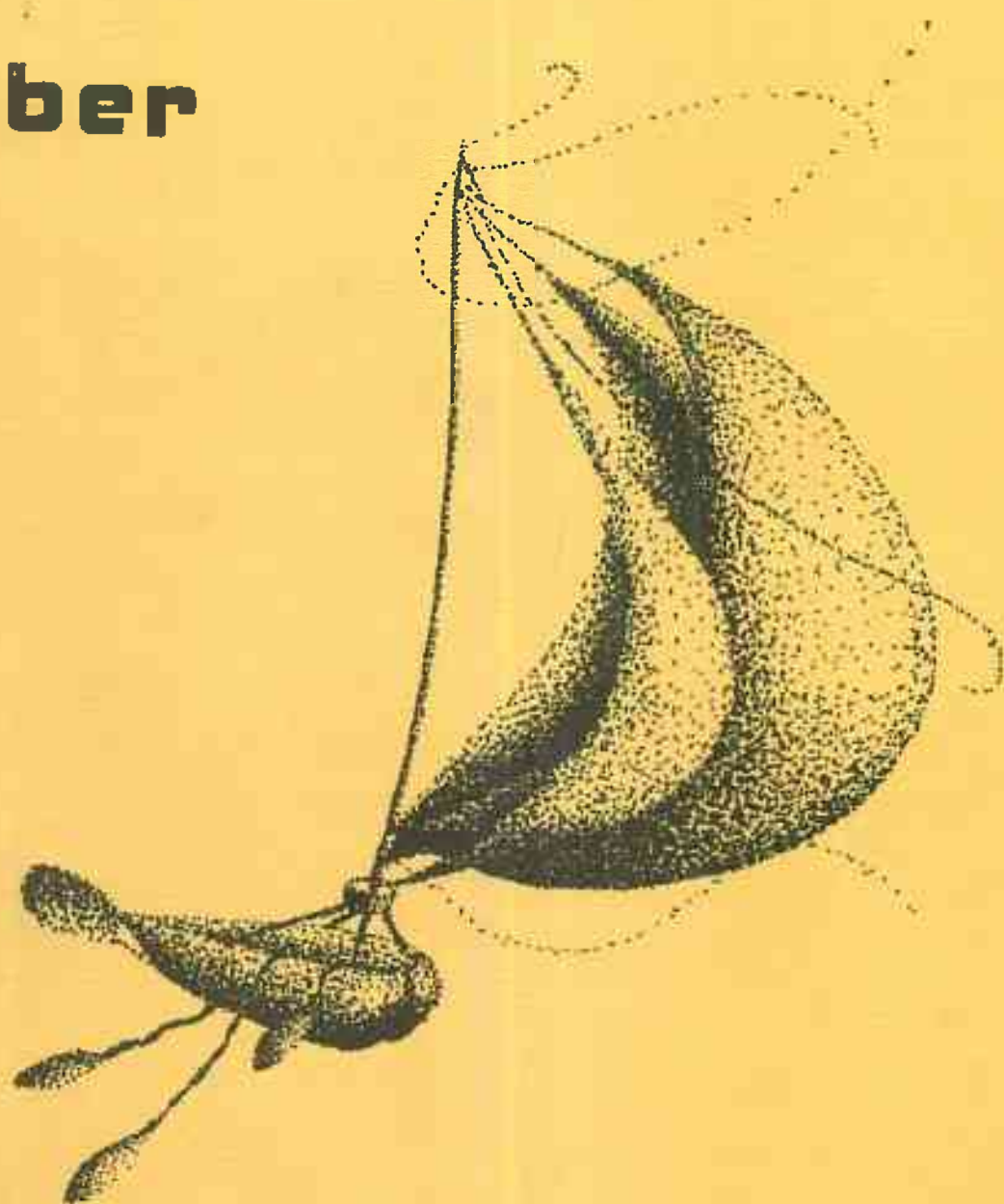


**The Proper**

**Boskonian**

**Number**

**13**







Hi Marsha!



NESFA - PRESENTS;

The Proper Boskonian 13

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This will have to do as an editorial. Things have not really changed around the fans in the area, so this issue is as late as it is. In one of the local APAs there has been discussion as to who should be editor if not me, but even talking about this aspect of PB has not spurred anyone to do any work for the magazine, but for Don D'Amassa, who began to reread the complete works of Poul Anderson for the article which begins on the next page. I dare say that his outlook on Anderson as a writer has undergone some small bit of a change because of it. Don, Drew Whyte and myself are putting together a privately printed pamphlet which will be available at Boskone 13, about Anderson, and I hope to be able to get a response out of some of the other fans interested in Anderson, like Sandra Miesel, and maybe another article by Don, for future issues of PB.

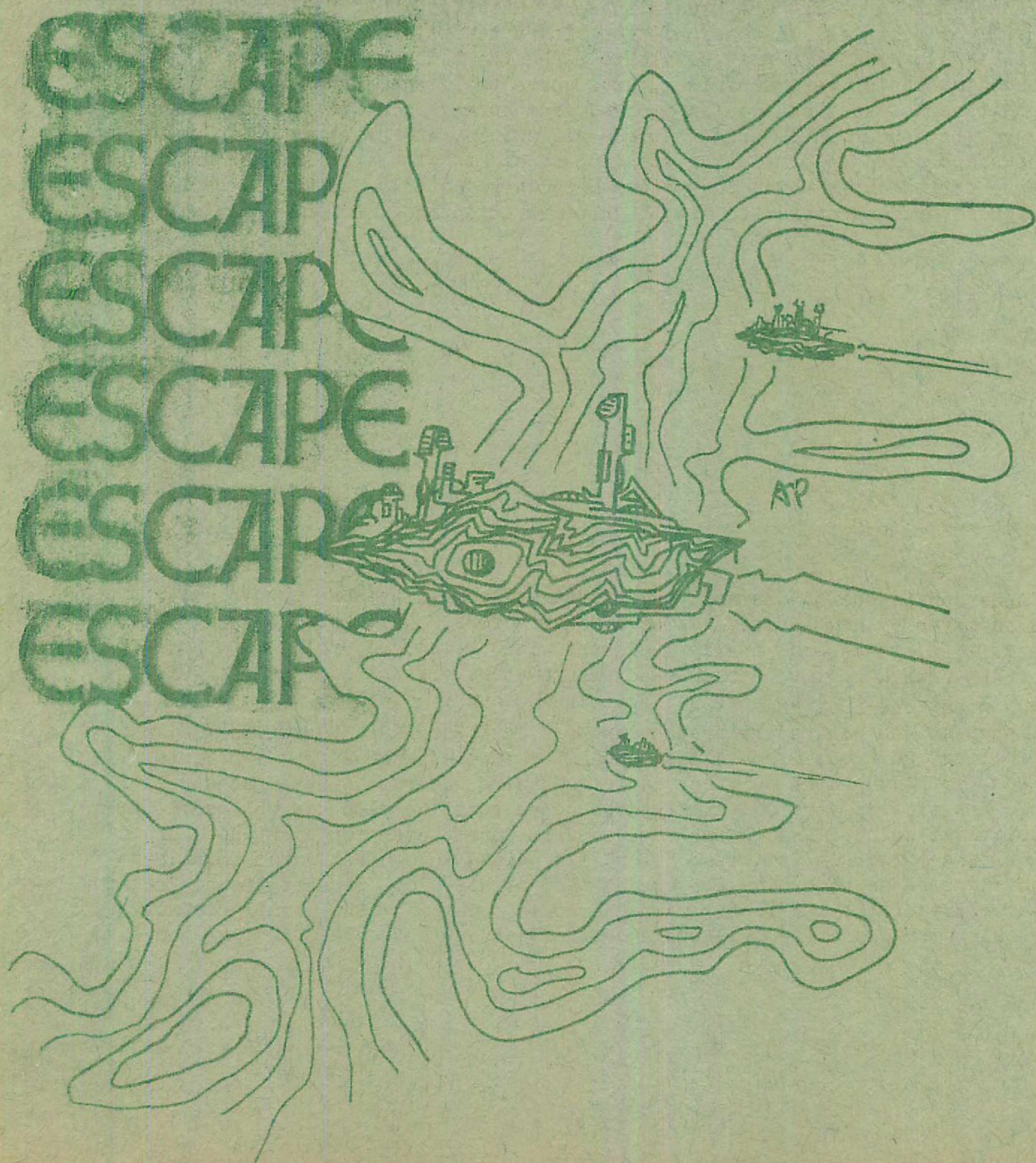
Now about the apologies. I owe an apology to Andy Porter. With a bit more work, his art on page 3 could have come out the way that I pictured it in my mind. To those who read BENJY, expecting a nice neat, airy story, having seen the style of type I used for the title, I'm sorry, but it is a good example as to how a design can make your entire approach to a work very different. I apologize to Seth Breidbart, who was one of the people contributing to APA-Napkin, but I didn't remember. He said that looking at the mess, even he can't remember which of the many contributions were his... I am told by the editorial assistant that I am guilty of the unsanitary practice of putting words into her mouth, for which I am indeed sorry, and to Lance Glasser, whose illo was cursed (two different stencils ripped on the machine, and one ink gun stopped while it was on the machine), I am sorry that it didn't come out better than it did.

But, inspite of it all, I think that the issue is interesting, varied, and fun.. Ye Editor.



Poul Anderson's Decision

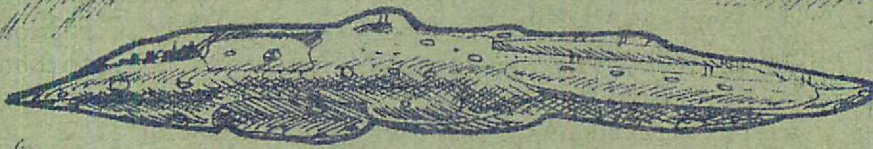
Makers \* Don D'Ammassa





4

Poul Anderson is one of the most underrated writers in the SF genre. He is underrated as often by his admirers as by his detractors. When criticizing some modern SF as dull, plotless, and overly concerned with "relevance", many fans suggest that there should be more straight adventure story writers like Keith Laumer, Andre Norton, and Poul Anderson. Eschewing 'message' fiction, these fans tell us that Anderson and others are presenting pure entertainment, unblemished by philosophical or political discussions, the literature of escape from the world we live in. This judgement only serves to emphasize Anderson's skill as a writer, because his fiction very definitely does serve to illustrate his philosophical and political stands, and is far removed from purely escapist fiction. More than most writers, Anderson is able to blend his points into his story so that there are no sharp edges to bruise the steady pace of his plot, readers are not required to pause periodically while the writer becomes pedantic. But, until recently, Anderson's work has attracted little critical attention. Brian Aldiss, for ex-





ample, considers all of Anderson's fiction since BRAIN WAVE to be unworthy of serious consideration, thus eliminating 90% of his work, including such outstandingly good works as THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS, THE HIGH CRUSADE, THE STAR FOX, and WE HAVE FED OUR SEA.

