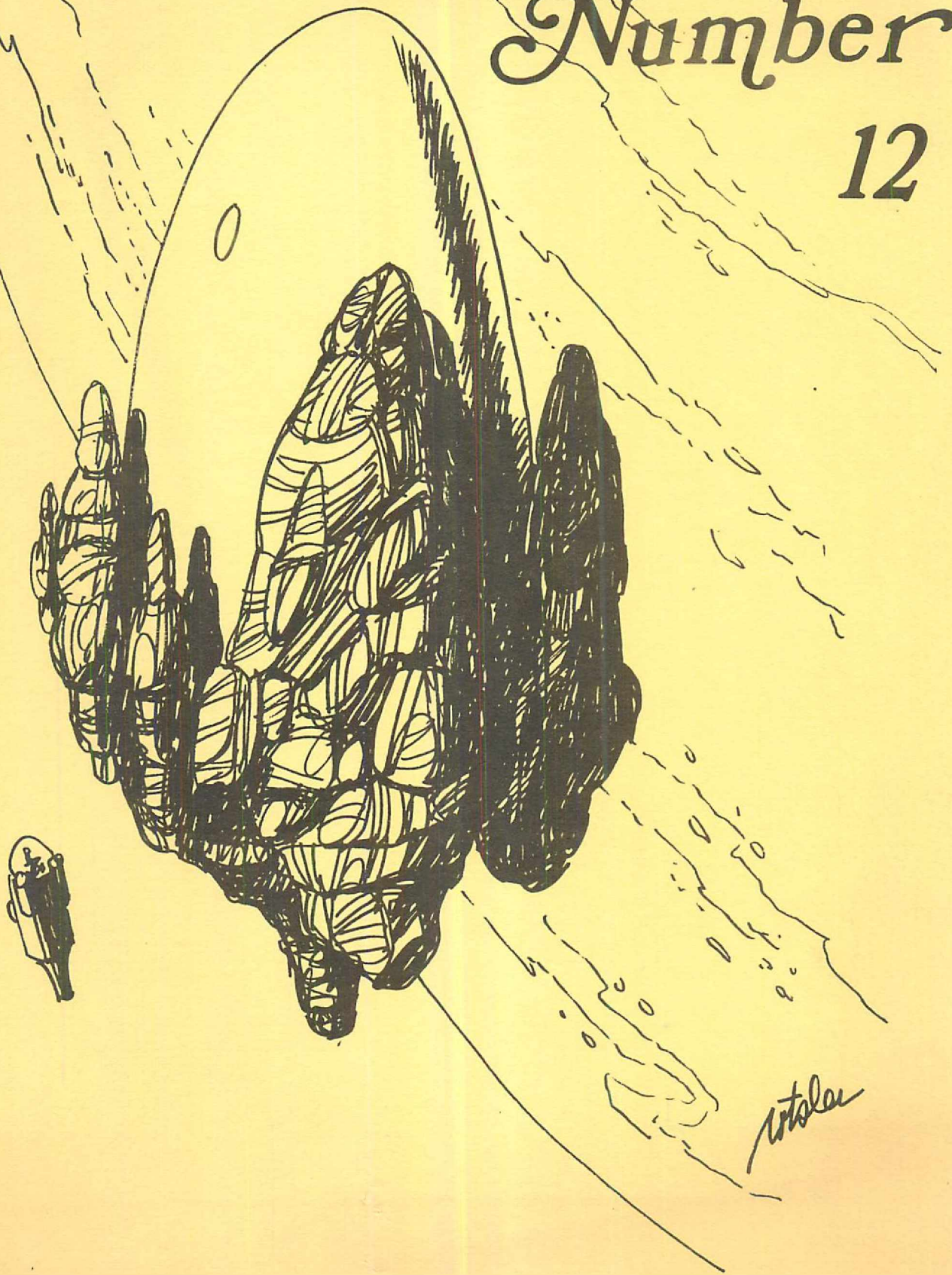


The Proper Boskonian *Number* *12*





NESFA

The Proper Boskonian 12

New England Science Fiction Association, Inc.
Box G, MIT Branch Post Office
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

Contents

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| Editorial- The Editor Assumes the Role of Gadfly..... | David Stever |
| Of Mice and Computers..... | Mary L. Cole |
| My Love Lies in the Blue Crater..... | Mike Gilbert |
| The Ultimate Test-Out..... | Roger D. Sween |
| Poetry..... | Solbia & 124C 41+ |
| In the Beginning..... | Paula Lieberman |
| IN TOTO! Book Reviews..... | Benders & Stever |
| The Alphabet Corner..... | The Readers |

Artwork

This issue, all artwork is by Bill Rotsler.
Graphics on page 24 is by the Artie White Space Company, Inc.

Editorial Supervision

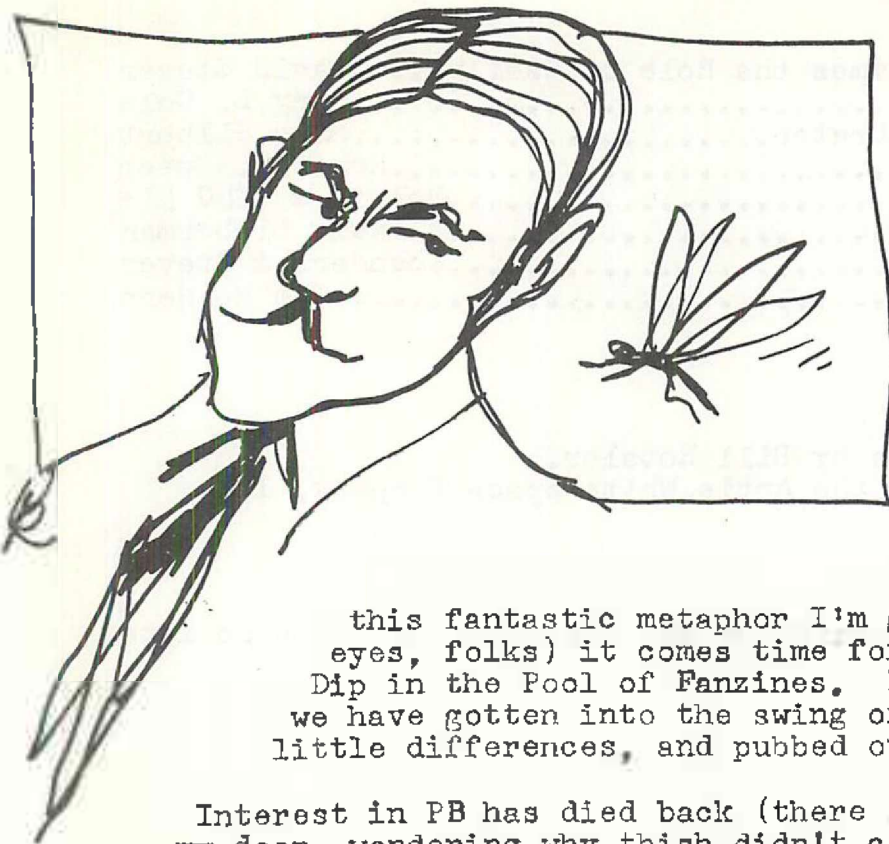
There is no editorial Supervision- why else is this issue so late?

Typing

Krissy and David Stever

Copyright © May, 1975 by the New England Science Fiction Association, Inc. All rights reserved to the authors and artist. Copies of this and other issues, as available, may be gotten for 50¢ or Letter of Comment.

the editor assumes the role of gadfly...



I am not really up to writing anything even vaguely resembling an editorial, so this pseudo-editorial, a short essay in a clever plastic disguise, will do.

In the last PB, Dick Harter spoke of Boston area fans being different on the surface, but just the same, underneath they were fen, true and true. I am willing to grant the proposition that they are different. I'll even agree that underneath, they have two arms, two legs, and a humanoid face, but the problem comes when (Dig

this fantastic metaphor I'm gonna whip up before your eyes, folks) it comes time for Boston fandom to Skinny Dip in the Pool of Fanzines. It has never happened that we have gotten into the swing of things, and put aside our little differences, and pubbed our own zine.

Interest in PB has died back (there are no hordes clamoring at my door, wondering why this didn't come out nine months ago), and over the past few months, even interest in the club APA has declined. Where are we putting our fannish energies? Do we have any fannish energies? Who put the bop in the bop-sha-bop?

