





TZ is an in-group joke

P. 24A

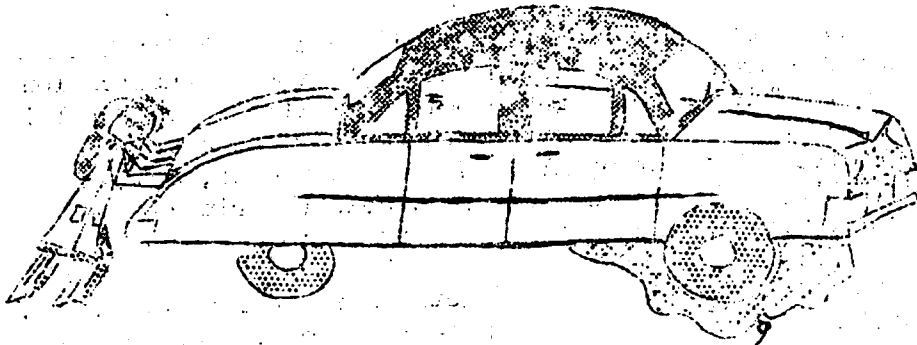
# FIT THE FIRST

(Written by Cory, because Leslie is a physics student and therefore illiterate)  
TO EXPLAIN OURSELVES.

Once upon a time, we were Freshmen and shared a Radcliffe economy double ( $\equiv$  a single with extra furniture) with two goldfish, a pumpkin named Ringo, and random Easter eggs; and we were content with our lot. Then we met Suford, a former LASFS member, who proved that fans were not all merely mythological Fabulous Monsters, and Dave Lewis (also known as the White Lewis, in order to distinguish him from Arlewis the Black), a mad philosopher (all philosophers are mad) who led us down the primrose path to MITSFS. Dismayed at first, we soon recovered our composure and set ourselves to wiping out the reigning female power bloc from Boston University, a task which we accomplished by the fiendishly Machiavellian tactic of having them marry members of the Society, most of whom subsequently graduated and moved off to such heathenish lands as Rhode Island and California. (it is claimed that Brown accepts FORTRAN for the language requirement.)

Two years have passed since then, and at last our plots have succeeded, for we now find ourselves in complete control of The Twilight Zine, and truly has it been said that he who holds TZ rules the world.\* It has, to be sure, not been all beer and skittles. There was, for instance, the time when Dave Vanderwerf was driving us wearily home after a hard evening of typing stencils. Then the oil pan (whatever that may be) decided it would be a Nice Idea to commit hara-kiri in front of Grad House. May a pox be upon it and its heirs unto the nth generation! ( $n \rightarrow \infty$ ) As we pushed the bleeding hulk into a convenient parking space, there was revealed to me a blinding vision of the future. When the last of our oil resources have been drained dry, they will be replaced neither by atomic fuel nor by solar power, but rather by good old-fashioned slave labor!

## THE BLEEDING HULK




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\*From the Old English: Hwa Tir-Sigel weardath, worold rixath. It is interesting to note that, since the Anglo-Saxons used the sound of 'z' only intervocally, it was necessary for them to pronounce the first letter of the word 'Zine' as the voiceless equivalent. --CJS



The President  
Republic of the Upper Volta

August 9, 1965

Monsieur:

Nous nous signalons qu'à la reunion du 5 août, 1965, la Société de Fiction Scientifique du Massachusetts Institute of Technology a voté de vous envoyer son meilleurs voeux à l'occasion du cinquième anniversaire de l'indépendance de votre république.

Je vous prie d'agréer, Monsieur, l'expression de mes sentiments très cordiaux.

Leslie J. Turek

President du Comité d'Affaires  
Etrangères  
Société de Fiction Scientifique  
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

Quartenary officers include the Plant (no doubt in compensation for its having failed to defeat Arlewis for the office of Onseck), and Official Second. The latter is the honorary title given to the ~~poor/sucker~~ member of the Loyal Opposition who is chosen to run against the official slate of candidates. At any rate, that is what the Society is given to think. For all we know, the carefully hidden truth may be that the Society is in fact a democracy.

All the characters of those earlier days have disappeared except Arlewis, who has been Libcomm since before (1) recorded history (2) the memory of living man (choose one) and has brought that committee to the position of power apparantly formerly occupied by Theftcomm. From which we may deduce that money is the root of all evil, that power corrupts, and that the way to the Institute's heart is through its pocketbook. The Institute just loves to give Libcomm money.

A more tenuous survival of earlier times is the millermotion. With the disappearance of the actual Miller, this motion has become democratized to the extent that (1) it may be made by any member, and (2) it is debatable. At one time, it was sufficient for one wishing to millermove merely to say "So move." This, however, has since attained the rank of a separate motion, although it is usually found to be out of order. The only motion which is not debatable is the motion to censure the treasurer, since it is unquestionable that such censure is at all times deserved. Such procedures form part of the Palmyra Convention, of which there ought some day to be a thorough exposition, although there probably won't.

#### TECH ENGINEERING NEWS

Undergraduate magazine at MIT....

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Compleatists and other fakefans will receive, with their subscription, free, at no extra charge (unless we can figure out a way to chisel it from you), the Nov., 1965 issue of TEN, complete with *Building Nine*, by J. Martin "Shag" Graetz, a reprint from Original Science Fiction. This story exposes, at long last, the department of magic at a great eastern institute of technology. Don't miss it if you can.

# THE VORPAL SWORD

by K.K.K. Blatherton, F.W.S.  
edited by Chez Dorr

Volume II, Book 1.

Swa leng swa wyrse.  
(Sassenach proverb)\*

Following the successful completion of the Battle of Ballyragget, Knimpfo Lady Kirkmaiden led the Briton host to a local public house to celebrate their victory for, though she'd never said it herself, 'twas a well known maxim which stated: By Crom! This killing makes a man (or gentle Lady, as the case may be) thirsty! Sir Filthy McNasty, Black Prince of Ulster, fell in readily with this plan as did Mervinus Clericus and his leman Le Fay. Even Sir Sievied of the Thicksome Skull acquiesced in deference to the wishes of his shining white horse Sam. Only Angus Mac X and Ebenezer Wyman, elders of Kirkmaiden, held back.

"For what will be the cost, my Lady?" asked Wyman, "as we appear to be appointed commissariat, will we or nyll, I'm thinking we've a right to ask."

"Ye may put your mind at ease, good Ebenezer," replied the Lady, "for 'twill cost you the same if ye join us or nae."

Thus Wyman held his peace (while the gallant Mac X grasped ever tighter to his pence) and the party wended its way down narrow streets in hopes to find, mayhap, a bit of spirit to warm their souls.

End Book 1.

Volume II, Book 2.

McNasty's to the Bar-room\*\* gone,  
High ho! says Rowley;  
McNasty's to the Bar-room gone,  
He'll drink all night and he'll sleep at dawn,  
With a Rowley, Powley, Gammon & Spinach,  
High ho! says Antony Rowley.

Pray Barmaid come and bring Good Cheer!  
High ho! says Rowley;  
Pray Barmaid come and bring Good Cheer,  
& fill up my Flagon with a Gallon of Beer!  
With a Rowley, Powley, Gammon & Spinach,  
High ho! says Antony Rowley.  
(Irish Peasant Dance)

---

\* Translations are available, but not readily--CD.

\*\* This is not to be confused with the term "Barsroom," used by a minor contemporary of Dr. Blatherton to express a somewhat different concept--CD.



Having arrived at Blubber Murphy's 400 Club & Dirty Grille, the Briton folk, still in armour, betook themselves to a great table round and sat themselves down. In half a trice the barmaids appeared bearing mighty flagons of Penny Dreadful, "The Ale of Heroes," which, you may be sure, their guests made good use of! All that was lacking were Pizza Pies which, alas, had been outlawed in the British Isles only a few years previous.

Howsomever the party waxed joyful and, 'tho sad to report it, some of the members exceeded their capacity; Sir Sievied being the first when, with a mighty crash, he fell full-tilt from his chair landing (luckily, as Knimpfo later reported, for otherwise he might have been hurt) squarely on the head. Sir Filthy McNasty, himself not far behind in the gorget-play, could not resist the opportunity whereupon he opened his mouth and spake:

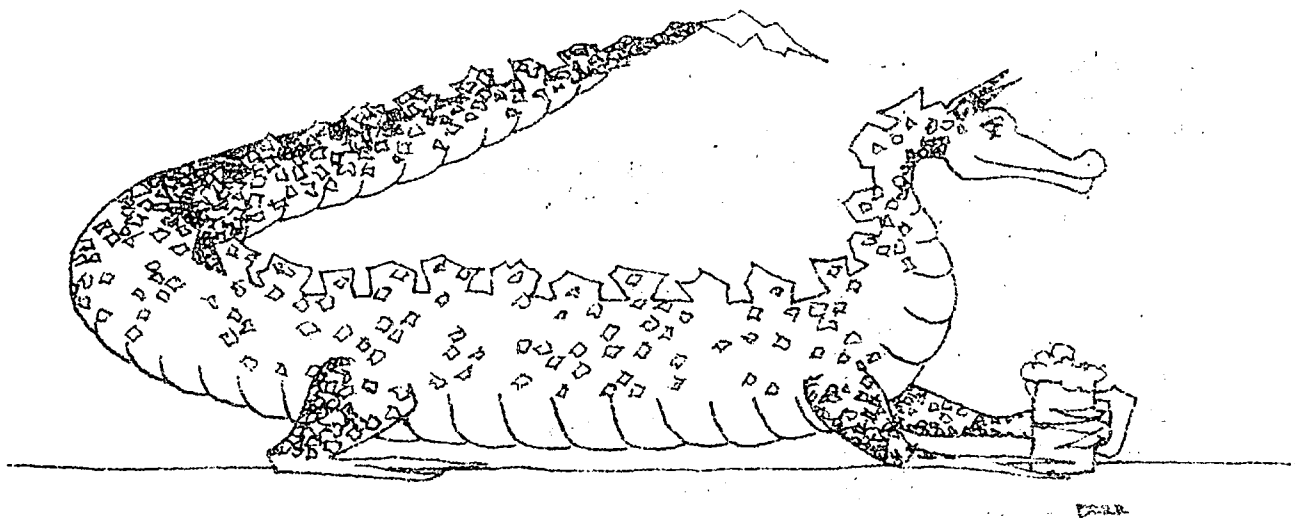
"Haro, Sir Sievied, I see that thou wert in the Siege Perilous this night!"

A black look from the Lady Kirkmaiden, however, put him back in his own place as he realized how perilously near he himself had come to breaking certain geasa and thus Sievied was allowed to regain his seat in embarrassed silence as Sir Filthy returned his attention to his not yet emptied stankard\*.

A few brimming cupfuls served to restore Sir Sievied's spirits (or vice versa), however, and he soon bethought himself of a new (or almost new; the clerk Mervin had heard it somewhere several days previous the battle, but he had told it to none save Sievied and Le Fay) conundrum:

"Can'st tell," quoth he, "the exact capacity of Sir Filthy McNasty's commodious flagon?"

Knimpfo, through divers arts, was able to ascertain the correct answer almost immediately but, in deference to the others' sensibilities, she held her



\* This odd term shows up again and again in Blatherston's writing. It appears to be some sort of portmanteau word designating a container for inferior or foul ale. In reading Blatherston's works it must be remembered that he was at one time under the influence of Dodgson--CD.



tongue. Sievied was delighted: here at last was a conundrum that was not answered immediately! He savoured his triumph for a moment and then cleared his throat. . .