Sandra Miesel provided us with the first thorough overview of Anderson's work in her famous essay, "Challenge and Response", which appeared originally in *Riverside Quarterly*, and in an expanded version in THE MANY WORLDS OF POUL ANDERSON from Chilton (DAW Paperback title THE BOOK OF POUL ANDERSON). Miesel points out that in Anderson's opinion, Man needs to have a constant challenge to which he must make some response, and for which response Man must bear responsibility. The challenge which occurs most frequently in Anderson's work is, of course, space travel, the new frontier: "It is the very essence of being human that Man should ever long for new horizons, onward, upward striving. When Man ceases to hunger for the frontier, he will no longer be Man." While it is not my purpose here to restate or embellish what has already been stated so well, there remains one aspect of Miesel's analysis which I cannot completely accept.

To understand my objection, it is necessary first to understand Anderson's attitude toward the manipulation of society by an elite, and Miesel's interpretation thereof. For Anderson, manipulation of or intervention in the affairs of a nation or race by an elite or by outside forces is one of the blackest of sins, because it distorts the challenge-response effect, elicits the wrong response. In BRAIN WAVE, a group plotting the suppression of mankind's suddenly enhanced intellect is thwarted and told "if the delusion that you few have the right to make decisions for all the race, and force them through isn't megalomania, then what is?" In "Details" most of the ills of our society are blamed on an alien race whose fumbling attempts to help us achieve peace and unity result instead in a world war and disunity. The elite which overthrows a repressive dictatorship in "For the Duration" installs itself in the same position of authority, having been corrupted by its own exclusiveness.

In seeming contradiction to all this, Anderson's fiction abounds with organizations which quite blatantly do interfere and manipulate cultures. Hanse Ever-

ard and the Time Patrol (GUARDIANS OF TIME) alter history at the request of an evolved future race of Man, Wing Alak and Dominic Flandry subvert governments to preserve the power of Earth, Nicholas Van Rijn manipulates two nations in WAR OF THE WINGMEN in order to save his life and that of his companions; the Institute in the UN-Man series employs psychological techniques and secret agents to push mankind in what they consider the proper direction. Anderson clearly sides with these groups. In "UN-Man", for example, he points out that "Some means of creating a stable





social and economic order in the face of continuous revolutionary change had to be found."

Miesel recognized this apparent contradiction and delved further into Anderson's work to explain it. In her view, Anderson recognizes that there are times when it is necessary to interfere in the affairs of the world. Anderson is certainly pragmatic: "The universe never signed a contract with man requiring it to be fair." But when his characters are called on to interfere, they do so, even though it may be against their own personal principals. In Miesel's words: "Those who would change the course of the universe must bear the guilt. What guards the guardians is their humility and the anguish they endure for their deeds." There is ample evidence supporting this position, as for example in "The Big Rain", where we are told of "the guilt which is always inherent in leadership."

There is one Anderson story which does not fit the mold. Miesel characterizes "Genius" as "wretched" and "anomalous", an inexplicably contradictory story best ignored. It is at this point that we begin to part ways. I don't believe that any story should be dismissed merely because it appears to fall outside of the body of the author's work. If anything, it should reveal to us a glimpse of the author left momentarily unguarded. "Genius" is, in fact, one of Anderson's poorest stories, but it is no less interesting for all that.

In "Genius", the Solarian Empire has become a static, corrupt power which off-handedly destroys races it considers even potentially threatening. Throughout the universe, "non-human aborigines have been pretty thoroughly exterminated, assimilated as helots, or otherwise rendered harmless." Goran, an empire soldier, is sent to determine whether or not a planet of pacifistic geniuses should be destroyed. He is later revealed as an agent of the geniuses, who have secretly seized control of the empire. Despite allusions to the many great deed performed by man, Anderson stresses that the race has succeeded despite itself: "The Solarian Empire is nothing but the triumph of stupidity over intelligence. If every man could think for himself, we wouldn't need an empire." Anderson sides with the supermen; rightness should overcome the desire of the majority — the talented minority has the right and perhaps the obligation to govern the thoughtless majority. The supermen bear no guilt, feel no humility, suffer no anguish. How can this story be reconciled with Anderson's supposed disdain for elitist organizations?

As mentioned, Miesel dismisses this story as an anomaly. I interpret it differently. "Genius" is an early story (1948), written before Anderson had developed his present writing skills. His creation of a race of benevolent supermen appears to me the result of understandable frustration with the demonstrated inability of

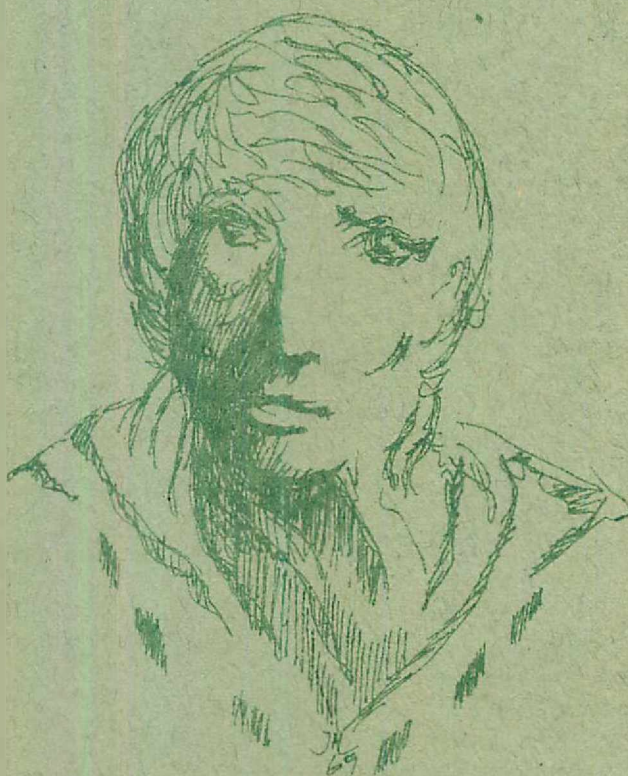


the mass of mankind to act logically in situations with which they are faced. Remember, World War II had ended only three years before. Anderson's disenchantment with the bulk of humanity is *not*, as implied in "Challenge and Response", confined to "Genius", it is merely expressed in less guarded fashion. All through the 1950's, Anderson was sharply critical of man's willingness to make decisions and his inability to think logically.

"The Perfect Weapon" (1950), for example, tell us of "the superiority of the individual to that witless mass called the public." We are told in "Terminal Quest" (1951) that "Most humans were pretty decent; their main fault was the way they stood by when others of their race did evil, stood by and said nothing and felt embarrassed." In "Tiger by the Tail" (1951) Anderson speaks of "the witless hordes of humankind." He tells us in "Courier of Chaos" (1953) that "A human who hasn't been trained in the most rigorous kind of logical thinking...can convince himself of anything. He can rationalize the wildest desire, if only his own welfare depends on it." A bureaucrat is forced to become a revolutionary in "Sam Hall" (1953) because "The people...never appreciated freedom until they'd lost it. They were always willing to sell their birthright. Or was it that, being untrained in thinking, they couldn't see through demagoguery, couldn't visualize the ultimate consequences of their wishes?"

BRAIN WAVE (1954) informs us that "ninety-nine percent of the human race, no matter how smart they are, will do the convenient thing instead of the wise thing, and kid themselves into thinking they can somehow escape the consequences." Again, in PLANET OF NO RETURN (1954) we are told that "Few people ever really learn how to think at all, those who do, think only with the surface of their minds." In "Marius" (1957) we see that "people, in the mass, don't learn." It is made clear in THE ENEMY STARS (1958) that Anderson considers this failing to be one that endangers our entire species: "...there is one sin which is punished with unfailing certainty, and must therefore be the deadliest sin of all time. Stupidity." Clearly, then, Anderson does believe that the majority of humanity, either through inability or unwillingness to think logically, is incapable of responding correctly to challenge. Those who are capable of dealing with challenge are, therefore, obliged to act for the rest of humanity. As Miesel points out, this is not a comfortable role that they find themselves in. But it is a necessary one. Anderson is a thoroughgoing pragmatist. He tells us in "The Troublemakers" that "the trouble with young idealists...is that they expect all mankind to live up to their impossibly high standards."

Anderson therefore is saying that each person *should* make decisions which affect mankind as a whole, when necessary, because all decisions have some effect on the race, and all of its members should become capable of thinking logically enough





to handle this responsibility. In NO WORLD OF THEIR OWN, Captain Langley observes that "he had come from a society which laid on each man the obligation to decide things for himself." But he returned to a world run by a computer, "a great, nearly omnipotent humorless child, fixing the destiny of a race which had abdicated its own responsibilities." Davis Bertram upsets an entire society in VIRGIN PLANET because "Strength, education, a good if somewhat rusty mind gave him the power, and hence the responsibility to make crucial decisions."

At the same time, Anderson recognizes the limitations of mankind, that intelligence alone does not make one a better person: "A wise man is not necessarily a good man, and intellect turns as readily to destruction as to useful ends" ("Prophecy"). Each human being is a mixture of admirable and deplorable traits; we are shown conflict in VAULT OF AGES which was "a fight between many human being, none of whom was wholly bad or wholly good." We are endowed with these characteristics by external forces to some extent, which does not absolve us from responsibility but tends to lessen the blame. In "Sentiment, Inc", the hero is asked: "How free do you think anyone is? You're born with a fixed heredity. Environment molds you like clay. Your society teaches you what and how to think."

Anderson's view then appears to be that, ideally, every human should make his or her own decisions, because each should be capable of logical, reasoned



thinking. Pragmatically, he realizes that the race is not likely to develop this ability as a whole in the near future, and therefore those few people who are able to think clearly have the right and obligation to make crucial decisions for humanity as a whole. Sometimes they will choose incorrectly, as in the latter days of the Institute in the "UN-Man" series. And since these individuals are intelligent enough to be aware that — justifiably or not — they are to some extent depriving their fellows of their freedom of choice, they feel guilt. On the other hand, all important decisions involve a certain degree of anguish. The fear of making the wrong choice may well be the reason why most of mankind still shun the responsibility of managing their own affairs. "Man's greatest devil is fear," Anderson tells us in VAULT OF AGES. It is the fear of making the wrong decision that torments Anderson's heroes, for they bear more responsibility than their own.



# N.E.S.F.A. STORY CONTEST WINNER

## 1975

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# *Benjy* by *Val Novak*

I useta live uptown a long time ago. Two year, I think. I was ten then, two year ago. My name is Adam-12 now, because I am twelve. I useta live with my Granma an my big brother named Jackson, but everbody calls him Jacky-O. It useta be fun, every time there wuz a riot, to go on downtown, see what's to pick up. Freebies, dig? Teevee, raydeeo, all like that there. Jacky-O, finely weery of draggin ass all up to the South Bronx where we lived, lugging Teevee, raydeeo, an like that -- well, he made a big haul one nite, riot-nite in Harlem with the main drag full o wailing sireens, blue-eyed soul music an there's our very own Jacky-O, clop-cloppin down em side streets, him an his buddies, all loaded down from bustin inna hock shop. He got a big cut, too, from the Man. So, week after that, Jacky-O done moved us down into Harlem, right by the freight yards. "Good pickings, bro," he say to me, "hustling top dollar grocerys is the top way to keep eatin. Cain't sell it, you kin allus eat it. Xcepting meat. Doan mess wit meat, after the first day you cop it."

