In this sense it has completely misunderstood the so-called "new morality." The new morality does not hold that there is no such thing as right and wrong. It has merely reconsidered the question of which is which. In saying that love is right and war is wrong a stand is clearly taken.

And whatever became of stories that were told in clear, concise English, describing what happened, and printed with the first word at the beginning of the story, the



last word at the end, and all the other words ordered into sentences and paragraphs in proper sequence in between? A recent issue of Galaxy seems to advocate the proposition that it's really much better for the reader to have to turn the magazine sideways every now and then,

No critique of the prozines would be complete without castigating Analog, the magazine of parables illustrating the editor's pet theories. I notice that Campbell's July editorial criticizes a TV program for substituting "message" for "entertainment." But then he goes on to make it perfectly clear that what he really objects to is the fact that the message he saw on television was against medical quacks, one of his favorite martyred groups. Campbell quite clearly is not opposed to substituting "message" for "entertainment." He does it all the time in his magazine. He just wants messages that he agrees with. I defy anyone to find just one story published by Campbell in recent years which takes a viewpoint diametrically opposed to his own.

While we're on the subject of Analog, this seems a good place to get into a discussion of cover artwork. Ever since Analog went back to small size about five years ago, Campbell, or whoever selects his covers, seems determined to always use the dulllest, drabest illustrations, with the dulllest colors, as if the magazine were intended to appear in the waiting rooms of Wall Street lawyers. (I realize that Analog's July cover was more colorful. But that's one in how many?) I notice that the cover of the September Amazing looks remarkably like an Analog cover. Ted White has been doing so many encouraging things with his magazines, I hope that Analog-type covers won't become a habit.

Galaxy and If, on the other hand, have gotten to the point where I can no longer tell whether the issue on the stands is the last issue or a new issue. I wonder whether that has anything to do with their sales?

Whatever became of illustrators who made some attempt to paint pictures of things that were happening in the story? Whatever became of science fiction covers? You know, the ones that used to show robots, spaceships, and little green men. I have a pretty good idea. I suspect that we have some people within the science fiction world who are ashamed of the fact that science fiction is, in fact, 'science fiction. These "respectable" people don't want to be seen reading or buying magazines with bright colored pictures of strange things. Or at least the publishers think that this is the case. The result is that a spaceship, when it is pictured at all, cannot look too different from an Apollo lunar module or an Oldsmobile emblem, and all spacemen must wear regulation NASA spacesuits.

I'm not mourning for the covers of the old Planet Stories that showed the giant lobster stripping the sexy girls. There are much better pictures nowadays in Playboy--if you can't get the real thing. But there have been some truly beautiful covers on many of the SF magazines of the past. Sometimes we still see them on the Sol Cohen magazines on those rare occasions when Mr. Cohen leaves the cover sufficiently uncluttered with words to let the picture show through. But isn't there any artist today with the visual imagination of Frank R. Paul?

Of course one problem with cover art these days is that you really can't display it well on a digest sized magazine. I assume that the larger, untrimmed, blotter paper format was discontinued in the early 1950's for good and sufficient. But now it is 1970. Is digest size still the best format for a science fiction magazine?

We know that Analog tried a somewhat expensive large size format in 1963-65. The problem apparently was the slick paper and other fancy stuff couldn't be paid for without advertising, and enough advertising couldn't be gotten for a science fiction magazine.

But is that the only kind of large size format that a science fiction magazine can have? How about a magazine 6 1/2 by 9" or 8 1/2 by 11" with approximately the same kind of paper used at present, and a couple of staples to hold it together?

At the risk of reviving the great Staple War of 1935, I will point out that quite a number of successful and respectable magazines are held together quite well by a pair of staples. Look at Life, Newsweek, National Review, New Republic, Superman, Mad, Scientific American, Playboy, Sky and Telescope, The Saturday Evening Post, and the many others.

A change to a larger size would probably improve newsstand display. Those readers who never look at a newsstand outside of Harvard Square probably won't know what I'm talking about, but the rest of us are well aware of how the digest size SF magazines often manage to end up underneath Children's Digest, Humpty Dumpty, Pageant, Success Unlimited, and Sir! I suspect that Analog has figures from 1963-65 which prove it.

But the prozine publishers have another excuse for their problems, namely: "We're just not getting distributed to the newsstands!" If the practices of the newsstand distribution industry are as horrible as we keep hearing, they must certainly constitute monopolies, combinations in restraint of trade, and other illegal things. Our President and his law partner have insisted that they are at war against organized crime. Why don't the SF magazine publishers get together with other small magazines having similar problems (or are the distributors only persecuting the SF magazines?) and take John Mitchell up on his rhetoric?

If that doesn't work they can always present their information to the Administration's most vocal opponent in time for the next election. I'm sure that Kennedy or Wallace would be glad to be able to show that Nixon isn't in favor of "Lanworder."

To hear the editors and publishers talk, they could hire the Mafia to take care of recalcitrant distributors, and the money realized from the additional sales would be enough to pay for the services rendered.

Perhaps the reason none of these things are done is that the present crop of editors and publishers are just like the characters the populate their magazines. Far more inclined themselves to let things happen than to make things happen, maybe they identify with that kind of character are are for that reason attracted to stories containing them. It's about time someone running the prozines made things happen.



# \$150000 Worth of Jellybeans

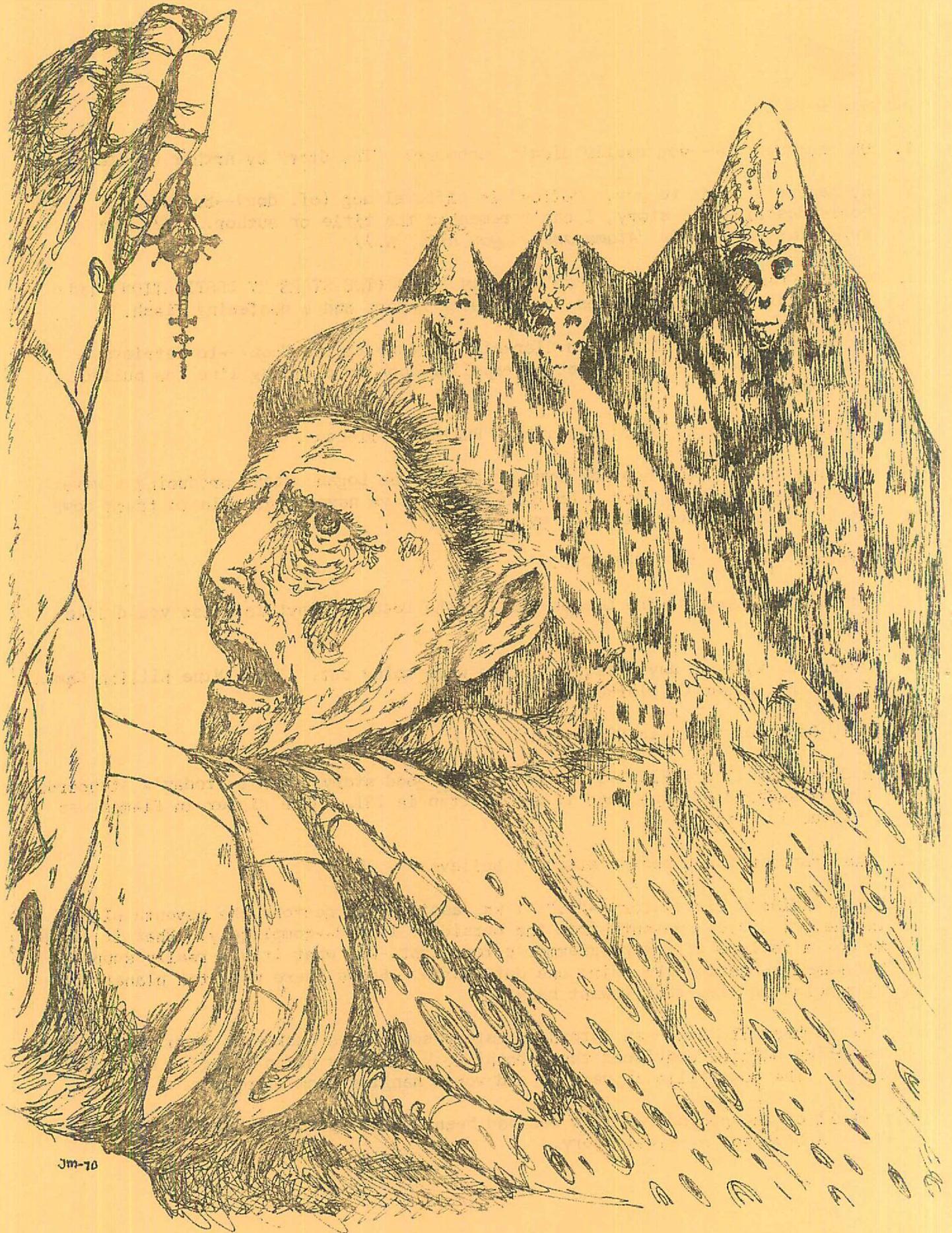
## Jim Saklad

### Questions:

1. What did the Dromozoa do? Where?
2. Describe the Seat of Judgement.
3. What can get through a GP hull?
4. First the Heinlein, then a military ship, searched Neptune from forced orbit. What did they seek?
5. A 124 year old civil war veteran buried a native of Vega XXI next to his own father. What was the earthman's name? Profession?
6. Who followed Starseeds?
7. What kind of a house did Teal design?
8. What story begins, "He doesn't know which of us we are these days..."
9. Who said "Fight."?
10. How tall is Go-Captain Alvarez?
11. What were the Widget and the Wadget used to investigate?
12. What was Fourmyle's slogan?
13. What is the record time for the Vacuum Breather's Club?
14. Who were the IMT? What were they called?
15. Who were the Howard families?

Answers - PB 6:

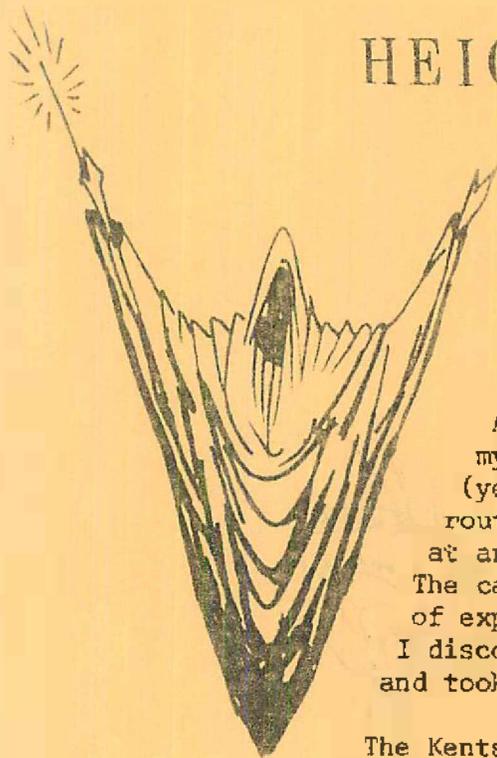
1. Oh, come on now--you really didn't remember? "The Star" by Arthur C. Clarke.
2. My memory's going to pot. "offog" is official dog (of. dog)--but while I could describe the story, I can't remember the title or author. ((It was Eric Frank Russell's "Alamagoosa," you nit. M.))
3. After being blasted in St. Pat's, Gully Foyle (THE STARS MY DESTINATION) had synesthesia--switched senses--"a blinding report and a deafening flash."
4. Professor Trevor Williams, in Clarke's "Venture to the Moon"--to retrieve a shuttle landed on a precipice, a grappling hook or climbing line was pulled up by arrow.
5. The game was Dazzle Dart; the story "Bullard Reflects".
6. That was the day the neutron bomb exploded over Logan, Utah, producing a wave of mutants, including not a few telepaths. I've never been able to track down the story but it sure stuck in my mind.
7. Rufo, of course, in GLORY ROAD.
8. Very simple, really--the Gostak distims the Doshes. Anything else you'd like to know?
9. "Overhead, without any fuss, the stars were going out." "The Nine Billion Names of God" by Arthur C. Clarke.
10. Gaul, Odysseus Gaul, in "Oddy and Id."
11. In Conklin's 17 X INFINITY, there's a very good story, even by today's standards. It's by Rudyard Kipling, and it was written in 1912. The Nigger in Flames was a statue in Chicago.
12. "The Starcomber"--a Bester story, I believe.
13. Brian Aldiss's first story--"T." T was assigned to destory the seventh planet in the Sol system--seventh from the outside. It did--completely. What it failed to do--a failure of its programmer's foresight--was what it was really supposed to, namely, destroy the third one out--Earth. Seems there were ten planets at that point in time that T went back to.
14. The Highest Treason --an Astounding story some years back--was when the "traitor" Sebastian McMaine convinced the Kerothi to kill every human being on Houston's World. The cover illo showed men and women hanging from lampposts.
15. A skull on the ground--as if a man had been buried up to his head and left to die. A Sturgeon mystical story.



JM-70



## HEICON, Part I, by Marsha Elkin



Once upon a time, not too long ago (on August 7, to be precise), I started out for Heicon. Being somewhat inclined to circuitousness I started for the air port three days early and went the long way round via Boston. And I strongly suspect that it is as a result of that detour that I am sitting here preparing to write this saga.

At ten o'clock on Saturday morning of that weekend I found myself sitting in a car with the editor of this noble zine (yes you, Richard) and Leslie Turek and Freddie Isaacs, en route to a place where canoes could be rented. We got there at around 11 and duly found Al and Linda Kent waiting for us. The canoes were waiting and the Kents went about the business of explaining to us how to chose a paddle of the proper size. I discovered that canoe paddles don't seem to come in my size and took the closest available one. It worked.

The Kents took one canoe, Freddie and Leslie the second and Richard and I the third, and we started up the river. The Kents are very efficient at canoeing, Richard and I managed to cope pretty well once we got used to how much force was needed to steer which way, and Freddie and Leslie took the scenic route back and forth between the banks because Freddie kept paddling so much harder than Leslie.

The Concord River is very pleasant and being in a canoe gliding along is a lovely sensation. I'd forgotten how nice since my last trip in a canoe 14 years earlier. I'd also forgotten what little I'd known of paddling a canoe but that isn't too hard to pick up, fortunately. In addition to pretty scenery (including lots of flowers I couldn't in the least identify) and some genuine history (that very same wooden bridge of early Revolutionary War fame, which we got to paddle under), the Concord River also has some wild life. Not very wild probably to people more used to this sort of thing, but to someone raised in New York City wild ducks, turtles, frogs, schools of various sorts of fish swimming under the canoes, and small unidentified beasties living by the edge of the river are quite fascinating.

After about an hour and a half of paddling we started looking for a good place to stop for lunch and finally pulled the canoes up on a slightly muddy bank near a small clearing. After lunch we went back to the canoes to start back down the river. Freddie and Leslie got off with no trouble and then Dick and I got into our canoe and I started to push us off. Unfortunately I'd forgotten about a groove in the bank that we'd originally run the canoe into to beach it and managed to push us into it. The canoe swung sideways and turned over and I found myself sitting waist deep in the water. Since you can't turn over only half a canoe Dick was also sitting in the water and I strongly suspect that it was at this point that I found myself committed to writing a Heicon report for PB.

The Kents helped us up and the canoe was emptied and righted. We got in while they held it and this time managed to get off safely. Since it was a nice sunny day we were dry, if a bit muddy, within about half an hour.

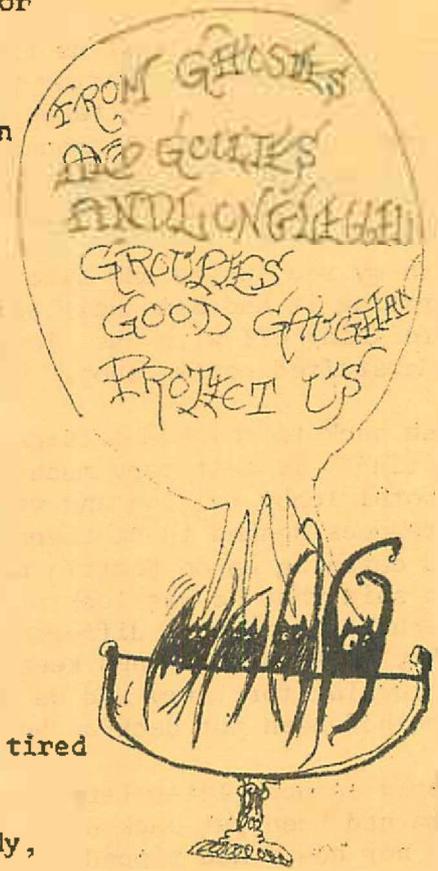
We went back down the river, carefully testing the echo capacity of each bridge as we went under it, and decided that since we weren't really ready to stop yet we'd paddle up the Assabet for a while instead of going straight back to return the canoes. The

Assabet is even more pleasant than the Concord though shallower and we had to be careful not to run aground. At one point all three canoes stopped together while the Kents passed around the last of their cokes and Dick, Freddie and Leslie got out and waded around for a bit. We started back finally and once back on the Concord made pretty good time for a bit until Dick splashed Freddie with his paddle and Freddie tried to duck and splash back at the same time. That was a mistake. Their canoe started to go over and not all of Leslie's efforts could really stop it. She did manage to get it back on an even keel again but at that point it was riding placidly about two inches below the surface of the river so she gave up and she and Freddie swam it across the river to the far bank where they could pull it up and empty it. After stopping to retrieve Leslie's shoes, which were floating near us, we followed them and beached our canoe so Richard could help them empty theirs. The four of us got our assorted, somewhat soggy belongings sorted out and we started off again. This time I managed to push us off without upsetting us. We caught up to the Kents and then headed straight back to the canoe rental place where the canoe rental was paid for with very soggy money. The people who ran the place seemed to find nothing unusual in this, which made me feel much better.

The four soggies got into Freddie's car and, with the Kents following, started off for Richard's place where Freddie dropped Richard and me before he and Leslie headed off in search of showers and dry clothes. After getting cleaned up we set out with the Kents in search of dinner and after that we all went over to Bill Desmond's for the NESFA party. The party was a great deal of fun but after spending the day exercising muscles that I'd forgotten I had I got tired pretty early and, after groaning my way through the latest chapter of "Gene Autry and the Phantom Empire" and ignoring the latest chapter of "The Air Cadets" (which has got to be one of the all time worst movie serials ever made) I joined the early departure contingent and wound up scrunched in the back of Tony's Saab with Richard and Leslie.