Luckily for the peace of mind of those attending there suddenly arose a great commotion! Screams and shouts were heard in the vestibule! Then the local lakedragon dramatically\*\* entered the tap-room! Thankful for the respite, Knimpfo invited the worm to their table and a good time was had by all save Sievied who, during the excitement, had forgotten the answer to his riddle.\*\*\*

End Book 2.

### Volume II, Book 3.

It has always been a well known fact that if a lake should be displaced its dragon must follow after it. Unfortunately, though, dragons possess a generally poor sense of direction and must therefore sieze upon some poor traveller to guide them. As example a British force campaigning in Leinster had indirectly caused the displacement of Killarney Lake to Co. Kerry, Munster; chancing upon them in a local pub Killarney's dragon asked politely, as is the way with well-bred dragons, if they might conduct him to his new home. As he had been previously acquainted with the Scottish witch who appears to have been the Briton's leader, he caused them no more trouble than to take them somewhat out of their way. . .

### Historia Hiberniae.

The Lady Knimpfo, who had become somewhat attached to the dragon, was actually quite delighted to go with him to the South. For after all, she explained to the others, we canna' make our way ham' during winter an' besides I've a mind tae see the country. Thus she made ready for travel, leaving off her armour as they had a dragon as well as two brave knights to guard them on the South Road the next morning.

Mac X was discontent. The road was wide and most pleasant, but it seemed to him they stopped at every ale-house along the way if only to assuage the Knight M<sup>c</sup>Nasty's magnificent thirst and, moreover, there was always trouble at night with innkeepers who ubiquitously seemed to regard the dragon as a pet and, if they did not refuse lodging outright, somehow always managed to charge a little extra for him. Na'theless the travellers did well and had in not too many days reached County Cork, Munster.

Here they stopped to rest.

End Book 3.

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\*\*There have been no recorded instances of dragons entering in any way other than dramatically. --CD.

\*\*\*After much scholarly rezearch, it has been suggested that a possible answer to this conundrum might be two demijohns. Then again it might not. --CD.

When scholars discourse, the air oft is heated; which is a boon in winter.

(Restroom graffiti, Trinity College, Dublin.)

In the village where the travellers had stopped there happened to be, as was usually the case, a most delightful public house yclept Sweeny's à Go-Go: Discotheque. As was also most usually the custom, the Briton folk found themselves within and, with the aid of some spirit ('tho Sievied himself preferred beer), were soon rejoicing their situation when they noted seven rather diminutive gentlemen, bedecked in dark reddish jackets and three-cornered hats, quietly conversing at a corner table.

"University lads, 'tis most likely." quoth the Lady Knimpfo.

They were not university lads. They were cluricauna and their names were Scholasticus, Sigma, Salviatus, Simulacrum, Simplicius, Rogatula and Adam Scrivener. Sievied could not resist asking them his favourite conundrum.

Sievied: Riddle a riddle good sirs: why must the lowly chicken cross a road such as might lie in his path as, par exempla, the road which runs past this very ale-house?\*

Rogatula: What is the chicken's name?

Sievied (after deep thought): Yfaith! Now thou hast asket I must confess I do not know. But answer me anyway for I am accounted wise by my fellows and actively seek knowledge.\*\*

(At this point Knimpfo, normally reserved, bursts out laughing. [Soprano.] )

Simplicius: Pertelot.

Salviatus: Excuse me.

Simp.: Pertelot must be the chicken's name.

Adam Scrivener: And how is this name Pertelot german to the discussion of the moment?

Simp.: Well, I like the name. . .

Adam: That is not sufficient reason for the chicken's name to be Pertelot. It must be Fred, for that is easy to spell.

Rog.: But is not Fred a gentleman's name? And is not a lady most normally understood by the appellation "chicken"? And are you ever going to learn how to spell words of more than four letters?

Sal. (aside): Or use words of more than four letters?

Adam: Bite the bag.

\* This scene, in dialogue, was undoubtedly written under Wagner's influence. The parts are meant to be sung--CD.

\*\* His fellows had a somewhat different opinion on these matters--KKKB.

Scholasticus: Tut, gentlemen, Rogatula's question is a good one. Tell me, Sassenach Knight, is it of relevance to the question that the chicken be a lady chicken or a gentleman chicken?

Siev. (who was really a Continental Jute but did not know it): No. Er. . . at least I do not think so. . .

Simp.: But in that case the answer must surely be that a lowly chicken, especially a chicken named Fred, must cross a road to get to the other side.

Siev. (mirthful within): No. . .

Schol.: For remember, Simplicius, that our guest did not say it had to be the road outside that is to be crossed; it could be any road that pleased the chicken.

Simulacrum: Oh, yes, O learned sage!

Schol. (getting up): And while, if it were this road that were in question, the chicken might be induced to cross through the fact that, while this very public house is on one side of the road the pissoir (to which I am now going) is on the other, the motivation is less clear if it be but an hypothetical road. (exit,)

Sigma: And during your absence methinks we might order a round of stout.

Simul.: Most aptly said, O Sigma!

Bar Maid: The suds will be coming most directly, my lads, but first let us see the dross for it.

Adam: Well now, an' we haven't exactly the brass at the moment but sure an' such a pretty wench as thee'll permit us to write a cheque. . .

Bar Maid: Sure an' ye've got brass to spare! It's cold cash ye'll be paying or it's devil a bit of stout ye'll be drinking!

Sal.: 'Tis pity we're not at the George and Dragon for I'd then have a reply I'd like much to use. . . (exit Bar Maid.)

Rog.: Could not a sufficient answer be that the chicken (named Fred) must cross the road because it is too far to go around?

(Sievied is aghast!)

Sigma: A clever answer, but still not sufficient. (Sievied is more aghast!) For there is still the problem of motivation: the chicken could, you know, simply spend his days by the side of the road and never cross it. But hark! Here is Scholasticus returning from his mission and perhaps he will instruct us.

Omnes: Oh I/we hope he will!

(Sievied is baffled, having never bethought him of this aspect of the problem [or of anything if the Lady Knimpfo's suspicions were correct].

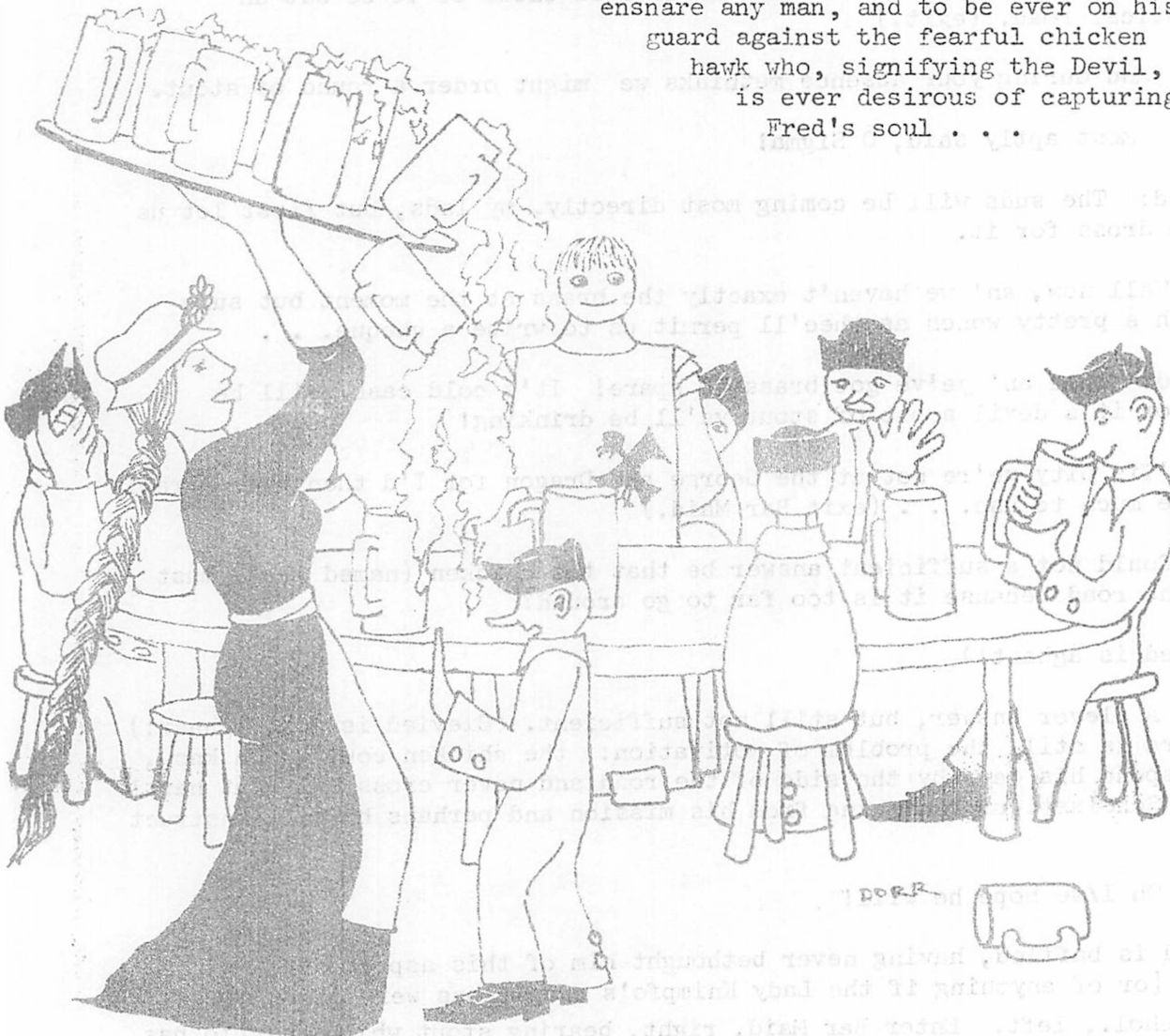
Enter Schol., left. Enter Bar Maid, right, bearing stout which Knimpfo has induced her retainer Mac X to pay for by threatening to raise his taxes.

Collide, center, causing stout to be spilled all over themselves, the cluricauna, Sievied, the floor, and creation. Exit Bar Maid, dripping.)

Schol.: Gentlemen, as I was without I observed no less than 87 chickens, 30 geese, 5 quail, 18 sparrows and a duck crossing the road and at that very moment the thought struck me that the answer to this perplexing riddle, like all true wisdom, must be in the form of an emblem which can only be to instruct us more fully of our relationship to the world and before almighty God who is so willing to transmit learning to men of sound reason as even I myself have proven to be on many an occasion...

Omnes: Oh, yes, O Scholasticus!

Schol.: Clearly it seemeth to me that the journey of the chicken named Fred is but an allegory of man. Fred himself is man, the road the life on Earth bounded by the gutters of birth and death. And Fred like any man whatever be his name and even, yea especially, and beauteous lady (bows to Knimpfo who had momentarily fallen asleep.) must cross this road taking great care to keep out of the way of wagons and horse-ponds, which signify temptation, and to avoid stepping in the manure of horses and camels, which signifyeth vice which hath power to ensnare any man, and to be ever on his guard against the fearful chicken hawk who, signifying the Devil, is ever desirous of capturing Fred's soul . . .



Sigma: Oh well, ask a silly question and you get. . .

