

NERIE SAW FONT

(this's editorial pages are being devoted to the sonreport, mainly because I write enough of this zine as it is. I don't know what Leslie's excuse is this month.) (Would you believe Gregorian Chant?...Functions of a Complex Variable?...Harvard Stadium hot dogs, maybe...? --LJT)

ARRIVING

It was a weary little group that staggered into the Sheraton-Cleveland at about nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, September 2, 1966. By some miracle of atavism, in this technological era, we had managed to collect a carload of people consisting of only one driver (Vanderwerf) and three confirmed non-drivers (me, Leslie, and John Boardman). The high spirits with which we had set out across the Verazzano-Narrows Bridge at five the evening before, had faded within the first hundred miles of driving through moon-lit Pennsylvania countryside, and had vanished entirely during the few hours of troubled sleep we had snatched at one of a series of Howard Johnson rest stops, all seemingly identical except for the fact that in some the Ladies' Room was on the left.

Nevertheless, our hearts rose somewhat as we escalated ourselves to the mezzanine and handed over the extra dollar that made us Genuine Attending Members of the Twenty-Fourth World Science-Fiction Convention (along with some eight-hundred-fifty others and another three hundred non-attending members). Mine was so lifted that I actually managed to avoid falling asleep after unpacking; since the official program was not scheduled to begin until one P.M., I devoted the next two hours to wandering about, feeling rather neoish -- this was before I learned that it is impossible for a female to be a neo. I passed through the Hucksters' Room and noted that Pierre's Indices appeared to be selling well. I attempted to view the art show but was ejected on the grounds that it was not yet fully set up. Finally, as one o'clock approached, I sat down in the Gold Room, location of most events, and combatted Morpheus by eating from my package of black licorice. I kept awake but developed such a profound distaste for the vile stuff, that I was eventually compelled to give the rest of the package to Bruce Pelz, west-coast Tolkienist, who was so ill-advised as to declare in the presence of witnesses his tolerance for this exotic delicacy.

The introduction of notables a la Ed Sullivan proceeded quickly, leaving time for a recess before Harlan Ellison spoke, animadverting* the lack of avante-garde and controversial writing in science fiction. This speech displayed a tendency to degenerate into an exchange of insults with Randall Garrett, but perhaps that was the fault of the jellybeans...

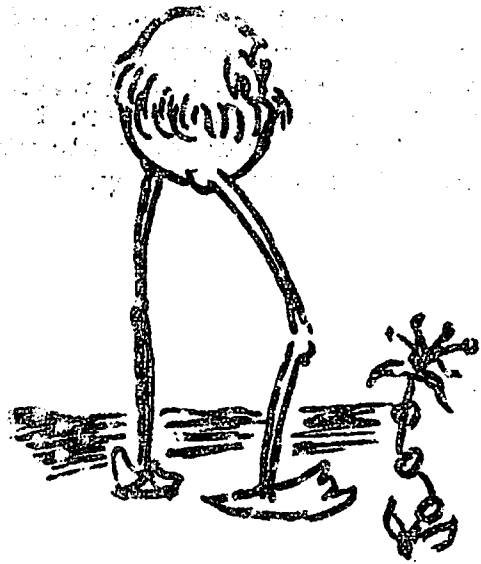
THE JELLYBEANS

Some time last year, Harlan Ellison wrote a 1984-ish type story entitled "Repent Harlequin, Said the Ticktockman." One of the acts of its hero is to dump \$150,000 worth of jellybeans on the moving sidewalks, causing no end of confusion as the passers-by stop to eat them. However, it is also stated that jellybeans had not been manufactured for more than one hundred years. Despite

*I think this word is absolutely beautiful. I got it out of a Georgette Heyer novel in Eleventh Grade, and this is the first chance I've had to use it. Rah!

the resulting inconsistencies, the story did manage to win one of the few Nebula Awards that Roger Zelazny neglected to carry off and even got itself nominated for a Hugo. But all year, people had been going up to Ellison and asking him, "Harlan, what about the jellybeans?" So no wonder that by the time of the Con, he was pretty well bugged out of his mind.

As a result of this sad situation, a group of kind-hearted Angelinos decided to vary the routine to "Harlan, we don't mind about the jellybeans." Yet a further refinement was the purchase of four pounds of black licorice jellybeans. One pound was left with Banquet Toast-master Isaac Asimov, in case Harlan got his Hugo. The remainder was divided into small packages and given to various people to be presented at intervals during the weekend. Even Boston's own mild-mannered Hal Clement/Harry C. Stubbs is said to have sidled up to Ellison, muttering, "I believe these are yours." Now, the one kind of jellybeans that Harlan Ellison does not like happens to be black licorice. So if he had been bugged out of his mind before, now he was pretty well bugged out of the known universe. Which raised his innate aptitude for Randy Garrett-insulting to a new peak and provided much amusement for the assembled spectators.



A MEDIAEVAL INTERLUDE

I ducked out to eat during the mid-afternoon auction and returned near the end of a panel on comic books, just in time to hear someone passionately defending the thesis that Doc Sivana was really a good guy, apparently on the grounds that he had a beautiful daughter. After the showing of one segment of a totally losing television show, Time Tunnel (which did garner plenty of laughs, albeit all in the wrong places), the assembled mob was thrown out in order to allow for the preparation of an initiation into the Order of Saint Fantony. This British group had managed to acquire a few American members -- TAFF representatives and such -- over the last several years, and it was apparently decided at last years Worldcon in London to form a US chapter. So with much pomp and circumstance -- not to mention cloaks, heroic music, and naked swords, Bjo Trimble and Fritz Leiber (ably proxied by John Trimble) proved their fitness by drinking unflinchingly (more or less) of the waters from the well of the renowned martyr and were accepted as true Knight and Lady of the Order of Saint Fantony.

The next hour, before the Boston-Syracuse bidders' party, I spent wandering around, looking for Leslie, and hoping that she knew more than I did about what we were supposed to be doing to help. The eventual answer was, nothing much. But we did stand for a few hours by the door, attempting to counter Boston's lack of buttons and propagandistic coasters by greeting people with our smiling faces. Pat O'Neil got his own party going just after midnight, but the chance to sit down proved fatal to me. Pat had brought Juanita Coulson and Eliot Shorter along to join him in folk-singing, but when I realized I was missing occasional verses, in half-hour chunks, I decided to give up and do the rest of my sleeping in my own room.

FANTASTIC STAY-AT-HOMES

Much of Saturday consisted for me in sleeping through free movies and drowsing through panels, so I will resume my narration with an inside story as the only Bostonian to participate in the costume party. My costume (which, for lack of anything better, I described as "Dryad") consisted primarily of black tights, a sort of tunic with leaves sewn all over it, more leaves in my hair, and lots of green eye shadow. I crept out of my room warily, aware of



startled glances from passing Canadian Legionnaires (they would keep playing those bagpipes), was somewhat relieved to find myself in the elevator with an Explosion in a Time Machine, and emerged on the mezzanine into a scene of colorful bedlam. All about me I saw wizards in wigs and barbarians in bathmats, masked monsters, antennaed aliens, and a sightless superhero who kept muttering, "Maybe Spiderman can see out through these things..." Randy Garrett came as one of his own characters, which was considered decidedly dirty pool, and James Blish did the burnoose bit and claimed to be L. Sprague de Camp.

There then followed an interval of people marching around the room to be seen, judged, photographed, or whatever (especially whatever). A rather dispirited band played while the judges consulted and Harlan Ellison called for faster music (although presumably not stronger wine (what am I quoting from?)). The finalists (yhos included) marched around again. The band appeared and the judges retired... Finally, the winners were announced. They were, as far as memory serves*:

- Most BEMish -- The Rose Monster (Harriet Kolchak)
- Most Authentic -- The King of Fools and the Snake-Mother
- Most Beautiful -- Dragon Mistress (Karen Anderson)
- Best Presentation -- Chung the Unavoidable (who proved that the hand is quicker than the eye, even when the eye is a ping-pong ball) (Bruce Pelz)
- Most Humorous -- Explosion in a Time Machine (Larry Niven)
- Best Group -- The Birds that Science Fiction is For
- Special Award -- St. George and the Dragon (A.C. Kyle III (age about 4) & ?)

*Where it doesn't, see Nickas. (Free plug)

The audience also voted another award to the Snake-Mother -- probably for her endurance in sitting all evening on a dolly with her legs encased in several yards of highly impressive and tightly coiled tail.

ROVING

The New York bidder's party started soon after I changed out of my costume. It promptly fizzled, due to an insufficiency of liquor. (The liquor stores had closed at six that evening. Thanks to the holiday, they would not open again until Tuesday morning. Some improvident people seemed to be very unhappy about this.) Since Leslie gave up and went to sleep early, I was able to entice Vanderwerf off to a party given by Charlie and Marsha Brown. The high points of this memorable evening were (1) J.K. Klein coming in with his camera and everyone trying to give him something interesting to photograph, (2) Marsha going to sleep, and (3) the Solemn Pact we made to tell everyone it was a Really Great Party. You heard that friends; it was great, and don't you forget it.

I staggered out of bed at nine-thirty Sunday morning to attend a meeting of the Hyborean Legion and staggered back to sleep immediately after. Aside from the facts that L. Sprague de Camp is proposing to write a new fantasy and that I gave somebody some money for something, I retain absolutely nothing of this interval...

By the time I got up again, I had missed most of a panel on "Religion in Science Fiction," and so I never did find out why Roger Zelazny is a pantheist. However, I was in time for the Fun and Joke Session with Isaac Asimov and Harlan Ellison. After a few minutes of weakly struggling through Yiddish jokes, they settled down to Harlan telling tales of his life in Hollywood and dropping names as if they grew on trees, while Asimov inserted an occasional well-placed deflation. Despite the bad start, it turned out to be one of the most memorable parts of the formal program. After some more nonsense came the fashion show, which I am scarcely equipped to do justice to. Ask one of the local drooling males about it, if you're really interested.

REPENT HARLAN...

That evening was, of course, the Hugo Awards Banquet. Having shelled out five bucks for a ticket, I was able to sit and eat in comfort while the assembled dignitaries did the same up on the dais. L. Sprague de Camp's speech as guest of honor consisted mostly of anecdotes of his world-wide travels -- such tidbits as how to stop European waiters from robbing you blind, simply by speaking French. Although not an outstanding speech, it was more interesting by far than the series of presentations of special awards, by First Fandom and others, that followed. But even Sam Moskowitz cannot go on for ever, and so it came time for the Hugos to be presented.

Each of the lists of nominees was read off by a renowned star (played by Isaac Asimov) and the winner announced by a beautiful actress (also played by Isaac Asimov). Asimov further undertook to insult all the winners soundly because they were getting Hugos and he wasn't. What is like unto an Asimov? Best Professional Magazine was won by If, making it the first winner since Galaxy tied in 1953 not to be named Astounding/Analog or Fantasy and Science Fiction. Best Professional Artist was Frank Frazetta. For Best Novel, there was a tie between Zelazny's And Call Me Conrad... and Frank Herbert's Dune. Best Amateur Magazine was won by ERB-dom, proving to many people's dissatisfaction the power of special fandoms.