See? Big bro wuz my teecher. My reel teacher, since I quit P.S. 99 as soon's we settled in down tonn. P.S. is a dumb place that looks like a ban-dined house, all bustid windows and fulla cracks, rats and roaches, only you spose to cop onto the world, and pay tenshun an all. I tried -- sure! I paid tenshun to the plaster, raining down. Paid tenshun to the cold cold win-

ter wind, whistling thru the bustid windows. Paid tenshun most of all to my belly, allus growlin like it wuz answering teecher's questions. Dičn't have much left over, for teecher herself. Mizzuble winter it wuz, we wuz allus cold, and hongry, cause if we wuzn't steeling we wuz starvin. So in skool, teecher made fun of my rumbling belly an I said, hell with this, and quit. I will never cop onto no world now and that is a nacheri fact.

Time I quit skool, my big bro wuz on the big H, so eats wuz my problem. Before the H, Jacky-O my teecher done taught me all about boostin from freight yards, so nacherly we scout em out, me an a couple frends also drop outs from skool. Granma not only ate top groceryys, but also copped her Welfare OK. We all ate good, and Jacky-O got all the grade-A H he could handle. We wuz doin OK as a famly I must say, all it took wuz fer me to quit that dumb skool.

But it could not last. Come one nite an Harlem's wailing again, copcars roll-lightin round and round, Mahstahrace blowin its favorite tunes on our black backsides. Copcar stops an Jacky-O ducks in a alley, he's carryin nuthin but his favorit brand of H, but that's enuf. Cop gits out of car and yells Halt, fires a warning shot at Jacky-O just like he spose to do. But warning shot hits Jacky-O in the head, and that be the end of my bro. And us, we standin right there, twinkly stuff from the jewelry store stickin out everywhere, our sleeves, belts, all -- but cops pay us no nevermind. One big white motherfuck sticks a toe in my brother's ribs. "Dead," he say to his lanky pals. "Call a ambulance." Whooo-eee! Jacky-O gets ambulance for his last ride. Ambulance gon take him to the sity morgue but thass OK, cause it happen durin a riot. Cops doan like to call the meat wagon, durin a riot. Might make the riot worse. So Jacky-O done left the scene, in a higher style than he ever thought he'd go. Us, we watched him go.

Next day, Soshul workers came see Gram. I wuz hidin under the bed when they asked about me. Gram say, "I ain't seen Adam since they kilt mah boy Jackson." She lie, cause she knows that if they git holt of me, my new address be The Island, an she doan want that for me. She a good woman. So they take her. Where, I dunno. Some old folks home I guess.

So there I wuz, All Alone. I ate from the fridge an I walked around the empty apt. an I saw what I never seen before then, I mean how rotten everything wuz. All dirty, an roaches an all -- hell, I grew up with all that but didn't somehow notice it until that first day when I wuz all alone. I sat by the window and it was almost like old times, I made myself pretend I wuz waitin for Jacky-O to come home an after a while it got like it wuz for real, you dig? Like he wuz reely comin home. But I finely understood, Jacky-O aint never comin round no more. Logical, he daid. Kind o hard to cop onto, tho. Fact of it keeps slippin away, when I sleep. I spec to see him when I wake up, all skinny mean an sassy, shootin up his deck.

Days it wuz, mebbe one or two. Finely I took myself off, new people movin in. I went to a bandined house down the block. A bandined house, case you read this is a honky an doan know bout things, its an empty house, all boarded up where folks useta live but dont anymore, xcept you count as folks all the naybahood junkies livin there, longside the rats an roaches an all. You kin tell by the smell, like they say. An this one, it stunk worsen any more. Good, says I, aint no cops gonna come lookin for mah eye dee, here in this smelly ole heap.

Right-on. So, I gathered my group around me. A good bunch. And I taught em raiding, like Jacky-O taught me. I is a good teecher, just like he wuz. Only, I aint NEVER gon start on the H, like he did. H leeds to the sity morgue.

Most of my group, tho, they wuz on it I am sorry to say. But they wuz still good, coppin from the freight yards. Them stupid jive mothers in yards, aint that stupid afterall. Couple of them we put onna payroll, dig? Cut em in onna proceeds, an we stole undisturbed. We even got choosy, wouldn't take nuthin but the best. I kin read some, I read all the names onna boxcars. What they doan advertise, you kin smell. Tobaccky. Nestle's Chocolate. An of course, the meat cars, all refrigerated an waitin for the 9-to-5's, to come unload it next mornin at 9 AYEM. Sheee-it! Next mornin at 9, they find that we done saved them a mess of work. Aint nuthin left to unload, from refrijer-ated car. We ate good. Built fire in yard back of our house which we now call a ho-tel. Yard is an empty-empty lot, only half fulla garbage. That made nacheral fuel an did we have a feest! I mean, the whole naybahood come crawlin out to see whut smell so good. An us kids, we stributed the eats round to all, an even waved some roast chops under the junkys noses. Junkys done fergot whut food smelled like. Junkys grab meat, run to deal for H. What the fuck good do it do, to share with that kind of soul bro? Tradin good eats fer poison. I make new rule for my group, then an there. No more H, the word is WITHDRAW or split. Glad at least that Jacky-O's out of it. Sure do miss him, tho . . .

That nite, I met Benjy.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Adam-12" says Action, my main man and scout at the yards, "Looky over there by the bustid sink, an tell me whut you see unner it." We wuz puttin out the fire, so our ho-tel wouldn't burn down. The sink wuz in our empty lot, someone threw it there about twenny years ago. I take a look. Don't see nuthin but shadow.

"Don't see nuthin but shadow," I tell Action. Actionman is shakin like he's comin off a hit of H. I give him my evilest look, cause all along I thought my main man at leest, wuz clean. "You on H, Action?" But he doan say nuthin. So, "Out!" I tell him. "After we done cleaned out all the junkys from our ho-tel, we doan need the new breed. Whut I said before goes for you too. You withdraw, or we cut you loose man." But Action, he still dont say nuthin, he starin at that ole sink like his life depended on it an not on what I wuz tellin him, an then he turns around to look at me an I see he aint on H. He scared! Black motherfucker almos turnin white, he so piss scared! He put on a scene like that. nacherly I gots to see what's under that sink. I go over, take a fast look. Nuthin.

I go back to Action. Feelin funny inside, tho. Cause next to me, Action got the most heart in our good-good group. And if somethin scare him, it gotta be some somethin. But now Action got his cool back. "Sorry," he tells me, "it just musta been my imajinayshun." Now Action, far as I kin tell, he wuz born without imajinayshun. He 15 years old. Copcars, giant rats, junkys with knives, nuthin ever yellowed that man yet. Gotta respeck him now.



So I act like nuthin happened. "Go make plans for the weekend," I tell him. "I'll be in later." He looks at me funny, cause I'm allus the one to call the deal, weekday or weekend. "Later?"

"Later?"

"Yeah," I tell him. "I wanna dig this gorjus sunset some more." Action grins.

"Thass air pollushun," he say. "Makes all colors, all over the sky." Action smart. He quit skool last year, when he wuz in 6th grade. He got tired of bein the biggest and oldest in the class. He never learned how to read --- but he copped most everything else. Speshuly numbers. He our number man, aint a number on this planet that he caint run games with. Sometime he gon be big with The Man. That is, less The Man's cops fire warnin shots at him, too.

So Action goes in, leeves me alone. Wishin I wuz a hundred miles away, I go again to the sink. The shadow I seen is shadowy an still there, only diff-  
~~ferent~~ somehow. I do whut I didnt do last time I looked -- this time I look close. Reel close.

It's Jacky-O, my brother, my daid brother, unner there.

Swear to god and allah both, it wuz him! Only, not like he looked in the life, if you dig. He wuz all curled up like a porkypine --- big, if he ever unrolled, I could tell that. And, he wuz covered with fur. Thass rite, no fur coat, this fur wuz his own nacheral growth. His teeth, so white-white, like allus -- now they wuz long an pointy. An his eyes, they looked like he just took a vacayshun from hell.

An then he talked to me. "Hey Adam," he say, "slip me skin. Slap me five, my man!" His voice is funny. Sorta like a growl. But still, it is Jacky-O, makes no never-mind how he look or even whut his voice sounds like, cause aint nobuddy says, slap-me-five, in just that way. So, I slap him five. I got five, he dont --- he only got a pawful of claws. But it is OK. It be Jacky-O. I so happy to see him, I crawl unner that sink an hug my long-lost bro. He smell kind of funky but layin there unner all that garbage, be a stone miracle iffen he smelt any other way. He hug me back, and suddenly I am feeling warm all over, like I aint felt in more'n a year, now, ever since they took him to the morgue. Lordee, I remember thinking, an just before, I wuz glad that he wuz off the scene! My eyes hurt kind of funny. An my voice is a squeek.

"Jacky-O, Jacky-O" I say to him, "Jacky, how'd you git back? How'd you ever find me?"

"I looked," he tells me, strokin my back just like he useta when I wuz little, an sick with chills, Only now I aint got the chills, I is only cryin from bein happy. "Looked for you and --- and --- woman?"

"Granma," I say, "Gran . . . gone, too. You a ghost, Jacky-O?" My brother in his new shape looks at me a long time, with his big red eyes that sorta change --- not color, but sumthin inside them that I cant rightly see, changes. Then he say, "No. I am not -- I aint no ghost. I am -- I be your

bro, live an inna flesh." More he talks, more he sound like ole Jacky-O.  
But --

"So, howcome the fur?" He gimme another of them looks. Like all of a sudden, he looking directly into my haid. Then he say, "Well. After all, Adam ole son." An thass all he have to say, dig? After all he bin thru, dyin an all. That must splain his new pointy teeth, his claws, the fur, them red eyes of his, all of it. One thing I got to ask him tho.

"Jacky-O. Tell me. You still on H?" A long long look, this time, something funny in my brain, caint tell whut it is.

Then he say No, I am thru with H. He laugh. I am on a diet, he say in my head. Whiteman diet. Cop diet. Nowadays I only eats meat -- fresh meat. "Copmeat. An I'm hongry, Adam-12" I hug my long-lost once-dead brother. "I'll bring you eats," I tole him. "You shoulda come out before, we had plenny from what me an the gang boosted at the yards."

"Nogood," he say. "Need freshmeat. Livemeat." He look into my brain again. "Need whiteman copcar meat." All I kin say is, wherever he bin, the change done him good.

\* \* \* \* \*

He didnt want nobody else to know about him. So I put him inna back apt. where all the junkys useta hang out. Now I know we aint gon have : no more trouble wif junkys. Cause I tole him, junkys is meat just like cops. Be they blackskin or white. Be they li-be-ral or bi-gots. Soshully deprived, or fresh off a deal. If they on junk, they his meat. He grins when I tell him dis, his ole grin and his teeth gleam like diamond ice in the dark shadoes that are getting longer now as night comes faster. He grins and then he sings me a song in my head.

I dont know the words. But it made me feel good all over. All over, like I never ever felt. Like H is sposed to make you feel, only I never took H. . . . it wuz like, like having a ma and a pa which I never did have, either, so how do I know? I dunno . . . anyway, like that. Like I wuz a whitechile on the TeeVee, playin in front a big ole fancy whitehouse wif a green-green yard an a bisickle all my own. An all the food I ever wanted, all the fine threads to hang on my bod, an even top of it all, Sandy Claws at XmasTime! I cried sum more then from a good kind of hurtin that I never had before. An then I said goodnite, and he said goodnite, an he curled hisself up in a corner an I went back to our front apt. Not about to tell anyone about him; just like he said. An another thing: Benjy is my new name, he said. Well, sounded like Benjy, in my head. Call me Benjy, he said, For we are brothers, you and I.

