

THE TWILIGHT ZINE

22

Special Fuzzy Pink Issue

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The Twilight Zine is published on a schedule by the MIT Science Fiction Society, which occasionally can tell you what the schedule is.

It is, for this issue, usurped by F. Pink (chief cook and bottlewasher), and D. Vanderwerf (mimeographer and colophon writer) in place of our roving editor from NYC. Copies are available for contributions, either art or prose, letters of comment, contributions, written, scratched, or otherwise, trade fanzines, contributions, the trivial sum of 25¢ in US coin, or, for pity's sake, CONTRIBUTIONS!!!!!!

This issue is directly responsible for luring two poor souls irretrievably down the path to doom and depravity. The list is long.

LOC's, contributions, artwork, trades, and all other useful material (including passionate love letters to the editors) should be sent in care of the editors to 20 Ware St., Apt. 4, Cambridge, Mass. 02138. This issue slung together Aug. 25, 1967; 12:00 pm. Repro on this issue was completely done on TCA's aged AB Dick. Legibility courtesy of one new ink pad, provided through the infinite generosity of MITSFS.



NERE SAW FONT

Well, if tomorrow isn't the first day of exam period! That means that in something under two hours the green things ought to make their reappearance, and that means that it's about time I started on the next TZ editorial. And indeed all sorts of things worth writing about have been occurring, but first I will pause to gather my thoughts, while I quote some words of wisdom from my father.

Maxim: a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Imaginez-vous a person holding a bird. Can anyone possibly be more immobilized? You can't watch television, you don't read, you cannot even take a walk. One just would stand there holding a bird, than which there is nothing. My point is that one bird in the bush would make all concerned much the happier and much the pleasanter all the day long. Take the lesson to your bosom and cherish it.

Now that we have all refreshed ourselves with the thoughts of Ralph Seidman, back to the editorial!

As you may recall, the last issue of TZ was dated February 31, 1967. The following month is for me a total blank in which I study for hour exams and work on my bachelor's thesis (yes, Leslie and I will now be bachelors), a fifty-page one-shot entitled "The System of the Old English Verb as Used in Beowulf." It is recorded that Ed Meskys came through on the way to New York somewhere within that period of time, but if anything interesting happened, you can read about it in Niekas (hey, Ed, when is Niekas coming out), for I was in no state to notice.

When I next emerge to the light of day, it is Friday, March 31, and I am scrambling frantically up and down Mass Ave, trying both to get my thesis Xeroxed (strange about that five-hour wait on the thesis deadline day) and to mimeo the inside of the Boskone IV Program Book (the outside, with a drawing of Guest of Honor Damon Knight by Jack Gaughan and coverillo by Susan Hereford was being pseudo-offset). Ah yes, Boskone. Boskone was fun. I woke up Saturday morning with a stomach virus and spent the rest of the weekend running a slight fever. So whenever the rest of the committee was running about in a state of massive panic, beggine me to help do something, I would just smile blissfully and drift off to sleep. It was all very lovely.

However, I do suppose it's my duty to attempt to give some sort of conreport, since no one else seems inclined to. Very well then. The official program began Saturday afternoon with Science Speaker Marvin Minsky, a researcher in artificial intelligence at MIT's Project MAC. He came largely to speak about the progress of his 'robot,' which currently consists of a mechanical arm and a computer. However, it was a chance mention of chess-playing programs that generated most of the interest during the question period -- it seems we have a chess gap with the Russians. What I also found thought-provoking was his comment on the problem of Asimov's Laws, that a true artificial intelligence cannot be controlled in Pavlovian fashion, since offering rewards for carrying out a job will lead it to devote its attention directly to the reward rather than to the job.

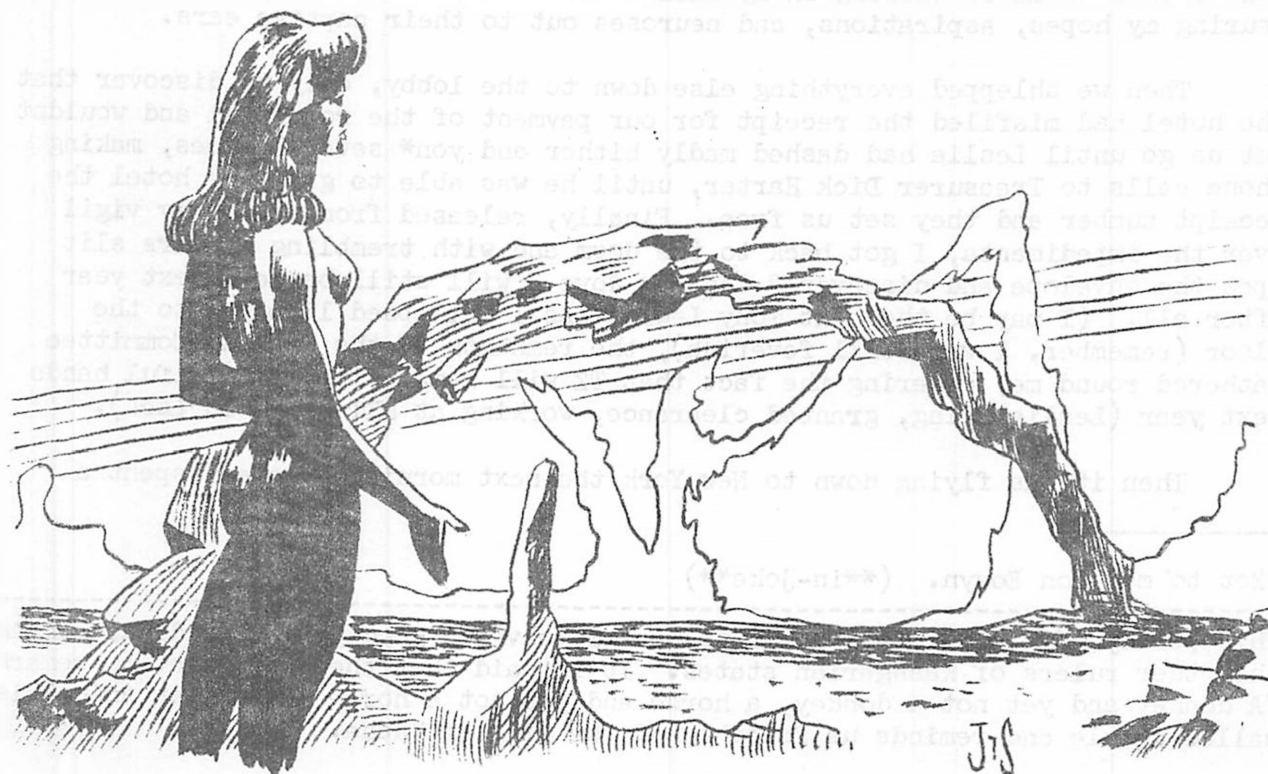
That speech proved to be the high spot of Saturdays program. It was followed by what Charlie Brown whimsically chose to call a fan panel, on "How Conventions Have Changed," with Fred Pohl, Alex Panshin, and Jim Groves. The general opinion of the audience seemed to be that fan panels in general are getting just too ingrown. The panel was followed by some films from NASA, but

unfortunately a mixup had given us one on a suborbital shot instead of the spacewalk scenes we had asked for. We'll try again next year, people. But at least that was better than the evening, when the scheduled silent version of 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea never showed up at all -- the man who was supposed to show it has since vanished altogether from human ken, tis said. Somehow, most of the attendees seemed perfectly able to content themselves with boozing across the hall instead -- I wonder how.

Sunday dawned bright and shiny (hottest weather we've had all spring) with the presentation of the Skylard. This award, given for contributions to science fiction and general good-guyishness, was presented by last year's winner Fred Pohl*, to Isaac Asimov. Its such fun giving awards to the Good Doctor -- he always reacts to heart-warmingly. This was followed by Damon Knights Guest of Honor Speech -- quite a good one -- outlining Project Boskone. Since this is receiving wide publicity and will be reprinted at least in part later in this issue, I will make no further comment on it here.

The high point of the day was the last item, a tape of British New Wave writers, which Judy Merrill had sent us from the British Eastercon, and which we served up for the delectation of our American Old Wave writers. Their comments, expressed as we stopped the tape between speeches, proved both varied and entertaining. Fred Pohl, who has apparently replaced John Campbell as their chief villain since his recent rejection of a book by Brian Aldiss, took

*With his arm gallantly in a sling and a small son to help him on with his jacket. We hope you and your wife are by now both fully recovered from the accident.



their attacks with perfect composure, only grinning in a more and more pixyish fashion as the diatribes went on. Isaac Asimov, on the other hand, became flayboyantly indignant at a mention of "hacks who cant write about anything better than a voyage to bloody Saturn" and stood up to give a heart-warming (everything the Good Doctor does is heart-warming) defense of American hacks (apparently defined as anyone who tries to write well enough to earn money by it), and specifically of a story of his own about a voyage to bloody Saturn ("or was it a bloody voyage to Saturn") called "The Martian Way," which attacked McCarthyism when no one else was.

Most verbose, naturally, was Lester del Rey, who had prepared himself with a carefully annotated copy of The Crystal World and proceeded to give a scrupulously documented attack on Ballards plotting (his characters go around in circlces), style (he seems incapable of confining himself to the order subject-verb-object more than once a paragraph), and freedom from knowledge of either elementary science or the meaning of his own vocabulary.

To all outward appearances the con ceased then, but for the committee it was only the beginning of more dirty work. First we went out to a cheap, stifling-hot cafeteria with some late staying attendees for agonizing post-mortems on questions like Why did we only get 69 people, even with advertising? and How can we avoid having to depend on things like films that never show up? Then it was back to the hotel to clean up the remnants of Leslie Turks efficiently-run hospitality suite (you notice she never writes these things and gives me compliments) and continue the post-mortems. Then Paul Galvin took off with a carload of things-to-be-returned, and Leslie and Dave Vanderwerf and I sat around awaiting his return, they observing with interest the activities of a group of youths who were attempting to tear up a traffic sign across the street and me musing darkly upon a certain letter from Harvard Grad School that would be waiting in my mailbox back in the dormitory and feverishly pouring my hopes, aspirations, and neuroses out to their captive ears.

Then we shlepped everything else down to the lobby, only to discover that the hotel had misfiled the receipt for our payment of the room bill and wouldnt let us go until Leslie had dashed madly hither and yon* several times, making phone calls to Treasurer Dick Harter, until he was able to give the hotel the receipt number and they set us free. Finally, released from my lonely vigil over the impedimenta, I got back to the dorm and with trembling fingers slit open the envelope and discovered that by Jove I will still be here next year after all. (I may be the next Tony Lewis) As I collapsed limply onto the floor (remember, I was still feverish), the remnants of the Boskone Committee gathered round me, cheering the fact that TZ will remain in our skillful hands next year (Leslie being, granted clearance, working at MITs Lincoln Labs).