As Asimov read the list of nominees for Best Short Fiction, interest rose to a peak, for not even the old hands at predictions had been able to figure this one. He read slowly and with delight at holding the attention of all. "Repent Harlequin!, Said the Ticktockman" by Harlan Ellison. (hisses) 'Star Dock' by Fritz Leiber. 'Marque and Reprisal' by Poul Anderson. 'Day of the Great Shout' by Phillip Jose Farmer. The winner is... (prolonged pause as the envelope is opened) ... oy! Come and get it Harlan. The winner is 'Repent Harlequin!, Said the Jellybean.'" And as an astounded Harlan ascended to the dais, Asimov handed him the coveted award -- yet another bag of black licorice jellybeans.

Upset perhaps by this ultimate insult, Harlan, after voicing his gratitude, proceeded to maneuver Asimov away from the podium and announce that he was finally going to satisfy his life-long desire to award a Hugo all by himself. Asimov appeared hurt by this rejection but bore it in patience as Ellison read the list of nominees for Best All-time Series. Finally the winner was announced -- "The Foundation Series" by Isaac Asimov. And for the second time that evening, one who had previously been throwing insults about with a lavish hand was forced to reveal himself to be Sweet and Sincere and Grateful and all those uncool things after all. So, drowned in schmaltz, the banquet expired gracefully.

PARTYING

That evening, I just barely looked in on the bidder's party and proceeded quickly to the festivities sponsored by Pat O'Neil. The clever thing there was the use of the Browns' room down the hall as an annex to which to banish folk-singers, thus keeping them out of the hair of honest folk. Alas! there was no equally simple way to dispose of the cloud of cigarette smoke that steadily accumulated until it threatened to obscure the far wall. I held out as long as I could, in order to observe the fascinating spectacle of Bjo leaning comfortably on Ed Meskys and discoursing on the musical aptitudes of llamas, but, as my eyes became Niagaran, I was forced to flee. I stood, gasping, in the hall, wondering what to do next, when Charlie Brown came out and asked if I would like to see the pro party. He had been avoiding it, he said, in the attempt to meet new people, but he was willing to make the sacrifice for my sake. So how could I say no? Besides, what's a conreport without a few names to drop? So stop me if I start sounding too much like Harlan Ellison, but...

From the moment we entered, it was obviously the pro party (despite Sheila), because you could hear Isaac Asimov, Randy Garrett, and Karen Anderson singing selections from Gilbert and Sullivan as only Isaac Asimov, Randy Garrett, and Karen Anderson can (or would dare). The next thing I noticed was L. Sprague de Camp bearing down on us to demand that Charlie justify his existence. Feeling thankfully inconspicuous, I wandered about for a bit, finally ending up listening to de Camp telling Roger Zelazny about how the rapier was very popular in ancient Crete until the invention of body armor, after which it languished in obscurity for several thousand years.

At about that time, I noticed a rapidly growing pile of high heels in the corner and happily added mine to the group. The singers had by now turned to such old favorites as "The Skye Boat Song," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and "The Old Oaken Bucket." I requested "The Ash Grove" but no one knew it.* More stragglers from Pat's party now began to wander in. Marsha Brown appeared,

*It has since transpired that Hal Clement does -- in the original Welsh, too.

having shed her contact lenses, and Pat himself came by with Eliot Shorter to give a more folksongy tinge to the proceedings. It was at this point that nametags began to travel freely. Eliot turned into Karen Anderson, while she seemed content as Jack Gaughan. I finally gave up at five A.M. and, collecting my shoes, staggered off to bed. It was thus that I missed the once-in-a-lifetime experience to watching the sun rise over Lake Erie.

Despite this self-deprivation, I still failed of as good a night's sleep as I might have wished, for, for some obscure reason, I felt compelled to get up in time to hear John Brunner speak at noon. So I was not in all that great shape for the business meeting, which was perhaps just as well, for Boston displayed its inexperience sadly. I didn't really come alive until that evening, in time for the bitter-enders' party. This was held in the two convention suites -- one for home movies and one for drinking. I opted for the latter, despite the fact that I had just come to the sorry conclusion that I must have a basic aversion to the taste for alcohol, since I find it unpleasant in any form or disguise. Sniff!

I soon found, however, that I apparently had a choice between standing up and having people shove by me in their haste to get on the liquor line, or sitting down and having people step on me in their haste to get on the liquor line. Then I made the happy discovery that there was a friendly little bench out in the corridor, between the two suites, and if I went and sat on it, people would come and sit down next to me. In this way, I managed to meet a good part of the TZ mailing list, have my picture taken several times, and see all sorts of fascinating people go by in the elevators.

I had thought, in my folly, that I might even get a little more sleep that night. Heh. So I was dozing fitfully on one of the mezzanine couches at about noon, saying nasty things to people who came by and tired to wake me up (I didn't recognize them with my glasses off, but whoever you were, I apologize), when I heard a gladsome cry rising from the lobby. It was the soon-to-depart Californians celebrating the belated arrival of Ron Ellik and Bill Evans' The Universes of E.E. Smith, which Advent Publishers had supposedly been selling at the Con, but for which nothing but the covers had arrived. So Ron and illustrator Bjo organized an impromptu autographing party, while the Trimble offspring scampered about merrily and a fine time was had by all.

After that there remained but one last party at the airport (the Browns had convinced me that even if standby failed, Sheila and I would at least be stranded together) with Poul and Karen Anderson, Alva and Sidoney Rogers, and Ron Ellik, all waiting to disperse to the four corners of the earth. Then my plane was landing at La Guardia, and, as I saw the flag of the Borough of Queens flying in the breeze, I knew that I was truly home.



THE EX-WIFE OF THE SON OF THE GHOST OF MITSFS



--as taken by Cory Seidman

- 7/5 The meeting of August 5, 1966, which had been desultorily trying to get its wheels off the ground for half an hour, was finally brought to a semblance of life by the triumphal arrival of Ye Onseck, accompanied by the wherewithall for TZ 19. The meeting was called to order at 6:00 by acting Skinner Ed Meyer. The minutes were read.

Steffie--Miller motion

Discussion--Leslie: I'm hungry. If you want TZ out tonight, we'd better adjourn.

Motion passed 5-0

Meeting adjourned.

- 7/12 Jourcomm hit Pat O'Neil over the head

Suford entered meowing and went into a state of shock when told Arlewis was fanacking in TCA. She proceeded to sit on Partycomm's lap.

Pumpkincomm: a trifling amount of \$1000 is needed to expedite the project--namely for the chairman to live high and mighty. (His application was denied.)

- 8/19 Fweekcomm: Something will be done.
Maybe.
Or maybe something won't.

- 8/26 Minicult (Lewis) In China, flowers, stamp-collecting, and religion are out; taxis going to help peasants are in; pedicabs are in if the passenger pedals; servants and employees are out; extra furniture is out; long fingernails are out.

Meeting abandoned, 6:20.

- 9/16 MSI (Brack) that the Society not give a vote of confidence or no confidence to the present Institute Administration; and the Society, in giving or not giving this vote of confidence or no confidence, realizes that it may or may not be right or wrong.

- 9/23 Minicult (Phillies) $c=10^{-6}$ pipees/angstrom-second. A pipee is an XVIII French unit of measurement--it is the area a man can walk around while smoking a pipe--it has a fluctuation of 20%.
Udin: Let us define a standard pipe.
Truman's pipe was volunteered.
MS (Phillies) to define the pipee in terms of the speed of light.
passed 11-8-2+1

MS (Leslie) to commend The Plant for having grown a foot since last spring
Harter: I object.

Pierre: I can't see any feet.

A(Harter) that The Plant be commended for not having grown any feet.

A(Baran) that The Plant be commended for having grown twelve inches.

(cries of "where, where")

Harter's amendment failed 9-10-5+1

Phillies (to the Skinner) the rules state "in case of a tie, the president may vote". Do you choose to vote to produce a tie?

It was stated that Leslie's motion was on the floor.

It was asked where else you would move.

It was suggested it be tabled.

A call went up for decorum.

Ye onseck requested a recess to fill her pen.

M (Jansen) to terminate the proceedings on the grounds of idiocy. (out of order)

Original motion passed 15-8-4+1

MI (Seitz) that the plant be censured for growing twelve inches on the grounds that by 1985 it will displace the Society.

Truman: who can I complain to about MTA service--what gets me is 6 busses in a row.

It was suggested that only the first bus knows the way.

10/7 MI (Phillies) to repeal the law of gravity.

MS (Harter) to ignore the law of gravity. (Phillies was ignored again)

Udin: who should we ignore it with first?

Leslie: "as a physics major, I am morally bound to reject the motion.

Passed 10-9-5+1

The president them voted to produce a tie.

Ward: although the Skinner votes in case of a tie, the president votes at any time; you must now vote to break the tie.

Pierre: $g = 4.9 \text{ m/sec}^2$ by this motion.

Truman voted to break the tie 11-10

10/14 Minutes were read.

It was asked how a meeting could begin at 5:10 and end at 4:45.

It was asked whether he had taken freshman physics.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

After careful scrutiny by a team of art experts shanghaied from the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the illos in TZ 19 have been identified beyond a shadow of a doubt. This list supersedes, replaces, and supplants all previous lists.

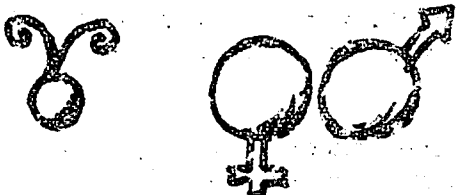
Steve Stiles: cover, 3

Al Kuhfeld: 4, 5, 27, bacover

Dick Schultz: 17

Sue Hereford: inside bacover

Let this be a lesson to artists who don't sign their work.



YES.

WE'RE GIRLS

TWILIGHT ZINE AND ME

1960-64

-- Doug Hoylman

In the Constitution of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science Fiction Society, adopted in 1952, one of the purposes of the Society is given as "to encourage authorship among its members and to publish a Journal devoted to these works and such others as may be deemed appropriate." For several years this was, as was the case with most of the Constitution, ignored.

Then, in October of 1960, the Society invited Hugo Gernsback¹ as a guest speaker. The two principal points made in his address were: that science fiction should be predictive first and literary second; and that the MIT Science Fiction Society, whose members had both an interest in sf and a solid scientific training, ought to make use of this rare combination and publish a science-fiction journal.

The latter idea was taken seriously by the Society, which was eager for new projects. Jon Ravin was appointed editor, or, as the post was more commonly known, Jourcomm, short for Journal Committee.² Note the use of the same word, "journal", that Gernsback had used. Up until this point the word "fanzine" had not been mentioned, indeed most of the members had never heard it.

In January 1961 the first issue appeared. It was called The Twilight Zine. For those who came in late, this is an allusion to The Twilight Zone, a now-defunct television anthology series of sf and fantasy, produced by Rod Serling. "Zine" comes from "magazine", and it is also short for "fanzine", which is short for "fan magazine".³ I think there was also an intended implication that the new journal would be midway between the "dark" of fanzines and the "light" of professional sf magazines. What dreamers we were in those days!