But at that very moment the scholar was cut short by the fist of Scholasticus (who preferred that his wisdom be better received) which struck him full in the mouth and Simplicius and Rogatula (who still thought their answers better than that) soon joined the melee. Adam Scrivener, who still smarted from Salviatus' earlier aside, began his own battle with that worthy and Simulacrum, who had nothing better to do, joined in immediately. Soon the senior publican as well as the bar maid, who had initially thought to part the antagonists, were well in the midst of it and Sir Filthy McNasty, who liked nothing better than a good fight, joined in himself followed by Angus Mac X, Ebenezer Wyman, Mervin and his leman Le Fay, and the dragon. Only Knimpfo declined the action on the grounds that it was not meet for a Gentle Lady to involve herself in a tavern brawl and besides it was more fun (and safer) to watch.

At length, however, one of the combatants remembered him that it was Sir Sievied who had been the initial cause of their difficulty and, with a whoop, all rushed upon him from fifteen sides simultaneous, to wit: left, right, front, back, top, bottom, under, out, in mid, one and one half inches below the left collarbone, right (a second time), other, belly, and north-west corner. After that they all had a beer.

"But what," the peerless Knimpfo asked of Salviatus when she had finished ministering to Sievied's wounds (which were few as he had had the wit to be in his armour at the time) "is the name of this pleasant village?"

"Why surely, as everyone knows, it is Blarney Township, my Lady."

"Och," quoth Knimpfo, deep in thought, "I should hae guessed."

End Book 4.

. . .and Lord have mercy on thy soul.

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# PALANTIRI AND RINGS OF POWER

--Don Cochran

To students of arcane lore the history of the Great Rings and the Palantiri provides glimpses of powers little known today. Our only knowledge of these mystic objects comes from the Red Book of the hobbits, parts of which have been translated and published as The Hobbit<sup>1</sup> and the Lord of the Rings.<sup>2</sup> Even here, however, the knowledge is only revealed in bits and pieces. Only after much sifting of the above books has this summary been prepared.

Three Rings for the Elven-Kings under the sky,  
Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,  
Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die,  
One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne  
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.  
One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,  
One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them  
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.

## THE THREE, THE SEVEN, AND THE NINE

The Elven-smiths had always fashioned the most excellent metalwork in Middle-earth. Under Sauron they achieved, about year 1500 of the Second Age, their highest skill. Then began the forging of the Rings of Power. The Nine and the Seven were lesser rings, only essays in the craft before it reached its peak in the Three and the One Ring.

The Nine Rings were given to Mortal Men by Sauron, the chief ring being given to the Witch King of Angmar. The Witch King became the leader when the men had faded to Ringwaiths under the control of Sauron. Sauron had little power over the Seven which were given to Dwarf-lords. The only effect of these rings on the dwarves was to enflame their hearts with greed. They accumulated large stores of precious metals and stones, which eventually caused their downfall. The treasure hoards attracted dragons<sup>3</sup> and other malignant creatures. Finally the dwarves' homes were overrun and the dwarves scattered. Sauron recovered three of the rings, dragons having destroyed the others. The greatest of the Seven was the first to be forged and the last to be recovered. It had been given to Durin III, King of Khazad-dum, by the Elven-smiths. It was passed down through generations to Thrór who gave it to his son Thráin. Thráin attempted to use it to reestablish the

- 
1. by J.R.R. Tolkien, Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1937
  2. by J.R.R. Tolkien, Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1955
  3. e. g. the gold hoard under Erebor which drew the dragon Smaug, as told in The Hobbit

11

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# THE RETURN OF THE SON OF THE GHOST OF MITSFS



(Excerpts from the minutes of the MITSFS)

2/4 Yes, Virginia, there was a meeting last Friday.

Arlewis entered and snarled with aristocratic contempt that such a device [a coke machine] would attract riffraff. He was ignored.

Ward has found \$30 of the Society's funds that has been in his desk since November.

2/11 The Vengeance Fleet got Fred Isaacs.

It was revealed by mistake that our adviser is Prof. Holland, who is reportedly a former EE major teaching a course on the influences of Freud upon Shakespeare.

Vwerf: "This motion is ridiculous--therefore I urge everyone to vote for it."

MS: To congratulate Vengeance Fleet for accidenting Mr. Grossfeld.  
(We forgot to vote on this one)

Vanderwerf moved to strike the above from the minutes.

Lewis moved to strike Vanderwerf's motion from the minutes.

Moved, Seconded, to strike the minutes from the minutes.

Miller Motion on request of Phillies since he was running out of paper.

2/18 It developed, indeed, that through some error a member of the Society not an officer and through devious means gained access to the Constitution of this noble Society, and furthermore, horror, of horrors, the aforesaid member did seek to imply that an officer of the Society had been less than perfect in carrying out his duties as required by this noble document. The aforesaid member was reprimanded for having gazed upon the Constitution.

The threat was made to run off Cunningham as a stencil in the mimeo machine--to make 2000 copies of him. A question was raised as to whether the current number of Cunninghams, (4 at last report) was not already overly many.

Various people suggested alternate euphemisms for "fanzine".

Hoylman: (letter) The Tucson SFS is showing a reluctance towards being revived.

Tillman: He should try in Phoenix. It is noted for resurrections.

Lewis: This is hardly a burning issue.

We received a letter from one k\*\*\*\*th v\*\*\*\*y of the Dr\*x\*1 Inst\*t\*t\*  
\*f T\*chn\*1\*gy. He made many suggestions, which may be divided into  
three catagories: statements which were partly in error, statements  
which were entirely in error, and statements which were utterly irrele-  
vant.

At this time an attempt to reach a new record entropy level was  
made. It was repelled.

2/25 MSP (Lewis): that the Inner Belt be built to connect Brookings,  
South Dakota and Rapids City, South Dakota.

3/4 It has been discovered that Burroughs gains in translation into Italian.

In the past we have gained much experience from the APO carnival.  
This year we will take advantage of the carnival experience we have  
gained by not participating.

MI: To nominate Sekou Toure as Honorary President of the SFS that  
he might have a post to give Nkrumah when the current President of  
Ghana, whoever he may be, is deposed.

3/11 The origins of the society are not secret--only the true origins are  
secret.

MS: (mover, seconder, to be executed) To censor [sic] the Librarian  
(It was unmoved.)

M?: I yield the floor to-----

Argument ensued. It was pointed out that alterations in structural  
elements of MIT buildings may only be carried out with the approval  
of physical plant. If the gentleman lacked this permission his  
action was illegal.

3/18 MSP 11-0-1+Spehn: That the weather on our picnic day be defined as  
warm and sunny.

3/25 Because of the amount of time consumed in searching for a Temponseck,  
most of those available being either holding hands or otherwise  
disabled, the real world was seventeen minutes fast by the time the  
meeting was called to order.

Gruen accused Jansen of being a coed lover. Jansen refrained from  
defending his honor.

Mr. B'Rells was requested to take a firm stand on the anchovy question.

Several people attempted all at once to make the Miller motion but  
alas! in their overweening pride, none of them had the humility to  
second it.

#### Peaver Tail

Hold over open flame until rough skin blisters. Remove from heat.  
When cool, peel off skin. Roast over coals or simmer until tender.

# PALANTIRI AND RINGS OF POWER

--Don Cochran

To students of arcane lore the history of the Great Rings and the Palantiri provides glimpses of powers little known today. Our only knowledge of these mystic objects comes from the Red Book of the hobbits, parts of which have been translated and published as The Hobbit<sup>1</sup> and the Lord of the Rings.<sup>2</sup> Even here, however, the knowledge is only revealed in bits and pieces. Only after much sifting of the above books has this summary been prepared.

Three Rings for the Elven-Kings under the sky,  
Seven for the Dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,  
Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die,  
One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne  
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.  
One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,  
One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them  
In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.

## THE THREE, THE SEVEN, AND THE NINE

The Elven-smiths had always fashioned the most excellent metalwork in Middle-earth. Under Sauron they achieved, about year 1500 of the Second Age, their highest skill. Then began the forging of the Rings of Power. The Nine and the Seven were lesser rings, only essays in the craft before it reached its peak in the Three and the One Ring.

The Nine Rings were given to Mortal Men by Sauron, the chief ring being given to the Witch King of Angmar. The Witch King became the leader when the men had faded to Ringwaiths under the control of Sauron. Sauron had little power over the Seven which were given to Dwarf-lords. The only effect of these rings on the dwarves was to enflame their hearts with greed. They accumulated large stores of precious metals and stones, which eventually caused their downfall. The treasure hoards attracted dragons<sup>3</sup> and other malignant creatures. Finally the dwarves' homes were overrun and the dwarves scattered. Sauron recovered three of the rings, dragons having destroyed the others. The greatest of the Seven was the first to be forged and the last to be recovered. It had been given to Durin III, King of Khazad-dum, by the Elven-smiths. It was passed down through generations to Thrór who gave it to his son Thráin. Thráin attempted to use it to reestablish the

- 
1. by J.R.R. Tolkien, Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1937
  2. by J.R.R. Tolkien, Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1955
  3. e. g. the gold hoard under Erebor which drew the dragon Smaug, as told in The Hobbit

fortunes of the dwarves, but was unable to do so; the Seven needed gold to breed gold. Thrain was ultimately captured and taken to Dol Guldur. There Sauron took the ring and killed him.

The Three, the only rings untainted by Sauron were forged by Celebrimbor. When he completed the rings in Eregion about year 1590 of the Second Era, he gave them to Gil-galad, Galadriel and Cirdan, Vilya, mightiest of the Three, had a blue stone set into its gold band. Before he died, Gil-galad gave it to Elrond. Narya the Great, set with a red stone, was given by Cirdan to Mithrandir. Nenya, ring of Adamant, was carried by Galadriel. It was made of mithril with a white stone. These bearers carried the Three over the sea on the same ship that carried Frodo and Bilbo. The power of the Three had faded after the destruction of the One Ring.

#### THE ONE RING

When Sauron forged the One Ring in Orodruin (Mount Doom) about 1600 of the Second Age, he passed into it the greater part of his power. A ring of invisibility to mortals without power, the Dark Lord (and others with power of their own) could use this Greatest Ring to dominate and command all the others, even the Three. Soon he attacked Gondor and Arnor. Gil-galad, Elven-king, and Elendil of Westemnesse defeated him in the Battle of Dagorlad and the siege of Barad-dur, which ended the Second Age and their lives. Isildur, Elendil's son, cut the One Ring from Sauron's finger. Returning north, Isildur was killed, when the One revealed him to some Orcs when it slipped from his finger into the Anduin.

In 2463<sup>4</sup> the Ring was recovered from the Great River by Deagol. He was then killed for the Ring by Smeagol (Gollum), who used its power of invisibility to spy upon his neighbors. Driven from home by his grandmother, Gollum wandered. Finally, he took refuge under the Misty Mountains with the Ring.

Bilbo found the One Ring in 2941 when Gollum lost it. He used it on the rest of his adventure to the Lonely Mountain as related in The Hobbit. When he left his home, Bag End, on his 111th birthday, Bilbo urged by Gandalf, gave the One to Frodo, his heir. Seventeen years later Gandalf informed Frodo that the Ring was the One and that Sauron was seeking it. Pursued by the Ringwraiths, Frodo and three other hobbits journeyed to Rivendell. There the Council of Elrond decided that, as long as the One Ring existed, Sauron might recover it. The Fellowship of the Ring was formed to carry it to Mount Doom. This journey and the destruction of the Ring in Orodruin are told in detail in Lord of the Ring.