Then it was flying down to New York the next morning, where I spent a

*Not to mention Eowyn. (**in-joke**)

This policy of Sinification seems to have involved a good deal of ridicule among the other rulers of Kashgarian states. It is said that they were wont to remark "A donkey and yet not a donkey, a horse and yet not a horse -- such an animal is called a mule and reminds us forcibly of the King of Kucha.

-- McGovern
The Early Empires of Central Asia

week of spring vacation allowing myself the luxury to be sick and ceremonially renewing my ties with New York fandom. The next event of any excitement was April 15, where various dimly-felt emotions prompted me to join the peace march in New York. Imagine my surprise (on second thought, don't bother) when about 49th Street I saw a sign bobbing along reading "Science fiction authors - editors demand an end to the war in Viet Nam." I wended my way over to it and found no one but Andy Porter, who appeared enormously gratified to have someone else there to justify his high claims.

After that, nothing more fascinating than a disappointingly routine performance of Yeomen of the Guard by the Harvard G&S occurred until Lunacon on April 29 and 30. One conreport is enough for any editorial, so I won't bother to comment on the program, but only say that Lunacon seems to be establishing itself as the East Coast convention. All segments of New York fandom were present in strength, as well as practically anyone from between Boston and Baltimore you might have hoped or feared to see -- both fan and pro -- plus such surprise dividends as Judy Merrill and Arthur C. Clarke. The use of two rooms (albeit slightly over-grandious ones) was sufficient to make it a very comfortable convention, whether for program-listening, huckstering and buying, or just long, irrelevant talks.

The last occasion of note this spring was the MITSFS picnic on May 14. As advertised, the Good Doctor had heart-warmingly managed to hold off the threatened cold-and-rain until Monday, and as a result we were able to enjoy both his (with offspring) and Harry (Hal Clement) Stubbs company in delightful spring weather. I even only got hit by three frisbies.

Hmmm. I see it's almost ten o'clock. I descend in search of green things.

* * * * *

Treason! Rank betrayal! Desecration of the ancient customs! I descend, full of trust and belief, to the dining room and what do I find? Green things? No indeed. Not even ordinary chocolate-covered cookies. In fact, nothing more inspiring than chocolate chips and Oreo sandwiches, and the kind of Nabiscos with a hole in the center that when you were little you used to stick on your finger and eat the scallops off around the edge until the remnants dissolved into your knuckle. Alas and lackaday! Even in the lean years of animal crackers, there were at least a few green things to serve as a hope of better times. But now even that is taken from us and naught but the taste of ~~chocolate~~ chocolate chips remains in our mouths. Woe betide the infidel! Yea, I call for vengeance, a holy way upon this the newly elected dorm committee that has so dared to pollute our sacred traditions. Fate will return all!

On the Heroine of Monster Movies

She is saved from an ending most bitter
In the clutch of a fungoidal critter,
From all which we may note
That (as Bilbo once wrote)
Not all that is mold does git 'er.

BUTTONS

25¢

Leslie Turek and Cory Seidman
20 Ware St., Apt. 4
Cambridge, Mass. 02138

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This Button Supercedes All Previous Buttons

THE BASTARD OF THE RAPE OF THE BRIDE OF THE SON OF THE GHOST OF MITSFS

--as taken by Cory Seidman

1/27 MS(Seitz) to condemn the minutes as not read.

Seitz: I'm a second? Who? Where? Do I have a choice of weapons?

Seitz demanded a secret ballot.

Seitz demanded a secret ballot on the question of having a secret ballot.

Seitz demanded to see proff that the officers had at least Q clearance.

Demand rejected.

Phillies demanded to see Seitz clearance.

Seitz reached for his coat pocket. Noise from audience.

Moved to table - classified. (1-3-5)

Second motion - secret. (2-4-3)

First motion:

Phillies: I won't tell you the results of this ballot either, since this would tell you what happened on the last vote.

Minicult (Wiener): Udin didn't vote yes. The minicult report was classified secret, since it revealed part of a vote.

Original motion passed 5-3-2

2/10 Nanocult (Seitz): for use as hanger space you are getting credit for the R + D on my 12 1/2' paper airplane, now languishing in the offices of Scientific American.

2/17 Minicult (Leslie): Radcliffe has applications from every state except South Dakota--we always knew there were no girls there.

3/24 Minicult (Phillies): clever scientific observation has established that a platypus is a beaver designed by the Institute.

3/31 (enter Seitz with a TANSTAAFL banner)

Minicult (Leslie): if you call KENmore 6-4050 you will get a very interesting recorded message.

4/ 7 Inscomm put out a report--the Library has the highest usage on the floor, with 0.67 man hours/sq. ft./week.

Pumpkincomm is investigating the psychedelic properties of pumpkins.

4/14 Minicult (Phillies): Last week I made a suggestion that Mike Ward write a Tomm Swift book - I now think it should be entitled Tomm Swift and his Electric Electric Pumpkin Incubator.

Tony - take all such devices - make it an Eclectric Electric Electric Pumpkin Incubator.

Ward - and I'll put it in several typefaces - a Selectric Eclectric Electric Electric Pumpkin Incubator

4/21 Minicult: When Fred Pohl spoke at UMass, he was introduced as editor of Analog - he replied "I'm very happy to be speaking here at Princeton"

4/28 Minicult (Phillies): Elevators are the safest form of transport per million passenger miles. Method of determination of such statistics was discussed at length.

The validity of man hours per square foot per week as a measure of Library usage was questioned. Twas claimed that our stated usage required that we have 8 people in the Library for 15 hours a day, every day.

MS - That we have bananas at the picnic

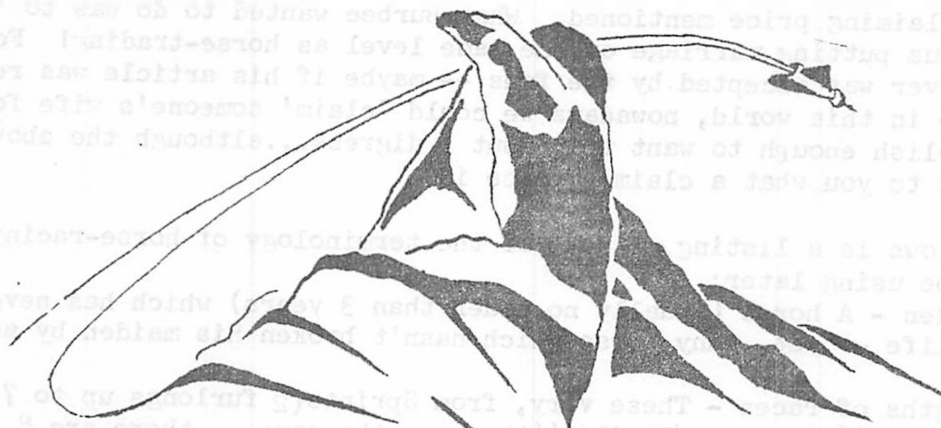
Failed 4-4+ -2+Spehn

(The tie was broken by the Skinner)

5/ 5 Minicult (seitz): NASA says there are between 1.8 times 10 to the 4th and 3.6 times 10 to the 16th molecules of O_2 at the surface of Mars. This includes measurements by Tycho Brahe and everyone else but Ptolemy - let us censure NASA.
Tied 7-1-7+1 the Skinner voted no
Tie - the Skinner voted no
Eventually passed 8-5-7+1

5/12 Minicult (Tony): selectric balls are \$25. Special characters are \$15, \$5 for each succeeding. Thus Elvish would be only \$215.

5/19 Pumpkincomm - The horde of mad psychedelic pumpkins last seen marching north from Baja California were annihilated by the 131st Mounted Pumpkin Cavalry, commanded by that gallant Irish colonel, Jack O'Lantern, by order of His Imperial Majesty, Prince of the Orange, the GREAT PUMPKIN.



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"ALL RIGHT, FANS, STOP HORSING AROUND ..."

--by Bill Mallardi

A few years ago, it was the vogue in fandom to find references about fans and fannish items, in the mundane world around us. For example, back in 1959 when John Berry was being brought across the Atlantic by the fans via a special fund, to attend the Detention in Detroit, Les Gerber related in one of his frequent articles his passing a store window in New York with a big sign on it, proclaiming BERRY SEASON IS ALMOST HERE! Closer looking explained it all: It was a fruit store -- proclaiming the advent of strawberry season. Les' mind was so involved in "bringing Berry over" -- he was one of the fans instrumental in the project -- that a mundane sign struck him in a fannish way.

There are many other instances, I'm sure, when this has happened to you... It's happened to me often. One personal example I recall was back in 1961 -- while in the Chicago Caravan of three cars, driving to the Seacon, John Stopa and I drove through a little town in Oregon, I think it was... with the unbelievable name of Prosser. Of course we couldn't resist stopping to buy some postcards, and sending them to fans back East... Yes, Dave Prosser got one, too.

I think I've set the mood for what is to come in the rest of this piece -- there are a lot more fannish references -- but off hand I can't recall them all, except in ONE field of endeavor. Horse racing. Yes, I'm afraid the secret's out...I follow the races... Aren't I Nasty and Eviel?!

I shall first explain, to those of you unfamiliar with the sport of kings, a few items relating to it that you may not understand. (Those of you who've been in fandom a long time may recall the famous Burbee article in the old Shangri-L'Affairs, and reprinted in THE INCOMPLETE BURBEE, of which I'm fortunate enough to have a copy, tying-in horses withwives. He explained that horses have different 'classes', the lower class being 'platers', and not as reliable as the Allowance or Stakes runners. The platers changed ownership often, via the 'claiming route' -- for example, if I had a horse running in a \$2000. claiming race, and you, as another owner/trainer, wanted it, you could claim him after the race was run, for the claiming price mentioned. What Burbee wanted to do was to 'classify' wives, too, thus putting marriage on the same level as horse-trading! For some reason that never was accepted by the fans -- maybe if his article was received by more people in this world, nowadays we could 'claim' someone's wife for \$1500., if we were foolish enough to want to!) But I digress...although the above at least explains to you what a claiming race is.

What follows is a listing of some of the terminology of horse-racing fandom, which I will be using later:

Maiden - A horse (usually no older than 3 years) which has never won a race in it's life -- yet. Any horse which hasn't broken his maiden by age 4 or 5, forget it!

Lengths of races - These vary, from Sprints(2 furlongs up to 7 furlongs) to Distance races (8 furlongs/1 mile ((they are the same -- there are 8 furlongs in a mile)) up to 2 miles).

Stakes and Allowances - Horses that run in these races cannot be claimed, the owner values the horse too much to lose him via claiming. They are more reliable and consistent than claiming horses, and win much \$\$\$ for their owners.

