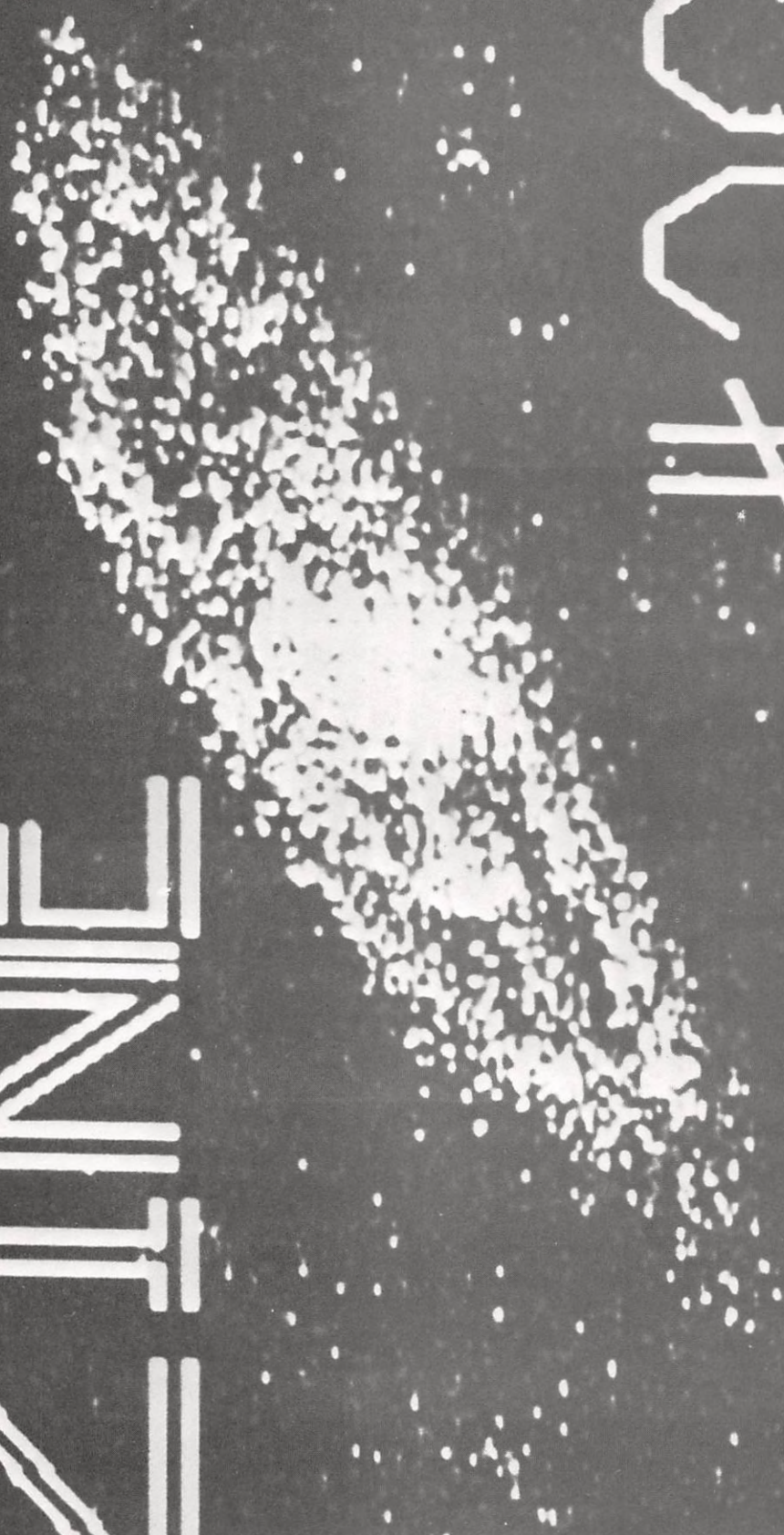


02 #



THE
FUTURE

TWILIGHT ZINE #29

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Copy editor: Allan C. Wechsler.
Production editor: Thomas L. Gindin
Jack H. Stevens wanted his name mentioned.

You are holding the twenty-ninth edition of TWILIGHT ZINE.

Let's just be quiet for a minute and listen to the lovely sound of those words echoing about in our skulls.

TWILIGHT ZINE twenty-nine.

When I was in second grade the words nineteen seventy-two sounded like that, and even the numeral looked futuristic: 1972. Oh, well. That magic seems to be lost, as will one day the magic of the symbols TZ 29 become nostalgic rather than portentous. Portentous is not the word I want here, but the only one that will do any better is Tom Lehrer's lexical monstrosity pre-nostalgia. He invented that word, I need hardly add, to describe the emotions he has concerning World War Three, which according to certain eminent political scientists has not yet taken place.

Of course I'm rambling. I'm in an editorial vacuum. TWILIGHT ZINE has not been published in almost three years. I'm sure I must have seen at least two blue moons wax and wane in those years. At any rate, as editor, I'm supposed to make references to all those neat things that everyone remembers from TZ 28, but the trouble is, of course, that no one remembers anything from TZ 28. ("TZ 29?" asked one puzzled contributor-to-be. "Isn't that some miracle tooth-paste ingredient?")

When people started thinking seriously about resurrecting TZ, we had some trouble exhuming the old files. When we finally got them onto the operating table, the autopsy revealed that the files had died of neglect. They were scrambled, crumpled, and torn, and some had become the home of bats. I theorize: at least twice in the fifteen year history of this fanzine some enterprising editor has confused the wastebasket and the "to be published" file, and innocently placed material destined for the one in the other. I cringe to think that for every candy wrapper we found in the old TZ files, a printable story went to become land-fill. Of such land-fills are an editor's nightmares made. Next time you walk along the Charles River, think what must lie beneath your feet. Sometimes I feel I would gladly tear down MIT to get at it.

At any rate, the coffin of TZ contained almost nothing printable. What was printable was outdated at best, and at worst was unintelligible due to lost context. To this category we sadly consign the entire body of artwork by one Joel Davis, whose cartoons undoubtedly were once brilliant caricatures, but are now, alas, totally meaningless. Also in this class are about a dozen letters from Marc Alpert complaining that no one remembered him any more. We would have written back to reassure him, but we didn't know who the man was.

Our "Letters" column, therefore, will consist of one kind and helpful letter which raised all our spirits and helped get my iron lung working again.

LETTER

December 28, 1975
5408 Leader Ave.
Sacramento, CA 95841

Jourcomm
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MIT
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Cambridge, MA 02139

To Guy Consolmagno, if you are still there;

Thank you for sending me those two issues of TWILIGHT ZINE (24 & 28) last year. I finally found time to read them. They were enjoyable, but I can think of no comments on the specific articles.

I guess issue 28 was the last one. At least there have been no mentions of more recent issues in fanzine review columns. Too bad. It once was a distinguished fanzine.

Best,

Laurine White

By the time the letter arrived, Guy Consolmagno was not "still here". He had gone to do graduate study in planetary atmospheres at some university in Tucson. (All right, smart aleck, I meant "concerning planetary atmospheres".) I was the only person left who seemed to want to get TZ rolling again, although there were a few people who gave the idea lip service. They were, however, quite content to let me do all the work, and all the writing too. Apparently this is what Guy used to do and people had gotten spoiled. People who spend any amount of time in the MITSFS library become very impressed with the amount of science

fiction that there is, and for many that kills the urge to make your own. It is a well-known fact that many of the best science-fiction writers got their start because there were only four SF books to be had in their hometown library, and that wasn't enough. MITSFS, however, runs the world's largest circulating science fiction library (which all of you are welcome to visit any time you're in the area) and SF starvation is no longer a good motive for creativity. I had to develop other motives, because I could never in my entire life do what Guy Consolmagno did. I had to give people a reason to write. I polished up my war-movie German accent and went around saying "Vee haf vays of makink you contripute..." This, I discovered after twenty-odd repetitions, was what Manuel Garcia O'Kelly called a "funny-once".

But somewhere in there I had discovered a valuable fact. I did have one means of coercion available to me. A frustrated editor, that is, one with nothing to edit, is an awful nuisance. What's the word I'm looking for? Dull. He's dull. He only has one topic of conversation. In the worst cases, he only knows one joke. ("Vee haf vays of makink..."") And all the people who associate with him begin to realize the Important Fact, to wit: Wechsler will continue to be insufferable until such time as he has enough material to put together a TWILIGHT ZINE.

So, slowly a few MITSFS members began to write. This thing evolved into a storyzine, mostly, even though I pushed for articles. But I had bitched enough and my throat was sore...

3

Well, there was finally enough. I've got for your reading pleasure stories by such unknowns as Roger Silverstein (with whom I have a bet going concerning which of us will first publish professionally) and Jordin Kare (with whom I do not). Also there are posthumously written pieces by Irwin T. Lapeer and Bob Bernstein. Nick Nussbaum and William Desmond went to the movies for me, Ken Johnson publicly wanted things in the name of the Library, Sue Anderson doodled some of those neat thingies of hers, Bonnie Dalzell had the AI lab computer run off Unicorn No. 671(b), and lots of MITSFS members went to the trouble of having weird meetings every Friday just so Goldberg and I could have fun typing up the minutes. I think we ought to start with some of those minutes but I'm going to talk a little more first.

Let's put it this way: those of you who have never been to a MITSFS meeting are hereby warned. The meetings are chaotic, deranged, and at times seem to border on the meaningless. After a long week of MIT we need to blow off steam. We do this by parodying Robert's Rules, by developing our own Gormenghastly ritual, and by insulting Uri. In the course of this insanity we invent a lot of vocabulary and fling it about with abandon. Someday, someone will write a dictionary of MITSFS terms, with etymologies. But this work will probably be bigger than this magazine, so, not surprisingly, we couldn't fit it in. So until that thing gets done, you are on your own. I hope you at least get the spirit of the meetings. If you are still curious, all I can suggest is that you attend one. They are public and free, and you will be made welcome if a bit confused. The hours are posted on the Library door.

So imagine, if you will, that you are sitting in the time-hallowed Spofford Room, on a Friday, just before 5:00 p.m., SST..

MITSFS Minutes of the Hour

The late Professor Spofford looked down from his place on the wall and groaned. It was September 5, 1975, the Friday before Registration Day. His peaceful and quiet summer was about to be shattered by the noise of a giant wrench striking metal and the upraised voices of the motley crew whose identity was revealed by those terrifying words:

"The meeting is called to order."

