





# TWILIGHT ZINE

## 25

FROM OBSCURITY TO LEGIBILITY &  
"JOEL DAVIS SHOULD CEASE" ISSUE

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### ART

cover: Fernando Pineda . 24's cover by Steve Fabian

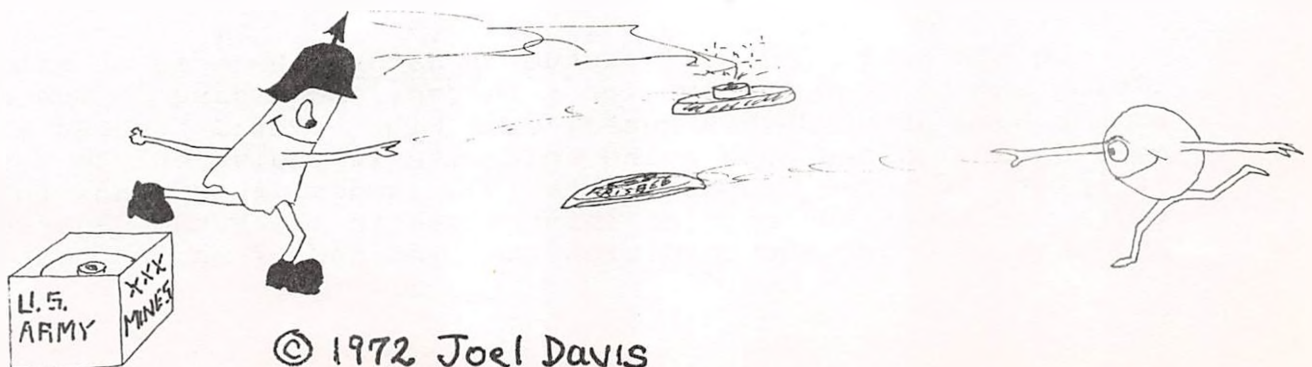
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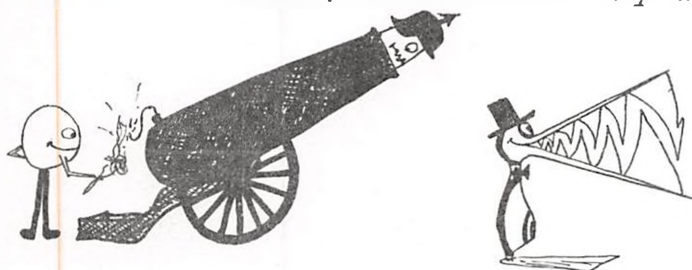
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## TZ 25: Editorial

People who have seen TZ 24 will be glad to learn that that issue, which marked my debut as editor, was also my farewell

appearance as typist, mimeo operator, and all-around lackey. The high (?) technical quality of this issue is due to the faint praise generated by 24: inspired by the less-than-graphic proof of my secretarial skills, the Powers That Be in the Society assigned the typing work to several MIT secretaries, the repro work to the photo offset boys at the MIT Lecture Series Committee, and the Lackeydom was



"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN..."

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shared by one and all.

This leaves me with the fun parts of creating this mag, namely the writing and the assembling of issues. At present we are in dire need of contributions, artwork and prose especially, and we look forward to hearing from you. My fellow editor, Mark Swanson, feels we are letting ourselves in for it by asking for fiction and the like, but I will print anything that is of minimal redeeming social value, i.e. it keeps us from writing the entire issue.

Jonathan Fox 11/1/71

### Editorial: Randomcom Report

Randomcom began about a year ago (it is now Oct. 71) when I suggested to the society that Hal Clement's '70 Analog cover story, "The Mechanic", had a hard science error in it. In this story there is one point where it takes 30 minutes to transmit our hero's genetic code over a high-speed data channel. I suggested that this was much too long. The Society (fools!) didn't quite believe me, but I have recently been triumphantly vindicated.

In the Sept. 10, 1971, issue of Nature there is an article giving exactly the information I needed. According to the article humans have about 30,000 genes, each with several hundred amino acid sites. Since each amino acid site is equivalent to a single "triplet" of three "rungs" of the DNA ladder, this means that there are about  $10^8$  bits of information in the human genetic code. And that is under the condition that instead of saying that the

human had the gene for blue eyes, you list all the triplets (3 to 500) that make up the gene individually, which is not the most efficient coding scheme imaginable.

Since the article also claims that these genes use only about 1% of the total genetic material, the rest being nonsense and ignored, one could get the total number of bits up to  $10^{11}$  if you really wanted to. However, planned high-speed channels run around the Gigabit,  $10^9$ /second rate. In the 50 years between now and the story that will, I'm sure, go up at least another factor of 10. At this even transmitting the entire genetic code takes only 10 seconds.

If anyone is interested in what the top speed for a data channel is, with extrapolated current technology it is probably around the terabit range ( $10^{12}$ /second). This would be done with  $\text{CO}_2$  lasers operating at the 1.5 micron wavelength and allows about seven wavelengths per bit. All we need is a modulating element and some clue how to build an electronic circuit that will operate at optical frequencies.

Since Randomcom is concerned with detecting and gloating over errors and inconsistencies in the science and technology of SF stories, I will mention the two biggest bo-boos of this year. Both were first recognized by Jay Freeman (to whom I doff my beanie). The first is that the Ringworld is not gravitationally stable and would fall into its sun reasonably soon after being built. (No, I don't know what's "reasonably soon.") (You want to explicitly solve an elliptic integral? Before the Puppeteers would have spotted it by N thousand years anyway.) Too bad, it was a nice idea.

The other problem occurs in Tau Zero, by Poul Anderson. The problem is that as the Bussard ramscoop speeds up the strength of the magnetic fields needed to pull in the fuel out of space increases as inverse Tau ( $1/\tau$ ). By the end of the voyage the magnetic fields would probably have been strong enough to tear the red blood cells apart, but any conceivable structure would have failed long before. Furthermore, whether the ship hits a galaxy at .9999999...C or vice versa is, under special relativity, a non-existent difference. The ship, with its far smaller rest mass, would be wiped out in any such collision. A Bussard ramscoop may not need decelerators anyway, since at those speeds it encounters appreciable frictional forces. It is, after all, effectively as wide as its magnetic fields.

They were far and away the best two novels, anyway.

Mark Swanson



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Jean Berman  
18 Gibbs St.  
Brookline, MA  
02146

To Jourcom: Consider yourselves greeted. In TZ 24 I noticed a particular magazine mentioned several times, especially in the footnotes of Ruth Cole's article. This magazine is Astounding, and it appeared at various times from January 1940 to at least May, 1953. It featured, among other things, stories by Lester Del Ray and Frederic Borwn (noted Welsh SF writer). I have checked the library and found no trace of this undoubtedly important magazine in the collection. May I therefore suggest that the Society rectify this error of omission and try to purchase a complete set of Astounding, which by now must be a true collector's item.

Possibly Ms. Cole could be of assistance here as she would seem to have consulted a number of issues and might tell you a possible source. On the other hand, it may be that this is a zine from an alternate universe, in which case I think the Society need only acquire a representative sample number of issues, rather than a complete set. On the third hand (sorry, I forgot you poor Terha'in only have two hands) it could be a rare variant (with odd typographical errors) of a more common magazine published around the same time, called Astounding. I think it would be good for the Society to investigate this matter thoroughly in the interest of having the Library as complete as possible.

Working feverishly on the Quenya article, I remain,

Jean Berman

#### A Requiem for Astounding

The rarest and most obscure journal in science fiction, Astounding Stories, was published by the Constant Trash Publishing Company from January, 1940, to May, 1953. It was edited by Elmer Tappadopoulos, originally a mail room clerk, who was tapped for the editorship of Astounding when the publishing company discovered that Tappadopoulos knew scifi (they found his lunch wrapped in a copy of Weird Tales).

A fearless and resolute editor, Tappadopoulos insisted on the elimination of pseudoscience and space-opera melodrama from storeis in his magazine, substituting in their place pornographic passages of the most obscure and fetishistic type, all stolen from the pages of books printed by Wessex House, a publishing company Tappadopoulos managed on the side. This caused the magazine company the most profound embarrassment, as issue after issue of Astounding was banned from the news stands, eventually forcing the company to abandon publication, using as an excuse the abominable proofreading, technical quality, etc. of Astounding.

Tappadopoulos migrated to California, to be near the center of his Wessex House operation, eventually becoming a movie director. His latest works, the short films Kaptain Knout Meets the Pee Wee Kid and He's not Heavy, He's My Horse won wide acclaim from critics and audiences at their premiere at the last Cannes Film Festival, and Hollywood is buzzing with rumors concerning his remake of the classic Lassie, Come Home.

The only complete collection of Astounding is in the Erotic Library of Simmons College. MITSFS is negotiating its purchase.  
Jonathan Fox

Doug Hoylman  
122 Glenwood Ave.  
Staten Island  
NY 10301

Dear Jourcom,  
I actually don't have much to say about TZ 24, but I'd better write a(n) LoC to insure my getting the next issue, since everything in this one seems to be continued whenever.