DAILY DOUBLE - Usually the first two races of the day. To win it, you

must pick the winners of both races. Some tracks even have DOUBLE ~~WYLL~~ DOUBLES; if you pick the winners of four races, the payoffs are usually fantastic.

Colts - Male horses up to 3 years old; Fillies - Females horses up to 3 years old; Mares - Females from age 4 on up; Gelding - Male horse that is de-sexed; the rest are just plain Horses.

When you bet the horses, you don't ask for them by name-- but by number, or post position. However, The NAMES of the horses fascinate me... I usually try to pick horses with catchy, unusual names. And that, dear fans, is the actual basis of this article.

* * *

A few years ago or so my fanzine DOUBLE:BILL printed a piece of fiction from a young fan from the East coast, named Robert Weinberg. (Incidentally, D:B will have another story by him as a sequel, some future issue.) Soooo...imagine my surprise when I noticed in the Racing Form one day, at a track in California, no less -- that a horse called BOB WEINBERG broke his maiden and paid a decent price. One Weinberg East, and one West...

WILLIS also is a horse -- though he has no first name of Walt. Matter of fact I bet against WILLIS one day (I shouldn't have, but I did), and he beat my horse by many lengths, and paid a good price of \$14. Was I sick!

You Coulson fans might like to know that there's a mare running at the Eastern tracks, in Allowances, called JUANITA. And there are quite a number of horses with BUCK or BOB names. Matter of fact, I think, but am not positive, there is a horse called BUCK C. or something like that... (No slight intended, Juanita or Buck, in case you may wonder!)

I'm sure you're all familiar with the fan with the moniker Ray Nelson? He writes excellent articles and is a good cartoonist for fanzines. Has been for years. Well, if you're thinking there's a horse by that name, you're WRONG. A few years back, there was a horse called NELSON RAY; he ran in cheap claimers... and...well, let's face it, he was a dog! He probably won a few races in his lifetime, but I don't recall seeing him do so. He's in the Glue Factory now, no doubt. If they hadn't reversed Nelson's name he probably would have developed into a better horse...but who knows for sure? The fan Ray Nelson could probably run faster than him!

There is one thing certain -- though the horses mentioned above refer to fans, they were not actually named after them (it's coincidence and the fact that they DO remind me of fans) -- there are some horses with names VERY familiar to any science fiction or fantasy fan, or any Tolkien reader, to be specific. Last year, upon reading the results, a name leaped out at me: BILBO won a race, and paid a terrific \$38.40 for a \$2. ticket! "Aha!" sez I, "someone out there training or owning horses is a Tolkien fan!" This year I was shocked again: A horse named PIPPIN popped, winning his maiden race at the unbelievable odds of 70 to 1!! Can you imagine some sci-fi fan being at the track the day he ran, recognizing the name as being from THE LORD OF THE RINGS, and putting \$2. down on it for the helluvit? Great Ghu, he'd get back \$142.1 Since then, PIPPIN has won at least twice, maybe three times, all at one mile or over. He usually runs around Aqueduct, in New York. Keep an eye out for him, New York fans. Sorry to say, though, that there is no horse named FRODO -- yet. Give 'em time...some young colt may get that name soon, if the people who raise and race them are fans of the Tolkien Trilogy.

But that's not ALL. Recently I told my co-editor, Bill Bowers, and other fans and friends of mine, that if I ever owned a horse and raced him, I'd call

him GANDALF, after the Wizard in TLOTR. I thought that would be a though sounding name, and that no one would be likely to copy it. Was I wrong! A few weeks back my dreams and hopes were shattered...for in the list of entries at Golden Gate, in California, there was a maiden race, claiming price, \$10,000. And one of the horses had the name of: GANDALF THE GRAY. Yes. (Note, though, that they spelled Grey with an "A" instead of an "E", like in the story.) Owell, you can't win them all. Neither has GANDALF, for that matter, though he has Showed twice, once paying \$4., and just recently \$4.80. He'll win soon, no doubt...so all you Califans...watch for GANDALF THE GRAY...when he runs, go out there and bet on him. He should pay a good price. Or, if you can't make it to the track, run down to your nearest bookie...Dwain Kaiser. I'm sure that ex-Las Vegas resident is still handling the money for the Syndicate. "Blackie" Kaiser, youngest fan-bookie in the world!

* * *

It appears now that GANDALF is out of the question as far as the name of a horse goes, I'll have to pick another. FRODO is still open, like I said before... but for some reason it doesn't appeal to me. I had narrowed it down to two choices. The first would have been SHADOWFAX, after Gandalf's horse in the epic tale, but I see that THAT name is also taken. Yep, there is a horse by that name running in 3 & 4 year old Allowances, over a mile and 70 yards, at Suffolk Downs, in East Boston, Mass. Curses, foiled again! (All you M.I.T. fans, rush right over and put some cash on his nose pronto...) SO I guess I'm stuck with my second choice...STRIDER. Although I must admit that sounds like a good name for a running horse...I thought SHADOWFAX was just a little bit better ~~than that other spread~~. I'll just have to hope that some other horse owner/trainer doesn't call HIS horse by that name.

Now, for Ghu's sake, if any of you fans have friends who race horses...please DON'T give them the above name... Instead, tell them to call their young colt BILL MALLARDI... or JUST PLAIN BILL, or even BEM... that would be a REAL fannish reference...

Until then, like I said, "Stop horsing around..."

+++++

Debauchee: One who has so earnestly pursued pleasure that he has had the misfortune to overtake it.

Hippogriff: An animal (now extinct) which was half horse and half griffin. The griffin was itself a compound creature, half lion and half eagle. The hippogriff was actually, therefore, only one-quarter eagle, which is two dollars and fifty cents in gold. The study of zoology is full of surprises.

Insurance: An ingenious modern game of chance in which the player is permitted to enjoy the comfortable conviction that he is beating the man who keeps the table.

Non-Combatant: A dead Quaker.

Perfection: An imaginary state or quality distinguished from the actual by an element known as excellence; an attribute of the critic.

Prejudice: A vagrant opinion without visible means of support.

from The Devil's Dictionary by Ambrose Bierce

PURPLE ZANGS OVER AXOPTLORNIS

#8,362 in the Adventures of Captain Zoom

--George Phillies

"Sir," said the Mate. "The Purple Zang Battleship is attacking."

"Never fear!" said the Captain. "Zoom is here."

And indeed Captain Zoom was there. Six foot six with muscles of steel, a heart of gold, and a skull denser than a block of solid neutronium. Resolute, fearless -- his strength was as that of .8 because his heart was pure. Well 8% pure, anyhow.

"Sir, our primary super-positronic anti-matter force ray screens are collapsing."

"This must not be. Fire the hyper-zaratronic force blasters. Nothing can withstand a hyper-zaratronic force blaster. The chief told me so himself."

Awed at the fact that Captain Zoom had spoken to the Chief in person, the Mate turned to the Gunnery Officer.

"Fire the hyper-zaratronic force blasters!" he said. "Nothing can withstand a hyper-zaratronic force blaster. The Chief told Captain Zoom so himself."

"Aye aye, Sir."

The hyper-zaratronic force blaster, with a dead weight of 236 tons (The largest weapon ever catapulted into space) fired at the warship of the evil Purple Zangs. The Purple Zangs' battleship's force screens flared into radiance, and suddenly flared no more.

"Sir? It doesn't seem to be having any effect on the..."

Those were the last words ever spoken by the mate, who throughout life had been a loyal follower of the mighty Captain Zoom. For at that moment the walls of the ship buckled under the enormous force of a reflected hyper-zaratronic force beam. For the chief had spoken the exact truth. A vacuum, totally hard, and at least three meters thick, was a perfect reflector of the deadly rays of this awesome weapon. And the rays of the weapon, once they had destroyed all of the matter in the space between the two warships, were reflected back at the individuals who had attempted to use the weapon.

Fortunately, our ever-resourceful Captain Zoom had perceived the danger that a lack of air held for even his mighty frame. He leaped into the ship's lifeboat. Then, without regards for the rest of his crew, (he correctly assumed that none but



himself had survived the dreadful catastrophe) he activated the lifeboat's hyperatomic engines and hurled himself at the enemy ship.

The Purple Zang warship, expecting such a foolish maneuver, had rigged a magnetic screen around the Terran ship, so that the lifeboat was trapped in the unbreakable clutches of an atomic-driven magnetic screen. The lizardly Purple Zangs chortled with glee at the thought of having three prisoners (for they had taken two previously) to torture to death. (Being stupid saurians, it had not occurred to them that there might be more efficient ways, e. g., money, to extract information from the prisoners.)

But quick-thinking Captain Zoom remained undaunted. Since boyhood he had known that magnetic forcefields could not stop non-magnetic objects. So, picking up a piece of plastic explosive with a preset plastic detonator, he connected the fuse and tossed the bomb at the Purple Zang battleship. (We will not remark on the fact that he had known this since early boyhood only because it had been drilled into him at every possible opportunity. This had been done since it had been known for years to both sides that Purple Zang warships were vulnerable to such attacks. The Purple Zangs had not taken protective measures because besides being cold, cruel, cunning, sadistic, and spineless (they had exoskeletons), the Purple Zangs were the most incredible bureaucrats ever created.)

The explosive--four pounds of tri-hyperlithium-X, the most powerful chemical explosive ever created--went off as it reached the alien warship's hull. Explosive decompression tore vast gaps in the hull of the warship of the Purple Zangs, and, crippled, the battleship fell towards the planetary surface like a stone, pulling the Terran lifeboat after it. Fortunately the Purple Zangan crew managed to effect a relatively gentle landing, else our heroic Captain Zoom might have been forced to more violent action in order to avoid injury to himself.

Leaping at once from his damaged lifeboat, Captain Zoom set out at once across the countryside, encumbered by little else besides 250 pounds of weaponry. He was pleased to observe that the atmosphere of the place was so similar to that of the Earth so that no breathing apparatus was necessary.

The Purple Zang Battleship had fallen into several pieces on landing. The Purple Zangs, believing that they had no chance to escape from the planet before help came for them, decided that no time was better than the present for a little healthy entertainment--they would torture the prisoners to death. They dragged their prisoners from the wreckage of their ship. One of the prisoners was a scholarly, somewhat thin-looking young man. The other was a beautiful looking girl. Leering lecherously over the girl, they dragged her towards the torture equipment. (It should be noted that a lecherous leer was the standard facial expression of a Purple Zang, and had nothing to do with their feelings towards such an ugly creature.)

"Now we say that you Terranans are not as brave as you say," sneered the lizardly chief of the Purple Zangs. "We torture you. If you scream, we torture you to death for cowardice. If you not scream, we keep on torturing you until we find out how to torture you correctly."

But the cowardly Purple Zang was interrupted by the gallant Captain Zoom.

"Never fear, I shall save you!" he shouted as he ran down the hill towards the aliens, firing as he ran with his super-atomic-powered hyper-audionic matter destroyer.