I've lost my copy of that first issue, but as I recall, it contained an introductory article by Gernsback, reprints of pieces by Fritz Leiber and Hal Clement, and various things by MITSFS members. ((Doug is right. Gernsback's

Gernsback's name is largely unknown to science-fiction readers today, but he is the guy who started the whole thing. Although not, as he is sometimes called, the inventor of science fiction (which title has also been applied to writers from Poe to Plato), he is responsible for the development of sf as a separate genre, as the founder of Amazing, the first magazine completely devoted to sf, in 1926. Gernsback today publishes two periodicals bearing no relation to sf, or to each other -- Radio-Electronics and Sexology.

Two photographs commemorating Gernsback's first MITSFS appearance (he returned in October of 1963) hung for several years on the wall of the Society library. One shows Isaac Asimov, who was there to introduce Gernsback, rising to answer a question, and the guest of honor at a podium in the background; the other shows Gernsback signing an autograph for Tony Lewis, resplendent in suit and vest, thought at this stage of his career still clean-shaven, while an eager but somewhat confused-looking freshman awaits his turn. He spelled my name wrong.

² MITSFS "committees" almost invariably consist of one member; a significant exception, active about this time, was the ill-starred Tablecomm.

³ "Fan" is short for "fanatic".

contribution included a short story, and among the student contributions was ARLewis' original article on the Glorious Traditions of the Most Noble Science Fiction Society of the M. I. T. --CJS)) It also had upon its mast-head the famous slogan, "We're not fans, we just read the stuff." Many members of the Society had at this time the stereotyped propeller-beanie, goshwowboyoboy image of science fiction fans (which was to some extent reinforced by the behavior of a few members who were avowed fen), or at least were aware that this was the popular conception of fans, and didn't want to be associated with such clods. This was, after all, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

TZ was, however, sent out as trades to ~~other~~ fanzine editors (at least we can find out how the other half lives), and copies were also mailed to a number of professional sf authors. This is evident from the letter column of the second issue, which contains the names Algis Budrys, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Wilson Tucker, and Don Wollheim (all fans as well, but that's beside the point). Number Two came out in March or April (the early ones weren't dated) 1961, and also included another Gernsback article, another Leiber reprint, "A Non-Fan's Guide to Fandom" by quasimember (and fan) B*ll S*r*ll,⁴ "A Psychiatrist Looks at Science Fiction", and an angry editorial by Ravin complaining about the lack of contributions by members of the Society. (The editorship changed several times in the next few years, but the complaint didn't.)

About this time TZ received more encouragement from Gernsback, who offered to buy the Society a mimeograph machine or donate an equivalent amount of money. Since we had the use of the Burton House Gestetner,⁵ we took the money.

That spring Ravin was elected secretary of the Society, and Bernie Morris, then a freshman, was appointed (reluctantly, as he described it in his first editorial) to replace him as Jourcomm. Ravin stayed on as advisor and correspondence editor. The third issue, elegantly designated Volume Two, Number One, appeared in the early fall of 1961, and contained a short story which had been rejected by Galaxy in 1953, more by Gernsback, and a pair of trivia by a new contributor who was not to miss an issue thereafter. (My only previous connection with TZ had been helping with the collation of #2.)

The fourth issue (sometime in the late fall of 1961) was the first one to be written entirely by MIT students, and included a map for The Worm Ouroboros worked out by Bernie, a Flash Gordon parody by Greg Gabbard reprinted from Voodoo, and more garbage by the undersigned. (Or oversigned,

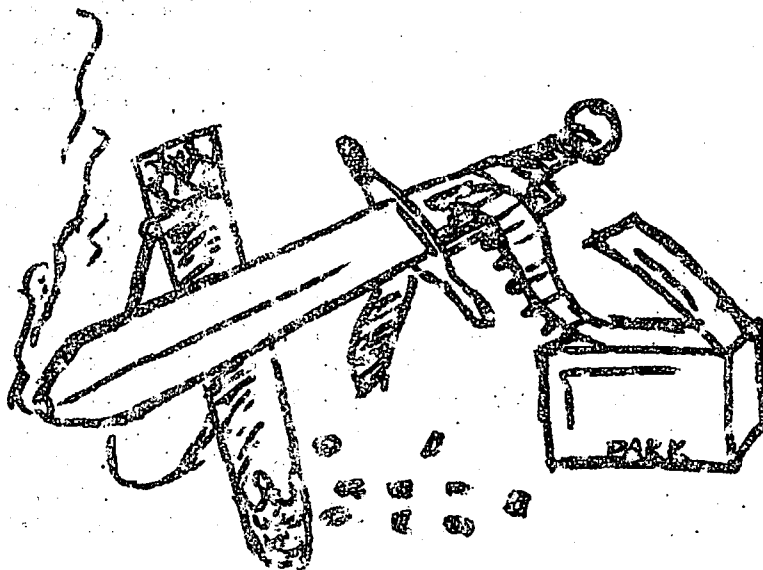
⁴About whom somebody should someday write an article for TZ, if it can be done without violating the libel laws.

⁵Obtained for the house by Jonathan Gestetner of that ilk,⁶ who lived in Burton while at MIT, and available to residents. The first 13 issues of TZ, and #15, were printed on this machine. Burton, MIT's largest dormitory, was for several years the home of most of the influential members of MITSFS, and during 1960-61 held Ravin, Lewis (then secretary), Court Skinner (then president), and many more, including some whose names will later become important in this chronicle, Bernie Morris, Ed Olsen, and yrs. truly. This is getting pretty far off the track even for a footnote.

⁶This is probably the first time you have seen "ilk" used properly, unless you too have read Fowler's English Usage.

if this is printed in the usual format.) More significantly, it was the first to omit the motto "We're not fans, we just read the stuff", from the contents page. The Society was coming to realize that they were indeed fans (and, ipso facto, that not all fans were kooks) and that TZ was nothing more nor less than a fanzine.

The zine had shrunk. #2 had 34 pages, #5 a mere 24, and the contents page of the latter listed only six items including the editorial. Jon had dropped out as correspondence editor (this issue contained no letters anyway) but contributed an article on the strange traditions of the MITSFS. There was also the first of many collections of MIT folk songs. My name appeared as stencil typist as well as author, and I wrote a piece entitled "A New Name for Science Fiction?" which I now consider to be garbage (no, I don't think everything I ever wrote is garbage. When I get to one I still like I'll tell you) but which impressed Hugo Gernsback enough so that he wrote a rebuttal which appeared both in TZ#7 and in his own Christmas card/magazine, Forecast.



Also with the fifth issue Bernie began the (to me, anyway) annoying practice of not putting the name of the zine on the front cover. On the cover of #6 there wasn't room anyway, since it reproduced a drawing of the moon, with the craters and maria numbered according to a key on the other side. It was a professional job copied from I don't know where, and was the first really impressive coverillo TZ had had. The sixth issue was the last of the academic year 1961-62 and the first to contain editorial comment to the disappearance of the masthead slogan, headed, "We're Fans." It had a song parody by Asimov and a short article by Leiber (these aren't indicated as reprints but I suspect it). There were two reprints from Tech Engineering News by Ruby Preisendorfer, founder of MITSFS, and this issue contained the first "Reaction" column by Tony Lewis. Tony had been writing and drawing miscellaneous fillers from the inception of the Zine, but this was his first piece long enough to need a title. "Reaction" soon became one of the most popular regular features. The letter column in that issue was the first to be called "Laevorotation", a term from physics which had no particular relevance except that Bernie was a physics major. There were also more MIT songs, now given the fannish title "filk songs" (which I believe originated as a misprint). Last and not least, Six was the first issue to be called "A BeaverBarf Press Production", which referred to no new corporation, just Bernie, his staff, and the Burton Gestetner.

7The beaver, as everyone knows by now, is the symbol of MIT. The reason, as given in TZ#5, is that "the beaver is the engineer of the animal world, and the Techman is the animal of the engineering world." According to VooDoo, the typical Techman wears a grungy sweatshirt and shaves once a week; the typical Tech coed wears a grungy sweatshirt and shaves every day.

With the start of the new academic year (Bernie's and my junior year) TZ began looking better. It was printed on higher-quality paper and was mailed out in envelopes rather than being folded and stapled. It was also dated, and #7 came out on Sept. 29, 1962. At the same time, it was now undeniably a fanzine, and the names in the lettercol were those of fans (though #7 had one from Avram Davidson replying to an editorial critical of F&SF, of which he was then editor). And a regular schedule was announced, four times a year.

Most of the issues up to this time were the result of "typing parties", to which every member who owned a typewriter was exhorted to come, whether he knew how to use it or not. Many didn't, which accounts for the erratic typographical appearance of those issues. The typing parties were fun and Fuzzy Pink usually brought cookies, but Bernie decided that the appearance of the zine needed improvement. Future issues were stenciled over a period of weeks by Bernie, Ed Olsen, and me, all more or less competent typists.

The eighth issue, November '62, contained nothing memorable, though it did reprint a propaganda sheet which I wrote, describing the quaint tribal customs of MITSFS for the freshmen midway. I take no responsibility for the typos therein.

Number nine, January '63, had a long article by Bernie on The Lord of the Rings, which was his term paper for a literature course called "The Epic",⁹ and a piece by Ed Olsen on H.P. Lovecraft. Also my first (and best) crossword, Tony's longest "Reaction" to date, and a reprint of the famous DeGaulle letters. Seems that at a MITSFS meeting some months earlier a vote of confidence in Charles DeGaulle had been passed. If this seems a strange activity for a science-fiction club, you should see some of the other things that go on at meetings. So the next logical thing to do was to notify the General of the vote, in his own language, of course. Gordon Wasserman was selected to write the letter, since he was both proficient in French and absent from the meeting.¹⁰ He did, using the salutation "Mon cher vieux", (literally "my dear old man" and hardly the proper form for addressing a head of state), the letter was sent and the matter forgotten. Then, to the astonishment of everyone, we received a reply, from a secretary with an illegible signature, assuring us that General de Gaulle was touched by the opinion which we had expressed of him. Both letters were reprinted (sans translation) in #9.

The tenth issue had another Gernsback contribution, an article by Dorr on Frodo and Freud, a story of mine called "Creation Lab" which had the unique distinction of being reprinted in Al Kuhfeld's God Comics, and another thing

⁸Known to close friends as Marilyn Wisowaty. As well as being the best cook in MITSFS, she served for several years as Catacomm, Cataloguing Committee for the Society library. The Catalogue is made up of IBM cards, so that a new edition can be printed out and put into book form as often as desired without having to retype the whole thing each time.

⁹The instructor for this course, William C. Greene, had never heard of LotR before seeing Bernie's paper and a similar one by Jim "Chez" Dorr; but he had heard of Tolkien, from whom he had taken a course at Oxford which he disliked. Bernie and Jim passed anyway.