\* \* \* \* \*

My good group wuz kind of quiet when I come in. All of a sudden I smell set-up and I look around at everybody who is now shut up tight -- like they'd been discussin me, see? An it comes to me that mebbe they wuz. Mebbe Action took a lot more onto hisself than just makin weekend plans. Mebbe my rule on H an other junk made me a few enemys an Action saw his chance when I give it to him, an grabbed the ball. Cant blame him, I woulda done the same in his



shoes. Still an all, I gotta keep him in his place or take him off. Cause he would never leave by hisself. I look at him. Action is most quiet. Then, "Tomorrow we hit the chocolate car," he says. I look around, see everybody happy with the weekend plan. "OK," I says. But later, every body sleeping but me, I all rapped up in my blankit, layin awake a long time, thinking. Just before sleep come, I felt Benjy touch my mind an look inside . . .

And morning come -- Action is gone. He dont come with us to the yards. He aint inna house. He aint nowhere and I kin guess what happened to him. He met up wif Benjy for the 2nd and last time. A few days pass and I know that soon Benjy will sing me another song. Time goes slow, first time in my life that I notice it so.

And soon -- well it aint zackly time for the song yet, but I got to go anyway. A hurtin inside me, needing to see my bro again, to hear him sing me my speshul song. So one afternoon when nobodys home I pick my way thru the garbage full hallway to the back apt. an I open the door. There he is, all beautiful, curled up inna corner. And all around him, is bones. Funny kind of bones. Not like what you git from freight yard meat. He smelled funkier'n ever. But somehow, his own smell so it wuz OK. From the life, like I remembered him. He uncurls, rolls out full-length onna floor. Takes up lotsa room. Opens his arms and I go into them like goin to that home at last. The one onna TeeVee. Where I be the onliest chile of the richest folks inna whole world. Benjy cuddles me an tells me I must eat more. I must get fat. I be too skinny for him now, he says. I allus wuz bony, I tell him. You never complained before!

Never noticed before, he say. Dont cry. It dont matter how your own bones stick out, youare -- you gone bring me food thisnight. So I can -- I kin sing to you an make you fat.

Some diet, I tell him laffin. He laffs too. A deep growl, comfortable and happy. It is very late that nite when I get back to my blankit.

Next day, copcar come round the block, lookin for cops what disappeared last nite. Cops wuz ridin they beat wif armor an car. All disappeared. Found car all broke up, in empty-empty lot three bldgs. down from ours. Now, comes copcars by the millyuns. And while they lookin round, and cordoning off the blocks, and makin curfews, three more cops disappear. Footcops. Us kids, we hear their buddys talkin.

"Harris, Burns and Corelli," sez one cop, "They were with me, we were checking out 412, you know, the dump on the corner." Hey! He callin my former dwellin place a dump? Must be bandined by now, for sure. So. Cops vanished in ole 412 . . . "I was in the front first-floor livingroom -- they went down the hall -- and they never come out." Cop's voice even more uptight than usual. I haveta laff, along wif Jerk-Off, my new number two man. He aint as good as ole Action was, but he do OK. He is only 12 like me. We call him Jerk-Off cause thass whut he like best, better'n reel pussy. He a little retarded but hell, he'll grow up soon enuff. Meanwhile -- "Jerk," says I, "looky ther and tell me, if that dumb honky cop aint the whitest whiteman you ever did see." Jerk takes a look thru a chink in the board-up window of our ho-tel.

"He whiter than white," he agrees wif me. "Looks like he just got washed



in Duz." Mebbe so, but aint nuthin take away whiteman odor, tho. Us, we only funky. Them, they downright stink. Wonder howcome Benj-Jacky-O picks them to chew on. I sure couldn't if I wuz him. The funkiest soul bro would make better eatin.

All week copcars come an we git news from our newest raydeeo. A PanicSon-ic or sumpin, one of them Jap kinds:

"The greatest manhunt in United States history proceeds at this moment in Harlem, with massive house-to-house searches conducted within the 12-block radius where the slain policemen's mutilated remains were found yesterday. The entire area has been cordoned off and police are checking zoos and circuses all over the country. The killer, police say, is an animal and a large one; that much has been established from track marks found in the lot where Patrolman Randolph's remains were located. More on this the top story of the hour after this word from your big A, the store with more--"

"Whooo-eee!" says Jerk, lookin sick. I laff, tho I dont feel to hot right now either. "Come on now, Jerk,: I says, to give him some heart, "they lyin as usual. Massive house-to-house search -- you seen a cop come in this here front door?"

"No man. But--"

"And aint we bin doin extra-good by the yards?" I go on, quick, talking as much for myself as for him. He has to admit, we bin doin great ever since last week. Yards are practickly empty now. We dont even hafta cut with Whitey for our loot. Whitey dont like to prowls them big empty-empty yards by nite nomore. I looks at my number-two -- is he buying this shit? He better, or --

Not only does he buy it, but he hands me one better. "Well sure we bin doin good. Dont ferget, Adam, we is only chillun, 'cording to the fuzz. Joo-ve-niles." He is rite, by god and allah, that splains a lot of our success rite there. We is chillun. Cops see rite thru us, like we is nuthin. Like the nite Jacky-O wuz kilt, cleaner'n a goddam whistle xcept for his H, and us standin around under the honky fuzzfeet wif jewels up the ass and outa our ears. And it aint reely that fuzz is stupider'n the rest of folks -- hell no. Cops got 3 strikes against them to start with: One, they white. Two, they cops -- an three, they grownups. They dont even notice us slippin in and outa the one bandined house they dont think to search. Even when they lookin straight at us, its like they dont see us. If it wasn't fer them 3 strikes, I'd figure it wuz Benjy somehow, making us invisibul. But Benjy dont need to do that. We allus been invisibul. Yeah, an it useta feel funny, bein invisibul in skool and all. Teecher lookin everywhere but at me wif my hand up, tryin to anser her stupid questions. Now, it dont feel bad no more. Now, it feels good. Perteckted . . . so now that Jerk's got his heart back, I kin go...

I slip into backroom apt. now, most ever nite. Benjy gettin big! "Hey Benjy man. Soon you gonna bust rite outta here," I tell him. "You better go on anuther kinda diet. You gettin fat!"

Well-- not zackly fat. Just big-like -- dig it, like he wuz growin, or -- or filling out from a long long time gone hongry. He moved around an under him all the bones crunched, so damn many bones now, an the smell was strong! He look at me wif big eyes and smiles wif they sharp-sharp teeth. Teeth now,

red-stained. "How'd Corelli taste?" I ask him. He grins, red drips onto filthy floor.

"Good," he says. "Come here, bro. I have a story for you now." And I lay in his big arms, happy, while he rocks me back and forth like a lil baby, a crumb-crusher. All tightness inside me meltin like snow under rain. And without talking none, he tells me all about hisself.

Seems he come from some star, up in sky. I ferget the name he calls it, only its reel far away. But I unnerstand. "You come from Heven," I say. Cause after all he wuz dead once. He say, no. He come from star. "What's the diff?" I ask. Aint star in Heven? He laffs, sez I am very young and innocent. I am like his pet, as well as his ticket to eats, but like he sez, I cannot help it, not understanding. He talks diffrent now, talking in my head -- but he is still Benjy. What he is not now and never wuz at all, I know now, wuz my bro. Jacky-O. Jacky-O is still dead and never did come back to me and I know that now but I dont care about any of it.

Becuz Benjy promised. He promised he would never leave me, never leave me the way Jacky-O did. Mebbe I'm like he sez, only a kind of pet to him, but even so he has been a better bro to me than my reel one ever wuz. He promised he would allus be there when I needed him, to sing to me and tell me stories like Jacky-O shoulda done, only he wuz too busy shootin H. Benjy even swore that he would never shoot H.

"It is poison," he says. "But I, I cannot eat whitemeat anymore, since there is no more whitemeat in this area." His voice is quiet and sort of sad. "I unnerstand, don't you little Adam-12?" Well sure I do. Dumb group of mine, three of them is still on the junk and didnt I tell him? Didnt he per-  
sonal me from Action's takeover, in fact thass ole Action's skull wif the front  
knocked out, I'd know it anywhere, there it is decorating the middle of  
the floor. So junkies is his meat too -- they aint no more cops fer him to  
eat -- sure I unnerstand. Long as them arms of his is around me, keeping me  
so inside-warm, I unnerstand everything, even things they dont teech in them  
dumb skools. Things like stars, and folk like Benjy comin from them stars ...

\* \* \* \* \*

A long time later. Many days I think. Jerk-Off has been the last to go. Now I am All Alone, xcept for Benjy. An copcars still prowlin outside the perimeter they set up, they close, but not close enuf for Benjy and I dont think they ever gonna leave. Benjy called for help from his frends inna star-ship goin round this planet but they will not get here in time. He is alone now, too. As for me, my group is all gone now down Benjy's stomach, and I am the last one left. Benjy wanted to go, to take his chances out there wif what he calls his psycho-camouflage only I tole him no, I reminded him of whut he promised me, never, never leeve me . . . he looked at me kind of sad, then very sad, like he sorta read my whole life, an he said, "But," and I said, "I know," and we left it at that, we both know that he has to eat or die.

So, soon now I must go in that back apt. Benjy promised me a song. He tole me he sing to everbody, even to cops, to get them where he wants them, in his stomach. Good Benjy. He luvs peeples, black an white. He tole me so. Benjy luvs peeples. An I hear him calling now. He is singing to me. Singing that of all the peeples, he luv me best. An I know, I know he means it. An I'm not sorry, not anymore. . . . #####



Last year, four days before Discon II, and immediately prior to a NESFA meeting, David Stever (a highly active member of accident fandom) while racing to answer the doorbell, smashed his head on the top of a Terminus doorframe and was laid low.

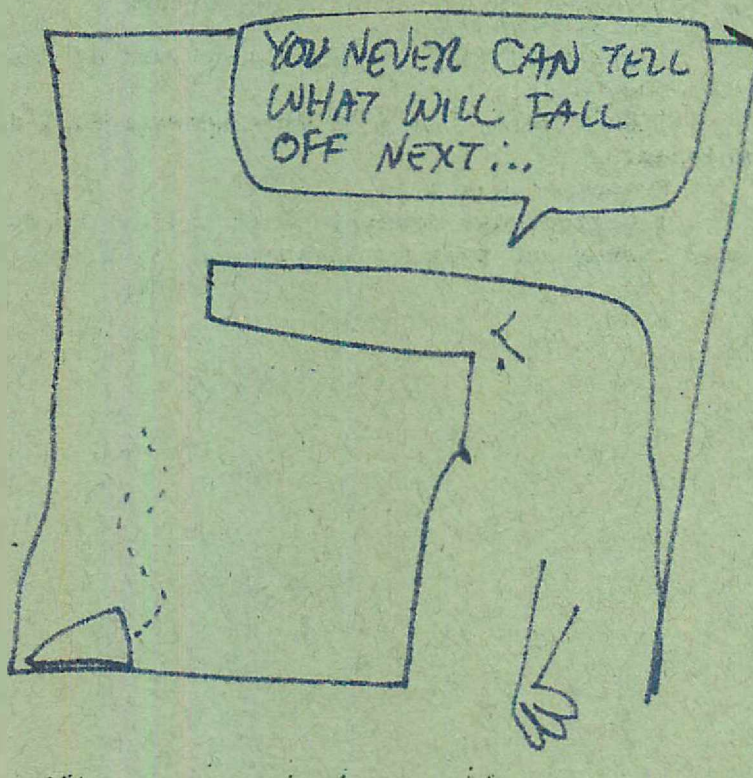
After this spectacular incident, which was attended by what appeared to be hundreds, many of our friends asked David what he would do to top his stunning performance.