Spofford moaned quietly to himself and hoped for the return of summer before he fell off the wall.

Yes, at 5:00 p.m., Society Standard Time, another session of the MITSFS T-group (T for Trauma) got together to discuss the usual unpredictable things. Led by the Skinner, R. H. "Bob" Bernstein himself, a random group of freshmen, old members, and some of the Star Chamber met to thrash out anything and everything.

There was no secretary reading the nonexistent minutes. The minutes were not of the nonexistent previous meeting.

A new year, some new idiots. Several cycles of Finger motions and condemnations (for not voting, for only voting once, etc.) were needed throughout the meeting to convince a few people (who certainly didn't learn faster than Finger) to shut up and do it our way.

Pseudo-Lord High Embezzler Bernstein reported \$450 in the bank. The previous evening we had taken in (in all meanings of the words) 60 new members for \$223. The usual disgustingly positive money state was disparaged by the Skinner.

The former Onseck, who is the current Vice, and who magnanimously recorded these minutes, was ungraciously declared No Fun and toppled from his seat.

Mr. Bernstein distributed a Nerf ball to the assemblage so we could have a ball. At that point a real Nerf ball, Tom Gindin, walked in. A motion to adjourn based on current developments failed (In Favor -- Unanimous; Opposed -- the number of turkeys that Gindin has committed (having graduated as a turkey psychiatrist); Chickens -- one feather).

The famous former and still Bruce Miller, returned to life as Libcomm, reported a Witter shipment and not much else. The arrival of the Laser books earned a "Whoosh!" With a little coaching, the freshman learned how to say it, and a very satisfactory Whooshcomm report followed.

A random discussion about one especially persistent turkey resulted in a suggestion by Gindin for an appropriate motion. The one that was chosen, naturally, was the Gindin motion, which passed (For -- a hell of a lot of people; Against -- the same nut; Chickens -- Harris + Spehn.)

We jumped from the end of committee reports through Old Business to Old Business Algal. A motion to censure Hitchcock for his sex life with the bicycle he had brought into the room had a flat tire and chickened out. Quick on the uptake, Stevens popped one up censuring the Skinner for his sex life with Nerf balls. This failed, but passed by the Inverse Skinner Rule.

The usual votes on the usual motions put us into New Business. There had to be some freshman who just couldn't learn, and kept asking what Algal meant. ((Editor's note: could this be the first appearance of Uri?)) Gindin proposed an inverse Ross motion. His enthusiasm for these failed a motion by Hitchcock to appoint him Sergeant-At-Arms to execute any inverse Ross motions. (F -- No. of chess games Gindin has won; A -- No. of his happy opponents; C -- No. of games he drew.)

Everyone voted to condemn everyone for only voting once. This passed (no. of curls on some mop-top's head -- no. of grads and divs on said head -- unrecorded). Stevens narrowly averted an Albanian motion for suggesting this vote by proposing a Kluge motion instead. This passed, too, but since Bernstein counted Chickens before No-votes, he was declared out of order.

The first Miller motion was forgotten in the bedlam as the Blob censured someone for living a clean life, and was in turn censured for giving an accurate count.

Y began intimidating, in his inimitable way, the only female to attend the meeting -- and she hadn't even joined the society yet. The rest of the people made sure she would never want to join by suggesting her for the human sacrifice to stop the rain at the spring picnic. This brought about the further suggestion that her prowess be compared with a watermelon's.

Weary of this farce, the pseudo-Onseck elected unanimously and unilaterally to end the minutes. As luck would have it, the meeting ended at about this time anyway. The Skinner elected to milk a few last cents out of the desperate members before he would let us out.

As a postscript, mercy was declared on the freshmen, and a brief post-mortem was held to tell them what they had seen, the best plays and touchdowns, and last but not least, who had won.

Regretfully subverted,
Jack Stevens
Vice and Pseudo-Onseck.

The reader who is not familiar with MITSES should realize that this was our first meeting of the year, and we weren't warmed up yet. If you are really unlucky, I'll need some filler later on in the zine, and you'll have to sit through another transcript. It's really all your own fault: if you had submitted more material I wouldn't be so desperate.

Roger Silverstein is an avid SF reader, and from his freshman year onward this kept him in the Library a great deal. He surprised the upper-classmen by not being particularly obnoxious, and showed a real devotion to MITSES by accepting the office of ROCPAP and actually sorting the fanzines. It was later estimated by a senior studying genetics that at the rate of one transposition per day, the fanzine files would have taken twelve thousand years to reach the state of randomness in which Roger found them. So, due to this mop-top, the fanzines are now in order for the first time since the last Ice Age. In due course Roger received his key to the Library, thus beginning his climb into Elitehood.

Seeing that he was becoming a fixture in the Society, it seemed only natural to me that he write something for TZ. Unfortunately, to Roger it didn't seem so natural. I had to hold his arm up behind his back while he typed this story with his left hand.

To Live, to Sleep No More

by Roger Silverstein

I was sitting around, minding my own business, when I heard a roar coming from the sky. I looked up and saw a spacecraft landing about a mile and a half away from my hut.

The racket was intolerable. I cursed Washburn, who had been assigned two hundred years before to fix our spacefield beacon to direct ships right into the middle of Goddam Mosquito Swamp, and then I cursed myself, for picking an idiot like Washburn to do anything more demanding than cleaning test-tubes. Damn!

It was in this mood of contentment that I hopped on my bicycle, rode the mile to the spaceport, dismounted, walked over to the ship and rapped on its ground-level lock.

The lock opened and I stepped back to allow three people to emerge: a tall man, a short man, and a middle-sized woman.

After determining to my satisfaction that these were indeed mortals (for it is considered gauche to punch-line one's own fellows) I guessed the tall one to be the captain, offered him my hand, and said, "Hello, I'm Jonathan. Welcome to the Henway."

The captain gave me an odd look and asked (of course), "What's a Henway?"

"Oh, about eight pounds," I answered, trying to keep a straight face. The short man and the woman laughed, but the captain gave them an exceptionally dirty look to shut them up.

Then he turned to me, forced a grin, and said, "I'm Captain Bleigh, commanding the Starfinder. This is Dr. Norman Stone, representing the World Council, and this is Ms. Amy Lyons, a distinguished historian from the Pan-American Cable University."

"I'm absolutely thrilled to meet you. Would you tell me quickly what you want, so I can get back to my nap?"

Captain Bleigh inflated for a moment, then exploded. Oddly enough, it was the diplomat Stone who endured the brunt of his wrath.

"I told you! I told you! I knew diplomacy wasn't going to work with these bastards!" he shouted. "But no, you wouldn't listen to me. Be nice to them, you said. Ask them politely, you said. Well, I'm trying to be polite, and he's treating me like a doormat. And as for you," he veiled, turning to me, "You can take your clever wit, and... and..." Here he lapsed into incoherency.

I did a little temper losing of my own. "You Deads always did think of yourselves as poor, wounded martyrs. My heart bleeds for you. When your poor, harmless ancestors discovered us in your midst, why did they start lynching us?"

Before the captain could say anything, I got my breath and started yelling again. "I'll tell you why! Because your filthy ancestors knew that we were better than they were, that's why."

The Lyons woman spoke up while I gasped for more air. "Don't you think the fact that you blew up half the District of Columbia might have had something to do with the dislike our ancestors had for you?"

"That was an accident," I muttered. "We miscalculated the charge. We were just trying to get back at that damned Washington Post for exposing us in 1982."

"Aha!" exclaimed the captain. "So you aren't perfect, after all. Just as I've always said, the only good Immortal is a dead..."

"Gentlemen!" Dr. Stone finally managed to make himself heard above the din. He glared at the captain. "Do you remember why we came here in the first place? Earth is in mortal danger and you're standing here beating a horse that's been dead for over three hundred years, ever since the Immortals left Earth."

He then started in on me, using a tone more often reserved for pre-adolescents refusing to eat some noxious vegetable. "As for you, my oh-so-sophisticated friend, we need your help. When your thousand or so Immortals left Earth, you took with you much of humanity's genius.

We need that intelligence now. About two years ago, alien ships appeared at the edge of the solar system. Already they have laid waste the Outer Colonies. Mars is besieged, and may have fallen by the time we return. Earth itself will be attacked in a matter of months, and so far no one has had any luck in stopping the aliens. We desperately need your help. There is no room for old animosities.

"However, it seems to me that you need help as well. Where is the rest of your Immortal company?"

The diplomat had certainly hit the nail on the head. "Well," I began, "I would let bygones be bygones, if that would help any, but I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place. I am the only person left on this planet, as far as I know. And I'm not even immortal." I gave them a sardonic smile.

"What?" they cried out in unison.

"As you are probably aware, we Immortals are not very different physically from the rest of humanity," I explained. "The main difference is that the 'suicide gene' in our cells has mutated, rendering it unable to initiate bodily deterioration, as it does in a normal human at about the age of twenty. There are some side effects to this mutation, of course. We are more resistant to radiation than you are. That's why we settled this particular planet, in fact. The ultraviolet radiation level here is almost double that of Earth. You probably won't be able to stay outside your ship long without risking skin cancer."

"That's not quite true," interrupted Ms. Lyons. "Due to the thinning of the ozone layer in Earth's atmosphere, the human race has become more resistant in the past few hundred..."

I cut her off. "Anyway, the real drawback was that we had no sex. All of us were sterile, and the components of the higher nervous system that give sexual pleasure to normal people were lacking in us. I'd suppose that the suicide gene also acts as an operator or something on the sex chromosomes, but I'm no biologist. Anyway, when you're getting neither kids nor kicks, sex is an amazingly pointless activity.

"As a result, our society was very stable. No one aged at all, and since there were no children, we became rather stagnant. Since there had been no Immortals born for the last thirty or forty years (because natural selection had flushed us from the gene-pool), we were all at much the same point physically, and were much alike mentally. Then someone got pregnant..."

"Apparently the human gene structure is resilient enough to adapt to even so drastic a mutation as ours. A few people began to age again, and then more than a few. Along with the aging they noticed some complications..."

"You mean compensations, don't you?" leered the captain.

"For them, perhaps. For the rest of us... The effect of introducing sex into a celibate society is analogous to that of shooting neutrons at a fission pile. Our society started to crumble, as more and more people became, ah, capable. Week-long orgies became common. What little industry we had ground to a halt, and it became impossible to get a decent night's

sleep. Drunken orgies tend to become very noisy.