¹⁰An amendment was added to include with the letter a copy of Lewis's pro-Algerian Rebel song parody, "Vive l'OAS". As recording secretary I duly noted the amendment, and as corresponding secretary I duly ignored it.

called "The Magic Watermelon" which was my reaction to the scholarly articles by Bernie and Ed in the previous issue. It was a review of a nonexistent epic called The Vorpall Song, which was based loosely on Wagner's Ring Cycle, the Arthurian legend, and a few other things I hadn't read either. If I'd known at the time that some nut was actually going to start writing The Vorpall Sword, I would have at least put some effort into choosing reasonable names for the characters. And I wouldn't have stuck him with a paradox which he had to omit the whole beginning to avoid. Such is life. Also in that issue was the first installment of Mike Padlipsky's bachelor's thesis¹¹ to the notion that science fiction is a form of literature, and subject to the same sort of analysis as other forms. The part which we reprinted was an intensive analysis of Sturgeon's More Than Human.

TZ#11 contained the second half of that analysis, and the first half of "K.K.K. Blatherton's" epic, The Vorpall Sword, "edited" and illustrated by Chez Dorr. This issue, published in October of '63, marked the beginning of Bernie's (and Ed's, and Jim's, and my) senior year at Tech.

It was also the last of the nine issues edited by Bernie Morris. The reason is that bachelor's thesis mentioned above, which can take up plenty of time, especially in physics. So Bernie didn't have a chance to publish another issue that year, and for the first time (if you could two in the first half-year as being quarterly) the regular schedule was broken. Finally, in April, Bernie got tired of being nagged by the other members to put out a zine, and persuaded me to do it.

I had already taken over a large share of the typing and other coolie work, so I didn't think it would be much of a step to running the whole show. It was. Material on hand at that time consisted of two portions of The Vorpall Sword, another short piece by Dorr and one by Floyd Stecker, some filk songs, a crossword by me, and some letters. I wrote some book reviews, wrote a biography of Blatherton to accompany his writings (published under a preposterous pseudonym because I thought I had my name in enough places already), got Lewis to write a "Reaction", got Vanderwerf to type a few stencils, typed the rest myself, hunted all over Boston for the place that does electrostenciling of illustrations, glued the illos into the stencils, arranged for the use of the mimeo machine and the purchase of paper and ink, organized a staff who knew how to run the machine and cut titles, typed address labels, helped collate, and mailed out the zines -- all within one week. I wasn't trying to set any speed records, just to get the damn thing over with. TZ#12 came out on April 9, 1964. In May Dave Vanderwerf replaced me as both President of the Society and Jourcomm, and in June I graduated.

The Twilight Zine carried on (eventually), but its story will have to be continued by other hands than mine.

¹¹MIT is one of the few colleges in the country which requires a thesis for the bachelor's degree -- except for mathematics majors. This is not the reason I majored in math, it's just the reason I graduated.

This scheme [of successive Ice Ages] has become widely used in Europe, but it does not fall into line with the classification used by vertebrate palaeontologists, which is based mainly on the succession of elephants.

--Kenneth P. Oakley
Framework for Dating Fossil Man

Philip Jose Farmer, The Lovers

Her disguise
To sex make him wise,
But the Sturch called his snuggery
A buggery.

L. Sprague de Camp, Rogue Queen

A worker can't try it
On a vegetable diet,
But stuff her with mutton
And unbutton.

CLEREVIEWS JOHN BOARDMAN

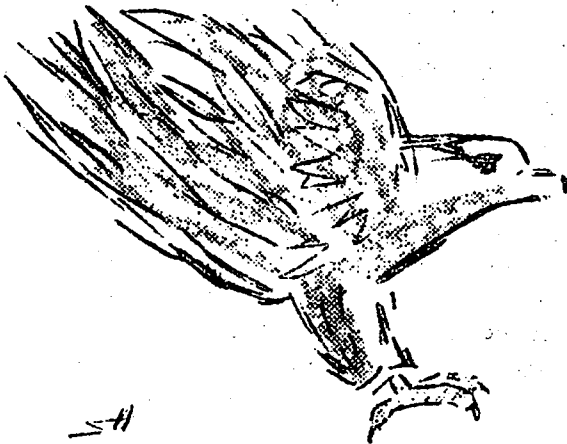
being reviews of works of science-fiction and fantasy, in cleriheh form

Robert Heinlein, Starship Troopers

Corpses and scars
From here to the stars.
The future is grandiose,
Not Ghandiose.

A. E. van Vogt, Slan

Homo Superior
Has tendrils exterior,
But Sapiens' program
Is pogrom.



Cordwainer Smith, "The Dead Lady
of Clown Town"

An android, a bitch,
And an earthian witch,
Won the Underfolks' war
Like CORE.

Robert E. Howard, Conan the Conqueror

Foes human and demon
Died kickan and scremon,
But step on fresh blood?
Thud!

Poul Anderson, Flandry of Terra

Sir Dominic Flandry
Fought with anything handry.
If matters got worse he
Had no Mersey.

Poul Anderson, The Star Fox

Earth had no use for
The Admiral's war,
But he got off the shelf-
Do-it-yourself!

Robert Heinlein, The Moon is a
Harsh Mistress

They needed no bomb
To shatter Earth's calm
To knock despots off thrones -
Throw stones!

TOMM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC CHAIR

PART 2

Chapter IV
Tomm and the LMS

--Mike Ward

"This must be the place," said Tomm to himself as he beheld the shining, thirty-six story hotel next to what was obviously the highest building in the Northeast. "I will go in and ask the hotel clerk if he can direct me to the convention of the Legion of Mad Scientists, for they will certainly be meeting in such a place as this."

But to his surprise, the clerk behind the desk denied any knowledge of the convention. "Are you sure you have the right hotel?" he asked; "This is the Hotel Sheraton-Boston, and maybe yours is somewhere else. Here, I have a copy of the Hotel's Red Book, that lists all the conventions all over the country. Here it is--the LMS is meeting today at the Statler Hilton, over at Park Square. I knew it couldn't be here, because we are reserving the whole hotel for the 1967 world science fiction convention. It is a sure thing that it will be held in Boston, at this hotel. I know; I got it from Schmaltz, who got it from Cindy Hoop, who got it from ripe green, who caught it from Dead White, who got it wrong in the first place. You can get on the subway, and just get off at Arlington St. Station.

Tomm followed his advice, and in a short time he found himself in the lobby of the Hotel Statler Hilton. The bellboy showed him to the Mass. Action Room, where the convention was incongruously assembled. Tomm had earlier taken precautions that had carefully disguised his appearance, so he was sure that no one would recognize him as he took a seat halfway up the aisle. He was completely taken aback, therefore, when a wild figure mounted the stage from the front row and ran to the podium.

"There he is!" he shouted, pointing directly at Tomm! "That's the man who is no better than Cordwinder Smith--over there, disguised with a wig!"

To say that Tomm was astounded would be to grossly understate the confusion he felt at having had his disguise pierced so easily. He ran to the front of the hall, gesturing madly and yelling, but was met with a rousing chorus of hisses and boos of amazing intensity. "Am I Sol Cohed, that you should treat me so?" he cried out to the mad ones. But they did not answer him; instead the Scalper,¹ the one presiding over the meeting, reached down and pulled off his Einstein wig. At this deadly insult, Tomm found his will again,² although he had just previously felt that all his foundations had been taken out from under him.³

-
1. Many features of land, geography, and traditions of the Boston area are based on Indian names and legends. This is not one of them.
 2. It had been under his wig.
 3. Obviously built by the same contractor who built the Student Center at MIT.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Tomm Swift lived in the village of Shopton, New York with his aged father, Burton Swift, from whom he had inherited his love of inventing. His fabulous inventions and adventures have been related in many books, and in the most recent, "Tomm Swift and his Electric Yoyo," it was told how Tomm was accepted into the Legion of Mad Scientists. Now, in the recently discovered manuscript of "Tomm Swift and his Electric Chair," Tomm receives a telegram from the Legion, stating that unless he appears at their national convention in Boston that week, he will be dropped from their rolls for not having invented anything since 1932.

He sets off for Boston and arrives only to learn that he is wanted for the murder of Andy Foegar, whom he had felled with a blow upon learning that Mary Nextdoor had jilted him for Andy. Carefully concealing both his identity and his anxiety over this new development, he sets out to find the hotel.

 "I am through with the Legion!" shouted Tomm. "We are through with you!" shouted back the scientists. But Tomm yelled back at them, "You are the ones who are through. You are finished. You know that your goal is to take over the world, but you never have, and you never will. The Legion of Mad Scientists Fails Thoroughly! LMS,FT! LMS,FT! LMS,FT!" and he ran rapidly out the door behind the stage.

The angry mob of scientists pursued him out the door, and Tomm was within inches of being captured by the leader of the pursuers, when the last named suddenly fell over on his face, and the following crowd stumbled over him and piled up around his prone body. Lightning and thunder began to play around his head, and the mob was swept down to the river by a huge volume of water deposited in the freak rainstorm. Tomm, by now beyond the reach of the rain, mused to himself and began to set up his plans, taking into account his disastrous appearance at the meeting.

"The leader of the LMS must be having a brainstorm," he said to himself, "but I am sure I do not want to be around when any of them come back looking for me. I think I will just take this underground streetcar over to some other stop, and get away from them." So saying, he stepped down into the subterranean vastnesses of the Arlington Street station and caught a car headed North and East. He got off at Park Street Over, and walked down the platform to the very end, coming out near a large building with a golden dome.

"That must be the State House", said Tomm to himself. But just inside the building he was jumped by a tall, evil-smelling character, clad in a flannel shirt, and old pair of chino pants, and a pair of blue canvas loafers. "I have you, Tomm Swift," he shouted, "and you cannot get away this time." Tomm looked at him without recognizing the figure under all the dirt; then, at last, it hit him. "That smell!" he cried out, "You--you're Dirty Irwin, local leader of the OASABI!"

Chapter V In the Cluthhes of the OASABI

"That's right, Tomm Swift," declared the mysterious and disarming figure, as he disarmed Tomm of his switchblade knife. "I am indeed Dirty Irwin, local head of the Orthodox American Scientists Against Backyard Inventors, and I am taking you back to Cambridge, and our leader, Camp W. Johnbull, Sr. who is a professor of Electrical Engineering and Biology at MITT." Who had not heard of Camp W. Johnbull, ancient foe of the mad scientist and the backyard inventor

alike! This Spanish citizen struck terror into the hearts of the ignorant with his ceaseless campaign against quacks and hoaxers, and had even vowed to destroy the Legion of Mad Scientists itself! Called Sr. because of his Spanish birth, Johnbull had recently been appointed to a twin professorship in courses six and seven at the MITT (whence the phrase, "at sixes and sevens"), the Massachusetts Institute of Tooling and Technocracy, after having resigned his earlier professorship in the biology department because of internal warfare between the sexes. "They were two separate camps, always going about the same takks from totally different angles" he had been heard to say. What could a boy like Tomm do against such a leader, and this, his follower?

Tomm knew what to do. Reaching into his jacket pocket, he withdrew a bar of floating soap. "This is 99 and 44/100 % pure," he shouted, "can you say the same thing?"