Speaking of letters, how come none in that issue? Had they all yellowed and crumbled to dust in the interval since the last one?

It's really incredible that, on the evidence of these excerpts from the minutes, MITSFS seems hardly to have changed at all in the past decade. There's a new cast of characters, of course, and a number of additional traditions (I wonder if Rick Spehn, back in California or wherever, knows how he's been immortalized?), but the general level of insanity remains the same. On second thought, though, considering that this is a selection culled from over a year's worth of meetings, perhaps the Society has gotten more serious. Seems to me we used to turn out an equivalent quantity of nonsense every couple of months.

A Canticle for Liebowitz was 1960, not 1968.

I found "Flash Gordon" (couldn't) you find a more original title?) the most interesting thing in the issue. This appears to be in the old tradition, that of retelling an ancient legend in a modern setting. But I'd like to know more specifically just what Jonathan Fox was attempting to do in this piece.

You're interested in acquiring all issues of Fate? I take back what I said. The Society has changed.

*(The letters had turned to dust in the TZ filedrawer. Flash is an attempt to see if a new bottle helps old wine. --editor)*

(--more--)



Stephen Compton      Dear Jourcom, MITSFS:

Thanks for sending Twilight Zine 24.

For me, the most interesting item was Ruth Cole's paper on bomb stories, further enhanced by Jonathan Fox's comments on it. He has a good point when he says writers allow readers to escape responsibility for nuclear policies. I remember one story that's an exception to this, though it's not about atomic disaster. It's Jessamyn West's contribution to Star Short Stories (I forget the title) wherein the sizes of children and adults are reversed. One boy, a leader of the children, indicts his father for writing a book advocating a first strike, and damns the older generation generally for its Cold War insanities.

"The . . . of MITSFS" and the Tom Swift parody are in-group jokes, though still fairly amusing to an outsider.

"Flash Gordon" seems to be a serious exercise in pulp writing. Well, I managed to read it through, which is something, I suppose; but is it necessary?

If TZ is intended for general circulation, in fandom, keep printing pieces like Ruth Cole's that are of general interest.

Steve Foster's (sic) cover suggests he would make a good successor to Playboy's vargas, but don't tell him I said so.

(Flash is necessary. The editor writes it. --editor)

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# THE MISTRESS OF THE BROTHER OF THE BASTARD OF THE RAPE OF THE BRIDE OF THE SON OF THE GHOST OF M.I.T.S.F.S. (PART 2)

Lord High Embezzler arrived from vicinity of Mordor.  
Move that last female freshman to join the Society become  
Sacrificial Virgin, or Hostess for picnic if Asimov  
doesn't show.

- 9/18 Move to censure the President and Treasurer for not  
spending all the money. Laid an egg 8-8-19 + Spehn. A  
committee was formed to count the people present.  
Move to censure the treasurer for bringine up serious  
business.  
Ross: The best things in life are free, therefore his  
fanzine (Res Ipsa Loquitur) is the best. Note: "best  
fanzine 'cause it's free" also applies to TZ (sometimes).
- 9/25 Tony Lewis was overheard cackling as he handled the checks  
for Noreascon, "There's one born every minute."
- 10/2 Phillie nominated as Ross'. Passed (unanimous - 2)-0-3 +  
Spehn. Move to lay Gavelcomm on the table.  
Amend: Move Gavelcomm lay Ross on the table.  
Amend: Move Gavelcomm lay Ross on the floor under the sound-  
ing block. 14-4-3 + Spehn. Motion: 18-6-4 + Spehn.  
Note: it was done.  
Move to censure Skinner for acting in a democratic manner.  
25-1-0 + Spehn (Vice counting).
- 10/16 Gavelcom report: Alpert has gronked the gavel by pounding  
pennies with it. Move to censure Alpert for improper use  
of the gavel (he should have pounded his teeth) 13-7-3 +  
Spehn.  
Move to censure the inside half of the treasurer. 20-3-2 +  
Spehn.
- 10/23 Where are the comic books? The treasurer is fingering them.  
Are Phillie (Ross') and Ross creating a power series? No,  
there is no power in either.  
New developments in WOM (Write Only Memory) announced. WOM  
is blocks of wood with wires. No upper limit on speed of  
writing has been found.

- 8
- 8
- 10/30 Minicult (Phillies): Went down to New Jersey. Survived because of Teflon coating on lungs, now badly worn. Attended Lunarian meeting. Like MITSFS except they try to conduct serious business and puns are worse. Move to confirm the Society's faith in the Great Pumpkin. Passed 5-4-4 + Spehn.
- 11/6 Swanson starts eating a banana: Move to censure Vice for his obscene gesture. Amend: and open and gross loudness and lewdness with a fruit under age. Passed 23-1-2 + Spehn. Lord High Embezzler: Due to his presence in San Marino (see letter) his report was a letter read by the Skinner. Move: To call Pentagon and tell them a Polaris is missing: Passed Unanimous-1-7 + Swanson's fifth + Spehn.
- 11/13 Move the subsequent question  
Move to divide the question: Unanimous-2-4 + Spehn.  
Move to divide with a wedge: 12-10-4 + Spehn.  
Phillies suggested that to pass the lower half was to be fully wedged.  
Upper wedged portion: passed 13-5-9 + Spehn.  
Lower wedged portion: 3-(unanimous - 1)-2 + Spehn.
- 11/20 Randomcom: An upper limit to the number of bits needed to encode the human genetic code found. The number is  $10^{69}$ . It is found to be assuming a 0.1Å accuracy in the position of all atoms in the body, the same in their velocities, and allows for 1000 different elements. The membership applauded this new contribution to human knowledge. It was suggested that the Society subscribe to the Journal of Irreproducible Results. It's a nice idea. Where?
- 11/27 MS (Ross) to censure Armour Co. for their insidious, subversive, and communist plot to replace turkey with ham on Thanksgiving. Motion was gobbled 10-5-1 + Spehn - 16 turkeys. MS (Alpert) to commend Armour for promoting pig power. Laid a rasher of bacon 10-something-1 + Spehn.
- 12/4 Loeb today signed marriage certificate between Dean Hammarness and Raquel Welsh in his capacity as Universal Life Church Minister. MS to observe moment of silence for Raquel Welsh. Passed 15-3-1 + Spehn. Heavy breathing was heard during moment of silence.
- 12/17 Rossicult: Buffalo Bob appeared at Suffolk. "What a large peanut gallery" (quote). It was pointed out that this was the oldest Old Business the Society had ever dealt with.



- 1/8/71 It was pointed out that creeping Alpertism is still hereditary but not contagious.  
MS to censure the spread of creeping Alpertism to Ross, and to do so with the same methods used to stop the spread of boot and mouth disease. Passed 11-1-4 + Spehn.  
Ross: A tampon is defined as a tampon with barbs in it so it won't come out.  
Phillies motion passed immediately, Immense-Trivial-None + Spehn.
- 1/15 Skinner demanded an official list of the Vice's titles for the next meeting.
- 1/22 The Vice is, besides Vice, Pseudo-onseck, Acting Secretary Swanson, (Jourcom)<sub>1</sub>, ROSFAP, SLater'', Meyercom, Randomcom, 2  
Author, hero & etc. As (Jourcom)<sub>1</sub> he reported that TZ would appear RSN. 2  
Alpert is only obstacle (sic). He will be called at 3 AM. Alpert threatened to strangle Swanson if he did so. MS to create a new committee, Stranglecom, to call Alpert at 3 AM and identify themselves as Mark Swanson. Passed 10-0-0 + Spehn. Alpert appointed Jean Berman. The office is under Telzey Amberdon on the organizational chart.
- 1/29 Stranglecom: had good intentions but didn't succeed. Will try again.
- 2/5 Stranglecom: Called at 3 AM. Alpert picked up phone and she heard a buzzing sound. MS to commend Alpert for snoring with a buzzing sound. Passed 6-0-4 + Spehn.  
Mocom: on I Am Curious, Blue: "More skin in a Band-Aid commercial". LSC made \$400 from it. Scott Wurcer, who was responsible for the booking, voluntarily entered the showers in penance--after his entire hall arrived to stare at him.
- 2/12 Libcom (Davidson) opened and closed meeting with a harmonica solo.  
Motion of solidarity with strobe on Building 10 passed 10-2-2 + Spehn.
- 2/19 Alpert Early Warning System is nonoperational due to boots being too old to hold the taps.  
MS that the society regrets that Ross's parents did not remain "persons of chaste life." Passed 13-4-"a hiccup" + Spehn. The numerical value of "a hiccup" was defined as less than 13 and not equal to 4.
- 2/26 Minicult: London left wing production of Flash Gordon and The Angels discussed.