This year, just before Aussiecon (just to keep the continuity flowing) so as not to disappoint his many fans, David gave a Command Performance:

*"It's Alright Mrs. Stever, He's Only CRUSHED It!"*



*A True Life Adventure by Kris*



Thursday afternoon at Little, Brown. I was up on top of a ladder searching the top of a cabinet for a piece of jacket art that wasn't there. It had never been there. It never would be there. In fact, the only way it would have been there is if I hadn't looked there for it. I am not fond of man-made heights, and the ladder I was using (one of those civilized jobs that double as umbrellas) was not designed to change my mind any. When I got down, Jordie, my office mate, was waiting for me.

"I've got some bad news for you." she said.

"Oh, what?"

"David's had an accident."

Dave Ford's office is next on the right and I couldn't imagine why Jordie was telling me that he's hurt himself.

Then she said, "His office just called. They weren't sure which hospital he was going to and I told them that if it wasn't Mass General to call me right back."

I realized then who she was talking about, and shuddered at the thought of David having to go to Boston City Hospital. Boston City is fine if you're fatally wounded or been shot or knifed or are od-ing on H or anything like that, mostly cause you're too sick to notice if they do something wrong.

"What happened?"

"They weren't too clear. I think he cut his finger off."

Thursday. I had a large roast of beef thawed out. Potatoes washed, biscuit batter mixed and people invited for dinner.

I called Acme book bindery and spoke with Mrs. Paresi, the boss's wife. She told me that she hadn't seen exactly what had happened--something about how blood makes her nervous--but that David had just gone off to Mass General in a police car. She was using that reassuring voice that people always use when they are afraid that you'll panic. She managed to imply that David had cut off his arm.

By then I was starting to panic. I called my friend Neil and told him to call the other dinner company and cancel. I also told him what had maybe happened. Then I tried to call my mother to see if she would drive into Boston and take us home, because no matter what David had done, I didn't want to have to deal with the train.

Her line was busy.

I tried to call the emergency ward at Mass General.

They didn't answer.

I did manage to reach my father at work and he agreed to drive in from Waltham.

By now it was 4:30.

I called Mass General again and got through. I told emergency that I was Mrs. Stever and that my husband had just been admitted with a cut.

They were singularly unimpressed, and in fact slightly incredulous at the notion that someone would be sent to the emergency ward with only a cut until I mentioned that it was an industrial accident and that from what I could piece together from the various stories, he'd cut off his arm.

They connected me in a real hurry.

When I got through, the nice man who answered the phone very helpfully checked the admissions list and told me:

"It's alright Mrs. Stever, he's only crushed his hand."

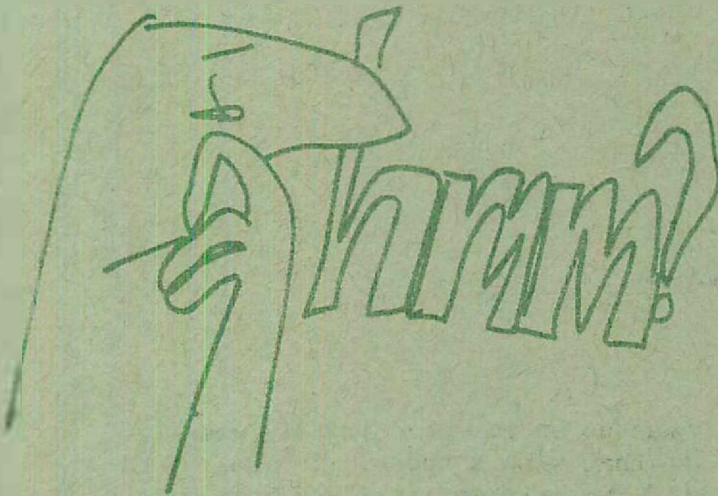
Somehow, I thanked him politely, I even managed to sound reassured...

Neil decided to go with me. I was very grateful.

We made it to Mass General in five minutes, then we stood around the emergency ward waiting for someone to tell us what to do next. While we stood there, my father arrived, and though we were not on speaking terms, I was very glad to see him.

The desk was still convinced that David had crushed his hand, and though he was probably still in X-Ray, I should go to minor surgery and wait for him.

I did.





The first thing I saw was David's boss. He was standing just inside the door, clutching a newspaper in his hand and rocking back and forth on his heels. I think I said hello to him first, I'm not sure.

David was across the room sitting on a bed, a shit-eating grin on his face, and one finger wrapped in gauze and held tightly.

I asked what had happened.

David, obligingly leaving in all the gory details, explained to me all about his dispute with the bindery paper cutter.

I was not thrilled.

In fact, since I was pretty sure that David really was safe, and that he hadn't lost his hand or arm or even crushed them, I was suddenly furious at how badly he'd scared me.

Quietly, and in even tones, I began to curse and scold and threaten, promising that if he ever did anything like that again I'd beat him black and blue.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw David's boss relaxing. Mr. Paresi had been under a great strain. It seems that David is nearly the same age as Buddy Paresi's oldest son (who also works in the bindery) and Buddy was having an acute attack of "That Could Have Been My Son!". Of course, David wasn't his son, but only an employee, and a 'young person' to boot so that Buddy had to be supportive and strong, doubly so because I was there and everybody knows how easily girls panic. All in all, Buddy felt visibly better as I administered the tongue-lashing that he wanted to.

Buddy and I were ushered out of surgery when the doctors arrived. (They too knew all about how we laypersons make each other nervous at the sight of blood) I took Buddy to where Neil and my father were waiting. Now I am willing to bet that Buddy has never in his life been overjoyed to meet a black person, but when he realized that wasn't the only 'adult' responsible for us, he was ecstatic.

The doctor people finished up at 8:30 that night and returned David to us with a cast and lots of bandages. He looked quite pitiable, but overcame his helplessness shortly.



The phone company--after it had been explained to them that the situation was an emergency and that if David burnt the apartment down because he tried to cook lunch the Governor's house was only two houses down (slight exaggeration)-- decided to install a lovely red-and-green phone on Friday immediately following my call.

And now, David's even growing a fingernail back--contrary to medical prediction, and things are more or less normal. However, don't anyone ask what he's going to do for next year.

### An Epic Fantasy Tale.

Once upon a time, far, far, away, there lived a fairy princess. Her name was Melisandre and she lived by the sea. She was very fond of home despite the frequent invasions by the dreaded Flally tribe, who lived across the sea. These invasions came once a month and never had the invaders been repulsed, in even the oldest citizen's memory.

This month, Melisandre had thought of a plan whereby she hoped to deliver her hapless people. She herself would go down to the sea when the invaders landed and with her superior intelligence, frighten the barbarians away. Of course, her incredible ugliness might have something to do with the repulsing of the enemy tribe.

Unfortunately, the enemy tribe had other standards of beauty. Also others standards of spelling, thus, in the wink of an I, they elected to stay in the besieged town, and the rest of the country, as well, vassals of the Lady Melisandre. When she filled them with drugged wine, they became vessels of the Lady Melisandre...

This epic fantasy will be continued one of two ways- either when I have a nearly empty page, or if you, the reader, feels inspired to write the next part.. The first two paragraphs are by Krissy and YHOS, and the third paragraph is by Asenath Hammond-Sternbach.



# APA NAPKIN

ISSUE #1

NEGLIGENT REVENGE ... JERRY  
KALFMAN  
(or Turgid, significant PROSE in a  
lighter vein x)

SWEDISH MEATBALL ... MIKE  
CARLSON

ICED GREEK COFFEE - KISSY

THE LONG ARM OF SQUID

RANDOM - DAVID STEVER

Also Starring

Andrew Porter → who asks the musical question  
"Will this be the ruin of my career?"

Jon Singer → from whom is heard "More napkins!  
more Napkins!"

Doug Hoylman → "Can't I use one of the napkins you  
haven't drawn on?"

Rick Sternbach → "Kentucky Fried WHAT, Stever?"

Asenath Hammond-Sternbach → "We can call it APA-NAPKIN

At Sirôis → "You Turkey!"

# DISCLAVE

NOTE: NAPKINS PROVIDED BY THE MANAGEMENT, WHO DISAVOWS ALL KNOWLEDGE



WAPPA

APPA

PUBLISHED BY TABLES 3-4 & 5 & 6  
AT DISCLAVE





DERE DEY WAS,  
ON ALL SIDES  
FUGGHEDS EATIN  
SQUID, FUGGHEDS  
DRINKIN RETSINA  
DRAWIN ON NAP-  
KINS — SHEEET  
WHAT HAS FANDOM  
COME TO?

LEECH  
WIZARD



BLEACH WIZARD

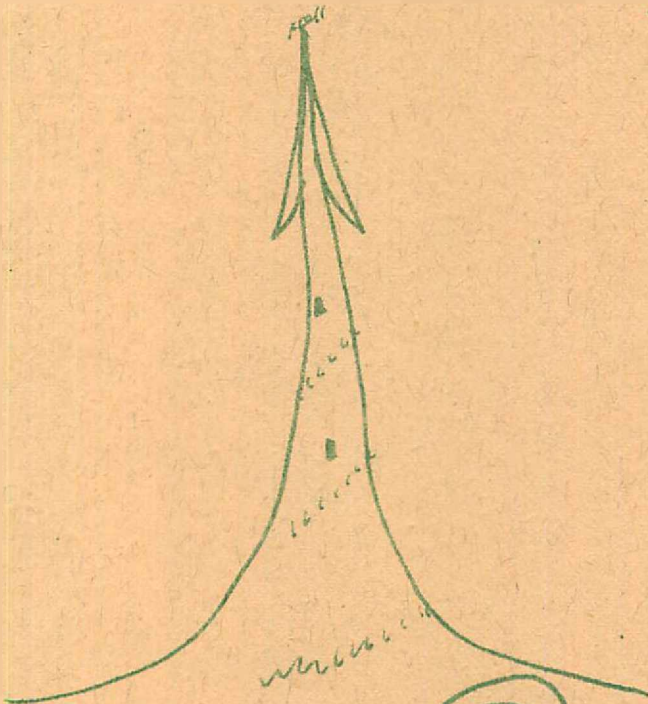


BEACH WIZARD

SERFS  
UP!