The next day, in my continuing effort to get in shape for three weeks of fun, I wound up going to the Cambridge Common with Dick for the free rock concert (they have one there every Sunday during the summer) and spent the entire afternoon ambling around the common. In addition to the official concert at one end of the common there is an impromptu drum band which happens there most weekends and this time they had two recorders, a flute and a sax joining the regular contingent of drums. There was a pretty good country and western group whose membership had at least one complete turnover during the afternoon and several folksinging groups. Another interesting feature of Sunday afternoons on the common was the flea market which seems to have grown up over the last summer and which had some interesting candles and lots of badly done tie die stuff. In addition to all this were the frisbie games and the kite flyers and a group of about twenty people trying to fly a large orange parachute. They managed to get it aloft but it didn't stay up too long though it was lovely while it lasted.

A long afternoon in the common combined with five hours of canoeing and a party the previous day left me pretty tired in the evening and also the next day when, with Sue and Tony Lewis and Paul Galvin, I boarded a plane for New York on the second lap of my trip to Idlewild (or Kennedy, take your pick). The plane, unfortunately, was going to La Guardia but it was an easy taxi ride from there to Idlewild. Drew Whyte also turned up on this plane





to New York but we lost track of him at La Guardia and didn't see him again till later that evening.

When we got to Idlewild we looked in the International Arrivals Building for a locker to dump our bags into (we were all carrying flight packs and had no intention of checking them through to our destination, the luggage you carry with you doesn't get routed off to the other side of the world by mistake, or at least not unless you do too) but discovered only one empty locker and that turned out to be broken. Still carrying our bags we trudged down to KLM and found Don Lundry and Elliot Shorter and our tickets, not to mention several other members of the group. We checked in for the flight and each of us in turn had to fight for the right to carry on our bags. Since the whole purpose of flight packs is that you can fit them under your seat so you don't have to go through the bother of checking them in and then recovering them later I was a little bewildered by this. But after discussing the matter with the woman who was checking me in I decided that

they simply don't feel as though they're doing their job unless they go through the whole bit including taking your luggage away from you. Since several of my friends had warned me against taking too much stuff with me I was travelling very light but after carrying my bag around for much of the day it felt as though it weighed a ton and I was both relieved and startled to find out that I was only carrying 15 lbs. of luggage (including three Mike Symes paintings I was carrying to the con for him).

With my red, white and blue flowered flight pack securely bearing its carry on pass (proving it had been weighed), I rejoined the crowd around Don for a few minutes before going off with Sue, Tony and Paul to get something to eat in the over priced understaffed coffee shop. The food was lousy and the service nonexistent.

Then back to the KLM section to spend the next several hours talking to people and waiting. It felt very much like the start of a convention with people standing around a hotel lobby talking and watching for new arrivals. All the regular convention attendees seemed to be there. I spent a fair amount of time talking to Wally Gonsler and catching up on Seattle news and at some point in the evening hailed Larry Niven who said that he was looking for Fuzzy but that he had to go and get their luggage which had come on a different plane from the one they took. We promised to grab Fuzzy if we saw her and keep her there till Larry got back. A while later she wandered by looking for Larry and we duly grabbed her. In the meantime the plane's departure time had been put back an hour and more people had arrived.

Nearly an hour later Larry still hadn't reappeared, Fuzzy was worrying, and the plane time had been put back a bit further. I was doing my best to distract Fuzzy by telling her how I had tipped Dick into the Concord River when Larry finally appeared with the long lost luggage. As it was being checked through they discovered that TWA, in its infinite wisdom, had managed to switch baggage tags and they had been given someone

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else's suitcase of the exact same type. While Larry got the two of them checked in fuzzy, aided by one of the other fans from the group, set off for TWA (luckily, it was located in the next building) in search of the missing suitcase. It was found without any trouble and gotten back in time to be checked in with the other luggage and the other suitcase was left with KLM who called TWA and told them that they had it and to come and get it. It was now about 10 or 15 minutes to boarding time and Fuzzy and I went up to the bar to get some ginger ale to drink and then joined the rest of the mob in the waiting room.

A few minutes later they finally called for passengers for our plane and we set off down a winding staircase which seemed to go on forever. We were stopped part way down for about ten minutes and then continued down to the field where buses were waiting to take us to the plane. It probably would have been quicker to walk but I suppose they were afraid we'd straggle off and get lost.

On the plane there was a certain amount of confusion while people got seated, switched seats, and generally got themselves sorted out. I was originally sharing a triple of seats with George Price and Drew Whyte but Drew obligingly switched seats with George's girlfriend. In the triple on the other side of the aisle were Pat and Peggy Kennedy and a non fan. The KLM people had done their best to block our group on the plane and hadn't done too badly, though they hadn't managed to give us a solid block of seats.

Flying on KLM was a marvelous experience. I'm going to find it very hard to be tolerant of domestic airlines after this trip. The service and food were so much better than the best domestic flight I've ever been on that there just isn't any comparison. As we were taking off a stewardess came by with mints and candies and as soon as we were off a steward came by with orange juice. A while later a nice cold meal was served and after that the drink cart came around. Buying drinks on the plane was cheap so I decided to splurge and get champagne to celebrate the start of my very first trip to Europe. It was good champagne and there was a lovely lot of it.

I had planned to spend a good part of the flight sleeping so as to be in good shape for going sightseeing when we arrived in London but I got into a discussion of mysteries with Peggy Kennedy which lasted for some time and which convinced me that for someone who doesn't consider herself a mystery fan I've read an awful lot of them. After that I talked to Sue Lewis for a while while I was finishing my champagne and by that time it was three hours to breakfast so I didn't get much sleep on the flight after all.

We arrived at Skiphol Airport on schedule (an accomplishment considering that we started two hours late, but I suppose they automatically allow for those) and switched to the plane that was taking us to Heathrow Airport. We had gotten a pretty nice breakfast on the main flight and on this leg of the trip we got a snack, which I appreciated since my appetite increased tremendously on this trip. We landed more or less on schedule and piled out. Those of us with only carry on bags headed straight for customs. I wandered through the door that said "Nothing to Declare" and stood there in my touristy green and purple banlon print dress, carrying my red, white and blue flowered suitcase and looking bewildered and sleepy. Stu and Amy were on one of the two lines having their bags gone through but the other customs man just waved me on through when I asked him what I was supposed to be doing now.

I went through the door into the main arrivals room (at least I suppose it must have been called something like that) and spotted Bruce Pelz, who was meeting us there, industriously watching a different door from the one I'd used. I sneaked up behind him and poked him in the ribs in an attempt to startle him but it isn't easy to make Bruce jump so I settled for a warm welcome instead. We stood around waiting for the others and catching up on what had been happening since Westcon (not much) and, since it was his birthday, I presented Bruce with a Leo mushroom. This was inspired by a long standing disagreement about our respective tastes in interior decoration, Bruce decorating his apartment in early Leo (mostly posters) and me decorating my place in mushroom modern (ricky ticky stick on mushrooms on cabinet doors, mushroom print ash

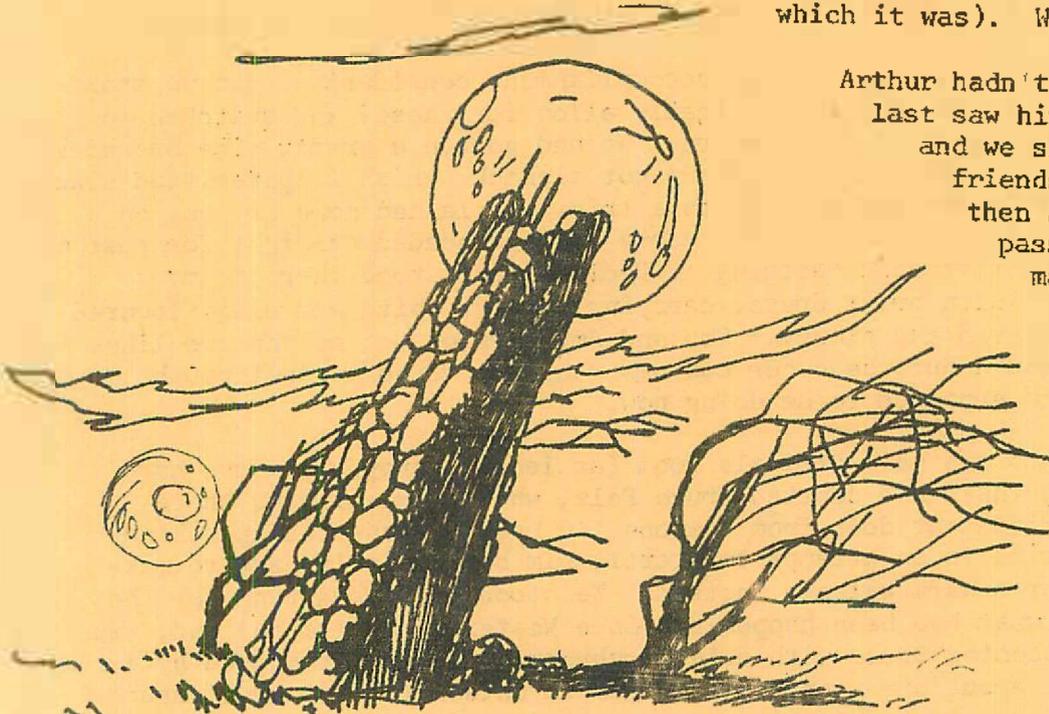
trays, mugs, etc. Bruce had said at one point that he wouldn't have anything as silly as mushrooms decorating his place, so when Elliot came back from one of his trips to New Hampshire and told me about a place selling crystal mushrooms with zodiac signs carved on them I immediately decided that a Leo mushroom was exactly what Bruce needed. He appreciated the ingenuity involved in finding a Leo object he wouldn't have been likely to buy for himself and decided that he'd break down and allow at least that one mushroom into his place.

By now the rest of the mob had started trickling through and when we had assembled Sue and Tony, Stu and Amy, Paul, Elliot and a couple of others we followed our noble leader (since he was the only one who knew the way) out into England. We got to the bus stop where you get a shuttle bus to the underground and we waited. And we waited. And then we waited some more. Finally a bus pulled in and we all piled on and a bit later we got off at the underground station and followed Bruce into that. He got us all down to the Regent Palace together and we settled down to checking in. My room turned out to be one of the 2 rooms on the upper half of the third floor, way off in the back of beyond. I never did find out whether all of the floors were split level but the third is and you have to go through several corridors and up a flight of stairs to get to the section where my room was located. The rooms at the Regent Palace are a reasonable size and have sinks but no toilets or bath facilities and you have to use the ones down the hall. At least there were a decent number of these (carefully marked for ladies and gentlemen) at regular intervals along all of the halls I saw.

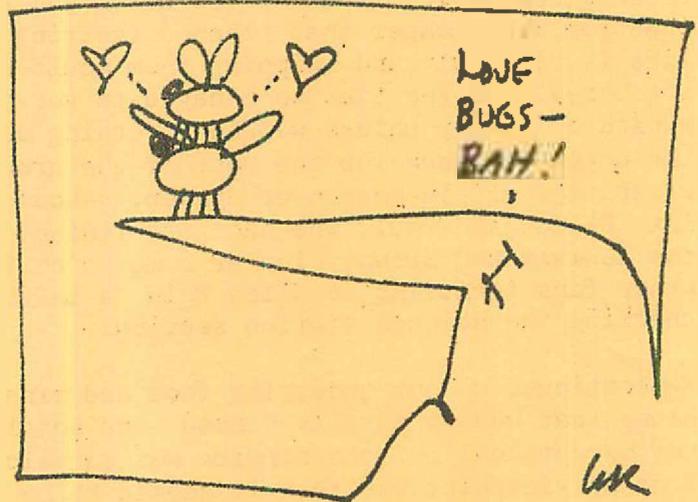
I had originally thought it would be a simple matter to sleep on the plane and arrive bright and refreshed and all ready to go out and see the Tower of London or some other tourist attraction that afternoon but instead I sort of collapsed and that killed the afternoon. Our group were going to meet downstairs and have dinner at the Carvery that night but Bruce and I, who were unsuccessfully trying to get in touch with Eddie Jones by phone to arrange the Liverpool part of the trip, were late and when we got downstairs after our unsuccessful efforts we found that the Carvery only took reservations for those members of the party who were there and we'd have to wait on line and take a separate table. We were saved from an indefinitely long wait by the timely arrival of ATom, who offered to take us around that evening and suggested that we might want to try eating at some restaurant in Soho or Chelsea (I was a bit foggy at that point and I'm not sure to this day which it was). We jumped at the idea.

Arthur hadn't changed much since I last saw him in 1964 at Pacificon and we simply picked up our friendship where we'd left off then as though no time had passed. There aren't too many people you can feel like that with.

Before we headed off into the blue Arthur asked Bruce if it wasn't his birthday that day, and when Bruce admitted to the fact he presented him a lovely full color ATomillo that he had done for the occasion. Bruce was almost speechless for once.



We headed off for Arthur's car, with me thinking "I'm in London. I don't believe it," a thought that kept recurring for the next several days, and Arthur joked all the way (and it was a fair walk) about not really remembering where he'd parked. We got to the car finally and piled in and Bruce warned me to remember that they drive on the other side of the road there and not to get scared. Luckily I either have good nerves or was simply too foggy to worry because it didn't bother me at all. It didn't even seem particularly strange. We got to wherever it was we were heading and Arthur parked the car and we ambled off, looking for someplace to eat that struck our fancy and ending up in a very



nice little Italian restaurant whose name I never did learn. After dinner we drove over to the embankment and I got my first look at a number of things, starting with the Thames, which is lovely (and clean, unlike New York rivers) and a water gate and Cleopatra's Needle. Then Arthur took us across the street to a park which contained some fascinating statues. The two that we found most notable were a bust of Sir Arthur Sullivan of G&S fame and a statue of Thomas Crapper, inventor of the first successful flush toilet. I don't remember any of the others at this point as I was beginning to get very sleepy again by that time.

We wandered back to the car and Arthur gave us a quick scenic tour of some of London, most of which I dozed through, having finally given up the ghost at that point. I do remember the rather interesting explanation Arthur gave of how Charing Cross Road got its name, something about charings being small lemming-like creatures who periodically migrated across London, always choosing this route and the street was finally named after them. Having succeeded in immortalizing their name, the creatures then became extinct. I love ATOM style natural history. At some random point after that we got back to the hotel and stopped for a snack before I flaked out for good for that night.

The next day (which by a process of elimination would have to be a Wednesday) I woke around eleven and discovered that Bruce was the only one of our crowd still in the hotel at that point, he too having overslept. We wandered downstairs in search of breakfast, which we found, and then headed out for the Tower of London. The Tower turned out to be very interesting (what we saw of it, it does need more than a few hours) though not in quite the way I had expected. The crown jewels and the gold ceremonial plate were interesting but a bit on the gaudy side (at least for someone who prefers silver to gold and doesn't like diamonds), the buildings were interesting architecturally but not outstanding. The two things which really did impress me most about the place were the graffiti in the Beauchamps Tower (there is something a bit awesome about remarks, poetry, or even just names that people scratched on those walls a few hundred years ago and which are still there to be read today, a feeling of continuity that you just can't get by reading history books) and a piece of wall just standing there, pretty ruined, in the middle of one of the lawns, which a plaque identified as the last bit of Roman British wall left standing there and which dated back to the third century. Perhaps I just have a funny attitude towards time spans, but that one bit of wall, 1000 years older than any of the old by today's standards buildings that were surrounding it seemed both eerie and rather sad.

We got our first glimmering of the my-god-the-town-is-crawling-with-fans syndrome that afternoon when we saw Jack Chalker on his way out of the Tower as we were going in and passed Norman Codner at some point later on. We left the Tower a couple of

minutes before closing time and wandered over to a refreshment stand for something to drink before going back to the hotel and then we got side tracked into a souvenir shop for much longer than planned (getting souvenirs for your family that they will like is difficult and skipping them would have made life even more difficult when I got home). By the time we managed to get out of there I decided that I was going to expire of hunger unless we did something about the matter soon so we headed back to the hotel to check for the rest of the group and when we found that they were all out we started off in search of dinner. About two or three blocks from the hotel we ran into Elliot and Paul, who had just finished dinner, and who mentioned that they'd lost the Lewises and Brownsteins at some point in the morning but had run into lots of other fans including Jo Ellen Rein, a LASFS member whom they met in a bookstore while checking the science fiction section.

We continued on our quest for food and finally found a place a few blocks further along that wasn't totally jammed and settled down to eat. The food was tasty though not exceptional but the service was marvelous. The strangest thing about England from my viewpoint was that it seemed to be quite ordinary over there to get really good service in all price ranges while here you are expected in most low to medium priced restaurants to be grateful if you get what you want to eat with a minimum of hassle. Perhaps living in New York has simply made my unduly cynical about this but I thoroughly approve of places where the waiter or waitress is expected to be polite and give reasonable service as a matter of course.

After dinner we ambled along Regent Street window shopping for a while and finally turned back toward the hotel. We made the trip back via assorted side streets and wound up on Carnaby Street at one point. I was very disappointed. I had hoped to find myself a nice mini dress while I was over there and all that I saw in the windows were midis. I was checking out a window that looked more promising than most where there was a sudden loud noise and I received a poke in the ribs. Stu Brownstein has a somewhat primitive sense of humor at times. (Remember Stu, I'm taking judo now and the next time you try that I'll probably react by trying to send you through a nearby wall before stopping to see who you are.) He and Amy and the Lewises were walking up Carnaby Street but since we'd had enough walking at that point we continued down to the hotel and, as seemed to be becoming very natural at that point, I went and collapsed.

On Thursday morning I managed to wake up without any major effort and decided that either I'd gotten adjusted to the time change or I'd finally caught up on my sleep. I didn't really care which. Being able to wake up in the morning again was sufficient in itself. Had a proper English breakfast that morning for the first time, in company with Bruce, Elliot, Paul, and (I think) Don Lundry. I approve of English breakfasts; there is such a lovely lot of them and it was all excellent.

We were supposed to be meeting Arthur that afternoon in front of some statue or other and taking the boat trip to Greenwich to see the meridian line and the old observatory and the Cutty Sark. We did.