- 3/5 MS to enter motion "to lay former Onseck on the table" into Old Business Algol passed 20-10-9 + Spehn.  
MS to commend Alpert for being dictatorial.  
Amend: to censure Theftcom for commending, to commend the Alpert as such and nothing which came from nowhere.  
The Society marked time while the Pseudo-Onseck decided what the motion was and then passed it 21-1-5 + Spehn.
- 3/12 Alpert Early Warning System is back in operation.  
MS to define existence of a Grovel motion. Passed 20-5-2 Docts - 4 + Spehn. Skinner then defined a Grovel motion. It is when someone crawls across the room on their hands and knees to lick a banana peel.
- 3/19 Lord High Embezzler is selling the Society's Playboys. He will spend the money to purchase "and so forths", as directed.
- 4/4 Alpertism found to be hereditary, not contagious.  
Peter Nielson, former member, came in with news of computer that "operates faster than L (sic), the speed of light."  
Builder is serious. (see enclosed)  
MS that the Society sell its IBM stock passed 15-2-2 + Spehn.
- 4/16 Move to censure the Skinner for acting in a democratic manner passed 8-4-1 + Spehn.
- 4/23 Finboard wanted to know if MITSFS' library was part of the MIT Library System, or duplicated its facilities. The membership laughed.
- 4/30 Elections: PRESIDENT Marc Holman Alpert (1st ballot!)  
VICE Mark Swanson  
ONSECK Gregory Ruffa  
LORD HIGH EMBEZZLER Lora Lynn Haines

#### STILL MORE MEETING EXTRACTS

(from the soul-stirring minutes of the New Onseck)

- 5/7 The Skinner boasted at the Picnic that he could shatter a 20 pound block of granite with a single blow of the Gavel (a wrench used to remove bolts from I-beams). The block was brought to the meeting, which opened when Alpert delivered a stroke of sheer brute force to the stone. The stone failed to break and the noise produced frightened those assembled into order.  
Alpert was caught wearing an intricately designed serape. It was moved to appoint him the Society's official delegate to the French fashion industry. The motion passed 11-1-3 + Spehn.



5/14

John Fox was appointed (Jourcomm)<sup>2</sup><sub>3</sub>. The three halves of

Jourcomm planned to have TZ 24 out by September.

A source of "and so forth"'s in the Math Dept. was located: One of the lecturers terminates infinite series with them. Paul Mailman was appointed Analogcomm (from the Fannish ASFcomm from the abbreviation for And-So-Forth-comm) and directed to write this lecturer a letter to negotiate the purchase of the "and so forth"'s.

Duncan Allen proposed a definition of "moving the subsequent question." The motion is defined as automatically passing the subsequent motion (where the Skinner may decide what constitutes the subsequent motion), except for adjournment motions.

Alpert read the Society's deed to 1q Omicron Scorpii, granted us by the Boston Museum of Science. Ross affixed his notary's seal.

Ross moved the subsequent question. The motion passed at 27 or so-1-7 + Spehn. A lottery was held to determine who would make the next motion. Ross won the bid and made a Swanson motion (which has no definition.)

5/21

It was discovered that the star in Ringworld is also known as catalog number EC1752, so when this unknown star catalog appears, we will know where to look. The Society will attempt to obtain a deed to the star, when its magnitude and other vital statistics are determined.

A motion to commend Tony Lewis for his strivings to bring sashes (not the window variety) back into fashion tied up at 4-4-0 + Spehn. The Skinner defeated it at 4-5-0 + Spehn.

The Library phone rang and the caller was found to be Libcomm. "Miller motion!" he cried. A quick vote was taken and the result was 2-3-0 + Spehn. This was followed by a move to censure Libcomm, which passed at 7-1-1 + Spehn.

We asked our Official Theologian, Tony Lewis, "Ony what day were bananas created?" He dogmatically responded, "There are some things Man is not meant to know." Our amateur seminarians then conjectured on what the Creator did on the Seventh Day. Some choice remarks were:

"On the Last Day, He then adjourned."

"He was resting and writing up His lab report."

9/17

Analogcomm, receiving no response to his first letter, will continue to pester the Math Dept. for the purchase of its hoard of "and so forth"'s.

All three halves of Jourcomm proudly announced the publication of TZ 24. TZ 25 RSN!

The People's Albanian Embassy complained that our collection was sadly lacking in Albanian science fiction. He learned the penalty for making such gripes: he was directed to send a letter to Albania, written in Albanian, to discuss donations.

12

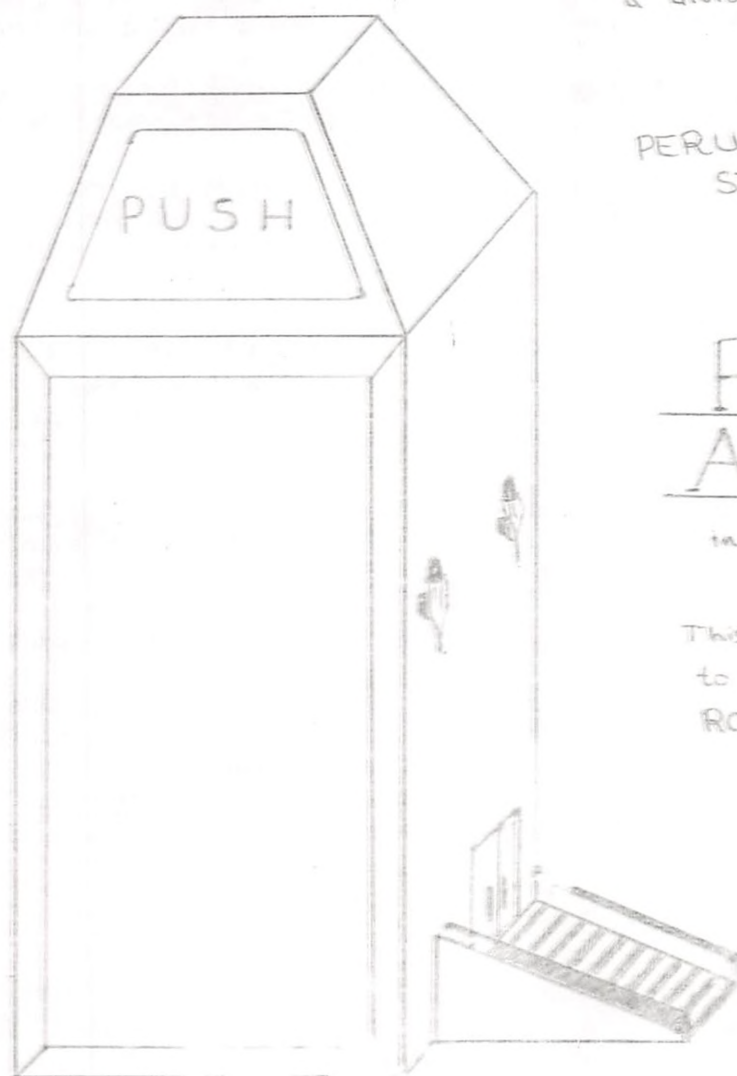
12

THIS IS NOT A PROSPECTUS, NOR IS IT AN OFFER FOR A PROSPECTUS

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In x



# ELVISH: I

13

This article will examine both generally and in some detail various aspects of the language usually called "Elvish" created by J.R.R. Tolkien in the Lord of the Rings trilogy and the Road Goes Ever On song cycle. It is dedicated to that small valiant band of high-school students who struggled through my "Elementary Elvish" HSSP course at MIT this past summer, but also owes a lot to Jim Allan, whose "Glossary of the Eldarin Tongues" I have found quite helpful, and to the other people who sat in and argued with me (sometimes) but more often simply shared their knowledge with me in a discussion group at the TSA meeting at Noreascon.

This article has thus undergone a number of cuts, changes, and text revisions since I first began it several months ago and, as such, instead of the original idea of an article of Quenya, an article about Sindarin, etc., it looks more to be several on each; and hence, a series, because there is no one "Elvish" language and it needs more than one article to discuss each of them. Sindarin is the more common conversational everyday speech of the elves at Lothlorien while Quenya is a sort of Elf-Latin. While the two languages are related and are, to some degree, similar, I would like here to speak only of Quenya, as it is seen in the song "Namarië" (which can be found in both Road and in Vol. I, Book II, Chapter 8 of the trilogy). Other sources of Quenya will be mentioned in a later article, as will (with luck) the writing systems and an attempt at a transformational grammar. In Road Goes Ever On pp. 58-62, Tolkien presents Namarië In Quenya with a more "normal" (less stylized poetic syntax) version of the poem, as well as English translation and some notes. A careful reading of both versions is recommended. It will be seen almost immediately that one characteristic of the language is its suffixes, which are mostly inflectional. This means that they are used to show relationships between things, rather than having a separate word for each concept (as in English), though the following should be noted: "nu"(under), "mī" (in the), imbe (between), etc. so they do have some separate prepositions, just as most Terran languages with case systems do. Elvish is not radically different in structure from more familiar tongues.