The Purple Zangs, being so cowardly that they were unwilling to fight this attacker unarmed, ran for their ships. Unfortunately for Captain Zoom, whose only





thought was to save the beautiful girl in their midst, a Purple Zang guard opened fire on the Captain with his metal disintegrator, destroying Captain Zoom's awesome weapon. Still undaunted, the Captain whipped out his sword and charged the lizards.

"Surrender! Surrender!" he shouted.

The Captain of the Purple Zangs, sensing that his honor was under attack, drew his own sword and ran at the heroic captain. Both were cautious enough to stay at a distance, for each believed that greater honor would accrue if they were able to disarm and capture their opponent.

The Purple Zangs piled out of their ship, for they were all eager to see the outcome of this battle of the Titans. As if there could be any doubt for the cowardly Purple Zang Commander, relying not on his greater speed, strength, size, or intelligence--for what are these against one whose strength is as of 9.8 because his hear is pure--had adjusted his blade so that it released a spray of narcotic gas into his opponents face. The battle raged. Finally the alien began to know fear.

"He has already absorbed enough gas for 9.8 men," the alien thought, and exactly as the alien thought this Captain Zoom fell to the ground unconscious.

"Now we have three prisoners," gloated the Purple Zang commander.

But the alien had spoken too soon, for in the confusion the male prisoner had escaped.

"No matter," said the alien Captain. "He can only go so far. We will recapture him after entertaining ourselves a little. We will torture these two to death."

The captain awoke to find himself tied to a steel pole. Next to him was the beautiful girl he had attempted to rescue.

"Never fear, Zoom is here," he announced. Unfortunately his actions belied his words, for even his mighty thews were unable to break the thin cords which bound him, for the cords were of a nearly indestructible monomolecular plastic.

"You can't break the rope," she said. She smiled at him.

"Never fear, virtue always triumphs in the end. I, Captain Zoom, say so."

"Yes, but will the triumph come in time?"

"Of course. Even now the Mighty Combined Space Fleets of the United Worlds of the Galaxy are searching out our location. They will soon arrive." This was not quite true. Even had they known that their mighty Captain Zoom needed their assistance, the Mighty Combined Space Fleets of the United Worlds of the Galaxy had better things to do than to attempt to find one minor planet in one small corner of this great galaxy.

"Young lady, can you reach my back pocket?"

"I think so, yes."

"The aliens are so busy celebrating our capture that they are not watching us. Since they forgot to search me, my pocket contains a Captain Zoom atomic monomolecular cord cutter and a hyper-powerful Captain Zoom smoke bomb."

"Now?"

"yes."

After some straining the girl managed to reach the Captain Zoom atomic monomolecular cord cutter and the hyper-powerful Captain Zoom smoke bomb.

After freeing the two of them with the Captain Zoom atomic monomolecular cord cutter, the girl tossed the hyper-powerful Captain Zoom smoke bomb at the ground in front of them.

The two of them ran for the ground beyond the cleared area about the ship. They had gotten but fifteen yards when the aliens leaped upon them. Captain Zoom put up a valient struggle, but had killed only two of the aliens before the rest overpowered him. As the smoke cleared he saw that the girl had also been captured, although the bodies of six of the slimy aliens littered the ground about her.

Captain Zoom turned to the Captain of the Purple Zangs, who was gloating over him. "How did you manage to catch us so quickly?" he asked.

"Stupid Earthpeople are very stupid. They make the smoke transparent to ultraviolet light so that they can use instruments to see through it, and forget that glorious Purple Zangan eyes can see in the same band in the Ultraviolet." Now you answer a question. How you manage to kill two of us? Terrans are supposed to be weak and stupid."

"I am the noble Captain Zoom. My strength is as that of 9.8 because my heart is pure."

"And the girl? Terran women are even weaker and stupider than Purple Zangan women."

"I am a Tech Coed. I'm smarter than any three of you, and my strength is as that of thirty."

"Thirty?" The two captains spoke in unison.

"Thirty. Three is my normal strength, multiplied by ten because my heart is purer than his."

The alien turned pale. "My handbook says that Tech Coeds are so ugly that the sight of one turns one to stone. While I will concede you to be abnormally, even for a Terran, I do not notice myself being turned to stone. I therefore believe that you are lying. For that I will have you tortured to death."

"You are already going to do that."

"Well, I will have you tortured to death twice."

"You can't."

"What! You dare to suggest that a glorious Purple Zangan Captain can not do what he wants to his prisoners. For that I will have you tortured to death three times."

"This is a matter of opinion. Yours is wrong." The speaker was unseen.

"What? Who dares to question my judgement?"

"I do."

"Who you? Come out and fight, and I kill you."

"Sorry. No deal."

"Come out now, coward!"

The unseen speaker came out. It was the young man who had escaped. But he had not returned unarmed, for he was carrying a GTP hyper-resonator. The GTP hyper-resonator was one of the most advanced weapons of Terran science, for it

selectively destroyed Purple Zangan life while leaving Terran life unharmed. It did this by taking advantage of the curious fact that all Purple Zangan life used guanosine triphosphate instead of adenosine triphosphate to power muscle contraction. The weapon projected a high frequency beam of polyelectronic rays tuned to the exact resonant frequency of guanosine triphosphate in the aliens; bodies were shaken to pieces simultaneously, causing every muscle in the aliens' bodies to contract simultaneously.

"Put down that gun and I will kill you."

"you are quite right. You probably would kill me. That's too bad." With that the young man opened fire on the aliens.

The results were literally too horrendous to describe. The aliens were crushed by the contractive force of their own muscles, while Captain Zoom and the beautiful girl were left unharmed.

Speeding to their side, the young man untied the two former Captives of the vicious Purple Zangans.

"We will at least be able to escape from this planet in one of their life-boats, as at least one of them is only slightly damaged," said the young man.

"an excellent piece of work against those cowardly beasts," said Captain Zoom to the young man. "Have you considered joining the Space Corps?"

"regretfully, my father, Senator Bilgewater, has chosen my plans for me already. I am to go into the Corps Diplomatique du Terriestrienne."

"An excellent post for a young man," said Captain Zoom. "And you?" Captain Zoom turned to the young lady.

"I am his fiancee. We were to be married a week ago, but unfortunately the dreaded Purple Zangs attacked our space liner. We were the only survivors."

"Unfortunate that such need happen. And now, if you will permit me, I will see what repairs need to be made before we can escape from this place."

And with that Captain Zoom turned and disappeared behind the spaceship, leaving the two lovers to their own devices, reflecting as he walked that virtue was its own best reward.

THIS HAS BEEN A MIRACLE PRODUCTION.

Now you know who to blame.

=====

Idiot: A member of a large and powerful tribe whose influence in human affairs has always been dominant and controlling.

Logic: The art of thinking and reasoning in strict accordance with the limitations and incapacities of the human misunderstanding.

Mind: A mysterious form of matter secreted by the brain. Its chief activity consists in the endeavor to ascertain its own nature, the futility of the attempt being due to the fact that it has nothing but itself to know itself from.

from The Devil's Dictionary by Ambrose Bierce

FILK SONG DEPARTMENT

By Diverse and Sundry

THE THREE BELLES

(Tune: The Three Bells)

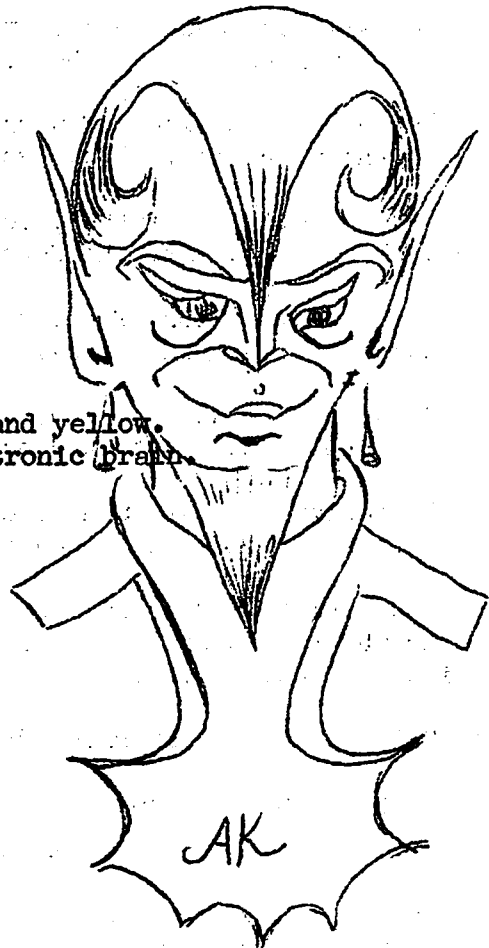
Down by the river, one dark and gray September morn
Three young ladies fair walked across the Harvard Bridge
The first loved the laws of mathematics,
The second chose to be an engineer,
The third greatly favored geophysics;
'Twas the dawn of their career.

Hear the Institute a-calling
Women scientists far and wide
Give up lipstick, rouge, and powder
Trade them in for rules that slide.
Consecrate your lives to science,
Worship Tech on bended knee.
Lead us not into temptation,
Give us more co-education,
You're the girls from MIT.

Down at the computer, the lights are flashing red and yellow.
A petticoated genius disagrees with the giant 'lectronic brain.
She kicks it with her feet in bitter malice,
And batters all its panels with her knee.
At last the poor computer digitalis
Admits that twelve times twelve is twenty-three!

Hear the relays softly clicking,
Take no time out for your lunch--
Graphs that need arithmeticing
Tape to wind and cards to punch.
You're a woman, cybernetic,
You can prove a the-o-rem
Lead us not into temptation,
Help us solve this damned equation,
You're the pride of IBM.

Down in the mine shaft, beneath the ground of Nova Scotia,
A fair-haired geologist digs for fossils in the earth.
She strikes an object from the age Crustacean,
Discovers what it is to her dismay--
A sign that reads, "This way to Boylston Station,
Why not ride the MTA?"

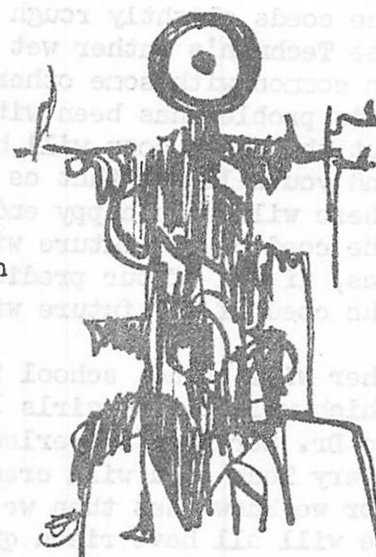


Keep that geopick a-swinging;
Dig and dig until you're sore.
Mica, quartz, and albite feldspar,
Cinnabar and iron ore.
You'll be working until doomsday
Splitting rocks until you're numb.
Lead us not into temptaion,
Help us dig this excavation,
We may strike petroleum.

