

TWILIGHT

ZINE

18





# THE TWILIGHT ZINE

## NUMBER 18

Highmore in '67 on the 42nd!

Fit the First-----	Editorial-----	2
Boston in '67 Crossword-----	Filthy Pierre-----	4
Another Goddam James Bond Parody-----	Doug Hoylman-----	6
On the Teleological Content of Queueing Theory-----	Richard Harter-----	8
Subroutine Story(Goldie)-----	Leslie Turek & DAVe Vanderwerf-----	10
Tomm Swift and his Electric Chair-----	Mike Ward-----	13
We Try Harder-----	Richard Harter-----	19
The Son of the Ghost of MITSFS Returns Again-----	The Society-----	20
Reaction-----	ARLewis-----	22
I am a Computer Programmer-----	L.M.Rosenstein-----	24
Graphemics-----	The Readers-----	25

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SPECIAL FIRST INFINITE ISSUE  
SPECIAL FIRST FOURTH ISSUE ISSUE  
SPECIAL DUMP ON A. B. DICK ISSUE

Well, we made it friends. The fourth issue of the year is coming out Saturday, May 21, 1966. We may never again equal this supreme feat, but you can be sure there'll be something emerging from out the dark recesses of the twisted corridors of the Student Center before long, so don't miss a single issue. Send us articles, illos, your zine, or, at worst, 25¢. (No more please -- our computer clears core after each ish and we'd hate for you to waste all those quarters.) Or on the other hand, you might even want to become a member. Meetings are Fridays at 5 in Room 1-236, and you get TZ free. Then, if you prefer to send LoC's, our address is:

56 Linnaean Street  
Cambridge, Mass.  
02138

But send anything third class:

c/o DAVE Vanderwerf  
P.O. Box 430  
Cambridge, Mass.  
02139

Thank you muchly. --Yeds



Y T T E Y E



Y R S T

(written by Cory, because Leslie is a computer nut and cant talk about anything but West Pakistan --CJS)

Well, a month has passed since last we searched our soul for tidbits wherewith to fascinate or horrify the consumers. Much has happened in that time. For one thing, TZ came out. Then we went off to the Lunacon. Ah, the Lunacon! In glamorous, cosmopolitan Times Square, where the Record American is available but steps away. In an exciting, modern hotel, where the elevator operators are all aspiring astronauts, attempting to gain experience with high-G acceleration and deceleration. At an exotic, intrigue-filled con, where the air is thicker with plots than with smoke and there are more Lithuanians than in all of Lhasa. There are conducted strange deals with uncanny creatures, and the souls of men are bought and sold in the market place. Ah, the spirit of adventure! But I can say no more: I would be trespassing on the sacred domain of Vanderwerf. [Say no more. --LJT]  
[I can say no more. --CJS]

Then came the election, in which it was proven against all expectation that the Society is indeed a democracy. Truman Roscoe Brown, but lately returned from the wilds of Maryland, was originally considered to be of somewhat less plausibility as a candidate for president than the Other Plant. Then came his earth-shaking announcement: so appalled was he by the caliber of his opposition, that he had decided to run seriously. Such was the shock effect of this announcement upon the jaded nerves of the members, that candidate Brown defeated his hand-picked opponents on a precedent-shattering first ballot. Thus has the year begun with the defiance of a tradition as ancient as that which decrees that the first Millermotion may not be passed. The portents in this have not yet been fully evaluated by our resident soothsayer, but it cannot but be feared that they do not bode well.

The next contest took the form of a duel between our own shining knight, Sir Pierre du Index ("Pierre le Filthy"), and that foul minion of the powers of darkness, arisen from defeat at the hands of archfiend Arlewis, that villainous green archerfiend, The Plant. But once more the force of Law was triumphant, and Pierre was Vice. Its strength broken, the creeping clump of chlorophyll could resist but feebly as Yed triumphed over both it and such of its allies as the Thermostat on the Wall, Goldwater, and the Hole in the Ballot. Our fearless band was quickly rejoined by Lord High Embezzler, Henry Baran, returned to office by an overwhelming majority, having received  $12.975 + 1/\pi = \int_0^{\infty} x e^{-3x} dx$  votes.

Then came the day of the picnic. Alas! the curse had descended upon the impious breakers of tradition, and for the first time within living memory, the day was not warm and sunny. This writer, knowing enough to come in out of the rain, did not venture upon the stormy path to Baker House dining room. My noble coeditress did, however, and was seen that same evening, muttering feverishly about new and exotic methods of obtaining contributions for TZ. But she could say no more.

Still another portent of doom recently arisen is the Calder Stabile; but few, if any, have divined its full, dire significance. It stands in front of that tower of devilry, the Earth Sciences Building, its color a flat, dead black, its points rearing malevolently into the air, a symbol of power and dread. And as an appropriate setting for this grim masterpiece, the Lords of the Institute have shorn away the fresh, green grass which lay aforetimes about its feet, and have spread a layer of lifeless concrete. Worse, they have proved themselves an enemy to trees. The small grove which stood near our former home of Walker Memorial has been utterly destroyed. And why? So that this evil-ridden Building Fifty may have an unobstructed view, straight across the mighty Charles River, to where its yet more fearsome rival, the Prudential Center, rears its head banefully on the far shore.

Does a pattern begin to emerge in the confrontation of these two, grim towers? Does it not bring to mind the following description? "Once it had been green and filled with avenues, and groves of fruitful trees...But no green thing grew there in the latter days...The roads were paved with stone-flags, dark and hard...Many houses there were, chambers, halls, and passages...Thousands could dwell there, workers, servants, slaves, and warriors...The plain, too, was bored and delved...The shafts ran down by many slopes and spiral stairs to caverns far under...Iron wheels revolved there endlessly, and hammers thudded...At night plumes of vapour steamed from the vents, lit from below with red light, or blue, or venomous green."

But need I continue? O, ye sons of MIT, arise, for your fate comes swiftly upon you, and the sound of doom is nigh. I can say no more.

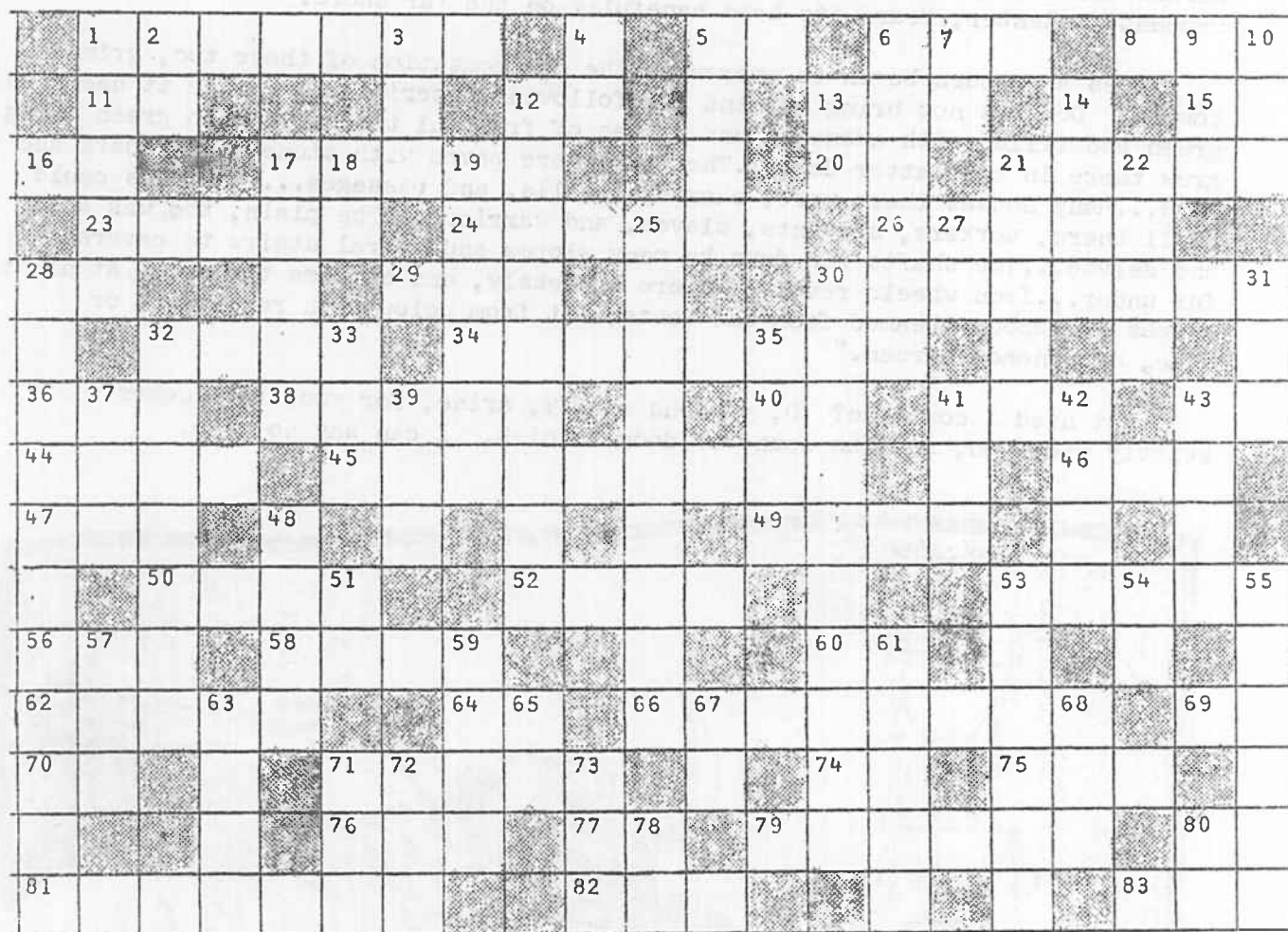




## BOSTON IN '67

*Crossword*

[Adapted from "The Tool," Volume III, Number 6, edited by Filthy Pierre]



ACROSS

DOWN

1. Magazine, but not Harper's
5. Jovian 51 down
6. British Thermal Unit
8. --- ring to rule them all
11. --, the poor Fortean!
12. The Insidious Doctor
13. Goshwowboyoboy!
15. A bit of a magazine
16. Home of 33 across
17. Recent prozine flop
20. Exclamation