Some of the Quenya suffixes are:

en = in (surin-en = wind-in)  
on = of (or plural genitive; see "o" below) (aldaron = trees-of)

va = of (lisse-minevoreva = sweet-nectar-of)  
 llo = from (Romello = from the East, where romen = East)  
 o = 's (Vardo = Varda's, Calaciryo = Calacirya's)

In structure also, it may be noted that there are differences between singular and plural in nouns, verbs, and modifiers. Plural nouns take plural verbs and modifiers.

On verbs: the known verbs and tenses are few, but a general rule is that plural verbs end in "r" (as in lantar, tintilar = they fall, they twinkle)--third person plural present. Avancier = they have passed away (third person plural present perfect); vanier is the less perfect form. In enquantuva the "en" prefix is equivalent to the "re" in English, "quant" is the root "fill", and "uva" a future tense-marker. "Uva" particle in this form is also seen in hiruva and hiruvalye. An "e" ending is seen in ortane ("has uplifted") and undulāve (drowned), though the first is a perfect and the second simple past. Undulāve is literally "down-licked", while untūpa ("covers"--third person singular present) is literally "down-roofs", the "un" or "undu" being the root for downward direction. The letter "a" is the ending for singular present at least for the third person, caita--"it lies" being another example. Cantar, tintilar, etc. show the "a" plus "r" thus another indication that the plural is singular form plus plural ending (compare plural verb third person in English--he goes, they go) as in the nouns (see a bit later on, I'm running ahead of myself). Hiruva, hiruvalye, and nā, nai each present "problem verb forms. Most verbs appear to carry person- as well as tense-markers to indicate I, you, he, they, etc., but "hiruvalye" is "thou wilt find", second person future, where the "thou" translation of "lye" indicates a reverential or similar formal pronoun, "uva" once more future tense-marker and "hir" seemingly the root "find". But then there is the phrase "elye hiruva", "even thou will find (it)", elye being "even thou". This brings to mind the question of how one indicates person in the verb or whether it is merely a matter of singular or plural and the rest depends on the subject. Nā is "is", third person singular of a possibly irregular verb, nai = nā + i = be it that, expressing a wish or hope.

Nouns are apt to show a variety of forms and endings, and there are several ways of indicating plurals. Singular noun endings seem fairly randomly distributed. Plurals may be formed in the following ways (with thanks to Jim Allan for noticing a few I had not caught):

adding r (alda, tree--aldar, trees) when singular ends in a, o, or iē (tier = roads or paths)  
 adding i (yēn, year--yēni, years) when singular ends in a constant  
 changing final consonant + e to consonant + i (lasse, leaf--lassi, leaves)



But notice tari (queen) in Elentari and tario. Obviously, when dealing with Quenya one must use context as well as endings. Also, of course, the fact that plural verbs tend to end in "r" doesn't make things any easier.

"Wa" appears to be an adjective ending as in "vanwa" (lost) and sindarinwa (sindarin, as in the names of certain letters), but if tengwar is plural, then tengwa must be the singular form (more on this in a future article). Vanwa (lost), may, however, be a third person verb form (preterit or some such), the full form being the equivalent of the English "to be lost" in the sense of "Valimar is lost to one from the East" rather than "I am lost". The difference here is one of meaning; one must look very closely at such things before making any sort of decision. Thus vanwa could be an adjective, adjective used as verb form, verb form used as adjective, etc.

Comments, corrections, questions, etc. on this or any other part of this article are, of course, most welcome. I would enjoy (time permitting) corresponding with any of you who are interested and/or working on or in any branch of imaginary linguistics (a study which, I have been told, exists only in my imagination). Address all such to:

Jean Berman  
18 Gibbs St.  
Brookline, Mass. 02146 USA  
or c/o MITSFS

---

THIS SPACE SHOULD HAVE BEEN LEFT BLANK INTENTIONALLY

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THE TROUBLE WITH GOREAN WOMEN  
IS THAT THEY ARE ALL TOO UPPITY!

JOHN NORMAN IS AN AGENT PROVOCATEUR  
OF THE INTERNATIONAL FEMALE CHAUVINIST  
CONSPIRACY

TECH COEDS ARE BETTER THAN REAL GIRLS.

Ferdinand Faghoot-MCMLXXI

Faghoot was staying at the manor of King Romain VI of Trabajal III when the mystery was brought to the attention of all in the throne room.

A nurse, very distraught indeed, came running up to the king. "Oh, sire," she cried, "the Doctor is dead!"

"What?" questioned the monarch. Then "Tell us exactly what happened."

"We were conducting the annual weighing of all of your staff, and were up to the castle assistants. I was outside doing filing while the Doctor did the work. Then I heard a horrible cry, and rushed in to find him lying dead on the floor. No one can determine the cause, and he was in the best of health." Then she started wailing, and was led away by a guard.

Romain frowned, and then turned puzzledly to Faghoot as he spoke. "The cause of this tragic death is obvious, Sire."

"Well, out with it, man!"

"Easy, The Doctor was killed while attempting to scale the Palace-Aides!"

Scott Davidson

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S.F. QUIZZETTE      COMPUTERS  
N. MUSEBAUM PROP. NUMBER ONE

TRY AND MATCH THE COMPUTER WITH THE AUTHOR OF THE STORY IN WHICH IT APPEARED. IF YOU CAN NOT GUESS THEM ALL, HINTS ARE ON PAGE .  
ANSWERS MAY APPEAR IN THE NEXT T2.

COMPUTER	AUTHOR
A. EPILISTES	1. MICHAEL MOORCOCK
B. SHALAMANESER	2. KEITH LAUMER
C. MUDDLEHEAD	3. E. A. LAFFERTY
D. DUEL	4. ROBERT HEINLEIN
E. MIKE	5. J. R. FARMER
F. ALLIED PASTERCOCK	6. R. C. CLARKE
G. GENERAL      TON-CLIFF	7. J. ELLISON
EXTRAPOLATOR	
H. KARL	8. J. BRUNNER
I. OG BOOJUM	9. POUL ANDERSON



## Far Away Road

(dedicated to the MITSFS library)

Once there was a locked room  
A portal to the stars  
Open times but most oft shut  
Wherewith the greyness closing  
Then came to, door closed  
Seekers of what  
Beyond that portal may lay  
But nought awaited their coming oft  
The locked room locked stay.  
So after a time of wall unyield  
Barrier face only find  
Their patience grew weary, they slunk despondently out  
And then faraway rode,  
To find the secret key,  
Yea, to find the secret key.

The road lay hard and cold and alone  
Fraught with danger,  
Beset on all sides  
And all through the torturing storm,  
The door locked remained.  
So off they went,  
Returns less soon,  
And who knows?  
Some may have never come back.

But at last,  
After days,  
More weary days,  
A crack was opened for a time,  
But only the briefest of time.  
But off they rode, faraway rode,  
Seeking the secret key  
The hard quest still going on,  
The door, relocked be  
One day it opened,  
Another, two,  
But time locked held its sway.  
Some came back at the right time  
But for others the portal was eternally lost.  
So off they rode,  
Those behind shut door,  
(The others part way in)  
Off they rode, for the last time  
They rode then faraway rode,  
-Never came they back-  
They rode the faraway road away.

Paula Lieberman

What has gone on before: Scientist-astronaut Flash Gordon and reporter Dale Arden are the unwilling guests of the mysterious Dr. Zarkov in his remote Chinese laboratory. There, with Russian tanks battling Chinese troops outside, Zarkov reveals that he has built a starship under the guise of a suborbital bomber, capable of eluding the Russian anti-missile satellite. The three take off in the starship, and achieve orbit only to discover that...they are under the lasers of the anti-missile satellite. It fires. A white light fills the cabin, and Flash blacks out.

When Flash came to, he felt the gentle vibration of the deck beneath him, and realized that the ship was still intact. He opened his eyes. Dale's face was above him, wearing a worried frown.

"Are you alright?" she whispered, "you bashed your head on the frame when the laser hit."

"Why weren't we destroyed?" asked Gordon.

"Zarkov says that we just began to leave orbit as the laser struck and avoided being hit in any vital place. We are on our way, but there are difficulties."

"We have lost some of our ability to maneuver in atmosphere.", came Zarkov's voice from the seat in front of Flash, "several components of the field operator were damaged."

Flash climbed to his feet with Dale's assistance. The view-screen was filled with the blackness of space. Zarkov observed the control board.

"We will arrive at our destination in about one hour," he said.

"How much do you know about where we're going?" asked Dale, "this planet you mentioned, for example."

"It is called Mongo by its inhabitants," replied Zarkov, "at least it was inhabited. There is evidence that there was some sort of planet-wide disaster from which only a few escaped."

"How did you find out about it?" said Flash.

"A small capsule traceable to this starsystem landed near



my lab in the Urals. I was able to deduce from recording instruments on board what had happened. It was launched apparently to seek aid from some point outside of their system."

"Where is this capsule now?" said Flash.