"yes, yes, anything, only don't touch me with that bar of soap," sobbed Irwin, cowering back in front of Tomm's frontal attack, "the same thing! the same thing! the same thing! There, are you happy? sobb sobb..." But as soon as Tomm had turned around and started to walk out, Irwin signalled to some twenty blue-uniformed minions.

But Tomm saw his danger in time and a mirror, and turned around, whipping out a billfold full of the profits from his recent inventions. "How much do you want to go away, and say you never saw me?" he asked, hoping that these men would prove susceptible to bribery. "Let us decide that," shouted back the leader of the minions. So Tomm first got each man to give him his tear gas gun, then threw the entire pile of currency into the center of the men and told them to dive into it. "From each according to his ability, and to each according to his ability is my motto," said Tomm triumphantly. Tomm then gassed the minions with the foul air from the tear gas guns, making them all minionaires.

But as Tomm backed out the hallway, Irwin played his last card. "Stop, nut!" he shouted, as a crowd of angry Orthodox scientists gathered in front of the State House to hear a speech by The Good Doctor in the Boston Common. The crowd turned to pursue Tomm, who ducked back to the rear entrance. As he ran out the door, what should he see, but his hydrogen balloon, and at the helm, his old friend, Ike Newton! A rope ladder was hanging from the basket, and Tomm lost no time in climbing up, as Ike shouted words of encouragement and four letters.

Tomm had no sooner climbed up the ladder and entered the basket, than Ike threw out a dozen bags of sand⁴ and the balloon began to rise. But before they had risen far, they were spotted by Irwin on the ground. Irwin shouted something to his helpers, and Ike shook as he saw the machine Irwin was setting up (for he was an avid reader of Pseudo-Scientific American). "It's a lazier beam!" he shouted, as a searing beam of red light poked up through the air and burned a hole through the balloon fabric. "Lazier than what?" screamed Tomm, as the gas in the balloon burst into flame, and Ike and Tomm parachuted out of the basket.

While they were drifting down they became separated, and Tomm lost sight of Ike as he drifted toward the far end of the Common. As he touched down he caught sight of several buildings that looked like outdoor public lavatories, and he made for the nearest one of them in the hope of hiding until the pursuit had died down. He was quite surprised, therefore, to discover that instead of housing rest rooms,

4. Unfortunately, they all missed.

it was merely a protective cover over a stairway leading down into the ground. "This may be my chance" thought Tomm, as he bounded down the stairway, reaching several levels of cement floors covered with parked cars. "If I can start one of these cars I can make it back to Shopton and hide out."

Tomm succeeded in defeating the ignition lock with a short piece of cigarette paper, but he was confused by the gear shift lever. He heard of cars with the gear shift located on the steering wheel, but he was unable to understand the strange designations on the gear indicator. The "L" was probably "low", but the best he could come up with for the others were "double", "racing", and "power". The "N" was probably Niekas. After many minutes of fumbling around, Tomm succeeded in getting the car moving and drove it out to the checker, to whom he gave a five dollar bill, and drove off. But, if he had looked back, he would have seen the toll booth operator calling up the police. "Hello, Sergeant? I'd like you to stop a car leaving the Common Underground Garage. Fellow just tipped me" he said as he pocketed the fiver, "but didn't pay his bill. Just let me look at his time. Hey! This is the stolen car that has been here for three weeks. That guy must be the owner. He owes us \$456.00 for storage costs! Catch him!"

But the policeman didn't think too highly of the idea. "We have found the owner, and he has said that he did not park the car there, and that he wouldn't pay the parking bill--and that if we didn't bring it back, he would charge you with receiving stolen property. So let him go, or you will be in trouble." Meanwhile, Tomm, who was still having trouble with the car, had ended up driving down Commonwealth Avenue, weaving back and forth all over the road. Suddenly he saw that he was headed straight for a huge truck that was triple-parked by the curb, and there was no time to turn off! This, then, was the end! His eyes closed involuntarily.

Chapter VI Tomm MITTs lotsa pipples

His tires screeched as he sneezed, and the force of the sneeze closed his eyes and swerved the car off to the left, past the truck. The Boston drivers, continually expecting the other driver to do something stupid, were prepared when a driver actually did something stupid. They pulled off to the side as Tomm weaved across the road from left to right, as he tried to regain control of his car. At a main intersection, Tomm kept to the right of an underpass, with the result that he had to turn to the right, heading down a wide street toward the same bridge over which he had lately, with the help of Dirt Pearson, climbed. Tomm made it safely across the long bridge, but at the far end (364.4 Smoots plus one ear) he saw a huge traffic jam where the pedestrians were playing around with the Walk light, and so cut off to the right down a wide, separated boulevard. Unfortunately, he took the wrong side of the road, and soon noticed that all the cars were coming towards him instead of going in his direction. There was nothing to do but duck down the median strip dividing the halves of the highway, and Tomm found this an admirable alternative until he began to notice an amazing amount of greenery hitting his windshield. Tomm opened his eyes again fully, and saw that he was steadily mowing down bushes and small trees. He stole a quick glance toward the river, and saw that the urchins had already disassembled his aeroplane, and were converting the pieces of tubing into bicycles.⁵ As he returned his vision to the

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5. The Cambridge urchins compose one of the few cultures in America that can ride a bicycle with no front wheel. This ability has its source in their practice of stealing, or "clipping", bicycles by finding bikes with the front wheel chained to a rack, which they defeat by taking the wheel off the brackets, and riding off, leaving the wheel chained to the rack.

fore, he suddenly saw that he was headed for a baby carriage. With a quick, snapping motion, he jerked the steering wheel to the left, across the path of the oncoming cars (fortunately, these were being paced by a police car, and were therefore going quite slowly) and down a large, grassy courtyard.

Tomm applied the brakes for all he was worth, and it was therefore no surprise that the car remained in motion until it was finally wedged between two huge pillars in the front of a gigantic, evil-looking building done in late Georgian style. "By George," said Tomm as he crawled out of the wreckage, miraculously unhurt, "it looks just like the buildings I saw in Georgia." He walked through a large glass door, causing a minor sensation when the broken glass began to fall on the floor.

"Hold it right there! I say, hold it there!" Tomm heard a shout off to his left, and turned to see an agitated young man pointing at him and shouting, "I'm Bill Finkerson, head of Inscomm Judcomm, and I command you to halt, slave!" "Hey, I know you--you were connected somehow with the Technology Textbook Authors. Hold that man for questioning!" he shouted to the crowd, which had so far been making obscene gestures at him. "You are all under arrest! You're fired!" By now he was foaming at the mouth. "Anyone here in five minutes won't be here in twenty-four hours!" And, coming up behind Finkerson, Tomm saw a tall, grinning, partly bald figure with a nervous twitch, licking his chops in anticipation of an altercation with an inmate. "Someone said the magic words, five minutes," it said as it advanced, not waiting for an answer. Tomm turned and ran off to the right, hoping to escape from what were obviously runaway madmen lately escaped from an asylum for the criminally insane. He noticed the rooms he was running by all bore designations beginning with 8, such as 8-111, 8-113, and 8-115.

Tomm continued his headlong flight down the hallway, finally arriving at what seemed to be the end. Down a few stairs, Tomm ran up to a door and tried to get outside. The door was locked. Behind him, Tomm could hear the sound of the pursuit. In desperation he ducked down a stairway he found to the left, ending up in a dimly lit basement corridor. Through some sloping cement corridors, he ran into a large crowd of people moving in the opposite direction, and all chanting "LSC-BTB; LSC-BTB". He walked up to one of the younger members of the crowd, and engaged him in conversation.

"What's going on here?" asked Tomm of his new informant. "And what's your name, by the way?" "Well, they call me Peter Palmer", he said, showing him a copy of SpiderMan comics, "but my real name is Sheriff John. And these people are all mad because the LSC--that's the Lecture Series Committee, the only group that is allowed to put on films on the campus of the MITP--changed the schedule. They told us they were going to show a Bardot double feature, but they changed the schedule. They told us they were going to show a Bardot double feature, but they substituted instead a remake of Blood Feast with the cut version of Promises, Promises, and a short subject on The Vorpel Sword. And BTB is a slogan whose origins and meanings are lost in the mists of antiquity. Some people think it may be related to mysterious IHTFP cult, or perhaps to ECRAIPFAK. Hey, come on and join the snake dance." So saying, John grabbed on to the end of the snake as it whipped past him, while the crowd drew back in fear, and Tomm in turn grabbed onto John, and followed the snake as it worked its way down the south hallway to another stairwell.

But as Tomm was following the snake back up the stairs and down the first floor corridor in the direction from which they had come, he heard the voice of Finkerson, addressing someone he called Waddie. "I think he went down this way, god, sir." Tomm ran out the first door he saw, and found himself in another grassy courtyard. Continuing his breakneck pace, Tomm ran past a huge pile

driver which was going full blast, although it was Sunday evening. From the boom Tomm noticed was hanging a figure of a man, and as he watched, another figure jumped off the top of a huge, twenty-two story phallic cymbal. At the top of the building, lost amidst the fog and clouds, he could see the flickering of eldritch flares, and a veritable shower of suicides came tumbling down the sheer sides of the building. As Tomm watched, one figure silently dropped down the side, pausing only to blow his brains out with a large pistol. Another dropped, holding a large bottle in either hand. Even as he dropped, Tomm could see that one was labeled Whiskey, and the other labeled NaCN. But his reverie broke as, out of the corner of his eye, he saw Finkerson and Waddlie come up. Fortunately for him, they stopped to contemplate the human wreckage at the bottom of the building. Finkerson said something he could not make out, but he could hear plainly as Waddlie declaimed that the suicide rate was no higher at MIT than at other average colleges, such as Reed and Caltech. "In fact, it is only one per 100,000 per year." "But I just saw three of them, and there are only 7000 students," he heard Finkerson answer. "Silence, dog," answered Waddlie, "I have spoken." By then Tomm had sighted a three-story building with a sixty-foot mast, on the top of which was a large light bulb spelling out something in code. (Tomm could not read it, since it was in International Morse and he only knew American Morse from his landline days. It said "Old Tech", in answer to the light on the opposing 52-story building, which flashed, "New Boston".) Tomm ducked down into a side door that led into the basement, and ran into a room, past a door with some arabic-appearing writing on the front. He hid in the closet in the rear of the room, hoping that no one would come in.

He was destined to be disillusioned. A large, rotund, evil-looking character with beady red eyes came in the door, carrying a Coke.⁶ "Who left the door open!" he demanded, and Tomm covered in the closet. More people came in the door. "I did," admitted one of them, "I just stepped into 50-009 for a few minutes."

"Well, you should have closed the door. Someone might have stolen one of the bound Astoundings. I'd better go check them to see if they are all right," he said, as he headed right for the closet in which hid Tomm. "Hey!" shouted the evil one as he caught sight of Tomm. "Now we have you, Sarille," he shouted as he picked up Tomm by the collar. He carried him out into the center of the room, and the other occupants crowded around him, making angry gestures at him and mouthing obscenities.⁷ "One at a time," said the evil one, "and I get to work him over first."

"But, what's going on? Who do you think I am?" sobbed Tomm, in the face of all these enemies. "We have you now, Sarille, and you are going to get what's coming to you. The MITSFS has taken enough guff from you and your thieving ways, and we aren't going to go any further until we take it out of you, right now!"