Down in the basenent, a cold and dreary laboratory,
The female engineer worked day and night on her design
She wrote down all of Newton's laws of motion,
Then multiplied by pi times seventeen.
She fashioned every part with sweet devotion--
Fell in love with her machine.

Hear the chapel bells a-ringing
For the robot and his bride.
Hear the organ softly playing
While the bonds of love are tied.
Twenty years since they've been married--
Every minute they've enjoyed.
Lead us not into temptation,
Praise the Lord for automation,
Leave the rest to Sigrund Freud.

--Larry Schindler

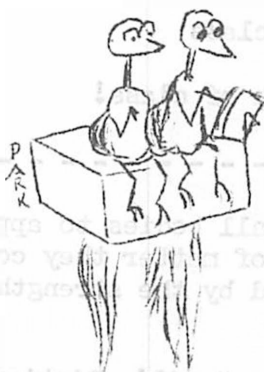


sketch for an Ace cover



SLIDE RULES ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND
(Tune: Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend)

A kiss on the hand may be quite continental
But slide rules are a girl's best friend.
A kiss may be grand but it won't pass the quizzes
Or the labs to boot
Cr.get you through the Institute.
Men grow cold as we grow old,
And we all lose our charms in the end
In the end (insert squeal)
But round-shaped or square-shaped
These sticks don't lose their shape
Slide rules are a girl's best friend
We mean to tell you,
Slide rules are a girl's best friend.



The next person that
says Tech coeds aren't
feminine gets CLOBBERED!

THE COED'S SLIGHTLY ROUGH ABOUT HER EDGES

The coeds slightly rough about her edges, bout her edges
 The Techman's rather wet behind his ears, hind his ears
 In common with some other good colleges, good colleges,
 This problem has been with us many years, many years.
 But the coeds soon will have a dormitory, dormitory
 And you will see that as the ages pass, ages pass
 There will be a happy ending to this story, to this story
 The coed of the future will have class.
 Yes, if all of our predictions come to pass, come to pass
 The coed of the future will have class, will have class.

There will be no school in Boston's territory, territory
 Which will finish girls like good old MIT, MIT
 To Dr. Stratton's everlasting glory, -lasting glory
 Every Tech coed will crash society, -ciety.
 For we know that then we all will reek of culture, reek of culture
 We will all have risen quite above the mass, -bove the mass
 Quite apart from any husband hungry vulture, hungry vulture
 The coed of the future will have class.
 Yes, if all of our predictions come to pass, come to pass
 The coed of the future will have class, will have class.

When the coed of the future is uncovered, is uncovered
 Or perhaps to be polite we'll say unveiled, say unveiled
 The thin plots of all those idiots at Harvard, -lots at Harvard
 Will be seen in every detail to have failed, to have failed.
 For we will not be alone in our perfection, our perfection
 Techmen all will be as suave as every lass, every lass
 Through a lot of institutional correction, -al correction
 The Techman of the future will have class.
 Yes, if all of our predictions come to pass, come to pass
 The coed and the Techman will have class, will have class.

When the students aren't engaged in their employment, their employment
 They'll be occupied in friendly little games, little games
 Their capacity for innocent enjoyment, -cent enjoyment
 Will be exceeded only by their thirst for same, thirst for same.
 The golden days will soon be here upon you, here upon you
 When not a soul at Tech is crude or crass, crude or crass
 It may not be right away, but still we warn you, still we warn you
 The coed of the future will have class.
 Yes, if all of our predictions come to pass, come to pass
 The coed and the Techman will have class, will have class.

We'll have class, we'll have class
 We will STINK of class
 Yes, the least of us will reek of class!

- - - - -

Gravitation: The tendency of all bodies to approach one another with a strength proportional to the quantity of matter they contain--the quantity of matter they contain being ascertained by the strength of their tendency to approach one another.

MAXWELL'S EQUATIONS

(Tune: Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star)

Oscillate, oscillate e-m wave;
Maxwell's equations will make you behave.

MKS system will suit us to a tee
Eliminating units with μ and c.

\vec{D} field, \vec{B} field, \vec{E} field too,
Add an H field and we're through.

Of major variables, we have four.
Who has need of any more?

Take a non-zero charge density,
There a little rho must be.

$$\rho = \lim_{\Delta V \rightarrow 0} \frac{\Delta q}{\Delta V}$$

If there's a loss of electric charge,
j simply cannot run at large.

For $d\rho/dt$ plus del dot \vec{j}
From the value of zero must not stray.

$$\frac{\partial \rho}{\partial t} + \nabla \cdot \vec{j} = 0$$

If there's surface current flow,
We all know where \vec{k} must go.

Now we've reached the crucial part;
Forget it not, learn it by heart.

Zero equals del dot \vec{B} ;
Magnetic charge is ne'er found free.

$$\nabla \cdot \vec{B} = 0$$

\vec{D} diverges to and fro;
But this you see, is due to rho.

$$\nabla \cdot \vec{D} = \rho$$

To the curl of \vec{E} , add \vec{B} 's time change;
If it comes to naught, then that's not strange.

$$\nabla \times \vec{E} + \frac{\partial \vec{B}}{\partial t} = 0$$

\vec{D} 's time change is fixed, I say,
At the curl of \vec{H} decreased by j.

$$\frac{\partial \vec{D}}{\partial t} = \nabla \times \vec{H} - \vec{j}$$

Differential equations alone will not do;
Boundary conditions must be specified too.

With a Gaussian pillbox you will see
That constant cross the boundary is \vec{n} dot \vec{B} .

$$\vec{n} \cdot (\vec{B}_1 - \vec{B}_2) = 0$$

Look again and it must be
That the same holds true for \vec{n} cross \vec{E} .

$$\vec{n} \times (\vec{E}_1 - \vec{E}_2) = 0$$

H tangential shifts by \vec{k}
Across the boundary either way.

$$\vec{n} \times (\vec{H}_1 - \vec{H}_2) = \vec{k}$$

Crossing the bound'ry normally
Adds surface charge to \vec{n} dot \vec{D} .

$$\vec{n} \cdot (\vec{D}_1 - \vec{D}_2) = \sigma$$

If you've a solution, it must be unique;
No other answer need you seek.

---JSpeiser and ARLewis

Bernie Morris
15 Amy Street
Providence 6, R.I.
March 15, 1967

On Kuhfeld's article, has he considered the Group Theoretical implications of Ligand Field Theory to the sex problem. (This does not imply that sex is a problem, I am using the term in its broadest (sic) scientific sense). According to L.F.G., the splitting of energy levels can be easily calculated if the symmetry of the site is known. While in physics this symmetry is usually octahedral, tetrahedral, etc, the monohedral sites encountered here can be worked out, also. A bi- or tri-hedral site could also be investigated, although on the basis of preliminary calculations I find these levels highly degenerate.

Also, in addition to the fundamental spin-states suggested, there is the neutral or castratti state. When this state occurs in very young states they may be termed neutrinos. So much for psience.

Not much stf activity down here in Lovecraftland, although my apparatus is getting to look like something out of a grade Z horror film.
CONGRATULATIONS LEWIS. I thot you would never get out.

Paul Schauble
3410 Hawthorne Ave.
Richmond, Virginia 23222
March 17, 1967

One thing I wish to clear up. I don't make a habit of riding around on a broomstick. Can you imagine the pain involved in sitting on that wooden rod for more than a few seconds. As a rule I use a carpet or a soft chair. As an example, I shall arrive at Boskone in a 1958 Pontiac that isn't propelled by any form of internal combustion. [Apparently it wasn't--try again next year. --LT] If you've seen the car, you know what I mean. Riding a broomstick on Halloween is just one of the sacrifices I must make to my profession.

P.S. I would code this as:

```
SUBROUTINE CATCH (COYOTE, RUNNER, TIME, GOBBLE)
TIME=AINT((LOGF(COYOTE-RUNNER)/.69315)+.99999)
GOBBLE=1.
IF (RUNNER/2.**TIME.LE.10.) GOBBLE=0)
RETURN
END
```

[I suspect that there is a typo in this program--or else there is a function called AINT that I have never heard of. What gives?--LT]

L. Sprague de Camp
278 Hothorpe Lane
Villanova, Pa. 19085
March 20, 1967

I am amused by the argument over the pronunciation of "viking." Hurrah for authenticity! By all means, let's pronounce it as the Norse do, as "vicking." But--to be consistent we must then say "ski" as "shee," "vice verse" as "VEE-kay VAIR-sah" (with a w-like "v"), "cherub" as "kha-ROOV," and so on without any logical end. We should end up by calling a squash an askutaskwash, Prague Praha, Jesus Yeshua, Cyrus Kurush, China Chung-gwo, and the Eskimos the Inuit. The only trouble would be that nobody would understand us.

Jerry Kaufman
2769 Hampshire
Cleveland Hts, Ohio 44106
March 25, 1967

John Boardman's article was based on the Greek myths, as he says. First, the Greeks didn't have the inverse square law, so their rate of "falling" was constant. They also probably had the fallacy of "greater weight, faster rate." Therefore Boardman's results, while correct by present knowledge, are not correct in light of the contest. Besides, why did he go so far back for his information? Surely there are more modern sources

of this sort of data.

If you print another history, you must use the old Walt Kelly disclaimer, "This is the only authentic history of _____ yed knows of; there may be different ones equally authentic."

Lloyd Hull
2532-9th
Great Bend, Kansas 67530
March 25, 1967

I was startled to learn upon going to an old fallen log in the woods near home (My postman continually puts my TZ's there just to keep me on my toes, (actually he thinks you're a Communist plot, which, of course, is absurd, you are a Facist plot) [Nonsense, we're a Decembrist plot. --CJS]), that I am officially off your mailing list, and that I am supposed to repent, or suffer the agonizing torments of Hell. You will be pleased to discover that I am officially repenting. Does that mean I will be sent to the great fandum in the sky after I make my EXODUS from this mortal world??

Now about the fanzine that you two publish very irregularly. TZ No. 21 has a certain flavour that just tells you that cherchez la femme. But, then what isn't that way these days. As a matter of fact, I find it more than satisfactory.

Cover was bad. No reason, I just feel in a socked mood at the moment. Cory, those cookies you spoke of "those green things" sounds like some of the stuff served in our cafeteria here. Only its called Army surplus.

I thought HOW HIGH IS HEAVEN? was pretty good. But why doesn't someone write something on HOW HIGH IS BOARDMAN?

Doug Hoylman
1304 N. Cherry
Tucson, Arizona 85719
25 March 1967
(Toscanini's 100th birthday)

Aaugh! You mean to say that two pages of my delightful and incisive commentary have been lost forever? Posterity will never forgive you. There seems to be an epidemic of that sort of thing going around up there: Mike Ward managed to misplace the stencils for Boojum Tree #3. (And my copy of TAPA 9 somehow managed to lost its staples during the cross-country journey.) From now on I'll start keeping carbons of everything I send in that direction. Well--starting next week. I don't have any carbon paper handy right now.