The party finally assembled at the starting point consisted of Elliot, Bruce, Don Lundry, Arthur (of course), the Brownsteins and Lewises, Rose and Mary Ensley, Beckie Nourse (Alan Nourse's 11 year old daughter), Beresford Smith (Smitty from here on), Paul Galvin and myself. We all got on the boat and headed for the front, which we pretty well took over. Arthur checked to make sure that the crew of this boat would be giving a spiel about the area we were going through. It seems that they don't always do this and, when it is done, since it is an extra, the crew passes the hat at the end of the trip. The spiel was quite interesting though at times the accent made listening pretty uphill work. Elliot was busy taking notes on the trip into his very very portable cassette recorder, the photo buffs took copious pictures, and I just enjoyed. It was a lovely trip the weather was beautiful and the things along the way were fascinating. Probably the strangest single sight was new London Bridge

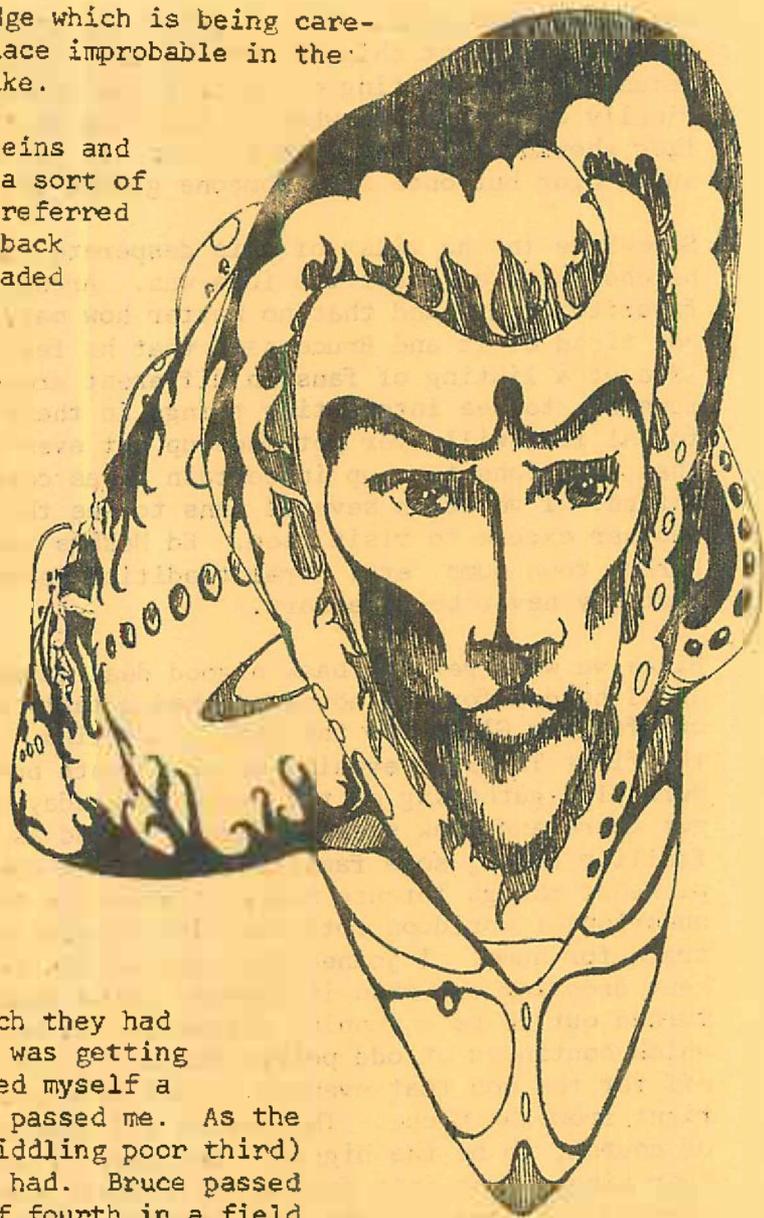
being built over and around the old bridge which is being carefully dismantled to be shipped to someplace improbable in the U.S. to be rebuilt over an artificial lake.

When we arrived at Greenwich the Brownsteins and Lewises, who had constituted themselves a sort of traveling sightseeing circus (hereafter referred to as the Circus), opted to go directly back on the next boat while the rest of us headed over to the Cutty Sark.

The Cutty Sark is an old China clipper which has been restored and placed in permanent drydock. We climbed around the decks and posed for pictures for each other and then went down into the hold which has been turned into a museum on clipper ships and contained lots of interesting things including the figures heads from a lot of other old clipper ships.

When we'd finished staring our fill we started up the hill to the observatory. And that was some hill. Not only tall but very steep and a great nuisance to me since for some totally obscure reason I'd decided to wear heels instead of sandals that afternoon. The trudge up was suddenly enlivened by Arthur and Beckie starting a race to the top on which they had bet heavily (all of thrupence). Since I was getting tired of trudging at that point I declared myself a member of the race by joining in as they passed me. As the three of us passed Bruce (me running a middling poor third) he declared himself in in the same way I had. Bruce passed me fairly quickly and from my position of fourth in a field of four I was able to watch Arthur give a clever demonstration of strategy. As Bruce started to pass him Arthur grabbed his arm and pulled him back and then shot past after Beckie who managed to beat him to the top. We four exercise kooks then stood panting at the top of the hill and watched the rest of the group straggle up. And then back to being tourists again as we posed for nice touristy pictures, standing with one foot on either side of the meridian line, and wandered through the old observatory. By the time we had finished looking through the observatory I had, as usual, come to the conclusion that I was likely to expire if we didn't find some food soon so we started off in search of nourishment, which fortunately was not too far away. The tea was too strong but the little cakes were rather nice and when I'd finished the two I'd gotten I decided that one more ought to be enough to stave off starvation until dinner time.

By the time we'd all had enough to eat it was getting close to the time the last boat went back so we hurried back to the dock and stood on line for what seemed like forever. Arthur enlivened the wait by betting pennies with Beckie, first on a right hand/left hand basis and then by heads or tails. He lost. We got hungry and checked to see what we had in the way of portable refreshments. A few candies turned up (I still had the mints I'd gotten on the flight over and which I'd saved for emergencies) and we shared them out. Finally we managed to get on a boat and start back and still Arthur kept betting pennies with Beckie and losing. He bet on which side of our boat



the first ship would pass us going the other way. Maritime law says he should have won but the first ship to pass us didn't seem to know about such things. Beckie refused to try betting on whether the Tower Bridge would be up or down so they settled finally on betting on whether the flag on the Tower would be up or down. Since the flag should have come down at 6 and it was now after that Arthur should have had a sure thing but once more someone goofed and Arthur lost.

Somewhere in the midst of this desperate gaming the "Fan Guide to Fan Guides" was hatched. Or at least the idea was. Arthur mentioned that the Greenwich trip was a favorite of his and that no matter how many times he took visiting fans there he never got tired of it and Bruce said that he felt the same about Disneyland. And so the idea of a listing of fans in different areas who are willing and able to take out-of-towners to see interesting things in their area grew up. Heaven only knows if a formal list will ever get made up but even if it never does it seems to be accepted that when fans turn up in certain areas certain people will take them to see specific things. I've taken several fans to see the Cloisters and am always happy to have another excuse to visit them. Ed Meskys takes newcomers to Meskons to see the Center Harbor town dump, etc. Oral tradition seems strong enough in fandom that a formal list may never be necessary.

Since we were getting back a good deal later than expected (and I was starving) Bruce and I headed for the hotel and had a tasty but hasty meal at the Grill before setting out for the Globe for the special meeting. Seems the London fans get together there the first Thursday evening of each month but in honor of the charter arriving they were also gathering on the second Thursday this month. The place was jammed when we got there and grew steadily more crowded as the evening went on. There were some familiar faces, some familiar names, and tons of strangers. A tall thin guy with a pleasant though intense manner turned out to be Pete Weston who wanted to discuss the question of worldcon rotation with several of the American fans before catching a train for home. I joined that discussion at several points during the evening but kept dropping out when it started going round in circles. I got involved in what turned out to be a running discussion on embroidery with another Arthur (not Thomson) which continued at odd points during Meicon, and got to watch him and a friend setting off for the con that evening. They were going on a tandem bike and were leaving right from the Globe. The person I'd been most looking forward to meeting turned out, of course, to be the biggest surprise. I've been hearing stories about Ella Parker ever since I got into fandom but somehow the reality turned out to be different from what any of them had led me to expect. Ella is of more or less the same size as Ethel but creates a totally different impression, much more bustling and aggressive but very nice. (And she'd probably grumble fiercely if anyone told her so to her face.) Seeing Ethel again was lovely but felt somewhat strange since the last time I'd seen her was at Chicon III, which was my first worldcon. Ether hasn't changed very much. Since she didn't have any trouble recognising me I assume I haven't changed too much either. We milled around the Globe for several hours talking to people we'd just met, people we'd last seen at the airport a couple of days ago, and others. The Kyles, who'd left for England in the spring were among the people in the last category. We left a few minutes before the Globe was scheduled to close and headed back to the hotel.

The next day, which was Friday in case you've lost track, had been set aside for shopping. I'd promised to bring back some odd things for some odd friends and relatives and I wanted a mini dress for myself. We had our English breakfasts in the Grill (they came with the rooms and were very useful since I was always hungry and large breakfasts helped) and I tried as many of the things on the menu that I hadn't already tried as I could get in. Then we started off.

Since we'd already window shopped along a large stretch of Regent Street we headed for Carnaby Street, as I had promised to get Dick Harter a horrible tie and had decided that my boss needed one too. I still had hopes at that point of finding a mini for myself.

Carnaby Street turned out to be a washout, the most interesting thing about it being the large toy store at one end of it. We stopped in there so I could look for something outre in the stuffed animal line for a friend's new baby and Bruce wound up buying a set of Play Plax for Cecy. I didn't see anything too portable that looked interesting so I abandoned the search for a bit and we headed for Regent Street. As we cut across a side street to get there I stopped to look in a very expensive looking store window and promptly fell in love. The object which had attracted my attention was a large floppy brimmed brown hat. I don't wear hats and have never had much use for them so why this hat attracted me I'm not sure. However it did and I promptly decided that a hat was exactly what I needed, especially since it looked unlikely that I'd find a mini. The store looked way too expensive for my budget so we turned up Oxford Street a few blocks later and started for Selfredges in the hopes of finding me a similar hat in my price range. We stopped to browse in a glass and china shop along the way (I'm by way of being a glass nut) and I nearly bought an egg coddler for my mother. Luckily I managed to resist the temptation.

When we got to Selfredges I made my usual search for minis and then started looking at hats. I found one nice one which was almost right but not quite and when I saw the price tag (6/6/-) I decided that I might just as well go back to the other store and buy the hat I really liked. Stopped on the way out to look at horrid ties and bought one for my boss which was a sort of gold and beige with lavender and navy orchids on it. It seemed sufficiently horrible. (And David liked it very much.) There wasn't anything which looked as if it wanted to belong to Dick so I decided to wait on his horrid tie. Then back to the expensive looking store to look for my hat.

The store, which turned out to be Liberty of London, was one of the biggest surprises on the shopping expedition. The hat cost me exactly 2/19/-, less than half the price of the one at Selfredges and it was just what I wanted. I took a look around the rest of the store while I was there and was quite impressed. The things they had were lovely and the prices quite good. Nothing was dirt cheap but the values for the prices were excellent. I wish I'd had more money.

Then back to the hotel to meet Elliot, Paul and Don for dinner. We went over to the Swiss Center and ate an excellent meal at one of their three restaurants and then Bruce, Elliot and I started off for a party at Ella Parker's while Paul and Don set off in search of other amusements.

The party at Ella's was small but excellent. Among the others present were Ted Tubb, Ken Bulmer, Daphne Sewell, Jean Muggoch, Arthur, Ethel, Jerry Webb and Ann (last name never caught by me), and a couple of others whom I can't recall at the moment. Ella had put out a luscious spread and kept grumpling at us to eat something. We pointed out that we'd just eaten and should be allowed at least half an hour for digestion. Ella grumbled and agreed to allow us our half



hour. She reminded us when it was up too. Elliot didn't need to be reminded though. He started about five minutes before our period of grace had expired. Ella makes a most excellent cheese cake. The other stuff was good too but the cheese cake really stands out in my memory. Arthur was playing the bartender and kept refilling peoples glasses as fast as they were emptied and complaining when they weren't emptied fast enough.

Mostly we talked, and talked, and talked. My hat was admired and I was chided for wearing slacks. Either Ted or Ken explained that while slacks were O.K., how could they tell how good my legs were if I didn't wear minis. I apologized. It seemed like the thing to do. But I still think that slacks are more practical wear for parties where you get to sit on the floor. The conversation veered over to science fiction at some point and stayed there for much of the evening. That was pretty startling in itself. Even more so was the discussion of the nominees for the novel category in the Hugo race. We were a very well read group. Dennis Dobson arrived part way through the evening and I spent an hour or so talking books and bookmaking with him to the accompaniment of remarks from some of the others about professionals sitting off in corners talking shop. It was nice.

At some point we noted that we'd missed the last train so when the party broke up Arthur squeezed us, Ted Tubb and Ken Bulmer into his very small car and prepared to drive us all to where we had to go. He dropped us a few blocks from our hotel and we walked, talked and even sang our way back, attracting a few startled looks from passers by.

The next morning we were up early, packed and checked out of the hotel to start on our way to Liverpool. At this point our group was down to three: Elliot, Bruce and me. Paul and Don had decided to go over to the continent early and were planning on driving to Heicon with Rose and Mary Ensley. We got to the railroad station in time for our train (the one we'd planned to catch) and discovered that there weren't any seats left and not even enough standing room. We wound up taking a train which left about 15 minutes later and which also had no seats left. We stood for about 2/3 of the trip, Elliot taking pictures and Bruce and I writing letters to friends about what had happened so far and finally the train started to empty out. We grabbed three seats together and settled down for the rest of the trip, Elliot still taking pictures and talking notes on the trip into his cassette while Bruce and I abandoned letters in favor of him showing me how to read tarot cards.

We arrived in Liverpool and found Eddie, Norman and Ina Shorrocks and John Roles waiting to meet us. They loaded our bags into the car and Ina drove off, leaving the rest of us to go off in search of a meal. We started off through Liverpool in the ~~company~~ of our trusty native guides, me shivering and hanging onto my hat as it had turned cold and windy. After several blocks we arrived at the restaurant and settled down to inspecting the menu.

I skipped the appetiser, which was probably a mistake, but Eddie shared his pate with me, and I survived till the main dish arrived. The food was good but we did have to cope with a few distractions. As we were sitting and eating a french fry came down from the balcony and landed splat on my wrist and bounced off to the seat. We called a waiter over and explained that we were being bombarded and as we were explaining somebody in the balcony poured some oil down. Luckily this missed our table. The waiter left and came back a few minutes later with the manager who explained that the trouble had been caused by some skinheads and that he'd made them leave. He apologized and I finished wiping bits of potatoe off my watch and then we went back to eating. The chocolate mousse we had for dessert was lovely and I seriously considered having two but decided that that would be much too greedy.

We walked over to the ferry that goes across the Mersey for the next leg of the trip and got on one in only a few minutes. Once on the ferry the camera nuts (everyone but

21  
me) pulled out their cameras and started snapping pictures of each other. John Roles had an advantage over the others in that he had a movie camera. I hid behind Norman Shorrock.

At this point it had started drizzling and it was raining a bit harder when we got off the ferry and got on a double decker bus. And it was pouring when we got off the bus near the Shorrock's house and sheltered in the bus stop while deciding what to do. Since Bruce and John were wearing raincoats they started off to get umbrellas for the rest of us but I decided to help them go get umbrellas and started after them. Everyone else joined the stampede at that point and we arrived at the Shorrock's place a few minutes later, breathless and slightly damp. And, as it turned out, there weren't any umbrellas in the house at that point so it was just as well that we hadn't bothered to wait.

We greeted Ina and were introduced to the two other members of the Liverpool group who were already there and then collapsed while Norman poured wine for everyone. And people started arriving. And more people arrived. And more bottles of wine were opened. I spent a while talking with John Roles about books before rejoining the main conversation which had drifted onto the subject of TAFF. Bruce brought out his cartoon shirt which was promptly annexed by Jennie Chandler for the rest of the evening. She and John Ramsey Campbell are two I remember quite clearly still but that is probably because I saw them at Heicon too. Ron Bennett was there on his way from Singapore to Germany. The rest of the people I don't remember clearly any more. There were just too many of them to keep sorted out in only one hectic meeting. But I'd certainly like to go back and meet them all again some day.