To Be Continued

6. This is apparently a smear on one of the MITSFS members. No one knows who, however.

7. To quote: "Obscenities. Obscenities."

Sign at 77 Harrison Ave., Boston:

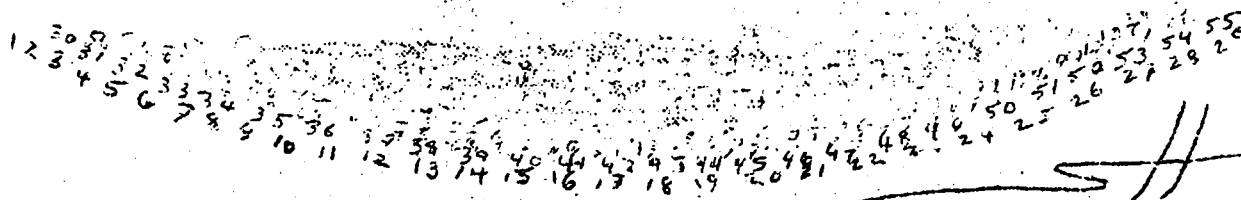
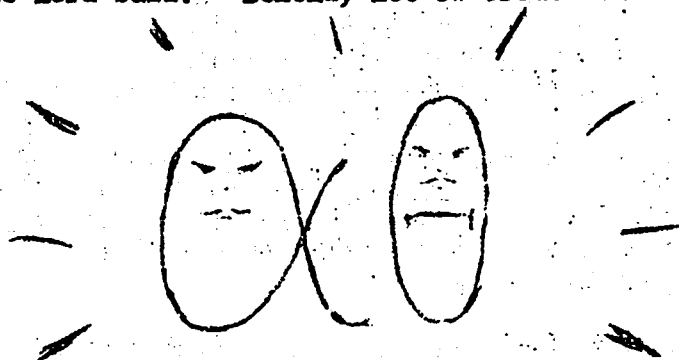
SUN LEE CHONG, CO.

CHINESE & FOREIGN GROCERIES

A PAIR O' DICE LOST

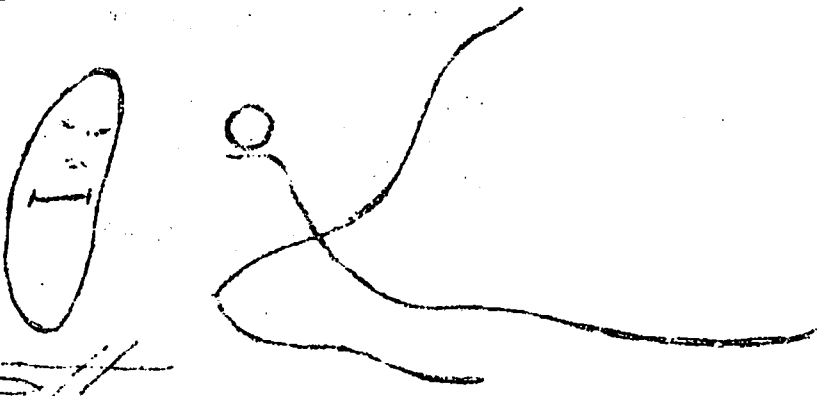
--Kenneth Eppley

In the beginning God created zero and the natural numbers. And the number line was unformed and void; and the numbers knew not their order, and each number stood next to its neighbor without reason. And God said: 'Let the numbers follow each other, each one after its neighbor according to its absolute value.' And it was so. And God saw the number line, and saw that it was good. And God said: 'Let there be closure under addition and multiplication.' And it was so. And God said: 'Let the commutative and associative laws hold.' And it was so. And God looked upon the numbers that He had created, and saw that they were good. And the Lord said: 'Behold, let Us create functions in Our own image,



to have dominion over all the numbers of the universe.' And God created functions, male and female He created them. And the Lord called the male Alpha, and the female He called Theta. And the Lord commanded them, saying: 'By all the numbers of the set of natural numbers mayest thou divide, only divide not by zero, lest thou surely die.'

Now it happened that Theta was walking alone, and a degenerate hyperbola approached her, and said: 'Yea, hath God forbidden thee to divide by any of the set of natural numbers?' And Theta said unto him: 'By any of the numbers of the set of natural numbers may we divide, only by zero may we not divide, for the Lord hath said: "Divide not by zero, lest thou surely die."' And the hyperbola said unto her: 'Thou shalt not surely die, for in the day that thou dividest by zero, thou shalt be as God, knowing infinity from finite sets.' And Theta hearkened unto him, and divided by zero, and the sin of Theta did she commit. And she gave zero unto Alpha to divide by, and behold, he took it, and divided by it. And because he hearkened unto Theta, the cosin of Alpha did he commit. And



their eyes were opened, and they knew infinity. And God was sore wrath at them, because they had disobeyed Him, and had divided by zero, which He had commanded them not to do. And God said unto the hyperbola: 'Because thou hast tempted them and caused them to disobey Me, no more shalt thou go among the other conic sections, but thou shalt be forever apart from them' And to the functions He said: 'Because thou hast disobeyed Me, no longer shalt thou dwell among the set of natural numbers. Henceforth the sin of Theta and the cosin of Alpha shall dwell in the set of irrational numbers.' And God cast out the functions from the set of natural numbers, and engompassed it round about with angles with flaming surds, that they should never return unto it.

BOSKONE FOUR
STATLER HILTON,
BOSTON
APRIL 1 AND 2

The impressive array of symbols to the right was sent to us by Donald P. Simpson, who writes, "The punctuation was devised for friends, who wrote to me in Tengwar heavily tacked with standard English punctuation marks. I seldom use anything but the first five myself."

Since the use of English punctuation with Elvish has always annoyed me too, I am here reprinting Don's system with my enthusiastic support.

And while we're on the subject, has anyone suggestions for an appropriate system of Elvish numerals? Remember that, "The Eldar preferred to reckon in sixes and twelves as far as possible."

1	~	+	12
2	~	+	13
3	~	+	14
4	~	+	15
5	~	+	16
6	~	+	17
7	~	+	18
8	~	+	19
9	~	+	20
10	~	+	21
11	~	+	22

WE TRY HARDER

--Richard Harter

Bad things are happening in MITSFS. Changes are occurring that will chill the heart of the membership of yore. The dark wings of disaster are casting their shadow upon the pure hearts of MIT. Briefly, and sadly, MITSFS is becoming fannish.¹

The Sorcerer,² long known for his polished invective against fen, has taken to attending cons, and even to publishing...a fanzine.

There exists a hellish sinkhole of wasted talent and blighted dreams known as...tapa.³ Not only that, there have been, shudder, shudder, three Boskones, and there bids fair to be more.⁴

Things started with two events -- the Index, and Boskone I. The Index does not truly represent fanac, because it was undertaken for a higher, nobler motive -- greed. Boskone I was the first great fall, the opening floodgate of pernicious fanac. Tapa was a second opening, an outlet for twisted, disturbed minds. And now, now there exists a seething cauldron of insanity.

It is rumored that Kierkegaard possessed a time machine, came forward in time to 1952, read the Planet Stories lettercol, returned in time, and wrote The Sickness Unto Death.

A report of NASA should be given. NASA is in the process of building a research center in Cambridge. A year ago, I managed to cleverly infiltrate into the then beginning Comp Center. That was phase I of the master plan. Since then, we have managed to plant five more members into CCS (Central Computer Services) and have plans to place more. This ended phase II. Now we are branching out and infiltrating the labs. Arlewis has volunteered for this difficult and dangerous duty. Phase III ends when we have "people" scattered thruout all of NASA. Phase IV marks the period when we consolidate our positions of policy influence and convert NASA-ERC into a research instrument for our own ends. It is better that one does not inquire into phase V. I will only say that it is scheduled to reach its peak in early 1984.

I have a proposal for a special Hugo to be given every year for the best Isaac Asimov story or article. This would simplify things for everyone, give Dr. A. his needed egoboo, and give other authors a fair chance.

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1. also known as creeping Vanderwerfism.
 2. Arluis is his public name. His real name, of course, is secret.
 3. Ward believes tapa should be capitalized -- he would.
 4. Cunningham claims this is an article on the Fanishing American.



GRAPHHEMICS

Derek Nelson My most profound, abject, etc. apologies for not commenting
18 Granard Blvd. upon, contributing to or otherwise letting you know I was
Scarborough, Ont. alive in connection with TZ. (You wouldn't know from the
August 15, 1966 above English was my best subject, would you?)

Actually I've been out in British Columbia using it as a base to tour the west coast of the USA and to see good ole Canada. And none of the fanzines I received in Scarborough were forwarded to me in New Westminster. I have now just finished reading them. I thought it was sterling (must keep up the pound, you know) of you to continue sending them without a whisper of a reply. In return I shall inflict upon you SAFNCIR II a copy of which is attached. And when I'm next in the States (TRICON time) I'll pick up some US stamps to pay for the following issues...

I'm somewhat amazed by TZ. 1) it is actually funny. 2) it is edited by femmes (By the way, if you ever want to get married, give me a shout. I know of several guys up here who are in states of profound depression. The radio has just announced there are 500,000 more unmarried males than females in Canada.), and them type of creature are non-existent in fannish circles 3) it comes from MIT, which is a distant cousin of RIT, with disestablishment I will be attending this year after several years of *working* (RIT stands for Ryerson Institute of Technology, which used to be called Ryerson Polytechnical Institute till people started making nasty cracks about parrots. It is best known for its proximity to the Imperial Pub and the inability of anyone to find a parking space within ten miles.) 4) Somebody like me.

I'm not going to comment upon any of the contents mainly because I did not ~~understand~~ know how to. That is, comment upon humour. I think that is what I mean. At least I think I think. ((But are you sure? --CJS))

A.R. Lewis may be interested to know that one does not travel to work on the Toronto Transit Commission (or TTC) in Toronto; rather one rides upon the Red Rocket. And that is my in-group joke.

* * * * *

Bernie (and Dooley) Morris The flood of nostalgia in TZ 19 is indeed over-
15 Amy Street whelming. Fortunately for me, I am not easily
Providence, R.I. 02906 overwhelmed.
September 6, 1966

The comment on page 19 on the Great Wall of China has led me to an interesting conclusion. Using simple relaxation time arguments it can be shown that Mars is inhabited by the remains of the Hsiung-nu (popularly but incorrectly known as the Huns):

The Great Wall was built by Shih Huang Ti in approximately 220 B.C. (Lewis: Was he perhaps related to Kerson?) The "fall" of the Roman Empire occurred about 400 A.D. Therefore there is a 620 year time lag to be accounted for.

The mean free path, $L = v \cdot t$ where v is the mean velocity of the body and t is its relaxation time. If we take v to be 10 mph, which is not unreasonable for a man on horseback, and t to be 620 years, we find that the mean free path is about 50 million miles. Now L is defined as the distance which a body can

go without suffering a collision, so that if we assume a reasonable (Maxwell-Boltzman) distribution of velocities about the mean we come to the inescapable conclusion that most of the bodies suffer a collision within 7 million miles of L. A quick look at the interplanetary distances in our solar system shows that, at the point of closest approach, Mars lies within the permissible region. Of course, those with a greater mean free path than $400 \cdot L$ (a statistically non-zero number) completely cleared the solar system and are still going. Too bad for them.