1. How the Space Cadets get off
2. 2 across
3. The outer limit
4. Leo Margulies magazine from '55-'59 (abbr.)
5. Drawing
6. Worlds -----
7. --Hill in a Handbasket
9. --- iron bars
10. Before
12. ----- Adventures

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 21. Lean   | 13. 48 across in '67?  |
| 23. "Startling," but not the diminutive                  | 14. Unclose  |
| 24. Worst prozine  | 17. -----SF From Amazing   |
| 26. ----- Worlds   | 18. Preposition  |
| 28. 16 down's companion (abbr.)                          | 19. The Big Red Cheese   |
| 29. Similar to 29 across                                 | 21. Knives   |
| 30. Magazine from '55 to '58                             | 22. Herbert's world  |
| 32. Fantasy, but not the "og" type                       | 25. Connective tissues   |
| 34. Magazine as successful as its space program namesake | 27. Publication of N3F (1st and last initials)                                     |
| 36. N, F, and N'   | 28. Madge  |
| 38. Weird -----  | 30. Science in sword and sorcery   |
| 40. Mister   | 31. 33 down in '67?  |
| 41. Schmitz' topic                                       | 32. Vance -----  |
| 43. -- Lewis   | 33. Frankenstein's lair  |
| 44. Not in sword and sorcery                             | 35. Publication of the Terminus, Owlswick, and Ft. Mudge Electrick St. Ry. Gazette |
| 45. City of Chalk, but not Dover                         | 37. 4e's humor   |
| 46. Border, Breed, --- Birth                             | 39. Usual birthplace of 41 across  |
| 47. Similar to 17 across                                 | 41. Worst way to get fmz   |
| 49. Friend   | 42. Religious inscription  |
| 50. Publisher  | 43. Plagiarize   |
| 52. Chi, Ny, and Tri                                     | 48. Twain's hero, Sir ----   |
| 53. Publisher of FC                                      | 51. 27 across in '67?  |
| 56. Astonishing (abbr.)                                  | 53. Home of the bean and the cod   |
| 58. Sailed by Cordwainer Smith heroine                   | 54. Hot air (abbr.)  |
| 60. British prozine (abbr.)                              | 55. Hugo-winning fanzine   |
| 62. Amazing Detective -----                              | 57. Bedsheet magazine of '59 (abbr.)   |
| 64. 14 across minus 19 across                            | 59. Tolkien trilogy (abbr.)  |
| 66. Home of the comrades K                               | 61. Pan (literary)   |
| 69. --known Worlds                                       | 63. It's ----'s fault  |
| 70. Villain of monster movies                            | 65. General Electric   |
| 71. Preordained  | 67. -- Ho Hoka!  |
| 74. 39 across in '67?                                    | 68. Period of time   |
| 75. Also   | 71. Distant  |
| 76. Stephen ---  | 72. Couples only here  |
| 77. What faaans don't read                               | 73. Bob Lowdnes magazine '52-'54 (abbr.)   |
| 79. Cordwainer Smith's longevity drug                    | 78. -- Magazine, companion to TWS (abbr.)  |
| 80. Beneath looking at (abbr.)                           | 80. "---, Out of Darkest Jungle," by Gordon R. Dickson                             |
| 81. Home of 17 and 29 across                             |  |
| 82. Ferman's magazine (abbr.)                            |  |
| 83. German SF prozine                                    |  |

# SOLUTION ON PAGE 7

To whom it may concern:

I have moved again. My former lodging is being torn down by the University to build a parking lot or something. New address:

Doug Hoylman  
1304 N. Cherry  
Tucson, Arizona 85719

Boston in '67!

--Doug

6

# ANOTHER GODDAM JAMES BOND PARODY

--Doug Hoylman

(In his lamentably short career James Bond met, and defeated, more bizarre villains than Dick Tracy ever dreamed of. But, fortunately for him, he never encountered the greatest of them all--an adversary who could have taken Bond apart with one hand.)

Agent 007 pushed open the door and stood, staring, at the lone occupant of the small room.

"So it's you," he said at last. "You are the real head of SPECTRE."

"SPECTRE, SMERSH, THRUSH, KAOS, and roughly thirty-two other acronyms you might possibly recognize," the old man replied. "Are you planning to use that gun in your hand, Mr. Bond?"

Bond smiled grimly. "We both know it's not that simple. Go ahead and spring your trap, whatever it is. You've certainly lured me here for some purpose."

"There is no trap, Mr. Bond. There are no weapons concealed on my person nor in the room, and none of my associates knows that I am here. Since you recognize me you undoubtedly know that I am always truthful.. You may shoot me at your leisure."

Bond carefully aimed the pistol. He grimaced and his fingers tightened, but the gun did not go off. "I--I can't pull the trigger!" he stammered.

"Now, Mr. Bond, certainly any normal human being can pull the trigger on a pistol. But then could any normal human being drink so much liquor, smoke so many cigarettes, make love to so many women, and still remain in perfect health? Could a normal human being go through the fights and dangers that you have, without injury? And what normal human being is better known by a number than a name, even to his co-workers?

"Just what are you driving at?" Bond demanded, still aiming the weapon.

"Simply that you, 007, are not a human being, but a robot, an automaton. And a robot is incapable of killing a human being, so you cannot pull that trigger. Your employers, of course, had to permit you to think of yourself as human, otherwise you would be useless to them."

James Bond snorted. "Rot! What of all the men I've killed already?"

"Surely," the old man said, "if your side can employ robots, then so can ours."



For the first time Bond lost some of his composure. "You mean that Goldfinger--Red Grant--Blofeld--"

"All agents of mine, and all robots. Some others that you take credit for were human, but died as a result of their own blundering while you simply looked on."

Bond closed the door and stepped in front of it. "Maybe I can't kill you, but I can at least keep you in this room."

The old man deftly jabbed his left forefinger into Bond's midsection, and Bond fell stiffly against the door. "What have you done now, you filthy scum?" Bond snarled.

"The art of karate is as useful against a machine as against a man," said the other, pushing ineffectually on Bond's shoulder with his right hand. "I simply destroyed the motor connections to your arms and legs, rendering you immobile." The old man's left hand dangled uselessly at his side.

Bond smiled. "And broke a few bones in your hand doing it, looks like. You've outsmarted yourself this time, old fellow. You can't open the door with me propped against it, you aren't strong enough to move me with one hand, and there is no other way out of the room. So it seems you're stuck here until you starve, unless you suffocate first. Too bad, old man."

"Your main failing, Mr. Robot Bond, has always been jumping to conclusions. I believe you keep a screwdriver in your shirt pocket?" The ancient hand reached inside the motionless figure's coat and removed a screwdriver.

Slowly, with one hand, Dr. Fu Manchu began to take Robot 007 apart.

## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD (PAGE 4)

```

B I Z A R K E   F   I O   B T U   O N E
L O           I   F U   L   N E O   O   O R
L A           G A M M A       L   O Y   S P A R E
S T A R T   A N A L O G   O T H E R
I T   E   I R T   I       I N F I N I T Y
M   A N A L   V A N G U A R D   V   D   E
A P A   T A L E S   A   M R   P S I   C S
G U N S   B A L T I M O R E   A   N O R
I N D   B   B   I   E   A L L Y   R   I
N   A V O N   C O N S   E   B I B B Y
A S H   S O U L       T       V S   O   S   A
T A L E S       O G   S Y R A C U S E   U N
I T   N   F A T E D   O   N O   T O O   D
O       E   A R R   S F   S T R O O N   I R
N E W Y O R K       F S F       E   N   U T O

```

The initial selection of individuals for study in the investigation of human sexual response was made from the prostitute population. This socially isolated group was regarded as knowledgeable, cooperative, and available for study...It was presumed, at that time, that study subjects from more conservative segments of the general population would not be available (a presumption which later was proved to be entirely false).

--Masters and Johnson,  
Human Sexual Response

# ON THE TELEOLOGICAL CONTENT OF QUEUEING THEORY

--Richard Harter

Recently there has been a good deal of effort spent on the dynamics of queueing. For example there is the jeep problem, the travelling salesman problem, the motel problem, the single queue problem, the multi-queue problem, and the curly queue problem. Most of this discussion has been in the true scientific spirit, i.e. dryly technical. In this paper we will consider the problem from a more philosophic viewpoint and study, not how queues are formed, but why they are formed.

It is commonplace that one stands in line. In fact many people will stand in a line simply because it is there (Kryghtz shows that there is a small but finite probability that all the people in the world will ball into one queue simply because it is there.) In fact waiting in line is the single most universal experience of man. Even birth and death are not as universal for it is a simple observation that not all people have been born yet, or that all people have died yet. It is true that some of the simpler physiological activities are common to everyone. One notes, however, that these can become occasions for waiting in line. Even breathing can be an occasion for waiting in line since the advent of the oxygen tent.