No, I didn't know that lax was Old Norse for 'salmon'. What was Old Norse for 'bagels'? But clearly this is the ancestor of German Lachs, which became the Yiddish (and English) 'lox'. [No, cognate. OE was leax, thru vowel-breaking before h. I don't know OHG, I fear. --CJS] Which reminds me of one of the best (and last) of the original Feghoots:

When wed in 3000 A.D.,
Feghoot flouted tradition's decree
That a smoked salmon's-head
Lie in each nuptial bed,

"For love laughs at lox myths," said he.

I'll comment on the Kuhfeld illo as soon as I find a page numbered 1. It can't be the contents page, there are no pictures there. [Sorry--It was going to be on the contents page, but the colophon got out of control. We'll try again nextish. --LT]

The smoot represents the height of a former Techman named Smoot, who as a pledge in some fraternity was used as a yardstick for measuring the length of the Harvard Bridge as part of his initiation; this was in the days before the Institute cracked down on such hazing practices. It's this same frat, I believe, which repaints the numbers every few years. (One rumor, which I heard concerning the name of the Harvard Bridge is that the Institute has requested that it not be called the MIT Bridge; it's so badly engineered they don't want to be identified with it.)

Applications of group theory to human sexuality, eh? One of my courses this term is called Abelian Groups, and it meets in the Anthropology building. Once an anthropology student wandered into the room by mistake and asked what subject it was, and after being told replied, puzzled, "What kind of groups?" I also have two classes in the Agriculture building, but unfortunately neither of them is in field theory.

Suggested title for a murder mystery: The Three-Body Problem.

On Georgia politics, it would have been much more satisfactory had Lester Maddox withdrawn because he couldn't support Charles Weltner. But at least in Georgia, having been charged with the murder of a civil-rights leader has not yet become a requirement for running for office.

Since heaven is farther from the earth than is the moon, it must also be on the opposite side of the earth, else that falling anvil would come within the gravitational influence of the moon and never hit the earth at all. H. Allen Smith once showed, by conclusive Biblical evidence, that heaven is hotter than hell.

Perhaps my footnote on 'ilk' was a bit supercilious, and Jim Dorr has indicated in a recent letter that even my usage of the word was not absolutely correct. No, I'm not a fanatic on "correct" usage either, though I enjoy playing the game. But a word has to have a more or less definite meaning, else language would be completely useless. (Humpty Dumpty and Webster's 3rd International notwithstanding.)

"Purient" may sound better than "dirty", but "prurient" sounds even better. [Sorry 'bout that.--LT] (Just looked up "prurient" in the dictionary. Did you know that one of its meanings is "itching"?)

There must be some sort of symbolism in that cover. The characters have been searching through the desert of science fiction for something worth reading ever since December 1952, and they are about to discover the oasis of TZ? Why are women's space suits always shown as skimpier than men's? (Maybe it's that extra layer of fat under the skin.)

In recent issues I've noticed a Shavian tendency to omit the apostrophes in such words as "can't" and "won't" (which gives the possibility of confusion with the nouns "cant" and "wont", although I can't think of a sentence in which such difficulty would arise) (I once challenged some friends to think of a sentence in which the substitution of "who" for "whom" could change the meaning. One came up with, "Whom saw you?"). Is this deliberate, or just a whole bunch of typos, and if the former, what's the justification for it? [I came under the joint influence of Shaw and linguistics sometime in my Freshman year and have never gotten over it. --CJS]

PS. Why the 'or' in your mailing address? Is it to give the postman a choice in case one box is full? [No, its to drive the girls at the bell desk schizophrenic. --CJS]

James Suhrer Dorr
824 E. Cottage Grove Ave.
Bloomington, Ind. 47401
Easter Monday, 1967

Perhaps I should not have brought up the Eddas bit, but I just cannot quite see great-grandmothers 4 in the context of the poem. I note from ORM that the Fichter has changed her name. Noting Don Cochran's reference to the cover of TZ 20 re. Vorpal Sword, I was quick to

look it up, you may be sure. The girl is not Knimpfo, though. Lady K. would not go to battle barefoot and, as far as I know, she was not lefthanded. (On second look, though, I suppose she might just be holding the sword preparatory to handing it up to the knight. My impression had been that the cover had to do with LOTR--possibly Eowin (was that the shield-may's name?) seeing Aragorn off?) Park draws horses

better than I do (growl!).

Does Klaeber's inclusion of the Finnsburg fragment louse up the chronology, Cory? What do you do about anthologies anyway? Or general histories? I tend to make up arbitrary subject categories and just let them spill into one another (as vaguely mediaeval interest/vaguely linguistic interest which puts Jespersen's Growth and Structure between Wright's OE Grammar and Wright's M.H. German Primer, Chambers on Beowulf next to the Decameron, etc.). I knew a girl who alphabetized--with the result that her Missal stood between Machiavelli and Nietzsche.

I think I got the most amusement from the Contemp. Middleclass Genii--perhaps because he vaguely resembles one of my bar-buddies.

Taking the '2 Cultures' as male/female might make Snow make some sense, but I am not confident. The argument that baby-making is a form of creativity, etc., is of course irrelevant on at least 2 grounds, to wit, imprimus: that c-bearing and, say, writing are acts of creation of entirely different (in the sense of being non-comparable) orders--one cannot set up a workable scale that would consider both a pound of baby and a pound of poem, et secundus: that, according to current biological notions, the male probably as a non-dispensable part in starting the gig off in the first place (if Graves can be trusted), the matriocentric pre-Greeks were not in on this secret--which may be why they were matriocentric).

Not very profound though. The idea that women have not been creative because of social pressures is undoubtedly valid, but then one might expect that the few who felt they had to write etc. despite social tabu would be the cream of the crop--and they are the ones we consider 2nd rate. There are a fair number of females making it as novelists these days but I do not remember any of them impressing me too terribly much--this, though, may be a result of popular taste (yes, Virginia, authors mostly write for money) so probably only the future will tell. (A female managing editor once accused me of anti-feminism; I since became her boss--for whatever that proves.)

How High is Heaven--quite good, and rather surprising results I must say.

Eddie Neoeed--not as good as some similar atrocities I've seen.

Neat cover! Will Campbell sue?

Ross Brewster Peterson
185 Russet Road
Stamford, Conn. 06903
March 25, 1967

Before I consider TZ 21, let me introduce myself, sensibly. Imagine thus:

)The taste of Duvet Napoleon Brandy

)The sight of the master dream-makers competing in the imagicon in Jack Vance's "Brain of the Galaxy".

)The feel of a force field beneath your fingertips, like a sheet of rubber stretched to the snapping point (Asimov's The Stars Like Dust).

)The sound of the opening chords from Mozart's Fantasia in F minor, K.608, for unaccompanied organ (E. Power Biggs version).

)The smell of bitter almonds

)The mind of Gorice XII in The Worm (Ouroboros, of course, not Runner's Digest.) that's me, sort of.

Concise Comments: Historical Division is most interesting; I shall refer to this next time I read a novel set in the period. But I don't understand the connection with some of the references mentioned.

Fiendishly Brilliant System: I thought everyone knew that the Only Proper Way to order books is by date of publication! [What? And have The Hobbit 20 years away from LotR?--CJS]

Isobaric Spin Model etc: I haven't read any of these clinical reports, so I probably don't get a lot of this, but in any case this piece seems three times as long as it needs to be.

Geniis: all right. I take it there's no snide allusion to topology here.

The Rape...is good, but obscure.

The Georgia Political Scene is of very marginal interest.

Graphemics is by far the best part of your zine, what with Wild and Inside writing and fascinatin' peoples on the other side of the typewriter.

The first 3 letters in your lettercol appear to have all been written while Under The Influence Of. When you insist on using words like "thish" itsh no wunderbarr. Your method of internal-letter comments (LIKE THIS) reminds me of encounters with radio amateurs; you're halfway through Brahm's magnificent Fourth Symphony on the area FM station and suddenly the ham next door bursts in (sound-wise (ugh!)) with HELLO CQ HELLO CQ.

I must immediately say that a) your use of an Astounding cover is rather profoundly unoriginal, and b) the illustration on the Inside Front Cover (is that page zero or page minus-one?) is monumentally tasteless, pop-artish, commercial, and my congratribulations. (I trust this Loch is being written in a suitably and archtypically disjointed style of Those Who Write to TZ.)

As I've only seen this one issue of TZ, I'll be interested to see if you change the catagories and/or comments on the bacover (YOUAREGETTINGTHISBECAUSE bit.) I'll also be interested to see if you reprint any of this gurgling letter ("A post-prandial delirium!"--TIME magazine.)

What with Eddie Neood II, it appears that Harry Warner was right about "The next thing could be a Peghoot..."

I vehemently protest that when you use "LoC", you say "a Loc" rather than "an Loc" since when you write the abbreviation, people (including and especially yurz truly) will persist in pronouncing it like that thing-for-a-key-under-the-doorhandle. ((I agree--"a Loc" is Cory's perversion. --LT))

Your minutes in The Rape &c. are surprisingly easy to read backways.

I'm tempted to inquire about all your in-groupisms, such as "minicult". But I won't.

Felicitations on your Refulgence

P.S. YEGODZ! Do you realize that if present trends continue, ANALOG will cost 80¢ a copy by 1982? \$1.07 by 1997? \$1.43 by 2012 A.D.? \$1.90 by 2027? \$4.49 per copy by 2072? what is the world coming to?

Rick Brooks

R.R. #1, Box 167

Fremont, Ind. 46737

April 2, 1967

I hate to inform you naive little darlings but Bill Park is misleading you with his illio on the inside front cover of TZ #21. You don't turn on thru your belly-buttons.

The article on sex was good, but as an engineer, I prefer something more along appliable rather than theoretic lines ~~with a little of the~~ ~~editors~~. It is a pity that the authors had to put in a misleading reference to the double standard to get the article by the editors.

Geniies, by Gaughan was good, but then when isn't he? I've liked his sense of humor ever since NYCon Comics.

Glad to hear that MITSFS believes in the Great Pumpkin, even if only by a 17 to 5 ratio. The minutes as usual took all of my might mental output to solve especially

after my favorite secretary decided to write in a variant of pg-Chinese. I wish I could comment something printable on the statue of Civic Virtue.

"The Georgia Political Scene" was interesting. It is even more interesting now that Good Ole Les is making noises like a moderate. It frankly fascinates the hell out of me. Maybe he et too much lobster at the victory celebration and woke up in the middle of the night to see an angel with a flaming sword (see also THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER) at the foot of his bed. Or maybe the CIA got after him. (They could be subsidizing Georgia, too, you know)

"How High is Heaven" is typical of John's serious approach to anything.