P.S. Having generously allowed me to type his letter, Bernie has been more-than-benevolent in grant me permission to add my two-cents worth...

Providence, that deprived suburb of Boston, is not a place in which one wants to spend any more time than is absolutely necessary. To begin with, it is an ugly city, has nothing worth while in the way of entertainment (unless you can call helping to roll up the sidewalks at 9 p.m. every Friday night entertaining), is overrun with urchins...the list could be continued, but just thinking about it is depressing me.

Bernie spent this summer puttering around his lab; I spent it taking courses. (Grad courses. Believe it or not, I did graduate in May.) I am now at the University of Rhode Island Graduate School of Library Science, learning how to become a bookend. Which reminds me...

I was very upset to read in an editorial (TZ 17) that my marriage was part of a masterplot to get rid of the "reigning female power block from Boston University". In retribution, I have decided that, upon receiving my M.S. in June, I shall rush back to Cambridge, wrest the librarianship from Lewis, and catalogue the Society's books, magazines, and members in such a way that no one will every be able to find anything. So THERE!!!

The cat would now like to add his two-cents worth, but he cant type very well so I'm not going to let him.

* * * * *

Steve and Esso Portnoy
Abrams 5-E
Escondido Village
Stanford, Cal. 94305

This is to inform you that we are not really dead, or even missing in action. We are merely being kept in a prison known as the Farm (alias Stanford University), which is allegedly On the Edge of Greatness, and due to fall off any century now.

We havn't yet discovered many rabid sf fans here at Stant'rd, but Pete and Natalie Shaw have a commendable library. We would like very much to get the Zine, as much to keep in touch as anything else (are the darts still missing?). ((I seem to remember that they were found and immediately thrown out. --CJS)) Steve says, we might even contribute something. Some year.

By the way, the story about our marriage being part of a Radcliffe plot is utter nonsense. If the Cliffies were so smart, they'd get married themselves. Among other things, it's the most pleasant way for a girl to get out of the dormitory system. ((Has anyone noticed the eminently devious way in which everyone who writes us what claims to be LoC's is really cooperating in a subtle plot to get us married o.p. Do not flatter yourselves, prematurely, sirrahs; we are wise to your schemes and will do everything in our power to frustrate them. --CJS))

John Boardman

Brooklyn, NY

September 24, 1966

Enclosed are a few of the verses I put together while we were en route to the TriCon last month. I'll also add the verse I composed for the Puzzle Department of the Poetry Corner, as described on p. 7 of TZ #19. Of course, as I worked out in the car, the blanks in the two printed verses are to be filled as follows:

O Landlord, fill the flowing pots
Until the tops flow over.
Tonight we'll stop upon this spot,
Tomorrow post to Dover.

A vile old lady, on evil bent
Put on her veil and away she went.
"Levi, my son," she was heard to say.
"What shall we do to live today?"

((And anyone who hasn't gotten the answers before this may crawl into the nearest corner and repeat them to himself five hundred times until he has learned better. --CJS))

Also, I have a verse for the third set of five four-letter words formed from the same four letters:

____ ago -- some nine or ten --
The great god ____ would shock his men.
He'd prick his ____ upon a sword.
And ____ their ____ with a naughty word.

And the verse on the bottom of p. 22 hit me upon a particularly sensitive point -- correct pronunciation:

It's not to my liking
To hear it said "Viking".
May his ship be leaking
Who cannot say "Viking".

((Unfortunately, the grand old Anglo-Saxon term for a pirate, which, if time and the Great Vowel Shift had had their way, would now be pronounced "waiching", has been somewhat contaminated by a loan-word from a related dialect with the similar meaning of "piracy." I make some concessions to this sad fact of linguistic history, but some integrity I must maintain. --CJS))

* * * * *

Doug Hoylman

1304 N. Cherry

Tucson, Ariz. 85719

October 1, 1966

After being away from my apartment all day, I returned after midnight to find TZ#19 awaiting me. So of course I stayed up until 1:30 reading it. In deference to the neighboring tenants (one of whom is the manager) I postponed typing the LoC, but I stayed away another hour or so thinking up clever things to put in it. Do try to be a little more careful with your timing next time, won't you. ((Don't you stay out so late. --CJS))

But if you change the title of that great comedy team to the Queens Mets (which sounds like a British Army regiment), then their rivals will have to become the Bronx Yankees. And since both stadia are located in the city of New York and the state of New York, your only basis for objection to the present titles is that they are not in the county of New York (alias Manhattan, the only county in the U.S. to have the same name as the state it's in). ((But the Bronx is part of the New York post office, whereas Queens is not. --CJS)) Both teams made history this year; for the first time ever the Yankees finished in tenth place, and the Mets didn't. Actually I think that the man in the

street has heard of Queens, but will not believe you if you tell him that both Queens and Brooklyn are situated on Long Island. ((On the other hand, they are not on The Island. Neither are they in The City. --CJS)) Brooklyn, you neglected to mention, is also noted for its high proportion of gamblers, which is why horse racing is called "the sport of Kings".

Speiser has been spending too much time in Boston, if he thinks that "lore" rhymes with "maw".

In the game of permuting letters, can anyone top:

Leathernecks' discussion group continues: MARINES SEMINAR REMAINS

Although the excerpts from the minutes consist mostly of quotations, I think the Noble Secretary, or Onseck, who records this nonsense deserves a byline. And keep it coming, even if you run out of titles. ((Never. --CJS))

Another example of randomitude: the correspondence between the table of contents and the contents. ((Sorry about that. --CJS)) So who are Bron Fane, T. Warren O'Neill, Stephen of Blois, Agent 07, and Angostura Wupperman? (Yeah, I know, just some random people.) ((*))

Vergeltungsflotte is an example of TZ's in-group humor at its best. But what means Fichter? Looks like it should mean "fighter", but that's Kämpfer. The closest I can come is Fichte, meaning "spruce tree". ((Meyer thought it was something obscene in German, but it turned out it wasn't. --CJS)) I hope at least one aspect of this tale comes true, namely the publication of the final volume of the Life Baley trilogy.

Strange that Park's Whatever Happened To's are completely distinct from mine, as our MIT careers overlapped for two years. Much thanks for the replies. How about Norm Humer, Fuzzy Pink, Bob Tove. ((Humer last seen trying hard not to be drafted. Pink apparently done away with by a Blonde in a Purple Bikini who has assumed the identity of Marilyn Wisowaty. As long as she bakes as well as the old one, we really don't care. Tove now being a full-time gradstudent at MIT. --CJS))

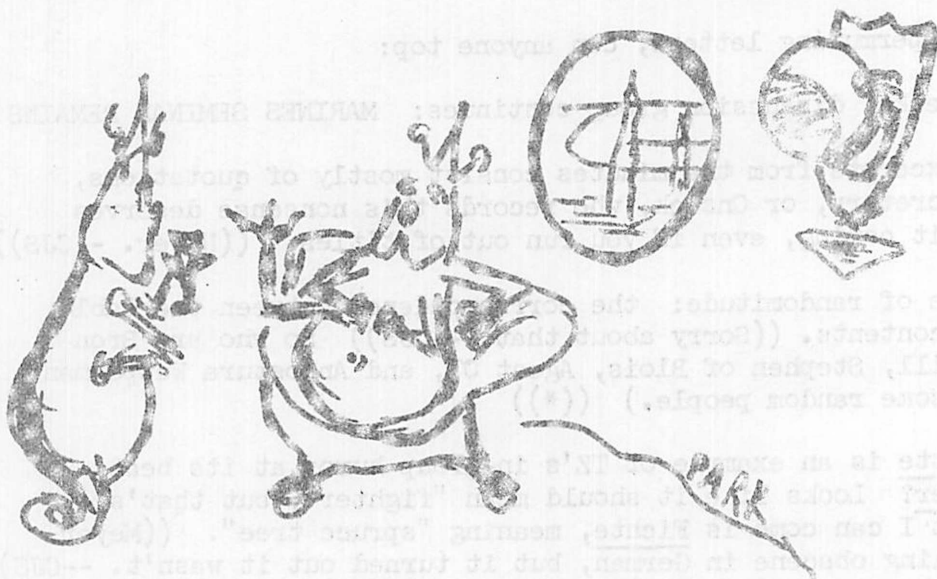
The new step in evolution as conjectured by Harry Warner may have already begun. At the Seattle World's Fair, and probably elsewhere, queues were deformed by means of maze-like systems of barriers into good approximations of space-filling curves.

Please don't put illustrations in the middle of the page. It's hard on the reader and, I am sure, the typist, and it breaks up the natural rhythmic flow of my prose. (Although in this case most of the breaking was due to Cory's comment.) And the choice of subject matter was hardly flattering.

In a later comment, I'm puzzled by the "or vice versa". Does this mean that no member of the Boston Committee has ever caused the marriage of anyone's

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- ((* 1. A science-fiction author for Badger Books. (The Macabre Ones, etc.)
 2. The author of Refutation of Darwinism, published in 1880.
 3. King of England from 1135 to 1154, grandson of William the Conqueror.
 4. ARLewis claims he exists in a series of Soviet spy stories.
 5. A stock my mother owned once. They make Angostura bitters. --CJS))

breakup, or that no member of the Boston marriage has ever caused the breakup of anyone's committee, or that no breakup of anyone's marriage has ever caused a member of the Boston committee? ((Yes. --IT)) (Have you heard the one about the coed who thought a vice versa was an obscene limerick in Latin? You have? Okay, I won't tell it.)



The coining of the names Micro-cult etc. would seem to be due to a confusion between the prefixes mini- and milli-. A mini-skirt may be a very small skirt, but surely more than a thousandth of a skirt. A tenth maybe. (University of Arizona instructors are permitted to lower the grades of coeds for wearing short

skirts or shorts to class. The official announcement didn't say whether we're allowed to raise their grades for the same reason.)

It's always interesting to conjecture just whom the items on the back are meant for. The Awe-inspiring Personage is probably Asimov, unless it's his daughter that's growing up. But whose name was in a Turkish dictionary? Is B'dikkat on your mailing list? ((No, he picks his copy up in the library. --CJS)) (Which reminds me of another Whatever Happened To: Wayne B'rells, although I don't think he's really an underperson.) ((He's still at MIT. --CJS))

An entire issue with nothing by Dorr, not even a letter? Jim, how could you? I'm also annoyed by the shortage of Lewis and Harter, but since I've been receiving Strocn regularly (the fanzine, not the drug, alas), I shouldn't complain.

I'm glad you didn't print the History of TZ this round; unlike some of your predecessors (by the way, congratulations on becoming the second editorship to survive more than two issues), you seem to be aware of the mind-boggling effects of too large a dose of Hoylman at one time. (The mind of my former roommate is permanently boggled.)