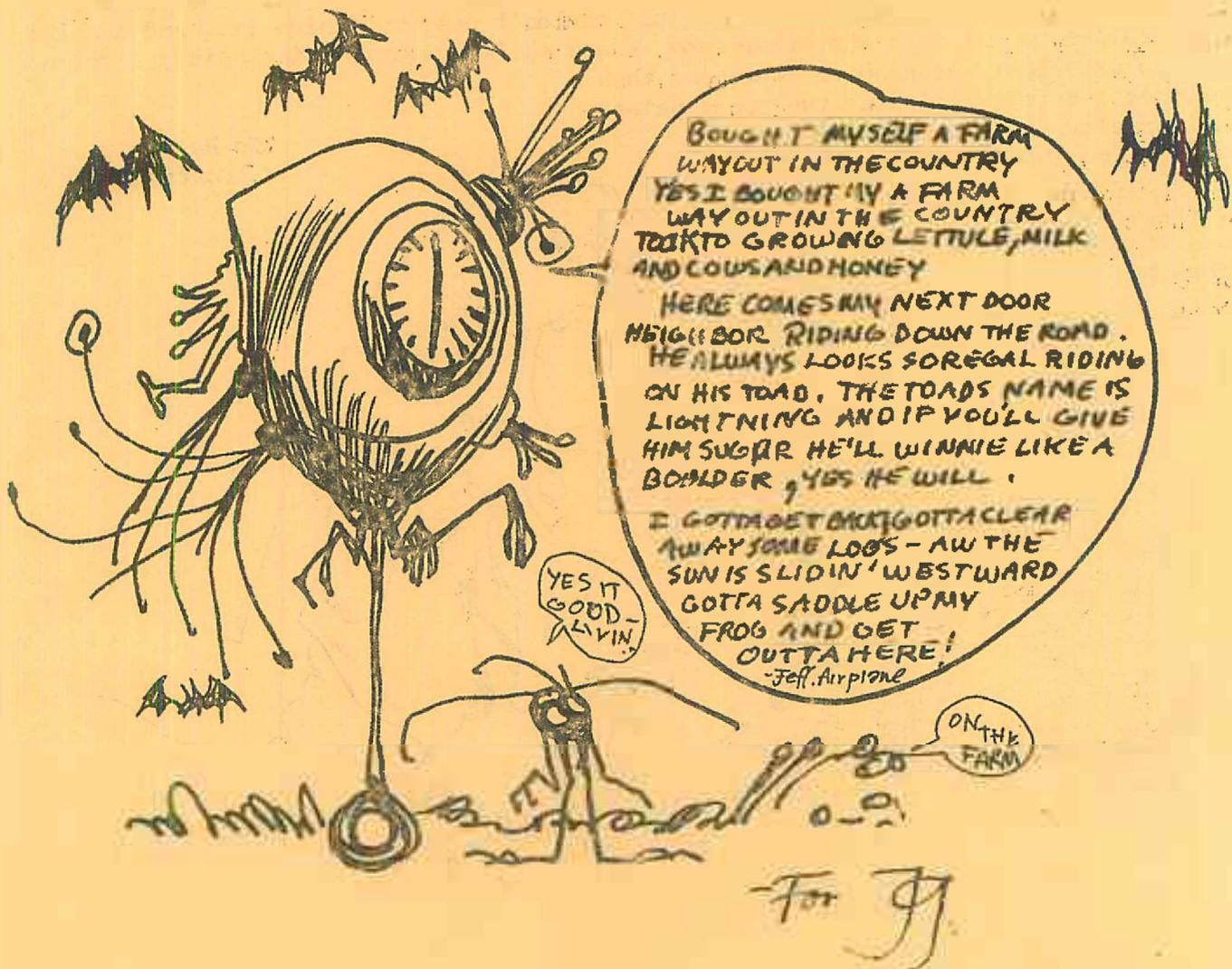
Norman opened a bottle of incredibly lovely port and poured us a glass and I spent a fair part of the evening nursing that. I just couldn't bear to finish it. And a while later Ina called us all into the other room where she'd put out an incredibly luscious spread. An excellent gazpacho to start and then all sorts of goodies, including two great pates and two marvelous and marvelously fattening cakes. For the second or third time that day we happily made pigs of ourselves. And then it was time for the Delta Group films!

To Be  
Continued



# Logic Puzzle

Andy dislikes the catcher. Ed's sister is engaged to the second baseman. The center fielder is taller than the right fielder. Harry and the third baseman live in the same building. Paul and Allen each won \$20 from the pitcher at pinocle. Ed and the outfielders play poker during their free time. The pitcher's wife is the third baseman's sister. All the battery and infield, except Allen, Harry and Andy, are shorter than Sam. Paul, Andy, and the shortstop lost \$50 each at the racetrack. Paul, Harry, Bill, and the catcher took a trouncing from the second baseman at pool. Sam is undergoing a divorce suit. The catcher and the third baseman each have two children. Ed, Paul, Jerry, and the right fielder and the center fielder are bachelors. The others are married. The shortstop, the third baseman and Bill each cleaned up \$100 betting on the fight. One of the outfielders is either Mike or Andy. Jerry is taller than Bill. Mike is shorter than Bill. Each of them is heavier than the third baseman. With these facts, determine the names of the men playing the various positions on the baseball team.



# PHILCON by TONY LEWIS

Early in the Summer, before I left for Heicon, I got a call from the Sheraton-Boston. Your Philadelphia people are having their regional convention at the Sheraton there I was informed and given the dates. Sometime on the Heicon trip Larry Niven told me he was to be Principal Speaker there. Well, late, late in October I received a flyer from the Philcon itself telling me when and where it was coming off. I

So Friday 13 November found Sue and me heading down to Philly in our Saab through a ~~lot~~<sup>bit</sup> rain, just heavy enough to make it difficult to see out the windows what with the spray being kicked up by other vehicles. Another car of NESFAns, fearlessly piloted by Harry Stubbs and containing Paul Galvin, Dick Harter, Greg Moore, Drew Whyte and Charlotte Boynton was also en route. As a surprise Ed Galvin flew down also, no one had expected him. Other NESFA members of all classes who made it there Included: Ben Bova, Roy and Judy Krupp, Marilyn Niven, Dena Benatan, Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Marsha Brown, Stew Brownstein, Brian and Sherna Burley, Ginny Carew, Lester del Rey, Joyce Fisher, Devra Langsam, Cory Panshin, Sandy Parker, Barbara Schlager, Elliot Shorter, Lisa Tuttle, and Ed and Jo Ann Wood. I may have missed a few there and, if so, forgive me. I don't know exactly how many people where there since I couldn't find anyone there on the committee who seemed to know this but I would estimate that it ran about 250-350. What percentage actually registered is also a moot point.

It might have occurred to some that a name is conspicuous by its absence from the above list - Isaac Asimov. Here is the story which was told me; I cannot vouch for its absolute accuracy until I check it out with Isaac but it was told me by a person I trust and it seems quite reasonable. Here it is for what it is worth: Isaac was in Philly that Friday but, having not received any notice of when the convention was, did not know when the convention was, and so he had made prior commitments in NY for that weekend. This was annoying as I had not seen Isaac for several months and was looking forward to talking with him. I hope next year's committee can remember to send him a flyer.

After arriving in Philly and finding the hotel, I walked in and was met by Andy Porter yelling: get out of town Boston hippies. I considering asking him to carry my bags but decided against it as I would be unable to tip him having nothing smaller than a penny. I checked in with no troubles (amazing), told Andy I would return later. Sue and I then drove out to my mother's apartment in Lower Merion for a steak dinner and showed her our Heicon trip slides.

After returning to the hotel, we found a party (perhaps the only one) somewhere in the upper reaches of the hotel. Everyone seemed to be there and we stayed for a while talking about the usual fannish things. However, fatigue was setting in and we retired to bed.

The next morning found us waking up Stew and Amy Brownstein and walking over to Harvey East for breakfast - eggs benedict. The hotel restaurant was open but the food looked singularly unappetizing and service seemed slow and Harvey's is one of our standard stops at a Philcon so off we went. Sue and Amy and Dena (who had been acquired upon returning to the hotel) went off to my mother's boutique to buy thingies I set up at the hucksters' room with Frank Prieto, Elliot Shorter, et al. to sell NOREASCON Memberships (\$6 attending, \$4 supporting: Noreascon/Box 547/Cambridge MA 02139) and BOSKONE 8 Memberships (\$3 in advance, \$4 at door: NESFA/Box G/MIT Branch/Cambridge MA 02139), old Boskone program books, George Barr posters, and watch the

fans. We decided not to sell Indexes since we are almost out of the supplements and most of our orders are coming from libraries at present - the East Coast is saturated. I spent most of the afternoon there, being spelled at times when I wandered off to chat or look in on the program. The program was the usual type of things that day; Alexei was understandably annoyed at being told he was on the program after he arrived at the con (they also spelt his name wrong on the program and that is something which rightfully annoys anyone). He left Saturday night and never did appear Sunday.

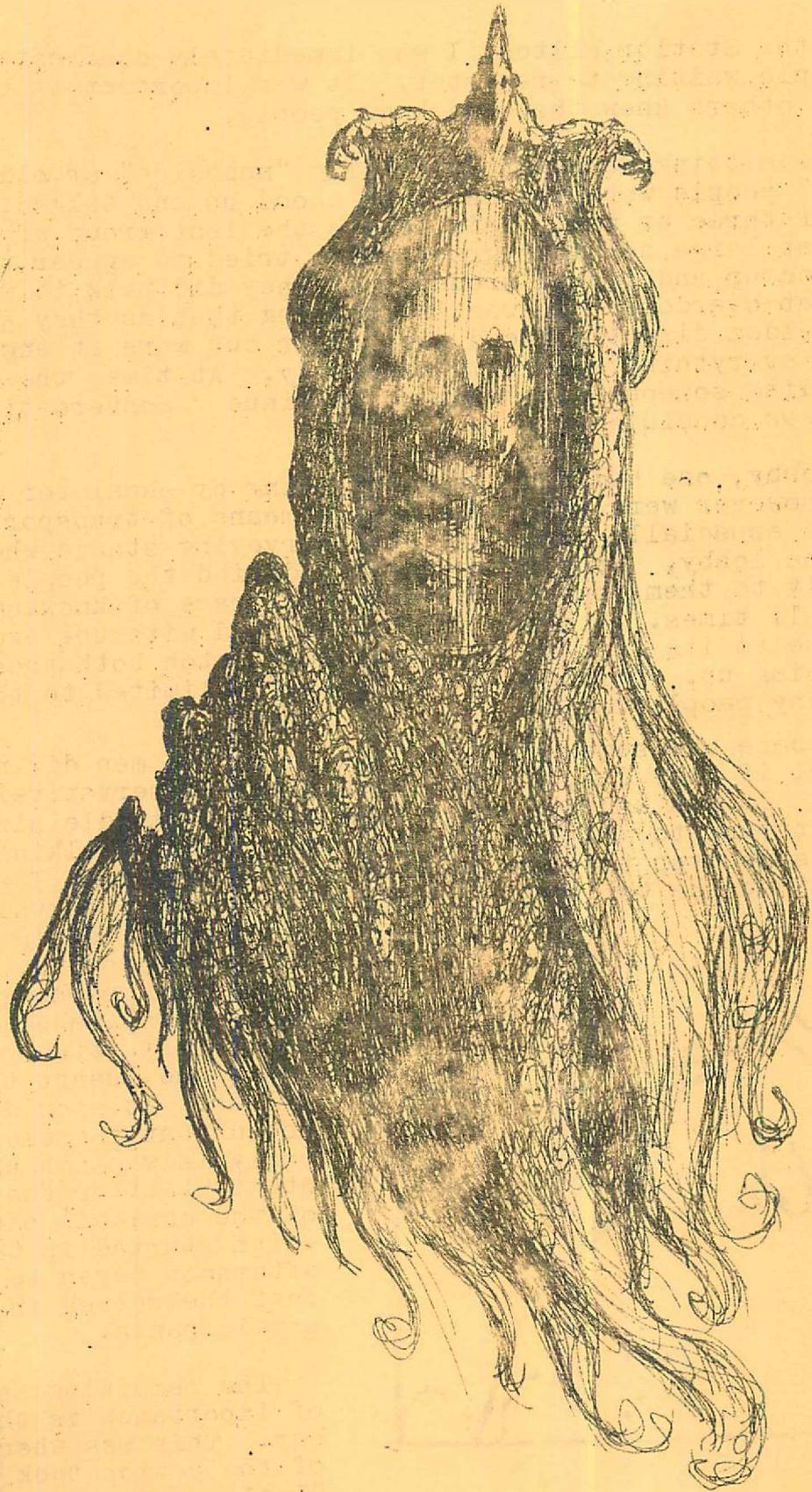
Just before going to supper, we were invited to a small pre-prandial being given by Chris Steinbrunner and/or Centaur Press. It was fun but we had to leave to eat. I had been informed that the scarcity (to put it mildly) of good restaurants in Center City, Philadelphia is due to the fact that most of the potential clientele lives in the exurbs (where there are now good restaurants) but that these are at least an hour away. Consequently these people don't get into town at night very often and the restaurants suffer accordingly. Be that as it may, we ate at the pub, a fairly good steak and chops house with a simple menu, good food and large quantities. Sue and I went with Stew and Amy. Upon leaving we passed tables of fans: Elliot Shorter, Sandy Parker, Paul Galvin, Don Lundry, Frank Prieto, Marsha Brown, Dick Harter - in fact much of Boston and Boston-in-exile fandom.

The con party was starting with a pay bar. All drinks were 75¢ mixed, beer, or tonics (sody-pop to you non-Bostonians). That's high for tonic or beer but seems reasonable for mixed drinks. However, the mixed drinks weren't very strong. Scenario: [imagined conversation] "I'll have scotch on the rocks" "I'm sorry sir, we're out of scotch. Would you like some scotch and soda?" The pros started drifting in: Harry, Ben Bova, Tom Purdom, Gordy Dickson, Bob Silverberg (and Barbara), David Gerrold (on his way to Ireland), and others. I think I saw Keith Laumer at the party; not sure - I know he was at the con. [No, I didn't forget you, Lester, I just left you till now so you'd get mad]. Alex and Cory were also there but the heat got them and Alex retired to the hallway where he discussed "I Will Fear No Evil" with a group of fans. So far, no one seems to have thought much of the book. The heat was somewhat oppressive and I popped in and out of the room conversing with a number of people I won't enumerate here (see appendix 31 r).

About 10 Sue and I, Stew and Amy, with Harry and Ginny Carew adjourned to my room to discuss Norbascon programming. I felt that this group was overly large for good discussion but after two hours we had come up with some modifications of our original ideas which we hope will prove quite interesting. It was either that night or Friday night that Mike and Sue Glicksohn came up to talk [only a week and I've already forgotten] about Energumen, Canadian fandom, worldcons, fires and the like.

Sunday morning found us at Harvey's again; check-out and off to Lower Merion again to clean out the basement for my mother. Then back to the hotel to hear Larry Niven's speech on Dyson spheres, Ringworlds, etc. This proved to be one of the most interesting talks I have heard in a long time. Larry's platform techniques have improved immeasurably since the first time I heard him speak at Boskone 5. [and Ringworld is one fine book too]. A few hurried goodbyes to the Haldemans, George Scithers, and all the rest and we were back on the road headed home. Five and a half hours later we were home and feeding the cats.

Philcon this year had no trouble with the hotel - no police dogs, no attempts at raising rates at check-in, no Canadian femmefans machine-gunned in the halls by irate patriotists, no rotting bathrooms. It was a Sheraton and the chain is very anxious to get ALL st conventions since we are good people, cause little trouble, don't barf on the rugs, pay lots money at the bars, and in general behave ourselves. Isn't it nice to be wanted. I do wish the Philcon committee would do a bit more preparation on publicity, programming and general administrative affairs. We'll be there next year if we find out in time again.



# Mundane Con by Lois Harter

As I entered the Statler Hilton, I was immediately confronted by long lines of SAA people waiting to register. It was important that one know people, and that others knew that one knew people.

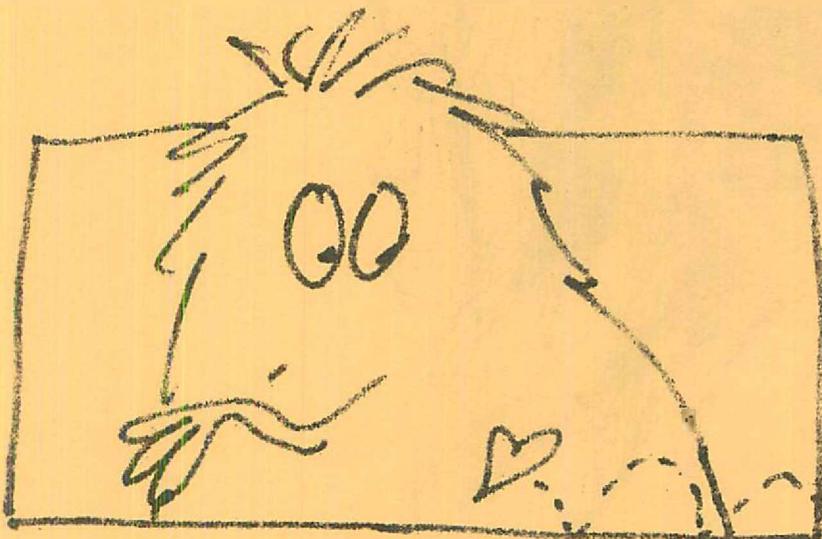
Those who were sitting down were generally "nobodies" or older people. The "in" people were the ones who stood up and talked, generally in groups of three or six. This leaves the last group of lobby inhabitants - that large nebulous group which tried to appear to be "in" so they stood up and looked around. If they did talk it was quite animated, somewhat overdone. It was interesting that as they as they conversed they seldom directly faced each other but were at angles so they could watch everything else simultaneously. At times the purpose seemed to be finding someone with whom to continue a conversation after the present one was concluded.

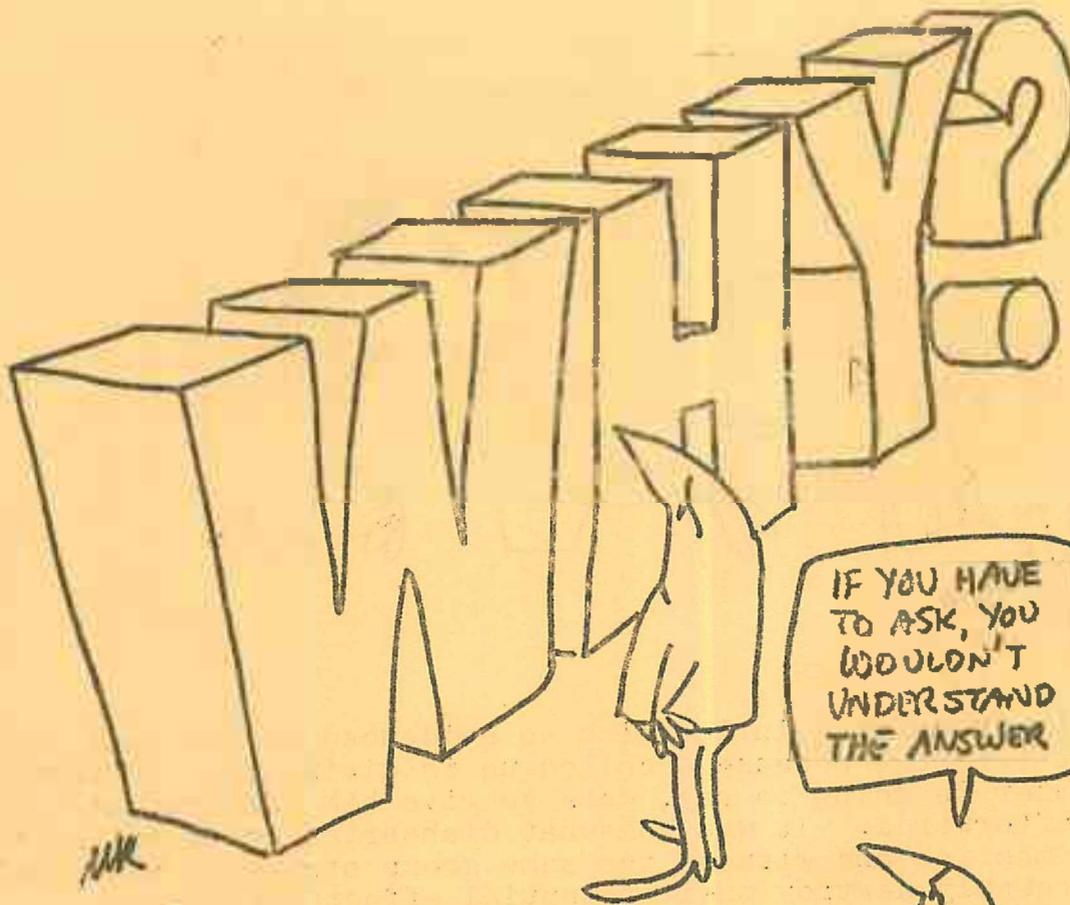
Leaving the lobby, one had the option of going by escalator or elevator. Both however were more than just a means of transportation. The escalator was especially important as a surveying stance when one descended into the lobby. From there one could find the people he knew and go immediately to them thus maintaining the image of knowing what he was doing at all times. Another trick connected with the escalator was to stand close to its foot so that one could catch both those coming down and those going up. This trick was generally limited to the top men who had so many people to see.