The One Ring was a plain gold band. Although it changed sizes without warning, the One was virtually indestructable. Fire only brought out Elvish letters which spelled out in the Black Tongue:

One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,  
One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind them

When a lesser mortal used the Great Ring to disappear, he faded somewhat, finally becoming invisible permanently. The possession of the Ring prolonged his life. However, the person did not gain life but just continued as the Ring overcame and possessed him. Those who had power of their own and used

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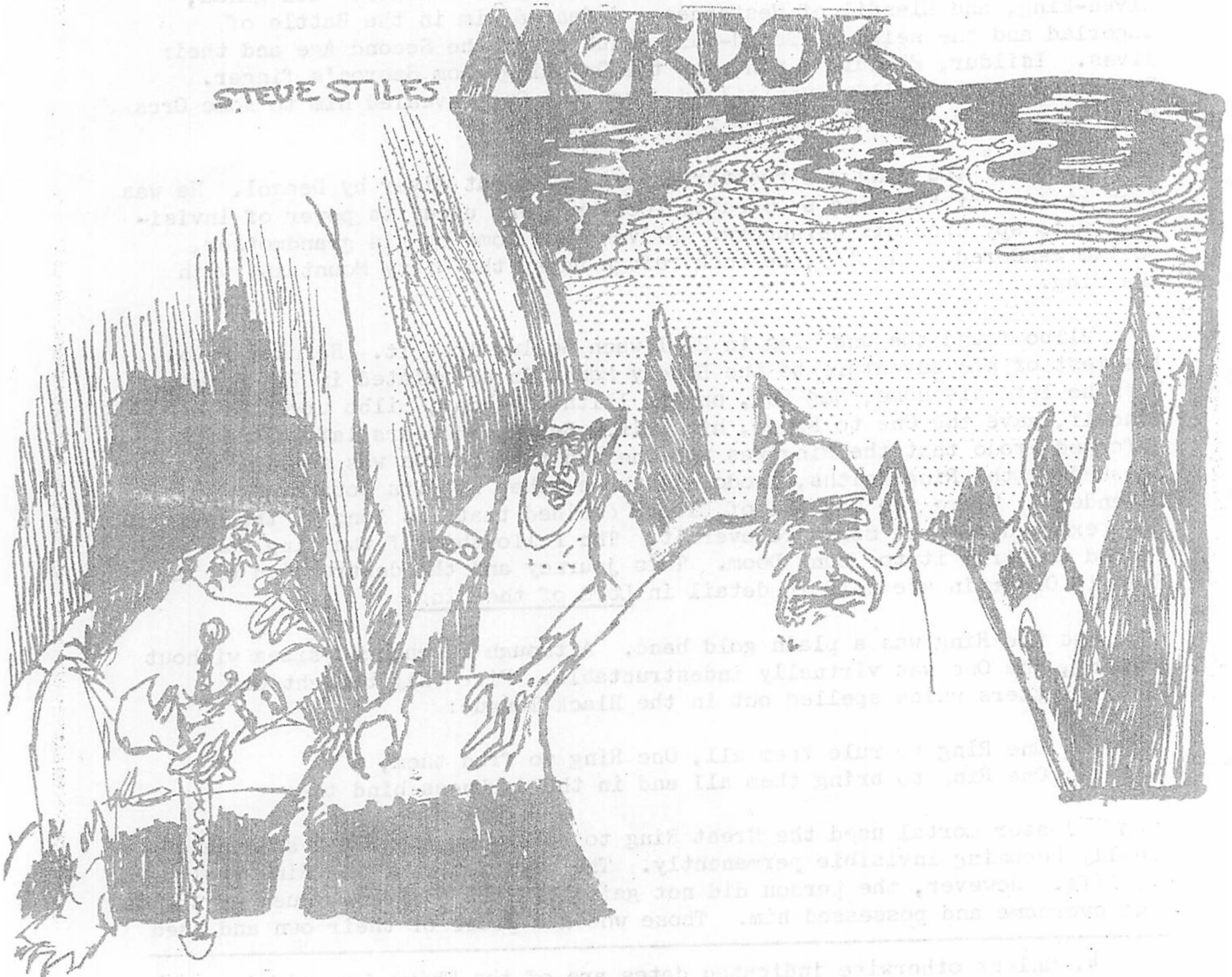
<sup>4</sup>. Unless otherwise indicated dates are of the Third Age, which began after the year 3341 of the Second Age

the One Ring eventually used its power to dominate and control just as Sauron did.

Tall ships and tall kings  
Three times three,  
What brought they from the foundered land  
Over the flowing sea?  
Seven stars and seven stones  
And one white tree.

#### THAT WHICH LOOKS FAR AWAY

The prize possessions of the House of Numenor were the Palantiri. These Seeing Stones, perhaps made by Feanor of the Noldor, himself, were given to the Numenorians by the Eldar. Each stone could see and converse in thought with the others. The chief stone, however, could survey all of the other six at one time. By itself a Palantir could only see small images of things far off and days remote.



When Numenor perished, the stones were brought to Middle-earth. Placed throughout the Realms in Exile, the seven Palantiri were used to bind the different parts of the realms together. The chief stone was kept in Osgiliath under the Dome of Stars. When the capital was burned in 1438, the stone was lost.

One stone was taken when Minas Ithil (Minas Morgol) fell. Carrying it back to Barad-dur, Sauron used it to misinform Denethor, and to cause Saruman to betray the White Council of the Wise. The Palantir placed at Minas Anor (Minas Tirith) was passed down by the kings and stewards of Gondor. Denethor, last of the stewards, was driven to despair by what Sauron let him see in it. He cremated himself, holding the palantir in his hands. Unless forced to show other scenes by a strong will, ever after the stone showed two flaming aged hands. The stone which Saruman found in Orthanc when he settled in Isengard was his downfall. He used it to try to search the mind of Sauron. Instead he was ensnared by the Dark Lord. When Saruman was defeated, Gandalf gave the Palantir to Aragorn, who used it successfully against Sauron. The stone was carried to Minas Tirith.

The Palantiri in Arnor were placed in the Tower of Amon Sul, at Annuminas, and on the tower of Eryn Beraid in the Tower Hills. When Amon Sul (Weather-top) was overrun and its tower razed in 1409, the Palantir was carried to Fornost in the retreat. Arvendui escaped north when the Witch-King overran Arthedain and captured Fornost. With him went the stones of Amon Sul and Annuminas. Both stones were lost in 1975 when Arvendui's ship sank in the Bay of Forochel. The Palantir of Eryn Beraid (which could look only toward the sea) remained in the Tower Hills. It was finally placed on board the ship which carried the Three across the Sea.

FOR 2¢

I'D VOTE

BOSTON

IN

'67

Discouraged by lack of interest in convention business meetings? Fed up with cities slinging mud at each other? Interested in an enthusiastic city, with a record of good conventions? It might pay you to consider BOSTON, and compare. Two enthusiastic science fiction groups, both supporters of the convention effort, in a city which has never had a world convention; an enthusiastic hotel whose representative is an avid reader; a centrally-located hotel in one of the nation's most historic cities; home of The Twilight Zone; Index to Science Fiction Magazines, Editions I and II; Famous Fantasy Films; Fan-Fic; and others. Try something new in '67--vote Boston for the 1967 World Science Fiction Convention.

For more information write: Boston in '67 Committee, PO Box 430, Cambridge 39

# WTBS PRESENTS: THE OPEN MOUTH

(Originally presented by WTBS several years ago.)

NARRATOR: And now WTBS proudly presents "The Open Mouth", brought to you by the makers of Apple Gunkies, and now, for the first time, Pomegranate Gunkies, Mango Gunkies, Breadfruit Gunkies, and Kumquat Gunkies. Tonight, a distinguished panel of experts will discuss Arthur Koestler's great novel, Darkness at Noon. Our panel consists of Dr. Martin Farquhar, of Larden University;

DR. FARQUHAR: Good evening.

NARRATOR: Professor Holden Caulfield, of Humdrum College;

PROF. CAULFIELD: Hallo.

NARRATOR: and Dr. Canfield Klondike, from LXIT.

DR. KLONDIKE: Good evening.

NARRATOR: To start the ball rolling, Professor Farquhar, would you say Darkness at Noon is a truly great book?

DR. FARQUHAR: Well, no, it's only about two hundred pages long. I don't think you could call it truly great, but pretty great.

DR. KLONDIKE: Moderately great, perhaps.

DR. FARQUHAR: Yes, I think you could honestly say, that it is moderately great.

NARRATOR: Prof. Caulfield?

PROF. CAULFIELD: I'd agree with my colleagues, here, yes, it is definitely moderately great.

DR. FARQUHAR: Indubitably definitely moderately great.

DR. KLONDIKE: Unquestionably indubitably definitely moderately great.

NARRATOR: Thank you, gentlemen. We'll be back in a moment, after a word from our sponsor.

WOMAN'S VOICE: Here's a special word for all you cool cats out there in Radioland. You want the cool food, one that really swings, man, like latch onto Apple Gunkies, the gunky food for funky people. You will really dig the taste of these rhomboidal pellets of true-fruit flavor, machined to exacting tolerances by skilled native craftsmen with pride in their work. You will go in a big way for this exciting new taste thrill,



as hip as Alan Ginsberg, as modern as the Modern Jazz Quartet. Apple Gunkies are , as folks in the Village know, like the likes of which you've never seen! Man, they are like the blare of saxes, like the cool lick on a licorice stick, like Charlie Parker and Charlie Mingus all rolled into one groovy swinging ball. So make the scene, don't be a gas, man. Cop out for a package of the wildest food ever to reach Birdland. Buy the large economy pad-size carton where you bank, where you work, or ask your nearest certified Apple Gunkies agent to do the free home demonstration bit. Get funky--get Gunkies--that's Apple Gunkies, man. Use some today.

NARRATOR: Well, here we are again. Professor Klondike, you were saying...

DR. KLONDIKE: I was saying that, to really understand Darkness at Noon, you must go to fundamentals.

DR. FARQUHAR: By all means. Take the words on the page, for example.

DR. KLONDIKE: Funny, I was going to mention that too. Koestler's clever use of words as a vehicle to express his meaning is one of the outstanding features of his writing.

DR. FARQUHAR: I think you're right. Notice the way he uses words--some of his words are short; some of them are not so short, or what we would technically call "long words."

PROF. CAULFIELD: And some of them aren't in the dictionary!

DR. FARQUHAR: What?

PROF. CAULFIELD: Some of them aren't in the dictionary. Like Rubashov, for example. Rubashov isn't in the dictionary.

DR. KLONDIKE: Yes, I noticed that too. It's my theory that Rubashov must be the name of one of the characters in Darkness at Noon.

PROF. CAULFIELD: Really?

DR. KLONDIKE: Yes, notice that Rubashov begins with a capital "R".

NARRATOR: An interesting speculation. And now, a word from our sponsor.

WOMAN'S VOICE:

My Mum feeds me Gunkies, that's how I start the day.  
A bowl of Apple Gunkies keeps winter colds away.  
Each morning, when it's breakfast time, I always yell out, "Yummy",  
Apple Gunkies fill up the hole that's left in my tummy.

And, then it's Gunkies, before I go to bed,  
They don't give me nightmares, I have sweet dreams instead.  
My Mummy says they build strong bones, they're so good for indigestion,  
You get your Mummies to buy Apple Gunkies, a good suggestion.

NARRATOR: Dr. Klondike, you were saying that you feel that the use of the capital "R" in the word Rubashov probably indicates that Rubashov is a character.