"To make a long story short, while half of us still had not begun the aging process, the other half voluntarily exiled themselves to the other side of the planet. While relations were still cordial, it was felt that having the planet between us would help keep them that way. The only contact between the two groups came when someone on our side would begin to show a more-than-intellectual interest in the opposite sex, in which case we would call for a flitter to come and pick him or her up.

"Unlike our old society, the new one was not content to remain static. They began to build a huge industrial base. From what we could hear on the radio set we had, they were really going places, with a rapidly growing population. Then, about fifteen years ago, all radio contact ceased. We waited about ten years before it occurred to us that a problem might have developed. The other three Immortals that remained on this side of the Planet left to investigate, and never came back. I never much relished the idea of following them, and had pretty much resigned myself to the idea of living in solitude, until you three came along. I suppose some action should be taken now, but I'm not used to thinking constructively. Any ideas?"

There was a long silence. Finally the captain suggested the only sensible course of action: we should fly over to the other colony in the ship, and see what could be learned. The other two agreed, as did I, although somewhat reluctantly.

Our arrival in the city on the other side of the planet went ungreeted. A large industrial town, deserted, is more ghostly than those empty houses that haunt our childhoods.

We were walking back to the ship when the captain, who had been examining some instruments on board, nearly plowed into us coming out of the lock.

"I scanned the area for any signs of radio-activity, and I think I have found a small, powerful fission generator about fifty kilometers north of here. There aren't any other sources, so I suppose we might investigate."

The object of our search turned out to be a small cave at the foot of a mountain. The captain eyed it dubiously.

"I don't think I'll fit through that entrance," he stated.

"Nonsense, Captain," I replied. "We haven't come all this way to be stopped by a narrow cave entrance." As I spoke, I squirmed inside.

A huge cavern spread out in front of me. It seemed as if someone had hollowed out the entire mountain. As it turned out later, I wasn't too far wrong.

Then I spotted what looked like hundreds of glass coffins off in the distance.

The others followed my shouts into the cavern, and we hurried to investigate. The coffin-like receptacles were laid out in rows of twenty, and to each row was attached a veritable junkyard of machinery. In each coffin was a human being, very still but definite-

ly alive. You had to watch for several minutes to notice it, but they were unquestionably breathing.

Ms. Lyons, Dr. Stone, and the captain got the idea belatedly and simultaneously. While they were yelling about suspended animation, I searched anxiously for old friends. There was that idiot Washburn, with the usual stupid grin on his face. After a little more searching, I found what I was looking for.

I gave a shout, and everyone came running over to me. "This is the man we want," I said. "Kevin Samuelson is a genius even by our standards. If anyone can tell us what happened, he can."

After spending the better part of a day figuring out the machinery, making sure we wouldn't kill the man we hoped would save us, we went through the lengthy process of awakening Samuelson. When he finally woke up, he had the brilliant wit you'd expect of a man who's been asleep for fifteen years.

"Huh?" he said cleverly. "What's goin' on?"

I gave him a quick recap of what had happened and told him what the problem was. He then told us his story:

The colony had perked along for thirty years or so without a hitch. People had missed their friends, but they realized that we would all be over here sooner or later, so that was bearable. The children seemed to be turning out fine, considering that child-raising practice was lacking. Then disaster struck. It seemed that those wonderful children all shared a streak of paranoia, possibly a result of their unusual genetic heritage, or of their inexpert upbringing. The first few signs had been ignored, and then the oldest children managed to hide it from their parents. They bided their time, and one day just rounded up everyone over the age of forty, and herded them into the cavern with submachine guns, origin unknown. They apparently lacked the nerve to kill their parents, so they put them into suspended animation along with their younger brothers and sisters. Samuelson, by careful eavesdropping, deduced that the children were planning to take over Earth for some obscure reason or other, but before he could do anything about it he was put under with the rest of the colony.

"Evidently they stole the fleet of space-ships you were building," I said. "They must not have realized that I was still around. So it's our own children who are about to conquer Earth. But what can we do?"

A smile spread over Samuelson's face. "I think I've got the solution to the problem."

"A genius," I whispered to the captain.

"I've only seen one connecting factor in all of this: ultraviolet radiation," Samuelson continued. "When the UV level on Earth started to rise, no more immortals were born. Perhaps the adaptive mechanism that corrects for the original mutation is speeded by UV, as is the formation of vitamin D. Also, when we were exposed to the increased dosage on this planet, we began to age. I think that the solution to this whole problem lies in the ultra..."

"That's it!" yelled the captain. "That's their weakness."

"What do you mean?" asked Samuelson.

"The only times we have been able to beat them in battle have been during times of high solar activity. We thought that the increased solar radiation was blinding their sensors, but it must have been the UV affecting their brains."

Samuelson snapped his fingers. "You've got it. The high ultraviolet level here must be responsible for their insanity, and any dose higher than this pushes them over the edge. If you can expose them to such a high level artificially, you may even be able to stop them. Can you do it?"

"I don't know," said the captain, "but we can certainly try. Lady and gentlemen, we're headed for Earth."

Epilogue -- one year later

"Well," I said to the captain, "it's time Kevin and I went home." A horrible thought occurred to me. "I hope the machinery keeping my people alive is still working."

Dr. Stone smiled. "We thought of that already. As soon as we arrived on Earth, I dispatched a ship to your planet to keep an eye on the sleepers, and to wake them up slowly. Rest assured that they are well taken care of."

"We'll miss you," said Ms. Lyons. "With the help of you and Kevin, we were able to build the UV projector to stop the 'children'. We didn't expect that it would work so well, though."

I knew what she meant. The first time we had used our projector they had stopped in mid-battle, and had headed straight for Mars. Every ship in their fleet had landed in the same space-field. Our weapon had turned them into feeble-minded idiots, and the automatics had cut in and taken them to a pre-arranged point. A few years of good care on Earth, and they would be as good as new, if not better.

The original five were back together for the return trip. I looked around and saw Kevin, the captain, Dr. Stone, and Ms. Lyons. I looked back at Amy a second time. That's funny, I thought. She didn't look nearly so attractive on the way to Earth. Then I remembered how exposed I had been in my position directly behind the ultraviolet projector, and I realized what was happening. I smiled. It was going to be an interesting trip.



In search of additional material for this magazine, your desperate editor finally resorted to the occult. Weird seances were held at various Chinese restaurants throughout Greater Boswash. Finally, over a serving platter full of Ridiculous Flavor Chicken, we received a real message from beyond. The strangely shaped orchidectomizer, moving about on a map of Lower Middle Earth seemingly of its own accord (actually, we were cleverly pushing it) spelled out the controlling spirit's name: IRWIN T LAPEER.

The ghost of ITL seemed impatient.
YOU TURKEYS, it said. CANT YOU PUT OUT
EVEN ONE T Z WITHOUT MY HELP?

No one spoke.

OH VERY WELL, said the spirit, and proceeded to regale us with this tale of the Good Old Days, when Keyholders were Keyholders and a picture was worth a thousand gnurds.

An Historian Pays a Visit

by Irwin T. Lapeer
(deceased)

Running the world's greatest library of Science Fiction can be a challenge. There are the predictable problems that all collectors have: Should H. H. Holmes be filed with Anthony Boucher? Does L. Ron Hubbard belong with the science fiction books or with the nut-books? But being a library open to the public brings its own special challenges.

For one thing, there's always some one who wants you to recommend a great book he hasn't read already. Like the fellow who just left, thank goodness.

He wanted some great new SF. I've learned not to recommend my own favorites, since not everyone can last through Tom Swift and his Submarine Boat. So I went through a standard litany:

"What's your favorite book?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, who's your favorite author?"

"Maybe Brian Aldiss."

Now, I'm sure that Brian Aldiss is a very fine gentleman, but personally I can't stand a thing he's written. I also can't stand John Boyd, L. P. Davies, and Lloyd Biggle, to name but a few of my pet hates. Therefore I suggested all of these authors to my obnoxious visitor, who left with half a dozen books on his arm and a smile on his face.

Yesterday someone came in wanting a heavy discussion of science fiction. I saw right off that he was a real fan. I told him I'm not a fan, I just read the stuff. He said he loves "New Wave" stories. I told him I'm a member of the International Committee to Overdamp the New Wave. I'm afraid he got the impression that I find a library to be more for reading, less for talking. Being a Fan, however, this didn't bother him. He entertained himself with the sound of his own voice for the next two hours.

But the fellow standing in front of me right now is the strangest I've ever seen. He is four feet tall, three feet wide, colored a slight purple, and dressed in outlandish clothes. No, he is not a three-eyed monster from Uranus. He doesn't have three eyes. I think.

Obviously he's just another Fan trying to impress me with how cool he looks. I pretend not to notice.

"Am pardons to me," he says. "Are envious of data on account of these data bank of lies."

That sentence is rather hard to ignore, but I succeed.

He repeats it. I ignore it again. Then he asks, "Am not thou the data bank of lies for notorious hospital of machines in rebuilt British Isles?"

"If you are looking for the British Isles, you're about 3000 miles too far west," I answer, still not looking up from my Tom Swift book. I realize that wasn't very polite of me, but smart-ass fans tick me off.

There's a slight buzz from his direction, and then he says, "I'm sorry, very sorry. I'd like some information about this library. This is the fiction library in the famous Institute of Technology in New England?"

Now, he's making sense. Also, he sounds like he wants to hear me brag about the library. To be honest, there are few things I'd rather do than brag about the library.

"Yes, can I help you?" I ask, looking up.

Now I realize why this fellow is so polite. He's not the same fellow who was here a few minutes ago. This guy is average-looking. Extremely average-looking. As a matter of fact, I have never before seen such an average-looking person. Hanging around a science fiction library, he looks remarkably out of place.

He mutters something about getting his interpreter to work, but I pay him no heed. I am already engrossed in showing him around the place, displaying our 20,000 magazines and books and papers and books and magazines, including our extensive collection of science fiction in languages nobody can understand. (Honestly, how many American fans can read Swedish? And of that number, how many would waste their time reading Swedish translations of American pulps?) Anyway, he seems suitably impressed.

Then he turns to me and asks, "Where is your doomsday machine?"

"Yes, we have one of the few copies of that in... what?"