Robert Coulson
Route 3
Hartford City, Ind. 47348
April 11, 1967

Some time ago I asked YANDRO readers to send in lists of their favorite short stories. I just got around to correlating the results, and guess which story received more votes than any other? Yep; "Nightfall". So I would like to send a copy of the results to Dr. Asimov. (Considering his reactions in the past to accolades for this story -- such as "Jesus Christ, you'd think that was the only story I ever wrote!" I'm sure his reaction will be interesting.)

Comments on TZ. I did not neither inquire if you wanted to purchase a photo of yourself in TriCon costume, Cory. I said I was going to send you one, free, whether you wanted it or not, and I'm going to. (Provided, of course, that you haven't dropped dead of old age before I get around to having duplicate prints made.) So there.

Reading the Ellis article, I thought of a recent Drew Pearson column (I think it was him, but the Fort Wayne paper has loads of political columnists so it could have been someone else.) Anyway, his theme was that Ellis Arnall, the liberal, helped elect Lester Maddox, the conservative, by telling Georgia's business men that since it was a choice between Maddox and Calloway, a rich bigot would be a poorer governor than a poor bigot--Maddox might at least have some sympathy for the poor whites, and Calloway wouldn't give a damn for anybody.

James Dorr attends banquets in order to eat? How hopelessly provincial.

I am a frien of one of the editors--hmm. Which one, I wonder? ((Both, maybe??)) And the term isn't "an LoC", it's "a LoC". I can only assume you are pronouncing the term "ellosee" instead of "lock" -- how hopelessly provincial. (After all, the entire idea is to shorten the thing; why shorten it to three syllables when you can shorten it to one? ((And so the battle rages--how about taking a poll as to which form is more popular? Then maybe Cory and I could agree on one form instead of using both depending on which of us is typing a particular page. --LT))

R. Gwillim Law, Jr.
3339 N. Charles St.
Baltimore, Md. 21218
May 8, 1967

In case this is an LOC, I'd like to take this opportunity to castigate Baltimore. Minicult: Baltimore is the cultural Gobi of America. Minicult: Baltimore is an anagram of Ratmobile. Minicult: Liberia has one of the largest merchant fleets in the world, says the World

Almanac.

Except for some political activists, J H U, or Hop, or Hopkins, is a barren wasteland of ghouls (Hopkinese for tools) and throats (hyper-competitive tools). There is not upon the campus a single student-access duplicating machine! To hecto some math quizzes (no, although I attend Hopkins, I have no intention of becoming a doctor), I've had to let the math secretary (a dog--don't tell her I said so) run the department's machine, which required dep'tal authorization! For my annual Christmas card, distributed to contributors to my telephone book collection, I went doentown and paid a lithographer \$6, since I couldn't use a silkscreen as I did at M.I.T (for only \$5).

Of the reputed 1.4 million volumes in the library, about 30 (which is a healthy .002%) are SF, including a strong representation of Jules Verne. The bookstore has a small and completely random selection of SF, and until this winter gave no discount on anything at all. Even now it only discounts trade books and records; you pay full price for tests. Yes, even worse than the Coop. (anyway, I never complained about the Coop.)

One can visit the top story of the two tallest buildings in Boston, unless things have changed since I was there; in summer, the same is true in Philadelphia, as I learned when I visited Philadelphia in January the day before my modern algebra final; the single tallest structures in Washington and Hartford and New York, and so on and so forth; but in Baltimore, the tallest building open to the public at the top is the Washington Monument, about the eleventh-highest structure in the city. For an acrophile, this is distressing.

Almost all of Baltimore looks like Cambridge or South Boston.

Baltimore calls itself the seventh largest U.S. city, but this is misleading, because the Balto. SMSA has only about half the population of the SMSA of Boston (13th largest city). All the Baltimore suburbs are inside the city limits. (SMSA, for the demographically illiterate, stands for Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area.)

At the moment, Baltimore does have one interesting cultural landmark: the Ames 203 Literature Gallery, which consists of 10,000-plus words of poetry and epigrams, mostly memorized, written in chalk on the forty square feet of blackboard with which Ames 203 (my office) is furnished. Macavity, 450 words, occupies only a half a square foot. Alas, this marvel of miniaturization will probably be erased before any of your readers get to see it (in case this is an LOC).

Epigram: "The Antiquary: If in his studie hee hath care/To hang all old, strange things, let his wife beware." --John Donne. Poem: "--And on the pedestal these words appear:/My name is Ozymandias, king of kings./Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair.' Also the names of Emory P. Gray, /Mr. and Mrs. Dukes, and Oscar Baer/Of 17 W. 4th St., Oyster Bay." --Morris Bishop.

Chris Maple
Toilsome Brook Rd.
Stamford, Ct. 06905

Experiments indicate that the numerology of your mathematical analysis of sex is insufficient. The single case of $t=0$ is indistinguishable from the multiple $t_2=0$ (orgy), and fails, therefore, to account for the cooperative effect. I suggest use of a superscript, in the fashion $t^1=0$, date; $t^2=0$, double date; $t^{10}=0$, party; $t^n=0$, orgy; where the superscript equals the sum of the absolute sexual values, allowing addition, as $[t^3=-1/2] + [t^2=1/2] = t^0=0$.

Alternately, $t_z=1$ male, $t_z=i$ female, could also lead to interesting results, especially in multiplication of complex numbers. However, this second method is less explicit; nevertheless, more open to future research, as in the study of complex ideal numbers. Furthermore, $t_z=1$ is more specific when the monopole emission apparatus is considered, not to mention that the $t_z=i$ is often imaginary.

Devra Langsam
250 Crown St.
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225

This may seem a trifle illegible, but it is a bit awkward writing in bed with a [I trust] filterable virus, when one of my cats is trying to eat my leaning board and the other is attacking the pen. Ah, the trials of a trufan! [Actually, I'm very neo, so I put on airs. Tsk.] One phone call and some time later.

Both the cats are now asleep on my feet. And so... I was lent 19 and 20 of your zine by Sherma Comerford, a friend. How nice to know that there are some

female fans. Me also. I mean, I am too. [And me a librarian! Grammar, where art thou fled?] I like your zine very much; it has that aura of hysterical frenzy that is so much of the fun of being a fan (particularly in your minutes). Also I found the history of TZ (in 19?) very interesting. And to think that I've had a cousin in MIT for 4 yrs and never heard about you. [Well, actually, I've not been a fan all that time anyway AND the above is actually just boasting. But his name is Michelson, in case any of you know him, and he is an all right kid.]

How many of your friends are librarians? I seem to count 2, which is as many SF-interested ones as I know, and I work in one, by Ghod! A library, I mean. Maybe we could start our own library association, the FLA (Fannish Library Association) not to be confused with the FTBITS, tra la [as per Mikado].

I kind of get lost in the math sections, but what can you expect?

Your reproduction is very good; it is so nice to be able to read without guessing.

WHAT WAS THAT about another Lije Bailey story? Get after the man...use whips rods, scorpions, inhuman and alien tortures, anything! [Or was it all just a sad, sad fake-out?] ((Sorry about that.--LT))

I agree about Ballard. Blugh. [This is the sound of the roasted, toasted, pre-shrunk earth going down an intergalactic frain. Bye, Ballard!]

I was going to send you a real lock [LoC] but the only one I'd handy is that which I've just purchased for my NYCon costume [Going as a chained woman from Wolf-whateveritis, a la Z. Bradley] so instead I enclose a recipe from that fascinating cookbook, Moose Mousse and other Exotic Recipes by Robert Gilbert; illus. by Nola Langner. Simon and Schuster 1964. [Perhaps Mr. Spock could contribute a Vulcan speciality for the next edition?] in any case, here is how you make

Eggs Big Daddy

eggs
lox

bagels
red caviar

Slice bagels at right angle to axis of hole and toast. Arrange in a circle. Cover each bagel half with a lock. Poach eggs, and when they are ready, peel up lox and hide eggs in bagel holes, quickly covering them up.

If some of your guests do not like poached eggs, fill holes with red caviar.

As I said, a memorable dish. [Or do I just mean to say it?] This elegant little volume also contains such delicacies as Seared Roebuck, Phoenix Pie, and Bras de Grenouille.

I do admire your backcover; it has a certain zing. I have never met a real, honest, unqualified BEM. I am looking forward to NYCon with great, deep, burning interest. ((Just ask someone to introduce you to Bill (E.) Mallardi. --LT))

Does Harlan Ellison have a vested interest in that black licorice company?

Bernard Deitchman
1601 Artesia Blvd. Apt. 15
Manhattan Beach, Cal. 90266
June 2, 1967

I enjoy humor in fanzines above all else. I mean, who takes a fanzine seriously, anyway? God knows it isn't the fans. They know better. So why try to say anything relevant to them? Which is to say I like your tone and general attitude in the zine,

particularly as in such things as the minutes of your various meetings, which hopefully, were overdone for the benefit of humor. ((Nope.--LT)) On the off chance they weren't overdone, I would suspect that certain of your members are not only ripe for graduation, but playfully close to being certifiable. Not that this is

necessarily a drawback, because it obviously doesn't slow the rest of fandom down much. Whatever the true mental state of your crowd, it was fun reading.

I have one gripe with your boy at the Phillycon. Aside from the fact that he spent an inordinate amount of time either obtaining or consuming alcoholic beverages, none of which contributed to his duties as a reporter. Of course maybe nothing important was in progress whilst he was out scaring up a six-pack, but who's to say? Anyway, my real objection was to the condensing of Asimov's speech. I mean we could have been given a bit more of it. Or was that your doing? Hmm, let me have another look here. So, it was you clowns. My apologies to the reporter. So how come you had to cut it? Aside from that, the report was all right, though nothing especial for such things.

Jack Gaughan's sketches were enjoyable; we need more of this sort of thing in fanzines. Speaking of artwork, sort of, in general, your art was above the fan average. The cover was excellent, and the interior average acceptable. A couple, like the inside cover and page 13 were a bit crude, but I particularly liked the one on page 3. The back cover was ludicrous. Pages 27 and 28 were all right. Over all, the zine has a very good appearance.

I never really thought too much about how high heaven is (was?), but Boardman seems to have convinced himself that he's got it narrowed down to a couple of mis-placed decimal points. Of course, first one must admit that heaven exists, which is not usually the kind of thing you find in fanzines. More often a fan's idea of heaven is Forrie Ackerman's library. I'm not prepared to tackle the philosophical paradox of what that makes Forrie, so let's drop the whole thing, heaven included.