Zarkov shrugged. "It was destroyed when I left."

"I suppose the knowledge of how to build this ship came from a study of this capsule," Dale suggested. Zarkov nodded.

"It confirmed some of my theories." he said.

Dale looked at Flash, who was watching Zarkov from behind his seat. He glanced up, saw her look, and moved over to her.

"What are we going to do," she whispered into his ear. Gordon drew her away from Zarkov.

"We'll have to play along," he replied when they had reached the rear of the cabin, "I'm trying to figure out how to operate this thing, but so much of the operation of the reactor and field generators is involved with the computer that it is hard to see where the buttons all fit together."

Dale leaned against Flash, her head on his shoulder.

"It all seems a nightmare, I wish we'd never gotten involved," she said.

Flash tenderly stroked the soft hair at the back of her neck. "Don't worry so much," he said, as long as Zarkov doesn't crack us up we still have a chance to get back to Earth."

\* \* \* \* \*

Some time later Zarkov announced, "In a few minutes we will be off the planet Mongo. It will become visible in the screen shortly." The scientist began a frantic manipulation of the controls. The image on the screen disappeared for several seconds, and there was a small lurch as the image of a planet appeared.

"We must be several hundred thousand miles out yet," observed Flash, "what exactly are the dimensions of Mongo, Zarkov?"

"It is very Earthlike," replied the scientist, "it has one large continent and several island chains. One moon, small. Earthlike climate, more or less, you will see. " The cloud shrouded image of the planet grew with increasing speed. Zarkov set the ship to go into orbit about the planet. He explained that the damage sustained by the ship in its encounter with the satellite would prevent them from searching for a landing site.

Zarkov had been able to program the ship to land in the area from which, he claimed, the capsule had been launched. Flash attempted to learn how Zarkov had deduced this, but Zarkov would not say.

The ship plunged through the clouds towards the surface of the planet. Zarkov leveled the ship off to skim over a wild, white capped grey-green ocean. A desolate coastline, faced with tall cliffs appeared. Zarkov took the ship over the jagged walls which gave way to a vast forest of mile-high trees. The space-ship skimmed just above the tops of the trees until another mountain range came in view. When the ship had cleared the first of these tall peaks, it began to descend.

"Looks almost like the Himylayas," said Dale, "perhaps we are back on Earth."

"I would say not, no," said Flash, pointing to a crag they were just floating over. Dale gasped. A large grey reptile, easily the size of their ship, stood on a rock shelf gazing at them with evil yellow eyes. Several other of these fearsome creatures could be seen along the cliffs.

The ship slowly floated down into a flat valley among the peaks. Just before the ship descended beneath the level of these, the travelers caught sight of a huge structure sitting on top of a mountain nearby.

Zarkov guided the ship down to a gentle landing on the dusty surface of the plain. He quieted the murmur of the engines, and removed certain items from the control panel. These he pocketed and then rose from his seat.

"We are on Mongo," he said, "shall we descend to the surface?"

With Zarkov in the lead, the travelers walked back along the corridor to the ladder in the rear. Zarkov cracked the hatch, and climbed up the ladder. A sudden wind blew down the hatchway, bringing dust and strange acrid smells to Flash and Dale below. Flash climbed the ladder, Dale behind him. When Gordon had reached the top of the ship, Zarkov began to make his way down the wing towards the ground. Flash and Dale followed.

Zarkov jumped off the wing to the ground, raising a large cloud of dust. Standing above him on the wing, Flash said, "well, Zarkov, what do you do now, claim the planet for the People's Republic?"

"Hardly," said Zarkov. There was a humming sound in the air. The three travelers looked up. Light flashed off a large silver object that had come over the mountain peaks to float just above



the spaceship.

"There are the people with a prior claim," said Zarkov. Dale gripped Flash's arm. Noting Dale's tension, Zarkov said, "they are humanoid, human in fact, for all we are concerned. You will even be able to understand them when they speak."

"How?" asked Dale. Zarkov walked away from the ship, and waved at the glinting silver shape, which began to descend. When it came down, Flash could see that it was a sort of open aircar. Several menlike shapes in curious armor, clutching guns of an unknown design, were aboard.

"Tremendous," said Flash, "soldiers. Real friendly place."

Flash and Dale jumped to the ground and joined Zarkov, who watched the landing of the airdar. Two soldiers in plain armor got out of the car when it touched down, followed by a short swarthy individual in a purple cape and ornate armor.

"Looks like a road company Ben-Hur," said Dale, eyeing the trappings of the trio that was walking towards them, "ask them when are the chariot races, Zarkov."

"Quiet, Miss Arden," snapped Zarkov, "let me speak to them."

"Famous last words," said Flash.

The three soldiers came up to the travelers. The fancy soldier said, "You are under arrest, by order of his Imperial Highness."

[Flash and Dale were shocked that they could understand the soldier, for he was not speaking any Earth language. Zarkov explained much later that he had hypnotically taught them the language while they were on board the ship, without their knowledge.]

"I am Dr. Zarkov, of the planet Earth," said Zarkov, "and these are Dr. Flash Gordon and Miss Dale Arden. We have come here in a spaceship of my own design."

"We will take you to the palace," said the soldier, nonplussed. "There the Emperor will decide your fate."

Ordering the two soldiers with him to guard the spaceship, the officer, who said he was Captain Zar, escorted the three travelers to the aircar. When all were aboard and seated, the captain gave orders to take off, and the aircar ascended, and turned towards the buildings Flash

had previously seen from the air.

A cold wind began to blow as the aircar came in view of the buildings. Flash saw that these had literally been carved out of a mountain; what was not carved directly from the rock was made of a seamless grey material several feet thick. The whole looked like a medieval castle, but on a much larger scale. A waterfall gushed from the side of the mountain to fall to a river in the valley below. The river then lead out into the forest in the distance.

There was but one road up from the valley into the castle, which ended across a narrow stone bridge at a high gate. The aircar sailed over this gate under the gaze of sentries manning large gun emplacements, and landed in a courtyard inside the walls. Here it was met by another squad of soldiers. These surrounded the travelers and led them to a high arched doorway that lead into the main building of the castle. The procession walked down a narrow hall flanked by huge columns which arched into the darkness of the roof supports high overhead. The hallway ended before a large golden door. One of the soldiers opened the door slightly and went through.

"I take it back about the road company Ben-Hur," whispered Dale to Flash, "make it a billiondollar studio production of The Prisoner of Zenda, or something."

Suddenly the doors swung open, and a golden light sprang forth from within. The travelers saw before them a magnificent hall of almost limitless extent. On their end of the hall was a large pit like a Roman arena, lined with guards. A walkway lead across this to a tiered platform of mammoth construction, at the top of which, surrounded by rich hangings and ornaments, stood a large golden throne on a broad dias. This platform and the area before it was filled with soldiers and their women, all attired in the exotic manner affected by the guards.





The procession crossed the walkway and the three travelers were thrust to the foot of the stairway leading to the throne, which was now empty. A gong sounded, and several people came from behind the curtain behind the throne. These surrounded the throne and looked down at the travelers.

"All hail his highness Ming the Merciless, emperor of all Mongo!" cried someone on the platform. The assembled company, except for the astounded travelers, bowed.

The curtain parted, and a tall, lean man stepped out and crossed to sit on the throne. The man was dressed like a Terran general, bedecked with jeweled ornaments, surrounded with a black cloak with a high pointed collar that framed his dead-white, bald head which was covered with a shaped, black skull-cap. He had a long pointed black mustache and Van Dyke beard, which gave his face an Oriental look. The emperor Ming regarded the travelers from under thin black brows with black eyes that seemed to search out the soul. Flash felt Dale trembling against him as the evil gaze came to rest on her.

Dr. Zarkov broke the awful silence. "I am Zarkov," he said loudly, "of the Planet Earth. These are Flash Gordon and Dale Arden."

Ming spoke, a dark, thrilling voice, "how did you come here."

"In a spaceship of my own design," said Zarkov.

"Why," rasped Ming.

"To investigate this planet, of which I had some knowledge," said Zarkov, staring the emperor in the eye. Ming raised his eyebrows slightly and leaned back to confer with an elderly minister who stood at his elbow. From time to time he glanced at the travelers.

Flash felt the gaze of another on the platform upon him. He looked about and met the dark brown eyes of a beautiful girl who had just emerged from the crowd on the dias. She was tall and voluptuous, a dark mass of brown hair surrounding her full, redlipped, sensuous face. The girl edged across the dias to stand by the throne. Ming took no notice of her until she bent over the emperor and interrupted his conference with the minister. A brief argument erupted and the girl was pushed aside. Her fists clenched, the girl looked angrily at the throne as the emperor turned from his minister to face the travelers.

"Bring forth Prince Barin," said Ming. The girl started and looked anxiously after several soldiers who left the hall. Flash and Dale exchanged puzzled glances, but Zarkov continued to stare at the monarch.