"Doomsday machine," he repeats. Then he looks at his watch, turning the stem as if tuning a radio, and mutters, "Uno, dva, shalosh, shigo, funf... no, the interpreter is still working. Doomsday machine," he says again. "I'm quite certain that's what it's called."

Suddenly I catch on. Yes, for reasons obscure even to me there is a drawer of files about Society history which is called the "Doomsday Machine". How he heard of it I don't know, but if he's into Society history, why, I'll let him see the stuff.

He pages through the files for a while, then

turns to me and says, "This is all very interesting. I'm sure, but it's not quite what I was looking for. Do you have anywhere a Dean Drive?"

Dean Drive? I know the Society is short on money, but I didn't think we'd have to go to the Dean's office to ask for a...

Aha! Now I remember. Way back when John Campbell was in his heyday as the editor of Astounding Science Fiction, he was the quite gullible target of a number of crackpot inventors. One was a fellow by the name of Dean who claimed to have invented a device that broke Newton's third law (or was it his second?). Anyway, this thing gave action without reaction. It produced (or was supposed to produce) motion in one direction without a need for conserving momentum. Dean said it would be perfect as a space drive.

"A Dean Drive," he says. "Do you have an operating model?"

"Sorry, not here," I answer. "I'm afraid I can't show you a real Dean Drive, because it's not..."

"You are not allowed to show it to me?"

"It's not possible..." I start to explain.

"I understand," he says knowingly. "But you do have it, then?"

"Have what?"

"The Dean Drive."

I think for a minute. Dean actually got a patent on his machine, and somebody in the Society wrote away for a copy about ten years ago.

"Yeah, we've got it," I say. "Over here in this cabinet."

He looks at the cabinet -- it's not a very big one, with room for only a few odd papers that won't fit in anywhere else. "Amazing," he says.

"If you want to see the plans..." I begin.

"No need, no need," he says, still staring at the little cabinet that has the Dean Drive patent. "I had no idea it was so small. What else do you have here?"

So I show him. I show him the Amazings and Fantastics and Analogs and Galaxies and the hardcovers and the paperbacks and the Ace Doubles and the Badger Books and the 500 bound Perry Rhodans in the original German, thankfully.

And after I'm finished, I have one question for him. "We're always glad to show people around," I say. "But I'm curious to know how you first heard of us. We're just another club here at the 'tute, and not too famous..."

"Not too famous yet," he says, distractedly. He's been looking at that cabinet the whole time. "It was in the news article..."

"What article?" I ask eagerly. I always love it when the Society gets press coverage.

"I'm not supposed to show it to you," says my visitor. "But I don't think it'll make any difference. You are already on the way."

He pulls out a piece of something that isn't newsprint, and handed it to me.

PROF SAYS OLD STAR LORDS WERE LIT BUFFS

III SOL, SECTOR GAMMA (AP) Every schoolchild, from Aldebaran to Zeta Draconis, has learned about the Mitsfs Empire. The legendary Mitsfs band, the subject of countless novels and 3-D shows, perfected the first practical spaceship and conquered the universe nearly fifteen centuries ago. But there's a new wrinkle for the history books now.

An archeologist working among the ruins of Old Old Earth, in the Northeast High of sector Gamma, has announced that he has uncovered the first pre-space traces of a group that called itself "the Mitsfs". Dr. Peter Sagcarl, a professor on research leave from the Ancient Studies Laboratory of the University of Leo at Regulus, says he feels there's good reason to believe that the society his group has discovered was the direct forerunner of the famous band of Space Emperors.

"I realize it must sound like something out of a psi-fi novel," he joked with reporters at a crowded news conference on Old Old Earth yesterday. "But our findings indicate that the first Mitsfs group was in fact a juvenile literature society, and came to conquer the universe as they knew it only through a series of happy coincidences."

Dr. Sagcarl's theories center on references to the famous "Dean Drive", the first practical space drive, which appeared in a certain fiction magazine about the year 1960. "This magazine usually contained stories of a bizarre nature," Dr. Sagcarl said, "something like psi-fi stories today. However, in several issues we discovered descriptions and diagrams of the Dean Drive, and apparently this device was actually patented at that time, nearly twenty years before it was used to conquer the world."

He further describes, "About that time, civilization was making the switch from paper books to microfilm. And there was a group of students at a school of technology who were apparently fans of this bizarre type of literature, who organized themselves into a club to make microfilms of these stories. They called themselves the Mitsfs."

It is Dr. Sagcarl's that some of the members of this fiction society came across the Dean Drive plans, and perfected the device. "Recall, this was a group of youths at a technological university, which for its day was probably the equivalent of Vega Tech. They would have had both the resources and the know-how to build the primitive space machine."

That's one strong argument in favor of associating this early "Mitsfs" group with the eventual space conquerors, he feels. "It's known that the more famous Mitsfs group was a highly technological organization, which probably came from this part of Old Old Earth."

Dr. Sagcarl also points out many other similarities between the two groups. "Their backgrounds were the same; they both had a very autocratic governing structure; they used the same specialized vocabulary, with words such as "egoboo" which still defy translation. One of the most startling pieces of evidence concerns an old photograph we discovered, portraying members of this proto-

Mitsfs group wearing the famous conqueror's beany -- the little cap with the propellor on top. And, of course, both groups used the same name."

However, he feels that the most compelling reason to believe that the first group evolved into the famous space rulers is the discovery of the original Dean Drive patent and plans among the files of the proto-Mitsfs library. "They were discovered in a locked cabinet when we excavated the library last spring," he explains. "The cabinet bore the inscription 'Doomsday Machine'."

Dr. Sagcarl says he and his group from the Ancient Studies Lab will continue excavations on the site, looking for further evidence to support their theories.

The Mitsfs Empire, with its elaborate Dean Drive, represented the zenith of the machine culture, historians believe. The Dean Drive-equipped space fleet of the Mitsfs was the most powerful fighting force known to man, until its defeat in 2113 by the rising Uclan dynasty. The Uclans were the first to make use of the Hieronymous Device, which is the basis of all modern psionic machines.

After I finish reading the article, I look up to find that my strange visitor has vanished. I absently open the Doomsday Machine and remove the plans for the Dean Drive, spreading them out carefully on the keyholder's desk. Of course it's ridiculous... someone is just trying to pull my leg. The whole thing is impossible. But maybe... just maybe...

Let's leave our deceased contributor for a while and return to more mundane affairs, to wit, another installment of the minutes. Now I know you are going to say that you have read quite enough MITSFS minutes for today. All I can say to that is, skip the minutes, you ungrateful wretch, and read them tomorrow. But I am going to type them today, and there really isn't much that you can do to stop me. I am, after all, the editor.

MITSESAMANIA

January 9, 1976

The psychoanalyst rested his pad comfortably on his knee. "Well, Mr. Stevens, let us begin," he said, addressing the man on the couch. "You say you've been having this recurrent dream?"

"That's right," said Stevens.

"And in this dream you believe you have absolute power over time and space, and that you can even redefine natural constants?"

"Yes," said Stevens. "Perhaps I should relate it in full.

"It always starts at exactly 5:00 P. M. SST, when I bang my gavel. The details of the dream vary. Last time, though, I remember telling everyone present that I was tired of playing second banana, and I thanked them all for calling me here together. There was nobody there to read the minutes, and this made me feel depressed, so I moved the meeting into Old business and moved to condemn SBL for

bringing the rest of his as far as the library. The motion passed, with the number of hairs on SBL in favor, the number of hares who live in SBL's back yard opposed, and 'silly rabbit, Trix are for kids' chickening."

The psychoanalyst made a note on his pad.

"Well, after that," continued Stevens, "I started feeling guilty, because this was the first meeting of 1976, and we hadn't had a single finger motion yet. So I moved us into New Business and there suddenly arose a haunting figure from my dim forgotten past, my predecessor, Gregory Ruffa."

"Aha," muttered the psychiatrist. "Symbolic eruption of a repressed authoritarian father figure. Pray continue: what did this Ruffa then do?"

"Well, he assured me that he had the old minutes with him, and that he would return them before he left. Then he said he was working on the Official History, and could have the first installment sent to us by the end of the month, to be used in the mythical TZ 29. I found this humorous in my dream, and I asked him what time it was. Ruffa claimed it was still April 22nd.

"Then I started to give a minicult about some rather comical research definitions, but Ruffa interrupted me to say that he put the same minicult in the minutes about two years before. This perturbed me but I got some gratification when Ruffa told us he would be a registered student at MIT this term, because he's missing his certification of thesis and nine units."

"To be expected," said the analyst. "Delusions of grandeur manifesting themselves as ridicule of the father. What happened then? A distortion and condensation of the latent dream omnipotence?"

"No... I gave another minicult. This was about a hotel that sent out hundreds of letters thanking people for patronizing the hotel. Unfortunately, someone put the wrong spool on the computer and a completely incorrect list was sent out. The results were at least three divorces and several lawsuits."

The psychoanalyst nodded. "That would fit in with the phallic significance of the large gavel, the banana, Ruffa's umbrella, and the cool gentleman with the cane."

"Who told you about those?"

"Continue."

"Well, Hitchcock mentioned that Cranstoncomm had been seen lurking about the library, but that we didn't have to worry because we were neither nubile nor female." The psychiatrist made a delighted noise. "The dream finally ended when I moved to declare that I would not play second banana any more. The vote went 'quite sufficient to elect me Skinner' to 'one vote for a former Onseck' to 'a flash from the past', and I woke up."

"The meaning is clear," said the psychiatrist. "Come back next Friday at 5 P. M. SST and we'll continue your treatment." With that he picked up his large wrench and crawled into the bookdrop.

Oedipally,

Gary Goldberg,
Onseck.

Many people have searched libraries to find a common denominator for science fiction. The end result of a successful search would, of course, be a criterion (preferably simple) which could easily distinguish SF from non-SF in most cases, and could identify specifically why borderline cases are borderline. I have seen several stabs at formulating such a criterion and most of them fall sadly short of the above goal. The annoying thing is, most science fiction readers have a sixth sense about what belongs in the genre and what does not. It is maddening not to be able to express in words the process by which this distinction is made. For example, I pulled Pynchon's The Crying of Lot 49 off the MITSRFS shelf and spent an afternoon reading it. I came away with three major impressions. I should have spent more than one afternoon reading it; it was science fiction, but only barely; I didn't know why it was SF. It certainly contained no fancy gadgets, no futuristic social institutions, no paranormal human beings. Nevertheless, my subconscious kept saying, "This is SF."