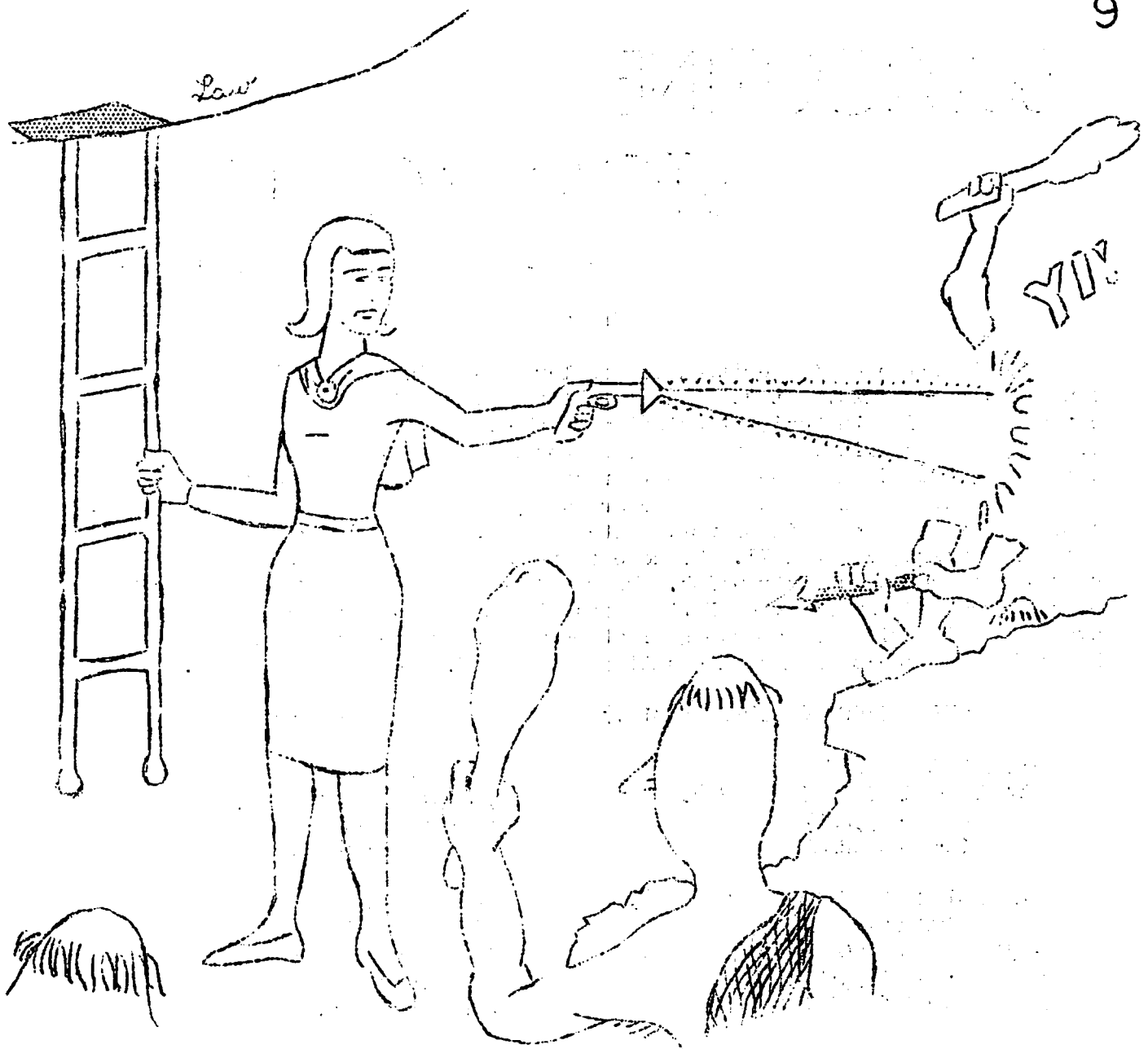
The evidence is simply underwhelming - everyone at some time stands in line for something. Faced with such a remarkable fact one can only ask why it should be so.

The conclusion is easy and obvious. People do not want to stand in line (at best they endure them with the patience of Job - which is, you will note, a theological concept). Since queues are not created and do not exist at the behest of Man, it follows that they serve some higher purpose not clear to the mortal mind of Man. Indeed they are no other than part of the great and glorious plan of God for Man. In fact they are the chief purpose of God's creation of Man.

Consider: We know that Man was created neither to be happy, nor just, nor to love God, nor to be pure, nor to love peace, nor to have wisdom, for it is plain that Man is not and does none of these things. Yet we know that God has a purpose for Man, and we know that, being God, He achieved his purpose. So we look and we see that the chief purpose and achievement of Man is to stand in line.

Progress is good; it creates more lines to stand in. Population growth is good; it means more people to stand in line. Public transportation is God-ordained

(continued on next page)




---

(continued)

it means more people standing in line. Bureaucracy, we see, is part of God's plan for Man. Cursed by the hermit, for he does not partake in God's will. Thus we see how the hand of God is expressed in the daily lives of men.

Those who wish to honor God would be well advised to form the Church of the Everwaiting Line.

---

The 69 in front of the FORMAT statement is its *statement number*; this number was chosen arbitrarily.

There are two general methods by which control can transfer outside the range of a DO. The *normal exit* occurs when the DO is *satisfied*. [Italics his]

Daniel D. McCracken,  
A Guide to FORTRAN Programming

## SUBROUTINE

## STORY (GOLDIE)

--Dave Vanderwerf and Leslie Turek

## Preface

The importance of a written vernacular to feelings of national unity has long been recognized. It was Dante who first led Italy along the path to nationhood, while Luther's translation of the Bible similarly marked the start of German nationalism. It is with the prospect of similar benefits to mankind before us, that TZ has undertaken to render a like service to another large, yet formless, ethnic community. We are happy to be able to present this translation of a great classic of world literature into one of the major dialects of the Fortranners, FORTRAN II. We hope that it may soon lead to the composition of original works in Fortrannish. We may even foresee the eventual emergence of an organized community of Fortranners within the United States, and possibly even a reunion with the speakers of other members of the great family of Machinish languages in a single national homeland. We wish them luck. --CJS

## SUBROUTINE STORY (GOLDIE, SJSTRT)

## Goldilocks and the Three Bears

```
DIMENSION BEAR(3)
EQUIVALENCE (BEAR(1),PAPA),
1      (BEAR(2),MAMA),
2      (BEAR(3),BABY)
```

Once upon a time, there were three bears; a papa bear,<sup>1</sup> a mama bear, and a baby bear.

```
DIMENSION WOODS1(100),HOUSE(3),
1      WOODS2(100)
EQUIVALENCE (HOUSE(1),KITCHN),
1      (HOUSE(2),LVNGRM),
2      (HOUSE(3),BEDRM)
```

They lived in a house in the middle of the woods. It had a kitchen, a livingroom, and a bedroom.

```
DO 10 I=4,100
WOODS2(I)=PAPA
WOODS2(I-1)=MAMA
WOODS3(I-2)=BABY
10 WOODS2(I-3)=0.0
```

One day the three bears went for a walk in the woods.

..  
..  
..

```
DO 20 I=2,100
WOODS1(I)=GOLDIE
20 WOODS1(I-1)=0.0
```

Also walking in another part of the woods was a little girl named Goldilocks.

```
KITCHN=GOLDIE
DIMENSION PORR(3)
EQUIVALENCE (PORR(1),PORRP),
1      (PORR(2),PORRM),
2      (PORR(3),PORRB)
```

Goldilocks came to the bears' house and went into the kitchen. In the kitchen there were three bowls of porridge; the papa bear's, the mama bear's, and the baby bear's.

- 
1. Throughout this translation, the English verb "to be" will be expressed by the FORTRAN statement EQUIVALENCE. The FORTRAN "=", as in the phrase "a=b", is most accurately translated by the English "b goes into a" or "b goes to location a"

```

DO 30 I=1,3
IF(HOTF(PORR(I))-HOTF(SJSTRT))30,40,30
30 CONTINUE
GO TO 45
40 GOLDIE=PORRB

```

```

45 KITCHN=KITCHN-GOLDIE
LVNGRM=GOLDIE
DIMENSION CHAIR(3)
EQUIVALENCE (CHAIR(1),CHAIRP),
1 (CHAIR(2),CHAIRM),
2 (CHAIR(3),CHAIRB)

```

```

DO 50 I=1,3
IF(BIGF(CHAI(I))-BIGF(SJSTRT))50,60,50
50 CONTINUE
GO TO 55
60 CHAIRB=GOLDIE
EQUIVALENCE (ACHAIR, BROKEN)

```

```

LVNGRM=LVNGRM-GOLDIE
BEDRM=GOLDIE
DIMENSION BED(3)
EQUIVALENCE (BED(1),BEDP),
1 (BED(2),BEDM),
2 (BED(3),BEDB)

```

```

DO 70 I=1,3
IF(HARDF(BED(I))-HARDF(SJSTRT))70,80,70
70 CONTINUE
GO TO 85
80 BEDB=GOLDIE
85 PAUSE

```

```

CONTINUE
DO 90 I=1,4
WOODS2(101-I)=PAPA
WOODS2(102-I)=MAMA
WOODS2(103-I)=BABY
90 WOODS2(104-I)=0.0

```

```

KITCHN=PAPA+MAMA+BABY
DO 130 I=1,3
WRITE OUTPUT TAPE 6, 100
100 FORMAT(34H SOMEBODYS BEEN EATING MY
1 PORRIDGE)
IF (I-3) 130,110,130
110 WRITE OUTPUT TAPE 6, 120
120 FORMAT(21H AND HE ATE IT ALL UP)
130 CONTINUE

```

```

KITCHN=KITCHN-(PAPA+MAMA+BABY)
LVNGRM=PAPA+MAMA+BABY

```

Goldilocks tasted each bowl of porridge. Papa bear's was too hot, mama bear's was too cold, but baby bear's was just right and she ate it all up.

Then she left the kitchen and went into the living room. There she found three chairs; papa bear's, mama bear's, and baby bear's.

Goldilocks tried each of the three chairs. Papa bear's was too big, mama bear's was too small, but baby bear's was just right. Goldilocks sat down in baby bear's chair, but she was too heavy and it broke.

Then she left the living room and went into the bedroom. There she found three beds; papa bear's, mama bear's, and baby bear's.

Goldilocks sat down on each of the beds. Papa bear's was too hard, mama bear's was too soft, but baby bear's was just right, so she lay down and went to sleep.

Meanwhile...  
the three bears were returning from their walk in the woods.

..  
..  
..

They reached the house and went into the kitchen and looked at their bowls of porridge. Papa bear said, "Somebody's been eating my porridge." Mama bear said, "Somebody's been eating my porridge." Baby bear said, "Somebody's been eating my porridge, and he ate it all up!"

Then they left the kitchen and went into the living room.

```

DO 170 I=1,3
WRITE OUTPUT TAPE 6, 140
140 FORMAT(35H SOMEBODYS BEEN SITTING IN MY
1 CHAIR)
IF (I-3) 170,150,170
150 WRITE OUTPUT TAPE 6, 150
160 FORMAT (16H AND HE BROKE IT)
170 CONTINUE

```

```

LVNGRM=LVNGRM-(PAPA+MAMA+BABY)
BEDRM=PAPA+MAMA+BABY

```

```

DO 210 I=1,3
WRITE OUTPUT TAPE 6, 180'
180 FORMAT(34H SOMEBODYS BEEN SLEEPING IN
1 MY BED)
IF (I-3) 210, 190, 210
190 WRITE OUTPUT TAPE 6, 200
200 FORMAT(17H AND THERE SHE IS)
210 CONTINUE

```

```

DO 220 I=2,100,2
WOODS1(102-I)=GOLDIE
220 WOODS1(100-I)=0.0
RETURN
END

```

They looked at their chairs. Papa bear said, "Somebody's been sitting in my chair." Mama bear said, "Somebody's been sitting in my chair." Baby bear said, "Somebody's been sitting in my chair, and he broke it!"