The elevator scene was somewhat different. The top men did not speak too much or, if they did, it was quietly and conservatively. Nor did the nobodies. It was usually those from small-to middle sized schools who were trying to get "in" who did the friendly talking, especially if at some stop they saw someone whom they knew. I got the impression again that the top people had no need to prove anything,

the bottom people had nothing to prove, and the middle group who were not quite established were constantly attempting to prove and assert themselves. It should be noted that the elevator analysis was not as valid at night after the effects of the cocktail parties which started in the late afternoon began to manifest themselves in the participants.

The remaining section of importance is the Penn bar. This was where much of the action took place - "Let's go down to the bar and talk it over." It was





ideal, being semi-private, and yet one was still in the public eye. Friends; usually colleagues from the same schools, gathered there and united themselves with social drinking. Others who frequented the bar were those individuals seeking jobs who did not have the slightest idea what they were doing. Perhaps they would find someone who did or at least consolation from those in a similar predicament. There were also the lost souls who did not know what else to do and hoped they would find some action there. This resulted in a long row of men perched on bar stools who were attempting to look so happy and jovial while constantly looking around for something else.

The few women there could be divided into the middle aged and older matrons and the young women. This latter category could be subdivided into those who were there primarily to learn and those who were there primarily for the socializing. They thrived well on all the attention.

The Young Turks were an interesting group. From attending their meeting and talking with one of them I concluded that a schism was resulting because the young people wanted a reversal back to the original purpose of the SAA convention as a learning opportunity. Almost everyone I talked with said, in effect, that the program was a waste of time and was peripheral to the whole scene. The difference was that the young people wanted to try and change that. They viewed SAA as an organization which gives the heirarchy prestigious offices.

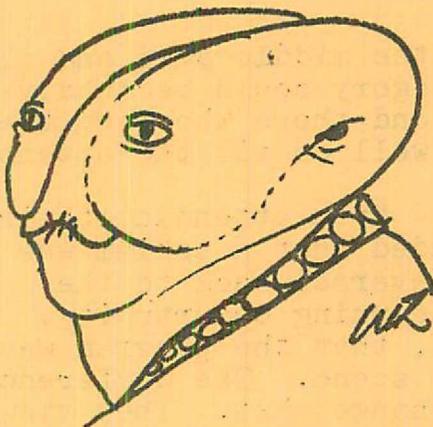


Few are really interested in learning as evidenced by the tendency to listen to a paper just because a colleague is giving it. He knows what the speaker is going to say, goes to give him support, and leaves immediately afterwards. It was somewhat disheartening to attend the Young Turks' meeting and witness the same group struggles and hassling which will probably destroy their potential effectiveness.

Wandering in and out of the meetings and programs, the top men always seemed to know what they were doing. In the business meeting the officers gave totally meaningless talks which served to establish the fact that they were "in" for the new people and had the power to completely bore everyone else. They were the semi-top men.

The middle men were not so established or, if they were, were in fields which were not so prestigious as groups like BPA. In contrast to the top men their talk was more shoptalk. A thoughtful top man would ask questions relating to this when talking to a middle man. These people, as contrasted to the nobodies, were trying to get "in".

This leaves the rest of the convention delegates - the nobodies. Usually it was difficult to clearly define one as being a nobody or a middle man because sometimes a middle man would try so hard he became a nobody. These people from small unimportant places attended the convention but had no impact on it. Often they were found in very non-prestigious groups but every group had its share of them. They were the ones for whom most of the program was designed. Many seemed somewhat lost or lonely.



The nobodies wore white shirts almost exclusively. The middle men wore colored shirts or white shirts with wild ties. And the top men wore white or colored, often depending on age. They had the freedom to wear what they wanted to wear.

I have not really dealt with the different special interest groups which were represented. There was a great deal of jargon within each group and extensive specialization. Each varied as to the degree of scientific validity in their area. One had only to compare a BS paper with a SPS paper to see this. They also differed in the type of people which they drew - hip or unhip, top men or nobodies, young or old.

My overwhelming impression of the total convention was the tremendous lack of communication, whether it be in the social chatter of the cocktail parties or in the business meetings where there was seldom a direct reaction to a proposal but only a verbal maneuver to get around to ones own ideas. There was one time when this was not so. It was at a program by the Theatre and Drama group with three off Broadway playwrights. Paul Foster, Rochelle Owens, and Charles Gordone were so real and alive that I was astounded. When Gordone went into the audience and bugged this lady because he felt like it after what she said, I cried. They were just so out of place at the convention.

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Editors note: Miss Harter attends the University of Wisconsin at Madison Wisconsin. The account above of an academic convention was published in Spectra, a publication of the University of Wisconsin. Miss Harter attended the Boskone in 1969. She has not seen fit, however, to relay to me any written comments she may have on Science Fiction Conventions.

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WORD GAMES DEPARTMENT by R. H.

One of the most tantalizing and formidable word game puzzles that I have ever seen has popped up in NESFA. Apparently it has been circulating around MIT for a number of years but it has only recently been introduced to NESFA via Wendell Ing who deserves the credit for it (if credit is the right term). Briefly it is to find five words, each with five letters, using twentyfive letters of the alphabet. To the best of anyones knowledge no one has ever done it. However that isn't to say that it can't be done.

Since there are five vowels (plus y and w) we have to average one vowel per word. Actually there are quite a few words such as glyph, nymph, and crypt which use y. There are words, mostly welsh, in origin which contain only w as a vowel. The only one I know of is crwth, but no doubt there are more. (Which answers a question by Doug Hoylman in the letter column.) The closest I have come or seen anyone come is

1. FJORD
2. WALTZ
3. NYMPH
4. VICKS
5. EXBUG

The first three are all legit words without any dubiousness in their standing. Vicks is a brand name. However I wouldn't throw it out unless somebody came along with a solution which was cleaner all the way through. Exbug just doesn't happen to be a word. It could be a word but it isn't. One can, by straining the imagination, concoct an instance in which exbug would be a meaningful word. But it ain't. If any one can find a solution (or even suggest a bunch of good words) we will be happy to hear of it and publish it. - R.H.

5/8"

Title, authors, and company on first page of text

# PHLOGISTON-INDUCED DAMAGE MECHANISMS<sup>1</sup>

Capitalize titles (keep title short)

Tsun Tshine, T. Muchocator, and I. S. Barry  
Facetron Corporation  
Thermal, California

Line indicates author giving paper

The results of experiments to examine the phlogiston-induced damage in ethereal device structures<sup>2</sup> are reported in this paper. A number (MA 27393) of devices were exposed to the Bremsstrahlung Roentgen Energizer and Super Thing<sup>3</sup> at multiple spot<sup>3</sup> levels to study the effects of phlogiston buildup on device operation. This exposure machine was chosen not only because it is on hand but also because of the general availability of machines in this configuration. The available dose per pulse is  $1.7 \times 10^8$  phlogons.

Single space text

The results are displayed in Fig. 1, where the number of failures is plotted versus the number of spots of phlogiston. For low-spot levels, the phlogiston is found to arrange itself in waves which can be analyzed into harmonious oscillator wave functions.<sup>4</sup> As the spot level is increased, the density of the liquid phlogiston in the waves increases (high phlogiston humidity) in a manner best described as a tropical heat wave. Further increases in spots result in the devices becoming so saturated with phlogiston that they burst spontaneously into flame with a small popping sound not unlike that of a firecracker, causing severe burnout in the device and considerable fright in the experiment room.

2/4"

Double space paragraphs

Annealing experiments were carried out on those devices which survived the testing cycle (two), and although the statistics of the experiments are not as extensive as one would like, some conclusions can be advanced. Annealing the device to achieve phlogiston wave removal in the classical manner produced negative results. Holding the flame from the standard candle sufficiently close to the bottom of the device to produce significant annealing resulted in severe burnout in the device with the accompanying popping sound as well as in the experimenter's fingers (with accompanying lacerations). The willy-nilly throwing of the remains of the device during this procedure accounts for the scatter in the results.

2/4"

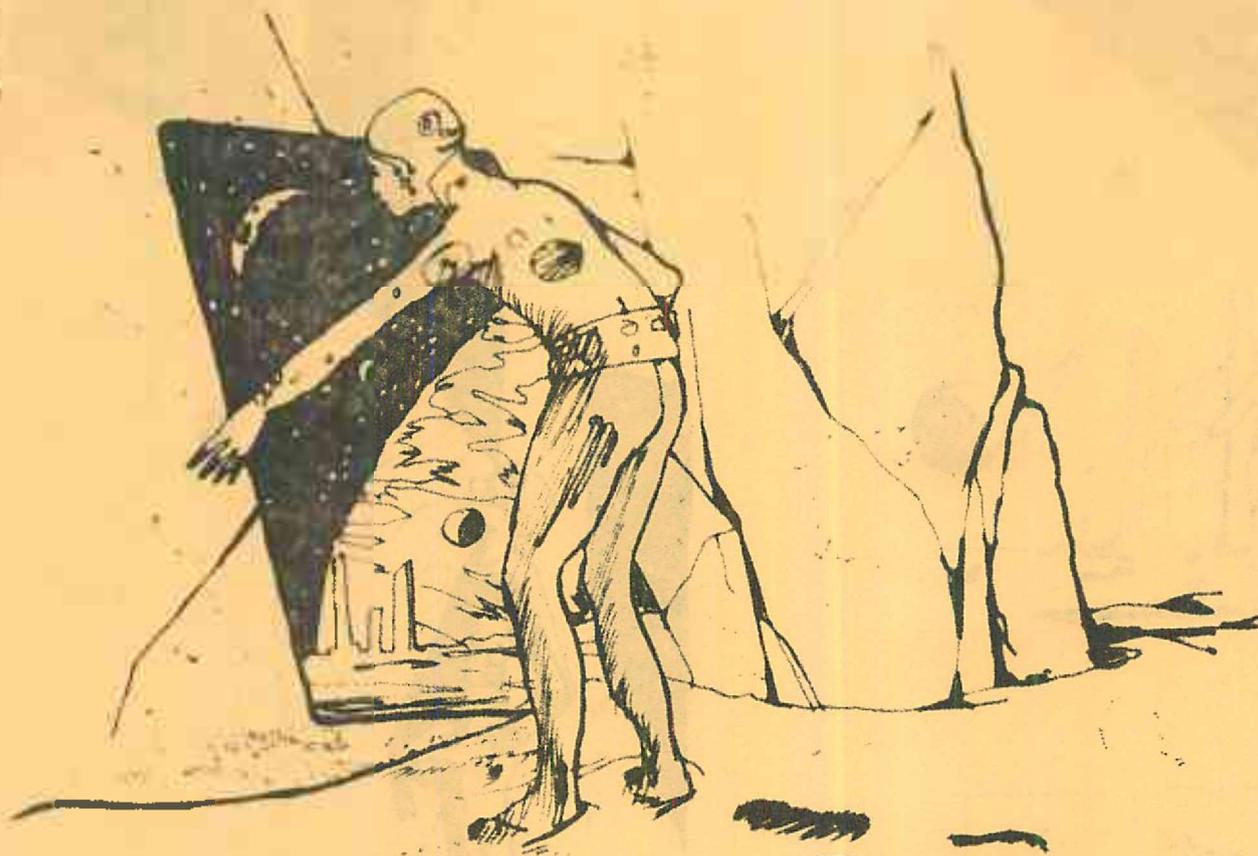
This effect has previously been incorrectly attributed to generation of energetic mobile species induced by a Communist plot,<sup>5</sup> and later, also incorrectly, to accumulated neutrino damage at device interfaces.<sup>6</sup> The analysis presented in this paper clearly demonstrates the applicability of phlogiston theory to this previously baffling phenomenon.

EXAMPLE

<sup>1</sup>This work was sponsored by a government agency which prefers to remain anonymous.  
<sup>2</sup>A. Michaelson and E. W. Morley, *Proc. of Defunct Phys. Soc.* 22, 459 (1897).  
<sup>3</sup>One phlogon = amount of phlogiston liberated by a standard candle in one second;  $10 \text{ phlogons/cm}^2 = 1 \text{ spot}$ .  
<sup>4</sup>J. Strauss, *Proc. Vienna Phil.* 33, 222 (1873).  
<sup>5</sup>J. McCarthy, "Investigations of Free Radicals."  
<sup>6</sup>R. Caldwell, E. Conrad, R. Poll, and too many others, *J. Irreproducible Results and Barroom Tables* 32, 1793 (1970).

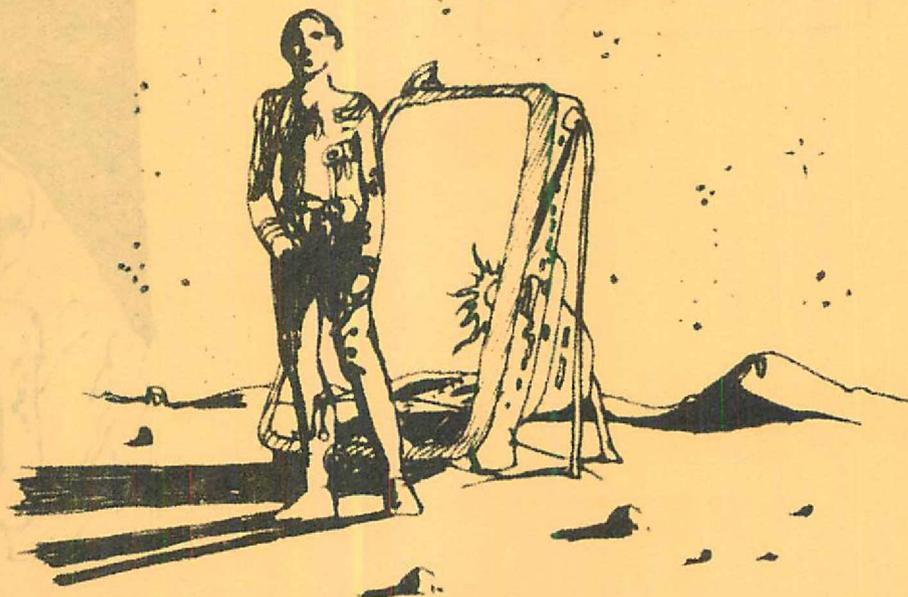
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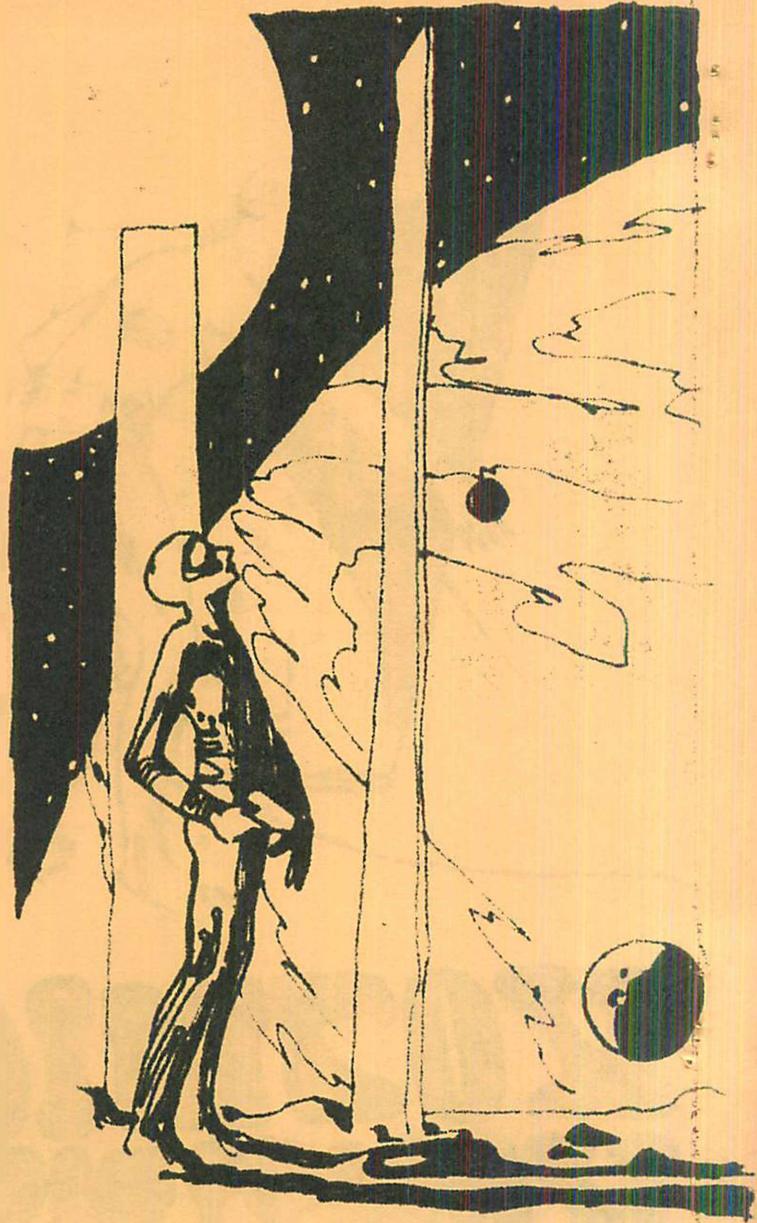
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# KOZMIC KONTINUITI

• Michael Gilbert







# The Art of Coke Stacking

by Sue Lewis

Along with the pastimes of cork soaking and sack tucking, coke stacking is acknowledged as next best to the Real McCoy. This ancient and time honored art has produced some truly remarkable feats of balance.