A few moments later, the soldiers reappeared dragging a huge blond figure in chains between them.

"Hey Zarkov," whispered Flash, "some weightlifter got here ahead of us." The chained figure, dressed only in a loincloth, was thrown against the steps beside Zarkov. He glanced curiously at the travelers and then looked up furiously at Ming.

"Prince Barin," said Ming, "are these your spies."

The Prince climbed to his feet and his piercing blue eyes once again regarded the three.

"I have never seen them before," said the Prince in a deep resonant voice, "but if they are enemies of yours, Ming, then they are friends of mine."

The emperor absorbed this answer and then turned to the girl on the dias, who now stared anxiously at Prince Barin.

"And you, daughter," said Ming, "what of you, are they yours?"

"No, father," replied the girl anxiously.

"But you wish to save the young man, no," said Ming. "His life for Barin's, how would that be?"

"No, father," cried Ming's daughter, "it would mean war with Arborea!"

"Aura," said Prince Barin, "war is certain. You cannot prevent it! My death means nothing."

Ming smiled at the prince and then turned his attention to his other prisoners.

"This is my decision," he said, "let Zarkov go to the laboratory, and provide everything he desires, except his freedom."

"Allow Gordon to go with me," said Zarkov. "He is my assistant."

"The young man my daughter wishes to save; he stays to entertain us," said Ming. He turned to his minister. "Take the girl to my apartments." Ming smiled as two guards seized Dale. Flash leaped on one and dragged him away from the girl, knocking him out with a single blow. The other guard jumped Flash from behind, but Gordon flung this one over his shoulder to crash onto the floor. Two other guards rushed up and others seized Dale again. Before Gordon could do anything, he was thrown into the arena. He landed heavily and rolled to absorb the shock. As he stood, he saw Dale, flanked by guards, being hustled off behind the dias. Zarkov had also disappeared. He was all alone.



Ming and Aura, followed by the rest of the court, descended from the dias to line the sides of the arena. Prince Barin was dragged across the walkway and out the door.

"Now, fighter," said Ming to Gordon, "we will test your prowess against a few of my little pets. Later, I will test your lovely woman, and I will tell her of your demise."

Aura glanced at her father and then drew a dagger from a fold in her cloak. This she threw at Flash, who caught it and nodded. Ming observed this and smiled.

"All the more interesting," he said, "my daughter seems to like you, Earthman, perhaps she tires of Barin, eh." He clapped his hands and the gong sounded once again.

Gordon turned as he heard a squeaking sound behind him. A door set in the far wall was opening. The crowd above him became quiet as a dark shape flew out of the blackness beyond the door. It had a manlike shape, but bounded along on thin limbs supported by large, leathery thin wings. The creature had clawed hands and curled clawed feet, and its face resembled that of a vulture.

Gordon backed away from the creature as it was joined by two others from the doorway. The three advanced on him, air whistling between the rows of small sharp teeth in their narrow mouths.

The first creature bounded forward and with a winged leap that put him above Gordon's head, flapped down on his shoulders. Gordon grabbed the creature by the throat and, pushing the snapping head back, with his other hand slashed the creature's throat with the knife. The creature croaked and flapped his wings wildly as a smelly blackish ooze began from the wound at its throat. The creature's fellows leaped on the struggling duo now and beating about their heads flailed indiscriminantly at the combatants with their claws.

Flash, his clothes ripped to shreds, leaped back from the three creatures, pushing away from the one he had stabbed. As he reeled backwards, the two creatures fell upon the wounded third and began to devour him. The dying creature's wings flapped weakly as his fellows ripped his body to pieces.

The crowd above went wild with excitement. Gordon, bleeding from many scratches on his chest and back, looked about for a way to escape. He noticed the door from which the creatures had emerged was still open, and he ran for it. Just as he reached the entrance, he felt a weight on his back and sharp teeth began to tear at his head and neck. Gordon fell backwards, crushing the creature on his back beneath him. There was a sickening crunch as Flash felt himself falling into the creature's body. The third creature leaped on top of him and dove for his throat. Flash tried to stand, lifting the creature with him, all the while stabbing

with the knife through the creature's flapping wings.

Flash reeled upright and fell with the creature clutching his chest. This drove the knife deep into the creature. The apparition gave a fearful shriek, then was silent. Flash tottered up and dashed through the doorway.

The doorway opened onto a low narrow corridor, stinking with animal filth. Flash reached behind him and managed to shut the door. Crouching low, he broke into a staggering run down the dark pathway. Fists battered at the door behind him.

The corridor lead Flash to a large cage which smelled of the now dead creatures. In the dim light, Flash tried to make out an opening in the cage but could see none.

Suddenly there was a cry from beyond the cage and a small man appeared to wave at him through the bars. This man was dressed in a grey coverall and was completely hairless, resembling a mole.

The man produced a pencil sized device and pointed it at one of the bars. A bright light glowed and sparks flew as the bar disintegrated at that point. Flash pulled the bars out one by one as his silent rescuer continued to disintegrate portions of each one, eventually producing a doorway big enough for Gordon to crawl through.

Beyond the cage was a narrow open space, then more cages, in which dim, horrible shapes moved and grumbled. The small man motioned Flash to follow him and Flash complied. The man lead the way up to a stairway with a door at the top. There was noise beyond the door; Flash heard the clank of armor. The little man became agitated and dashed off suddenly into the gloom beside the stairway. Flash attempted to follow but came up against solid stone.

Soldiers began battering on the door. Flash ran down the opposite way and came to a bare wall. Just beneath the wall was a large round grating, beneath which could be heard the sound of rushing water. Flash lifted the grating and looked down. Gordon saw what appeared to be an underground river flowing swiftly below him in a rocklined channel. He lowered himself downward, holding onto the edge of the hole and pulling the grating back over the opening. The door to the room burst open just as Flash succeeded in getting the grating back in place. He hung above the river, his fingers clutching the grating. Gordon heard soldiers moving about above. Any moment they would examine the grating and find him.

Flash looked down the river channel. Further ahead, the river took a bend and on the far wall beyond the bend, light shone over the rushing water.



Taking a deep breath, he let go of the grating and plunged into the river. The shock of the cold water drove his breath from him, but he managed to avoid being overwhelmed by the current. Flash swam diagonally across to the far wall just at the bend, and, by holding onto projections in the rock of the wall, steered himself around the turn into the light.

Just beyond the turn the river passed a large cavern, which was filled with humming machines. From his vantage point Flash could see a large translucent grey dome in which there were large black shapes. This dome came down to the river's edge and lead back far into the cavern where it was met by several large blocks of machinery, the whole system surrounded by shining towers of light and networks of pipes. Gordon reasoned that this must be a power station, and, judging from the lack of men, the grey dome must contain a nuclear power source.

Flash dragged himself from the river and lay exhausted and shivering on the stony bank. The wounds he had received in the fight gleamed redly in the light. Taking a deep breath, Gordon pushed himself to his knees and tottered towards the darkness beneath the machines at the rear of the cavern.

Flash paused under the shadow of the first great machine and collapsed to the ground. While he lay there, panting heavily, three men emerged from around the corner of his hiding place. They were identical in appearance to the man who had tried to rescue him from the cage. The men pulled Gordon to his feet and wordlessly conveyed him out of the cavern. At the far wall they stopped, two men supporting Gordon, the third man before them. This man made some sort of motion at the bare rock face, which presently dissolved away to reveal a passageway lit dimly by small lights in the ceiling. The group walked down this passage for some time. Gordon began to lose consciousness as they proceeded down the dusty corridor.

Gordon recovered in the fresher air of a brightly lit room. He opened his eyes to find Zarkov above him. Flash looked about for some sign of his rescuers, and saw their leader standing in the shadow of a doorway in a wall in the rear of the room which was full of what appeared to be electronic gear.

"I have seen to your wounds," said Zarkov, "you should be all right in a short while."

"Thank you, Zarkov," said Gordon, "and you too, in the door, whoever you are."

"I am Ergon, leader of the power men," said the small grey man who was as muscled as Prince Barin and had a pinched intelligent face and grey eyes. "There is not anything we would not do for the enemies of Ming."

"The power men are the technicians in this place," explained Zarkov, sitting in a chair by the bench on which Flash was laying. "Ming saved the planet from disaster when the previous rulers evacuated and became 'emperor', enslaving the power men."

"Ming didn't save the planet," said Ergon, "we did. He just had the plan. We did the work. Power men are sworn to run the machines. Ming forced us to work for him."

"They are sworn to work for him, but they encourage revolt," said Zarkov. The power men nodded.

"Where's Dale," asked Flash.

"In Ming's quarters," said Ergon, "we can't go there. We are forbidden."

"They're irrevocably conditioned," said Zarkov.

"Besides, it would reveal our plans to Ming," said Ergon, "too early for that now."

"How do I get to Ming's quarters, Ergon," Flash asked.

"I'll show you, far as I can," said the power man.