They left the living room and went into the bedroom.

They looked at the beds. Papa bear said, "Somebody's been sleeping in my bed." Mama bear said, "Somebody's been sleeping in my bed." Baby bear said, "Somebody's been sleeping in my bed and there she is!"

Goldilocks woke up, and, seeing the bears, jumped through the window and ran away through the woods to her home.  
The End

"Hey, guy, are you going to be here next year?"

"Might ever! At last count I'm flunking everything but Rotcie. I was thinking about dropping 8.04 this week; that'd bring me down to 34 hours."

"How low can you go? I thought it was 36 hours."

"It's 33, so that the only thing between me and being drafted would be a three hour course called Military Science."

"There's irony for you. But what do you plan on doing?"

"I have a choice? Flunk out, of course. Think of all the advantages..."

"Look, don't do that. Go find all your instructors--you know them, don't you?"

"I'm being vilely slandered. Sure I do. Most of them that is. After all, I did get all my rollcards in, and I show up now and then to take quizzes."

"Okay. Go find all your instructors and tell them you mean well, and you're really trying, but you're in the middle of an intense identity crisis. It'll work--how do you think I'm going to stay in this place?"

"Great idea, but it won't work. I used up essentially the same excuse last year, and I doubt if I could get any more milage out of it."

"Oh, don't worry about it. That was just the freshman identity crisis. You're older and more mature now. It's just that you're in the middle of the sophomore identity crisis now..."



## TOMM SWIFT AND HIS

## ELECTRIC CHAIR

Notes on the Manuscript of Tomm Swift and His Electric Chair

The MIT Science Fiction Society has always had a great interest in the Tomm Swift books, and we were saddened to hear of the untimely death of Edwin Stratemayer, the author, at the age of eighty-four. As most of you probably know, the series editor would send an outline of a new Tomm Swift novel to Stratemayer, who would then proceed to knock off twenty-five chapters in the unmistakable Tomm Swift style, signing it with the house name of Victor Apple-tree. It was a great loss to the world of science fiction when the series was discontinued in the Thirties.

In 1964, the MITSFS obtained publication rights to any unpublished stories we could find in the Stratemayer estate, a huge Victorian mansion on the outskirts of Arkham, Mass. In September of last year we announced to an astounded world that Stratemayer had been working on a new series of Tomm Swift adventures at the time of his death, and that the editor's outline for one of the books had been found among his personal effects. The notations in the margins indicated that he had actually finished the book, but had had it rejected by the publisher. Since it appeared that the MS had been returned and that Apple-tree had it in possession at the time of his death, members of the MITSFS began a seven-month search, that recently culminated in the discovery of the entire novel. An interesting sidelight is that the second chapter (we have been unable to find the first chapter) indicates that there were several other books in the series that no one has ever seen. We are not sure if Apple-tree was joking, or if he was referring to actual novels that he had written, but we are currently searching the entire house again, in an effort to find some trace of them.

Referring back again to our copy of TSAHEC, there seem to have been two reasons for the failure of this work to revive Tomm Swift, besides the obvious point that he was behind the times in his own day and was thirty years behind the modern events and discoveries. The first was the editor's outline that Apple-tree based the story on was a complete fake. Several cryptic references in old minutes of the Society indicated that some of the members of ten years ago sent it to him, with a bogus letter from his publisher and editor, indicating that they wanted to drop the Tomm Swift Jr. series and publish a revived Tomm Swift instead. (This story was corroborated by Jerry Wenker, just before he left for Europe.) Apple-tree fell for it, and wrote the story. One wonders what the expressions were on the editor's and publisher's faces when they were presented with this one. The second reason for its failure was its strange and unusual background. Although Tomm had visited such places as Earthquake Island, the African Jungles, and the Peruvian Andes, none of them even approached the basement of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for sheer connected length of vision and unconnected airs of an alien atmosphere. The locale was simply too alien to the experiences of the sane reader to sell.

Although TSAHEC can never be a commercial success, we of the MITSFS feel that it is a great success in the literary world. In TSAHEC Appletree has been able to tie together an amazing amount of little-known facts about Science, the Boston area, and MIT and the MITSFS, with an equally amazing plot and set of standard characterizations. There has been much speculation as to how Appletree learned so much of the inner workings of these groups and organizations, but those who point knowingly to the sudden appearance and disappearance of one Richard Spehn should be reminded that Appletree died in 1961, two years before Mr. Spehn made his appearance in Cambridge.

Be that as it may, we take pleasure in presenting the MS of Tomm Swift and His Electric Chair. Unfortunately, we have never found the first chapter of the novel, and can only give a short outline of the events which transpire therein, leading up to the second chapter, the one in which the author recounts some of the previous volumes. Some of the more esoteric references have been annotated by myself and others, for the benefit of those not immediately familiar with local and recent events and personalities.

Michael J. Ward  
Cambridge, Massachusetts  
April, 1966

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## TOMM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC CHAIR

### CHAPTER I\*

#### Tomm Vacations in Shopton

Tomm Swift, taking a break from inventing in his village of Shopton, N.Y., has just received a telegram from the Legion of Mad Scientists, in Boston. The telegram states that he must appear at the national convention that week, to show cause why he should not be dropped from the rolls, since he has invented nothing since 1932, when he invented Huey Long. Tomm asks Garrett Jackson to take a reply telegram into town for him, but Jackson quits and goes off in a Huff<sup>1</sup>, saying it is beneath his dignity as a registered engineer<sup>2</sup>, to serve as a messenger boy. As if this were not enough, Mrs. Baggett choses this moment to resign, saying that she is sick and tired of sweeping resistors off the floor, and that the boy is old enough that he doesn't need a mother any more. Her final act is to throw an immense Boston Cream Pie<sup>3</sup> at Tomm, which misses and hits Burton Swift in the face.

In desperation, Tomm, who feels unable to leave his hammock, calls out to Eradicate Simpson, the colored odd-jobs man, asking him to take the message into town for him. Rad refuses, however, explaining that he has been talking

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\* This is merely a reprint of the editor's outline of the first chapter. If we ever find the Stratemayer version, we will publish it in TZ.

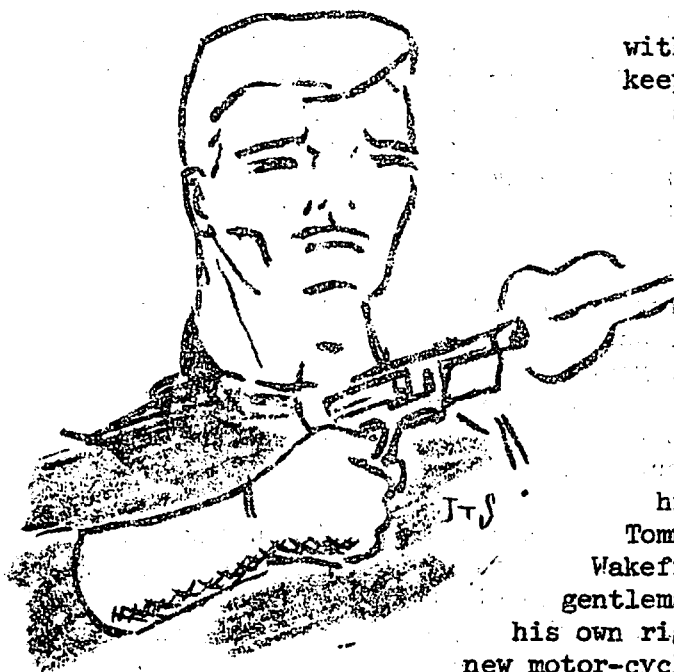
1. Probably with white sidewall tyres.
2. This may be a reference to Isaac Asimov's novelette, "Profession", which appeared in Astounding Science Fiction in 1957. Then again, it may not be.
3. Actually a kind of cake.

with a man from the NYC branch of CORE, who has pointed out that he is too equal to do anything for Tomm any more. Although Rad is unable to read, Tomm notices that his mule is now drawing a load of protest signs.<sup>4</sup> Rad adds that he is going to the big city, and march in the parades. Tomm finally decides to walk into town to mail the telegram himself.<sup>5</sup> On the way in he stops off at Mary Nextdoor's house, to ask her to marry him.

## CHAPTER II

### Tom is Repulsed

Those of you who have read the previous volumes of this series do not need to be told who Tomm Swift is. Others, however, may appreciate a proper introduction to him. Tomm Swift lived with his aged father, Burton Swift, in the village of Shopton, New York. The elder Mr. Swift had gained some prominence as an inventor of note, and it was not surprising that his son Tomm had inherited much of his father's love of inventing. The Swifts lived in a large house on the outskirts of the town, in a scenic area of fields and meadows near Lake Carlopa, a fairly large body of water. A number of machine shops and sheds surrounded the house, in which the Swifts and Garrett Jackson, an aged and competent engineer, performed their experiments and constructed their apparatus. Jackson had been with the Swifts for many years, having first come into their employ when Burton Swift was scarcely older than Tomm presently was.



The Swift household was completed with Mrs. Baggett, the elderly housekeeper, taken on by the elder Mr. Swift a number of years ago. In truth, Mrs. Baggett occupied a much closer part of the family than the normal performance of her duties would indicate, for she was almost a mother to Tomm, and would often go out of her way to protect Tomm and see that he was taken care of.

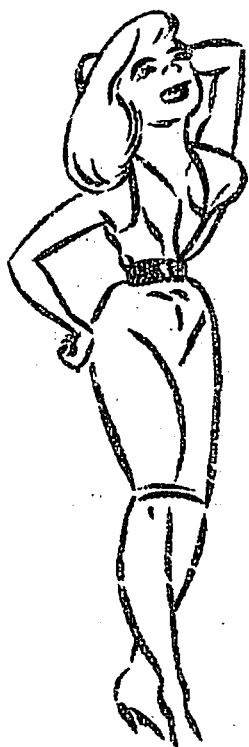
In the first volume of this series, entitled "Tomm Swift and his Motor-Cycle", there was told how Tomm came into the acquaintance of Mr. Wakefield Demon, a wealthy and eccentric gentleman. Mr. Demon was an experimenter in his own right, and it was while he was riding a new motor-cycle that he met Tomm. Suffering an accident one day, Mr. Demon became disgusted with his machine, and sold it to Tomm at a low price. Tomm had many adventures on it, including a fight with the Happy Harry gang, which attacked him in order to steal a valuable patent model in an attempt to take over an invention of Mr. Swift. After a strenuous effort, Tomm located them and set them to rights.