DR. KLONDIKE: Yes, it's a common device in Koestler. By his use of the capital letter to foreshadow the fact that the word that follows is actually a name, the reader becomes aware of the fact long before he has actually come to the end of the word.

DR. FARQUHAR: Sort of a premonition, as it were.

DR. KLONDIKE: Exactly.

PROF. CAULFIELD: No. I can't accept that. There are places where Koestler uses capital letters, where a thorough study of the context indicates that the word can't be the name of a character.

DR. KLONDIKE: Well, I recognize that. But if you make a detailed study, you will notice that there are only four places in which Koestler uses a capital letter.

PROF. CAULFIELD: Oh?

DR. KLONDIKE: Yes; in words like Rubashov, where it connotes the name of a character; in words like Europe, where it suggests to the reader that the word is a place; in words like Monday, where it connotes a time; and in words like The, where it connotes the beginning of a sentence.

PROF. CAULFIELD: By Jove, you may have something there!

DR. FARQUHAR: The use of a single symbolic device, to connote several different things, would be a typical instance of Koestler's brilliance and subtlety.

DR. KLONDIKE: And notice, how the unity of Space, Time, People, and the beginning of sentences is preserved.

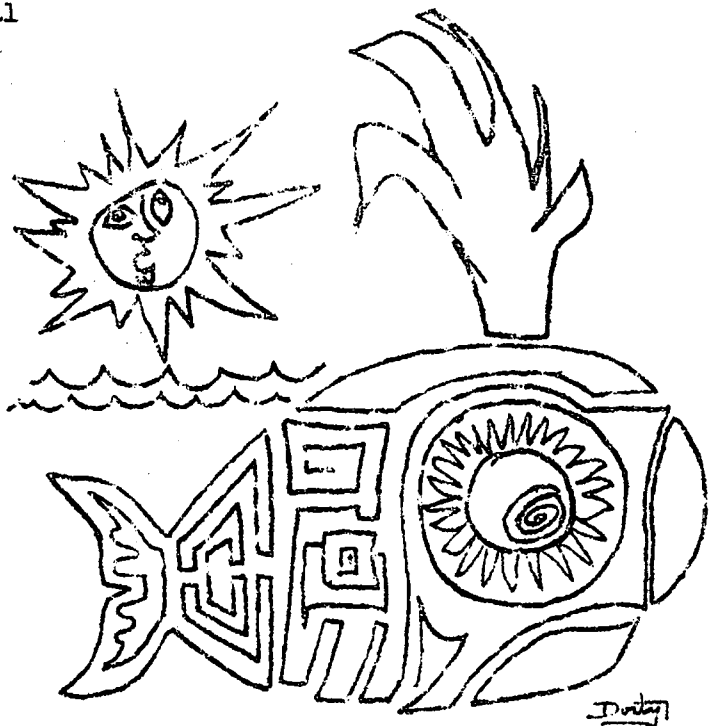
PROF. CAULFIELD: Very, very good.

NARRATOR: So that's what the capital letters in Koestler mean. Thank you, gentlemen. We will be back for more of this enlightening discussion, after this message.

WOMAN'S WHINING VOICE: "Aw, Griselda, do we have to have donuts again for breakfast? I was thinking of how tired I was of donuts, all the way to work yesterday."

"Don't be silly, Zorina. Today we're trying something new with our coffee. Found it in the supermarket. The name on the flip-top box says, 'Apple Gunkies.'"

"Apple Gunkies!" Say, isn't that the new breakfast cereal, made of true-fruit rhomboidal pellets, tinged a lovely blue?"



"That's right. And they contain that wonderful new pepper-upper, ATP, to keep carrearer girls like us lively and lovely all day long."

"What's this the label says, 'Dunk-a-Gunk'?"

"That means Instant Relief for Pooped Palates. If you're tired of dipping donuts into coffee, why not switch to Apple Gunkies, instead? Yes, Dunk-a-Gunk, with Apple Gunkies."

"Hey, what are we waiting for?" CHOMP SMACK CHEW CHEW CHOMP.

NARRATOR: This is The Open Mouth, WTBS's intellectual discussion show. And we have with us three distinguished experts, discussing Koestler's Darkness at Noon. Professor Caulfield?

PROF. CAULFIELD: You know, this discovery of yours, about the significance of capital letters, casts new light on the title of the book.

DR. KLONDIKE: Why yes, so it does.

DR. FARQUHAR: Well, let's see. We decided that capitals indicate people, places, times, or the beginnings of sentences. Let's take Noon first. Since it comes after "at", it can't be the beginning of a sentence; and it doesn't seem likely that it could be a person's name. What does that leave?

DR. KLONDIKE: A place perhaps?

PROF. CAULFIELD: Do we have an atlas here? Oh, good. Let's see; noon; noon; here we are. The only Noon in the book is Noon Hill; that's near Walpole, Mass.

DR. FARQUHAR: Well, why didn't he call it Darkness at Noon Hill, then?

DR. KLONDIKE: Don't you see? That's just the point. By providing us with only the bare skeleton of a title, by leaving us to fill in the word Hill with our imaginations, Koestler creates a far stronger, more intense impression than he would by leaving it in.

DR. FARQUHAR: The true poetic condensation.

DR. KLONDIKE: Exactly!

PROF. CAULFIELD: I hate to say it, but I'm not completely convinced. There seems to be internal evidence to indicate that the action of the book does not take place in Massachusetts.

DR. KLONDIKE: But I think that's the point. Physically, the action may take place anywhere; but spiritually, it takes place on Noon Hill, Massachusetts.

DR. FARQUHAR: But what about Darkness?

DR. KLONDIKE: Well, it's certainly not a place or a time. The only trouble is, there doesn't seem to be any character in the book named "Darkness."

DR. FARQUHAR: Are you sure? It would work out so nicely. You know, sort of like Stover at Yale, or maybe The Bobbsey Twins at Snow Lodge.

NARRATOR: Well, while you work it out, let's listen to this important message.



MAN'S VOICE:

Hey, kids, gather 'round, and listen to  
the Apple Gunkies sound;  
Cramming for exams run you into the ground?  
Don't flunk it--Gunk it!

Steinbeck, Hemingway, got you beat? At  
three AM, you're asleep on your feet?  
Have a quick pick-up, that's really neat!  
Don't flunk it--Gunk it!

Apple Gunkies have replaced the coffee  
bean--they're the tastiest snacks  
you've ever seen;  
They've got ATP, to keep you keen.  
Don't flunk it--Gunk it!

NARRATOR: You were saying something,  
Dr. Caulfield?

PROF. CAULFIELD: I was saying, that to  
be properly understood, Darkness at Noon

must be read on several levels.

DR. FARQUHAR: Which level is the highest?

PROF. CAULFIELD: Well, it's all relative. If the book is lying with its  
cover up, then page 1 is the highest level. If it's lying with its cover  
down, however, page 229 is the highest. And if it's open in the middle, why  
any page can be the highest. It's all a question of emphasis.

DR. FARQUHAR: But the book has to be read on all these levels, to be fully  
understood?

PROF. CAULFIELD: Yes, yes, all two hundred and twenty-nine of them.

DR. FARQUHAR: Well, my copy seems to have several levels of meaning missing.  
They've been torn out.

DR. KLONDIKE: Well, I'd get a new copy, if I were you. Some of those levels  
are pretty important.

NARRATOR: We'll be back in a minute, after this message...

MAN'S VOICE: Do you remember how Grandma used to make Apple Gunkies?  
Yes, when it was gunkie-making time, Grandma would go out into her  
hand-tended orchards, and select only the very best fresh, wholesome,  
vine-ripened apples, which she would pick at the peak of perfection.  
Dicing them with loving care, by means of an old wooden knife, handed  
down through the generations, she would blend them with special ingre-  
dients, according to an old family secret recipe, and cook them for hours  
on an ancient wood-burning stove. Oh, what a lovely aroma there was,  
when Grandma made Gunkies in the good old days. Meanwhile, she would be  
gathering the finest pulp, from her own special evergreen trees, and  
making it into cardboard cartons, on a traditional old Fortrinier (?)  
machine she kept in the basement. She would blend special, natural  
pigments into secret inks, and using wooden type she cut herself, would

print the colorful cardboard cartons, on an old Gutenberg press. Today, we make Gunkies in a more modern way, but with the same special care that Grandma used. Yes, Apple Gunkies still have the wonderful old-fashioned flavor you used to love so much. Get Apple Gunkies, wherever old foods are sold. That's Apple Gunkies--use some today.

NARRATOR: Professor Caulfield?

PROF. CAULFIELD: I was saying, that people sometimes forget, that this novel has a large scale structure, too. Koestler has divided the novel into four chapters, entitled, "The First Hearing," "The Second Hearing," "The Third Hearing," and "The Grammatical Fiction."

DR. KLONDIKE: Oh, ah, that can't be right, can it?

PROF. CAULFIELD: Yes, it is.

DR. FARQUHAR: But it breaks the pattern. It would be so beautiful, the way the first chapter is entitled, "The First Hearing", the second is entitled "The Second Hearing," and the third chapter is entitled, "The Third Hearing."

PROF. CAULFIELD: It suggests to the reader that the action of the second chapter takes place after the action of the first chapter, and that the action of the third chapter takes place after the action of the second chapter.

DR. KLONDIKE: Come to think of it, why didn't he entitle them "The First Chapter," "The Second Chapter," and "The Third Chapter"?

NARRATOR: I'm afraid we're running out of time. Dr. Farquhar, would you care to give us a summary?

DR. FARQUHAR: Well, let's see. In conclusion, we decided to conclude that Darkness at Noon was indubitably definitely moderately great.

DR. KLONDIKE: I never concluded that!

DR. FARQUHAR: Why, yes you did!

DR. KLONDIKE: I certainly did not!  
I said it was unquestionably indubitably definitely moderately great.

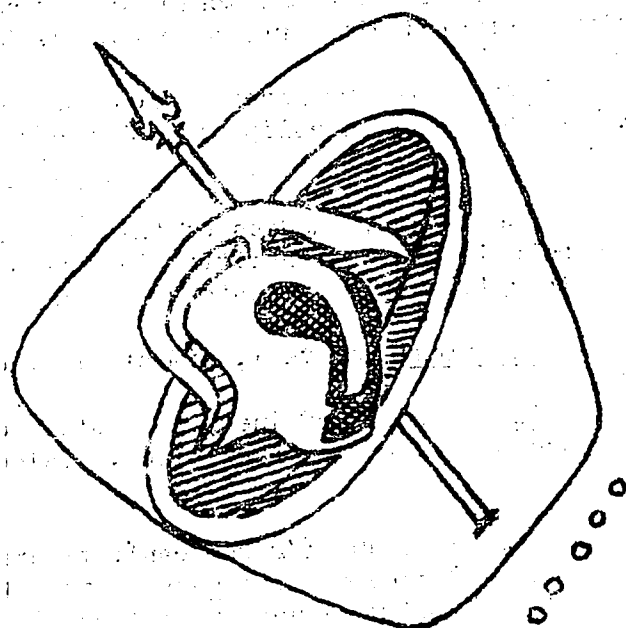
PROF. CAULFIELD: I don't think it's more than definitely moderately great.

DR. KLONDIKE: You keep out of this, Caulfield.

PROF. CAULFIELD: My Ph.D. is just as good as yours, big shot!

NARRATOR: Gentlemen, Please!

DR. FARQUHAR: Well, our college president can lick your college president.



DR. KLONDIKE: Sure, he can.

DR. FARQUHAR: With both hands tied behind his back!