(CARISOW)

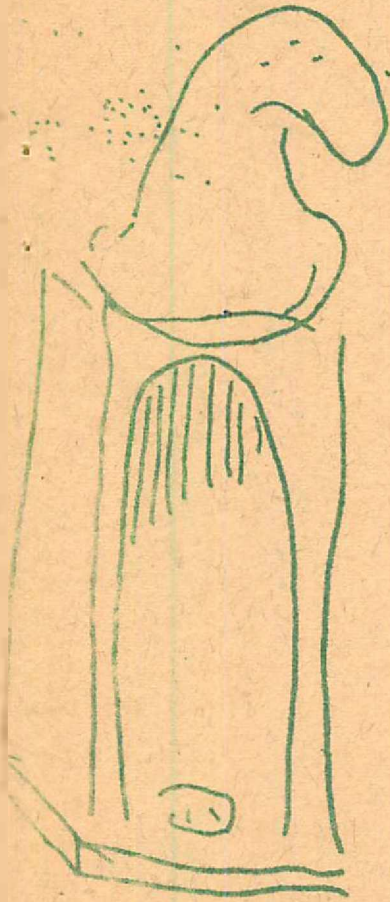
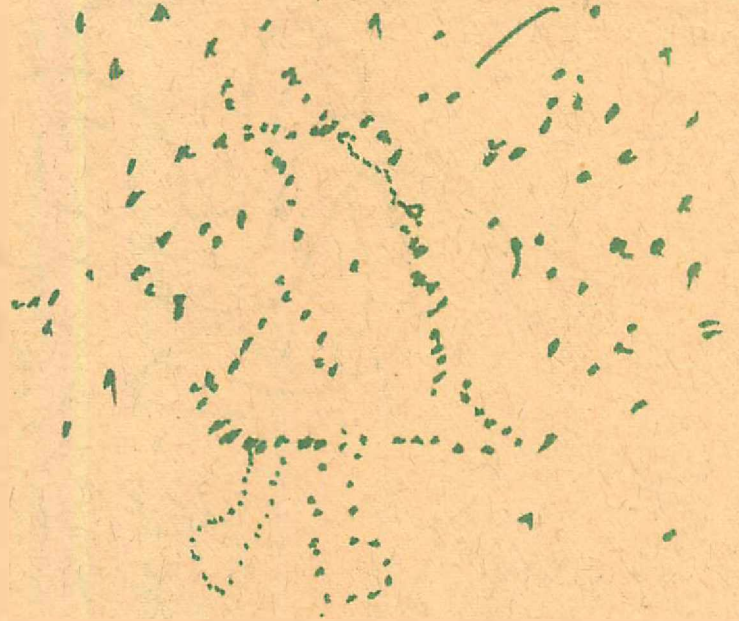


OBVIOUSLY SOME PRIMITIVE  
ARTIFICIAL SEX ORGAN...

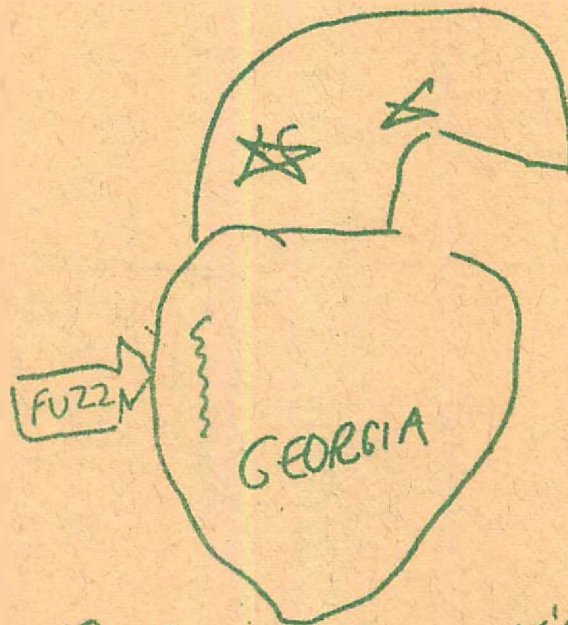
NO WONDER THE PLANET'S  
DEAD... PERVERTED EARTHLINGS:  
WHERE'S MY RUBBER GNILK?



CHEECH BLIZZARD



CHEECH  
PISSOIR



PEACH WIZARD Y'ALL

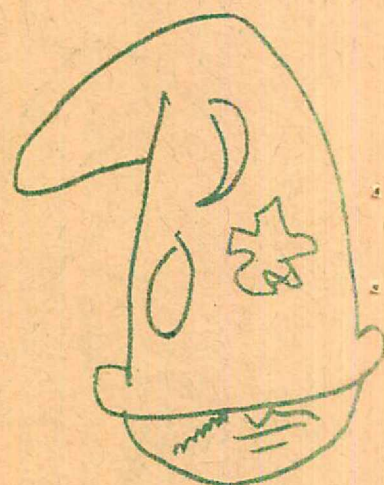
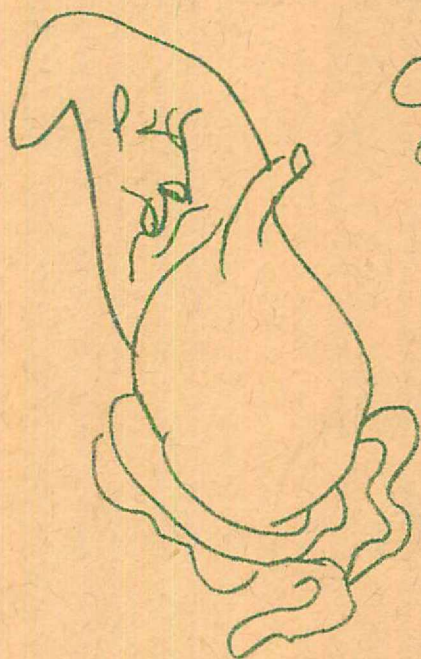


OF COURSE IT'S  
BETTER THEN  
BEING SERVED  
AT THE ASTOR

CRIPES! I THINK  
ME, A REJECT FROM A  
FRICKIN' DISNEY FLICK  
NOW I SCARE LITTLE  
BRATS AT MARINELAND



CHEECH  
GIZZARD



KEACH  
WIZARD



YOU CAN'T  
BURN YER BRICKS  
BEHIND YER BACK.

BUT YOU CAN  
BACKBURN YOUR  
BEHIND ON THE  
BRICKS! CAN'T YOU



# Drunk



# APA



I'm studying Zen  
mimeography this month  
my first 'Koen' was, "What  
is the shape of a Carlson illo be-fore  
it's drawn?"

# Turkey!

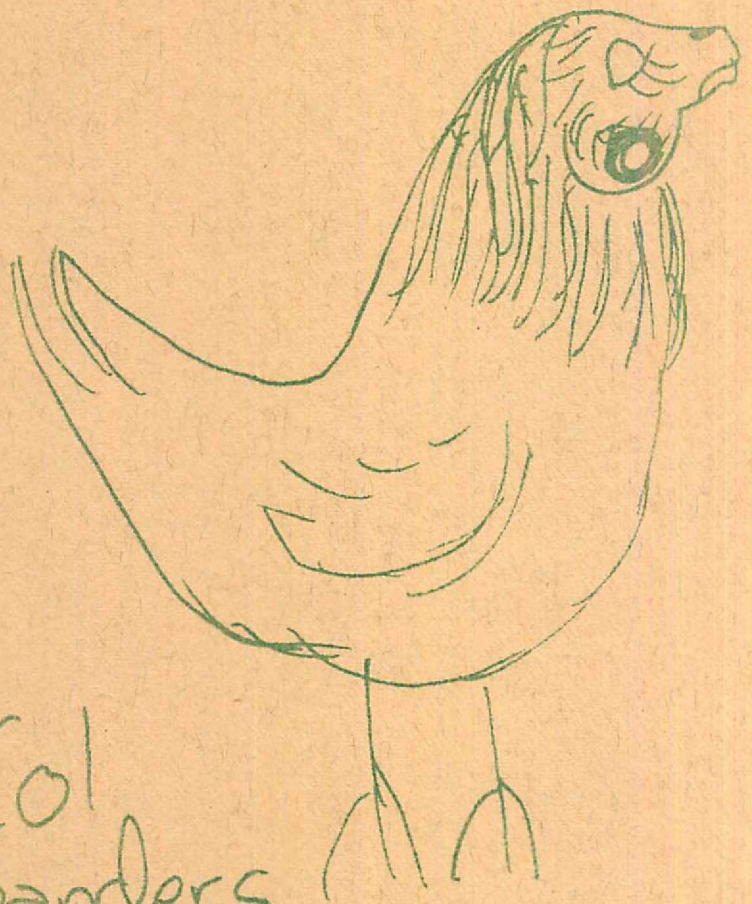
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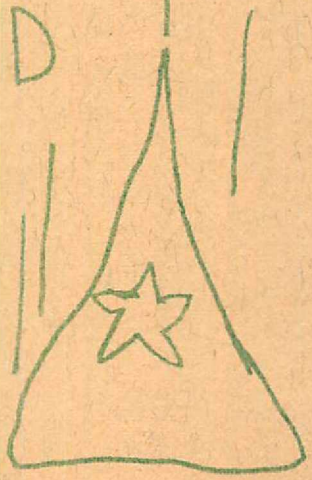


Kiss My Tailfeathers  
Stembach!



Col  
Sanders  
Kentucky Fried Denki  
Theyre Finger Flick in ' Good!

CNEECH  
BUSSARD



REACH  
WIZARD!



# In Toto!      Reviews

THE HAB THEORY. A novel by Allan W. Eckert 576 pages, Little, Brown and Company.  
Tentative publication date february 1976. Date now postponed by the jacket design approval committee

I have been told that the amount of time that a reviewer spends on a book indicates the extent to which the book has influenced their life. Well, as a designer, this book has occupied the better part of four months of my life. After that much time, there are two unconditionally good things to be said about it: 1) It was the cleanest manuscript I've seen in some time, 2) I got paid for the time I spent on it.

The plot is simple (although you must slog through a good hundred pages before you find it.)- the earth, wobbling as it is on it's axis, is going to tip over because of the build up of ice at the south pole. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on your tastes, this stunning concept is almost smothered by the soap opera-like lives of the books varied and stereotyped characters.

THE HAB THEORY does try to scientifically justify itself, and if you are willing to believe that you can fit magnum shells into a .38 calibre revolver, you will have no difficulty with the rest of the science in this story. Maybe.

This book is good for bedtime. It's also slow, boring, inane, and will not tax your mental p-ocesses. It's too bad that the head of Little, Brown's manufacturing department didn't let me put down Cordwainer Bird as the designer- I have refused to use my own name on this book.

D. Christine Benders

THE BLUE HAWK. A novel by Peter Dickinson 256 pages, Little, Brown and Company/  
Atlantic Monthly Press. Tentative publication date may 1976.

In a land where ritual is as sacred as the Gods, Tron, a boy-priest in the service of the god Gdu disrupts the high ritual of Renewal by removing the Blue Hawk;

symbol of the soul of the King. The King's soul, now unable to be renewed, must be released, and the King must die. Tron believes that he did the bidding of Gdu, and tells his superiors this, and of the signs he had. Most importantly, he told them how the Hawk had been showing obvious signs of illness, and that to give a king his bird would be to give the King a sick soul.

It is a strangely unemotional story, considering that it has a young hero, court intrigue, murder, war, and real gods. I was fascinated by the characters, and their intrigues, but at the same time, I wasn't drawn into them as I had expected to be.