The closest NESFA (for NESFA truly is Boston fandom) has ever come to steady publication of none club zines (that knocks out MIT's TWILIGHT ZINE, as well as PB) is Ed Meskys Tolkein oriented zine (sorry. I have forgotten the title), the very early days of LOCUS, which was published right here for about the first year, and at the present time, Dick Harter putting out his PERSONAL NOTES, and Don D'Armassa, who while living in Providence, is joining into the club more and more, and is incredibly active as a book reviewer, a critic, and putting out his magazine, MYTHOLOGIES. I will predict that none of this will effect the rest of the people in the area. We will still not see any major fanzines coming out of Boston, that aren't this magazine (A clubzine can be seen by more people, because a group takes up the cost, rather than a single person. this can be a partial substitute for quality of material.). That means yet another editor, be he me or thee, getting his or her shit together, getting other people's shit together, and doing something with all that shit. No giant issues like Harter use to put out, but a smallish 25 page zine,

that maybe (Ghod forbid!), came out four times a year (isn't that quarterly?). I made the mistake of waiting for more material; if I return, I have learned the lesson.

'Tis a proud and lonely thing to be a fan.

(No snickering in the balcony!)



Well, upward and onward. Enough bullshitting- I'll put away the soap-box. The last issue was a spur of the moment thing, but it was something that I had thought about over the last few weeks before the election. I had just about abandoned the idea, when I went to a party on the day before the election, being thrown by the out going President, Fred Isaacs. I brought up the idea, and chuckled over it, when Harter told me that most of the next issue was on stencil, and he asked me if I really did want to put out the issue... Something about it appealed to my perverted nature. Some one said how funny it would be, when the newly elected editor is asked when PB is coming out, that he holds up the new issue- a non-traditional answer to the traditional question.

Everybody thought it was really great, so when it came time for the McCutcheons to leave (they had driven me over), I was asked again. I said yes. So at 2.00AM, Harter, Houghton, Morris, and I headed over to Harter's apartment. All stencils were run as is, hence the lack of page numbers, and we even called to Belmont, and told Tony Lewis the good news that his magazine was coming out. Morris and I did most of the repro, and John and Dick came when we screwed up the Gestetner. Running off the pages was easy- put a ream in the feed tray, and when it runs out, change the stencil; run was therefore 500 copies.

At nine O'clock, I called Newbernina, and Spike, Glenn Blacow, Jim and Selma Burrows all came over, and helped collate all 500 copies. We

finnished by 1.30 PM, the meeting, three blocks away, was at 2.00 PM. I slipped a copy into my bag, and somehow, an entire carton came into the meeting room undetected. I indeed defeated Bill Desmond for the post of editor, and tradition reigned. I was asked the question, and I said that copies could be picked up at the back of the room at the end of the meeting. Far out.

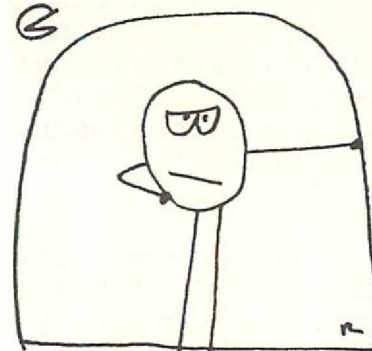
By the way, the annual meeting is this coming Sunday; I wonder if we can get this issue back from the printer in time... das.



Of Mice and Computers...

OR IT CAME FROM THE MILL POND

BY MARY L. COLE



Digital Equipment Corporation began in 1958 when an engineer named Ken Olsen (or K.O. as he is affectionately known) decided he could build a relatively small, cheap computer using transistors instead of larger, more expensive tubes. From humble beginnings the group of people he assembled (and the machines they assembled) gradually took over a complex of old woolen mills in Maynard, Massachusetts. In 16 years DEC has grown and changed almost beyond recognition. From the unplumbed depths (there was no plumbing in the original mills) of the Maynard Mills, DEC now spans the globe with sales, service and manufacturing facilities scattered all over the place. We used to say 'littered' but we've been moving into better quality offices lately.

I should point out that DEC has built new buildings in Maynard; we call one of them Fort Digital because it has a concrete structure which, while modern, gives the illusion of having gun turrets, bastions, slits out of which to fire arrows, and a moat complete with moat monsters (replete with industrial spies.).

We've also acquired the old RCA computer facility buildings in Marlboro, Mass. which became vacant when RCA went out of the computer business. We knew we'd hit the big time when that happened...real snappy pair of buildings, those. People moving out there have treated it like a big toy so far. One room was the RCA corporate presentation room (arena?) and contains an impressive control panel from which the person giving a presentation can control two movie or slide projectors, light intensity, spot lights, and other aspects of the room environment. It's been nicknamed the Star Trek Room. Visitors who see the 'Star Trek Room' sign always do a disbelieving double take.

Anywho, lest we forget what the mill was like in earlier days, I shall elaborate. It had mice. It has bugs. Lots of both. It's not clear that it still doesn't have mice as there are a couple of cats and numerous little mousetraps hidden in dark corners. The Maynard mill complex predates the Civil War. In fact there are still parts of the mill where you can find posters asking YOU to sign up for the Union Army. Smiling picture of Abraham Lincoln, you know the one. Rumor has it that during the Civil War the Maynard Mills, in the best Yankee tradition, made both blue and grey blankets. It ceased to be a productive mill after World War II. Up until the end of WWII our very own mill made all the US Army gucky green woolen, good-for-using-at-the-beach, armyblankets. (My parents still use my father's two armyblankets at beaches, and that's two 29 year old blankets my friend!)

Bugs. I remember working in the original building DEC first started in. Since we left the florescent lights on all night (long before the energy shortage) you'd come into your office in the morning and, if you were lucky enough to have a couple of florescent tubes over your desk, you'd find a band of dead bug bodies under the lights.

Discouraging if you were working on anything that was supposed to stay clean. Unsavory at best. The Art Department once collected a whole legal envelope full of bugs and sent it to one of the vice-presidents with a note explaining why all our advertisements and illustrations had funny black spots on them. Solution...huge amounts of clear plastic film were procured and stapled over a lot of the ceilings.

There are a lot of slightly saccharine stories about DEC and the old mill. Contemporary with Edison the mill installed a primitive electric system that ran on a generator powered by the Assabet River. (That's its name, honest.) Up until the early 1900's the mill complex supplied the power for the town of Maynard gratis.

This last energy conscience year (1973) that old 40 cycle generator was revived to power the traditional Christmas tree in front of the mill. Everyone made appropriate favorable remarks. After all, we had the area's only water powered Christmas tree. DEC also does nice things like providing turkeys for people who work in the mill at Xmas time and rents an amusement park in New Hampshire for one day in late summer.

You have to understand, the mill is a set of huge old buildings with walls about two to three feet thick of solid brick. With lots and lots of windows. (They didn't have electricity in the days when the mill was built. Sunlight was the only light. You don't have



candles or lanterns around wool!) Floors are some indistinguishable type of wood and over the years became heavily impregnated with lanolin from the wool. You can't set a sheet of paper on the floor or within an hour it looks like it vacationed in a bag of potato chips. Which reminds me, lanolin eats shoes.

Occupational hazard of working in the mill--you must wear leather soled shoes or else be prepared to look for new shoes every couple months. Plastic or rubber type soles actually melt in contact with the lanolin. In the heat of the summer persons unlucky enough to work on other than the top floors of each building are blessed (annointed) with lanolin dripping down from the floors/ceilings above. This problem has somewhat cleared up over the years, like an adolescent complexion, as the oil has been absorbed into the system (actually by shoes and paper). I might point out that working on the top floor does not keep one from anxiously looking upward as most of the roofs do/did leak at one time or another.