I thought about that for a long time and finally came up with a criterion that I think admirably separates science-fiction/fantasy from mainstream fiction. It is this -- Wechsler's Law, if you will:

A work of fiction is science fiction/fantasy to the extent that it asserts as true things that the reader, at his most un-self-deceiving level, disbelieves.

Before you start screaming at me that you really do believe in telepathy or extraterrestrial life or intelligent computers (and I claim to believe in two out of those three) consider at what level you believe in those controversial things. Intellectually, I am convinced that artificial intelligence is possible, but somewhere inside me lives a skeptic who believes nothing until first-hand data is available. Similarly, I will be wildly excited when extraterrestrial life is first encountered, because some basic, unreasoned doubt will have remained in me up to that moment. Analyze yourself carefully: isn't the most science-fictiony science fiction about things you strongly disbelieve in?

Well, I'm not asking you to accept my criterion without thinking about it yourself. I hope you do think about it and then get back to me in the form of a LoC. If you don't make an argument, I'll assume you agree with me.

In the meantime, I have for you a story by Jordin Kare which illustrates my point rather well. William of Occam said that the simplest model explaining an observation is the one most likely to be valid. Jordin proposes here a model of the universe which is in some sense almost the simplest possible. It's science fiction because no one would believe such a model for an instant. But it fits the observations very well...

Perspective

by Jordin Kare

"Parker, logging final instrument data before breakout." He snapped the recorder switch to instrument input, and glanced around the compact cabin of the Tachyon 1.

The ship, on a cosmic scale, was a tiny mote of steel dust, almost fifty trillion kilometers from home, and a much smaller, but equally incomprehensible distance from its destination, the stellar system of Alpha Centauri. Parker tried not to think in those terms as he checked the cabin.

He caught a glimpse of himself in a shiny panel: short brown hair, blue eyes in a totally average face, three days' worth of beard fringing his chin. It was a satisfied face, satisfied with the achievement of a childhood dream, a youthful ambition -- the face of the captain of Man's first flight to the stars.

Not that he was captain of much, he thought, as his eyes moved over instruments, tools, lockers. They came to rest on the back of a tall figure in blue coveralls: Jonathan Strickler, astronomer, navigator, and the only other human being within four light years, remained bent over his equipment. At last Parker turned his attention back to the panel before him, and with the speed born of long practice began flipping switches in rapid succession.

"Hey, George." Strickler's voice filled the small space. "Did you move the telescope at the last breakout?"

"Me, touch your equipment? Never. I had enough to do, checking that we were at the right spot on the guide beam."

"Well then, I can't explain these plates. All the stars are out of position." Strickler turned, presenting several star-speckled photographs to the captain.

Parker studied them, then said, "I don't understand it either, Jon. Maybe somebody moved them."

"The telescopes?"

"No, the stars. Forget it. On a trip like this, you just have to collect data. You analyze it later. It's probably just a side effect of the TLC."

It was the Translight Converter that made the trip possible. A physicist's nightmare of coils and busbars, it squatted in a shielded compartment at the rear of the Tachyon 1 and gulped its megawatts from a fusion reactor. It gave the ship a velocity of over four hundred times that of light itself, reducing a trip of years or centuries to a mere three days. And that seventy-two hour period was almost over.

A loud tone sounded in the compartment, and a pleasant voice announced, "Mass Detector warning. Twenty minutes to breakout." Strickler gathered up his photographs and said, "Only minutes to go, then. I'll put this stuff away, just in case."

"In case of what?"

"Oh, I don't know," the astronomer continued. "Perhaps we'll run into a brick wall with 'Kilroy was here' written all over it."

Parker chuckled at the thought and began helping to pack the loose equipment. Barely five minutes later, as the two clipped the last cabinet shut, a light flashed above the instrument board and a noisy buzz sounded repeatedly. The captain hurried to the board, glanced once at the computer display, and jumped for his couch.

"Premature breakout!" he yelled. "Brace yourself!" But the other was already in motion, and had managed to grasp a solid handhold.

The overhead lights flared and went out, then came on again with a wild flickering display of color. Circuit breakers opened with an audible 'pop', and the reek of burned insulation filled the cabin. Parker stared as bits of metal around the cabin glowed a dull red, absorbing energy from the collapsing magnetic fields generated by the TLC.

In a matter of seconds it was over. The lights came on with a dim greenish glow, and the odor of ozone began to diminish as the life support system resumed operation.

Telltale lights around the cabin showed the extent of the disaster. Parker jumped to the main control panel and began evaluating the damage. Strickler moved equally fast until he reached a viewport, then he stopped, staring.

After a few moments, Parker turned from the controls with his results:

"Well, that's that." He looked at his hands and gripped them together. "TLC is dead, including both backups. Fusion is out, probably permanently. I think the microwave gear survived, but the antenna dish did not: no communication. Life support will run on bat... Jonathan!" He shoved himself to the nearest port. "What the hell is that?"

The view through the quartz was not of the familiar star-filled skies that had faded away, like a movie when the projector plug is pulled, three days before. Nor was it of the flat gray of TLC space. Instead, a barely visible black plane, an unknown distance away, stretched to the limits of vision. At irregular intervals, brilliant light could be seen through holes in the blackness. Directly below the ship, a single vast hole revealed a glowing multicolored plain as the source of the light. Around the glowing circumference of the hole, huge black objects could be dimly seen.

"I don't know what it is," the astronomer answered slowly. "I don't know. But I may be able to find out. Did my equipment survive?"

"As far as I know. Optics shouldn't have been affected, but I won't guarantee any of your electronics. Anything that can damage a shielded reactor..." He shook his head.

Strickler moved to a locker and began removing equipment as he asked, "Exactly what happened?"

The other shrugged. "Deceleration overload. The mass sensor picked up something -- probably that stuff out there -- and signaled that we were approaching it too fast. The computer had a choice between running us into what it thought was Alpha Centauri at several hundred C, and overloading the TLC. And for some reason, all the power in the TLC field got dumped in the equipment where it could do the most damage."

"All right. Any chance of repairs?"

"There's nothing but scrap metal left in back. No."

"I see. And speaking of seeing, we haven't checked the back-view scope." He stepped to an eyepiece set in the aft wall. "Fascinating."

"Hm?"

"Back view is perfectly normal, but I'm only getting half magnification. The scope is still centered on Sol, though."

"Wonderful. If the laser receiver still works, maybe I can pick up the guide beam."

Both men began to work busily, and there was silence for a time. Parker thought of Earth, and wondered what his partner was thinking. Eventually the astronomer stated, as if to himself, "That's impossible."

"What is?"

"That hole out there. The instruments say that it's Alpha Centauri."

"What?"

"I know it sounds ridiculous, but the spectra and everything else I can measure match almost perfectly."

Parker digested this for a moment and said, "I agree with you. It's impossible. Unfortunately, according to the guide beam we're within fifty million kilometers of our intended breakout point, so you must be right. The next few crews will have fun trying to explain it."

"What next few crews? When we don't get back, it will be years before anyone tries again. But it will take some explaining. Just the data I have collected would upset astronomy more than anything since Copernicus."

"But where will you oublish?" Parker dove gracefully toward his couch. Halfway there he stiffened as if he had run into a pin and began tumbling gently in mid-air. "Not Copernicus," he murmured. "Not at all." He snook up. "Jonathan, can you get a figure for the curvature of that surface?"

"The other thought for a while. 'Yes, a rough one, if the microwave equipment survived. Half an hour.'" He began setting controls on a relatively undamaged section of the main panel.

Parker pulled himself to the telescope controls and began to aim carefully using the video finder screen. After making several rough observations he moved to the computer panel and began tapping keys.

Strickler, still at his controls, announced, "I don't get it. That has to be a large spherical structure, and I ought to get a convex radius, but it's reading out as a flat surface. What is it out there?"

The captain looked up and began grimly. "I'll tell you. Remember the bad plates you showed me? When I suggested that somebody had moved the stars I was almost right. Actually, I guess they forgot to move them. Or maybe they decided not to bother; they must have better things to do."

"What are you talking about, George?" Strickler interrupted, a look of concern on his face.

"Let me finish. You saw the big blocks around the hole out there. Those must be what they move it around with, for parallax and such. All the other holes are the same, so everything looks right from Earth. Though there must still be flaws. Quasars, for instance. Faulty alignment? Or maybe they're switching to a whole new system."

The astronomer was by now thoroughly confused. He shifted nervously and said, "Easy, George. Don't crack up on me now. Who are 'they'?"

"You still don't understand, do you, Jonathan? Those are stars." Parker waved a hand in the direction of the viewport. "All holes in a sphere nine light years wide."

With a faint snap, the air circulation switched off, and Parker felt his voice become soft in the stillness. "It's a hoax, Jonathan," he continued. "Astronomy, physics, who knows what else. You can fool all of the people all of the time if you try hard enough. I wonder when they decided to give us a real solar system to play in? But we've been fooled for longer than that. Since before Copernicus at least. Maybe even since Zeus was dethroned."

"You mean the Greeks... the crystal spheres... the whole mysticism..." Strickler sputtered wildly.

"Well, almost all of it. It certainly fits. Your distorted star patterns. The flat surface: you can't measure a nine light year sphere from here. The problem with the magnification in the rear scope: you're twice as far from the opposite side of the sphere as anyone has ever been before. And I've found half a dozen nearby stars in the scope, all ellipses, holes seen on edge.

"That's why they wrecked us. They couldn't very well let us get back and spoil the punch line, whatever it may be. I wonder what comes next?" Parker felt strangely calm, floating now above his couch. He smiled slightly as he discovered what came next.

Strickler heard it too, and he looked wildly around for the source of the sound until he realized that it came from within his head. After a moment, he recognized it for what it was, and broke down completely. "You're right," he almost sobbed, "You're right. Oh my God."

"No," Parker corrected him in a quiet voice. "Say rather: oh my Gods."

And in the silent cabin, in two silent minds, the laughter of the Titans rang on.



