

THE TWILLIGHT ZINE

28

SPECIAL "LET'S CET IT OUT BEFORE GREG CETS BACK" ISSUE

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p. 26: Bjo

p. 34: Joel Davis

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This magazine was made possible by a \$50 grant from the MIT IAP Committee, much to our astorishment and grateful thanks. Coolies this issue include Cary Consolmagno, Faul Mailman, Gregory J. Ruffa, jack stevens, Bruce Miller, and others, with additional assistance (and invaluable aid) from John Sybalski and Jim Miller. Illos reproed by Gnomon Copy, who are supposed to be cheap. We shall see.

All contents o 1974 by the MIISFS.

This issue is due partly to a burst of fatal enthusiasm on the part of Mr. Consolmagno But all of the credit and blame cannot be laid at his doorstep No, indeed; the grant committee of MIT's Independent Activities Period must accept its share. It funded an intersession activity called "Science Fiction Without Guilt" specifically to put out this issue of the magazine. The activity a was designed to "give people a chance to read all of the science fiction they ever wanted in one of the largest collections in the world—that of the MIT Science Fiction Society—without feeling guilty about not doing homework "I was the originator and coordinator of the activity, and while response (at least official sign-up) was not as overwhelming as had been hoped, it was obvious that some people were reading sf in the society library who had not done so before. We also received material and coolie labor enough to add to that amassed earlier and create an issue. As a matter of fact we now have sufficient material to create three issues. You'il be seeing them Real Soon Now, too

The fact that we are funded for an issue played a large part in its appearance. For this, part of the blame must lie with me. Yes, I admit that, even though the grant was offered to me by a dean, in cash, in small unmarked bills, I stupidly insisted that a check to a specific payee be drawn. Why, I could have been halfway to london New York by now.

It was wonderful to see this last gasp of munificence, however. Certain other grant granting organizations had done their best to see that the Society was severly underfunded this year. With this in mind, anyone with a spare \$1000 or so is cordially invited to donate it to us. You will receive a beautiful plaque, a personally autographed full-length nude photograph of the Skinner, and an inheritable, eternal, Lifetime Membership to MITSFS absolutely free.

This issue has a lot of interesting material. One thing it doesn't have, though, is the final installment of Flash Gordon. Mr Jonathan Fox, the author of this series, is not around Cambridge anymore. As a matter of fact, he does not seem to be around anywhere, anymore. I've sent off a telegram to where he might be and am hoping. Hopefully it will appear in a soon-to-appear issue. But don't let that limit your ecstacy over this one.

j henry stevens
(Jourcom/2)

From The Center of the Center.

The last submission of a former immortal to the pages of this "trading material" was more typical of its author, the infamous Alpert, rather than of those who occupy this exalted point in space. That is, his editorial in TZ 25 flamed really well. (And I bet that drags a letter out of him, even if he is busy cutting up people and meeting crazies like those who attended his MITSFS meetings, except that now they're certified crazies.) I worry sometimes about the fact that I haven't established a definite MITSFS personality, as my glorious predecessors such as The Phillies, The Davidson, and The Aforementioned had done. A consoling thought comes, that this allows me to add Power Behind The Scenes to my other titles. And who wants to be a recognized whoosher anyway.

But, onward to what Ye Hard Working Editor -- and man of self-inflicted egoboo-- wanted in the first place: news of the Glorious Society and its "most extraordinary, most complete, most beautifully organized science fiction library."

Grateful thanks go to Ted Sturgeon for supplying those last ten words. In October he gave a lecture at MIT, at the end of which eager Society members surrounded him and invited him to sample the delights of the library. He accepted, and his visit drew more people to the library than I had ever seen there at one time (40+ people in a small room already filled with shelves and filing cabinets is quite an experience.) Apparently we impressed him as a glance at page 90 of the February GALAXY should show The disquieting note of the whole affair is that the one sentence there will alert more people to the Society's existence than the Society's own best efforts, by at least an order of magnitude. Many thanks and hosannas to Theodore Sturgeon once again. (Ask to see his MITSFS membership card.)

And, of course, thanks to Margaret Minsky who got him to MIT in the first place (Maybe she'll renew her membership now?)

Thanks are also given to Jeff Jones, who gave us the oil painting that was his cover for the January 19 // I issue of AMAZING. He may not know it yet, but he's a MITSFS member, too.

The Society continues to acquire books and members. Unfortunately the former are flowing in much faster than the latter, and the money projections are disheartening. Hopefully the money shortage will turn out the way the oil shortage seems to be doing. If only FinBoard would lift its money embargo. But there's research into an alternate source of \$, the MIT library system. The big problem is the harsh blow this would deal to our Project Independence.

Interesting new acquisitions include The Double Shadows, corrected by Smith himself. And let us not forget BE AMAZED!, or, rather, HAPNA! The library now had a complete set of that Swedish SF magazine, adding another language that no one in the Society can read. And what other collection can boast of having its copies of Perry Rhodan (in the original German editions) bound in neat Red volumes.

Saved for last is a TZ exclusive--the MITSFS library has been named a depository of the Science Fiction Writers of America by Prof. Ernest Taves, of Harvard, who is handling the tangled SFWA depository affairs.

Michael T. Timmreck President+Skinner MITSFS

(I have not yet appointed the Telzey Amberdon. Phone numbers and photos may be sent to Box Whoosh, c/o this magazine.)

BURNING

--a guest editorial by Ala Lapu Mimn [Ala Mimn is First officer of Mechanical Advantage of the Grasnian Armed Forces, and has consented to write this guest editorial for us. He also threatened to hijack our elevator if we don't print it --Ed [

It is nothing short of obviously shocking that in discussions of current events among today's intellectuals, there is never found a mention of the highly charged issues surrounding recent dispurbances within the Neo Crustacean Empire. Day after day goes by, and while the newspapers carry item after item of local news, both domestic and foreign, not a word is said about the threat to freedom lovers everywhere which is festering and writing within the confines of modern Crustacea.

How can this hypocracy exist? Where are those who cry for justice for the oppressed millions when the priviliges of the Neo Crustacean aristocracy are being threatened? Where are those self avowed do-gooders who will defend Daniel Ellesberg and Lieutenant Calley but not those who would sponge off the toil of the masses and have not done a single stitch of honest work in their entire life? Where is righteousness? Where is justice? Where is the ambiguity?

True, the history of modern Grustacea is a long and complicated one, distinguished not only by public indifference but also a general lack of facts. This should not inhibit learned men from holding the wholly unfounded belief that those with Crustacean blood are the decendants of a long line of ancestors, each of whom preceded another

Little is known of the Paleo Crustaceans, those shadowy forbears of all modern life save possibly that of Passaic, New Jersey (The Paleo—Crustaceans never did develop a language, although they did do a good job on tailoring suede smoking jackets) Most of our knowledge of these beings must come from the ancient Suubie sect⁴ of lower Graspas. This particular bunch of religious fanatics pass down historical tales in the form of romantic ballads which the eldest of the sect sings on his deathbed. There can be little doubt as to their authenticity

With the advent of the First Neo-Crustacean Empire, and the development of spoken language, the humber Crustaceans rose to new heights in world leadership. This height was short lived, as the civilization progressed to

barbarianism in the Second Neo-Crustacean Empire, culminating with the presently existing Fourth Neo-Crustacean Empire.

Now all these years of regression are being threatened by the forces of "progress". It is common knowledge within Crustacea that the CIA, along with the United Farmworkers and Teamsters Unions, have been formenting the dissent that today threatens the very groundwork of modern Neo-Crustacean civilization.

The time has come to STOP shilly shallying! The time has come to STOP dilly-dallying! The time has come to get up, stand up, stand up for our rights!

And once we stand up, we will never sit down

For examples of lack of media coverage of these events, see page 5 of the New York Times, Dec. 3, 1958. No related articles can be found either in Newsweek or Time of that week, nor was any mention of Neo-Crustacea made throughout the entire month of September 19/0 on the news reports of TV station WCIA in Urbana, III.

See W. W. W. Williams, Do Pigs Have Wings, Boom Boom Press, 1941. Evidence for this can be found in the best selling Paleo-Crustacean epic, If I Buy Her The Wool, Will She Make Me One Too? published anonymously by a brown-shoed square in the dead of night.

4See "Suubie: Do be Do?" in Modern Anthropology, Jan '85.

⁵ An excellent tourguide to Graspas is available by calling toll-free 800-223-3825. If a man answers, hang up immediately.

) No one is sure when the Third Neo Crustacean Empire will appear. Authorities have issued an All Points Bulletin in 53 states.

/ Blueprints of the groundwork are available from the Patent Office for 50c each.

And this little nonsense leaves me just enough space to warn you about this issue. Warning 1. I typed the whole damn thing on paper offset plates (which allow no corrections) using a typewriter which has no ampersand or exclamation points and where the numerals six and sevem don't work. Warning 2: All the artwork is stuff we found in a drawer. We don't know where it came from or even who the artists are. If it turns out it's yours and you didn't want it printed tough rocks. Warning 3: This entire issue was thrown together in one week. It shows. Warning 4: The contents following are, in my opinion, the best material to have seen light of day in a TZ since Cory Seidman and Leslie Turek left. You may actually enjoy some of this stuff and get the wrong idea about the society, because: Warning 5: We're not fans, we just read the stuff.