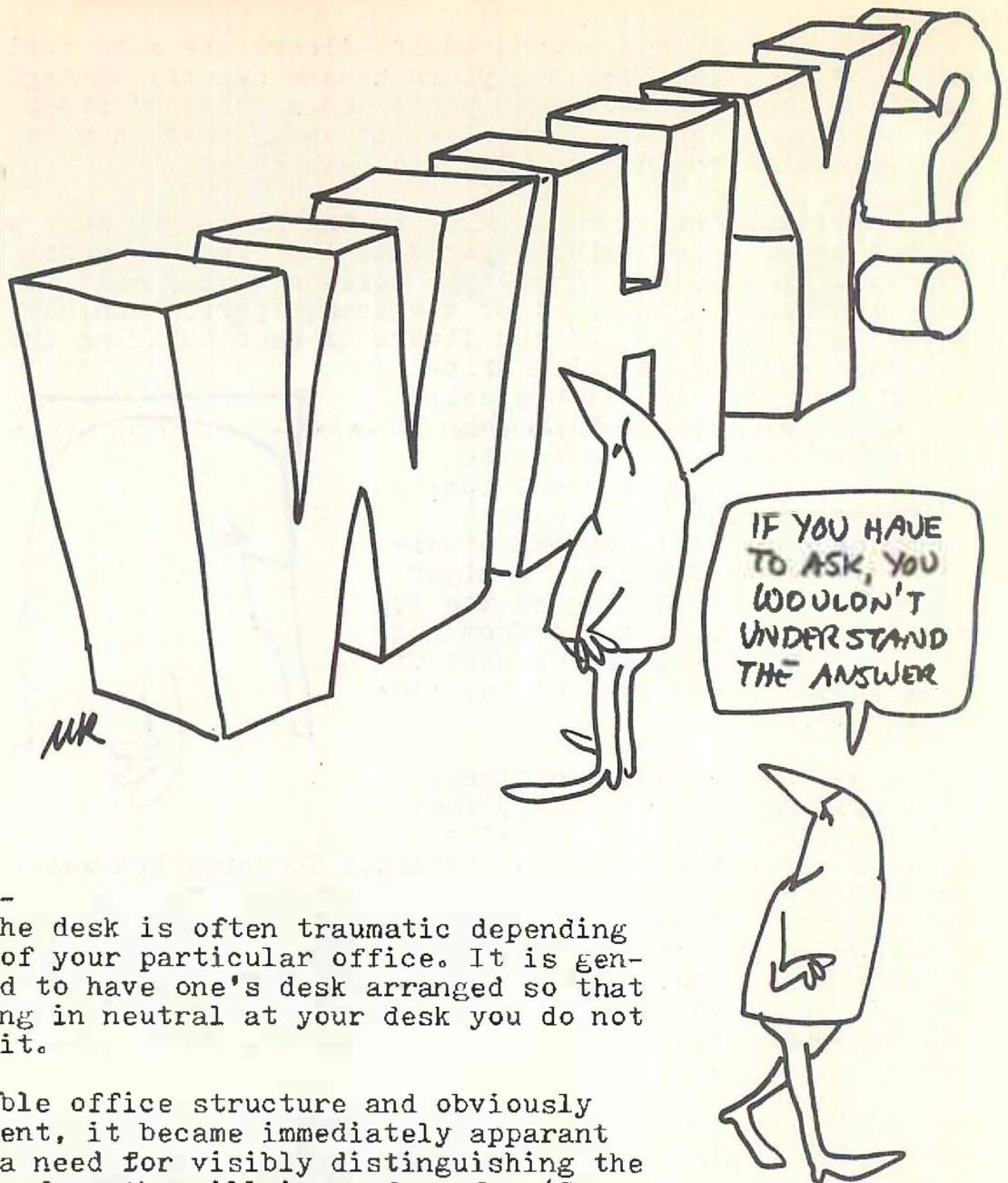
As I was saying about offices, the ceilings are around 15 feet or so high, maybe more. We've strung pipes all along the ceilings to carry hot water for heat, electric wires, and whatever goes to and from what are laughingly called rest rooms. So with these high ceilings and hardly anyone in the company over 10 feet tall it was decided that although humans needed some amount of privacy to function effectively, they didn't need enough to make it expensive. (If you're wondering about my sentence structures, I studied writing under James Joyce; well, Harry James to tell the truth.)

We don't have walls in the mill, we have partitions. These are about seven feet tall, I would imagine, in most places; although they have been as low as five feet in the past. The best feature of this wall system was that it was easily taken down or put up. Since the company has been in a constant state of growth and flux from the day it started, a team of carpenters is employed full time to destroy one section and rebuild it to the needs of the next group to inhabit the area. In the very early years DEC took over and converted/renovated one mill building after another. In later years various groups would move to other facilities and the remaining groups would expand by confiscating their space.

It can be fun working with the sound of buzz saws and hammers and little carts trundling over the bumpy wooded floors. (But it usually isn't) Once a team of stock analysts visited the mill and saw a section of offices being torn down; next day an article appeared in print on how DEC was going out of business and was closing down the plant. Honestly. We all had a good laugh although it was hard to work that day over the sound of K.O. crying.

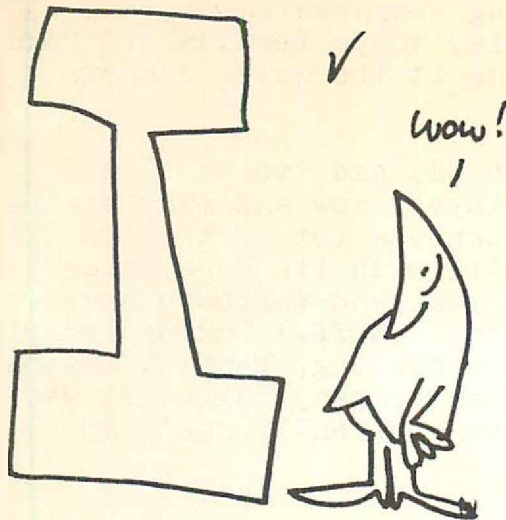
About those floors--they must be several inches thick, and are made

out of wood planks. For floors well into their second years they're in great shape. Standing at one end of a corridor and looking down the length of a building has been known to make some people seasick. The floors buckle and heave in a sine wave pattern depending upon the machinery that had been in that spot and the supports below. Sitting in your office in a swivel chair can be a real experience; pushing away from the desk is often traumatic depending upon the slope of your particular office. It is generally preferred to have one's desk arranged so that if you are idling in neutral at your desk you do not roll away from it.



With this flexible office structure and obviously classy environment, it became immediately apparent that there was a need for visibly distinguishing the lords and thanes from the villeins and serfs. (See reference to moat monsters preceeding.) Doors. That was DEC's first status symbol. If you had a door on your cubicle (and walls higher than those around you) you were considered to be at least a thane on the rise. The theory being, even then, 'no one knows what goes on behind closed doors.' Of course, that was a polite fiction since all the walls were made of masonite, but the important thing was that it was a genuine status symbol.

Office space was important too. If you had an office to yourself you were a thane. Two to an office, villein. Three or more, definitely serfs. And if you had a table as well as a desk you were a bit ahead. Number of bookcases also counted. (The carpenters built us nice wooded bookcases when not erecting or tearing down offices.) Oddly enough number or size of file cabinets never counted. For the benefit of anyone who is wondering: During my first three years I shared an office with someone, and aquired a desk, swivel chair, visiting person straight chair, table, two bookcases and two four



foot high file cabinets (which, as I say, didn't count). Since I was a technical writer I even needed the stuff! My boss had the same stuff, but in an office by himself. Wait, I think he had two visiting person chairs. And his swivel chair didn't fall over if he leaned back in it, so he was ahead of me there, too. (Nobody knows where we got some of that broken down office equipment, anyway.)

An indoor sport that caught on for awhile was office design...how much could you justify acquiring and cram into an office and still be able to get in and out. It was a challenge.

You see, if you managed to get a furniture order approved and then couldn't fit it into the office, you lost. (The furniture usually.) Office space was always at a premium and the chances of getting moved because you wanted to be moved were nonexistent.

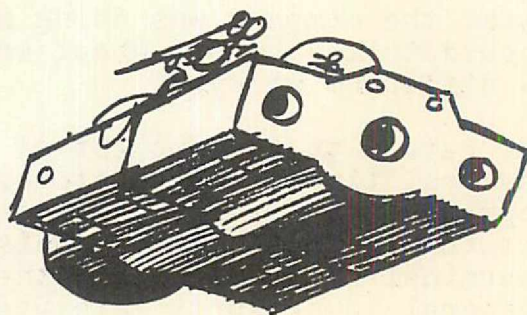
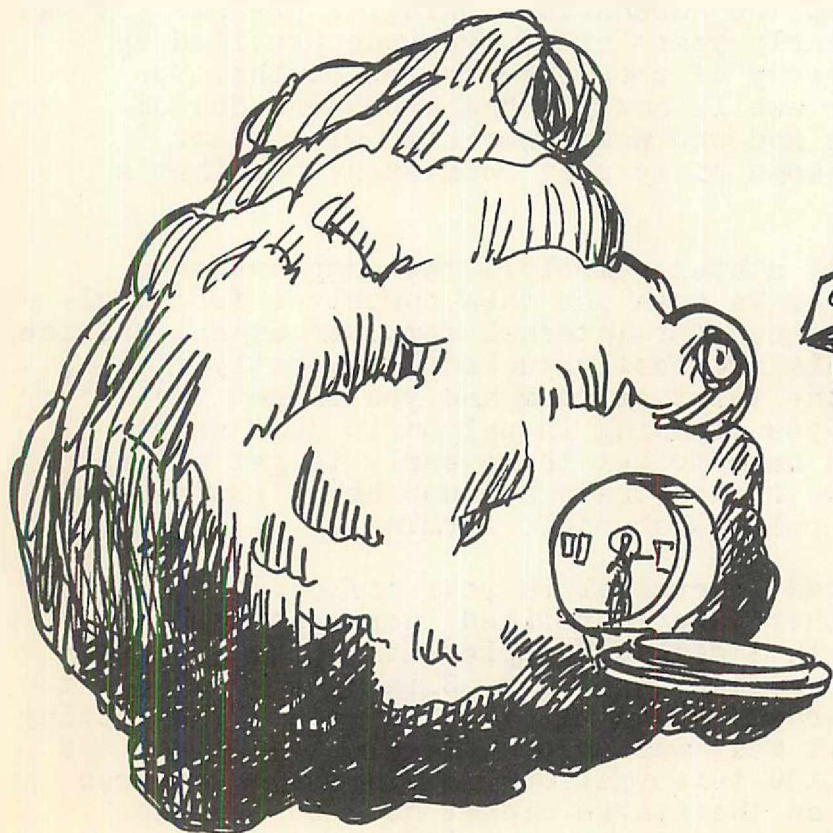
On the other hand DEC seems to have had an unwritten policy that your office and/or roommate (make that cubbymate) should be changed every six months. To keep the adrenalin flowing, I presume. It was quite effective in DEC's early years since everyone profited by being around a different group of people every few months. You got to meet everyone after awhile and you had a better idea of what the company was doing and who was associated with what. I could tell you more about some of my past roommates, but that's a different story.