Air-conditioning is a way of life, you say. It generally is around here, too, in fact it's more of a necessity than is heating, but there's one classroom building here, inappropriately called the Humanities Building, which has not yet been blessed with it. One of my classes is there this term. It has one advantage, anyway: the instructor usually releases class early. No humanities class this term is held in the Humanities Building.

I'm taking three very assorted math courses this term, teaching a course in calculus for engineers, and studying for the written qualifying exam (which I've already passed once -- there's a long dull story behind that which I shall refrain from telling) and the German exam, both of which occur at the end of this month. I don't have time to write any goddamn letters to fanzines!

I sincerely hope that by the time this missive sees print, I shall have found out where next year's Worldcon will be located, so that at least my tentative plans for next summer will become slightly less vague. ((NYC)) (Though I intend to keep them somewhat vague all along -- a vacation that's scheduled down to the minute is hardly a vacation.) Perhaps by then I shall even know who won the Hugos, and whether it might be possible for me to join TAPA ((Yes. send twenty copies of something or maybe a mess of stencils or ditto Masters to Mike Ward. --CJS)), and what happened to my donation to the Boston in '67 Committee. But that's probably asking too much.

* * * * *

Harry Warner Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown, Md. 21740
October 4, 1966

It took a long time to read the 19th Twilight Zine because of the word puzzle. I solved the puzzle without too much delay, unless the first word of the second quatrain is not supposed to be a proper name. But it required considerable scribbling to be convinced that I couldn't find another four letters that made sense if arranged five ways. If you ever open a branch of your educational institution in Elmhurst, you might manage it this way: emit, time, mice, item, MIT(E), although the last would probably upset your meter badly when you tried to fit it into the poem.

If I even get back to New York, I shall make every effort to visit Queens. It has always provided me with the mental image of a great deal of greenery, a less hectic way of life, and quite a few wealthy homes, possibly because of the pictures I used to see of Forest Hills when I was a tennis enthusiast and the descriptions of how Shea Stadium was built in a far-out wilderness at the very end of a subway line or maybe beyond the end. ((You lose. Queens is like the Bronx, only flattened out by glaciers and with cemeteries and airports. And Flushing Meadow Park is not a wilderness -- it's full of World Fair remnants and baseball fields (Little League size) and other flat things. It's not worth it.))

There is or soon will be a Science & Mechanics special publication on the newsstands that makes A Fable, or Perhaps Not appear somewhat plausible. This is a lengthy explanation of how Russia has just followed the script of science fiction stories about space exploration; but this volume also claims that Russia hasn't put any humans into orbit and couldn't even blow up the United States with intercontinental weapons because it has been bluffing all along about its technological capacity. An advance copy came in at the office. The pictures are more convincing than the loaded language in which the text is written, because you can assume that the author is just a Fortean gone wrong, but some of the pictures show interesting discrepancies from what the Russians claimed for them, including one head-on view of an astronaut emerging from his capsule that seems downright impossible unless a camera was focused on a mirror that happened to float by at the right moment. My own guess would be that Russia really has done the things in space that she has claimed, but has put its Madisovich Avenue people to work in order to make the broadcasts and pictures and other things more exciting than they really were.

A science fiction fan named Meyer was probably inevitable but still seems like a fake, after the particular kind of celebrity that name has achieved. ((??????)) Vergeltungsflotte was fairly good even if it did seem to attempt to set off in all directions at once: a roman a clef, a parody of space operas, and practice in writing straightforward action fiction.

The page devoted to the fact of lost MIT people saddened and impressed me, simultaneously. There's something unhappy about the way most people sink back into mundania as soon as they get away from whatever environment caused them to act a little differently from Everyman, whether than environment is fandom or MIT or the combination of both peculiar to you people. I don't doubt that most of these Whatever Happened To's will soon be joining the junior chambers of commerce and buying golf clubs. The impressed feeling comes from the fact that fans and semi-fans are attaining these levels of achievement in education and employment. Mercy, I can remember how excited fandom got during World War Two when a couple of drafted fans got invited to officer candidate school; this immediately became the subject of learned articles in fanzines attempting to prove that slans are fans, after all. Those were the times, of course, when you could count the number of fans who had had some college without taking off even one shoe.

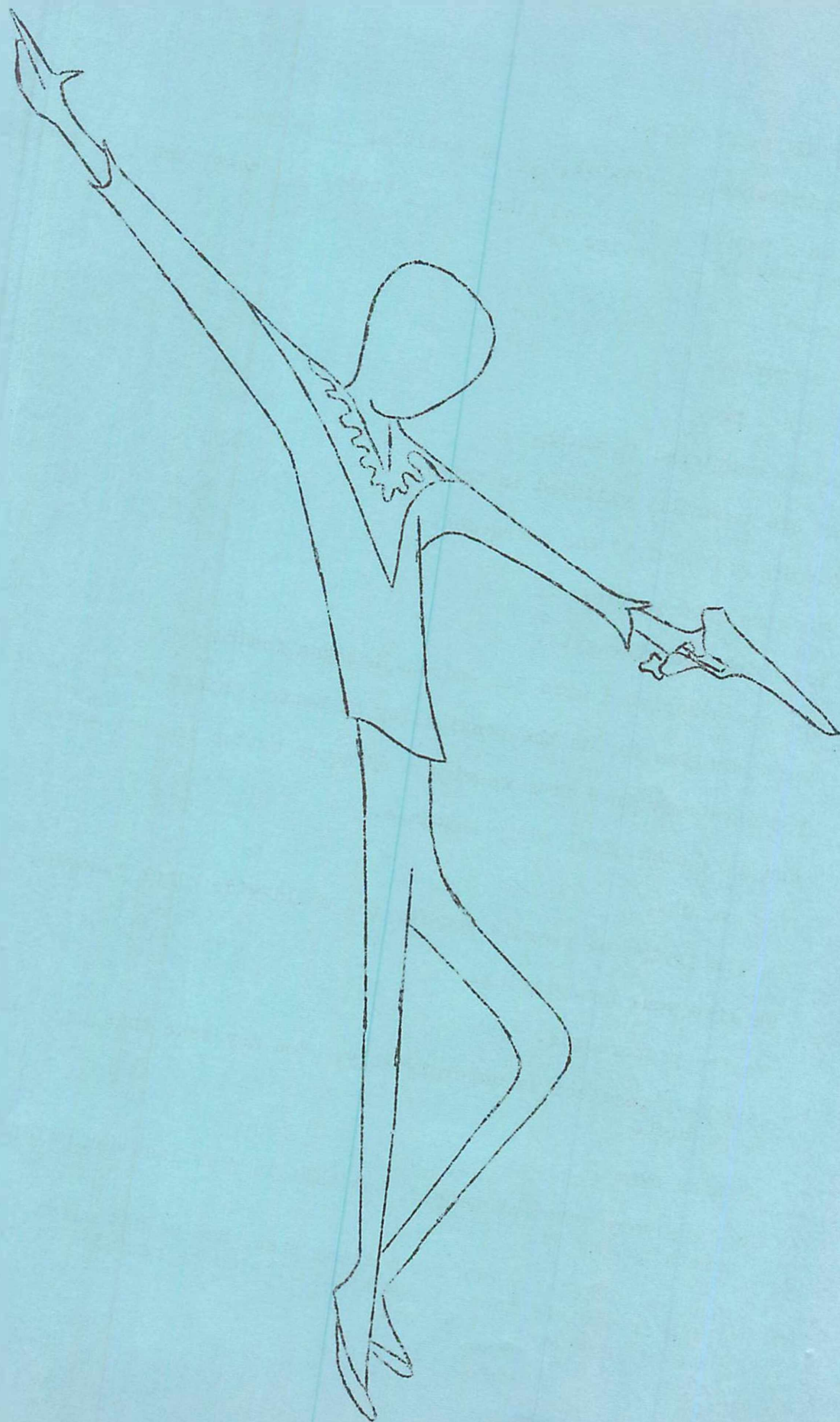
The front cover has a good logic in its design, because I assume that the eye would appreciate a mermaid more fully than would the other parts of the male body, as a result of her preferred environment and her physiology. Somewhere I've read that red on yellow is the most legible combination of colors but it doesn't satisfy me as a suitable pairing for fanzine covers; it always retains a faint whiff of the circus poster and prize fight advertising sign. I thought the Stiles illustration on page three greater in every way than the cover, but this impression may come simply because of the bolder effect that is provided by simple black on white.

One thing I forgot to mention when I was commenting on the puzzle page, an oversight of memory that will at least provide unity to this letter by ending it with the same general theme as its beginning. I suspect that you misquoted good old Anonymous in the first line of the first poem, for two reasons. Pots don't flow, and anyone who went to all that trouble to create such a puzzle would hardly have been careless enough to use the verb flow again in the very next line. Wasn't the original foaming or possibly glowing? ((I have a feeling the first line was plaguerized. Why don't you try Bartlett's. --CJS)) The first line put me on several false trails before I finally got the correct group of four letters, because I assumed that it would turn out to be some kind of nonsense rhyme, a natural suspicion because of the difficulty of filling anything that is flowing to begin with.

You certainly do have advanced computers up there at MIT. The one that automatically turned out the address on the envelope for my copy has acquired exactly the right knack to imitate a human hand's writing. Next thing I know, I'll discover that the MITSFS was thought up by a punchward that someone had folded and stapled to another piece of paper.

We Also Heard From:

CHARLIE & MARSHA BROWN, who think TZ is like Cry around 1958, only crunchier staples; WILLEM V.D. BROEK, who sent us an illegible postcard with dirty fingerprints on it; JOHN BOARDMAN (again), who wants everyone to join NYCON III (\$2.00, payable to him as treasurer; Box 367, Gracie Square Station, NY, NY, 10028); RICK BROOKS, who gets an awful lot of egoboo into the square inch; and ALAN MCARDLE, 6 Nancy Rd., Concord, Mass., who is forming a fan club and needs advice.



YOU ARE GETTING THISH BECAUSE:

- ☐ You contributed ☐ artwork, ☐ an article, ☐ a LoC.
- ☐ This is a sample. Would you like to ☐ trade, ☐ contribute(☐ artwork, ☐ articles), ☐ review us?
- ☒ We trade.
- ☐ You subscribe.
- ☐ You are a pro.
- ☐ You are mentioned in thish.
- ☐ You are generally vilified in thish.
- ☐ You are a friend of the management.
- ☐ You give good parties.
- ☐ You think deep thoughts.
- ☐ You are associated with San Andreas Lasagna fandom.
- ☐ You symbolize for us the possibility of better things in this life.
- ☐ You have refrained from wearing a Syracuse button in your navel.
- ☐ You have such nice, furry antennae.
- ☐ You awe us.
- ☐ We are trying to recruit you for the world-wide black licorice conspiracy.
- ☐ We like your handwriting.
- ☐ You're picturesque.
- ☐ You have insulted us unforgiveably. You mayotake this as a challenge to a duel.
- ☐ You're sweet.
- ☐ We are very tolerant people, but this is your last ish unless you do something for us.
- ☐ You are officially off our mailing list, but we had a few extra copies lying around and thought you might like to be reminded of what you will be missing unless you repent.