Guy Consolmagno (Jourcom/µ),

JONA THAN FOX tracks down



The subjects of most popular films are clearly directed towards identification with the mass audience. Typically the large bulk of films made each year and given a large distribution fall into the major categories of material that consumes the attentions of the populace: romance, adventure or some combination made relevant by "current events." In this analysis it is clear that fantasy films (scifi and 'horror') occupy a peculiar position. With subject matter clearly defined derived from the imagination and having little relation to "normal life" they serve as expressions of "unconscious dreams"; that is, they serve as an indication of the audience's subconscious desires. In this they are joined by another type of fartasy film, the stag film, and the relationship between the two mark the constast between two conflicting fantasy universes, which I shall refer to as the pornography of sex and the pornography of violence.

The movies under discussion all derive from models created before the invention of motion pictures. They tend to follow the basic structure of melodrama. Heroes, heroines and villians are all claearly delineated as such and none strays far from the s&mplest of subsequent characterizations. From the very beginnings of fantasy films two distinct types emerge.

Films of the first kind derive from early Gothic novels whose central shock villian comes from European folklore; among these are counted vampires (from Stoker's Dracula and, to a lesser extent J. S. LeFanu's Camilla, Varney the Vampire, etc.) werewolves, artificial men (from Frankenstein, legends of the Golem) and various sinister medicine men (originally priests and for sorcerors) (M. G. Lewis' The Monk) whose schemes and creations "man was not meant to know." The Gothic novel in its original form served roughly the same function for its audience as present day horror movies do for theirs, and upon examination both reveal a strong sexual content. There is always a damsel in danger, from a dark force represented by a fearsome creature bent upon what? Gothic novelists made it clear, and horror films certainly imply, that the object is rape. It is all too obvious that sexual desire as well as acute anemia drives the elegant black caped vampire on his nightly rounds of the fashionable boudiors. While Frankenstein's creation and the luckless werewolf kill everyone in sight they inevitably spare the nightgowned heroine, carrying her off to a fate the audiences can all too easily guess. In a sense horror films of this type stand on the fringes of what is called pornography as all plot elements really stand as support for the central theme of the creature and his quest to possess the girl he cannot otherwise have. The creators of these films have unintentionally heightened the resemblence to pornography by the continuing serial nature of their films. Dracula and the others rise time and time again in various guises but with the same modus operandi. This compares with the ongoing nature of pornography, as pointed out by Steven Marcus (among others) where events do not build to a true dramatic climax and finish, but rather multiply in size and complexity to a final orgy which not so much ends as a time-out is called before the participants can continue with their endless permutation of couplings.

Of course the makers of horror films did not play on this theme in an overt fashion. They operate under the watchful gaze of censors, not only those duly (self)appointed, but also the audience itself, who for many reasons deny themselves erotic titillation. Horror films of the type described above enjoy



their greatest appeal among those whose access to erotic material islimited (and/or restricted), but who nonetheless are in a position to enjoy it. Various methods are employed to make this type of theme acceptable in these circumstances. The potential rapists are most often rendered sexless (like the hapless horny Creature from the Black Lagoon) and/or events are carefully cut so that the audience must draw its own conclusions when the camera draws away from the creature/vampire/mad doctor bent over the slumbering starlet. Thus horror films of this type serve as a form of socially acceptable pornography, and are in most demand in those areas where the real thing is supppressed.

The second kind of films are uniquely American in their creation. These are the "destruction" films, in which a gigantic creature roams the countryside, ravaging the populace and atomizing the landscape, to disappear before the onrush of man. These films are related to thosee as above by the film that more or less typifies the genre in the American mind, King Kong. Kong actually represents a merger of the two types; both the sexual and the destruction themes are graphically represented. Fay Wray, the heroine, is actually "symbolically" raped by Kong (as Esquire says, she is "peeled (from her clothes) like a platinum blonde banana") who in his slobbering pursuit of the toothsome Miss Wray stomps people, throws them out of windows,



eats them, wrecks subways, messes up 34th St., etc. Here the rape theme is defused by the grotesque difference in and Kong's sexlessness size (nonetheless he begat a Son of Kong). The destruction is camoflaged not at all. Later films of this type (notably those featuring giant insects or reptiles 12 sexless by definition) feature the destruction theme entirely, often ignoring the plight, plot, and pith of the human characters for great stretches to linger lovingly upon the annihilation of some big city.

There is also considerable destruction in the films of the first type, but on a more personal level. As time goes by more and more graphic torture and mutilation scenes are introduced into these films, stemming from the depiction of the vampires' punctured victims and the vampires' staked-out ends in earlier films. One film company, Hammer of England, is responsible for ninety-nine

percent of this output, most of which is nothing less than sadomasachistic pornography of very high quality, unmatched in its field until the appearance of Ken Russell's The Devils. My favorite example of a horror film of this type is Hammer's Scream Again, which features vampirism (girls with their throats torn out), mutitation (a man is successively dismembered as his arms and legs are needed for experiments), necrophilia, dissolution in acid, and other bloody tortures. Why Hammer does not we name itself De Sade Productions and be honest about it I don't know. The films are inevitably rated GP, by the way. Bring the kiddies.

Examining horror films as a whole, then, we find a great deal of destruction and cruelty. Films of the first kind feature all sorts of bizarre tortures and perversoons, as well as having rape as their central theme, and films of the second type are devoted to a careful detailed depiction of wholesale destruction. A film like Scream and Scream Again is virtually indistinguishable from hardcore pornography of the sadomasochistic kind (the kind pro-censorship people inevitably drag up as representative of all pornography) and I think that all can be classified thusly under a new name: the pornography of violence. Like sexually oriented pornography, the pornography of violence goes on and on, film after film, with only brief pauses while the people, cities and so on pull themselves together (literally!) for the next round. Both types of pornography operate under a different logical system, both are logics of extremes. In the pornography of sex all actions, words and deeds, are directed towards sexual acts, all characters existing only to couple freely with any and all other characters. In the pornography of violence characters exist only to give or receive pain, particularly that which is sexually perverse in nature; sadomasochistic in nature. The two pornographies thus blend in that type of movie discussed above, where the principle shock derive derives not from the audience's fear of the unknown (creatures, etc.) but from its reaction to the fear of pain. It is this type film fare that is most beloved by the audiences examined here, films where the destruction is greatest, the blood the reddest, the screams the loudest. For example, & Willard, a movie whose principle sequences feature people being devoured by rats, far outgrossed Love Story at the box office. The audience for pseudoromattic trivia is limited, but the audience for horror is nearly unlimited, if the blood is flowing strong.

Why is it that a supposedly normal audience whould demand this type of fare, preferring it over subjects of a more 'normal' and humanistic (?) nature? The answer lies in the classic American substitution of violence for sex in its entertainment media in general. As a substitute for sex films of varying strengths, or films with sexual themes in them, we are confronted with such perverse entertainments of the pornography of violence as The Dirty Dozen and the "spagetti westerns" such as For A Few Dollars More. People exist in these movies only to kill or be killed, and for more exotic tastes there are always sadomasochistic fillips like spanking (compare spanking prexe porno with the scene in John Wayne's McClintock in which Wayne spanks Maureen O'Hara, who is dressed in underwear that in other places might be described as 'kinky' binding and gagging, whipping, etc. To match this conscious substitution we have the horror



films, whose subjects are more psychologically perverse in suggestion, just as hardcore pornography is more erotic than, say, <u>Playboy</u>. It is impossible to doubt that such a consistent substitution has not permeated our national psyche, and hardened us against feeling distress when confronted with the agonies of others around us. Psychotic people in America act out the fantasies provided by the establishment media, not by the pornographers. Our mental priorities have been turned around and we favor the destructive pornography of violence to the constructive pornography of sex (for isn't it in one sense the propaganda of our reproductive urges?)

Not all fantasy films follow this tack exactly. Many of the pure scifi films, that is those based more on 20th century scifi pulp fiction than on Gothic romances or Lost World type subjects, have a different theme entirely at their heart: the alienation of man, and his conflicts with machines which seek to replace him and steal his humanity. But the vast majority of films seen in America are basically socially acceptable forms of pornography, and these have led us down mental paths that are perhpas very dangerous to travel.



FOOTNOTES:

- 1. I am mainly referring to American fantasy films made in the period 1920 to the present, excluding those few pure science fiction movies (like Destination Moon, Forbidden Flanet) and those more elegant creations such as Freaks, Metropolis, Val Lewton films, etc.
- 2. In support of this argument I draw on the case of a particular recent vampire film, Count Yorgo, Vampire. This film, made by veteran stag film producers, originally combined the Count's attack on a young ladyes neck with one on the rest of her delectable body. These scenes were snipped by the distributor, American International, leaving only the blood scenes, the stabbings, etc. They got a PG rating for it in this manner.
- 3. Like the Dracula and Frankenstein series, as started by Universal in the 30s and continued by Hammer films, bloodier than ever, today.
- 4. There is in this a certain class longing, as the girls are usually rich types and the monsters, lowlifes (with whom the audience, in this sense, identifies)
- 5. Horror film makers usually take the original model and spice it up a bit from the last time, omitting everything extraneous to the blood and guts.
- o. In The Other Victorians. Also Inge and Sten Hegler's Pornography and the law.
- . The films are after all dreams, which do not end but merely tail off, to be repeated at some later form in a different guise.
- 8. Horror films do okay in big (sinful) cities but the real money is out in Middle America, at the single theatre towns and drive-ins.
- 9. There are fictional and movie predecessors, but they pale in comparison to the quality and technical expertise of Kong.
- 10. I am referring here to the uncensored Kong now being shown by Janus Films. Details of the uncensoring are in the Sept. 1971 Esquire pp 145-9.
- 11. Mentioned by Carlos Clarens in An Illustrated History of the Horror Film. He also notes the implicit rape theme and sexual symbols.
- 12. Jane Gaskell has a great scene in The City in which two Tyrannosauri mate, but Jane Gaskell is another story altogether.
- 13. Kong begat Konga who begatMighty Joe Young; Gorgo begat Godzilla who begat The Creature from 2000 Fathoms who begat the Thing who begat.....