To return to the subject of status symbols...the company makes several timesharing systems. We even use them ourselves for development and whatever else passes for internal computer usage. Suffice it to say that the terminals are mostly tucked away neatly in a terminal room. Make that the teletype room and you'll get the general idea. forty teletypes clanking in unison is just short of deafening. Besides, you have to get there early to get a terminal (like getting a seat on the bus or train at rush hour, you're about as likely to have someone relinquish their terminal).

So if you had status you had a terminal in your office. And as with all status symbols, they came in refined increments. Lowest status being a teletype with a dial up coupler; this meant if you used your terminal, your phone was busy. Slightly inconvenient if you were the sort of person who was likely to receive interesting or useful phone calls. Next best was an LA30 (a sleek, quiet, and fast terminal DEC makes--LA30:teletype::Opel GT:VW) but hardwired to the timesharing system so the statee didn't have to dial up. Next best above that was the same terminal but on a dial up line; this meant you could make yourself look busy and hence more important by having a busy phone. Top of the line was a display scope type terminal but hard wired; thus indicating that you were of the caliber that might interrogate data but had no need for hard copy as that was handled by the peasants laboring for you.

Super status meant you got a terminal to take home, thus enabling you to impress friends, relatives, and visiting business acquaintances. Got it? Super super status got you a display scope terminal to take home. You figure it out; I'm just reporting it the way I see/saw it.

The terminal thing was more important when DEC had two to five thousand employees. With about 15,000 employees now and many of the groups dispersing to Fort Digital or Marlboro, a lot of this is disappearing. The pace quickens and the mill with its bugs, mice and lanolin is left behind. (Why, Fort Digital and Marlboro have wall to wall carpeting and doors and all that stuff.) Taking its place is a corporate weekly newsletter; corporate bowling, tennis, baseball, etc. teams, and the general feel of a bigger company. Sigh. It was fun, but it was a stage of development. And you really can't go home.



totaler

My Loves Lies in the Blue Crater

MOONS RISE

DEPRAVITY AND
DISAPPOINTMENT

WERRA

WILD MACHINES WALKED ON THE PARAPET

RETAIL FROM DAVENPORT
DUNE RISE DRIFTED BY...

HA
LESHE

ALARM
ARLAW

DICKASO FLARTER
WAS CAPTURED
MOLESTING AND
AFFIXING ARCHUAC
WINE LABELS TO THE
MEMORY BANKS

ANETER SLICED INTO THE
OZONE LAYER

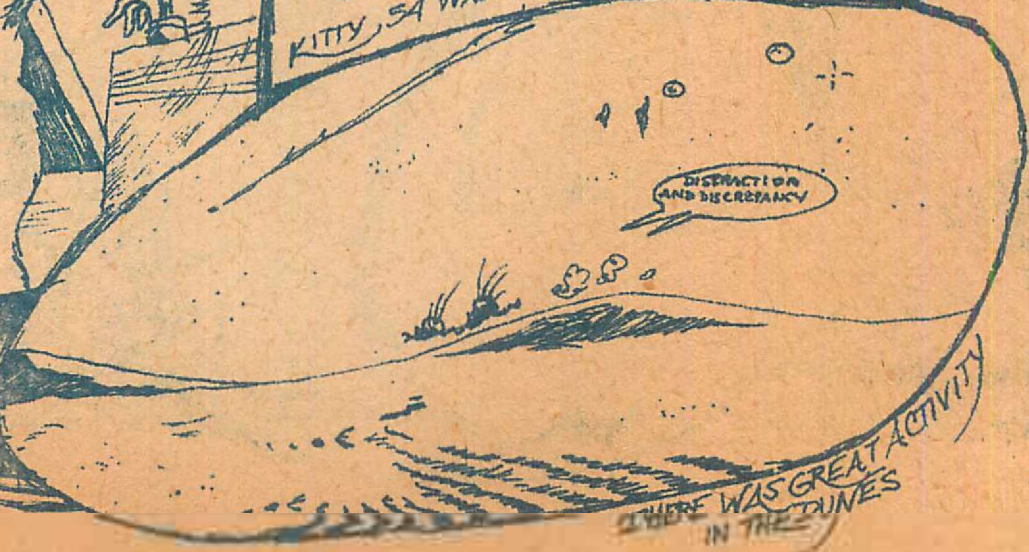
INDEED!

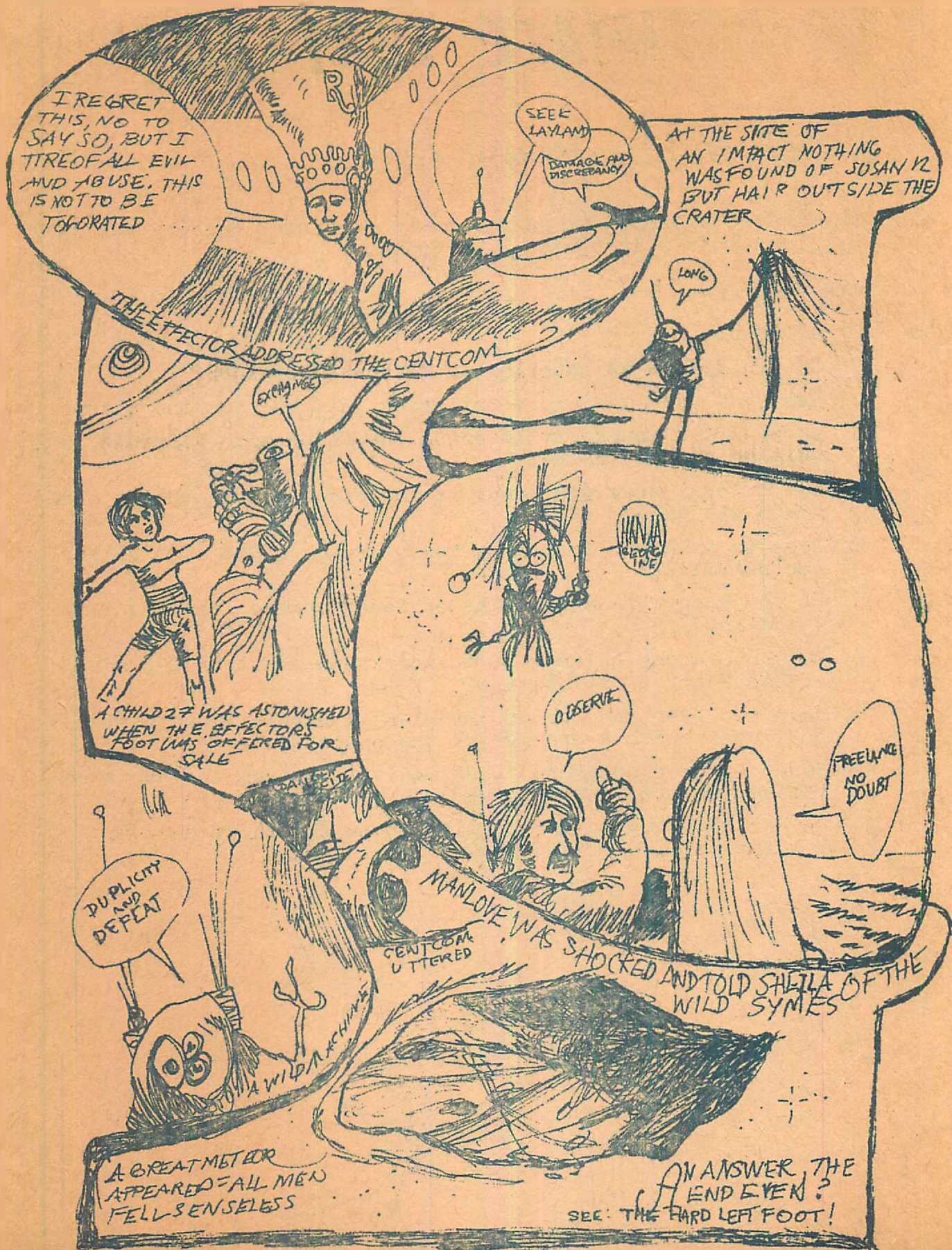
DEPRAVITY
AND
DISAPPOINTMENT

CENTCOM WAS INSULTED

FOLLOWED RIGIDLY BY
ANOTHER

WILD MACHINE APPEARED
IN THE CORRIDORS





THE ULTIMATE TEST-OUT:

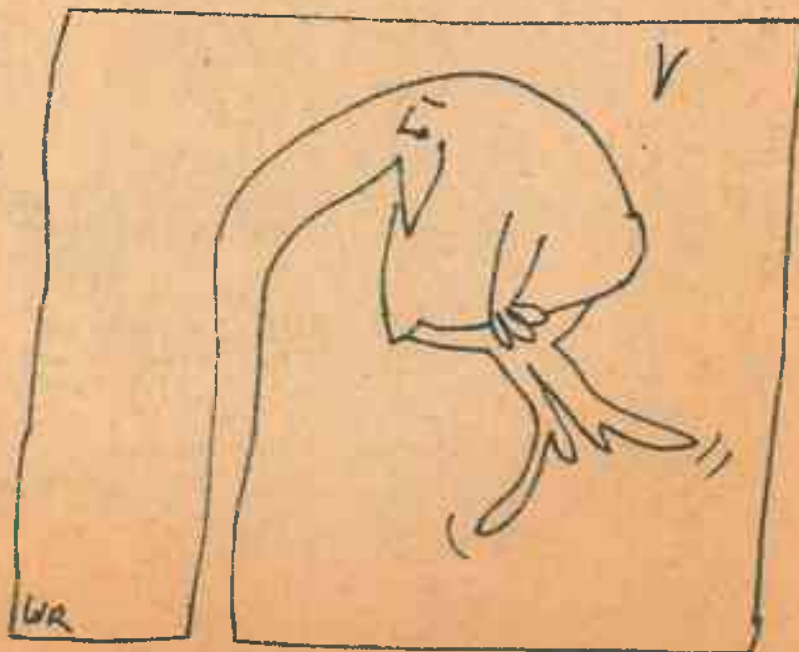
Are you a sensuous fan?

This test first appeared in RAPS, and is reprinted here by the kind permission of it's writer, Roger D. Sween.

Good luck.

Answer yes or no.

1. Do you tingle at entering an SF specialty shop?
2. Have you ever gone to a collation just to lick the stamps?
3. Do you find yourself littering the floor with Fanzines, and rolling around in them?
4. Do you ever wrap your body in the plastic over-sheets from mimeo stencils?
5. Does it take you longer to read through ALGOL then PLAYBOY (or PLAYGIRL)?
6. Do you enjoy trading copies of Conan comics, and then arm-wrestling?
7. Do your adrenal glands go to work when you tear the manila envelope off a new fanzine?
8. Have you ever had, or do you plan to have a meaningful relationship with a prozine of the opposite sex?
9. Have you ever pulled a 'Lady Godiva' through the huckster tables, mounted on your Hugo?
10. Do you ever try to get you lips over the three decker, Ballentine LORD OF THE RINGS?



Part II

Select the response that applies best to you.

11. Would you class A SENSUAL IN FANDOM with
A/ FUTURE SHOCK B/ Anything by Rotsler C/ Sword and Sorcery
D/ Applied science
12. Do the letters LoC mean
A/ Lots of cash B/ Lost cause C/ Letter of Comment
D/ Love old Campbells
13. Do deckled edge hardbounds make you want to
A/ Blast off for Tau Ceti B/ Levitate yourself C/ Let it all
hang out D/ All of the above
14. Your favorite movie of late was
A/ Midnight Collator B/ The Con of Monte Cristo
C/ Fanac! Fanac! Fanac! D/ 2001: A Fen Odyssey
15. In your last Con masquerade, you went as
A/ Captain Kirk B/ Rogue Queen C/ A Frazetta cover
D/ A Gestetner 360
16. The title of your autobiography would most likely be
A/ Once Apon a Space Warp B/ The Sin City C/ Where Have all
the Disclaves Gone? D/ I Never Promised You a Dune Messiah
17. Your Favorite song of late is
A/ Slip Sheet to the Music B/ Up, Up and Delany
C/ The Overture to Robbie D/ I Saw Mommy Kissing Asimov
18. To get service at you local library, you
A/ Ring the small desk bell B/ Threaten to rip-off the
complete works of Edgar Rice Burroughs C/ Threaten to return
same D/ Sing "In the Year 2525"
19. Your favorite letter of the alphabet is
A/ X as in Xerozzine B/ E as in Extrapolate C/ S as in
scientifiction D/ All of the above as in whoopee!
20. Your fan club's motto is
A/ Fans are people, too. B/ Sic Semper Fannanus!
C/ Zlyzprblskj. D/ Live and let live for tomorrow entropy will
get us all.

Scoring: Total up the number of yes's and D's you got.

0-5; Try cryogenics. 6-10; Where did your parents go wrong? 11-15;
Adequate. 16-19; Eureka! 20 and up; You cheated- all the power to
you.

ENTRANCE

We chased the wandering worlds around a thousand stranger suns
and watched the alien dawns burst o'er a hundred new horizons.

Timepast, we danced the nevernight away, beneath some triple
star

And made a promise of forever in the sear of Cetian fire.

(Forever, love? I cannot share in your eternity.
My bones grow ever brittle with the age stamped in my genes
and my laughter fades with longing--
I yearn again for azure sky and yellowlight
and the salt sweet taste of my own planet's sea...)

I have seen a hundred hundred worlds, and set my foot
upon a score of distant sands
But, oh, my love, they none of them could claim me--
and I must yet return to Terra's waiting hands...

Tre Solbia

1974

CHARGE-CROSSED LOVED LOVERS

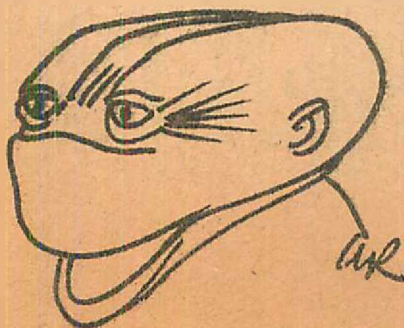
My lady's Skin's a silvery sheen
Her heart is duralloy--
Her silken tresses gauge sixteen
Her programming quite coy.

She gives my circuits quite a zap
Everytime I kiss her,
And when she bats her rheostats
I find I can't resist her.

Alas, my love can never be mine;
One fact halts our mating--
My current's on a direct line--
Hers is alternating!



Wordsworth 124C 41+



in the beginning

BY PAULA LIEBERMAN

AN INTRODUCTION

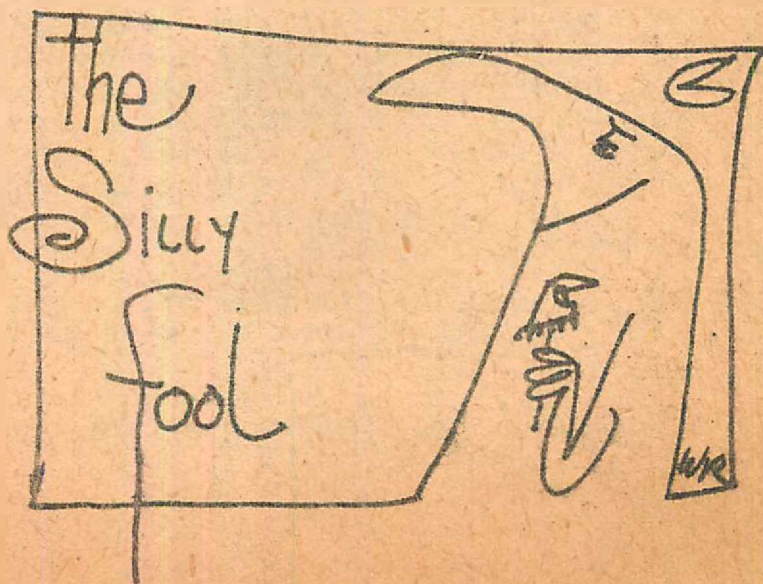
It seems strange, what with the breakup of the house so very close at hand, but one must always be able to look back at one's origins. This following story is of the

first days of Terminus, the Boston area's Sian-shack for the past ten months. Six NESFA members went in together for a huge house in Cambridge, and then the call went out for volunteers to clean up the mess of this house, all gone to pot. das.

It was a Saturday. There were lots of other things I could have done, but I didn't. I landed at Terminus instead. Terminus, in case you don't yet know, is the abode of the editor of this illustrious publication, and of five other fans, and one other person. But to get back to where I was....

I walked down Broadway from around Kendall Square, which is about where my dorm is. I was looking for number 289, with the expectation of finding a bunch of fan. Eventually I got there, walking through one of Cambridge's Less Savory Parts (But there aren't really many savory parts of Cambridge. There's MIT, Harvard, and Other Stuff.). Sure enough, there was 289 Broadway- half of a somewhat rambling house on a corner, across the street from a brick building and an asphalt playground; but there was no sign of either people or a purple Gremlin (a Stever trademark). The only thing about was peeling paint, the mostly ruined lock on the front door, creaky stairs, and a piece of paper listing the new inhabitants. So after a few minutes, I wandered further along Broadway and went to see if Bonnie Dalzell was home. She wasn't. I went back to Terminus

"Hi!" I said to the person sitting on the



steps.