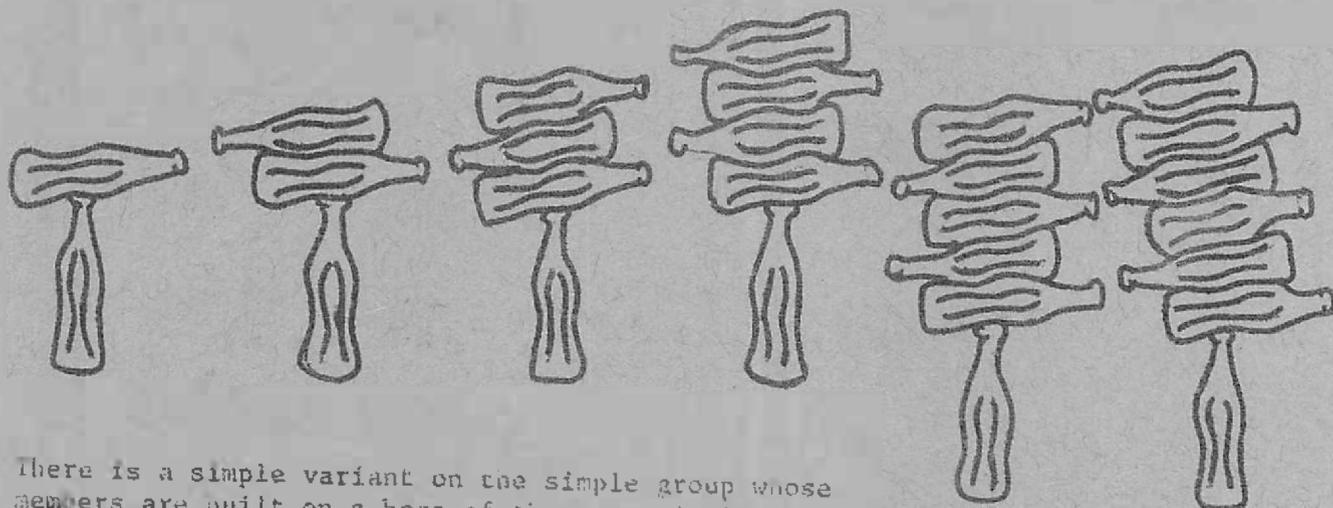
For the beginner, the 2- and 3-stacks are advised. Once these are mastered, the 4-, 5-, 6-, and 7-stacks may be attempted. It is advised that stacking NOT be practiced barefoot on a cement floor. While attempting a particularly ambitious stack, Ed Calvin lost control and managed to break a bottle into an alarming number of pieces. As the rest of the experimenters kept the cats out of the area and spotted stray pieces I ran for the dustpan and cleaned up as fast as possible. Somehow it spoiled the spirit of the experimentation, though.

The investigation team for this effort included: myself, Dave Anderson, Ed Calvin, Don Eastlake and a number of others both as helpers and wisecracking kibitzers. The results follow:

The simple 2-stack utilizes both the characteristic repples and the bulges of the regulation 10 oz. Coke bottle. 12 oz. bottles may also be used but the bottle proportions and weighting are different. The longer moment arm and greater weight make the 12 oz. bottles harder to balance. The diagrams in this article are exaggerated and not to scale. Coke stacking requires a kinesthetic understanding possible only with practice and not transferable through even the most exact diagrams. Besides, due to the manufacturing process, individual bottles vary just enough to make such exactitude meaningless.

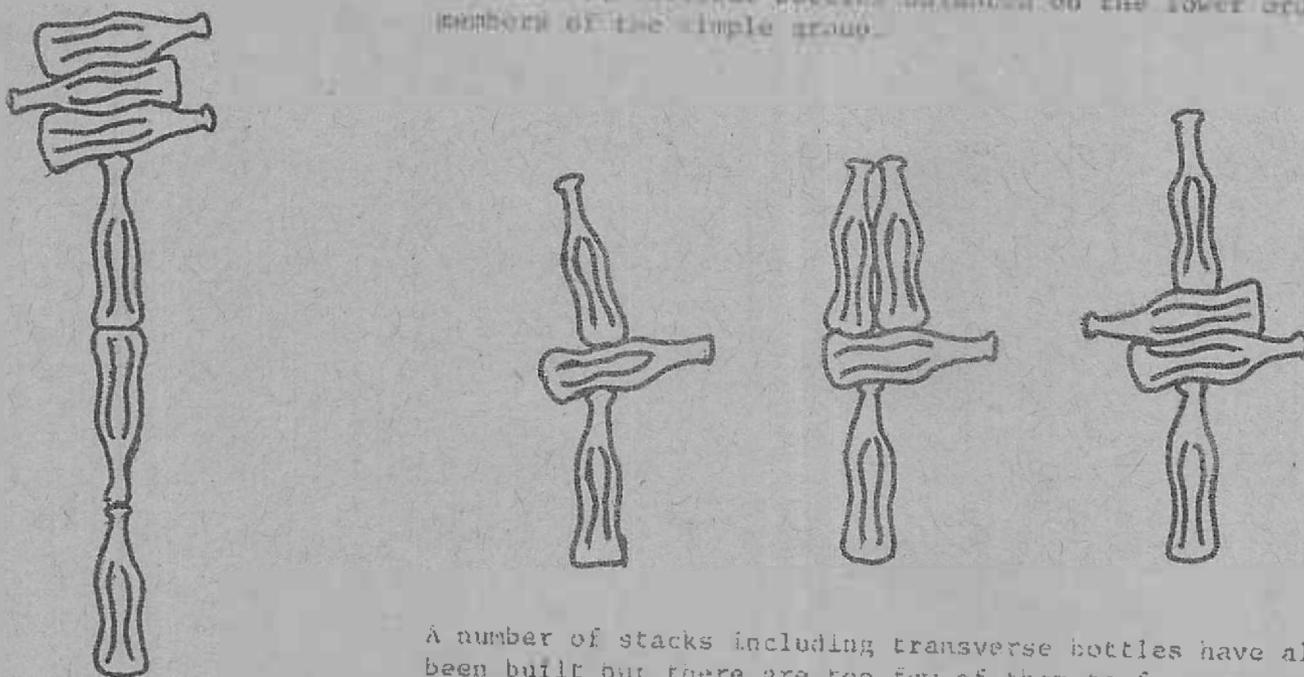
The line of research herein pursued is of the structures that may be found by starting with a single bottle. Obviously, there are other families of stacks which start with three bottles standing or two or more lying. I would like to call all other forms of Coke bottle construction "piling" but the International Committee on the Nomenclature of Coke Bottle Structures has not yet decided to adopt my motion to this effect.

The first group of the 'single standing bottle' family may be called the simple group. Each  $n+1$  stack may be built on the  $n$  stack with only slight adjustment of the balance point. A 7-stack has been achieved in this group.



There is a simple variant on the simple group whose members are built on a base of three vertical bottles. These stacks are more unstable, partly because of their height and partly because the irregularities in the lips and bases are greater than those in the sides of the bottles. The figure to the left below shows the greatest stack so far accomplished.

Another group may be formed from the simple group by the addition of vertical bottles balanced on the lower order members of the simple group.



A number of stacks including transverse bottles have also been built but there are too few of them to form any groups as yet. They are rather difficult to construct as they are not at all stable until after they have been built. Some of these stacks require two people (or four hands). Each of these stacks is shown in two views, front and side, to indicate the balance points for all of the bottles.

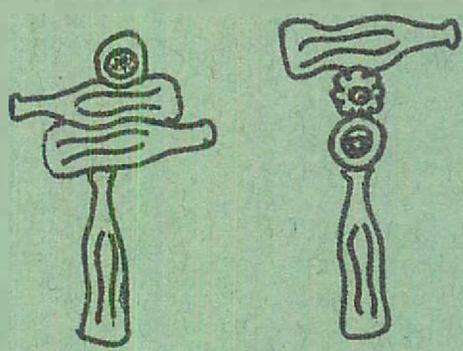


fig. 1

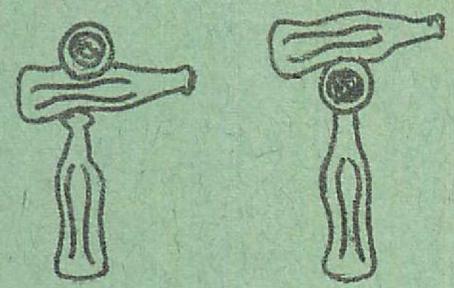


fig. 2

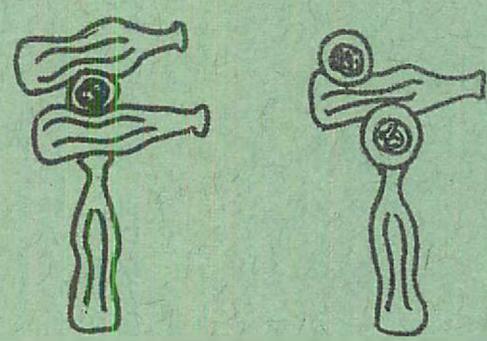


fig. 3

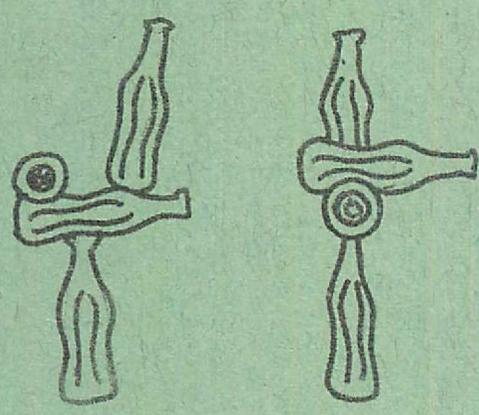


fig. 4

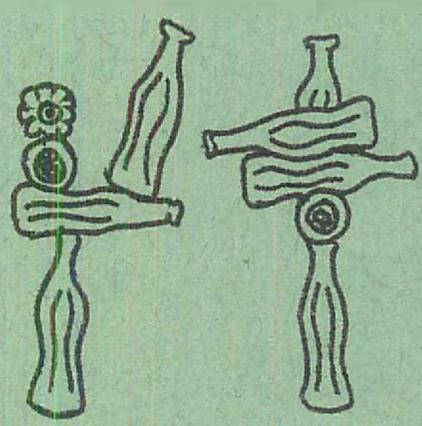


fig. 5

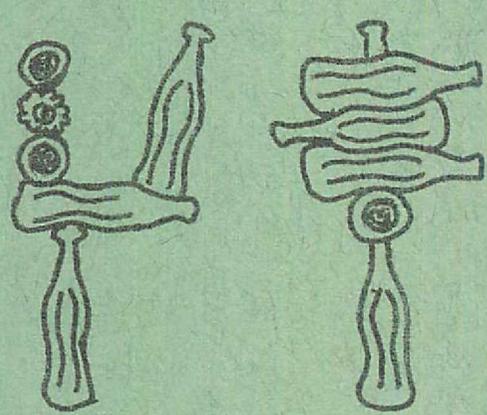
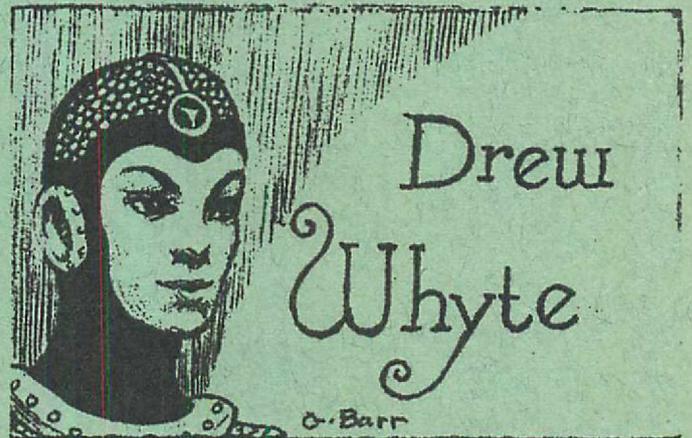


fig. 6

These stacks can be assigned in three preliminary groups. Figures 1 & 2 could be the 2nd and 1st members of a group which differs from the simple group only in that the highest horizontal bottle is transverse. Figure three is, so far, in a group by itself. Figures 4, 5 and 6 are the first three members of a new group, which we may call the 1st non-trivial transverse group.

For researches into the three bottle base family the reader is referred to Mr. Donald Eastlake who pursued the line of investigation (if he writes it up). The three bottle base family lends itself to more transverse structures as it is much more stable.

# NAME BADGES



RED



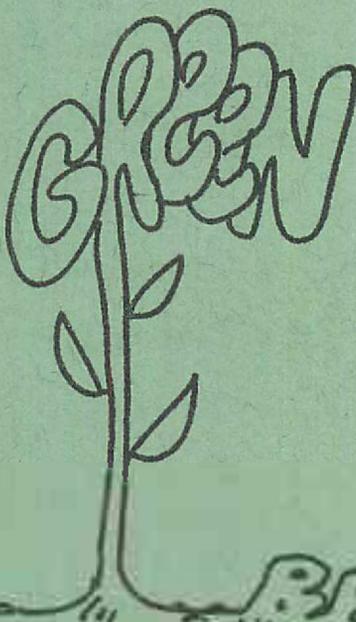
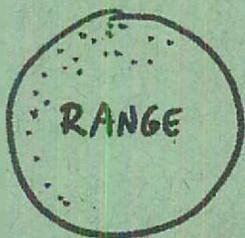
YELLOW

BLUE

grey

PUCE

BLACK!

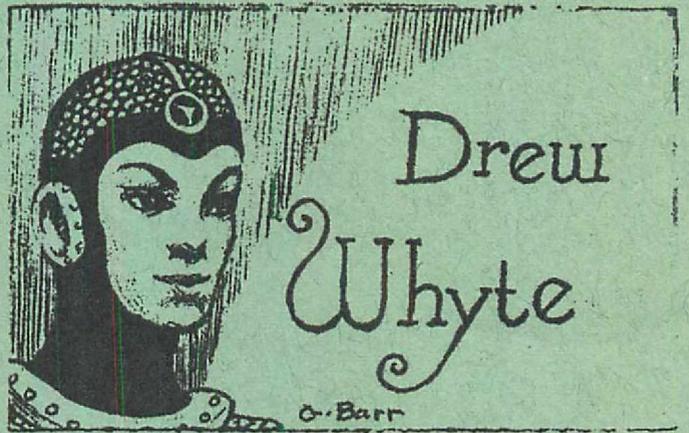


lavender

BROWN

water

# NAME BADGES



RED

WHITE

YELLOW

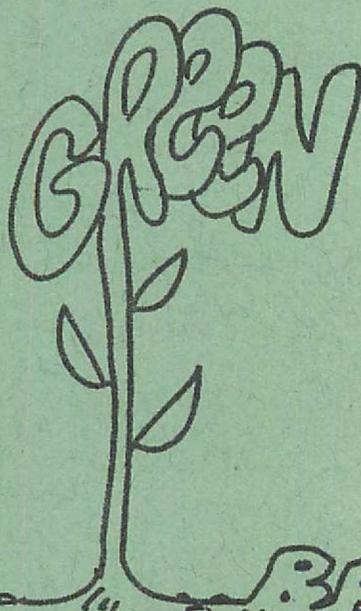
BLUE

grey

PUCE

BLACK!

RANGE

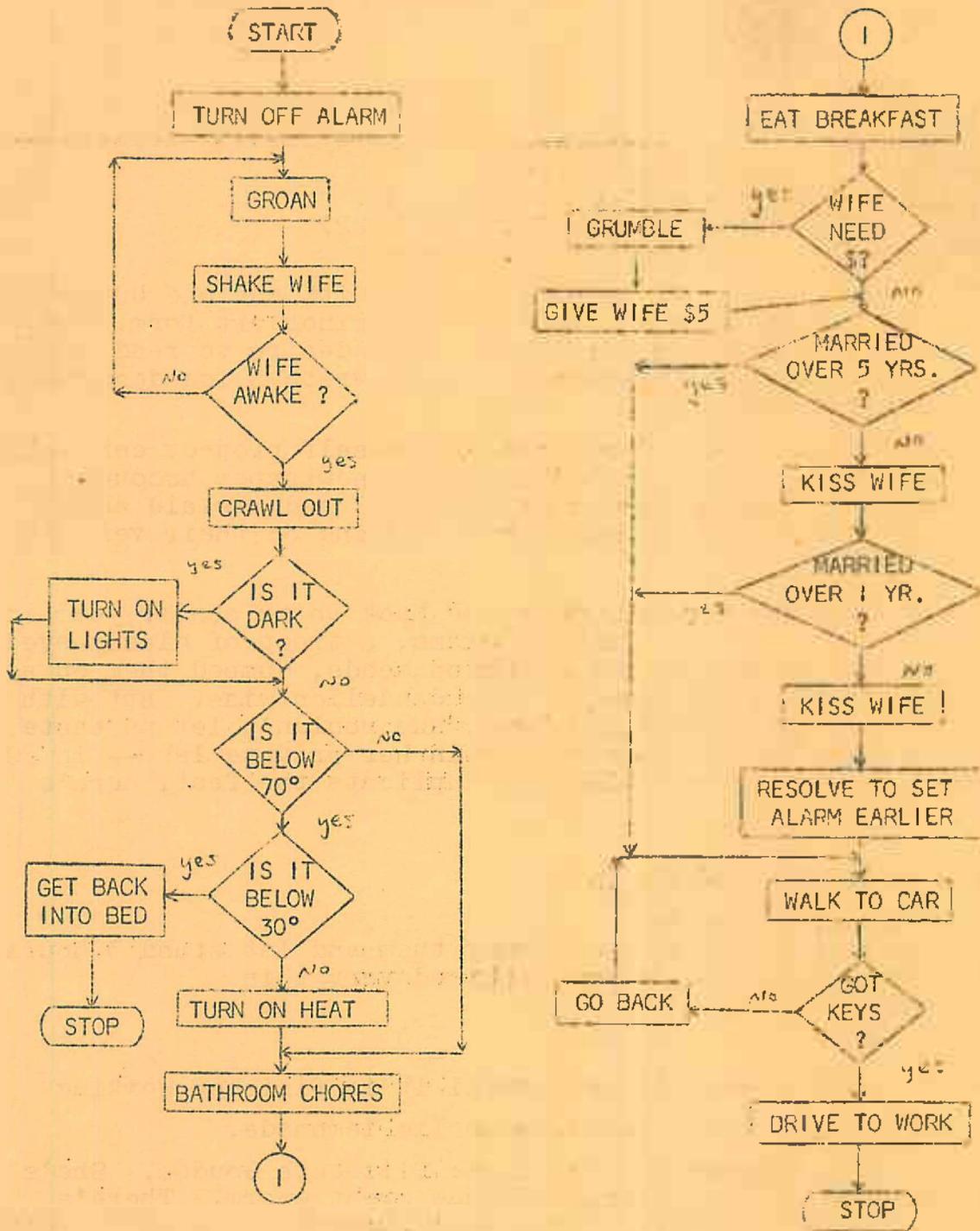


LAVENDER

BROWN

noted

# DEPARTMENT OF CONTEMPORARY LIVING



RISE AND SHINE

YE SONS OF AUTOMATION !