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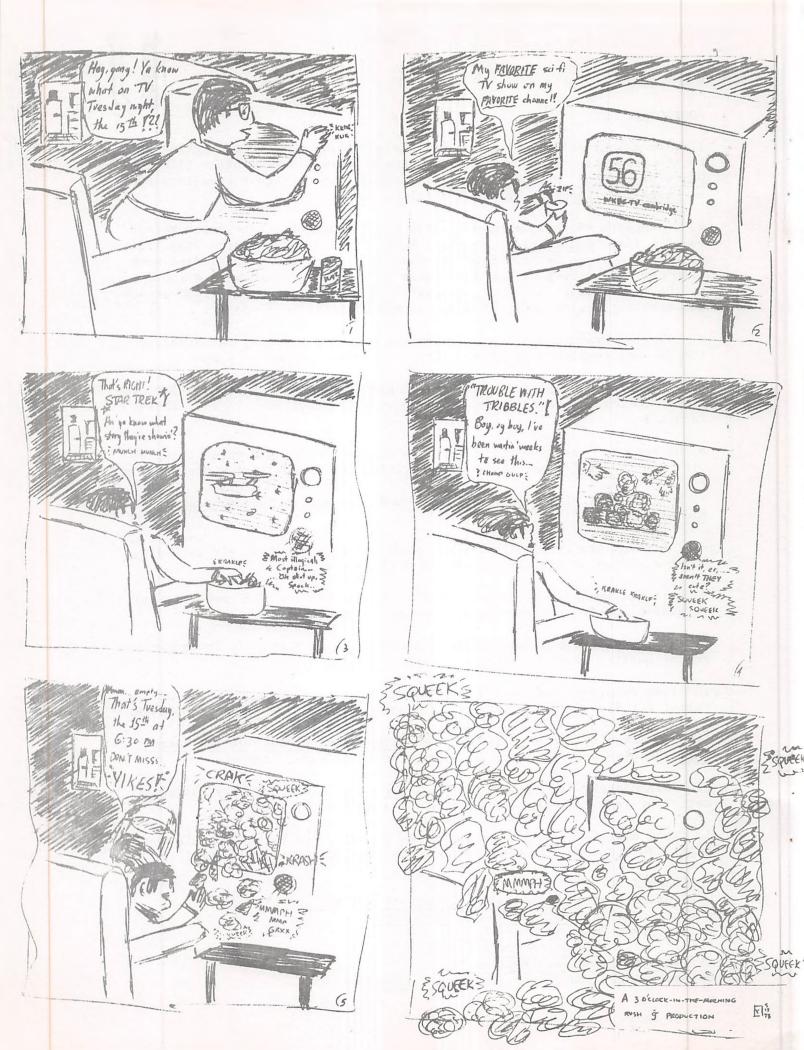
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Baxter, John Science Fiction in the Cinema

Butler, Ivan Horror in the Cinema

Sadism in the Movies

Gifford, Denis Science Fiction Film Wallace, Edgar and Cooper, Merian C., King Kong



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TORCON 2 (after a fashion...)

One of the neat things about living in a border town is that, no matter how bad things might be in your country, there's sure to be relief just across the river. It's not that the sight of hamburger was unknown to me last summer, since all the stores had "imported" beef (you take some cows in a truck over a bridge to Windsor and back again, and now its imported beef). But at \$2 a pound I'd forgotten what it tasted like. And, of course, I was going to go to Torcon in style. Avoid the hassels, take the train from Windsor to Toronto. So instead of running out of meat, Canada had a train strike.

But once I got there it was worth driving 4 hours. Within a couple blocks of the hotel were not one but three establishments called Harvey Wallbangers. They were typical steak houses, only at \$1.29 for a complete dinner. I think I spent the entire con eating steak.

So what can I say about the con? We were there mostly to buy books for the library, and we did manage to drop over \$200. A lot of that went for British mags and paperbacks at the Bakka bookstore in Toronto.

We also got to see the "Spaced Out Library" which would be a nice collection of sf if it weren't for the bitch who runs the place...an expatriate New Yorker who fled to Toronto to spread the disease. The library is basically Judith Merril's collection which she donated to the city. Hence it is mostly books, very few mags, and thus very different from the MITSFS collection. A direct comparison would be pointless. In number of items, we're bigger, if that means anything. Which it shouldn't.

And as for the con itself...I spent most of the time watching the movies. Monty Python's And Now For Something Completely Different was far and away the best. (Since I'd been turned onto the Flying Circus from the summer, I knew what to expect. Sort of. LSC will be showing it this term.)

Being a neo, and shy to boot (blush!) I didn't get to meet too many folks at the con. Mostly I looked on from a distance. The Australians seemed the most active-naturally, since the Aussiecon bid was up. A couple of the younger fans bothered me, in different ways. There was a kid from Brooklyn who rotated from group to group, being obnoxious. And there was Heidi Saha as Vampirella. Maybe it was part of her act, but from this viewpoint she looked like she was burned out already at age 15. I imagine having your picture in ten zillion Warren mags--and your name in fanzines like this one written by complete strangers--can't do a young psyche any good. Anyway, it makes ya wonder.

One of the neater parts, natch, was the art show. As an agent of MITSFS, I got <u>Hier L'an 2000</u>, a French book about sf pulp art that was being auctioned off. I can't read French, but I can look at the pictures. The author of the book inscribed it for us, and he seemed as excited that I bought it as I was to get it. I also get to talk to Issac, who had mentioned MITSFS in the program book, for which I thanked him. He was polite enough to pretend to understand what I was talking about.

Small World Dept: I ran into a fellow there who recognized my home town of Port Sanilac, Mich. It seems he has a relative from there. Considering the population of Port Sanilac is smaller than the membership of MITSFS...It just reminds me of what somebody said at one of the programs. He compared fandom to a small town. As a big city boy newly moved to a small, small town, I can agree the experience is quite similar.

Rabbits and Changelings

by Estaban Vladamir Jones

(Professor Jones is famous for developing new methods of historical research. Rabbits and Changelings is an excerpt from his latest book, Peter Rabbit Alive.)

The most remarkable discovery of my career came about by accident. I can remember it as if it had happened yesterday. I was doing a final piece of research for my book on the mad monk Rasputin (A Priest Unknown, Miscatonic University Press, 1970; \$11.50). I planned to get some background information from the life of Peter the Great. A motorcycle chanced to pass the building where I was working, and filled the room with noise as I gave his name to the medium. A moment later, I was listening to the voice of Peter Rabbit!



Apologies to John Tenniel

Due to the shortsighted and provincial attitude of the supreme court, I am unable at this time to reveal the full details of Mr. Rabbit's activites, or even why this, perhaps the greatest of all the European families, has found it necessary to go underground. However, my lawyer has assured me that the following material is acceptable.

The Rabbitt family has traditions involving their MRKHAX descent from certain legendary of mythical personages. I have broken my usual rule of publishing only self-evident truth so far as to indicate these relationships by dotted lines. It should be noted that the mores of the time would not have required celebacy of Saint Peter nor, of course, of Mary Magdaline. There are also some obscure references to a place called Saint Peter's burrow.

The fruitful marriages between males, offspring of a single parent, etc, appearing on the chart should not be taken as evidence for certain scurrilous rumors concerning Rabbits. They are simply the result of dropping intermediate relatives from a family tree. A complete geniological chart of the Rabbit family is being prepared, but I recommend it only to those who have the use of large enclosed spaces, such as astrodomes.

The Rabbit's custom of changing family names every few generations is probally an affectation, borrowed from the nobility. The suggestion that they are trying to live something down does not merit discussion.

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Perhaps the most puzzling entry in the table is the March Hare, who seems to have gone on producing offspring for several centuries. The most plausible explanation is that "March Hare" is a nickname which the Rabbits applied to any family member who showed signs of insanity. However, Thomas Tackle's theory has caused so much comment that I will give a brief outline of it. Mr. Tackle maintains that the March Hare was actually Jack the Ripper.

He believes that Jack the Ripper used glands taken from dead bodies to make a potion which gives him eternal youth. He points out that both of the persons in question were insane, had great sexual powers, and were doctors. (The Rabbits' work in obstetrics is well known). The March Hare is reported to have existed for several centuries, and Professor Dodgson states that time does not pass for him (Zeitschrift für Rabbithblenzen, 38, 1895). The elixer was known to ancient Druids, who held Rabbits sacred. Finally, "Jack" is a natural alias for a Rabbit.

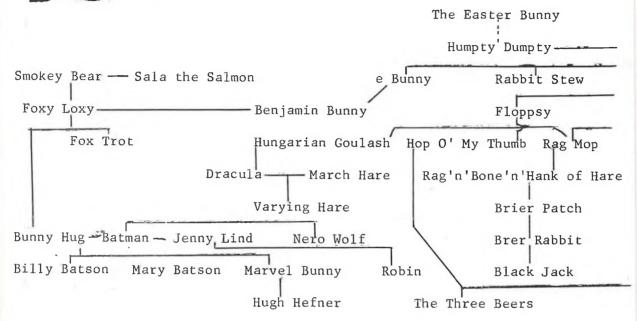
There is some force in this. However he really does not make much of a case for the existance of the Terrible Ten, and his idea that the world is ruled by an international conspiracy of hares is absurd.