Zarkov rose and went out of the room, returning with a pile of clothing for Flash.

"This is the uniform of Ming's space navy," explained Ergon. Flash pulled on the clothing. He still felt weak, but his strength was definitely returning.

Gordon looked down at his attire. "I feel like a refugee from hippiedom: boots, bellbottoms, and tight Russian-type tunic..."

"Very romantic image," said Zarkov who was dressed in plain black coveralls. "If Miss Arden is still alive, which I doubt, it should not fail to stir her."

"Let's get going," Flash said to Ergon. The two walked a slight ways into the corridor. "Coming, Zarkov," said Flash.

"I cannot," said the scientist. "They have my spaceship and are repairing it. I might be able to delay Ming and aid your escape: don't worry, he won't harm me. I'm his new scientific brains."

"If you say so, Doctor," said Flash, turning away. The doorway to the lab disappeared and was replaced by bare stone.



"How do you do that, Ergon," said Flash. Ergon grunted.

"Stone is an illusion: a textured forcefield. Not hard," he explained. Ergon left Flash at the junction of two corridors.

"Take the one on the right," said the power man. "It goes to an opening behind a hanging. This hanging is at the end of the hall containing Ming's apartment. If you find the girl, don't go back that way, it will be closed. Use the window out to the balcony, then get to the walls. We'll find you there."

"Okay, Ergon," said Flash, shaking the man's hand. He then turned and jogged down the indicated corridor.

Flash proceeded until he saw the hanging waving in front of him. He gently pushed it forward and slid around it into the hallway. The corridor was empty. From a window at the other end of the hall Gordon saw that it was night. Moonlight poured through the window, the hall's only illumination. There was one large double door nearby on the left side of the corridor and several smaller doors opposite a stairway down set in the right way. There was no sound anywhere at all.

Voices drifted up the stairway, and Gordon ducked back behind the hanging. There was a small hole at eyelevel, through which he watched Ming and a soldier climb the stairs and walk to the large doorway. Ming murmured some instructions to the guard who departed down the stairs again. Ming smiled and turned to the door. He slowly turned the ornate knob, opened one of the two doors, and walked into the room beyond.

Flash ducked out from behind the hanging and tiptoed up to the door. He could hear nothing through the panel. His back to the door, Flash slowly, carefully turned the knob until the latch disengaged and he felt the door swing slightly open.

Just as he did so, there was a crash from inside and a heavy weight flung the door open against Flash. Ming flew backwards into the hall to sprawl in a heap against the far wall. As the emperor slumped unconscious, Dale Arden, attired in a transparent silk harem-girl type costume, now slightly the worse for wear, dashed out into the hall to stand over Ming. Flash quietly closed the door behind her and leaned back against it. Dale whirled at the sound, ready to spring.

"Easy, Dale," said Flash, "and to think I was coming to rescue you."

"I thought you were dead," said Dale softly, tears in her eyes, and ran over to Gordon. They embraced.

"Close but not quite: it seems we have allies in the palace. Don't tell me Ming lives all alone up here."

"I took care of the two 'ladies' who were guarding me," explained Dale. "Ming sent everyone else away so that he could enjoy Playtime uninterrupted." The girl's face, radiant and beautiful, stirred Flash's heart, and he kissed her. They clung together for a moment and then separated.

"Out the window," said Flash. "We've got to get to the wall."

"There's doors and a balcony with a stairway leading down inside," said Dale. She opened the door to Ming's apartments. Flash picked up the emperor and dragged him into the room. When they had securely bound Ming with strips torn from the covers on the huge bed, Flash opened the door and led Dale down the stairs.

"Wait a second," said Dale. "I'll freeze in this thing." She turned and ran back into the room. Time passed. Finally Dale reemerged wearing a female duplicate of Flash's costume.

"Very mod," said Gordon and continued down the stairs.

The stairway led down into a barren courtyard lined with sculptures of weird beasts. The court was meant to be a garden, but the chill wind that blew across the stones had prevented anything from growing. Flash saw that the courtyard was actually a second balcony which dropped down to ground level, where several guards could be seen before a doorway cut in the wall beyond. The crenellated wall reached up to the level of the balcony on which Flash and Dale were standing. Gordon looked across the gap between.

"Can we get across," asked Dale. "Wait, over there, Flash, in the corner where the wall takes a jog inwards, it's only about twenty-five feet across the gap there."

"Right," said Flash and the two walked over to the spot. "I saw something in Ming's place... wait here, stay in the shadows until I get back." Gordon turned and ran swiftly up the stairs to Ming's apartment. Ming was still tied and gagged on his carpeted floor, but he was conscious and his eyes blazed as Flash reappeared in the doorway.

"It's your own fault," said Flash. "You sent away all the guards." He pulled a long, thick rope from one of the wall hangings which then fell on Ming, causing him to thrash madly.

"Sorry, sorry," murmured Flash and dashed out again.



As he went down the stairs, Flash tied a loop in one end of the rope. He joined Dale in the shadows. Dale looked down at the improvised lariat.

"There are some advantages to working in Texas," said Flash. "Now the question is if the shadows from the walls on this side are deep enough to cover us going hand over hand on the rope...well, we'll see." Flash swung the rope across the gap and the loop settled about one of the stone blocks that formed the crenellations.

"Luck," commented Flash. Securing the other end of the rope to a decorative gargoyle on the edge of the balcony, Flash made the rope a tight line across the shadowed gap.

Gordon eased himself over the wall, holding onto the line. Hanging from it just beyond the wall of the balcony, he found it could support his weight. He told Dale to wait until he had mounted the far wall and began to inch his way, hand over hand, across the open space. Luck was still with him as the wind blew clouds across the moon, throwing darkness over the entire castle. Flash pulled himself up onto the parapet of the outer wall and motioned across for Dale. He was astonished when she stepped out onto the line and carefully inched her way across as on a tightrope, jumping into Flash's arms when she reached the far end.

"You didn't expect me to hand over hand it, did you." she panted into Flash's ear. Flash chuckled, kissed her again, and looked around for guards. There was a tower some distance on, and Flash knew guards would come from there eventually. He freed the rope from the gargoyle on the balcony and from the block on the near end and tied it to a similar block on the far edge. The rope reached most of the way to the ground, a narrow shelf of rock running about the castle. Flash, then Dale, went down the rope and dropped the rest of the way, about eight feet.

"What now," asked Dale as they stood on the rock shelf. Flash shrugged. Suddenly a light glowed farther down the wall. Ergon emerged into the darkness and motioned to them.

"Friend of ours," Flash explained and ran towards Ergon, pulling Dale by the hand. Ergon guided them along inside the passage from which he had emerged, which lead along inside the wall. Finally they reached the river where it left the walls to tumble down into the valley below. A circular stairway began here and Ergon took Flash and Dale down it for several flights, passing floors of humming machines all manned by power men. There was a complete city beneath the castle in the mountain.

Finally the trio reached the foot of the stairway, which Ergon explained was at the foot of the mountain.

"There is an elevator but I had to take you by the old stairway so you wouldn't be noticed," he said. "Guards are all over now, so be careful when you get outside." The power man lead the Earth people to a barred doorway in the mountainside, and opened it into the blackness. Flash heard the roaring of the waterfall beyond. Suddenly behind them came two power men, followed by an unchained Prince Barin.

"We got him out of the dungeon," explained Ergon. Barin greeted the two Earth people and lead the way out of the door. As soon as they were out Ergon shut the door with a slight wave at the three escapees.

"This way," said Barin, hefting a large sword Ergon had given him. "Ah, it feels good to have this back again." The prince led the way along the river with Flash and Dale close behind.

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It was dawn when the travelers reached the tree line of the forest. They had been traveling all night. Barin distributed food from a pouch given him by Ergon and the three drank from the clear water of the river.

"We are on the border of Arboria, my kingdom," said Barin.

"Are we safe from Ming, then," asked Dale.

"No," said Barin, shaking his blondmaned head. "He has soldiers everywhere. Come."

Barin lead the two Earthpeople on a course away from the river. Soon they were lost in the midst of tall trees that nearly shut out the sunlight, leaving a moist gloom to settle over the leafy forest floor.

There was a humming sound in the air, and Barin ducked behind one of the trees. Flash and Dale followed, glancing upwards with Barin to see one of Ming's aircars crossing their path above them. It banked sharply and went sailing into the trees.

"They've seen us," hissed Barin, drawing his sword. "Hide!"

The aircar returned to land a slight distance away. Ten soldiers got out and began to make their way towards Barin. All carried spears





and swords, but none has a gun. (Flash later learned that guns were in short supply among the forces of the armies of Mongo.)

Flash and Dale left the shelter of the tree behind Barin and made their way in the forest around the advancing forces. The battle was joined while they were still circling. They heard Barin's cries and the grunts of the soldiers as they met Barin's whirling blade. Flash and Dale came up behind the aircar and Dale leaped over the side into the car to tackle the operator. She silenced him with a deft chop and tossed his spear out to Flash who grabbed it and ran towards the fight.