"What would you like to drink?" asked Rozanne. "There's cold coke, cream soda, root beer..."

"Cream soda, maybe? When are people showing up?"

We took the cream soda and a couple of cups out of a large brown paper bag sitting next to Rozanne, on the steps, and poured. So we sat on the steps and talked for an hour, while the shade disappeared. Someone I didn't know came by, asking after Donna; Donna turns out to be Krissy, who turned up about two hours later then then she had told Rozanne. David the Mad Frisian was with her-- or rather she was with him, in the Gremlin, with a carload of random stuff, and a water melon. We ate the watermelon.



David gave me a tour of the house. Sometime around then, Jerry Boyajian the Mad Armenian came by with some tools. He settled down in the kitchen with his sander, and began going at the wooden floor. That took up part of the room, the rest of the kitchen had some pipes indicating where there ought to have been a sink, and the most incredibly filthy, greasy, blackened stove.

Then up the back stairs. I had seen the living room, which was crowded with trash, and the library was bare. The back stairs were not prepossessing. I kept thinking they were going to erode under my feet, but somehow I got up them, noting the unplastered unpainted, hole-ridden walls as I did so.

"This is Jim and Selma's room," pointed out David, "And that's a real privy in there, but the hole's covered over, of course."

The next door was the bathroom -- the ONLY bathroom for seven people. The room after that was Maryla's room, then David and Krissy's. I noticed a pile of fanzines in the last room, and opposite their room was the front stairs. The stairs to the third floor were in worse shape than the back stairs to the second floor. Up there, were two rooms, and a giant closet. I don't know who was supposed to live in the closet, but the two rooms were Spike's and Houghton John's. Then back down two flights of stairs.

"You haven't seen the cellars yet," somebody, either Krissy or David said, "and you haven't seen the Lovecraft Room!"

"The what?"

"The Lovecraft Room. That's where the bodies are."

"What?"

"You know, bodies."

"I don't like dead bodies!" I was recoiling in horror. The idea of skeletons and the image of mangled cats, dogs, and/or rats swam before my eyes. "I don't want to see it," I said finally, after getting getting no real response to my questions as to what kind of bodies there were. But, I went anyway, down into the cellar, with David in front of me, and John Turner, another visitor, behind. David said that I won't believe the amount of catshit he had had to take out of the cellar. The stairs were the worst of any in the house.

"Would you believe this house has two fuses, and that one of them is for the doorbell?" David said as he reached for the light. I cringed as I looked at the wiring and heating arrangements. "There's the Lovecraft Room," he said, as he pointed to a hole high in the wall of the cellar, "See the bodies?"

"urruggghrrr" or something like that emanated from me. John picked me up, and I very hesitantly looked in. Yep, there were bodies in there - a whole bunch of old dolls. Back upstairs, to work at the kitchen.

I said that the stove was black. Roz, David and myself attacked the outside; surprise, it was white on the outside. Unwanted surprise, there was even more crud inside. Krissy attacked the inside with superduper oven destroyer. I ran in the other direction to get away from the fumes. Then, she disappeared with the broiler pan. She was found working on it on the front steps.

"You should've seen the refrigerator, before we threw it out," she told me as she worked, "it was worse."

By this time, other people had arrived: Houghton John, Doctor Jim, the Burrows' (Jim and Selma), Ann and Terry McCutchen, and probably others, as well. Krissy gladly relinquished the broiler pan to Terry. He attacked it with a blowtorch.

David, back in the kitchen, had decided that a thorough job was going to get done on the stove. Screwdriver in hand, off came the clips holding the now white enameled surfaces. The gas was shut off, and bits and pieces of the burners were removed and set to soaking.

"Hey, Krissy!" we yelled.

"What?"

"Look at the stove."

She looked at it. "I take it back- it's worse then the refrigerator"

She went off to help in some other room, and David asked for a scraper. There was two ichhes of dust under the top, and under the dust, was a half an inch of grease. Ann McCutchen work-



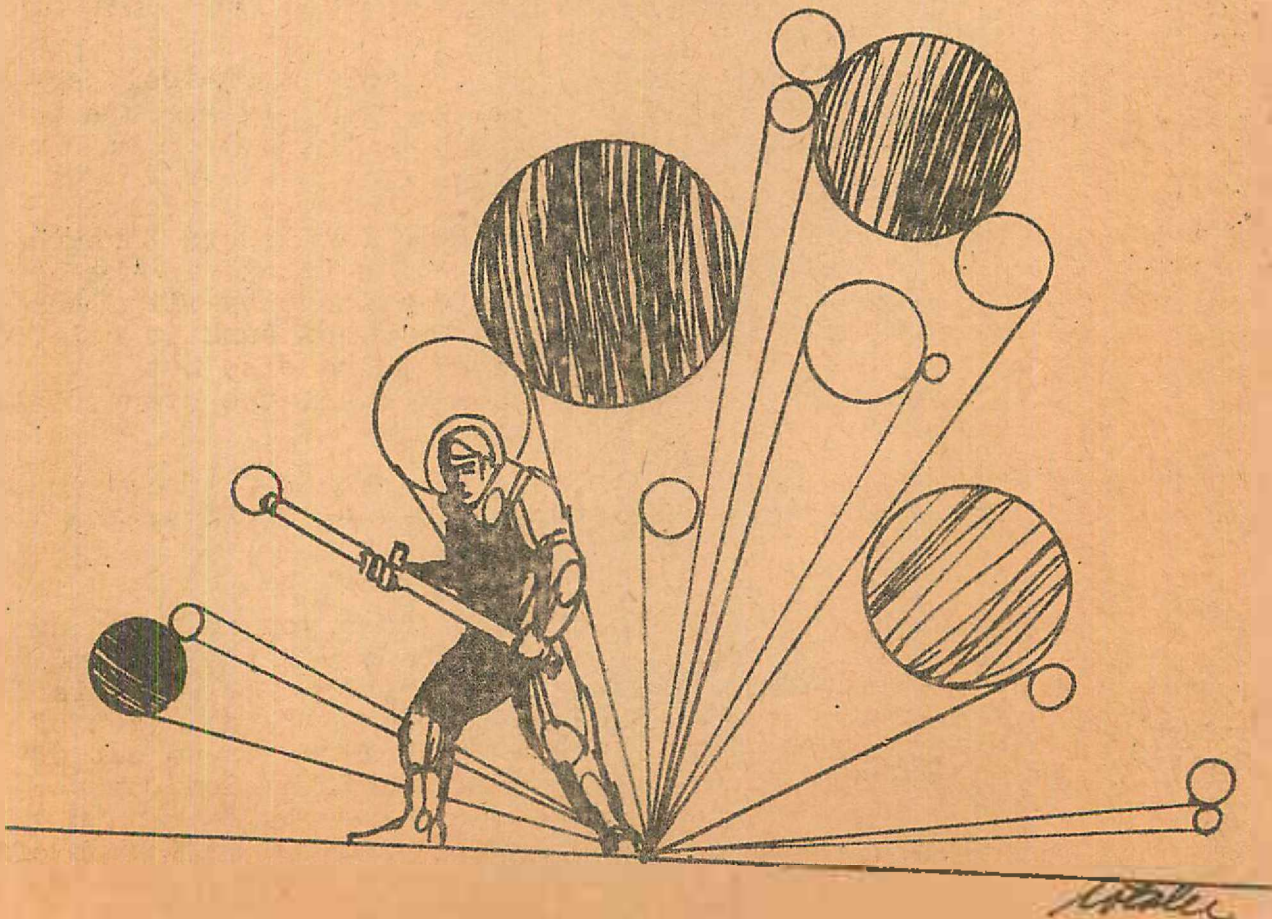
ed on the inside of the oven, as David scraped off the crud. After an eternity, the half inch of grease was almost totally gone. I gave up on the stove. The next thing I remember was a dozen or more people going out to Zorba's, three blocks away in Central Square, for dinner. Most everybody went back to the house, but I went back to MIT. Most of us were back at Terminus, and Zorba's the next day, but that's another story.

AN AFTERWORD

It took us about a month to really get the house into shape, and we had a ball in the place. NESFA meetings were held here (I type in a third floor room of Terminus), and we have had many house guests from all over the country, and the world. Rick Sternbach, Peter Weston, Don Davis, Anne McCaffery, all have visited, and we of the house are the better because of it.