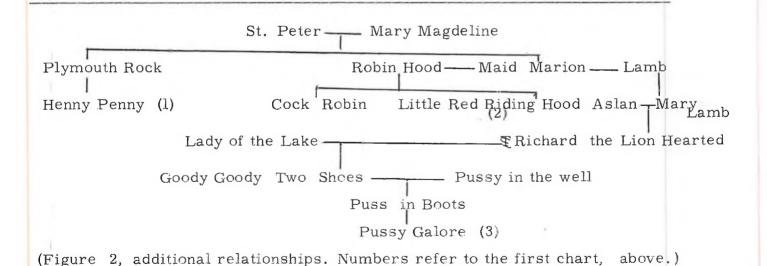
As this goes to press, I have made a rather unsettling discovery. It occured to me that if there was any truth in Mr. Tackle's theory, there must have been other occasions when the March Hare was compelled to break the law to obtain the grisly ingredients for the elixer. In my first hour of research I learned of a group of criminals who robbed graves and mutilated dead bodies. The most notorious members of the k group were named Burk and Hare. There may be something in it. Perhaps ..material for another book.

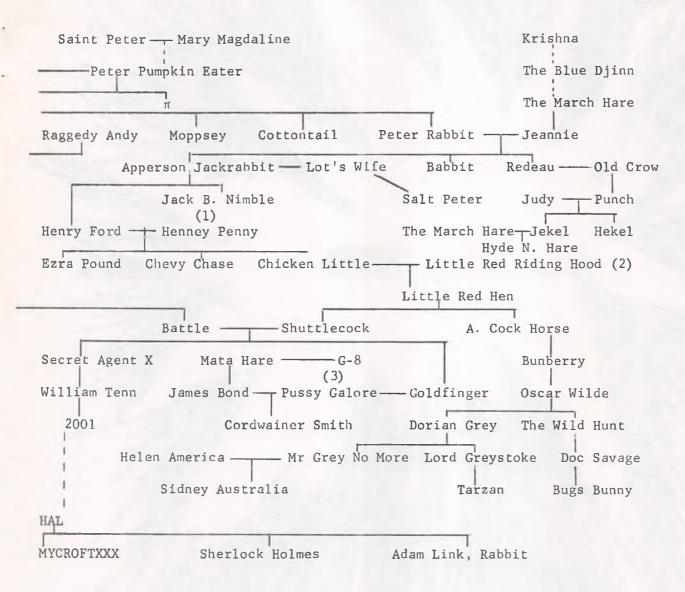
--Malcolm Y

(Following are two figures from the upcoming book. The first is the Family Tree of Peter Rabbit (Abridged). Dotted Lines show doubtful relationships.

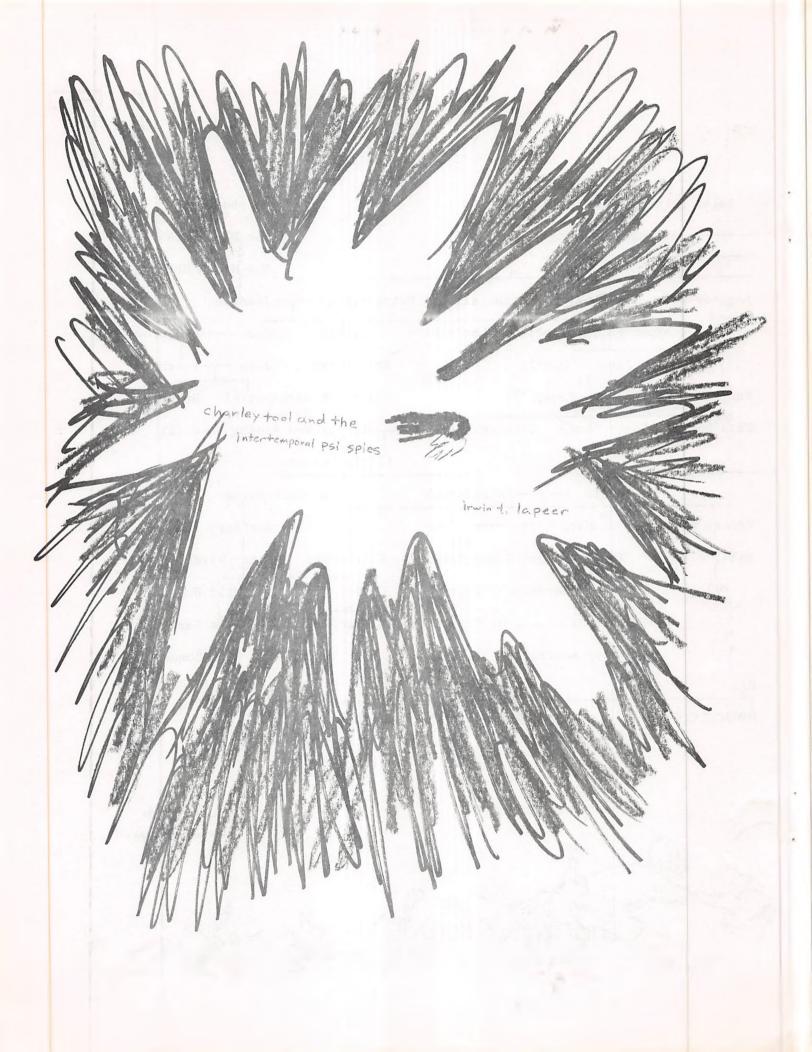
The second is a chart of additional relationships --ed)











Her hair was long and brown. It fell, something like a cascade, around her elfin face and over her shoulders and down her side. It rustled ever so slightly as she moved her head.

She looked up from his bed and gazed at his warm, tiny room. A brick red lion, no doubt Aslan himself, stared back at her from a print on the wall. The walls were brick.

The walls were excessively close in on her. Beyond the lion, they were bare.

Her head jerked slightly at the sound of a key in the door. As it opened, she heard a tired sigh, and someone looked in. There was a moment of silence as she studied his face in the doorway. Cold blue eyes, set in a face hid by rumpled hair and a think, black beard, returned her stare.

"This," said Charley, "is disgusting."

"Hello, Charley," said the girl in a small voice. "Sure is a crummy room you have here. How could anyone live in such a dump?"

"Don't know," said Charley, as he threw his school books on the floor, and plopped himself down on a pile of dirty laundry beside them "Maybe that's why they call them coffins"

"Coffins?" asked Sarah.

"Coffin singles," answered Charley. "Coffins because they're long and narrow and gloomy, and singles because they're one man rooms. I have the only key. So how did you get in here?"

"You don't have to be a student at MIT to be able to pick locks," she said in an off-hand way.

"You also don't have to be an expert in picking locks, if you can get your hands on a master key because your dad happens to be a big-shot professor at this school," Charley replied "Especially if he's the kind of absent-minded prof who lets his ten year old daughter run wild."

I

Wild? Sarah didn't actually run wild. Rather, she ran with total self-assurance, and ran where she pleased.

She'd run into Charley a few months back, while he was doing research under her father, who was an eminent solid-state chemist and a self-assured man in his own right.

As far as Charley could tell, Sarah never seemed to go to school. She could be found at any hour of the day, it seemed, hanging around Dr. Bush's office, or playing with crystal models in his lab.



At least she always seemed to be around when Charley was there. She seemed quite taken with Charley.

Charley was a tolerant sort, and usually managed to be pleasant with her. He wasn't that far from ten years old himself, being not quite nineteen and not in a great hurry to get any older.

Yet, looking at her now, Charley was annoyed. Her impish form, the misleading look on her big brown eyes, sent a slight shudder up his back. "God help up when she becomes a teenager," he mused to himself.

Sarah broke in on her thoughts. "Now that you're here, do you want to help me with something?"

"Sarah, it is beyond my feeble powers. You are beyond help."

"Hmph," she sniffed. "There's something in Building 20 I want to find out about, but I want your help."

Charley's interest perked slightly. There was something odd about her request. She'd always had the run of the campus, and had always seemed willing to get into her own mischief, no help from him necessary.

"What do you want me for?" he asked.

"Protection," she said. Before Charley could marvel at this pronouncement, she continued.

"I met a guy there who, well, seemed pretty mean and..." she paused, not quite willing to admit how she felt. "I really would like to see someone fix him up good."

Her tone was so serious, so quiet, so unlike her that Charley bit back the nasty replies he had on his tongue.

"What were you doing ..." he started, then said, "well, knowing you that's not necessary to ask. What happened in Building 20?"

"I was waiting around for my daddy to finish up in his lab. It was about 3 o'clock--"

"Wait a minute. As I recall, your dad was up all last night working and didn't even come to work today."

"That's right," Sarah said. "Like I said, it was about three in the morning. Anyway, there wasn't much going on, so I figured I'd go down and see if anyone was hanging around the computer labs..."

11

In her mind, she relived the scene: like a lithe, sleek black cat, bold young Sarah padded through the ghostly silent hallways. The brilliance of the cold flourescent lamps shimmered off the stark white walls, and beat in

the rhythm of her footsteps past the closed rows of white doors, between the endless stretch of white ceiling tiles and white floor tiles. The darkly dressed figure carried the blackness of the night with her as she prowled down the corridors...

At the end of the hallway, she stopped, turned, and stepped into an elevator which quietly whisked her to the third floor.

There, she stepped down another corridor, through a set of doors, and into the chilled, carefully controlled environment of the Computer Room. Banks of I/O devices stood to her left and her right...tapes, disk drives, massive high-speed printout devices; and, in the center, quietly meeping its banks of lights, was the low console of the computer itself.