Barin was surrounded by the bodies of five spearmen. The other five had him surrounded by a wall of swords. Flash speared the nearest to him and entered into battle as the circle broke up to meet this new opponent. Barin parried a blow by one and thrust home into his attacker, pushing another away into Flash's spear. Flash grabbed a dropped sword and swung at a soldier engaged with Barin, while parrying another attacker's thrust with his spear. Blood sang in his head and dust and dead leaves flew about as the adversaries moved about in the gloom.

Finally it was over and Flash and Barin stood atop the bodies of the soldiers. Barin, bleeding from several wounds from early in the fighting toppled over, and Flash called for Dale to join him.

As they bent over Barin, Flash heard sounds behind them and from nowhere other soldiers appeared. But these were dressed differently from Ming's troops and when Flash and Dale stood to reveal Barin, the leader of these new forces cried out,

"They have slain the Prince," and rushed up to the fallen man. Two soldiers seized Flash and Dale before they had a chance to speak. Others kept their crossbows trained at the pair.

"He is dead," said the leader quickly, glancing down at Barin's body. "Execute these traitors at once."

### TO BE CONTINUED

Hints for S.F. Quizzette number one

The computers appeared in the following stories:

The Final Programme  
Night of Light  
The Pacifist  
Stand on Zanzibar

The Great Time Machine Hoax  
What's the Name of That Town?  
I Have No Mouth But I Must Scream  
The Moon is a Harse Mistress

The Trouble Twister



For all those people who have an attic or cellar full of old pulps or know someone who does, we are interested in purchasing or trading for the following items:

- AIR WONDER STORIES: 1929-7; 1930-1  
 AMAZING: 1926-6; 1927-2; 1931-8;  
 1936-2; 4, 10, 12; 1937-2, 4, 12;  
 1938-2; 1939-3, 6  
 AMAZING STORIES ANNUAL: 1927-6  
 AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY: 1928-winter; 1929-winter; 1931-spring; 1933-winter  
 AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION SERIES (AUSTR.): 1952-6, 12; 1953-3, 6, 10; 1954-2, 8-12; 1955-1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 9  
 ARKHAM SAMPLER: 1948-all; 1949-spring, summer, fall  
 ASTOUNDING STORIES YEARBOOK: 1970-1, 2  
 BEST SF FROM WORLDS OF TOMORROW: 1964-2  
 BEYOND FICTION: 1955-10  
 BEYOND FANTASY FICTION (BRIT.): 1954-4  
 BIZARRE FANTASY TALES: 1970-fall  
 BIZARRE MYSTERY MAGAZINE: 1965-11; 1966-1  
 BLACK CAT: all  
 BREEZY SCIENCE STORIES (BRIT.): all  
 CAPT. HAZARD: all  
 DIME MYSTERY BOOK: all  
 DOC SAVAGE: 1933-3-9, 11, 12; 1934-1-10; 1935-3-11; 1936-1, 3-9, 11, 12; 1937-1, 3, 4, 6-11; 1938-1, 2, 3-7, 10, 11; 1939-1-3, 5-9, 11; 1940-1, 2, 4-7, 9-12; 1941-1-8, 10-12; 1942-1, 2, 4-12; 1943-1, 2, 4-12; 1944-1-6, 9-12; 1945-1-9, 12; 1946-all; 1947-1-10; 1948-1-11; 1949-all  
 FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION: 1967-winter; 1968-all; 1969-all  
 FANTASTIC ADVENTURES: 1939-7; 1941-6; 1942-10; 1944-6  
 FANTASTIC ADVENTURES YEARBOOK: 1970  
 FANTASTIC SCIENCE THRILLER (BRIT.): all  
 FANTASY (BRIT.): 1938-all; 1939-all  
 FUTURE FICTION: 1942-12; 1943-4  
 FUTURISTIC SCIENCE STORIES: 1, 6, 7, 11, 14, 15  
 FUTURISTIC STORIES (BRIT.): all  
 IMAGINATIVE TALES: 1, 7  
 MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES: 1939-4, 5, 12; 1940-5  
 MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES (BRIT.): all  
 MAGAZINE OF HORROR: 1969-9; 1971-4  
 MARVEL TALES: all  
 MIRACLE SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY STORIES: 1931-4, 5  
 NEW WORLDS (BRIT.): 2, 96, 117, 142-145, 149, 151, 172, 173, 180, 201  
 ORIGINAL SF STORIES: 1961-all; 1962-all; 1963-all  
 FLYING SAUCERS FROM OTHER WORLDS: 1957-6, 11; 1958-1, 30-32; 1959-33, 34; 1960-13-15  
 PHANTOM (BRIT.): all  
 POPULAR SCIENCE FICTION (AUSTR.): 2-6  
 QUEER STORIES (BRIT.): all  
 SATELLITE SCIENCE FICTION: 1959-5  
 SCIENCE FANTASY (BRIT.): 28, 32  
 SCIENCE FICTION: 1939-3; 1940-3, 10; 1941-9  
 SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES (BRIT.): #3  
 SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY (BRIT.): 1-3, 7-9, 12, 13, 18, 21  
 SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY (AUSTR.): 1-13, 15, 18  
 SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY: 1941-summer  
 SCIENCE FICTION YEARBOOK: 1970  
 SCIENCE WONDER QUARTERLY: 1930-spring  
 SCIENCE WONDER STORIES: 1930-6; 1931-6; 1932-5; 1933-11; 1935-3; 1937-2  
 SCOOPS (BRIT.): all  
 SELECTED SCIENCE FICTION (AUSTR.): 2, 4, 5  
 THE SHADOW: all  
 THE SPIDER: 1933-all; 1934-all; 1935-1, 3-12; 1936-2-12; 1937-1-6, 8-12; 1938-1-8, 10-12; 1939-all; 1940-1-8, 10-12; 1941-1, 3-5, 7-12; 1942-1-11; 1943-1, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12  
 STAR SCIENCE FICTION: all  
 SARDUST: all  
 STARTLING MYSTERY MAGAZINE: All  
 STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES: 1967-winter 1968-all  
 STARTLING STORIES: 1941-9  
 STRANGE STORIES: 1939-4, 6, 10; 1940-2, 4, 6, 10, 12; 1941-2  
 SUPER SCIENCE FICTION: ~~1957~~ 1957-10; 1958-8; 1959-4, 6, 8, 10  
 SUPER SCIENCE STORIES: ~~1941~~ 1941-5  
 PHANTOM (BRIT.): all  
 23, 25, 26, 35  
 VENEL: 1957-8  
 (BRIT.): 2, 5, 7-10  
 (BRIT.): all  
 TERROR TALES: all



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THRILLS (BRIT.): all  
 THRILLS, INC. (AUSTR.): 1-14, 17, 19-23  
 UNCANNY TALES: all  
 VARGO STATTON (BRIT.): 3, 4, 7-9;  
 vol. 2-1 and beyond  
 WEIRD TALES: 1923-all; 1924-all;  
 1925-1-10, 12; 1926-1, 3, 4, 6-10, 12

WEIRD TERROR TALES: 1969-all; 1970-all  
 WONDERS OF THE SPACEWAYS (BRIT.): 8, 9  
 WU FANG: all  
 WORLDS OF THE UNIVERSE (BRIT.): all

In addition to the items listed above, we are interested in foreign magazines including English language (i.e. British, Australian, and Canadian) reprints of American magazines.

If you want to trade instead of sell, here are a few of the rarer items we have in trading stock:

#### BEDSHEETS

AMAZING: Oct. 1927; Mar. 1928; Feb. May, Sept 1929; June, July, Aug, Nov 1932; Aug-Sept 1933  
 AMAZING QUARTERLY: Winter 1932  
 ASTOUNDING: Aug 1942  
 SCIENCE WONDER STORIES: Mar, July, Oct 1930; Oct 1932  
 WONDER STORIES QUARTERLY: Summer 1930

#### PULPS

AMAZING: Jan 1934; Oct 1939; Mar 1944; Mar 1951; Feb 1952  
 ASTOUNDING: Jan 1937; May, June, Oct 1943  
 UNKNOWN: vol. 1, no. 1  
 WEIRD TALES: Oct 1928; July 1942; Jan, Sept 1946  
 WONDER STORIES: Feb 1936; June 1939; Fall 1943; Winter 1944

In addition to the items listed above, we have much more in good to excellent condition. If you're not fussy we have even more items that are only missing their back covers. Just send us your want list or what you want to sell to:

MITSPS  
 Room W20-421  
 M.I.T.  
 84 Mass. Ave.  
 Cambridge, Mass. 02139

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FOR SALE: Peripherals from the Sylvania 9400. Includes tape drives, 1" and 1/2". \$120; card reader/punch; flexowriter; other peripherals. Contact J. Stevens, 5120 Burton House or call 354-6709 or 864-6900, dr line 8-72

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