## LETTERS

-----  
 Sandra Miesel  
 4365 Declaration Dr.  
 Indianapolis, IN 46227  
 September 22, 1969

So PB 5 is blessed with not one but two fine examples of that minor art form, the humorous con report. The desire to read part II of Cory's epic prompts me to write a loc despite my habitual inertia.

Your reprint on Mr. Seitz' do-it-yourself project certainly gave my mother a chill. She'd missed the newspaper accounts. Another cheery thought: I read somewhere that the AEC had mislaid about eight pounds of fissionables. Could someone be working on their very own little bomb?

Susan Lewis among the flower petals takes me back to my senior year in college. After finishing our comprehensive exams, a troop of glassy-eyed chemistry majors denuded the campus of dandelion heads, dumped them on a professor's desk and insisted she make us some dandelion wine. But with the school's strict rules on student drinking, she wouldn't let us taste any until graduation day. Then she served it in her private lab -- in 20 milliliter beakers. If anyone would like to duplicate the feat, here's the recipe.

### SISTER EMERAN'S DANDELION WINE

3 quarts dandelion heads  
 pour 4 quarts of boiling water over them and let stand 3 hours  
 add 3 pounds sugar and 3 lemons sliced very thin  
 boil 3 hours  
 let stand 3-4 days  
 strain  
 bottle, but do not cap tightly until it is finished working

It's rather pleasant stuff, rather like alcoholic lemonade.

Another suggestion for Georgette Heyer fans: Elizabeth Goudge. She's more serious and sentimental than Heyer, but has great charm. There's often a fantasy element in her work. Recommended Victorian period novels: THE DEAN'S WATCH, CITY OF THE BELLS, and THE LITTLE WHITE HORSE.

-----  
 For sundry reasons related to the incredibly disorganized state of my desk this did not get run last ish - Sorry about that. I was reading recently that selling equipment with which to make wine is getting to be big business. Apparently quite a few people are bottling their own, complete with label and year of vintage. Most people buy their grapes commercially,

but some actually establish their own little vinyard. Imagine yourself uncorking a fine Miesel '70. Nominally you are required to get a license from somebody. In practice there doesn't seem to be any real necessity unless you are making wine for sale. Who knows - the days of bathtub gin may return; this time as a burst of do-it-yourself enthusiasm. Hmm. I wonder if The Whole Earth Catalog lists wine making equipment.

Marsha Brown has been touting a number of second rate historical novelists to me. In the case of Barbara Cartland make that fifth-rate. Apparently Marsha is addicted to these as a totally mindless way of passing time while she is traveling. I have tried two of her choices so far: Jane Aiken Hodge and Barbara Cartland. Both write regency period romances. Jane Aiken Lodge is quite good if you don't compare her to Georgette Heyer. Barbara Cartland writes in the Planet Stories school of writing. I. e. her greatest charm is her literary ineptitude.

An authoress who should appeal to almost anyone who enjoys Georgette Heyer or Agatha Christie is Emma Lathen (Actually a team, according to Publishers Weekly.) Emma Lathen writes mysteries. Her detective is the senior vice president of the third largest bank on Wall Street. She has a very sharp satirical observations on the current day political and social scene and a marvelous sense of humor. I will probably be doing a full spread on her in some future issue of PB.

=====  
Leon Taylor  
Box 89  
Seymour, IN 47274  
August 2, 1970

Well I would have set this up on the old typewriter except for the minor fact that my typing nose is broken. And anyway, any computer that can play chess can surely decipher bad handwriting.

I'm sorry that I missed that issue with your chess article. I'm quite a chess buff and have boards strategically placed all about the house for unwary visitors - "Tell me, Mr. Snozzlebuss, do you play chess?" "Well, I dabble in it every now and-" "Why, sit right down, sit right down," (exclaims the funny looking boy with a manic gleam in his eye;) "And strap yourself in, We're going to play a game." Alas, I have not played many games of late (mainly because I don't get so many visitors - now I wonder why?) and my style has withered away... Sigh. What we need are more chess fans. There was a fellow advertising in all the Indyzines that he was the worlds greatest mail chess player, but I don't know whatever became of him. He was with the St. Louis group. Figures...



Y'know, PB 5 is surely a collectors item; that's the last Gaughan cover I've seen on a fanzine. You should be very proud... hey, will the Family Handiman tyrants ever let up on him enough to let him come back to our fold? I dearly miss his zany articles and wonderful, wonderful illos. Just think - this stuff he's turning out for IF and GALAXY are



mere sketches for him. Can you imagine what he'd create if he sat down with the firm resolution of producing a great work of art?

---

You're lucky I printed your letter. Last issue I made a firm resolution never again to run any letters which were not typed. As it happens, however you are one of the three people in the United States whose printing is easy to read. As a general rule hand written letters are not worth the effort unless they are exceedingly interesting. Has anyone done an investigation into why American handwriting is so bad? It probably has to do with the development of the typewriter. (Once you have typewriters you do not need to teach clerks to write clearly.) Since the rise of the typewriter coincided with the switch from predominantly male clerical help to predominantly female help it is clear that bad handwriting in the United States today is due to Male Chauvinism.

Are you sure that PB 5 has the last Gaughan cover. I don't remember having seen any since then but I have seen full page work by him in other zines. Oh well, we have extras for all you hot eyed collectors.

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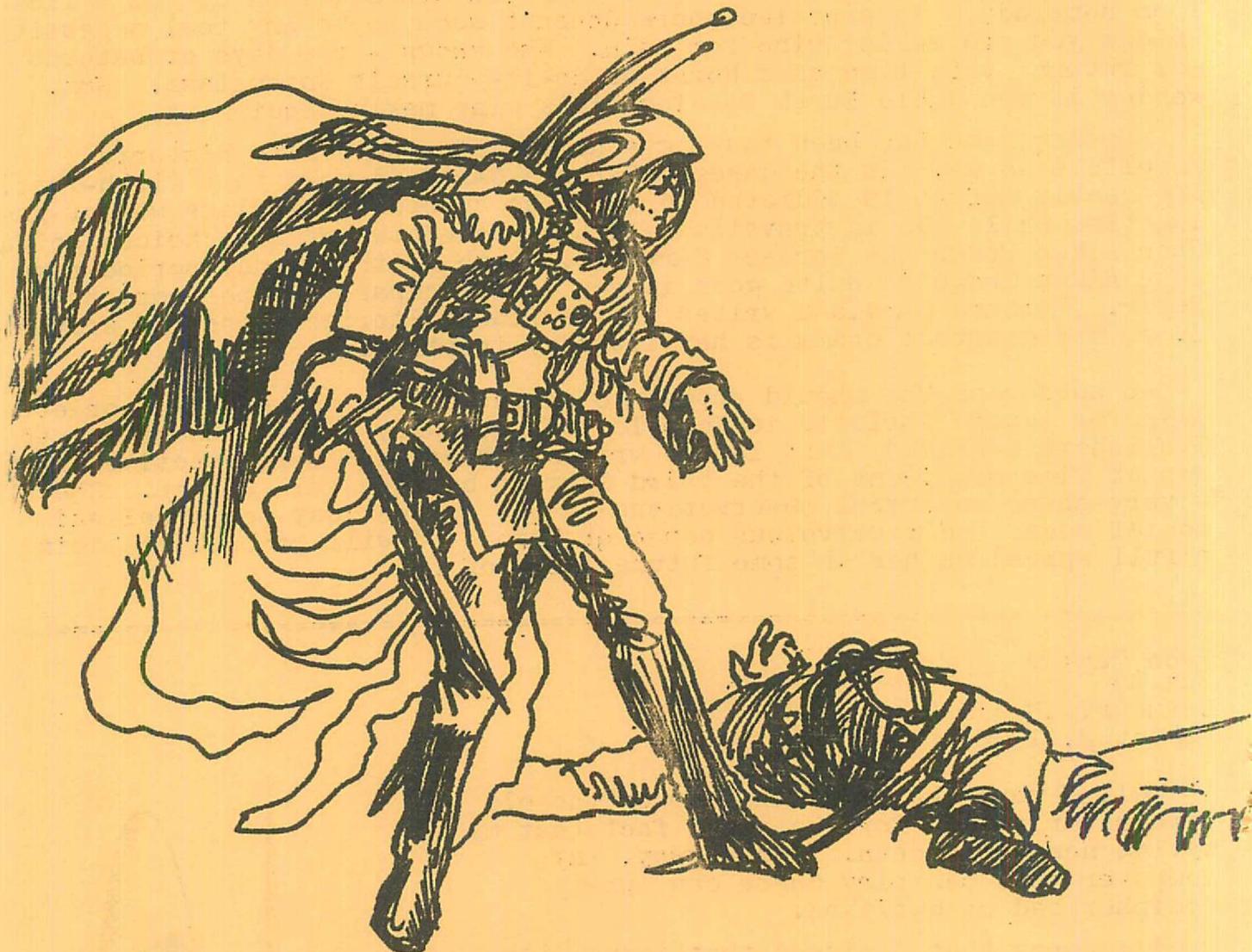
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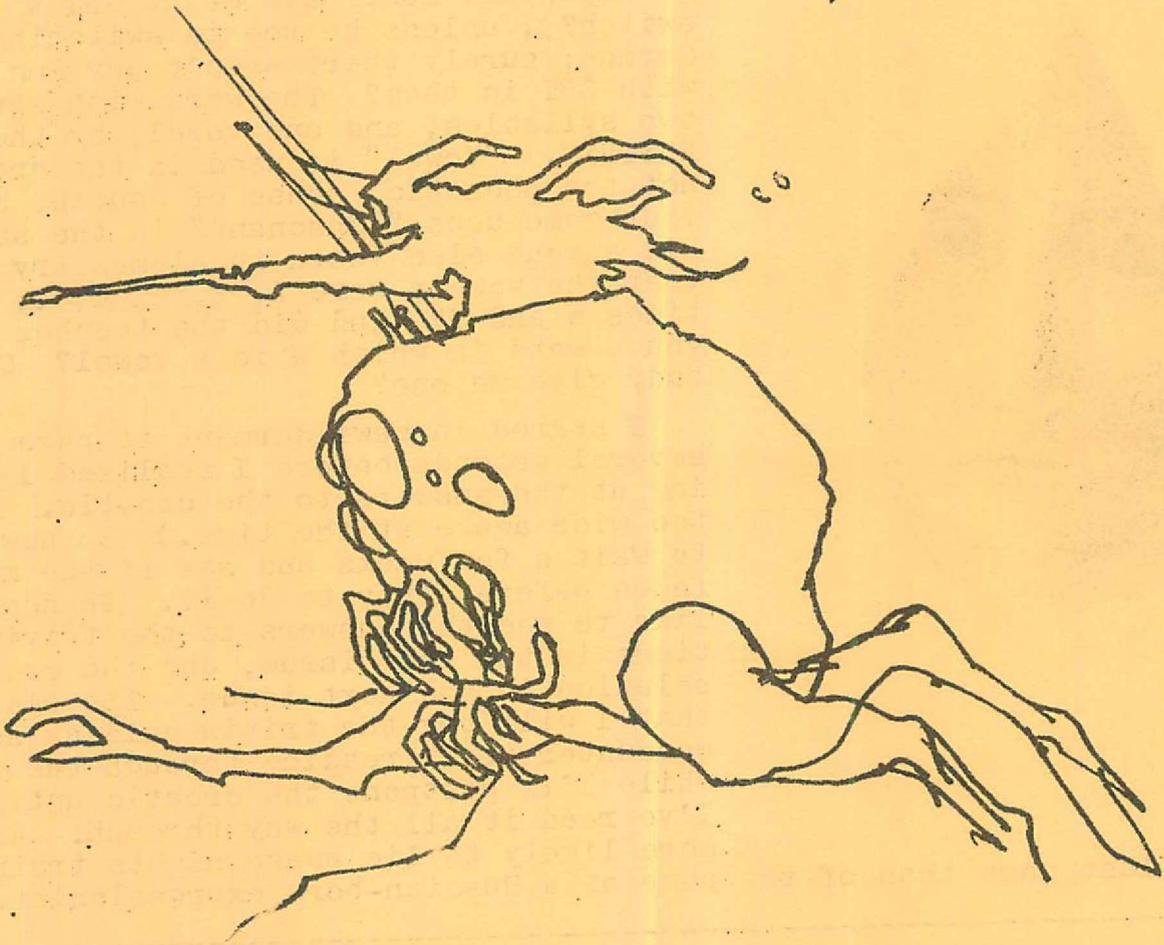


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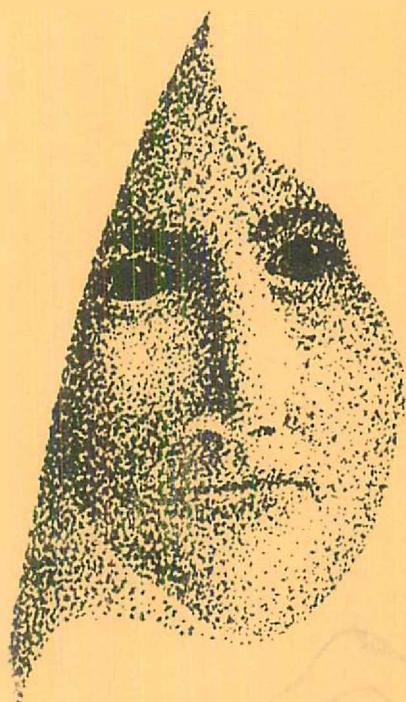
Doug Hoylman  
 165 Hopkins Ave., Apt 5  
 Jersey City NJ 07306  
 25 August 1970

FB6 finally turned up here. (I suppose Ed's APA 2 will be along eventually.) Perhaps service will improve when the Post Office becomes a corporation, but I wouldn't count on it.

I've been trying to think of something witty to say about the inverted pagination but the best I could come up with was "Funny, you don't look Jewish," which isn't very good.

My guess about that classified ad is that the young man gets a charge out of being given sponge baths, having rectal thermometers inserted, and the various other things that nurses do to patients. After all, student nurses must need bodies to practice on. (World's greatest straight line: "What should I do with this rectal thermometer?")

Gee Whiz, justified margins on my article. That's almost enough to make up for the symbols omitted from note 4. Incidentally, I dropped one footnote when revising the piece: when it was mentioned that Moriarty had won a mathematical chair at a University, I was going to remark that I had done better than that; I once won a set of mathematical tables. But I decided that this was not in keeping with the scholarly tone of the article.



Alpajpuri must have meant GHTSW (light-switch?), unless he too is switching to German; surely there aren't any English words with CHT in them? The word with seven letters, two syllables, and one vowel, by the way, is RHYTHMS. "Vowel" is used in the orthographic, not the phonetic, sense of course, but then your game uses "consonant" in the same way. Did anyone else learn in elementary school that the vowels were A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes W and Y? And did the teacher ever give you a word in which W is a vowel? Can anybody give me one?

I stared in bewilderment at page 19 for several seconds before I realized I was looking at the answers to the crostic. (I wasn't too wide awake at the time.) So now I'll have to wait a few weeks and see if the memory fades before I try to do it. Personally, I'd like to see the answers to the trivia questions in the same issue, and the crostic solution in the next issue. The reason is that I will try the trivia quiz as soon as I encounter it in reading through the issue, while I'll postpone the crostic until after I've read it all the way through. Also, I am more likely to lie awake nights trying to think

of Oddy's last name than of the name of a Russian-born expressionist.

It's really very simple, Doug. The reason I don't run the trivia answers is because Jim Saklad doesn't give me the answers until after I have published the questions - and I can never get them all, myself. The reason I publish the answers to the crostic is that I figure that lots of other people are like myself and need to sneak a look at the answers in order to get started. (and, of course, I have the answers to the crostic to publish.) Speaking of such things it is my firm conviction that one should cheat at solitaire and that a refusal to do so reflects a basic weakness of character. Now, honesty in dealing with others is a matter of character and of basic fairness. Honesty with yourself is a matter of personal integrity. But cheating at solitaire is neither of these (unless you cheat and pretend to yourself that you are not.) If you pride yourself at not cheating then you are priding yourself on blindly submitting to an arbitrary collection of rules without question.

Ask Harry why your article had justified margins. Better yet, thank him. Believe me, I was quite impressed. Most people don't have a typewriter on which you can justify margins. But it does look much nicer.

As far as I know w is never used alone as a vowel. However it is used in combination in many words such as, for example, vowel.