(Once Sarah had actually made the mistake of trying to find out what all that junk in that room really was, and how it worked, and why. She found the basic principles disgustingly simple, and resolved to study them no further. To her, the romantic appeal of technology lay in its mysteries.)

She knew Bob, one of the guys working in the computer room. She'd seen the other fellow there before, but didn't know his name. Her best friend among the computer hackers was Sandra, but she wasn't working that night.

Bob seemed kind of busy at the moment, and the other one seemed kind of gruff. Neither seemed interested in letting her play any of the games the computer had programmed, so she gave the equipment her usual inspection, and wandered back out into the white hallway again.

Again, she straightened her shoulders. This time, she saw herself as a panther, roaming in a jungle of mysterious shapes. Calmly and deliberately, she raised her left arm to brush a strand of her silky brown hair from her face, and surreptitiously stole a glance at her imaginary wristwatch. "Twenty past three," she mused to herself. (That's what the clock in the computer room had said.) Now she was a beautiful, mysterious spy, quietly alert to the presence of friend or foe.

She suddenly felt a hand on her shoulder, and jumped half a foot off the ground.

Chagrined, and broken out of her imaginary rondezvous with destiny, she turned around, expecting to see her father.

It wasn't her father.

The hand on her shoulder belonged to a young man, perhaps 22 or so. He was not too tall, and almost skinny. He had rather short-cropped, curly dark hair, and it appeared he was trying-unsuccessfully, Sarah thought--to grow a moustache. She looked into his smirking face, and immediately disliked him.

"My, my, young lady," he said "We're up a bit past our & bedtime, are we not?"

"I'm not that kind of girl," Sarah replied icily.

("What?" exclaimed Charley "You actually said that?"

"Well, no," Sarah admitted "With I had, though. I didn't think of it 'til later.")

"I'm sorry, child, but I must ask you to move along now," the youth continued, keeping his hand on her shoulder. He squeezed it a little, Sarah thought. "I've got some business here, and I do not wish to be disturbed. So if you would just run along now ."

(His voice "dripped with condensation," Sarah told Charley. He didn't correct her.)

The youth kept a tight grip on her shoulder, and let his thumb play with her hair. Sarah was feeling a little strange--a mostly disgusted feeling, a little bit afraid. She watched him, puzzledly, and saw a touch of his smirk again. Then he turned her waround, and pushed her away with a pat on the fanny, saying, "be a good girl now."

("A pat on the fanny, eh?" & But Sarah gave Charley a dirty look, and he shut up,

"I've never had anyone give me a feel before," said Sarah.

"Oh, good grief -- "

"I'm only ten years old, you know. And I don't like strangers handling me. At least, I didn't like the way he was. " $\,$

Charley didn't know whether to be amused or sympathetic. "Did you tell your dad about this?"

"No. He's been asleep since we got home this morning," she replied. "No stamina."

"I meant, before you got home "

"No," she answered. "I didn't feel like talking about it. At the time, anyway."

"So did he do anything else?"

"My daddy? No, like I say, all he does is sleep."

"I meant the fellow you met in the hall."

"No. He just gave me a cheap feel and went back to his room. That was the other weird part, though. He seemed to be working out of an old storage room, filled with papers and stuff."

"He was probably a janitor."

"You couldn't find the number, or what?"

"No, the room wasn't there any more. Or at any rate, there wasn't any door where there was one last night."

"Yeah, I suppose that's weird," Charley agreed.)

III

There was a ringing in the room.

"Uh, Charley? Hello--are you busy? This is Dr. Bush..."

"Hello, daddy," Sarah answered the voice on the telephone. "You wanted to talk to Charley?"

"Hello, Professor Bush," said Charley, taking the phone from Sarah, and pushing her off his bed. She gave him a dirty look. "You wanted to talk to me?" Charley continued.

"Yes, Charles," said the rpofessor. "Could you get down to 20-118 right w away? Something has happened in one of the labs here..."

In his office, Prof. Bush hung up the phone, and leaned back in his desk chair. Behind him, he gazed abstractly at the sailboats creeping back and forth on the Charles River, 10 floors below him. Even at that distance he suspected that his reflection in the water below would show the strands of premature grey in his longish hair and ill-trimmed moustache. It was the price of having a crazy 10 year old daughter. What was she doing in Charley's room, anyway?

It was bad enough being called out of bed to take care of some freak explosion. But to have to take care of his explosive daughter as well...

He got up, and walked over to building 20. Workmen were still around, repairing the damage that the Bungarians had done to the Institute in their abortive raid (see TZ 26). "I suppose that's why they want Charley at this meeting, too," he muttred to himself. He and Charley--and Sarahwere among the few people who had had first hand experience with the Bungarians. And if this explosion in the biology labs had anything to do with them...

"Now, Jacque, explain in your own words exactly what happened to these folks," said the security man. He scowled add tapped his notepad with his pencil as he spoke. Sarah, Charley, and Dr. Bush were looking rather puzzled, while the young French grad student, still in his lab coat-singed brown--surveyed the wreckage in the lab where they were gathered.

"Huh?" asked the grad student.

"Say what happened to these folks."

"But, you see, nothing happened to these folk," he said, waving his arm at the others. "I was I say alone at the time..."

"Yeah, yeah," the security agent muttered. "Just tell us what happened."

"Hokey," said the Frenchman. He cleared his throat. "I was standing over here, making myself the meat-sandwich on the burner, while over by that table, there, you see the one over there? Yes, where the little girl is now, I had my 'ormone--"

"Yer what?"

"The 'ormone, yes...you know? In the milkshake...what you call in Boston, what The Frappe. Yes. Very clever name. Well--"

"Wha?" asked the agent. "So you had an almond frappe? So what--"

"No, no, no, not amon', 'ormone --"

"What's he talking about?" the guard asked Dr. Bush.

"I believe Jacque is working in hormone research, if I'm not mistaken," replied the doctor.

"Oui, ze 'ormone!" agreed Jacque.

"If I've got this right, I think he was using a sort of paste, like a frappe, as a medium in which to manufacture hormones..." continued Dr. Bush

"How do you make a hormone?" asked little Sarah Bush.

"Someday I may show the young lady, no?" leered the Frenchman.

"Okay, okay, so get on with it. How did your lab explode?" asked the security agent.

"No. He just gave me a cheap feel and went back to his room. That was the other weird part, though. He seemed to be working out of an old storage room, filled with papers and stuff."

"He was probably a janitor."

"No, I know all the janitors. But I didn't get to the weird part yet. I went by the same place today, looking to see what room it was. And I couldn't find it."

"You couldn't find the number, or what?"

"No, the room wasn't there any more. Or at any rate, there wasn't any door where there was one last night."

"Yeah I suppose that's weird," Charley agreed.)

III

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"Okay, okay, so get on with it. How did your lab explode?" asked the security agent.

"I was alone, yes?" continued the Frenchman. "Suddenly, I turn around and there is this noise."

"What did it sound like?"

"KABOOM!"

"Where did it come from?"
"From where the boy was standing."
"You mean where Charley is now?"
"No, the other boy."
"What other boy?"

Jacque was puzzled for a moment. Then he slapped his head, and exclaimed, "Ah! Yes, I was not alone. There was the other boy there, with all the papers--"

"A paperboy?" asked the agent

"A boy with papers, yes. With--what...my journals, oui."

"You say a paperboy from the Journal was there. Was he hurt in the explosion?"

"Which explosion?" asked Jacque.

"The one that went Kaboom," suggested Sarah, trying to be helpful.

"Oui, KABOOM, yes. No, I did not see the boy get hurt."

"What happened to him?"
"Poof! He disappears."
"Into thin air?"
"Oui."
"Anything else?"
"He takes my journal with him."
"So what caused the explosion?"
"I think maybe it was when he drinks the milkshake."
"Which milkshake? Oh, the frappe with the hormones?"

"Oui, oui," answered the young researcher, nodding his head vigorously.

"Do you still have the milkshake?"

"Yes...the frappe, it is around here someplace."

"What was in it?"

"I forget. I think there was milk, the ice cream, the extract of vanilla..."

"I mean, anything unusual. Chemicals..."

"The 'ormones, of course."

"How did you prepare them?"

"Am not sure I remember."

"Didn't wou keep notes?"

"Of course, but, like I say, the boy, he disappear, he take the journals with him."

"You had your notes in a newspaper?" the security agent asked, incredulous.

"I think the journal he's talking about is his scientific journals," said Dr. Bush.

"Then where did the paperboy come from?" asked the guard.

"There wasn't any paperboy. I mean, the boy he's talking about wasn't a paperboy."

"Well who was he?" asked the agent. Dr. Bush shrugged. "Who was he?" asked the agent again, looking at Jacque. Jacque shrugged, too.

"What did he look like?" Dr. Bush asked

"Tall, lanky, the blond hair, the crew cut "

"Hey, I'll bet you it was that Tom Wuft fellow," said the guard.

"Isn't he the one who lives with his father on that improbable scientific island complex, Spendthrift Island?" asked Charley.

"No, you're thinking of Rick Brunt. We've had our share of trouble with him, too, though. No, this Tom fellow comes from the Frightful Coast complex. Every four weeks or so he's reported running away from home again. Just a thrill seeker. And I suppose there's not much for a young fellow to do on an improbable scientific complex someplace along the remote New Jersey coastline. But I tell you, the youth of today are just too darn headstrong for my tastes. Why, when I was a lad--"

There was an explosion, followed by a distinct "poof" sound. And there was a tired look on Dr. Bush's face as the smoke cleared. He shook his head and muttered, "well, Charley tried to stop her. But no, she had to drink it."