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4. The signs themselves had already been drawn by one of the CORE agitators, and not by the mule, who couldn't read either.
  5. Tomm seems to have been somewhat confused as to how telegrams were transmitted.

In the second volume, entitled, "Tomm Swift and His Motor-Boat", the story was related of how Tomm came into the possession of a mysterious motor-boat. Tomm had several races with Andy Foegar, a red-haired bully of the town. Andy was as mean as his father was rich. Tomm finally solved the mystery, with the aid of his chum, Ned Newton, who worked in the Shopton Bank, and Mr. Demon and Eradicate Simpson, an elderly colored whitewasher who had formed quite an attachment for Tomm. "Rad", as he was called, often worked at odd jobs around the Swift household, and he and his mule, Boomerang were a common sight along the roads of the village.

In later books of this series we followed Tomm's adventures with his airship, the Red Cloud, and watched as he effected the rescue of himself and a number of others from Earthquake Island. Later volumes showed how Tomm's talent for electrical inventions came to the fore, with his electric rifle, his great searchlight, and his photo telephone.

In the most recent volume, entitled "Tomm Swift and his Electric YoYo", it was set down how Tomm came to invent an ingenious and amusing children's toy, an electrically powered yo-yo, which needed no external force upon it to make it come back to the owner. How Tomm was honored by acceptance into the Legion of Mad Scientists was also told, as well as his many adventures in pursuit of the gang of crooks which sought to use his yo-yo for their own ends, was also related. A battle between the gang, the escaped Happy Harry gang, and a conspiracy of agents of foreign powers enabled Tomm to recover the plans for the Yo-Yo for the United States Government, which was interested in the application of the principle to new methods of plowing under the cotton crop for the agricultural programs. After the evil groups had been imprisoned, Tomm decided to take a short vacation from inventing, and lose himself in the contemplation of the scenic beauties of his native village of Shopton. It is there we find him in the current volume, with Tomm asking Mary Nextdoor to marry him.



"Tomm Swift! You are insufferable!! What makes you think I'd marry you now, after you have strung me along for all these fifty years? I know you don't look a day over twenty, but a girl has her pride. And besides, what kind of prospects do you have, anyway? You don't have a job--you just sponge off your father!"

To say that Tomm was astounded by this outburst would be to understate the muddle of his mind at that moment. Mary had never before indicated to him that she was anything but happy in her relations with the young inventor, and he was quite shocked to find that she had been harboring any animosities toward him.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded. "I thought we were still on friendly terms, but now you are saying that you never want to see me again. Is there someone else?"

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6. Appletree seems to have ignored or forgotten the fact that Tomm is by now in his late fifties or early sixties, and can hardly be called "young". But this is one of the more noticeable facts of the book, that Appletree seems to have lost some of his sense of continuity of time, and often has events happen one right after the other, that occurred at widely separated times or in inverse order.

"No--there's no one else, and not you either," screamed Mary, as she broke down sobbing.

Tomm left by the front door. But as he walked down the long path from the doorway to the busy street, who should he meet but his old enemy, Andy Foegar, carrying a large box of candy and a handful of flowers!



"What are you doing here?" demanded Tomm with a shriek.

"Oh, so it's little Tommy again. Well, I am going to see Mary Nextdoor, who I am engaged to, and we are going to plan our wedding. And what are you doing here, walking from the house of my future wife?"

"Well, you can have her! She is too fickle for me!" exclaimed our young hero.

"You can't say that about my love," said Andy, swinging at Tomm with a huge roundhouse right. But Tomm was able to duck the blow with ease, and returned with a blow to Andy's stomach and a judo chop to the back of Andy's neck. Andy fell to the ground and lay there, oblivious to all that went on about him. Tomm, certain that he had taken care of Andy for some time to come, walked on towards town, eating the candy Andy had dropped during the fight.

### CHAPTER III

#### Boston Welcomes Tomm

It was just a short distance from the scene of the fight that Tomm, reaching into his pocket, discovered that he had no money. "I must have dropped it during the fight," he mused. Not wishing to return to the scene of the recent confrontation, he came up with a brilliant solution. "Why should I send a reply telegram to the LMS?" he asked himself, "when I can fly to Boston in the Butterfly, in only a few days." Tomm returned to the Swift household by a devious route through some back roads, of the kind which abound in rural areas such as Shopton.

It was a matter of a few hours for Tomm to wheel his biplane out from the barn in which it was stored, and check it for signs of wear and deterioration. The machine proving to be in excellent shape, Tomm packed a large lunch, and with the help of the elder Mr. Swift, started off for Boston by air.

I find no need to describe Tomm's quick trip north, other than to say that those of you who are interested in such things may find them fully described in the earlier books of this series. Suffice it to say that in a very short time he was circling over Boston, the Hub of the Universe, and looking for a place to land. But no suitable landing field presented itself, Boston being so densely developed that there were few open areas of any size,

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7. The Butterfly was slow, it is true. But perhaps Appletree had in mind a trip by way of Syracuse or Baltimore.

save the Boston Common.<sup>8</sup> But at length, he spied the frozen surface of a dammed river which cut through the heart of the Boston area, and it was on this solid ice surface that he made his eventual landing.<sup>9</sup> Tomm then taxied his machine up to a low-silhouetted bridge, on which a number of autos and trucks were travelling back and forth at a tremendous rate.

"Perhaps there is a sidewalk on the side of the bridge," said Tomm to himself. In a short time he had his plane under the bridge, and by standing on the top of the plane's structure, was able to grasp a metal under-railing, and so pull himself part way up the side of the bridge. What was his dismay, then, to discover that the remainder of the edge of the bridge was a smooth concrete wall, that actually extended out above him, making the further ascension of the bridge out of the question! But at precisely that point a loud and friendly voice boomed out, and a large coil of rope came down from the edge of the bridge, hurtling with unerring aim toward his one out-stretched hand. Tomm immediately yelled out, "Thank you, up there. Do you have the end fastened, so I can climb up?"

His unseen savior called out, "Ready to go!" and Tomm pulled the slack out of the rope and began to climb up, hand over hand. At length he came up around the edge, at which point his new friend extended his hand and pulled him up the rest of the way.

"Thank you very much, for helping me up the bridge,..." Tomm began, but he was immediately interrupted by the other, who Tomm could now see bore a striking resemblance to Sonny Bono, "a member of the popular singing team of Caesar and Cleo.

"I'm Dirt Pearson<sup>10</sup>," interjected the other, as if it had some deep meaning. "I noticed your arrival, and I thought you might be able to help me. I am waiting for Tomm Swift to arrive by submarine<sup>11</sup> down the Charles, and I have this rope to lasso his periscope. I desperately want to catch him, to get the reward."

(continued on page 24)

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8. "Save the Boston Common" was for many years the rallying cry of the Sons of Boston (not a religious organization). In later years their rallies on the Common became so popular that the hordes of people began to inflict unintentional damage on the object of their veneration. It was on Black Sunday, in April, 1943, that so many people gathered to hear their speakers that the Common sank into the sea and was never heard from again. The entire membership of the SOB's was lost in this tragic disaster. The site was later excavated and built into a huge underground parking complex, and the roof was resurfaced to look like the Boston Common of old. But some undefinable feeling of wholeness is gone from the region.
  9. Appletree seems to have believed that the Charles River, and all of Boston, was frozen all the year around, since Tomm left Shopton in the summer. (No, it didn't take him that long to fly in!) Note that many Boston residents also believe that Boston stays frozen all the year around.
  10. Probably a disguised Durk Pearson, whom Appletree seems to have met somewhere or other.
  11. Submarines have used the Charles River since before the recorded history of Man. The weekend submarine races are one of the high points along Memorial and Storrow Drives.



# WE TRY HARDER

--Richard Harter

Writing a column is a task that demands the highest inspiration, or barring that, a bottle of good Bheer. It is times like this that lead us to ask what are we writing this damn thing for anyway, and what good is TZ. The answer to the former question leads only to dubious reflections on our intelligence and general lack of character. But the answer to the latter is worthy of comment.

MITSFS is only nominally a fan organization. The majority of the membership are wierdos who actually read the stuff and belong only because of the library. Those who cannot read form the activist, or meeting going, members. Those who can neither read nor write contribute to TZ. Among this motley menagerie are a few fen who somehow have missed being committed. So TZ, whatever it may be, only pretends to be a fanzine.

Accordingly the reader may ask why TZ exists. The answer is simple. Across the Charles there is a great degree factory yclept Boston University. On the faculty of that degree factory is a Dr. Asimov, a man with an endless capacity for egoboo. To fulfill this demand is the reason for the existence of TZ.

Recently the complaint has been made by the good doctor that TZ has failed in its duty. It would be well to remedy this state of affairs.

A simple way to do this would be to reprint that section of the Index which lists the stories by Asimov. An even more delightful way would be to reprint all of his stories (then TZ could come out by the quarto volume). A still better way would be to print a new Lije Baley story, but, alas, the only thing the good doctor values more than egoboo is cold hard cash.

Dr. Asimov is in great demand as an after dinner speaker and as a guest speaker. This is because he is witty, modest, and handsome. We know this because he has told us so himself. He is also noted as a researcher. For example, there is his basic research into the basic properties of thiotimeline, which we do not have time to go into.

Dr. Asimov is also known affectionately as that Dirty Old Man (very affectionately by femmefen). His wife assures us that he is harmless. Perhaps he is. Certainly it would seem that if any girl were so fortunate as to enjoy the good doctor's attentions she would have let the world know with her cries of exultation. But one always wonders.