THE BLUE HAWK is a well written quick moving adult fantasy; Dickinson writes with a fine sense of detail. Example- throughout the book, there are fragments of hymns. There hymns for every situation that a man could face from medical information to agronomy, and the constant interlaving of these through out the book make it read at times more like an historical novel then fantasy. It is to be hoped that his, his second Science Fiction/Fantasy novel for Little, Brown will also find it's way into paperback (Dickinson's first, THE WEATHERSONGERS, is available from DAW Books.);

D. Christine Benders

HOMEBREW. A collection of stories, humorous tales, articles, and fragments by Poul Anderson 75 pages, N.E.S.F.A. Press. Publication date february 1976

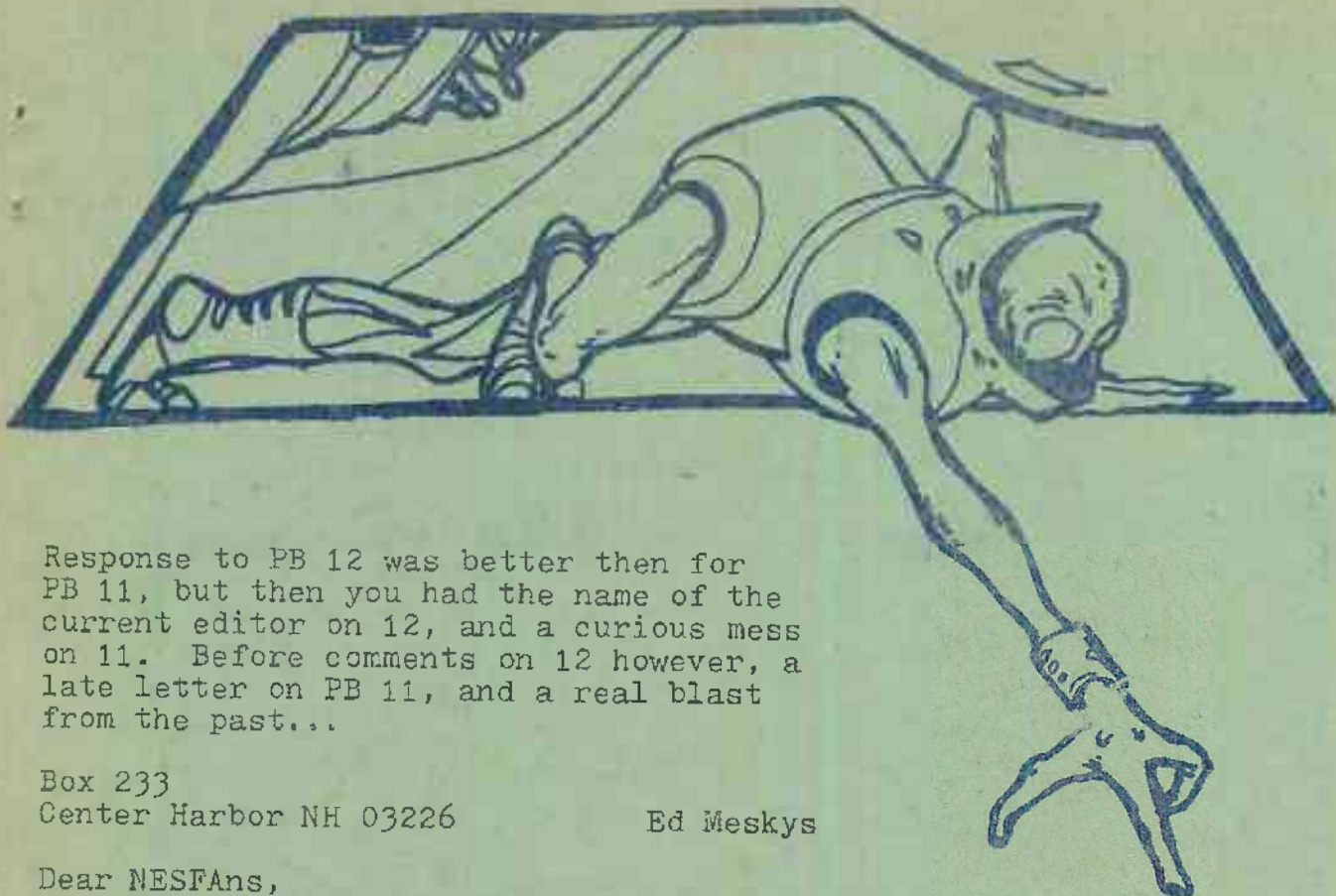
Published in connection with Poul being guest of honor at Boskone 13, this book reprints many fanzine articles for the first time, songs, limericks, and even an original short story, set in the Old Phoenix, that famous pub of his novel, MIDSUMMER TEMPEST.

The items (for surely there is no other name by which to call the things which make up this book) that I found most entertaining was Homse Rule, where Einstein met Leonardo Da Vinci, and Heloise and Abelard were reunited, one night in the Old Phoenix. Uncleavish Truethinking, where we are told the secrets of the atom, in words that are untainted Anglo-saxon. It truly reads as a comedy, and there is Lost Secrets Revealed, where we are finally told, this many years after the fact, weere all those Burma Shave signs came from...

This book is a must if you are an Anderson fan, or if you are interested in hearing what he has to say in all those fanzines that you never got.

David Stever





Response to PB 12 was better then for PB 11, but then you had the name of the current editor on 12, and a curious mess on 11. Before comments on 12 however, a late letter on PB 11, and a real blast from the past...

Box 233  
Center Harbor NH 03226

Ed Meskys

Dear NESFans,

Thanks to Ann McCutchen for taping most of the last Proper Bosk for me. I found it most enjoyable. She didn't want to tape her own story, but I got someone else to read that for me.

I would cry foul at the way the Discon business meeting was railroaded to keep the '76 Worldcon from Highmore. It reminds me of the 1962 campaign for Blanchard ND, where Wrai Ballard was, at the time.

The strange comic strip or whatever makes me think of a pastiche of Edward Gorey, especially his THE OBJECT LESSON. Was it?

//You might cry at the way the business meeting railroaded Highmore, but the committee cried when they realised how close they were going to come to winning the '76 bid. I hold that the only reason they did NOT win, was the simple process of not registering their bid. It would have been that close.



//I have never heard the story of an earlier Dakota bid (maybe this was Dakotacon 2?), as a little history project, perhaps you could tell us about it; maybe Harry Warner could tell us about it, too. The first installment of Mike Gilbert's series was dedicated to Edward Gorey, if that's any help... The reason there is no installment in this issue is that I never wrote Mike about it- maybe the next will be the last, as he hinted at. If I do get a last installment, I intend to reprint the entire series (running to some thirty pages by now, so as to give everyone an equal footing in not being able to understand what is going on.//

5408 Leader Avenue  
Sacramento, CA 95841

Laurine White

Dear Donald,

A package came from Boston with PB #5. I read it and really liked it. Artwork by Jack Gaughan, Steve Fabian, Alpajpuri, George Barr the big names. And did Ben Bova really help collate?

In the interview with Russell Seitz, the interviewer seems rather dumb. All he can say is "Well, that's interesting."

Letters- Fred Patten's letter is the only mention I've ever seen to Joan Aiken's fantasy series. RoyTac mentioned bubonic plague- now it's spreading; even scattered cases here in California. Vincent Kohler is listed in the WAHF's- he was the first fan I ever met. We both worked at the county library in Sacramento. Too bad he was sercon, otherwise Sacramento fandom could have been organized three years before Sassafrass was founded.

//This blast from the past is here because Laurine sent in some subscription money to us for PB something like two years ago, and didn't receive any PBs. I sent a set of 10 and 11, I think (it was so very long ago!), but to make this story short, two packages I sent to her got lost, and Donald (you all remember Don Eastlake, NESFA's president? yes?) sent her a copy of PB 5. I will try again, and will send her 6-13. I hope.//



24 River Avenue  
Riverhead NY 11901

George H. Wells

Dear Dave,

Started reading FB 12 before  
the plane took off- am now  
on page 8 and we are over  
someplace between Islip,  
Long Island, and Washington D.C.  
D.C. From Washington I fly  
to Nashville, TN, where  
Kubla Khan Kubed takes place!

Enjoyed your editorial on  
the adventure of the sur-  
prise appearance of the  
last issue (#11) at that  
meeting. I've been learn-  
ing mimeoing lately, and  
everytime one of my small  
two page z nes comes  
thru, the appearance is  
a surprise to me.

"Of Mice and Computers"-  
I liked the "Star Trek  
Room", and the old days  
at the mill lack only  
something for Kolchak,  
the Night Stalker to  
investigate, to his hor-  
ror. You see, besides  
being a Trekkie, I'm also  
a Nightie, a Night  
Stalker connoisseur.

"My Love Lies in the Blue  
Crater" puts me in a mood.

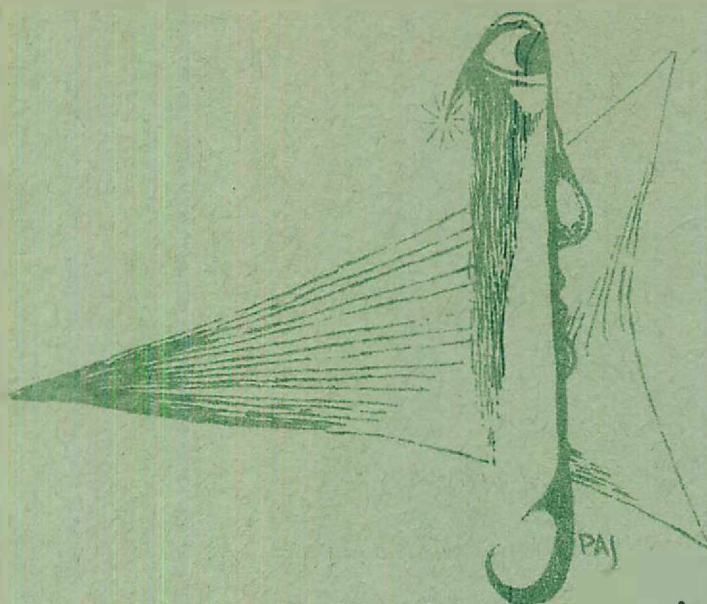
(The plane is slowing down- that gives me the same mood: 'something's  
happening'... sense of wondering. Is that smoke below me, or clouds?)

When I lick stamps with other people, they always make me lick the stic-  
ky side. "Charge-crossed Lovers" was nice. It reminded me of Howard  
Shakespeare's "Shall I compare thee to a Summer's Day? You're Hot and  
Humid." Paula Lieberman's article I read while changing planes in D.C.

In Toto has an approach that I like. At work I see books falling apart  
all the time. J. Susann's Once is Not Enough was the worst binding  
that I've ever seen. Lancer paperbacks had really poor glue, and libr-  
aries really wanted large numbers of their large print books, only the  
covers all came right off. I wonder if this glue problem contributed  
to Lancer's demise...







//Your letter is really impressive, George. Right up there in the clouds, and who do you think of, but little ole me. Your letter was even done on Park-Sheraton stationary!