Where Charley and Sarah once stood, there was now only smoke and an almost empty flask of what once was a milkshake. Jacque looked at it in amazement.

"Again! The Force de Frappe!"

"Who are you?" the 15-year-old telepath asked the lanky blond crew-cut boy genius who had just materialized in her room from out of a blue glaze.

"Uh...me...ah ..name Pam? Sam? no ...uh, Clem?...Tom? Yeah, Tom. But who cares? Hey, baby, whaddaya say we get our rocks off, hey? I mean..."

She knew what he meant. And she didn't need her telepathic powers to figure it out. "You can get your flickering hands off me," she said coldly.

With a look of cool confidence, she attempted to take control of his mind. The task, however, seemed to be beyond her abilities...fighting down the first tinges of panic, she concentrated harder to try and detect any evidence of a rational mind that she could control. But all she could see were the sex-crazed ravings of the over-hormoned adolescent's mind.

Meanwhile the youth pushed further and further into the girl's room. As he approached across the plush green carpet of her dormatory room at Pyhrrana College, she became all too uncomfortably aware of the rather brief sleeping attire she was wearing. She glanced at the clock-3 am, and no chance of getting someone else into the room to stop the intruder.

Psi power wouldn't work. But from the deep instincts of her ancestry, an ancient but still valid piece of advice seeped its way into the sufface of her memory...

An instant later, Tom was on the floor, clutching between his legs in agony, while the girl rubbed the soreness out of her foot.

But her tactic, while momentarily successful, had not completely blunted the drug-driven youth's assult. A flash of inventiveness, which in happier times was Tom's trademark, began to gleam across his face.

"Oh, my, what has come we over me?" he asked, as if he had regained his senses. The girl, still a bit shaken from Tom's extreme reaction to her swift kick, went over to help him up. "You're recovered?" she asked, haltingly.

"Quite," replied Tom with a smirk. He had the girl in his iron grip.

Like fireworks exploding over a raging sea, the struggle ensued; but Tom's advance was halted by a clap of blue thunder and a flash of loud light. Charley and Sarah exploded onto the scene. The force of the blow staggered Tom, the super-saturated feind, groggily, he came to his senses. The girls did not realize exactly where the explosion came from, but she used the opportunity to escape from her threatener.

The newly arrived couple watched the rapidly shrinking form of the girl running from the room and down the dormatory hallway. Tom knelt on the floor, sobbing, and clutching a thin strip of gossamer in his shaking hand.

"Fine ass on that girl," Sarah commented on the fleeing form with a touch of envy in her voice. Charley averted his eyes.

He turned back to Tom. But Tom had disappeared.

VI

"Don't worry," replied Dr. Bush. "Charley'll think of something by the end of the story."

VII

"The Supergovernment Court of the Hub hereby sentences you to 30 years hard labor at Atoxyl Prison Asteroid. Next case," boomed the stentorian voice from the far-distant bench in the cavernous court-room. Two univormed guards grabbed Tom, and unceremoniously carried him off, stunned and blubbering.

I In the rear of the courtroom, Charley and Sarah turned and walked through massive wooden doors, out into the street of the capital city. There, waiting for them, was their one friend on this planet--the 15 year old telepath, Tulzy Lumbertion.

"I know how you must feel about your friend Tom," she began.

"He's no friend, but we have to get him out of here anyway," Charley answered.

During the past week, Charley, Sarah, and Tulzy had explored every official channel of the Bureau of Psitronics, to no avail.

The psi people were reluctant to relieve their story, and were powerless to prevent Tom's conviction in any case. The guardian device which had teleported Tom into prison, as soon as it had detected the first feelings of guilt from the lad, had started a chain of proceedings where Tom's own psychological indications told the court the crime he'd committed, gave evidence of his guilt, and even indicated the appropriate sentence.

"It's ironic," Tulzy mused, as the three of them walked down the street. "It was Tom's basic good nature, his basic revulsion to what he tried to do, that convicted him. He didn't realize that, actually, he wasn't even guilty of the charge."



Charley looked at the girl in amazement. "Of course he wasn't guilty," she continued. "Do you think I'd let a slob like him touch me?"

Then, mistily, Charley felt the girl's psi power flow over him and Sarah, and brief impressions of the adventures of Tulzy Lumbertion (sometimes accompanied by her horse Trigger) seeped into their consciousness...they saw monsters on subterranian caves in strange planets picking her up and savagely ripping her clothes to shreds...Tulzy being attacked by evil psi mutants, with pawing psi tenticles and lecherous intentions; and strange teleports with warped minds, who would transport away a girl's underwear for no apparent reason right in the middle of a story...

"None of these things happened when Tom was near me," Tulzy remarked. "He was something of a disappointment."

They walked down the street--it was a warm summer day--and sat down on a park bench underneath spreading greenery.

"I don't understand it," Charley remarked. "I really don't see how we could be so unconvincing...how Tom could be plucked from his own world, we could be pulled from it, and still nobody here seemes to care."

"Typical of the Psi Service," Tulzy said off-handedly. But she was bothered, too. The lower echalon people she'd talked to--the people who knew her personally--were more than willing to help. But someone, or something, higher up in the service--

"Hey!" cried Sarah. Tulzy turned to her, and noticed Charley was missing.

"Where's--" Tulzy stopped. She suddenly knew why Charley was gone. She could sense the same interspacial transporter that had whisked Tom away from her room a week ago was working again. Even now, Sarah was beginning to fade from sight.

Quickly she flashed a tendril of psi into Sarah's consciousness. Tulzy anchored her psi shields, and started to pull back.

VIII

Between two powers of psi, in a strange existence between two worlds, both visible to her superimposed on one another, and neither now the space of her existence, Sarah lay suspended. She could feel the strong links of Tolzy's power grasping tirmly and immovibly upon her, and she could still see Tulzy in the park, the terrible strain of her effort showing in her face.

And Sarah could also feel the active, kinetic power of a new psi, ever darting, ever pulling at her mind and body...so that at one moment she might feel her consciousness leaving her; the next might be a moment of sheer pain, as it seemed her very skin would be torn from her bones.

The heat of the psi forces flamed about her like the blasts of a roaring jet as the new psi tried to tear her w away from Tulzy.

Sarah had once, long ago, in peaceful white halls, pictured herself as a wild panther, with agile, rippling muscles. She had felt so free, so alive. Now, in the searing white heat of this non-dimension of psi, she felt her rippling body trapped in psi. The new psi was fighting Tulzy for Sarah. The new psi was winning.

As her body came under his control, she could feel it turn cold; almost numb. The cold started at her feet. Gradually it spread up her legs, preceded by what fact like a sheet of flame. It crawled up her, probed her, tested her power to withstand.

She could see this psi now, partly hidden by banks of ominous complex devices. He was dressed in a golden cloak, with the insignia of the Psi Service on his chest. His was a rank in the service far higher than any officer she had met. But she recognized him.

His moustache was a little fuller now. But under it the learing smile was the same. He wanted her.

She could feel the icy fire reaching up, past her waist now. There was not much left for her to lose.

As the cold overtook her, the picture of the psi's room became clearer. She could see now the form of another person draped across a giant metal grid. There was another grid, she could see, weak waiting just for her.

And at this moment, a plan flashed through her mind. Its conception was of an instant, yet in this instant its entirety was carried with crystal clarity over the psi bonds to Tulzy. Tulzy darted one thin, strong thread of psi to Sarah; then suddenly cut off all other resistance.

Like a shot Sarah sprang into the evil psi's room. Those panther muscles tensed for contact with the grid. She hit suddenly, and just as suddenly she rebounded, leaping from the grid and flying arms outstretched into the evil psi.

He had only time for a sudden gasp when she was upon him. She swung on a cable suspended over his head, wrentching it from its socket, and smashed her feet into his face.

He and his machinery were out cold.

TX

Acting under Tulzy's psi-linked instructions, Sarah soon revived Charley and together they inspected the devices around them



"Amazing," said Tulzy "That man is the Djall of Marlette, head of the dread Marletti. He's the most feared man in the system. He obviously has used illegal means to gain his position with the Psi Service."

"He's coming around," said Charley. "It's a good thing I've tied him up with these loose wires."

He turned to the Marletti leader. "All right, Mister Djall or whoever you are. You're going to follow my orders and you're going to make it snappy. We've only got two pages to the everything together, you know."

"Never"" cried the Djall.

"See those two metal grids, the ones you used as psi antennae to bring Sarah and me here? They have now been placed, one to either side of you. I have connected them up to your power source. I'm not sure what voltage you are using, and I am also curious as to what your electrical permeability might be."

Reluctantly, the Djall asked what Charley wanted of him.

"Bring Tom Wuft here," he commanded.

The subdued psi explained which knobs to pull, which levers to twist Before Charley could decide whether to trust his instructions, Sarah had pulled and twisted, and Tom was there among them.

A hurried explanation followed, and then Charley said, "Ok, Tom. You're a whiz. Try to fix this machine so we can get home."

The Djall chuckled. "I thought you might try that, Tom Wutt. Well, you'll never get back now! I've stranded you here forever, and that machine is powerless to help you!"

Ignoring his claim, Tom worked feverishly on the complicated machinery. "Pretty much based on my own designs," he mused to himself. He let out a low whistle. "Why, look at this serial number paate--this equipment was built right at Frightful Coast!" Turning to the others he exclaimed, "This man is a Bungarian spy!"

"You've discovered my secret at last, Tomm. But I'll never let you escape alive!" And, slipping his hands from his bonds, he pointed an ominous looking device at the trio.