DR. KLONDIKE: Well, you can't lick me, half-pint.

DR. FARQUHAR: Oh, can't I?

NARRATOR: Gentlemen, PLEASE!

ruffle of papers. glass breaking. microphones smash into faces. sounds of free-for-all

NARRATOR: This was, WTBS, in Cambridge.

(The following was taken from an 18.02 Midterm Examination)

5. "Martini, Mr. Bond?"

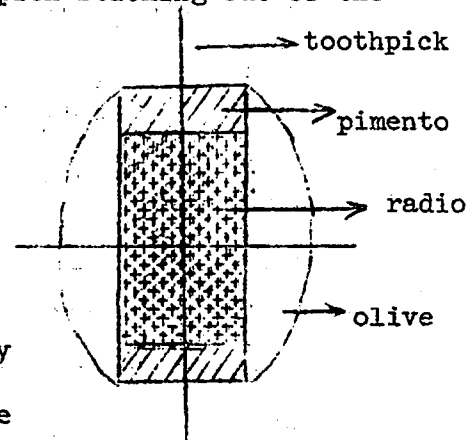
The woman had the merest suggestion of a smile as she handed Agent 007 the cocktail. Before drinking it, he nonchalantly gave a twirl to the stuffed olive in the glass, spinning it by the toothpick sticking out of the pimento.

"What are you thinking, Mr. Bond?"

"I was merely wondering why a beautiful woman would want to bug my martini."

"You are bluffing, Mr. Bond."

Calculate the moment of inertia of a stuffed olive, where part of the pimento has been replaced by a radio transmitter (neglect the toothpick antenna), and compare it with the moment of inertia of the same olive, stuffed with pure pimento. Is he bluffing?



Data. Picture gives a cross section through the axis of the olive. Assume olive is an ellipsoid, obtained by revolving the ellipse

$$z^2 + 2y^2 = 2$$

about the z-axis. Radius of the hole through the olive is  $1/2$ , and  $3/4$  of the hole is radio transmitter (assume it is a cylinder); rest of hole consists of two cylinders of pimento as shown.

Densities: olive 1, pimento 1, radio 5 .

Hint: Moment of inertia of stuffed olive is calculated by adding up moments of inertia of each piece. Calculate moment of inertia of the cylinders first.

For agents 003  $1/2$  who can't figure out how to evaluate the resulting integral: figure out the mass of the stuffed olive instead, but you get 5 points less and your next assignment is in Iceland.

# BOSKONE II CONREPORT

--by Jay Kay Klein

[This report is reprinted from the WSFA Journal. Unfortunately, a few paragraphs had to be cut due to lack of space.]

Spaced just six months from the first Boston con, Boskone II (March 11-13) has probably established some sort of record: I've never heard of a con committee with guts enough to stage any con oftener than once a year. There is even some talk about making the Boskone a twice-a-year affair on a permanent basis. Knowing the effort that goes into staging even local cons, I doubt if the pace could be kept up. After all, Dave Vanderwerf isn't growing any younger.

Chairman Dave Vanderwerf informed me that a prime reason for running the second Boskone so soon was to gain more experience in con handling. The first Boskone was very rough indeed, with many items from publicity on up that needed improvement. The second Boskone showed marked improvement, and should Boston be the site of the '67 worldcon, I would expect even greater improvement. Of the four groups bidding for '67 (Baltimore, New York, Boston, and Syracuse), Boston has had the least con experience to date.

The formal program on Saturday opened with a lecture by Dwight Batteau on communication with dolphins. He showed a number of films taken of experiments in teaching dolphins to respond to an artificial language suitable for their perception. Dr. Batteau stated that dolphins are smarter than humans in learning strange languages - they have an ability ten times faster than humans. Apparently, the gap in human/dolphin communication is caused very largely by cultural and physical differences.

Igor Paul followed with a talk on high speed transportation. He discussed the various proposals for moving people now under consideration. These include huge tunnels through which capsules are blown by compressed air, ballistic missiles, and souped-up trains. As an example of the diversity of methods explored, Dr. Paul even cited the consideration of drugging passengers so that they could be stacked like cordwood to lower costs and make low speed transportation seem like high speed.

After a break, Lester Del Rey brightened up the proceedings with the best address of the day, "The Humanities in Science Fiction." I'm not sure if Lester is completely right, but while he was talking I couldn't think of any counter-arguments. He said that engineers started science fiction as we know it, and that about 1950 the "humanities" moved in - apparently looking for a soft touch in a new field.

The humanists think they have some key to a "true" understanding of the universe and their attitudes have come to dominate science fiction. The college "teachers of writing" are generally poor writers themselves, with the only exception of Robert Penn Warren. Most of the humanists' learning has involved worthless procedures: inward-looking insights and criticisms of criticism. Mainstream literature has set up specific topics suitable for discussion, and excluded all others. Allowable topics include, for example, the Negro problem and homosexuality. Unfortunately, the writers generally know little about these "real life" subjects at first hand, and they further degrade the craft of writing by the use of "no plot and no ending" techniques looked upon as the "in" thing to do.

The prestige of the mainstream humanists has impressed itself on the science fiction writers. Now they no longer write for the reader, but for each other.



Their writings are similar because they discuss their stories with each other and decide by consensus what are the best ways to write and what are the best topics.

Basically, Lester thinks the problem with science fiction today has become the over-analysing that takes away mystery and art, leaving the component parts defined and frozen to be applied by rules and rote. Lester concluded that science fiction should take off the humanities strait jacket and bring back the engineers. This earned a mighty burst of applause. A toned-down version of Lester's view-point forms the editorial in the May 1966 IF.

Oliver Selfridge was scheduled to speak on "Artificial Intelligence," but was unable to appear. Dannie Plachta of Detroit was called upon to fill the void, and he spoke briefly on the forthcoming worldcon in Cleveland. He said that the programming may be top-heavy, so fans should plan on attending the presentations they most prefer. To date, the TRICON has some 300 members.

The program was top-heavy with science, and only the non-appearance of Oliver Selfridge and Lester Del Rey's spirited address saved the day. I counted some 60 persons present and understand that another dozen registered. The absence of the professionals was painfully evident, with even such local talent as Isaac Asimov and Hal Clement absent, though Hal did arrive Sunday afternoon. The Boskone conflicted with the Science Fiction Writers of America Awards Banquet in New York City. Still, in the East it is very difficult to pick a date that will not conflict or be on the heels of some other con. It probably would be better to set up a rotating regional con than fragment fan enthusiasm into smaller, local cons.

The evening program consisted of "Films followed by socializing." I skipped the films and started socializing directly. Most films leave me pretty cold at a con. The socializing continued until the wee hours of morning, in good contrast to the first Boskone, where everyone left at midnight to catch the last trolley car home. Of course, this year there were a lot more fans from out of town, including Allan Howard, Walt Cole, Milt Spahn, Ed Meskys, Harriet Kolchak, and Marcia and Charlie Brown.

The Program Book listed for Sunday a 9 a.m. Mensa meeting, a 10 a.m. N3F meeting, and an 11 a.m. Writers Exchange Workshop. My working day Sunday began at a noon lunch, consisting of breakfast, in the hotel dining room with Ev Del Rey and Carol Pohl. The presentation of the award honoring E.E. Smith, Ph.D. was scheduled for 1:30 p.m. but didn't begin until 2:30 p.m. since it was necessary to await the arrival of the Chairman. Dave Vanderwerf presented Guest-of-Honor Frederik Pohl with a commemorative plaque. Hal Clement next spoke briefly on the Skylark Award, saying Doc Smith deserved an award in his name: "This award was necessary." Hal then handed the Skylark Award to Fred Pohl.

Somewhere, I have the feeling that the designation "Skylark" doesn't fit the physical shape of "Lens." One fact not mentioned in the program description is that the lens on the award is fabricated of two pieces of plano-convex glass, with a diffraction grating placed between the two plano surfaces.

Fred Pohl began his address, and I had only time to hear him say that the science fiction fans of yesterday are now in positions of influence - in publishing, education, science, medicine, and industry. I literally had to tear myself away and head for the airport for a scheduled flight to New York City. I sure wish I could have stayed, or the program had started on time. Fred is not only a terrific, prolific writer, he's one of the best science fiction speakers of today. And the Boskone's E.E. Smith Memorial Award got off to a flying start with its presentation to Fred Pohl.

IS JUST A

GODDAM

HOBBY

--Mike Ward

I was wandering in a land I had never visited before, when I came upon a huge monument in the form of a statue of a lion, with the face of a woman and the wings of an eagle. And as I studied the figure the malevolent expression seemed to twist in the fading sunlight, and I heard a voice saying, "Of all who pass by I ask a riddle, and those who can answer it I allow to pass by without harm; but those who cannot find in themselves the strength to answer the riddle I destroy. But know ye now that of the thousands that have passed by in the ages since I came upon this land, not one has found the hidden meaning of my speech. And the riddle is this: in the morning I go around in circles slowly but often; and in the noontime I go around in circles quickly but not so often; and in the evening I go around in circles only once in a while."

And I answered the monument, saying, "I have looked within myself for the meaning of your words, and I find that I am the answer, in that I am a fan; for in the morning I am a neo, and I turn the crank on a ditto machine by hand; and though I go around slowly I go often. And in the noontime of my life I am an actifan; and though I run an electric Gestetner, I go quickly in circles less often. And in the evening of my life I am an old fan and tired; I have no more strength to go around in circles but once in a deadwood while. And though some say I gain in quality what I lose in quantity, I do not tell them that I write the same amount but print only what I can afford to."

And the monument answered back, saying, "Though you have answered the riddle and are free, yet in your solution you have betrayed yourself to the world. For now all may know that you are a fan and that your sons will be the sons of a fan. And in no way may I bring happiness to this land; for the traveler that knows not the answer to the riddle is destroyed by me; and the traveler that knows the answer is destroyed by himself. I am punished by my presence here, for I am in spirit one who would seek to return good for evil, and good fortune for bad. Yet because I have erred, through no fault of my own but because of a fault sent me down through my father's generations, I am commanded to wait here and ask of each passing traveler this riddle. And the pain of my punishment is that even through inaction I can bring no good, but only further and deeper misery. For I must destroy all who cannot answer; but those who can answer must destroy themselves. And you can do nothing to save yourself, for it is an old curse and strong, and one which may be lifted only if greater evils take its place."

I fled the scene in a scramble for sanity. I paused only once to look back on the place from which I had been delivered; the monument had lost all semblance of life. The voice was stilled; yet the weathered dead features still retained somewhat of the infinite loneliness of the instrument of fates.

# GRAPHHEMICS

Having gone through both physical and mathematical puns, this lettercol continues to keep pace with events. (Graphemics is that branch of linguistics which deals with letters.) It is conducted whish by Mike Ward, former editor of TZ and the man best calculated to explain the myriad typos and other errors of the lastish. Editorial comment is [bracketed] and initialed.

ISAAC ASIMOV

Thanks for TWILIGHT ZINE #16.

West Newton, Mass.

17 March 1966

I can't write a story or article for very well-known reasons and I won't bore you by crying on your shoulder now. However, I can always write a letter of comment.

Like--Having flipped the pages for my name, as is my wont, (why is it that your "wont" is what you will do, never what you won't do) and found them and all was well. [Wont supposedly comes from Old English *wunian*, to dwell > to be accustomed. --CJS] [For the benefit of those who haven't already guessed, perhaps I should point out that my esteemed co-editor is a linguistics major. --IT]

Don't think, however, that I didn't notice that crack about BLACK FRIAR OF THE FLAME on page 2. Someone will pay for that come spring picnic time. My daughter who is now 11 will vamp you all and drive you all to madness and frustration, that's all.