Mike Glicksohn  
267 St. George St., No. 807  
Toronto 180, Ontario  
September 15, 1970

Thanks for Proper Boss 6, an attractive, readable if somewhat dated fanzine. The covers are most effective - how is that multiple shading achieved? Printing, and repro on the interior art is generally excellent and I found this

issue one that I could read comfortably and enjoy at a single sitting. Your idea of numbering backwards is new to me and could well be used to better advantage in fanzines other than PB. It would be a godsend in Super Crudzine No. 1 (which in one form or another seems to turn up in my mailbox every week since I became a faned myself) where one would simply need to glance up at the top of the page to see exactly how many more pages of tripe one was duty bound to wade through.

Your mysterious ad is new to me too but from the context one might assume that it refers to necrophilia or at least to some form of sexual act performed on an absolutely motionless body. Of course, how the fellow plans on remaining motionless is beyond me...

Unlike Sue, I thoroughly enjoyed UBIK and this is probably the only Dick book I can make that statement of. Admittedly it's confusing and there is no resolution given but I think Sue is adopting the wrong approach when she tries to build a logical society out of the book. This is one time when Dick's preoccupation with appearance and reality really struck home to me and I recommend that the book be read without really trying to resolve the various paradoxes and inconsistencies as you go along. Considered as a whole and in light of the concluding paragraphs the book suddenly comes into focus. It possesses only an internal logic and attempts to impose a standardized external logic will only ruin your appreciation of the novel.

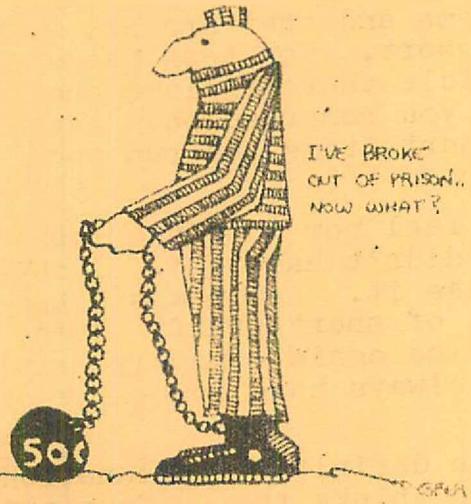


Jim Ashe's "reviews" are mere plot summaries, that's all.

Filler is filler and it can't appeal to everyone I guess. I was bored by the crositic, further bored by the computer "humor", only mildly intrigued by the trivia quiz and fell out of my chair in near hysterics at the ICBM defense suggestion. It all depends on what presses your buttons.

Doug Hoylman's article may well serve as the definitive explanation of that patently absurd phenomenon known as fandom. What more need one do to explain this vague and mysterious force to some enquiring outsider than to show to them a four page article written by someone who obviously has a fairly extensive background in higher mathematics and devoted to an in-depth analysis of the meaning of one minor comment in a popular novel of some seventy odd years ago? And, of course, the whole point is that the article is entirely charming, although I'd venture to say that not one reader in ten will be able to prove or disprove any of Doug's assertions.

Cory's Baycon report is awesome in its detail (although why the party we ran in the Canadian suite the entire con wasn't mentioned I can't imagine) but I really



can't get too excited about things that happened over two years ago. This issue sort of lacks relevance and I'm hoping that you'll publish again soon enough to establish some continuity. All in all, PB is an attractive fanzine that has a tendency towards bittyness (what the hell kind of word is that?) and lightness but is still enjoyable and worth reading. So I'm looking forward to no. 7.

---

I regret to say that most of the things that were good in PB6 I cannot really take credit for while most of the defects were my responsibility. For example the cleanness of the printing and the repro are mostly due to Tony Lewis who ran the issue off on his A.B. Dick. Tony has a great deal of experience with his machine (he runs off instant message biweekly, you know.) This issue is being run off on the NESFA G-466 by me. Since I have very little experience with duplicating equipment I will take a good deal of credit if the repro turns out to be good. (Not too much, however - it is easy to do superior work on superior equipment.)

The credit for the covers belongs to Bob Wiener. They were done in a hand silk screen process. I don't really understand how it is done. I gather it involves a stencil, a silk screen, ink of several colors, a hand propelled squeegee, and other arcana. I believe the stencils are created by photo offset but I am not sure. In any case the results can be quite striking. Credit should also go to Bob for the picture of the eclipse in the contents page which was also done by silk screen.

The principal defect in PB 6 is the general layout and the selection of material. These are, of course, the principal items I had a hand in. The trouble with the layout is that there are too many short items and they are all jumbled together. Between pages 49 and 55 everything is short. Fourteen pages of odds and ends, all in a row. After Hoylman's article there follows another block of odds and ends. Hence the bittyness that you remarked on. Actually I would have done better to cut a number of the short items and run them

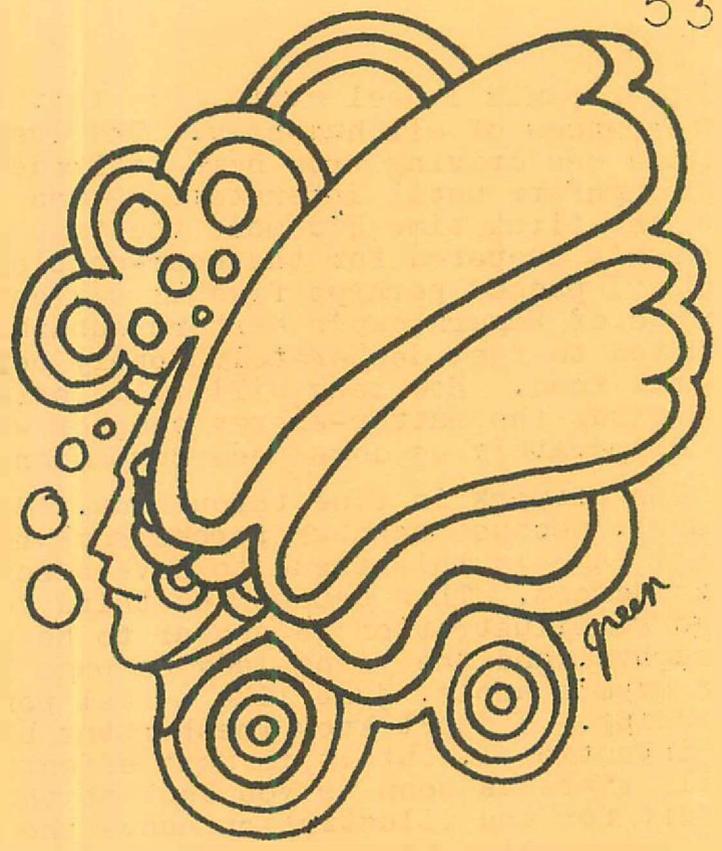
together. Between pages 49 and 55 everything is short. Fourteen pages of odds and ends, all in a row. After Hoylman's article there follows another block of odds and ends. Hence the bittyness that you remarked on. Actually I would have done better to cut a number of the short items and run them

Material is always a problem. I felt then and feel now that the issue needed another good five page article. However I didn't have one. I could have written a long editorial but I didn't feel like it. As it was I had an eighteen page item, a five page item, and a lot of short stuff. Sigh. I have taken steps to avoid getting caught in this bind again - namely writing outlines for half a dozen articles so that I will always have something on hand.

I like your description of Doug's article as the definitive explanation of fandom. I would only add that a fan is someone who thinks that a four page article on one minor comment, etc. is perfectly reasonable. Tony Lewis, incidentally, claims that you err. He says that the famous Watson memoirs are not fiction at all.

---

Harry Wright, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue,  
Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740.  
September 28, 1970.



There's a great deal to be said for the timing of Cory's Baycon report finale. There has been just enough lapse of time for people to forget somewhat the accounts that described similar events, but not enough years have passed for most of your readers to be unaware that there was such a thing as the Baycon. Of course, there's also the satisfaction a person can get from learning new things about an event which he'd assumed a year earlier had been described in complete detail elsewhere. I don't remember anyone telling about the fan who went to the Baycon to give away kittens, for instance, or how long it took Cory to get rid of the blue after the costume judging. I hope that you make better time with publishing her St. Louiscon report, however. If you don't I might have the fan history of the 1950's written and published and the manuscript almost completed on the volume dealing with the 1960's and there I'll sit, waiting for the issue of Proper Koskonian that will complete the report on the St. Louiscon without which I won't feel it is safe to go to press, lest I miss some vital little point.

Doug Hoylman's article left me more completely ignorant-feeling than anything I've read in a fanzine since Norm Stanley used to devote half of his FAPA publication to math.

I'm not sure that I see the parallel that John Whittlesey tries to cite between computers and LSD. Surely neither is a radically new discipline: the hallucinations of LSD may differ somewhat from those created by other drugs, but not sufficiently to explain away mankind's desire for those other drugs long before the computer appeared. The computer itself is hardly a greater advance over older types of calculating machines than the bookkeeping machines three and four decades ago were over the abacus.

It's good to see Jim Ashe returning to fanzines. His reviews are quite good, as far as I can judge from my state of unreadness in connection with the books he writes about.

Oromocto deals mostly with locales and people totally unknown to me. I found it excellent reading, despite the uncomfortable feeling that such subject matter always creates, the suspicion that there are infinite numbers of fan groups whose existence is unknown to general fandom and the next time we turn around there will be a three, thousand attendance at a worldcon and six fanzines arriving daily and expecting locs.

I assume that the Pat O'Neil anecdote in your editorial is authentic. Despite all the hermit legend I've built for myself, and a genuine conviction that the majority of people aren't much good, I am impressed by the amount of

of near panic I feel every time that I run into one of these apparent disappearances of all humanity. The last time it happened was just last week when I was driving from here to Frederick, Md., over what was the main thoroughfare until Interstate 70 was completed through western Maryland. It was the first time I'd made the trip on this road in perhaps two years, and I wasn't prepared for the near-complete shift of traffic to the dual highway. I passed perhaps five or six cars in sixteen miles or so from the fringe of Hagerstown's eastern suburbs to the western edge of Frederick, and started to feel desperately lonely before some local traffic started to appear on the road. How long will it be before the biologists or chemists or someone finds the matter-energy complex which causes humans to need other humans as desperately as dogs need companions?

The artwork is fine throughout. Some of it is disturbingly three dimensional, because unknown forces somewhere in the postal system caused almost every page in this issue to have a sort of crater or bulge about one-half inch across. This causes the third gentleman from the left in Rotsler's page 28 illustration to appear to be under the influence of very erotic thoughts, and the young lady on page 19 has a very perceptible hollow under her adam's apple, just like a real person. The back cover is particularly striking. I don't know whether the bluish tone on the left side is accidental or intentional, but it is most effective, barely perceptible to the eye but still there as soon as you look at the page. You should have given someone credit for the illustration above the contents page. I assume that it's the eclipse earlier this year although this reproduction makes it more resemble one of the annular type.

The page one listing is a trifle inaccurate. You failed to x the fact that I am a dirty old man, but maybe you just haven't heard about how Kim Darby has put me into that situation. To clear up the question marks on the cat lines, I do indeed love cats in a platonic manner, and I'd like very much to have some around here. But I'm away from the house so much and one of them might fall down the stairs or something while I'm gone. For a while I had about six totally wild, anti-social cats living under the garage at the end of my yard. They'd dug out a hollow through which they could slip under the gate and I'm quite sure that I could have been found guilty of keeping a disorderly cat house.

Guide to Employee Performance Appraisal is a work of genius. I hope it's original with you ((no)), but even if it isn't it hasn't been circulated in my presence yet so it's new to me. I'm tempted to put a copy on the bulletin board at the office as an explanation of why we have about 65% annual turnover among our reporters and proofreaders.

---

But Harry, I am fascinated to learn that you are indeed a dirty old man. I would be very much interested in learning the details. Please send them to me (illustrated, of course) in a plain brown wrapper to the NESFA address. I will drool over them in private. Discretion assured.

As far as I know Cory does not plan a St. Louiscon report. However you will be pleased to hear that I am still hard at work on my Nyeon report (in three volumes, morocco bound) which should appear any time now.

I must disagree with you about the significance of computers. It is true that the major impact of computers on day to day life is a revolution in business practice similar to the business machine revolution earlier this century. However computers, with their associated body of theory, are much more revolutionary than just extending and automating business procedure.

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Carolyn Watson  
302 S. E. Payton  
Des Moines, Ia 50315  
October 18, 1970

55

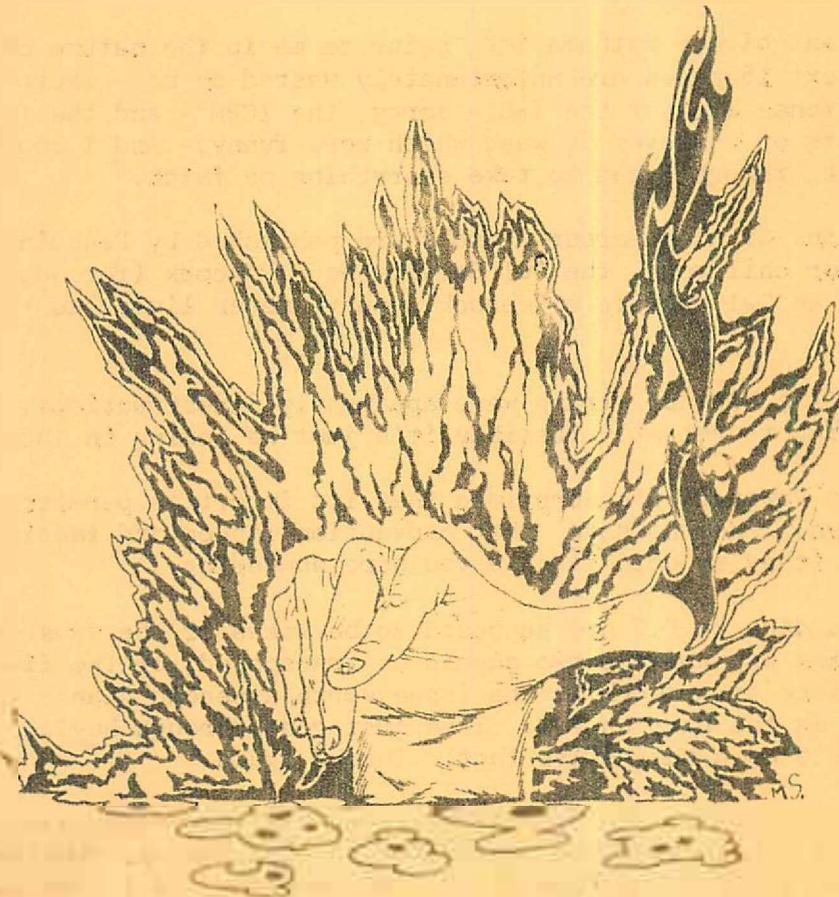
Got PB 6 and found it very interesting except when you got into all that algebra - or whatever it was - I never managed to memorize the multiplication tables even in spite of much painful effort, and that stuff left me completely bewildered. I was relieved to see that you like cats so you must be "real people" in spite of the bivalved algibberish.

It seems strange - I hear such hair raising stories of the midadventures other people have going to conventions and while there but it never happens to me - I feel slighted by fate. At St. Louiscon the worst thing was that my feet hurt up to my navel. I wonder if I could have been stricken with a curse of commonplaceness unbeknownst.

---

Sorry if some of the issue seemed to be algibberish. The general editorial policy I follow is to appeal to a variety of readers. I.e. PB publishes material which is balanced in its eccentricity.

---



Archie Mercer  
c/o Harvey, 2 Stithians Row,  
Four Lanes, Redruth,  
Cornwall, U.K.  
December 5, 1970

Dear Nesfa  
(=Nothing Ever Suppresses Fannish Activity?)

The other day this household received a thing through the mails which, outwardly resembled NIEKAS. Smothering my disappointment that it was only PROPER BOSKONIAN

NUMBER SIX (which, I rather gather, arrived here through the intercession or some such of Marsha Brown,) I settled down and read it. This confirmed that it was still not NIEKAS - but nevertheless highly readable. So you are forgiven for sending it.

"On to Baycon" I certainly enjoyed, despite coming in the middle - but then, in fandom one always comes in the middle. As Tony Walsh noticed some years ago, each convention is simply a continuation of the last. I like being around fans vicariously as well as in the flesh, and Cory brings me right in there beside her in an entirely satisfactory fashion.

Incidentally, I hope her public enjoyed her costume - because looked at through her eyes, it sounded somewhat pointless. Except in as much as she presumed herself to be giving enjoyment, of course. But what a lot of fanning about when she could instead have been sitting (or even standing) around talking to fans!

"Oromocto" I also found enjoyable, though sketchier.

The book reviews were adequate - though I don't quite see the point of reviewing only one half of an Ace Double, as Ted Pauls has done. If there is a point, I suggest that it should have been stated.

Quizzes, computers, and higher mathematics, being to me in the nature of terra incomprehensibilia, the next 15 pages are unfortunately wasted on me - except for odd things such as the defense against the IBM - sorry, the ICBM - and the form about leaping over bull elephants or whatever it was, which were funny. And I could almost follow the "Moriarity" bit, though I had to take everything on faith.

The British pb editions of Alan Garner's books are published by Penguins - the first three as Puffins (for children), the Owl Service as a Peacock (for adolescents.) (And if you've never seen an Owl Service a Peacock, you've never lived, as the saying goes.)

Since both of Campbell's bits of string were apparently indestructible, I don't frankly see what he's trying to get at. Possibly it's just me coming in late here.

If Gary Woodman means Vurguzz, I'm surprised that its import is permitted under Australia's censorship laws. And who says that convention fandom and fanzine fandom are incompatible anyway? (they're not, in case you were wondering.)

If the two uncredited dice on P.7 are supposed to be views of the same douse, then it's a wrong'un. Either the one and the two should be transposed, or the five and the six. However, the only piece of artwork in the issue worth a second glance (apart possibly from the covers) is the Barr on P.3. I've just gone through having second glances, so I can state this as a subjective fact. Thanks Again.

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*About those dice. The reason they are uncredited is that the electrostencil of the piece that was supposed to go there tore at the last minute. So I took out a couple of dice I happened to have and drew a picture of them showing sevens. Could I interest you in a little game?*

10 10 10

10 10 10

10 10 10



I HAVE NEVER SEEN A MESSAGE PIECE OF PAPER!

BOY! LET ME OUTTA HERE! (COMBAT RUSH)

God, I'm getting PARANOID

BET YOU CAN'T DRAW JUST ONE!

MY GOD IS LOKKA ALL DA STUFF!