Tom was on him in one leap, wresting the device from his grasp. He hurled the Bungarian to the floor, and in moments had resecured the bonds.

"Five more minutes," whispered Sarah to Charley.

Charley nodded, then turned to Tom. "Good going, Tom," he said. "That ought to fix that low-down, no good spy." With whispered encouragements from Sarah, he kept Tom and the Djall preoccupied with clever bantor and helped

Tom disassemble random pieces of machinery. Soon the floor was covered with strewn bits of metal, while the Djall raged at them

Then, finally, Sarah said, "now!" And they were back at MIT.

X

"The hormones could only displace us in time and space by displacing an equal mass to a different space and not necessaryly at the same time. When the Djall pulled us out of time by doping that milkshake he didn't bother setting up an equal mass. So the situation he set up was unstable."

"I don't fully understand," Tom said to Charley

"While we kept the Djall occupied, so he couldn't call in his henchmen telepathically, we were giving Tulzy time to call in the real psi people—the real Psi Service. They set up a sort of psionic fulcrum, if you will And when we disassembled his machines, we set off the reaction," Sarah answered.

"But what happened to the Djall?" Tom wanted to know

"Remeber conservation of energy," Charley said. "In order to get us back here-and no further back, so we wouldn't overshoot-they needed a counterweight. The Djail. He's paying for doctoring the poor Frenchman's milkshake by bouncing back and forth in time, using up that energy as the world's first hormonic oscillator."

"Good work, Charley," said Dr. Bush. "In the space of four pages you have maganged to swipe styles, ideas, and even whole paragraphs from four different s.f. authors, and you still managed to resolve the plot!" Charley beamed modestly.

"But we never really discovered a motive for the Djall," Sarah complained.

"I think his motive was obvious," replied Charley. "Last time we stopped a Bungarian invasion, and he wanted revenge." He stopped to look at Sarah. "And probably a little more than that."

"Well, he's never going to get any more from me," said Sarah coldly.

"No," breathed Charley quietly, "shit."

Graphemics '74

Bill Park 631 Copley Road Upper Darby, Pa. 19082 October 16, 19/3

Dear Mr. Jourcomm:

I was the ancient and honorable Theftcom 'way back in 1965. It was inspiring to revisit the Toot last week and see the plush science-fiction library in the new student center. How comforting, too, to find Dr. Tony Lewis still holding court there as

curator of the dark mysteries. And many thanks to the society for the heartwarming vote of censure I received at the MITSFS meeting.

May I suggest that the Society investigate the feasibility of providing attractive, tasteful, suitable-for-framing Certificates of Official Censure for the many and frequent recipients of this attention. I am sure these warrants would be treasured by their holders almost as much as out-of-state drivers salt away their Boston traffic tickets. Need I point out the obvious? That such certificates should certes be produced by computer in a batch run immediately after each MITSFS meeting. With modern data processing techniques, the Society would doubtlessly find it practical to censure entire deserving communities and inform every tesident therein of the action. Communities such as San Clemente, Calif., and Hallass Harvard University spring to midd as possible nominees for this service.

Back in 1966, issue 19 of Twilight Zine carried on page 30 a summary of then-current locations and activities of old MITSFS members, for the benefit of old MITSFS members. IT IS TIME TO DO IT AGAIN!

Know thee then by these presents that, for my part,I am "between engagements" as we say on the stage. In May of '/3 I finally wrested grudging admission from the University of Pennsylvania that they had run out of dirty tricks to play on me, and I claimed my Ph.D. in Systems



Engineering From September '72 through September '/3 I managed the computer center of the electrical engineering department. They have a Univac Series 70/45 time-sharing computer (16 terminals, virtual memory, up to I megabyte/user). A couple of PDP-8's on-line support graphic display and other weird peripherals. Heroic efforts by myself and other wonderful people resulted in a computer center with enough tools to permit significant research. Projects are underway on image processing, robots, musical composition, chess, and natural language processing.

What they need now is a horde of sharp graduate students to begin Masters' programs. Consider the Moore School of Electrical Engineering (200 South 33rd Street, Fhila PA 1910/) when you are filling out all those applications to grad schools. Also, if you have a Decsystem-10 lying around that you don't want anymore... (attention, vast and puissant readership of TZ and Proper Boskonian).

My future plans are: Fiy/drive to San Francisco/Palo Alto, hang around Stanford/SRI; have parties; get into robot development; backback; sketch for a good fanzine(s), look for a job when the money runs out; look for The Right Weman.

Regards to Doug Hoylman, Andy Campbell. Steve van der Werf, Paula and Phil Jacobs, Gerry Clarke, Leslie Turek, Cory Seidman, and Mona Dickson.

(---ye ed replies: Doug who? Leslie who? Cory who?

Actually, this brings up something of a sore point with me...namely, that so few of the MITSFS members from times past have bothered to keep in correspondence with us. We still get occasional letters from Doug Hoylman, Cory Panshin, Mike Ward...but even these have dropped off in time.

You folks may not realize it, but in the tradition-bound hide of the society, you are the gods of the golden age. The name of Fuzzy Pink is said with awesome reverence' But all we have left now are a few faded photographs, and a few scrawled notes, covering what must have been one hell of an interesting time around the MITSFS.

To clear up a few other points in the letter... A. R. "Doc" Lewis has no official active function in the society nowadays, except to hang around Fridays and pleasantly flame at people. He does that awfully well. Aside from his golden personality, he does have his usefulness, though. It seems that people have the impression we have something to do with an Index, jsut because it says MITSF Index on the cover. We hadd these over to Tony, since NESFA handles such affairs now.)

Marc Alpert 3901 Locust Walk Philadelphia, PA 19104 Dear Jourcom,

I finally received TZ 2/. It is about time. I will expect to see TZ 28 by next Thanksgiving, especially since you plan (planned--ed) to photo-offset the whole thing instead of the type on masters. I'm interested

in where you are going to get the money for this. I estimate that it will run an extra \$20 an issue. I also expect TZ 28 to be almost an entire MITSFS issue. The official history should be complete by them. If you

publish old files from the archives, this should make up at least half the issue.

I found the cover of TZ 2/ extremely impressive. Desmond's checklist looks useful, too, although the block lines are a little heavy. I must say that the Tomm Swift finale was just as bad and disgusting as all the other installments. Somehow, I think that the continuity was destroyed by the publishing schedule. Now, you should write Tomm Swift and His Electric Yo-yo or whatever as a sequel.

(---ye ed replies: Actually, this is beginning to look like an all Irwin T. Lapeer issue. However, the readership should be informed that a complete history of the society is in preparation and its publication is scheduled for the next TZ (Just like it was scheduled for TZ 25, 2/, 28,...). Well, possibly by TZ 31.)

Harry Warner 423 Summit Ave Hagerstown, MD 21/40

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Dear JC:

Typing your address is a trifle awe-inspiring. I feel as if I'd just escaped from a computer when I finally get to something complete like Massachusetts. Anyway, I enjoyed the twenty-seventh issue of The

Twilight Zine, and any questions about which fanzine should get the next loc were settled by the cover. It's the only fanzine on hand with a full color cover that wasn't done with ditto or hecto inks. At least, I doubt that you achieved this with a stencil or a pad of gelatin. If you did, MIT really does turn out people with extraordinary skills.

Actually, the cover photograph is a bit of a puzzler. It looks as it it had been taken with a camera abnormally close to the launch site, because the vegetation in the foreground is large enough to argue against the use of an extremely long focal length lens used at extreme distance. Yet the foreground greenery isn't as excessively huge and badly out of focus as it would have been if some optical illusion makes the vegaation appear to be near the launching pad when it's actually only a few feet from the camera.

Why feel sad about the lack of "artistically valid" science fiction on television? What kind of mundane stuff is that way? I can think of only one fictional series now on television that comes even close to the kind of quality that we'd love to see when a network does a science fiction drama. That's The Waltons, and I suppose it's too sentimental for you young tads to pay much attention to. I can find lots of faults in it, like the occasional chorus line behavior of the children and the unworn condition of all the stuff in the house. But it's to the typical television series as we'd like science fiction on the tube to be to Star Trek. I doubt if we'll get that quality science fiction until the general public gets as thoroughly acquainted with science fiction's basic concepts and plots as fans did around 1930, and is ready for the more venturesome stories that began to appear in the prozines in Astounding's golden era, translated to the screen.

I got some chuckles out of the Tomm Swift pages. But one basic matter bothers me. I have a strong suspicion that several parsons participated in the writing of this, unless Irwin T. Lapeer is the fanzine equivalent of Weinbaum's Adaptive Ultimate. By the law of averages, at least three or four of MITSFS' 230 members will become celebrities of one type or another, and after the 21st century has had an opportunity to get well under way, researchers will go delving into every morsel of information about those members' pasts, and after all that time, who among the surviving 230 members will remember who wrote what sections? Without such knowledge, how can the complete works of this or that celebrity be published with certainty that they are complete?

Odd thing, I didn't find in these chapters one thing I sort of expected. I hoped that Tomm would use a time machine to go back to his youth, permitting his brother to participate in the story. There really was a Tom Swift, you know, who was related to the author of a famous fantasy. Jonathan Swift had a brother named Tom.

Balmer Lyman probably never heard of the stories that Ritzy Passion reminded me of slightly. Joseph W. Skidmore, a very mediocre writer, created a series for the old Amazing Stories about the adventures of a young couple among the atomic crowd. Their names were Posi and Nega, and the things they encountered read today almost as odd as the little tale in this Twilight Zine. I was terribly young when I first read them, I didn't know better, I enjoyed them immensely, and it was terrible when a few years later I acquired some slight realization of the difference between good and bad fiction and was forced to readjust my thinking about those stories.