CUYLER WARNELL BROOKS, Jr.  
911 Briarfield Rd.  
Newport News, Va. 23605

Thanks for the TZ 16, you should do it more often. [Agreed. --MJW] Your idea about a trade column is excellent, I may try it. I have a few duplicates myself. [Ned, I can't find that

trade column idea anywhere in TZ 16; all we have is a mention by ARLewis that we are trading for Italian SF with Raccardo Valla, and hopefully with a fellow in Austria. But it is a good idea, and we might try and introduce it in this issue or next. I think we can afford the space, as long as people don't expect us to run more than a few lines. Also on the same subject, we have recently gotten letters saying they have seen our ads in ZENITH, asking to trade for non-English SF materials. John Boston sent us a card, asking how we were coming with our ads. The funny thing is that we never sent off any ads to Zenith; we don't subscribe, and haven't seen a copy in many a moon. I have written to Al Lewis, but so far I haven't gotten any reply. In other words, someone seems to be placing ads for us, and advertising trade columns, without even telling us what's going on. I am perfectly content to let him pay for all the ads, if he wants to, but I wish some of the editors would send us a copy of their publications so we could see just what we are promising. It sure is a good idea; I only wish we had thought of it first. Fandom is full of surprises. --MJW.]

I sent out a taped oneshot to about 15 of the [NFFF] Tape Bureau members on a 3-inch reel, ran ]/2 hour on one track. It was done by Phil Harrell, Steve Stiles, and myself. If it should actually make the rounds and get back to me I would probably faint from the shock, but if it does I'll send you a copy. Steve got drafted; he's stationed at Fort Eustis, about 20 miles north

of here. [If you see Steve, would you tell him that we'll send him a copy of TZ, if he'll give us his new addresses in the Army (?) and that we have one of his illos on Gestencil that we will use as soon as we can find a place to put it. --MJW] [See this! --LT] You say there's no lettercol in #16 because you got no letters; I'm quite sure I commented on #15. Of course, it was so long ago... I was a bit confused when I read on page three that the editorial was being written a week before Boskone '67. [Just a slight Freudian typo. Of course, I meant a week before Boskone '66, which did actually turn out to be a great con. There may be something describing it in this; I don't know yet -- I'm just taking care of the lettercol this time. --MJW] But then I read the rest of the zine, and such a minor point got lost in the shuffle.

Kings are determined, Bulbsnatchers are delighted, Optometrists are devisioned, Policemen cop out, Ballplayers are debased, Actors are displayed, Spies are discovered...

What is this on p.6 about Heinlein having murdered you? If you think I'm going to dial that phone number you're nuts. [You haven't read The Moon is a Harsh Mistress. Mike is, not me, but the sentient computer that aids the Moon in its fight against Earth. And the phone number is just the all-digit version of MYCROFT, short for MYCROFTXXX. --MJW]

The "Early History" was good, also the "Traditions." Where is the microfilming project now? [In the rear of the Library. It was eventually taken up to 1945 or 1950, I forget which. But the MITSFS eventually picked up a complete set of aSF, so we now have one bound set, and another, almost-complete set, that is partially bound. With the ready availability of aSF in real form, there is little call for the films these days, and they currently exist mainly as a monument to the efforts of the early members. --MJW] I enjoyed the "McNastiad" piece. I thought "Childhood's End" a bit vague and confusing. Also Confusing. Still very good for fan fiction though. The CROSSBOWS OF RATISHOF is way yonder better written than most of the fiction in fanzines.

Recently ran across a book written in a very fannish vein of humor, Jorge Luis Borges' FICCIONES in a PB translation by the Grove Press. It is essentially based on highly involved pseudobibliography, at least the first three stories in it I have read. The Library there should get it. I am now trying to get a Spanish original from Argentina, as Borges was an Argentinian. I correspond with Elliff and Pessina there.

Have you seen "Lord Love a Duck"? I nominate it for the Hugo; it's the best fantasy film I've seen since "The Haunting."

[I just found the card from John Boston. He asks, "Had any response to the ad for European book swapping? Let me know if you want the ad continued." So I guess the ad he means must be running in SPECULATIVE BULLETIN. But our subscription to Speculative Bulletin ran out a month or so ago, and we haven't seen a copy since. Maybe Tony Lewis is sending out these ads in his sleep... --MJW]

HARRY V. ELLIS III  
Box 23175, Emory Univ.  
Atlanta, Ga. 30322  
22 March 1966

MISFITS: Greetings from the Sunny South--home of the Ku Klux Klan, the Lumbee Indians (best known for destroying colonies on Roanoke Island and for routing KKK types), and the ~~Millwaukee~~ Atlanta Braves.

This campus is culturally deprived: It does have a YAF group, and it doesn't have an SFS group. However, it does have the Georgia Legislature, whose meetings are usually wilder than MITSFS's.

How do you like Catalano's Folly II? (You should be in by now--it was promised for last September.) [We moved in early in October. However, it was several weeks before our furniture came, and months before they got around to putting a lock on the door. We had to put our own lock on the door, to protect the books from the Cambridge urchins. This had one interesting result: One morning James R. Killian and the Board of the Hayden Foundation were being shown around the building. They asked to see the MITSFS Library, but none of the students were around (it was a Saturday morning) and the building superintendent couldn't get past the lock. A short time after that they put a lock on the door, and we took off our locking arrangement. I don't know if Killian ever did see our Library. --MJW]

In the Pharmacology department (where I am) (note: a pharmacologist is to a pharmacist as a quantum mechanic is to a garage mechanic) we are supposed to expand into a new wing of this building. In fact, we will move in about 1 January 1966. (The latest guess is 15 April 1966--an ill omen.)

I am enclosing a slide of a random tombstone (or such) on campus. The building behind it is the Physics Building, which houses the Physics department (which isn't very good) and the English department (which is worse). [The tombstone was inscribed "This Monument Has Been Erected 1963 by the GRAVITY RESEARCH FOUNDATION New Boston, New Hampshire, Roger W. Babson Founder. It is to remind students of the blessings forthcoming when science determines what gravity is, how it works, and how it may be controlled." --MJW]

I hope you enjoy the expressway through the middle of the campus. [The Inner Belt, for non-Boston area readers. The Cambridge City Council refused to pick a site, asking to have the whole project shelved. The Bureau of Public Roads wants, I think, the Brookline-Elm Street route. The whole thing is still in limbo at this moment, but I think MIT is safe for the moment. --MJW] Killian was supposed to come down to speak to the MIT Club of Atlanta (\$8.75 a plate) some two days after that broke. He sent Zacharias instead. Zacharias insists that Physics: A New Introductory Course just accidentally had the obvious abbreviation it does have.

Farewell from the University that  
Coca-Cola built (which has the  
asininity to call itself "the  
Hahvahd of the South.")

f f f

DOUG HOYLMAN  
1746 E. 4 St.  
Tucson, Ariz.  
4 January 1966

[This was actually a LoC on TZ 15 -- we had a few after all, but I didn't find this one until now. Doug opens with a few words asking where the \*\*\*\* his copy of 15 was (DAVE mailed that issue out.) --MJW]

The high point of the issue was of course Harter's mathematical tour de farce. This piece deserves wider circulation. Maybe the Worm Runner's Digest? [Reminds me of some of the pieces Joel Cohen (?) ran a year or two ago, on

mathematical proofs. I think they were later reprinted in Stress Analysis etc., or the other one, The Worm Re-turns. --MJW] I've done my part by posting a copy on the math. dept. bull. board here. One minor point: The four classes of numbers as given do not include twelve. The fourth should be amended to read: the product of a power of two and an odd prime. (Either that, or we are forced to the conclusion that eleven is the largest finite number, which is patently false, since everybody knows that there are twelve days of Christmas, and Christmas, alas, is finite, else I would still be in Boston.)

Where did you dig up that ancient "Interview"? I thought I had destroyed that years ago. Not that I've changed my opinion of patriotist groups (my neologism: a patriot believes in his country, a patriotist believes in patriotism), it's just extremely badly written. I'll write something for you as soon as I can think of something to write about. [He did: TZ 16 --MJW] Maybe I'll try another crossword puzzle during intersession. [He didnt --MJW]

Dopr's Malthusian essay was far too short to even begin treating the subject, and thus left a lot of questions unanswered. For example, can humans live on plankton alone? Can the stuff be made palatable -- cheaply? If plankton can reproduce so fast as to "push us off the earth", why hasn't it done so already? What is the process that would start it going so fast, and why is it not reversible? Where is it going to get all the carbon and other elements necessary to double itself every nine minutes? Also, I wish Jim would amplify the statement, "A moment's thought will tell that such a prediction, of course, couldn't be wronger." And the argument that, since plankton multiply faster than man, they will take over, can be applied with equal validity to insects, mice, dandelions, etc., but we seem to be holding our own. [I think DAVE dug that one out of the files, where it had lain forgotten for years, just like your interview. --MJW]

In the cartoon on p. 11, is the woman a Martian too? If not, we must conclude that the man has done much more than simply shake hands.

Messrs. Warner and Singleton: Contents page notwithstanding, my article on Pacificon II was not intended to be a "conreport" in the usual sense; in fact, I couldn't have written one if I'd wanted to, since I had never been to a con before, didn't know the other fen there (in fact, there was exactly one person there whom I knew -- Durk Pearson), and seldom read other conreports. I stuck to the official program in the article because I stuck to it at the con (unless you count the morning I decided to walk over to San Francisco only to discover that there's no pedestrian lane on the Bay Bridge) and I wouldn't know a "Rotsler girl" from Adam. Well -- from Eve.

The middle of March seems a strange time to have a convention, especially when it's only six months after the last one, but I suppose all the holiday weekends are taken by other cons (and several fen would die of frustration if two cons were held at once), and you should have it before the Tricon. If the '67 Worldcon is in Boston I'll do my damndest to make it, and if I get back into MIT this fall and/or find a summer job in the East, I should be able to work the Tricon (why isn't it Clevention II?) [it's put on by Cleveland, Detroit, and Cincinnati --MJW] into my schedule. I may buy a membership anyway just to vote on the Hugos. Here, if anybody cares, are my nominations:

Novel: The Squares of the City, by John Brunner. Ballantine has a lot of nerve, pushing it so openly in their cover blurbs, but I think they're right. Why doesn't some faned dig up the record of the chess game this book is based on and publish it? [YANDRO 156 had an article on the game, comparing

it with the actions of the book. I think Banks Mebane tried it without the list of moves, and got lost after a dozen or so moves. {I was able to keep some sort of track of things thru the book, but lost a few pieces. --CJS} I'm sure some of the N3F games/chess fanatics are working on it right now -- any comment, Don Miller? --MJW]

Short: "On the Storm Planet", Cordwainer Smith, Galaxy, Feb., though I might go alone with Sheckley's "Mindswap", Galaxy, June, or one of the Retiefs.

Prozine: Some will nominate If because of Doc Smith and Van Vogt. I nominate If in spite of them. Second choice, Galaxy, with Analog and Worlds of Tomorrow tied for third. F&FS gets worse every issue, and the reprint mags don't deserve consideration.

Artist: Kelly Freas. Sf illos should clarify, not further confuse, the story, and Freas is the only one who does this (except for Emsh, who was barely visible this year).