At this time we would like to say a few words in favor of the Highmore in 67 movement. Highmore, a centrally located metropolis of 1100 in the heart of South Dakota, has much to offer fandom. Not only does it have a mun&triple swimming pool, but in recent years has added a municipal livestock sales barn, and a boaling alley. Not only that, it has the merit of being equally far away from everybody (and everything). Highmore expects a bitterly contested fight for next year's con. Our strategy is simple; all we ask is your support on the 42nd ballot. Wouldn't it be nice to have a con somewhere different. All we ask is; vote Highmore on the 42nd.

(continued on page 21)

# THE SON OF THE GHOST OF MITSFS RETURNS AGAIN



[Being some examples of the kinds of things that go on every Friday at 5:00 in the Spofford Room. ]

4/8 The set of treasurers present is empty.

☐ two Lewis's--the real one and the identically appearing one who said hello to Phillies in the Building 2 Lobby.

Phillies: Bennington Ill. is one of the 5 sites selected for the 100Bev proton accelerator, but they don't want it. The state officials forgot to ask the local officials who think (stupid aren't they) that a piece of machinery two miles across employing merely a number of people = to the entire current population of the place might ruin the rural atmosphere.

Caltech hack: 4 oz. of flourescein dye in a half-shaded swimming pool on St. Patrick's day--half of pool was green; half of pool was orange.

Boston wants to annex Brookline--the Brookline police are honest and hence set a bad example.

Vanderwerf: The Technology Amateur Press Association has been established.

Ward: Chief Editor is Vanderwerf.

Vanderwerf: Chief Editor is Ward.

As a result the new editor is Mr. Strauss who wasn't there to defend himself.

[Actually, the editor finally turned out to be Vanderwerf because he failed to be present when Ward and Strauss cut the stencil of the official announcement of TAPA's formation.--LT]

Ward read a letter sent to Dr. Asimov inviting him to our annual picnic in the Blue Hills. An excerpt from it is reprinted below:

I think you will be interested to know that we ran a computer analysis of the letter you sent commenting on TZ 16, and discovered that the vocation best fitting your personality and talents is not that of writing popular accounts of principles of science, but instead that of writing popular fiction about robots, spaceships, and giant computers. As you are no doubt aware, this field of fiction (known vulgarly as "science fiction") is one of the least dignified and lowest paying fields of modern fiction. I hasten to assure you that we have no intention of letting this astonishing result become public knowledge, as we realize the damage it would cause your reputation if it were widely known. You need fear nothing from us, as long as you can come up with a story,

article, poem, or piece of artwork (?) or letter of comment for the next five or six issues of Twilight Zine.

4/15 M. Ward and E. S. Strauss weren't here: They like everyone else are at attending Lunacon.

Q. Phillies: Is it called Lunacon because it, like New York City, is not of this world?

Moved (Phillies): To congratulate Cory and Leslie for bringing TZ out nearly on time.

Amended to read: To censure Cory and Leslie for bringing TZ out so soon and for failing to announce for 3 weeks in a row that TZ would be coming out at the next meeting.

Moved, Seconded, Abstained unanimously 1-1-9+Spehn.

That all motions be either passed or defeated unanimously.

4/22 Minicult: TEN received an ad for the world's cheapest burglar alarm system--a sign reading "This installation is protected by a ----- Burglar Alarm system.

4/29 MS (Phillies): Move to second <sup>1,3,4</sup> the treasurer<sup>2,5,6</sup>

Amended 1. and to commend

2. for his absence

3. and to third and quarter

4. in a suitable science fictional manner

5. and upon his presence

6. somewhere else

Passed: 13-2-4+Spehn

5/6 Jansen entered and engaged in a valorous struggle to extract a chair from its restraining bonds, in which task heproved himself worthy of his heritage.

Minicult: the numbers in one of the elevators have been changed to read B through 5. The buttons have been changed to read 1 to 6.

Elections occurred. [see editorial] Each of the candidates attacked his opponents, with Ward speaking for the plant.

Minicult: 3 a work of fiction describing itself as "hitherto unpublished reprint."

(continued from page 19) WE TRY HARDER

Speaking of cons and such may we make a suggestion. There should be a Hugo for all-time author, or perhaps a Hall of Fame sort of thing. I know the idea has been kicked around before, but it seems to have merit. Give an annual award to someone who is maybe not best this year in some category, but who is worth honoring because of his overall contribution. Certainly, some such scheme is better than ad hoc devices for honoring those who are deserving of honor, but who would not be eligible for a Hugo in the ordinary course of events.

# REACTION

--ARLewis, W.P.

Library notes--articles of interest not in SF magazines:

Tolkien's Magic Ring, Peter S. Beagle, Holiday 39. N. 6, 128 (1966)  
book review

Looking Backward at Science Fiction, L. Sprague de Camp, Science 152,  
920 (1966) book review of Future Perfect: American Science Fiction  
of the Nineteenth Century. edited by H. Bruce Franklin

Binding again: The Society has requested a capital grant from Finboard/ADB to bind an additional 100 volumes of magazines. In addition to updating Galaxy, If, FSF, and Analog to December 1965 we have also proposed binding complete sets of Fantastic, Other Worlds, Future, Science Fiction Quarterly, Worlds of Tomorrow, Fantascienza, Gamma, Suspense/Fear, Science Fiction Plus, Wonder Stories Annual, Space Stories plus random issues of other mags and Amazing from 1947 on. This is yet another service for the members by the Library.

The fanzine collection now completely fills one 4-drawer filing cabinet and is beginning to spill over to the second. The collection has been catalogued by our ROSFAP<sup>1</sup>--Tillman.

George D. J. Phillies, Official Second has been appointed to the post of Übarkommando der Vergeltungsflotte.<sup>2</sup>

Elsewhere in this issue the base canard that the Society is really a democracy was perpetrated; this is patently untrue. Due to the political naivety of our present members, it was decided by the Lords of the Instrumentality<sup>3</sup> to try a new approach. It is now history that it succeeded and that TRBrown is President and Skinner. Other officers are holdovers from the Ancien Regime. ARLewis is still First of Libcomm (heh-heh-heh) The Society is not a democracy--it is an oligarchy. A bas les sans-culottes!

Boston in '67

The MBTA has released its expansion plan. There is quite a bit of bitterness among some that highest priority is being given to the South Shore (over

1. Registrar of Science-Fiction Amateur Publications
2. Assistant Librarian in charge of overdue books.
3. The Lords of the Instrumentality are the guides of the Society acting through the Commission for Public Safety, the Star Chamber, the Standing Ad Hoc Committee and the Operating Bureau for Continuity. These are some of the actual organs of MITSFS as opposed to the "official" ones. Perhaps someday the real constitution and organizational charts will be published in TZ.

the Old Colony Line) When this area has been fighting rapid transit for many a year. There is very little surprising in the plan since it is based upon the 1945/1947 and the 1952 expansion proposals. There are essentially no improvements to be made in Boston itself where there is a clear need for better transfer facilities between lines in the central area bounded by Park, Government Centre, Washinton-Summer/Winter, and Northampton-State/Milk. (We have much more interesting station names in the Boston subway than just about any other city. cf. Prudential, Science Park, Wonderland, etc.) Anyway, the Advisory Board has not yet approved the plans in their present form and the enabling legislation hasn't been passed so there may be some changes before this is complete. Follow future issues of TZ for more exciting news. If the '67 con is in Boston you can ride the oldest subway in North America--the Park Street to Boylston Street section of the Central Subway (MBTA Green Line). It is not true that the original trolleys are still in use on this line.

Other cultural centers for fans include the Copps Hill Burying Ground, the Mr. Auburn Cemetary (there is a telephone in Mary Baker Eddy's grave which is said to be still in operating condition) Old Newburyport and, of course, Salem. We realize that nothing in this area can compete with the Public Library in Oxnard, California or the Post Office Building in Bemidji, Minnesota but then--what can? Hyde County, South Dakota!

## !!! INDEX !!!

The MITSFS Index to the Science Fiction Magazines 1951-1965 is ready NOW. Compiled and thrice proofread by Erwin S. (Filthy Pierre) Strauss, this volume is a necessary addition to the library of any collector of science fiction magazines. In its 207 pages all U.S. and most British magazines are indexed three ways -- by story title, author, and chronologically by magazine. Also included is a checklist of magazines indexed giving numeration, dating, size, pagination, and cover artists. The work is hardbound in green leatherette (with a rather pleasant odour). The price for this magnificent work is U.S. \$8.00 (U.S. \$1.00 discount to purchasers of the first edition of the MITSFS Index; please include copy number with order)\*. Make all cheques and draughts payable to:

Treasurer, M.I.T. Science Fiction Society.  
The mailing address is: M.I.T. Science Fiction Society  
Room W20-443, M.I.T.  
Cambridge, Mass. 02139  
U.S.A.

(European fans will probably find it easier to purchase from:

Fantast (Medway) Ltd.)  
75 Norfolk Street  
Wisbech, Cambs.  
England

Inquire of them as to their exact price.

A few explanations are in order to explain the delay in fulfilling the orders. In October of 1965 we reserved the presses for printing in February so as to be sure of no delays. However, after the books were printed they were held up at the bindery for two months due to a backlog. Instead of receiving the Index in early March we got them the second week of May. We are now shipping them as fast as possible and we thank all our faithful friends who waited so long. The only problem still remaining is waiting for the arrival of our permit to collect sales tax on orders mailed to Massachusetts residents. We will pay the tax for those Massachusetts residents who have already sent in their orders; we should be able to ship them their Indexes shortly.

\*Massachusetts residents add 3% Commonwealth sales tax.

# I AM A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER

--L. M. Rosenstein

The papers were piled high upon my desk. With them were the punched cards and reels of magnetic tape. I reached for the papers or rather for the one huge paper folded into hundreds of pages stacked quite neatly, it is true. They were folded in accordion fashion. I took a quick look after lifting the first few pages, and then I realized that I had the whole sheet upside down. This was unavoidable as the computer operators had stamped the time and date on what to their eyes was the first blank page. This happened to be the last blank page in this case, not the first. Sometimes it was the first. I turned the whole big block upside down which was really right side up and looked at what I had gotten. What I had wanted for results were on the last fifty pages of the block of paper. I smiled as I looked through them. It seemed that everything had gone all right. The titles were in the right place, and the totals and the results looked good. Then my smile left. The two-hundred and thirty-fourth total was wrong. How could that be? I wracked my brain for an answer. This was miserable. I had promised Andy the report today, and it was already three o'clock. I flipped to the beginning of my sheets where there were meaningless looking bunches of characters arranged in what appeared to be an orderly way. I fumbled through the other papers on my desk to get a more sparsely lettered listing. There it was. This told me where everything was. I matched this one against the more thickly printed listing which told me what everything was. After two hours of thinking, fitcheting, marking up the two sheets, and answering two phone calls, I found out or I thought that I had found out what was wrong. I punched up a few cards at the keypunch in the other room, came back, picked up from among the many on my desk, the right deck, pulled out a few cards and put the ones that I had punched back in the deck and submitted everything to the computer-room again.