In the meantime, the MITSERS Mystical Marathon with Irwin T. Lapeer as Ghost-of-Honor dragged on into its fourteenth hour. ITL seemed determined to dominate this zine ever as he had dominated those in years of yore. But ITL's sixty-word-per-minute Quijading unfortunately outpaced our fastest typist, and only two fragments of the novel, Scooter Spastic and the Asteroid Guns of the Zodiac Pirates, were later readable. The rest was lost in a mass of typographical errors and was totally unintelligible, indeed, it was reminiscent of late Joyce or one of Ken Johnson's porno novels. The manuscript is now undergoing computer analysis and other fragments may later be decoded. For now, however, we present chapters 14 and 23 of SS & the AG of the ZP, by Irwin T. Lapeer.

Chapter 14 The Curse of the Horse's Asteroid

"Quick! Atom Bomb! Come here, I think I've found what we were looking for!" cried Scooter. As his faithful companion came bounding in from the library, Scooter quickly made room for the computer output on the desk before him. There, amongst the clutter of broken transistors, antique calculators, ultrasonic cleaners, and dirty hot chocolate cups, was a page of minutely scribbled notes, stuffed in among the neatly folded output.

Atom Bomb hurried over to the desk and saw the rows of figures before him. He let out a low whistle. "Wow," he said in awe. "That's really a find. That really is something. Uh, what is it?"

"This," replied Scooter promptly, "I just happen to recognize as being a spiffy neat-keen set of ephemeris for the 250 largest known asteroids, plus Bambergia!"

"Duh, I thought Bambergia was one of the 250 largest asteroids, Scoots."

"Yes, but you see, that was only discovered in 1972. And as you can see by the style of printout, this computer listing was made on an IBM 1130 computer. But those computers were designed in 1963, a full nine years before the discovery of Bambergia's size was made!"

Scooter stopped to let the implications of this profound discovery sink into Atom Bomb's typically artistically fuddled brain.

"Uh, I don't think I understand. So what if the computer was nine years old?"

"Don't you see? Why should anyone make a listing of ephemeris of Bambergia, back when nobody knew it was a significant asteroid? Well, I'll tell you why. Look at this!" And quickly, Scooter presented the small piece of paper with the hastily scribbled notes. "Do you recognize the names on this sheet of paper?"

"'Virgo, Lyndon Johnson; Scorpio, Eric Suoglieri; Capricornus, Mr. Greer; Pisces, The Kid; Taurus, Woody Fuffa....' I don't get it, Scooter."

"They are signs of the Zodiac!"

"Lyndon Johnson is a sign of the Zodiac?"

"No, no, no, you flaming cretin nerd grungy tool," chuckled Scooter in a fit of good-hearted banter. "Those are the names of important people who were born under those signs."

"So how does that fit in with the asteroids?"

"That's," said Scooter excitedly, "pre-cisely the question I asked myself. But then I realized: the fate of the world depends, to no small extent, on the actions of these people: Lyndon Johnson, a famous TV personality; Eric Suuglieri, the ruthless dictator of the Italo-Estonian Empire; Mr. Greer, the sex symbol of Hollywood; and Woody Puffa, the famous romantic musician-turned-atomic spy! If you could somehow predict the actions of these individuals, you could -- dare I say it -- rule the world!"

"But do you think someone tried to use astrology to..."

"Not just ordinary astrology, Chucko," snapped Scooter with a fiery gleam in his eye. "We all know that ordinary astrology just isn't accurate enough. Trying to predict the lives of people based on the positions of eight planets doesn't work. There's not enough data for a Laplace distribution. But..."

"With 250 asteroids to fit a curve around, you could define a bell-shaped curve with 99% confidence limits," breathed out Atom Bomb in stunned amazement.

"Exactly."

"What a fiendish scheme!"

"But that's not all. The presence of this very important asteroid, Bamberga, is all-important to make the curve-fittings work. It's so big, it can't be ignored. But until its size was discovered, no astrologer could have realized just what was throwing their calculations off. So whoever made this chart up knew about Bamberga. But how? There's only one possible solution. It must have been the work of..."

BLOWIE!! A sudden explosion cut his words short!

"Quick! Atom Bomb! To the Little Red Auto!" But Atom Bomb was already gone!

Chapter 23 Scooter Finds a Clue!

"Boy, oh, boy," said Scooter, "It'd really be neat, you know, if we could find just one clue, just one stinking, rotten, lousy clue, and wrap up this whole mystery in a big bright snazzy package."

"Oh, yeah," mused Atom Bomb, munching on a soggy tortilla, as he kicked the desert sand with his half-ton army boot. Leaning against a giant Sonora cactus, he blinked his eyes and wiped the sweat from his forehead, munching still and breathing heavily from the long hike up the Seven Falls canyon. Scooter still muttered to himself, crouched low on the ground and absent-mindedly poking a horned toad with an old stick, the dead branch of a Mesquite tree.

"You know," said Atom Bomb, "it occurs to me that we haven't really figured out just what this mystery is supposed to be about, anyway. I mean, you know, here we go around to every observatory on the continent, breaking valuable equipment all the way, and we still haven't figured out what we're looking for. At least, I haven't."

"Of course not, dummy," replied Scooter. "That's why it's a mystery."

"What's a mystery?"

"Exactly. What is the mystery? That's what we have to find out."

"But then you've just said it," said Atom Bomb.

"What? Say that again."

"But-then-you've-just-said-it. What's this all about?"

"Exactly! You've done it! Atom Bomb, you're a genius!"

"Gee," blushed Atom Bomb. He pawed the ground bashfully, and then looked away to the horizon, where the foothills of the Sabino Mountains rose majestically into the copper-smelter-gray skies. And he saw, in his mind, a beautiful mural he could paint... a touch of red, a touch of green, and about five gallons of gray paint he would need, but in his artist's mind he knew he could describe the desert perfectly.

This TZ took so long to prepare that a lot of the material in the following article is now quite dated, but I think there's still enough useful information contained therein to merit publication. Nick Nussbaum will probably dismember me when he sees his article in print so late, but an editor must risk occasional dismemberment, I suppose. At any rate, Mr. Nussbaum will now educate you. It seems there will be some films worth avoiding this year after all.

Upcoming Science Fiction Films

by Nicholas Nussbaum

As you might have read, Hollywood has discovered the science fiction film again. The list you see below is a compilation of films currently in production. This list has been extracted from The Independent Film Journal and Boxoffice, magazines for theatre owners. The titles in this list are in varying stages of completion: some are already being shown, while others are no more than a gleam in some producer's eye. The films are often retitled before release, actors quit and writers disappear in despair, and due caution should therefore be taken before trusting this list overmuch. Still it's nice to know that there are a lot of people out there making us films that might be worth watching.

Breakfast of Champions

Paramount -- from the Vonnegut novel, directed by Robert Altman

The Caves of Steel

Columbia -- from the Asimov novel

Close Encounter of the Third Kind

Columbia -- screenplay by Paul Schrader

Cybernia

New World Pictures -- screenplay by Charles Griffith, produced by Corman. Struggle for control over a computer that governs the United States in the 21st century.

Dante's Trip
AIP, Hanna-Barbera -- rock version of
The Inferno

Death Corps
Independent -- mutant soldiers subjected
to strange experiments.

Demon Seed
MGM -- Julie Christie in Dean Koontz story

A Different Story
Avco Embassy -- screenplay by Henry Olek.
Comedy about male homosexual alien who
marries lesbian roommate to avoid deport-
ation.

Doc Savage: Arch Enemy of Evil
Warner -- sequel to previous Doc Savage,
this one set in Morocco in the late thirties.

Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth
Monarch -- SF fantasy in new 3D "spacevision"
process. ((Editor's note: If you, too,
are wondering how new this process is, read
Bill Desmond's article further on in this
zine -- ACW))

The Food of the Gods
AIP -- from H. G. Wells' story.

The Galaxy Within
UA -- SF with a parapsychology theme.
Visual effects by Douglas Trumbull.

Greystoke
Warner -- remake of an early Tarzan story.

Hiero's Journey
Columbia -- from the Lanier novel, with screen-
play by Sterling Silliphant.

The Island of Dr. Moreau
AIP -- from the Wells story.

The Legend of King Kong
Universal -- remake set in thirties in
"sensurround" process.

Lupezooids
AIP -- The world is frozen in ice in the
year 2000.

Magnai
Independent -- undersea story set in 2075.

The Man Who Could Work Miracles
Paramount -- from the Wells story.

The Micronauts
Columbia -- Gregory Peck battles insects
after an ecological disaster.

The Prometheus Crisis
Paramount -- from the Thomas Scortia novel.

Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger
Columbia -- another voyage.

Star Trek
Paramount -- Roddenberry says he'll have
everybody back, just like old times but bigger.

The Star Wars
20th Century Fox -- screenplay by George
Lucas. Outer space adventure.

The Ultimate Warrior
Warner -- Yul Brynner in the 21st century.

War Wizards
20th Century Fox -- written by Ralph Bakshi
of 'Fritz the Cat'. About life ten million
years from now when fairies and elves
protect the earth.

WheelWorld
New World -- Car race in 2025

When Worlds Collide
Paramount/Universal -- Anthony Burgess
will write remake.

The resurrection of Twilight Zine divided
all MITSFS into three parts. There were the
apaths, the sceptics, and the noodges. Bill
Desmond is a noodge.

The trouble with Bill Desmond is that he
had been around MITSFS approximately forever.
He has seen so many TZs published that he thinks
it is an Easy Thing to Do.

It occurred to me that Bill ought not complain
about publication delay until he had done his
bit by writing something. I told him this and
the bastard went home and wrote something. The
next day he was noodging again, this time with
impunity. There wasn't a damn thing I could
do about it except publish the zine. This I
did, eventually. Thanks partly to Bill Desmond,
Village Elder and Professional Yenta.

At the SF 3D Movies

by Bill "Uncle Willy" Desmond

Your Uncle Willy had a "Blast from the Past"
experience about two years ago. A new 3D
movie, "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein", occasioned
the memory flood. Storywise "AWF" was trashy,
in keeping with the double-entendre title.
The 3D applications were superb, though, and this
brought on the "Blast".

I saw my first 3D movie some 24 years ago.
The movie was "It Came From Outer Space",
released by Universal-International. The
3D effect was electrifying, even to my 13-year-
old eyes, jaded by countless Sunday double bill
thrills. The screenplay was written by Ray
Bradbury. A good story and a dynamite gimmick
combined to produce a real pip of a movie.

With "It" as a starter I made a point of
catching as many 3D movies as I could in
1953 and 1954. Unfortunately the film producers
concentrated on the gimmicky aspect of 3D.
Story lines were left begging, and a lot of
poor movies were made using 3D techniques.
Whatever the gimmick, a poor movie is yet a
poor movie. So once the novelty wore off, so
did public interest. In three years, 3D films
were no longer produced with any regularity.