Somewhere, some typist will swear eternal enmity toward me for saying it. But I was fascinated with the typographical errors in the Flash Gordon installment. Some of them were as inspired as the famous misspellings by Rick Sneary which cast a new light on the subject matter. For instance, I've been thinking and thinking about what "a nosie in the rear" might consist of. I'm sure it must be the next step upward from being goosed, and obviously it must have a spectacular effect on an ordinary person if it could cause a superhero like Flash to ignore the conversation and instead indulge in that enigmatic "stare into the distance."

One item in your magazine want list was very significant. I know ANALOG has lost favor among fans. But I k never would have guessed that it is being so systematically exterminated by its detractors that you're having twouble finding year-old issues.

I appreciated very much the prozine checklist for the past decade, and maybe you can convey my thanks to William H. Desmond. This publication tells me that I have a complete collection of only one prozine's output during this decade, International Science Fiction. I wonder how many private collectors in the nation own everything listed here? A dozen, a hundred? Probably no more, I'd guess, on the basis of how little attention most collectors pay to such things as the bad reprint titles.

(---ye ed replies:

We were going to do the cover with various gelatins, but we couldn't find any Lox-flavored Jello. (That's a pun. You see, Lox stands for liquid oxygen and also...oh, forget it.)

Concerning the author of the last segment of Tomm Swift...Believe it or not, Irwin T. Lapeer is <u>not</u> a "house name." There really is only one Irwin. Not only is one person responsible for all the Lapeer stories, but but in fact he's had stuff published in TZ under three different names. For example, the Balmer Lyman story last ish was also by Irwin. And, yes, as you may have suspected, the name Irwin T. Lapeer is itself a pen name. He has his reasons for not revealing himself, and while I don't think they're all that valid I will respect his wishes.

Speaking of the Balmer Lyman story, "Ritzy Passion"...only one person pointed out the major mistake at the end. There is no such atom as deutonium. It's called deuterium.

And there seemed to be a lack of groans over the obvious pun in the title. For those of you not familiar with spectrum chemistry, I shall explain. When electrons change energy levets, they absorb (or emit) radiation. For a hydrogen atom, the series of wavelengths absorbed by an electron leaving the n=1 state is called the Lyman series; from n=2 is the Balmer series; and from n=3 is the Ritz-Paschen series.

Concerning the want list...some of the recent magazines listed we actually are not missing, they are just very worn out since these are the ones most often read by the members. Since we want mint copies for our bound sets, we're willing to trade from our surplus to get the best. Ken Johnson, our magazine man, is very picky about what gets bound. For example, a lot of the GALAXYs a few years ago had poorly printed covers, so it is hard to get unsmeared copies. We've gone through seven copies of some issues before we're satisfied. I should also point out that we have a good stock of recent mags, especially ANALOG and GALAXY, that we're willing to sell at 20 cents each. Any takers?)

And a short "in memorium"...

Walt Kelly died last October. Of all the events last year, that saddened me the most.

Kelly didn't publish in the magazines, and he never portrayed himself as a science fiction artist. But his characters, and his artwork, had the mix of sheer fantasy and cold fact that marks science fiction. He was a rare humorist. He could be cynical without being bitter. He could be biting without being caustic. His characters showed human foibles and human dignity with a few strokes of ink, a sentence in a word balloon.

He caught me when I was young and impressionalble. Pogo gave me jokes, style, and a way of thinking, an outlook on life that will stick with me for a while to come... GC

WANT LIST of the MITSFS --as of January 1974

AMERICAN MAGAZINES

AMAZING STORIES: 1926- June; 1927- Feb; 1931- Aug; 1936- Aug

AMAZING STORIES ANNUAL: 1927

AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY: 1931- summer

ARKHAM SAMPLER: 1948 - fall

ANALOG: 1970- Apr, June; 1972 - Aug, Sept, Nov, Dec

BEST SF FROM WORLDS OF TOMORROW: #2

BIZAARE FANTASY TALES: all

FAMOUS SF: 1968- spring (#6); 1969- spring (#9)

FANTASTIC: 1972- June, Feb

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES: 1939- July; 1941- June; 1944-June

FANTASTIC ADVENTURES YEARBOOK: #1

FANTASY BOOK: #2 (pulp paper edition only)

GALAXY: 1969- July, Aug, Dec; 1972- Jan

IF: 1969- July, Sept; 1970- Jan, Apr; 1971-may/June; 1972- Jan

MAGAZINE OF F & SF: 1971- Nov, Dec; 1972- Mar, Nov

MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES: 1940- May (titled MARVEL TALES)

MARVEL TALES: 1935- May (#1)

MAGAZINE OF HORROR: 1969- Septy (#29); 1971- Apr (#36)

OTHER WORLDS: 1957- May

SCIENCE FICTION STORIES: 1943- Apr

SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE MONTHLY: all (after #5, is AMAZING DETECTIVE TALES)

STARTLING STORIES: 1941- Sept

STARTLING MYSTERY MAGAZINE: 1967- winter (#7); 1968- spring (#8), fall (#10)

winter (#11)

STRANGEST STORIES EVER TOLD: #1

STRANGE STORIES: 1939- Apr, June, Oct; 1940- Feb, Apr, June, Dec

STRANGE TALES: 1931- Sept; 1932- March; 1933- Jan

WEIRD AND OCCULT LIBRARY: all

WEIRD TALES: 1923- Apr to Nov; 1924- all; 1925- Jan to Oct, Dec;

1926- Jan, Mar, Apr, June-Sept, Dec

WEIRD TERROR TALES: 1969- winter; 1970- fall

THE WITCH'S TALES: all

WONDER STORIES: 1930- June; 1931- July, Oct; 1933- Sept/Oct, Nov; 1937- Oct

BRITISH MAGAZINES

AMAZING ADVENTURES: #1

AMAZING SCIENCE STORIES: #1. #2

BEYOND FANTASY FICTION: #4

BREEZY SCIENCE STORIES: all

COSMIC SCIENCE STORIES: all

FANTASTIC SCIENCE THRILLER: a

PANTASTIC SCIENCE INITIALIZATE. all

FANTASY: 1938- July; 1939- Mar, June

FUTURE: all

FUTURISTIC SCIENCE STORIES: #6, 11, 14, 15

MAGAZINE OF F & SF: 1954- Apr NEW WORLDS: #96, 117, 180, 201

OUT OF THIS WORLD: all PHANTOM: #1-5;7;9-14; 16

SCIENCE FANTASY: 1958- April, Dec; 1964- Feb, Apr

SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES: #3

AUTHENTIC (SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY): #9,12,21

SCOOPS: #2-20

STRANGE ADVENTURES: all STRANGE TALES: all

SUPERNATURAL STORIES: #5-18,20,21,24,28-34,36-42,45-48,51,66,76,78,80,84,86,100

and all past 100

TALES OF TOMORROW: #2,5,7-10

TALES OF WONDER: #1-11,13,14,15,16

TERROR TALES: all

THRILLS: all

VARGO STATTEN: #3,4,8,9; volII#1-5,7

WEIRD STORIES MAGAZINE: all

WEIRD WORLD: all

WORLDS OF FANTASY: #7, 10-12 WORLDS OF THE UNIVERSE: all WONDERS OF THE SPACEWAYS: #8

AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINES

AMERICAN SCIENCE FICTION SERIES: 1952- June, Dec; 1953- Mar, June, Oct; 1954- Feb,

Sep, Oct, Dec; 1955- Jan, Feb, June, Sept

FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION: #1, 2, 4, 5, 6

POPULAR SCIENCE FICTION: #2-6

SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY: #1, 2, 4-9, 11-13, 15, 18

SELECTED SCIENCE FICTION: #2, 4, 5

THRILLS, INC.: #1-6, 8, 10, 13, 14, 17, 19-22

Those interested in trade will find we have copies for swap of most SF digests, numerous pulps and a few "bedsheets", notably pre-1930 AMAZING. For the less particular, we have a sizeable quantity of magazines sans back cover, as well. We also have available for trade these difficult-to-locate items:

UNKNOWN: vol. I #1

MIRACLE SCIENCE AND FANTASY STORIES: vol. 1 #2

and a considerable selection of PERRY RHODAN in the original F German.

Please send correspondence to:

M. I. T, SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

Room W20-421

84 Massachusetts Avenue

Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139

YOU ARE GETTING THIS (TZ 28 that is) BECAUSE:		
Our chief weapon is surprise. Surprise and Fear.		
We found your name on a TZ 19 mailing list.		
✓ You gave us something we wanted: an LoC money art		
You trade.		
You are supposed to trade.		
You damn well better trade!		
You come up with the most boring minicults ever.		
You gave a dollar to Forry Ackerman.		
✓✓ You gave a dollar to the MITSFS.		
You enjoyed Tides of Lust.		
Tony Lewis says you're a big name fan.		
Tony Lewis says you're a big name pro.		
You called Tony Lewis a big name pro.		
You are Tony Lewis.		
You're so busy.		
You didn't expect the Spanish Inquisition.		
You said something nice about us in a prozine.		
You said something nice about us in a fanzine.		
You don't puft.		
You promise to open a Wallbanger's in Cambridge RSN.		
You're not a fan, you just read the stuff.		
You are a fan, you don't read the stuff.		
Snap snap grin grin wink wink nudge nudge say no more!		
Damned if I know why you're getting this. Who are you, anyway?		

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