Fanzine: Haven't seen enough to judge.

Publisher: Ballantine again.

Drama: No Award

[How about NIEKAS for the Fanzine. And what about Best All-Time Series?--MJW]

Has it been decided yet who the real villain is in the LotR controversy? The favorite, Ace, even though they finally got around to sending Tolkien that polite note? [And, latest news, is that Ace has finally agreed to pay him a royalty, retroactively, and ask his permission for any future editions. But Ace is still way ahead of Ballantine, in sales of their version. --MJW] Houghton Mifflin, for being incredibly ignorant of the copyright laws? Maybe even Ballantine, for being so supercilious (and charging 20¢ more), or Tolkien, for being so mercenary? Anyway, I bought the Ballantines, because they have all the maps, the index, the new foreword, and a more attractive cover.

DOUG HOYLMAN  
(yes, again)

[Words of wisdom from a former TZ editor to the new editors--LJT]

24 March 1966

In response to your plea, I am enclosing a portion of The Vorpall Sword which Jim wrote for a fanzine which I once intended to publish. Since said zine will surely not appear until long after the UofA SFS gets organized, which may be never, I am sending the manuscript on to you before it turns yellow and begins to crumble. If you sent a similar letter to Dorr, it is quite possible he might send a piece which I wrote for his prospective fanzine.

[In reply to a comment by me referring to the amount of TZ material on hand. --LJT] Why don't you talk Tony Lewis into writing another Reaction column and/or the conclusion of the Cordwainer Smith study? [We tried, but he wanted more than talk. --LJT & CJS]

Speaking of C.S., his identity is no longer a secret (but I suppose everyone in fandom knows it by now, and I'm just out of touch). In the bibliography to the anthology The Pseudo-People, published last year, William F. Nolan indicates that Cordwainer Smith is a pseudonym for Paul Myron Anthony Linebarger, who under his own name has published several books on Oriental politics and one on psychological warfare.



I shall probably stay in Tucson this summer, taking German and/or teaching math, which means I will try to make the Westercon at San Diego. Then next summer I plan to go to the Boston Worldcon--or if (Bog forbid) it's held elsewhere, both Boston and the Worldcon, as well as the Montreal World's Fair.

Have you pestered Dick Harter for material? If he can come up with something half as good as his "17" article it'll make the whole issue worthwhile.

P.S. In Boston it is the larger station. [To quote from Doug's letter in TZ 15: In an imaginary town which we shall call Boston where are two and only two railroad stations, the North Station and the South Station. The South Station is the largest railroad station in the United States, but it is not the largest in Boston. How can this be? (We are assuming that this place called Boston is entirely within the United States)]

PP.S. A related paradox, but this time strictly fact: The tallest building in the United States is not the tallest building on the North American Continent. (For explanation see Asimov, F & SF, Feb. '66.)

WILLIAM T. PARK [Though not a letter for TZ, we thought it might be worth  
631 Copley Road printing here.]  
Upper Darby, Pa. Dear Friends, this letter comes to you from the murky  
11 Oct, 1965 depths of the University of (excuse the expression, please)  
Pennsylvania, where a grad student, the late Bill Park,  
now toils towards his M.S. For those of you unfortunate enough not to have  
known and loved me in my tour of duty as Theftcomm, a few kind words in the  
way of a commercial from our respectable secretary [???! --MJW] at this point  
would not be amiss. [Phillies tried to say something, but we ignored him.  
He didn't know Bill anyway. --MJW]

My purpose in addressing you is to inform the Skinner that a shocking  
(German spelling) lack of appreciation of good literature exists at this  
benighted school! Yes, yes (read with feeling), there is no science fiction  
club, society, circle, or klavern to be found at this benighted place of  
learning! Admittedly, it may be that no one cares to admit publicly that  
U. Penn. reads that crazy Buck Rogers stuff, and that fans are forced underground  
to breed culture in the cellars of the dorms. But I fear it is not that way.

To rectify this matter, if I do not hear from a member of the resistance  
at Mother Penn who reads my letter in our acclaimed Twilight Zine, then I shall be  
forced to take direct action. First I shall raise money. I will hold a  
raffle for a pair of black lace "E-R" muffs. With the money, I shall form a  
new SF society here, and we will rule the fan world! [This sounds like a job  
for Coofcomm. --MJW]

DOUG HOYLMAN As someone once said, "Punctuality is the thief of time."  
1746 E. 4th St. And my unshakeable habit of getting places early has  
Tucson, Ariz., 85719 probably wasted several weeks of my life all told, as  
29 March 1966 well as causing some embarrassing situations. This bad  
habit extends to answering letters with disgusting prompt-  
ness. So yesterday, when I received a letter from Leslie begging for TZ material,  
I dashed off a reply that very evening in which I suggested she hunt up my

article on word games, ask ARL for a Reaction and more on Cordwainer Smith, and get something from Harter. Then today I get TZ 16 (which had in fact been mailed a day earlier than Leslie's missive) in which all of the above but the Smith study (is any more forthcoming?) appear, making my letter utter nonsense. [We're trying, but so is Tony --LT & CJS] [Gee, I wish I knew, folks. I think there is some more material to run, but I haven't been able to find it, so I assume Lewis and/or Harter still has it. If I see him I'll ask him (either one) but I forgot about the Linebarger project. --MJW] You'd think that this would teach me a lesson, but no, here I am writing a LoC on the very day I got the Zine. Anyway, I'll write some more stuff for you Real Soon Now. [If you keep writing letters at this rate, our next TZ may be nothing but lettercol. --CJS]

However, three weeks from now I have to take my Super-Duper-Combination Doctoral Qualifying and Master's Oral Exam, which means that between then and now I've got to relearn (or in a few cases learn) all the courses I've had as a grad student. Well, I didn't think I could pass the written qualifying either, but I did, just barely. I should feel honored: the four members of my examining board include the head of the dept. and two full professors. Today I paid all the miscellaneous fees indicent to getting a Master's degree. Ten dollars for not attending Commencement, would you believe it? Also three dollars compulsory contribution to the Alumni Fund. I always thought you were an alumnus only of the place where you got your bachelor's. Anyway, MIT will always be first in my heart. (The U of A is somewhere around the pancreas.)

The Tucson SFS wants to get officially recognized as the U of A SFS. But to do this we have to present the Administration with a full-blown organization, including officers, a constitution and a faculty advisor--the latter item being the one we can just dream up at our biweekly bull sessions. I wrote letters to two prospective advisors, one begged off and the other hasn't answered. [How about trying MITSFS's solution to the problem? --LT]

"No one has written any letters"? Hrrumph! For your information, sirrah, I wrote a letter, and one of my better efforts it was, too. (Could it be that ncbody wrote because #15 never got mailed out--or did it? Few of your correspondents are dedicated enough to go pick it up in person as I did.) [DAVe mailed out that issue, or says he did. I have no real reason to doubt it, but any readers who got 13, 14, 15 and 17, but not 15, might drop us a line--we have a few more copies. And it is possible that we lost your letter, along with Ned Brooks' when we transferred the TZ editorial ~~junk~~ equipment and letters from DAVE's flat to my cell. --MJW]

I figured out what Called Love is. It refers to a tennis game that's called with the score still 0-0. Also,  
"What is," this thing called, "love?"

While we're on the subject, how about listing the terms that are used for those being allowed to return to their jobs? Undertakers are rehearsed, pickets are resigned, sextons are rebelled, opticians are recited, poets are reversed, hangmen are recorded, electricians are refused, catchers are remitted, carpenters are revised, silent-film actresses are revamped, and as Tony said, there are worse. (One of the worst: Jockeys are disaffiliated.) [Then there's the problem of how these people are trained for their jobs: Secretaries are prescribed. Orange-peelers are prepared. Farmers are preceded. Perfume-makers are presented. Wine-tasters are precipitated. Election managers are prefixed. --CJS]

Enjoyed Preisendorfer's history, though I'm puzzled at his switch from first

to third person halfway through. I;d write up some of my own reminiscences for you, but I don't know what I could tell you that you couldn't get better from old minutes, old TZ's, or old Tony Lewis. (Do you realize he's been in the Society for over half its lifetime?) Also liked the filk songs, and I see you meant it when you said the Zine is published mainly for the MITSFS. [Some day we will publish a guide to all the inferences and local jokes, the persons and legends of the Society, just so the outside world can understand the references in TZ. Or maybe the new TAPA, or Technology Amateur Press Association, will fill the gap, if it lasts for more than two distributions. --MJW]

Campus politics are not nearly so exciting here as at Tech. There was a debate a few weeks ago on Is There Discrimination in Student Politics? The conclusion was no, you can get elected no matter what fraternity you belong to. [And Frank March, besides being from Burton House, is a Chemical Eng. major... --MJW] The University has very restrictive regulations on campaign posters, so the main form of publicity is huge signs held up by two people during the breaks between classes. One of these March days I expect to see a sign sailing through the air with two coeds still loyally hanging on. [There are lots of gummed stickers, about 2"x3", still stuck all over the campus, and surrounding parts of Cambridge. There was some talk among Judcomm of making Nygreen pay for the removal of all the signs, but since the head of Inscomm Judcomm is a fratrat this term, nothing was done about it. At the risk of offending members of SAE, I might add that their house has a long tradition of high-handedness in student elections, and specializes in stealing candidates' posters within four hours of the time they are posted. --MJW]

Dorr must be taking German. His piece is good as always, although at times it seems to be in danger of taking itself seriously. Harter's miscellany is amusing, but I fear he'll never top his mathematical masterpiece in the last ish. Arthus C. Clarke should sue Charles Obler. Leave the bad jokes about commons to Voofoo. I doubt if there's been a new joke about institutional food since the Third Punic War. [Well, we had this inside back cover page going blank, and thought we might as well put something decent on it. Those who have read Roberts' Northwest Passage might recall the scene in the dining hall at the college (?) with the "tuckered" meat pies. --MJW] And MIT commons really isn't that bad -- you don't have to take the spinach souffle, you know. [But, Doug, it's gotten much worse since you left. The prices have gone up twice, the portions are even smaller, and the choice is limited. And it just plain tastes lousy. --MJW] Besides, you can always form a new religious sect which doesn't believe in eating starch. [And, if you're on commons, you'll starve. Actually, you will starve whether you join the sect or not. --MJW]

Though my plans for this summer are still a bit vague, it is likely I shall spend most of it in Turson, hence will be able to attend the San Diego Westercon. If you (MITSFS) want me to do anything there on behalf of Boston in '67, the Index, TZ, etc. let me know. [Egad! An actual volunteer! Don't worry, Doug -- you'll be so busy with this stuff you won't have time to worry about fandon. --MJW]

Since it confers high status to have a relatively low registration number at the Worldcon, we are pleased to be able to congratulate our Noble Skinner on the exemplary promptitude which rewarded him with number sixty-nine.

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- ☐ You sent money (try to do better next time)
- ☐ We don't know, you're just on our mailing list
- ☐ One of the editors likes you
- ☐ One of the former editors likes you
- ☐ Somebody likes you
- ☐ You are an ally of the forces of goodness and truth
- ☐ You are an ally of the forces of corruption and evil
- ☐ You are mentioned in this
- ☐ You are quoted in this
- ☐ You are plagiarized in this
- ☐ It was necessary to maintain the fundamental harmony of the cosmos
- ☐ We saw your name spelled out in flaming letters over the Great Dome
- ☐ You know what evil lurks in the hearts of men
- ☐ Just because