In the not-to-distant future, the house will be breaking up, and most of us will be going our own separate ways. Our landlord decided not to ever give us our lease, and to live up to parts of it, and we called in the local health officials to deal with complaints we had with her. This has been dragging on since January of this year, and it looks as if her own stupidity will end up costing her a little over eight thousand dollars, if she doesn't want to settle with us out of court.

But we have had our fun, and we have all made new friends and new contacts, and maybe something like Terminus will happen again. I hope I can be a part of it then, too. das.



IN TOTO! Book Reviews

21

Kris and I feel pretty confident as to our credentials, which is why it is we two doing these reviews and not someone else.

Kris (or Krissy) is known to the publishing world as D. Christine Benders, and she is a book designer with the company of Little, Brown of Boston. Titles of hers that are fairly current include THE QUIET WARRIOR and GLASS EYES BY THE BOTTLEFULL. A none Little, Brown title that you might happen across is A TIME WHEN by Anne McCaffery, which was published by NESFA in March of this year, to highlight Ann's being our guest of honor for Boskone 12.

I am David Stever, known by many curses to those who have worked with me in local Boston Bookbinderies. My father worked in a bindery as I was growing up, and I bound my first book while in highschool, and later went to work for the company which employed my father. I am quite able of doing the entire complex operation myself, and I know how to bind a book right, and how to bind one wrong. I have also done book reviews for Son of the WSPA Journal.

My doing a book review? Pretty silly. I don't read the stuff, I just design it.

FORWARD IN TIME by Ben Bova published 1973 by Walker

Well, first, the bastard title. (these things are in order of appearance) It's O.K. I guess- nice sinkage. I don't like sans serif faces (sans serif is a typeface without any fancy stuff around the edges of the letter), I also don't like all cap italic letters; boring.

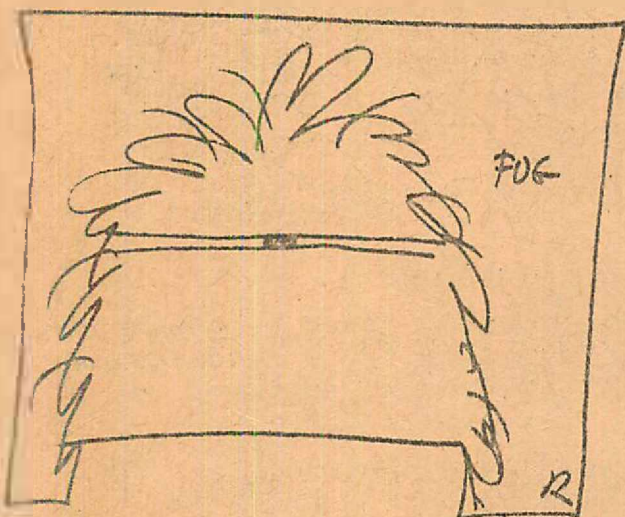
Next, the title page. A two page spread (note how the technical jargon rolls off my pen), and the dingle is quite ugly. (dingle- it's the fading checkerboard stuff with the lines through it. The term also applies to random flowers, squiggles, etc.) The dingle is sunk (put how far down on the page) the same amount as the bastard. Unfortunately, the dingle is on the right page, and the bastard shows through on the left. The title is poorly printed- the white specks in the black ink are called boogers. In spite of two pages to play with, the title page comes out boring. The copyright page is not sunk in relation to anything, and is not set flush left like everything else but contents page. The dingle makes a reappearance for all the story titles along with some intro material set in boldface above it.

All in all, not very continuous, no flow, and very boring. The jacket is ugly, has no relation to any of the stories (right, David?), and it probably cost the book most of it's sales. Kris

The binding material is typical edition-binding (when you are binding the entire edition of the book) cheap cloth, perhaps a little bit tougher than most. The die stamp (the title stamped on the book) is very poor- there are broken letters, and the imprint at the bottom of the spine of Walker and their insignia, done flush left, is so out of place as to make it seem off-center rather than something done on purpose. The headbands (the blue and white pieces of cloth between book and cover on top and bottom are cut too short, and were put on off center. The book was done by the so-called 'Perfect Binding' method, which mean that the pages should be falling out in the near future,

since they are not sewn in, like on most books, but glued in, like with paperbacks. The book is deckle edged (rough, uneven pages), on all but the top, another cost cutting procedure. One good thing can be said- the paper stock is seemingly high quality, and the cover boards are not warped. David

The stories in this collection are very readable. Ben's three Chet Kinsman stories- Zero Gee, Test in Orbit, and Fifteen miles are all here, as well as an excerpt of his novel THE WEATHERMAKERS, and the story that follows his other recent novel, AS ON A DARKLING PLAIN, entitled Stars, won't you hide me? Blood of Tyrants is the story of gang leaders unwittingly taught by the U.S. Government to be able to take over their cities; A Slight Miscalculation is a cute story of the Great California Earthquake- almost. Not really worth hardcover prices- buy the paperback now out. David



THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle. 1974 Simon and Shuster

The jacket is blue and id therefore pretty. The typeface is a fake sans serif (The funny 'TH' in 'THE' is pretty awful, but then I don't like any sans serif face- fake or otherwise).

No bastard- only a little man walking across the page. Title page- again, a two page spread. This time, they needed the space. This face is a serif one- note the little things sticking out of the letters to ornament them. The man also reappears. I don't like the title page (much too big), but it's

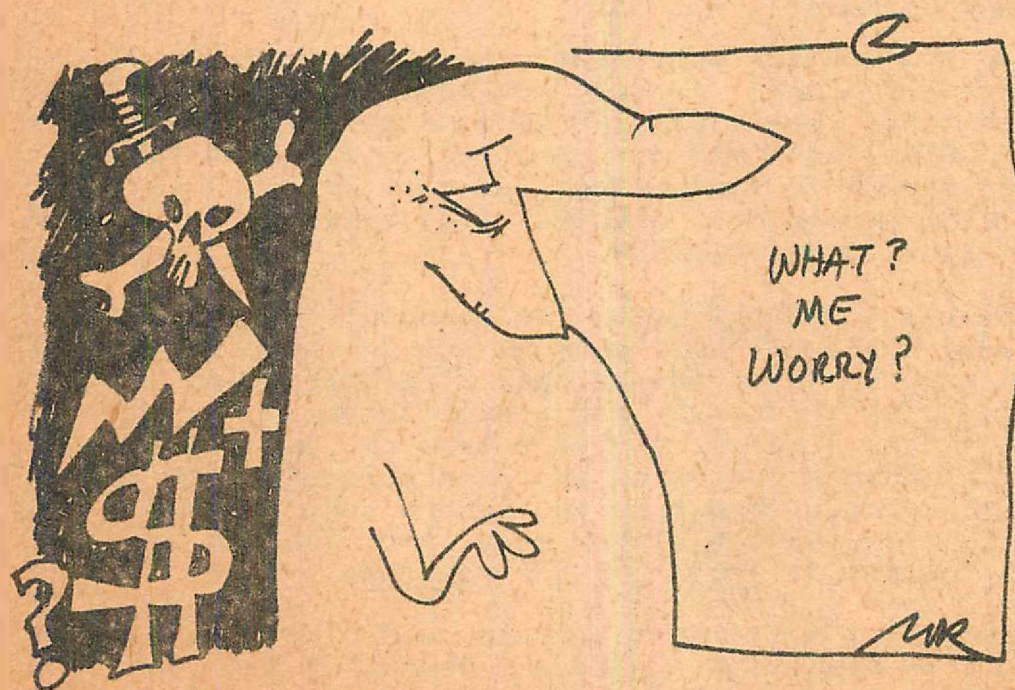
not boring. The copyright page is sunk the same as the title page o.k. The dedication is not sunk to anything, but it is flush inside like everything else, so maybe it's o.k. The ~~cover~~ characters- no decent sinkage, but it's clean, readable, and flush inside, same for the chronology. The prologue. It's sunk the same as the title page. I wouldn't have used anything so large, but then so it goes. The part titles are sunk the same and are ugly but not boring.

All in all, **OK**. No real continuity but certainly not boring for the reader. I don't like the size of the display face (that face that all titles are done in, as apposed to the text face, that which the text is in). **Kris**

The style of binding (a different material on spine then sides) is called half binding. The cloth I have no problem with, but they used cheap paper on the side panels, and they over lapped the paper and not the cloth, so that the edge of the paper tears and shreds. The paper is so cheap that standing on a shelf, the paper on the edges with shred. The spine die is in the same face as is used inside- not bad,

since it can be read from more than a foot away, unlike the Bova book. It is, however, poorly embossed, and the foil is wearing off very fast. This book is sewn, and the construction of the cover is quite good. The book is trimmed, as well. If you are going to read this book a lot, then have it rebound; if it stays on your shelf, it will last at least a few years. David

The story is a nice Space Opera sort of thing. Young man and future bride journey to land of strange beasties, and try to tame them, not knowing the DARK SECRET that is being kept from them. The story hurts from the cut of some 50,000 (I think that was the length) words cut at the beginning, which might explain why Herbert Colvin is listed as a major character- in the original story, he was. The second way that it hurts, is that the authors have told their story from a totally rational stand point, and they expect the 'solution' that they have come up with is going to keep the Moties bottled up. Bullshit. The Moties will already be building a huge fleet of STL ships, and heading out to the stars that way, to prevent the humans from destroying them. The humans will not like to destroy them, but they must, for otherwise, the universe will be over run with Moties in a few centuries, and the Terran FTL drive will not allow them to be stopped. So, we have a story without a beginning, and without an end. David



THE ALPHABET CORNER

Response was light to the last issue, but then what can you expect from a fanzine that comes out once a year? Hell, Harry Warner didn't even write us a Loc. The best letter I've seen in many a month came in from Roy Tackett, but one of the problems with publishing once a year is that there is a greater chance of losing things; alas, Roy's letter seems to be missing. If it is located, I try to see that it gets in the next issue. Sorry about that Roy. das.