I reached for the next set of papers on my desk or rather for the next set of the one huge paper folded into hundreds of pages stacked quite neatly, it is true.....

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(continued from page 18)

At this Tomm was rendered speechless by the shock of hearing himself described in the terms usually reserved for foreign agents and wanted men. Careful now, not to reveal his identity, he asked, "Why are you trying to catch him?"

"Haven't you heard? He is wanted for the murder of Andy Foegar, back in Shopton, N.Y. His father has offered a reward of 5000 high-voltage oil-filled paper capacitors,<sup>12</sup> and I need them for the plasma switch I am building. Say, do you have a minute or two? Let me explain my project--my 8.09 instructor says it is one of the best ideas he has seen in a long time. You see, you have this..."

But Tomm interrupted Pearson at this point, saying, "I would like to hear about it, but right now I have to go to the Library to check on some facts. Thanks again for helping me up the bridge."

"Don't mention it," said Dirt, as Tomm walked off to the convention of the Legion of Mad Scientists and his destiny.

12. He must have won it, because the real Durk Pearson left them in his apartment when he moved to Los Angeles.



# GRAPHHEMICS

James Suhrer Dorr  
824 E. Cottage Grove Ave.  
Bloomington, Indiana, 47401  
Easter Monday 1966

Received your letter today & look forward to receiving TZ 17. My plans for a zine have thus far failed to show any signs of materializing and, if your production remains as stepped up as it seems to be becoming, it is doubtful that anything will come up. Ergo, if I do not forget to put it in the envelope with this, I send you Doug's feature. I shall try to send you something by your deadline 9(bless you for sending me a deadline)--some art anyhow.

I have recently become 'science' (my initial article was "The Malthusian Fallacy"--I have already received one letter denouncing me) columnist for the Bloomington (Ind.) SPECTATOR, a newspaper put out in opposition to the official school paper. If you wish, I might send you some of my columns to reprint, or--more likely--I have a story almost completed called 'The Ballad of Val'dimar All.' It still needs illustration, though, & my time is short these days.

Said story, along with Doug's article, had been half-promised to one Joe Lee Sanders of 403 South Fess, Bloomington, Ind. (47401). He has a fanzine called SOMEWHATLY but, as he comes out only abt once/year I have time to make it up for him. I would appreciate your sending him TZ though--perhaps on an all-for-all trade basis although I am quite sure he would write LoCs. I shall have to send Doug his address too.

TZ 16 was a joy to behold--a good thick issue with lots of stuff in it. + in-group material that practically had me weeping with nostalgia. Also glad to see Tony's column back again. Given the proper dialect region, a prostitute might also be defunct. Also (as a Dirty Self-Appointed Litterature [Campbell never did print my reply to his editorial for Oct. 1965] I cannot resist this) a Wordsworthian poet might be denatured. This is unfair, but Poe characterized Longfellow & his followers as the Frogonidian School. Could such a poet be said to croak?

Another item for Doug's Barrendipity would be what is known in Bloomington, U.S.A. as a Roast Beef Manhattan. In New York, I believe, it would be called a hot roast beef sandwich.

Someone might bring Tony's Traditions up to date one of these days. As I remember, for instance, there were some sinister aspects of Sarill which were not mentioned. ie. the sacking of Burton House.

Either Harter or Childers seems to have an Anti-Anchovy bias--which is quite acceptable as I am of the Anti-Anchovy school myself. Perhaps, however, some clarification of the Anti-Anchovy position could be made. The controversy began, if my memory serves me, over the fact that the anchovy was used by the ancient Romans (during the Empire) as an aphrodisiac. Thus, it was felt, those who use Anchovy Pizza are a) immoral, and b) unmanly to need the stuff in the first place.

Is Boston still in the running for '67? [Faster all the time.--LT] TRICON Progress Rept. #2 came today & I did not see any advertising (from Boston, that is. Syracuse, N.Y.C., & Baltimore are plastered all over the place). [DAVE says, "That will be remedied in Progress Report #3!"--LT]

Your coolie had best not tempt me. I am taking a reading course in Icelandic & could tell him all sorts of stuff about Things. [?????--LT]

Add to Traditions MINICULT as well as the heretical (under Norwood, if memory serves) TABLECOMM which had been set up to discuss science fiction (&, as I remember, had never been officially disbanded. Ouch! that must be what happens to musicians who are not disconcerted.)

Enough of that.

/ / /

Arthur Hayes  
P.O. Box 189  
Matachewan  
Ontario, Canada

Hallucinations:-

send somepin.

TZ 16th received recently. I don't have any U.S. coins or stamps on hand, so will have to wait until I get out and see if any lie around somewhere before I can

I don't think there's much to comment on in this issue, being mainly for M.I.T.SFS members, or at least, an attempt to educate the heathens not M.I.T. students.

It does serve the interpreted objective, that of letting the outsiders know of the many activities that the M.I.T. Students are involved in, and the depth of those activities, all of an SF nature. Boston has never, till now, attempted to cash in on its SF reputation and the fact that it always has had a strong (though at times disorganized) sf following has been hidden from the fan-world.

However, to me, it would seem that the humour in TZ 16 and by association, the MITSFS, is forced.

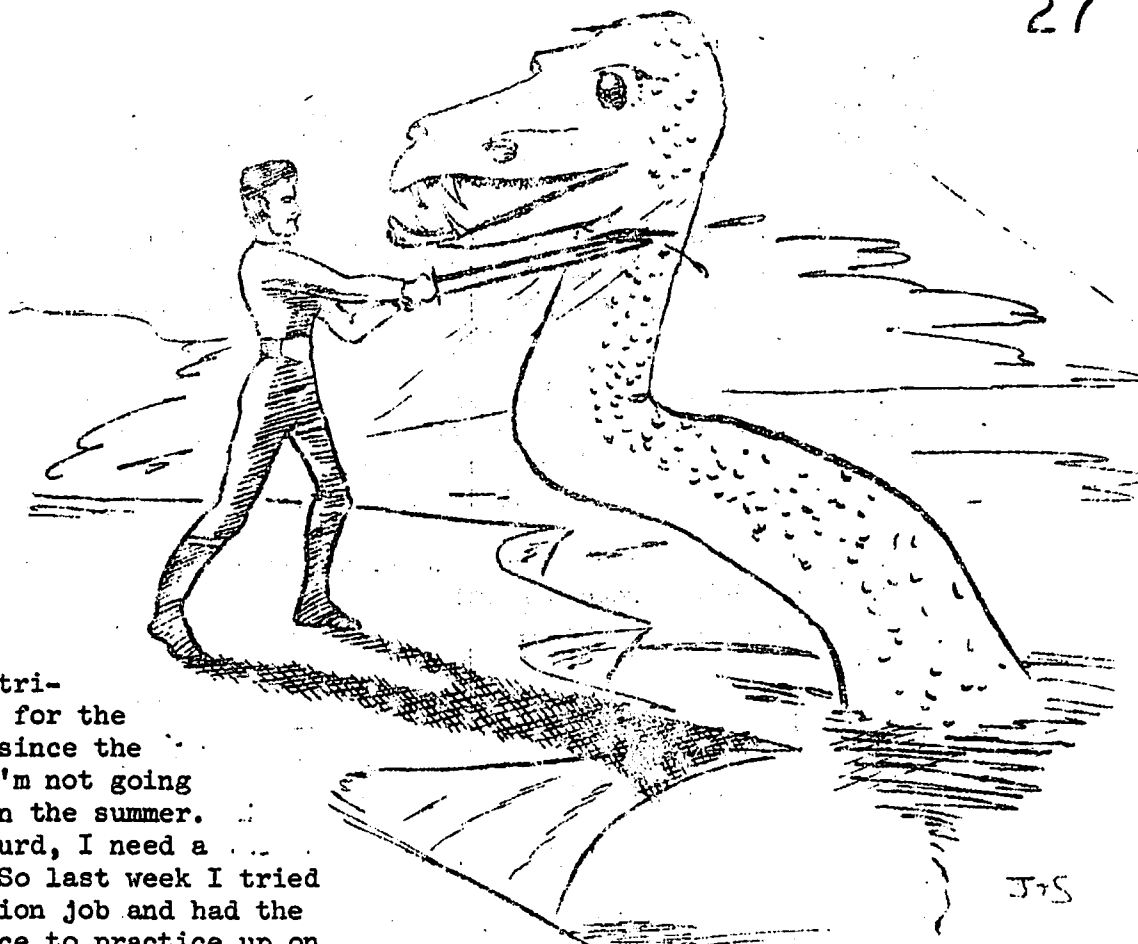
Despite W. T. Hornady, of the American Natural History, around here, it has often been done, a practice some years, of having a whole school class go about half-a-mile from school, alongside a highway, to watch beavers at work, during the day. I will admit that Hornady does say "seldom" and so, even though it is more like "frequent" here, or was, we must be an area that is an exception.