I know just the people that Kolchak should talk to, at the Mill- most of them are NESFans, and all of them are flakey in some degree. He'd get along famously with them. When you are alone, licking stamps, do you get any special thrill out of licking a stamp with a woman on it? I often wonder at the number of fans who have book oriented jobs- this being

our second letter in a row from a library worker. Glad to see others looking at books and saying to themselves, "Boy, this is a rotten binding job!" It makes me feel less strange.//

423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740

Harry Warner, Jr.

Dear David or whoever,

You can't see the way I've been beating my breast over failure to write a loc on the 11th Proper Boskonian. (That's just as well, as you would agree if you knew what my breast looks like, whether it is beaten or not. It's sunk almost as badly as the Graf Spee.) So then next best thing is to send some comments immediately on the new issue. I hope this sets off forces beyond your control, like a new issue every month in the future.

All those Rotsler illustrations are the most remarkable thing about the 12th issue. I hadn't realised until I saw them all one after the other how diversified Rotsler's style has become again, after so many years when he composed variations on a theme most of the time. A few of those remind me in theme and style of the artwork that he produced for fanzines when was just becoming known as a fan artist, while others show traces of the old combined with a depth he couldn't have managed so long ago. Chances are that this issue will hold a place of honor when the Louvre or some such place gives a Rotsler retrospective early in the next century, after the mundane art world has finally discovered him.

Paula Lieberman's article was amusing and quite possibly prophetic in my particular case, because my cleaning woman specializes in visible areas and this house is going to have some things in common with the previous condition of 289 Broadway pretty soon, if this goes on. Paperback publishers hard-up for a new theme for an anthology could do worse

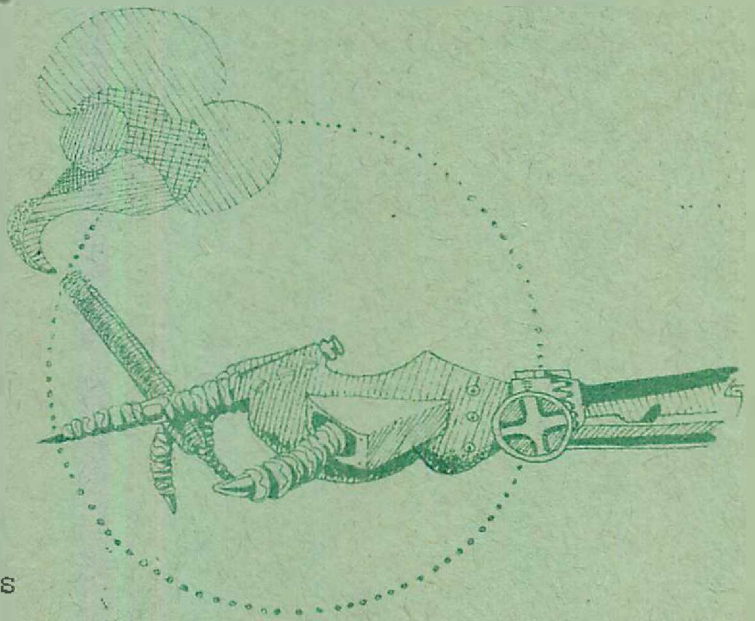


than to collect all the fanzine articles written over the years in the tradition of paula's contribution. The average reader might know nothing of fandom, but I'm sure he would enjoy enormously such items as the time neighbors mistook the New York Futurians' fanzine production session for a gang of counterfeiters and called the authorities, or the day that Claude Degler tried to get admitted to the housewarming of the Sian Shack, or the time the kitten fell into the punch at either the Munnery or Riverside Dive (I'll have to wait until the next book in my fan history series is published to find out which establishment housed that event). Something about group fan homes seems to bring out the best in writing for fanzines.

//There, there, Harry, there's no sense in beating a dead horse, or a sunken chest, for that matter. Maybe it was you who did manage to inspire me to do an issue sooner than the two years running tradition of the club election meeting, but it was also pointed out that if I got an issue out before Boskone, the Anderson Boskone Book, could be included in the review of manuscripts that appears in this issue.

The Rotsler illos are impressive, since I've always been a fan of his, and the file of his work I have is rather fat, as well as being quite varied, as the previous issue will show. I saw a review in SYNAPSE of the issue, in which Wayne McDonald wishes that he had published the cover.

There are many cute stories to come out of Terminus, like stories of the Halloween party, the cat races, and the tribulations of the male kitten to relieve the female cat (in heat. Oh boy, in heat!) of her difficulties, or the story of our court battle with the landlord. The day that John's ceiling fell down, but alas, John wasn't in his room at the time. Gee Harry, we could do that book just from Terminus stories!//



67 Norfolk street #5  
Cambridge, MA 02139

George Flynn

Dear David,

Well, I'm finally ready to loc PB 12. (You wouldn't be so perverse as to have fouled up the yearly schedule and have #13 done already, would you?) As you know, I've moved into one of the less savory parts of Cambridge (I'm aware that you moved out of Terminus within 24 hours after the first night I spent down the street; is this significant?);

I've my first genuine fanzine article (for Paula- she asked me first); I've 14 page apazines in APA; NESFA for the last two months (what ever happened to that prolific fellow Stever?); and thus far I've spent 10 hours in Rules Committee meetings on the NESFA crisis. As Mike Gilbert might sum it all up: Displacement, Distraction, and Depravity!

"All artwork is by Bill Rotsler". This implies that Mike Gilbert's thingie isn't art, right? Oh, well, serves Mikie right for succumbing to galloping tuckerization.

Mary's article is fascinating, but no comments.

You've certainly got a new departure on book reviews there. Yea, verily, it is indeed unique (and to hope it stays that way). I can't agree with your analysis of MOTE IN GOD'S EYE. Building just one Crazy Eddie probe took so much of the Moties' resources as to bring an early collapse; so where are they going to get the means, not to mention the cooperation, to build a "huge fleet"? (Which, I remind you, most of them would scorn as a Crazy Eddie solution.) Even with launching lasers, it took them two centuries to reach the nearest star, and such lasers can be seen from any target system long before the ships arrive. And without the lasers, the travel time would be totally prohibitive. Don't forget also that any such expedition has to hold its population down over a long period, and this might be the most difficult of all.

A letter column consisting entirely of me and Mike Glicksohn seems to be a bit lacking in something (not in Quality, I'll admit...).



//I don't think I found out your new address until we were in Brookline, so I can assure you that your moving into our less savory part of Cambridge had nothing to do with the move. I guess since the letter was written, that you spent much more then 14 hrs handling what I consider to be the NESFA boondoggle, and your huge apazines continue. That prolific fellow of whom you speak can now be found in Minneapa, if not Apaloosa.

Faced with what the humans will obviously have to do (in the eyes of the Moties), the Moties will go onto a crash building program to get the seeds of the race away from Mote Prime before it is destroyed by the returning humans. These ships will not be as sturdy as the first, not costing as much in man-labor, and will be just something in which they can put people in coldstorage. They don't care how long it will take so long as once they get there, the race can go on. The lack of lase-



rs with which to launch doesn't enter into it- they will just be in space longer, so having scattered to the four corners of space (space would have eight corners, I think), they would then look for systems. If nothing else should pop up, like a good planet, they could always start with an asteroid civilization, like back home. The mere fact that the humans aren't going to have the guts and balls to see how obvious this Heinlein-esque (or Campbell-esque, if you will) solution is, doesn't enter into the Motie thought process. If you would like to read a story of a human race with something close to this drive to see if its seeds survive, read T.J. Bass' Star Seeder, Worlds of If, September 1969. You do realize that once the ships are beyond the system of Mote, the humans can not chase them, but in sub-light vessels themselves. There is an introductory passage somewhere in MOTE IN GOD'S EYE to the effect that man does not know space at all, but just tiny bubbles far, far apart from one another; once the moties got away from their bubble, they would be free, and nothing could ever stop them.

As to the supposed quality of the last lettercol, well I feel that I must continue to uphold my own standards (if you can't get anyone to hold your flag, you gotta do it yourself, I always says. I always says that.), and so we follow George's letter with this hastily typed missive.....//

141 High Park Avenue  
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3

Mike Glicksohn

Dear David:

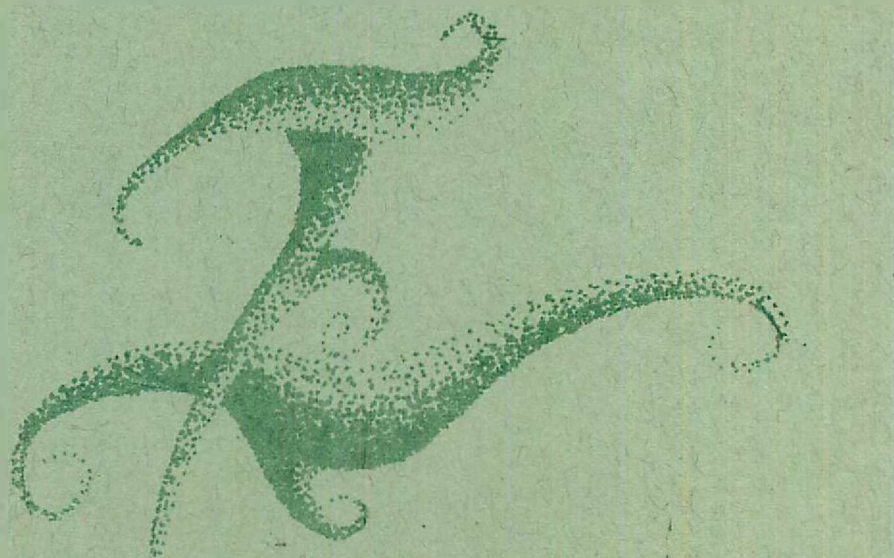
Listen, doing it once was bad enough, but twice is overstepping the bounds of propriety: It was rough enough having to publicly admit that I didn't have anything worth saying on #11, and now you come along with #12 which is equally barren of comment hooks. You are singlehandedly destroying my rep as a letterhack, David, which is a pretty severe response to my innocent suggestion that your major problem

was a lack of oxygen at the heights your head is forced to exist at. There is a lot of neat Rotsler art here, but the written stuff just doesn't lend itself to much reaction. I can sympathize with your problems as the editor of a clubzine in a club lacking the

enthusiasm and/or talent to support you and I can suggest that you go

outside the local area for your contributors, but I'm sure you've considered that already. The article about DEC was interesting, but I've nothing to add, no simular experiences to relate, no nits to pick. And I still don't understand the Gilbert strip, nor am I afzaid to admit that. Maybe Mike will explain it in words of one syllable to me sometime, since I appear to be the only person who doesn't see what is going on. I've never seen anyone review the physical book itself in such detail before. Amusing, but a one shot idea, I hope. Thanx for the ish, apologies for this inadequate response.

//It's nice to see that Michael can be overawed by so much raw talent, as was displayed to him in PB 12. I am humble about my talents, as you can well imagine, so it was a great honor that Michael dedicated an issue of his fine fanzine, XENIUM, to me, before dropping me from his mailing list. You will recall that young Michael's height permit was revoked by the City of Toronto, so he has had to exist as best he could at his ridiculous height since 1965. Michael Carlson and myself befriended him out of sympathy for his plight, and he has grown near and dear to our hearts, inspite of his faults, too numerous to mention here.//



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