The piece on the political throwbacks in Georgia should endear you to them at least to the degree that they admire Earl Warren. We've got a bunch of their city cousins out here in Southern Cal, known as the John Birch Society. Fortunately, the seldom aware voters in this State (I mean, Ronnie, for Governor, really!) have begun to give the hard-core right wing the bum's rush, especially in the last batch of local elections. There may be hope for California, yet. Anyway, I think the first solution that Ellis proposes is the most expedient, regardless of any possible martyrdom. Like, look what it did for Hooey Long, sometime All-American boy from the bayous.

I agree, fight entropy.

Sherna Comerford 83 Lincoln Avenue Newark, N.J. 07104 May 31, 1967	I just discovered TZ (#20 & #21) and I am muchly impressed! By my count, I've missed #22. I'll send a LoC for #23, if I can get it in before the deadline (which is when? September? June?) [Would you believe this is #22? We should have a publication schedule, yet? --FP]
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By the way, is "MITSFS" pronounced "Misfits" or "Mitzvahs"? [It is pronounced "misfits" or "mit-sifs" or "mits-fis", depending on your feelings about the Society and/or the capabilities of your vocal apparatus. --FP]

This is undoubtedly too late for the last issue before the Hugo's (sic) [What Hugos? We haven't heard anything from New York in months. --FP], but if you are interested, you can pass a suggestion around among yourselves. To wit -- STAR TREK has three out of five nominations for Best Dramatic Presentation. The episodes are "The Naked Time," "The Corbomite Maneuver," and "The Menagerie," all of which have already been rebroadcast. They are running against FANTASTIC VOYAGE

and FARENHEIT (sic) 451.

It is a real shame that a continuing series like this must be nominated by episode. The rule was passed because TWILIGHT ZONE, consisting of separate stories each week, had an unfair advantage and kept winning Hugos. This reason does not apply to STAR TREK.

It would be very unfortunate if STAR TREK were to lose out on a Hugo (which I believe it richly deserves!) because of a split vote. Therefore, I would like to suggest that STAR TREK fans get together behind a single episode. In the new issue of SF TIMES, there is a suggestion that fans vote for "The Menagerie," the reason behind this is that the episode was written by Roddenberry, who gave us the series in the first place, and who really deserves the "whole" Hugo. I'm really sorry I didn't think of that myself. I'm sure plenty of people will disagree with me, but if there be any STAR TREK enthusiasts among ye, please pass the word.

* * *

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: some people who sent money [Yes, Virginia, there really is a TZ]

BILL PARK, who sent this question: On the great seal of a famous technological institution in Massachusetts, two figures are depicted. What is the figure on the left holding and what is he doing with it? [If you really want to know, we might be persuaded to send the answer in a plain brown wrapper.]

DAINIS BISENIEKS, who offered us some of the Good Doctor's works in Latvian.

MIKE SYMES, who sent some illos, yum yum.

AL KUHFIELD, who is ~~waiting~~ spending time getting a Space War computer program running.

BILL MALLARDI, who tried to ply us with bananas and whose letter burst into flame 10 minutes after being opened.

Abscond: To "move in a mysterious way," commonly with the property of another.

Belladonna: In Italian a beautiful lady; in English a deadly poison. A striking example of the essential identity of the two tongues.

Deliberation: The act of examining one's bread to determine which side it is buttered on.

Future: That period of time in which our affairs prosper, our friends are true and our happiness is assured.

Newtonian: Pertaining to a philosophy of the universe, invented by Newton, who discovered that an apple will fall to the ground, but was unable to say why. His successors and disciples have advanced so far as to be able to say when.

Ocean: A body of water occupying about two-thirds of a world made for man-- who has no gills.

Rational: Devoid of all delusions save those of observation, experience and reflection.

from The Devil's Dictionary by Ambrose Bierce

(A letter from our long-lost editor, Cory. She didn't really intend this for publication, but she was in New York and couldn't stop us.)

Midwestcon was very lovely, even if I did fall asleep at all the parties. I flew out with the Browns, a fact which demonstrates the great power of suggestion, for although I don't really resemble either Marsha or Sheila terribly much, large numbers of people persisted in refusing to distinguish us. This could prove highly amusing at the NYCon.

The Midwestcon is very strange. For one thing, there is no formal program except the banquet. And the banquet, instead of having speakers or anything ordinary like that, had a fan fued, namely consisting of Ted White and Bill Mallardi yelling obscenities at one another over the Pong business. All very entertaining -- gives one a sense of being in at the making of history.

The rest of the con (except Sunday, which was too cold) was mostly spent in the pool. This consisted of two main phases. During the afternoon, one mostly played Chaos with Marsha's beachball. This, as far as I can analyze it, has three rules:

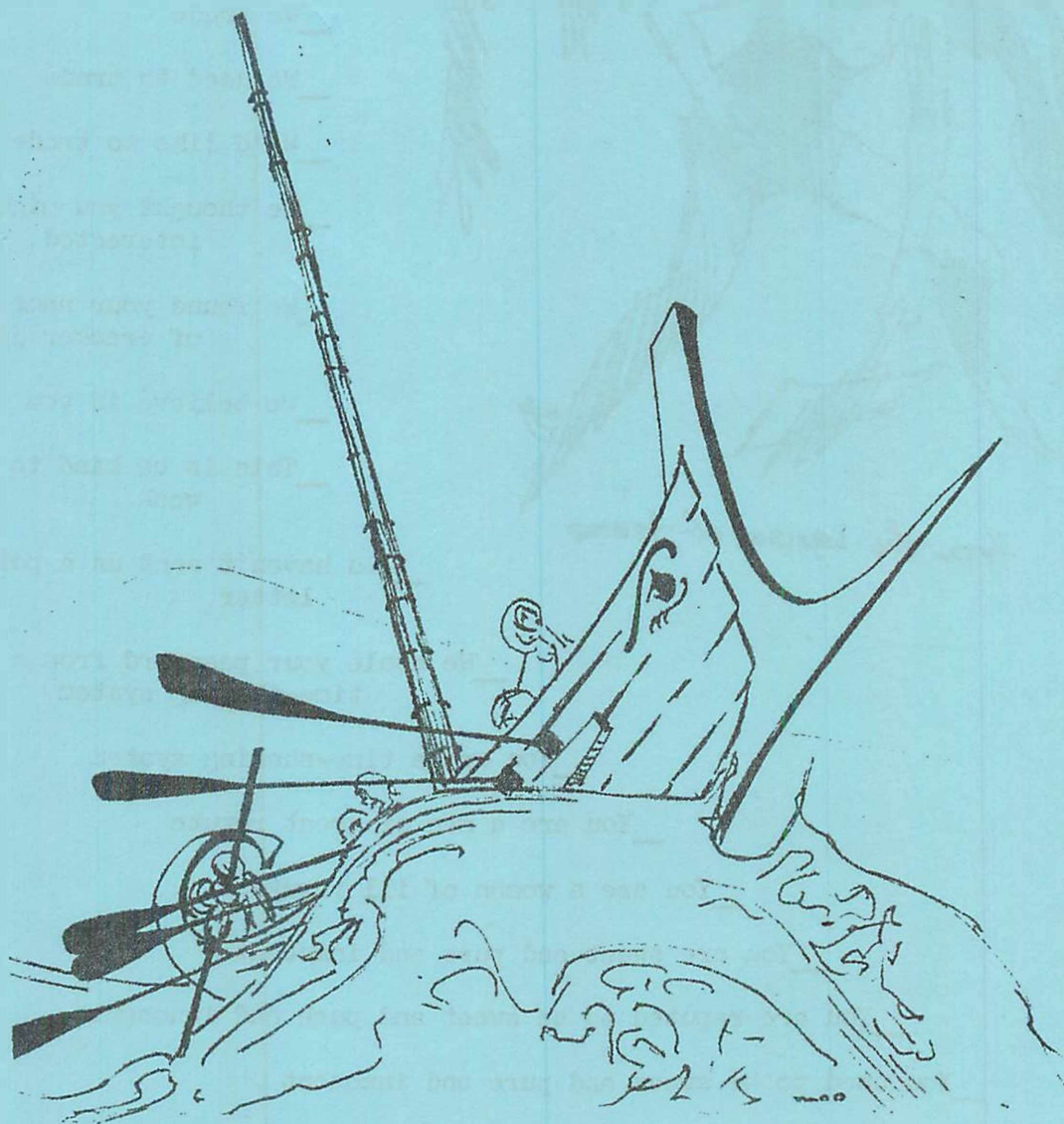
- 1) try to get ahold of the ball, by fair means or foul
- 2) keep ahold of the ball as long as possible
- 3) when pressed, try to pass on the ball with honor, namely by throwing it to someone who is not actively engaged in trying to wrest it from you by force

A typical enough reaction you may say, but it was additionally enlivened by the fact that the majority of the participants were either New York fans or the small children of midwest fans (who are mostly first fandom and therefore tend to a large extent to possess such things.) If you have never seen Dave van Arnam vainly trying to wrest a beachball from an eight-year-old girl, you have never lived.

Then there were the midnight swim parties. Some chaos was played at these, but mostly it was too dark to see whether you were throwing the ball at friend or foe. (Rule three is supplemented for each player by an individual priority list. Dave van Arnam is probably at the bottom of everyone's (he's so ingratifyingly inept). One also tends to prefer one's own sex. Charlie Brown ranks low unless he has his back turned, in which case you try to hit him on the head. Ted White ranked above the rest of the NYCon committee, but below the children of midwestern fans and so on. Fred Propher, a large, venerable midwestern fan, also ranked sort of low because he is too large and venerable to get it away from. I am led to believe that last summer's chaos games consisted largely of him and Charlie Brown playing catch.

But back to the midnight swims. Being, as I have said, handicapped in chaos, the major activity was bounce parties. Here, everybody joins hands and bounces up and down until the rhythmically-produced waves get high enough to drown you otherwise. The idea seems to be to rock all the water out of the pool, but somehow we never got that far. Apparently last year, when it was in the nineties, there were enough people in the water to do a better job of it.

And that is pretty much the sum of a midwestcon, except for Frishes-across-the-road, which serves fattening strawberry pancakes. Except for my new red-and-blue bikini.





from the Legion of Time

You are getting this because:

☐ You contributed
☐ artwork
☐ article

☐ You wrote an LOC

☐ You sent MONEY

☒ We trade

☐ We used to trade

☐ We'd like to trade

☐ We thought you might be
interested

☒ We found your name in a box
of cracker jacks

☐ We believe in you

☐ This is be kind to Martians
week

☐ You haven't sent us a poison pen
letter

☐ We stole your password from a
time-sharing system

☐ You are a time-sharing system

☐ You are a man of great repute

☐ You are a woman of ill repute

☐ You are sweet and pure and innocent

☐ You are reputed to be sweet and pure and innocent

☐ You used to be sweet and pure and innocent

☐ You have never been sweet and pure and innocent

You are not getting this issue because:

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☐ You are officially off our mailing list. Send ☐ money ☐ trades ☐ contribs.

☐ You have disappeared from the ken of mortal men