/ / /

Willem Van den Broek  
1128 Birk  
Ann Arbor, Michigan  
48103  
9 May 1966

Thanx for sending me TZ 16 and 17, received today. I am really quite happy and flattered to have gotten them. You see, this marks some sort of a special occasion for me, for TZ is the first completely unsolicited fanzine I have ever been given! As far as I know, none of you down at MIT have any reason for knowing that I exist, and I'm fairly sure I don't know any of you! So I'm flattered. Of course, maybe you got my name from my order for your Index, but if that's the case I'd really rather have the Index, since my order was sent in early in April. I'm only kidding; I really don't expect to get it for a while yet, because anyone knows that fans work on a different time scale (more cosmic, as it were) than normal folk. [The Index was delivered by the printer yesterday, May 11, and as this is being typed Filthy Pierre is in the process of mailing them out. So you will probably receive it before this copy of TZ.--LT]

Well, I suspect in the weeks to come I'll be relaxing back sipping a tall cool ~~Wheat~~ soda-pop and reading an Ace double while you guys are sweating your way through finals. My Deepest Sympathies! School has been out two weeks here



at Michigan due to the trimester, and for the first time since the 8th grade I'm not going to school in the summer. Hurrah!! Gourd, I need a vacation! So last week I tried a construction job and had the lovely chance to practice up on tarring basement walls. Yugg! So anyway I should have some time to fool around for once and I plan to try and make the Tricon. Incidentally, if this smells like a liverwort scented stationary, it's not a gourmand's answer to a love letter-- I am simply eating a liverwort sandwich while I'm typing this, which is no mean trick if you ever tried it. That's how I celebrate the semester's end--eating a liverwort sandwich. It's an exciting life I live. Mich. has nothing even approaching a science fiction society, although I have contacted a couple of fans more or less. So I read with nothing but envy the glorious history of MITSFS in #16. Ann Arbor has Dean McLaughlin, whose father was a prof here in astronomy, and that's about the extent of our writers hereabouts. Personally, I'm concentrating more in the "humanities" than in science just now, but I could end up anything from a bridgebuilder to an English professor. I see I'm wandering, so I'll leave you with this one last thought: the science fiction world owes it to posterity to have Astounding safely microfilmed for the ages. I was sorry to read that you had abandoned the project, although I suppose there will still be plenty of time in the future to bring it up to date. I hope you do, because it sounds like a great idea.

Donald Cochran  
151 Valley Street  
Jackson, Mississippi  
39209  
May 9, 1966

Greetings from a reader in exile. I've been meaning to write a letter ever since TZ 16 came. I've never seen such a mish-mash of material. You must have really been hard up. I did like Crossbows and the parodies. But only Harter's stuff and the Preisendorfer reprint were up (down?) to the standards of

yesterday year. [Actually, the Preisendorfer article was not a reprint. --LT] Also, there were ominous signs that some people are beginning to take the 'zine seriously. [Ha! Not on your life! --LT] What happened to TZ 15? I'd appre-

ciate it if you would send me a copy if there're any extra. I'm writing a Sherlock Holmes pastiche which should be ready for TZ 17 or fall, whichever comes later.

If the Institute returns me to its GhooD Ghraces, I'll be there this fall. If not, I'll be at the con in Cleveland. Given advance notice I might have made it to Boskone '66. However, I did not receive TZ until the con was only a memory. Too bad. Will you be at the con?

Be it known that my vote in absentia should be cast as follows: Yes on all motions of censure, No on the Miller Motion, and Abstain on all else. Minicult report: Kipling tells in his ballad, "In the Neolithic Age", how, in a primitive incarnation, he liquidated hostile critics of his verse.

Then I stripped them, scalp from skull, and my hunting dogs fed full,  
And their teeth I threaded neatly on a throng;  
And I wiped my mouth and said, "It is well that they are dead,  
For I know my work was right and theirs was wrong,"  
But my totem saw the shame; from his ridgepole down he came,  
And he told me in a vision of the night:--  
"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,  
And every single one of them is right!"

f       f       f

James Suhrer Dorr       I received TZ #17 today with great delight and I thank  
11 May 1966               you especially for the copy of #15. I am a little  
(yes, again)               embarrassed too, having half-promised some writing in  
                             my last letter. Fact is the department has caught up  
with me and I have some fifty odd pages of various sorts of uninspired  
scholarship due in the next week or so.

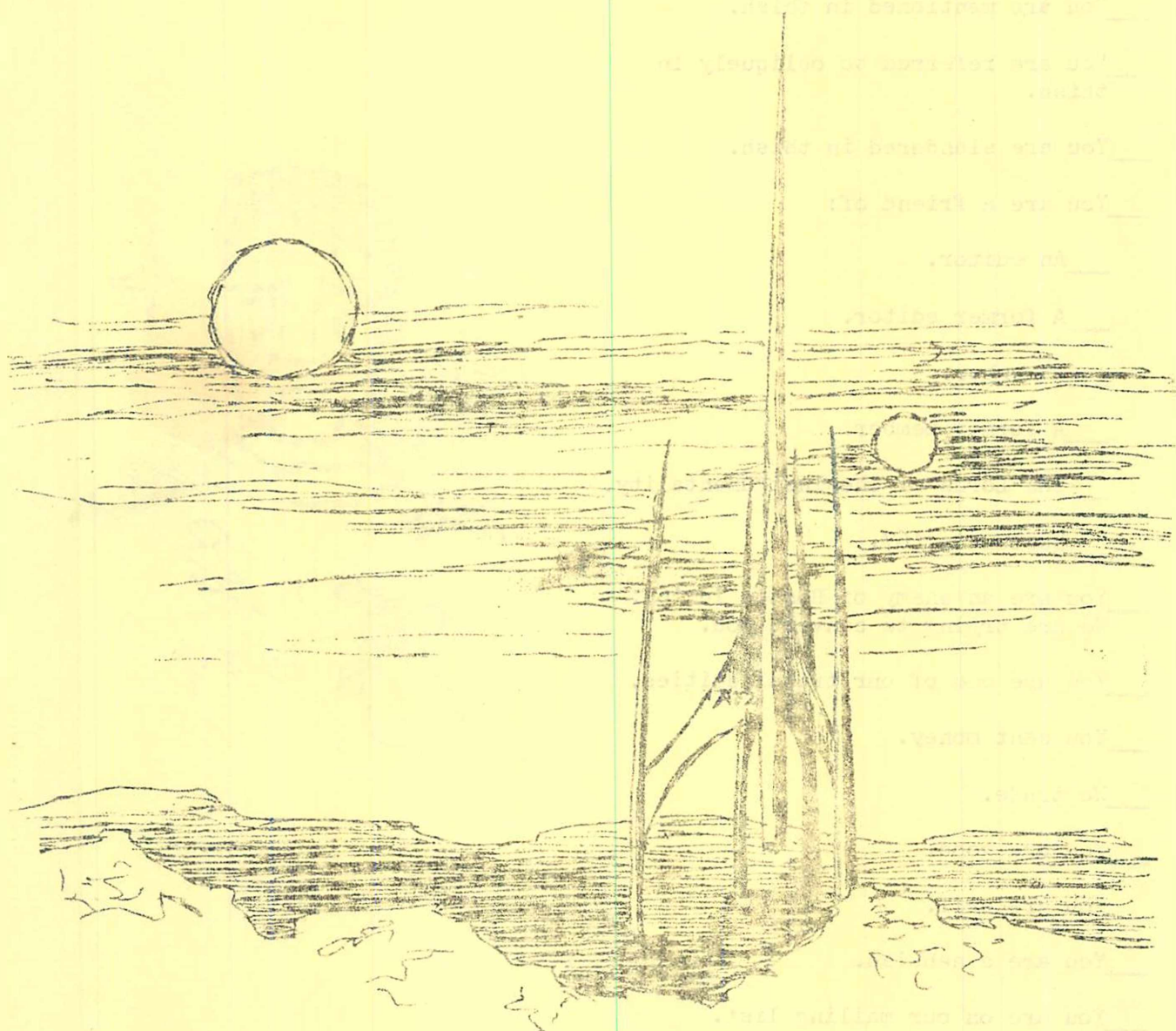
Are there any plans for a summer issue of TZ (or is that a silly question)?  
[I will be in Cambridge this summer, but I will be working full-time and  
taking 18.05T, so I will not have large amounts of free time. But we have  
hopes of putting out at least a small TZ if we receive enough material. --LT]  
At any rate, what will the summer address for TZ be? [See contents page. --LT]  
(I shall be at the same address during the summer but may move next Sept. and  
would like to be in some contact.)

I am almost tempted to answer Doug's queries about Malthus, but I will  
forbear. Haxlitt wrote a fairly amusing, and interesting, article on the good  
Reverend M. in The Spirit of the Age and I believe William Godwin wrote a reply  
to the population essay (though I have not looked it up). My article had been  
written before I knew about these anyway.

Best All-Time Series award? I nominated C.S. Lewis' Ransom trilogy first-  
and E.E. Smith's Lensmen 2nd (with a note on this explaining that its interest  
was historical--certainly not literary). No 3rd. I also appended a note  
indicating how stupid I thought the category was in the first place. ie. if  
Lord of the Rings is good enough to win best novel, let it. If not, then it  
loses. But there's no need to come up with a special category for the sole  
purpose of manufacturing an excuse to arbitrarily disqualify it from the running.

The Barsroom fans may be happy though, they can lobby for their favorite  
too...

Although I did not take advantage of it on the nominating ballot myself, I suppose it should be mentioned that there are a number of perhaps unexpected items eligible for the Hugo in that category: William Shakespeare, Plays; Edmund Spenser, The Faerie Queene (the fragmentary Book VII first appeared in the third edition [Books I-III and IV-VI were printed in 2 parts] so it just makes the three volume requirement); I dare say there are many others. [Dante, The Divine Comedy? --CJS] I guess I'll vote for Shakespeare.



EASTER MONDAY 1966  
Chas. Dunn



YOU ARE GETTING THIS ISSUE BECAUSE:

\_\_\_ You contributed an article.

\_\_\_ You contributed artwork.

\_\_\_ You contributed a coverillo. We love you.

\_\_\_ You sent a LoC.

\_\_\_ You sent two LoC's.

\_\_\_ It is the only action that will avert the effects of our ancestral curse.

\_\_\_ You are mentioned in thish.

\_\_\_ You are referred to obliquely in thish.

\_\_\_ You are slandered in thish.

\_\_\_ You are a friend of:

\_\_\_ An editor.

\_\_\_ A former editor.

\_\_\_ A member.

\_\_\_ A former member.

\_\_\_ The Lords of the Instrumentality.

\_\_\_ Boston in '67.

\_\_\_ You are an enemy of Boston in '67.  
We are trying to convert you.

\_\_\_ You are one of our tribal deities.

\_\_\_ You sent money.

\_\_\_ We trade.

\_\_\_ You are good.

\_\_\_ You are evil.

\_\_\_ You are a nebbish.

\_\_\_ You are on our mailing list.

\_\_\_ You know how to read.

\_\_\_ It seemed like a good thing to do at the time.