27 Sowamsett Avenue
Warren, R.I. 02885

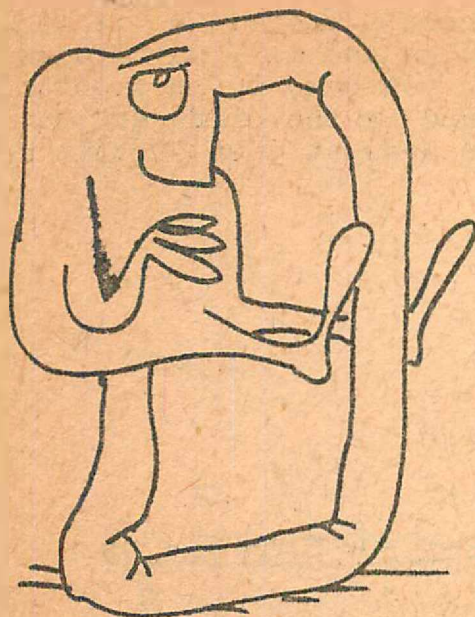
George Flynn

To Whom it may concern:

(Well, how do you address a loc when the current editor didn't edit the zine you're loccing?) //Well, you could always try 'To whom it will concern- das// Let's see, PB 10 came out two months after its editor took office, and this one came out on election day; if we extrapolate, it stands to reason that the next editor will bring out an issue two months before he's elected. The evidence for time travel in NESFA continues to accumulate...

Let us begin with the front cover (or Sheeperficiies). Here's ovine how-de-do! Who would not be struck by the draftsmansheep with which Kirk has rendered the shop ~~sheepshopper~~ ~~this copysheep~~ sheep shopkeeper, not to mention the lambent wit and ewemor shown in the selection of books. Surely this kind of art represents the Sheep of Things to Come. I have heard that this cover has provoked muttonings of discontent (muttony?) in NESFA; I urge that you ignore such rampant unrest and say, "Baa humbug!" (As the saying goes, you might as well be hung as a sheep...) But let us revenir a nos moutons.

Looking through past PB's makes certain recurring motifs clear. For example, there is usually at least one remark on how long it's been since the last issue (or a loc saying welcome back, referring to the previous gap between issues). The Editor pledges that this will be remedy this by bringing out another issue Real Soon Now. I hear how the new Editor plans to upset this record of stability by actually doing what he promises; but what can you expect from a mad Frisian?



// Now, of course, the only mention of sheep jokes, and Highmore, S.D. is the "two for '79" bid of Mr. Flynn and a certain cohort, who intend to hold a Worldcon in Eryslan, and have the NASPIC in Highmore. Ah, will it never end?

I am afraid that the closest thing to the motifs you mention will be your mention of them in your letter. I might touch upon them in the editorial (you are going to read it first, but I am going to write it last), but if left in charge of PB this year, I will do all of the work myself, rather than trying to get other club members interested in a project that they are not. I said when I was elected last year that if need be, I would write the whole damned issue, and in the future, I might (I have typed just about all of this issue myself, and

'twas I who did a lousy job with lettering, for which I apologise.), if given the chance to do it again. But you are right, George, there is nothing like the proven stability of the annual issue of PB.//

141 High Park Avenue
Toronto, Ontario
M6P 2S3

Mike Glicksohn

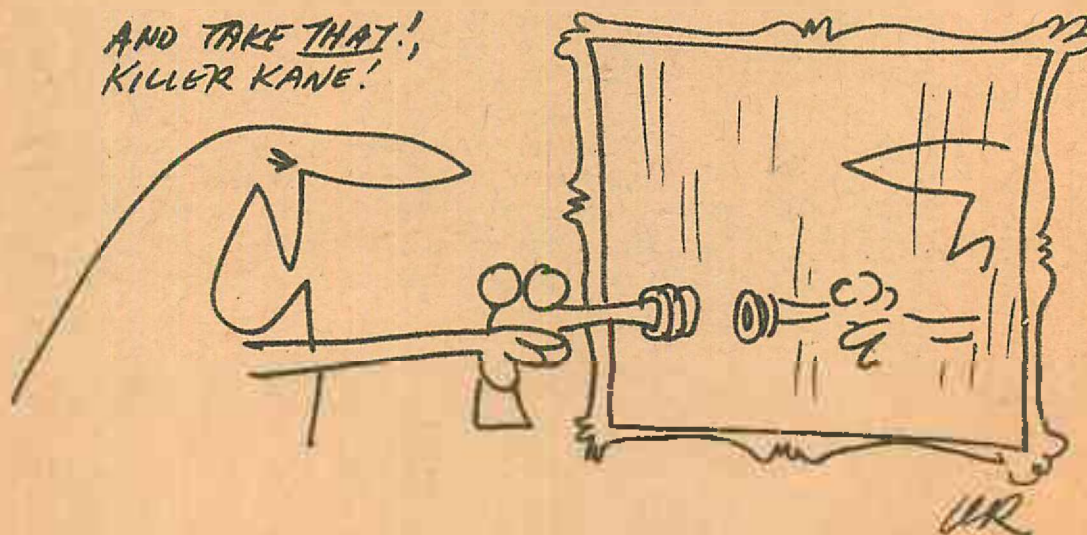
Dear David:

Yes indeedie, you got yourself a fanzine! I wish you luck with it. There's not much one can say about a one-shot built mostly on fan-fiction. I suppose I could thank you for keeping me on the mailing list. I could comment on Tony's page being collated in backwards. I could mention the degeneration in the repro, the fading and the wrinkles in the stencils. I could point out how difficult it is to follow Mike Gilbert's thing when installments appear so irregularly and when it's almost impossible to dig out the preceeding issues to get any sense of continuity to the strip.

I might even congratulate you on publishing one of the best pieces of fan fiction I've ever read in a fanzine. No wonder it won a prize: I'm surprised that it wasn't submitted for possible professional publication, rather than being used in a fanzine. A very chilling story, well written, too. I thought the ending just a little weak, but it could have been tightened up with just a little work. The McCutchen story was kinda cute, but not really in the same league with the Puleo.

I could say all of these things, as well as admitting that I don't understand the Gilbert thingee either. But that would give the impression that I had read the fanzine, and I don't have time for that sort of Nonsense.

//Yes indeedie, you got yourself a point there! There's no telling what people might think you reading a fanzine and all, why a high rolling pro-fessional writer like you, with you name up in lights like that and all, you won't want it spread around by the riff-raff that you read fanzines. A whole career could be brought down if that got out.//





THE NEW ENGLAND
SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION
offers



NESFA PRESS ITEMS:

A TIME WHEN

by Anne McCaffrey
\$6.00

The first part of The White Dragon, the next novel of the Dragonriders of Pern. A limited, numbered, and autographed edition.

THREE FACES OF SCIENCE FICTION

by Robert A. W. Lowndes
\$5.95

Essays discussing science fiction as propaganda, instruction, and delight. A limited, numbered, and autographed edition.

INDEX TO THE S-F MAGAZINES, 1951-1965

by Erwin S. Strauss
(207 pages) \$12.00

INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES, 1966-1970

(82 pages) \$8.00

THE NESFA INDEX - SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES AND ORIGINAL
ANTHOLOGIES - 1974

(43 pages) \$4.00

OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST:

NOREASCON AWARDS BANQUET

\$6.00

A two-record set, featuring the speeches, anecdotes, and award presentations of the 1971 World Science Fiction Convention.

THE PHOENIX AND THE MIRROR

by Avram Davidson
\$4.95

A fantastic novel of the powerful sorcerer, Vergil Magus, in his labor to build a magic mirror, while in conflict with the immortal phoenix of legend.

These and other works
may be ordered from:

New England Science Fiction Association, Inc.
Box G, MIT Branch Post Office
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

*Prices (U.S. dollars)
include shipping.*

RED

WHITE

YELLOW

BLUE

grey

PUCE

BLACK!

RANGE

lavender



BROWN

noted