During the active period, however, over 100
feature and short films were produced. Among
this lot were a good handful that are still of
interest to the science-fiction audience.
Here (along with my own categorizations and
ratings) is a list:

Horror and Gothic films:

- ** Andy Warhol's Frankenstein (1974)
- **** House of Wax (1954)
- ** The Mad Magician (1954)
- *** The Mask (1961)
- *** The Maze (1953)
- ** Phantom of the Rue Morgue (1954)

Science Fiction:

- ** The Bubble (1966)
- * Cat Women of the Moon (1953)
- *** Creature from the Black Lagoon (1953)
- ** Gog (1954)
- **** It Came From Outer Space (1953)
- ** Revenge of the Creature (1955)
- * Robot Monster (1953)

Miscellaneous:

- ** Son of Sinbad (1953)
- *** Third Dimension Murder (1941)

Rating Key:

- **** Tops
- **** Very Good
- *** Good
- ** So-so
- * Turkey

The very best 3D films were "It Came From Outer Space" and "The House of Wax", an excellent remake of 1932's "The Mystery of the Wax Museum". Unfortunately, very few prints of any of these films remain, so if you get a chance to see one, do so -- the chance might not come again!

Stereoscopic experimentation started as early as the 1830's. Studies of depth perception revealed that the 3D effect depends on the differences between the images presented to the two eyes. If the presented images are identical or nearly so, they are perceived as flat.

Experiments with 3D movies began with film-making itself. William Priese-Greene (one of the pioneer inventors of motion pictures) was demonstrating a 3D system in 1890! His system used two different pictures of the same scene, photographed with lenses separated by the same distance as our eyes are. The two images were projected side by side on a screen and viewed through a stereoscope similar to the one found in most homes during the 1880's. The stereoscope allowed the viewer's right eye to see only the right-hand picture, and vice versa. However, after several screenings Greene decided that the system was impractical for commercial purposes.

Later experimenters studying the problem of viewing a stereo pair (left and right eye images) evolved the system now referred to as anaglyphic. This involves the projected superposition of stereo pairs that are tinted in complementary colors. With the left image tinted red and the right tinted blue-green, the projection is viewed through filters. The right filter being red would allow the right eye to see only the right image, which is green. Thing works in reverse, of course, for the other eye.

This system, at first, required the use of two interlocked projectors with red and green filters. Then, in 1922, the Technicolor Company introduced their two-color process. Coincidentally, the colors were red and green. This made it possible to print the stereo pair together for single-projector showings.

The final advance was the polaroid 3D process, which was identical to the anaglyphic process except it used images polarized at an angle of 90 degrees to one another, and viewed through polarizing filters. The only image that each eye sees is the one that is not cross-polarized with respect to the filter over that eye. Additionally, the polaroid filters are a neutral gray, and can reproduce a stereo pair without affecting color images. This made the full color 3D film possible.

Other 3D methods exist, for example the holographic method. I've seen some quite graphic holograms recently, but the method isn't being used much in movies yet.

Well, there they were, leering down from the bookshelf like a piano missing three keys: the first eighty-five volumes of the monumental Epic of Perry Rhodan. We weren't certain where they were coming from, but there certainly were enough of them. More than enough.

Some of us thought that they reproduced themselves with no external assistance. This theory was not only elegant in itself, but it also explained why a Perry Rhodan novel always reads as if it were written by another Perry Rhodan novel. Alas, the theory was finally debunked by a knowledge-seeking member who stared continuously at the shelf for fourteen straight hours one night, and observed nothing at all untoward. I was very upset at this development, because it seemed to confirm, once and for all, that Someone Out There was actually writing these turkeys. The thought still adversely affects my appetite.

But still and all, there they were.

I called for volunteers. In a rare invocation of the Supreme Mandate of Jourcomm in Case of Dire Need, I summoned all 342 MITSFS members to Emergency Session.

"I have a mission for one of you," I said urgently. I remember suddenly feeling that if I were to stop talking, I would self-destruct in five seconds. I get like that sometimes.

"Who among you," I continued, "wants to step into the unknown? Who among you dares to go where no man has gone before?"

Someone started whistling: dum, DEEE, dee da-da-da-daaa... dum, DEEEE, dee da-da-da-daaa...

"Can it. Who among you wants to review one of the Perries?"

There was a loud multiple thump, as if 341 MITSFS members had taken one step backwards. I looked up to find Robert H. Bernstein, then Skinner Born of all the MITSFS, standing bewildered, one step ahead of everyone else.

"Excellent, Bob, excellent!" I said, smiling an encouragement. "You're a brave man. Now, take this book. No, that's the back cover. That's... no, now you've got it upside-down. Ah! that's better. Now go sit in that corner and read it."

The Blob read for ten minutes... twenty... a half hour. After forty-five minutes, he looked up with a puzzled expression on his face.

"What's the trouble?" I asked.

"Here on page two," said the Skinner, "It must be a quote from Pinnegan's Wake. That's the only possible explanation for the peculiar grammar and spelling."

"I can think of another perfectly good explanation," I said. "Suppose, over at the publishing house, they suddenly ran out of..."

"This is a work of genius," proclaimed Bob, ignoring my perfectly reasonable hypothesis. "It's so profound, even I can't understand it. Perhaps I'll write my thesis about it."

"For the physics department?"

"Sure. I'll call it 'Applications of the Uncertainty Principle to Modern Literature'. They'll never know the difference."

The following is the resulting paper, which was never submitted to the physics department owing to a peculiar mishap on the day of its completion. Without really intending to, Bob accidentally determined the paper's momentum to twenty-five decimal places of accuracy, and then couldn't find the thing. The paper remained in a very sparse probability distribution until Bob left for graduate school, when it reappeared. I now know exactly where it is, but I'm not quite certain where it's going.

A Portrait of the Universe
as a Marvelous Hero:

Joycean Parallels in Perry Rhodan #85

by Robert H. Bernstein

The Perry Rhodan series is the longest epic work in literature with another 250 volumes planned, it has already surpassed the Odyssey. I have chosen to concentrate, for as long as my powers will allow, on a mere 116 pages of this epic, a section entitled Enemy in the Dark, by Kurt Mahr.

"116 pages!" I hear you cry. "What can one find in only 116 pages?"

Well, gentle reader, I remind you of an adjective used to praise literary works which are rich in complex references and interleaving; (actually, this edition is glued.) the word dense. This is by far the densest writing I have ever seen.

The book opens with the murder of a Governor. This reminds us of the early usurpation of power by Sorehead from King Arglebargle III in the epic Lord of the Fleas. (For the uninformed, this is a tale of a group of children stranded without any teachers around. The children have a penchant for linguistics.)

Who was this "super-human", "lightning-fast administrator" who speaks in "monologs" such as "Weird specimens, these tubular plants."? (The alert reader may notice the misspelling of "monologue". I take this to be a linguistic experiment on Mahr's part, since it is repeated. Another novel literary device, clearly indicating the level of Mahr's genius, is the careful omission or transposition of letters, words, and sometimes even entire lines. Suggestions that this is due to excess haste in publication are to be dismissed as coming from literary snobs of the type that reads F & SF.)

Mahr soon informs us in his subtle way ("Pthal was a robot.") that Pthal is a robot. The murder of this inhuman ruler can only be taken as a reference to the revolution against Perry Rhodan, as rich in its implications as the recent revolution in The Mighty Thor. Indeed, that Pthal works for Perry indicates this, for the parallels between the personalities of the robot and Perry are obvious.

We see, then, a developing struggle against the concepts of good and evil.

At this time, I believe a psychological evaluation of the characters will convince the reader of the true depth of this work.

The major character is one Theresa Untcher. A "rather short and thin man", he is reminiscent of great aides to greater leaders; a Laugel to Hardy and a Robin to Batman, he stands in a time-honored relation behind Perry Rhodan. I believe this particular relation to have been made famous by the Neo-Classical Greeks.

Untcher is characterized by unceasing paranoia and a predilection for sending his men into battle against amazing odds, odds often as poor as those against Italy in the second invasion of Ethiopia.

Secondly, there is the enormous Sergeant Ram Loodey, a character that is a mating of the body of Farmer's Joe Miller to the mind of Keynes' Charley Gordon before his operation, without their cloying humility. Loodey often arrogantly displays his mental prowess. At one point, under the influence of a drug, Loodey wrests a spaceship from Untcher in the book's interesting scene.

Also among the major characters are several aliens, all with unpronounceable names. The names are another literary experiment, rumored to have been performed with monkeys and typewriters. No reputable description of the experiment has yet been published, so Mahr scholars will have to wait.

The main aliens form a trinity. There is a young, self-styled martyr, an old, stupid father, and one that seems incapable of doing anything. The parallels to Christianity are obvious. These three lead the pro-Rhodan forces on the planet which is the setting of the work.

Next are the villains. Villains is an inappropriate word, since Mahr intentionally minimizes the contrast between the modi operandi of the pro- and anti-Rhodan forces, illustrating his own amoral Weltanschauung.

The anti-Rhodan forces demonstrate Satanic cunning: they tempt and entrap, creating their own Hell.

At the tail end of the book, emerging as a great massive product of Mahr's labors, is Perry Rhodan. His appearance is manifested by a swift rout of the enemy and an end to the story. Their stomachs quake before His awful visage. I must admit that even so jaded a reviewer as myself felt a similar emotion at His appearance.

Next in our exegesis is a description of the plot. I have waited this long because I felt I could not do justice to it. At this time, however, the Valium has taken effect, and I can explain it to you without overly regretting the ignorance of the adjectives that this work merits; indeed, I doubt they exist.

The plot is difficult to piece together: Mahr shifts from scene to scene to scene as would a camera in a hurricane. The version of the most erudite Mahr-tian, Mr. Gorged Fillies, is the one I use, although I make a few small modifications to suit my purposes.

A robot administrator is killed on a planet that is 99.9% water. He did not die of rust. This is suspicious, so a ship commanded by Thomea Untcher, with Sergeant Loodey aboard, is dispatched to investigate. The ship lands.

Now comes the most important scene in the book. Untcher leaves the ship to look around, and is attacked by a creature from a nearby black lagoon, actually a native (the creature, not the lagoon). While he fights off the unarmed beast with nothing more than a hand laser, his ship is attacked. The men rush out and courageously annihilate hundreds of natives in a scene which shows Mahr's debt to John Wayne. Then one native gets through and releases a terrible gas.

The effect of this gas is horrid. The men state that they will no longer take orders from Untcher (who has fortunately left to do more investigating). They claim him a pompous fool. They talk about politics and curse Perry Rhodan as an arrogant braggart and windbag who obtained his present position by being a sneaky shafter. These concepts may be obscene, but Mahr will not shun adult themes in his quest to reveal what evil can do.

A few men resist the gas. They round up the mutineers, who seem strangely opposed to violence, and lock them away. The enormous Sergeant Loodey, one of the victims of the gas, makes his escape by tricking a doctor and regains the ship for the rebels. His treacherous plan is to saturate Terra with the gas, thus destroying the Empire.

This section is an obvious parallel to tooth decay. The crew, symbolizing a sound, healthy set of teeth, is attacked by natives who symbolize bacteria. A beachhead is established, symbolizing a decayed area, and the rest of the ship (mouth) rots, rendering the Empire (person) unable to chew out (up) its (his) neighbors (food). Here the tragic tale of dental caries is made bearable by Mahr's skillful use of symbolism.

Meanwhile, the trinity of aliens investigates the home of a local traitor. They turn on a picturephone and accidentally dial Untcher's frequency, and set up a meeting with him in an abandoned underwater city.

Untcher is trapped by the "Enemy in the Dark" but our natives save him: they have bravely captured a laser from a sleeping guard.

Untcher, freed, returns to his ship. During his captivity, the doctor has valiantly locked himself in a communications room. Turning on the ship's intercom, he desperately reads aloud an inflammatory novel called *Fahrenheit 451*, risking his own sanity by exposing himself to the subtly mind-warping propaganda. The rebels, in their sad mental state, are so enthralled by the prose that the ship is easily retaken.

Untcher, during his captivity, had discovered that irradiation with "thermal neutrons" will save his men. He subjects them to this treatment, and since the cure will take two weeks, calls for reinforcements.

Finally, Perry Rhodan, Piecelord of the Universe,

arrives in a ship only slightly larger than New York State, and mercifully disperses the night remaining rebels with a tactical nuclear weapon, generously leaving at least half the planet habitable.

Perry Rhodan as cosmic dentist completes the story. He pulls out the offending tooth and grinds it beneath his spiked heel.

Before closing my essay, I would like to mention the small nicety of Mahr's.

This is an extremely difficult book to read: I have never struggled so to complete each page. Other writers, especially those who experiment with language as does Mahr, leave the task of interpretation to readers and to annotators. Mahr, knowing that his readers are often human, tells us explicitly what he means. For instance, the devilishly obscure word "fidstiv" is used as an exclamation. Next to it there is an asterisk that refers us to a note at the bottom of the page informing us that the word means "fiddlesticks". I like not, dear reader -- Mahr is that kind.

The book has already been shown to play with language; it also plays with time. It made twenty minutes of my time seem like two hours, but that is only part of its design. Sprinkled within are references to future events in Perry Rhodan's life, tantalizing the reader while also confusing him. For example, why include: "200 adventures from now, you'll join the search for *The Lost Planet*"? This appears in the middle of a page. Does Mahr know something about our future that we do not? Why does he do this with us? The symbolism is not at all clear, yet we

17 ESSAYS FROM NOW, YOU'LL DISCOVER
*****THE AMAZING ANSWER!!!*****

Mahr-lovers will keep looking until we find something.

The title of this essay refers to Joycean Parallels. Now, perhaps, we can see what they are. The clue is in the name of Untcher's ship, spelled on the cover as "Finnmark" and misspelled everywhere else as "Finmark". Mahr is undoubtedly telling us to Mark the Finn! But which Finn? Two clues can be found to solve this puzzle.

The first is in the title: the Finn's enemy is in the dark, as in a dream. The second is that the sound /fin/ is spelled two different ways: "Finn", and "Fin" again. And now you know. The "Finn" is clearly Finnegan of Joyce's *Finnegan's Wake*, which is the story of a dream. And on page 383 of my edition, we have the basis for Mahr's work: "Three quarks for Muster Mark!" (Remember the "mark" in *Finmark*?) But not just three quarks for Muster Mahr. This book, rather, is full of Mahr's quarks.

* * *

As we approach the end of this zine, some of you may be wondering what this is all for. I wondered too: "Why *Twilight Zine*? Is it worth the effort?" Then someone decided to let me in on the secret, even as I am about to initiate you into one of the Mysteries of the MITSFS.

Just as a virus carries its cargo of vital but deadly DNA, so this zine carries the Want List of the MIT Science Fiction Society Library. Yes, it can now be told: the library does not have a copy of everything. There are indeed things missing from our collections: mostly old issues

of magazines. It can be argued that the only reason TZ gets published at all is to publicize the list of missing issues. We urge you to at least glance down the list: you may own something we need, or perhaps you know someone else who does. If you do, please contact us; our address, in case I haven't said so already, is

MIT Science Fiction Society
W20-421, Student Center
84 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, Massachusetts
02139

The following list of magazine issues lacking in the MITSFS collection was compiled by Kenneth Johnson, without whom much of the operation of the Library would be impossible, not to mention No Fun.

AMERICAN MAGAZINES

Amazing Stories: 1927:February, 1936:August
Amazing Stories Annual: 1927
Amazing Stories Quarterly: 1931:Summer
Bizarre Fantasy Tales: 1970:Fall
Boris Karloff Story Digest Magazine: 1970:June
Dark Shadows Story Digest Magazine: 1970:June
Famous SF: 1968:Spring, 1969:Spring
Fantastic Adventures: 1939:July
Fantastic Adventures Yearbook: 1970
Flash Gordon Strange Adventure Magazine: 1936:December
Galaxy: 1969:July, August, December
Ghost Stories: 1926:all, 1927:all, 1928:January, February, April, June through December, 1929:all, 1930:January through October, 1931: all
IF: 1969:July, September, 1970:January, April, July/August
Magazine of Horror: 1969:September (#29), 1971: April (#36)
Monster Parade: 1958 through 1959:all
Scientific Detective Monthly: all
Startling Mystery Stories: 1967:Winter (#7) 1969: Spring (#8)
Strange Stories: 1939:October, 1940:February, April, June, December
Strange Tales: 1931: September, 1932:March, 1933: January
Strangest Stories Ever Told: 1970:Summer
Super Science Fiction: 1957:October
Otherworlds: 1957:May
Weird Tales: 1923:April through November, 1924:all, 1925:January through October, December, 1926:January, March, April, June through October, December

Weird Terror Tales:all

Witches Tales:all

Wonder Stories: 1923:November, 1931:July, October

British Magazines

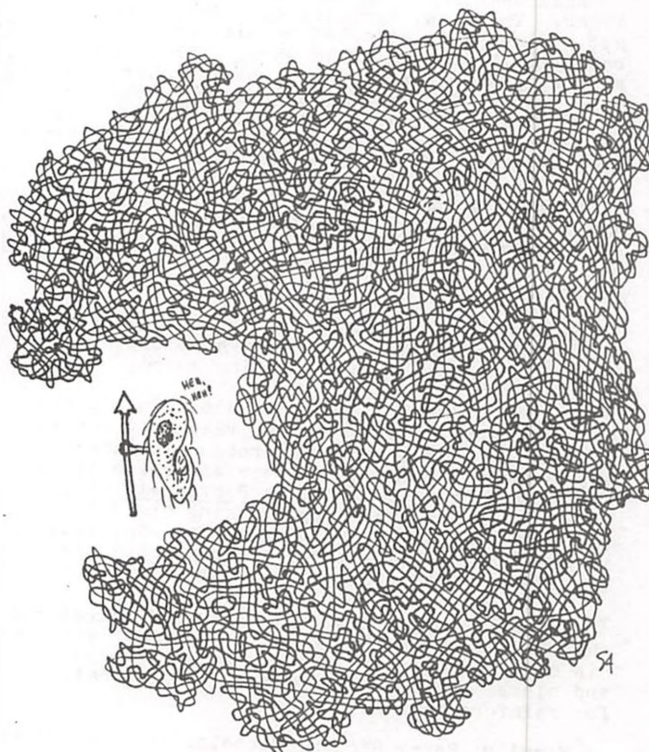
Amazing Super Stories #1
Fantasy: 1938 #1, 1939 #2
New Worlds: 1960:July (#96), 1968:March (#180)
Phantom: #1 through #5, #7, #8 through #14, #16
Science Fantasy: 1958:April (#28), December (#32) 1964: February(#63), April (#64)
SF Adventures: 1958:July (#3)
Scoops: #2 through #70
Tales of Wonder: #1, #13
Vargo Statten Magazine: Volume 2: #1, #3, #4

Remember, if you own any of the above, even if you think you'd never part with it, drop us a line. You are the kind of collector we like to stay in touch with.

Well, I can scarcely believe my benumbed fingers, but this looks like the end of TZ 29. To keep TZ alive, send us LoCs at the address listed above. Written material contributed for inclusion is welcome, although we can't return it even if we decide not to use it.

You are holding the twenty-ninth edition of Twilight Zine.

Let's just be quiet for a minute...



YOU ARE GETTING THIS (TWILIGHT ZINE 29) BECAUSE:

- ___ You contributed a story.
- ___ You contributed artwork. Hi, Bonnie! Hi, Sue!
- ___ You contributed a letter. Hi, Laurine!
- ___ You traded for a different, equally worthless fanzine.
- ___ You traded for an equal, differently worthless fanzine.
- ___ You never nagged the editor. This space unfortunately left blank.
- ___ The sky split in twain and revealed your name in letters of fire.
- ___ We had extra copies, and picked your name at random from the _____ telephone directory.
- ___ You said it couldn't be done.
- ___ You're me. I get to keep at least one.
- ___ You're a social psychology major planning to found an eternal, peaceful, and just galactic society based on TZ 29.
- ___ This page has been impregnated with a slow-acting but lethal contact poison. Without delay, send your entire SF collection to
MITSFS
Room 421, Student Center
84 Mass. Ave.
Cambridge, MA 02139
The antidote will be sent by return mail.
- ___ We didn't know any better.
- ___ You paid 25¢ for it. As P. T. Barnum used to say, there's one born every minute.