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Well, here it is! (Thought you'd never see it, huh?) TZ 30, intended date of publication 1977, is brought to you through no fault of the U.S. Postal Service, and despite unavoidable delays, by the MITSFS Star Chamber, in conspiracy against the editor (Don't blame him.)

In our "things to come" department, we announce The Best of TZ: 1960-1980, coming in February 1979 and TZ 31 coming in May 1979. I am leaving MIT on June 4, 1979 and TZ 31 will come out before I leave here (or maybe it means I'm not leaving here.) We invite contributions of any form: art, fiction, nonfiction, comments, money, whatever -- but please send them to us soon.

This is Twilight Zine #30 published by the MIT Science Fiction Society, a member of the MIT Association of Student Activities and a recognized activity by the MIT Graduate Student Council. Twilight Zine #30 was funded in part by a grant from the MIT Finance Board and from the Graduate Student Council. All opinions herein are those of the individual authors and not necessarily those of the MITSFS; any resemblances to actual people or characters (or authors) is purely coincidental. The editor of TZ 30 was Allan Wechsler, who was chairman of Jourcomm until this thing came out.

The MITSFS Star Chamber wishes to thank Steve Swernofsky for valuable technical assistance in locating and producing this Zine.

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## Editor's note

The repeated, chronic delays in publication of successive issues of TWILIGHT ZINE are solely the responsibility and blame of the editor. The writers represented here were fully cooperative and delays are not to be attributed to them.

For example, the following review of THE SWORD OF SHANNARA was finished before the official release date of the novel. MITSFS received an advance copy, Roger Silverstein snatched it up, and before I knew it there was a complete review in my file drawer. If only this magazine had been published that week, we would have had a real scoop. I have to apologize specifically to Roger for denying him the pleasure of edging out the professional critics.

THE SWORD OF SHANNARA  
by Terry Brooks  
review by Roger Silverstein

(Random House \$12.95, 1977;  
Ballantine/Del Rey \$6.95, 1977-Trade;  
Ballantine/Del Rey \$2.50, 1978)

The review copy of THE SWORD OF SHANNARA has a letter from Lester del Rey (Ballantine's current Fantasy Editor) on the cover in which he states:

"...no novel of true epic fantasy has appeared [since THE LORD OF THE RINGS] to satisfy the millions of readers who are eager for other such secondary-universe journeys.

"Now, I believe, there is such a novel--THE SWORD OF SHANNARA, by a new and highly gifted writer, Terry Brooks."

After a reading of the book, I won't quite agree with that statement, but it's a damned fine novel.

The average fantasy reader has endured twenty years of books covered with hype like "in the tradition of Tolkien", "the best book since THE LORD OF THE RINGS", and so on. What makes this schlock different from all other schlock? I can't really answer that, but I can say that after I finished it, I was left with a feeling of breathless wonder that only two other fantasy books have given me. One was Shardik, by Richard Adams. The other was THE LORD OF THE RINGS.

THE SWORD OF SHANNARA is the story of a fight between good and evil. It takes place in the far future after modern man has nearly destroyed himself in a nuclear holocaust. The world has acquired a radically different shape. In the South, the remnants of Man survive in a basically pre-industrial lifestyle. In the East there exist Dwarves and Gnomes. In the West dwell the Elves and the North has the Trolls.

The Warlock Lord, who lives in the far north, has decided to take over.

He will use his allies, the Trolls and Gnomes, to defeat everyone else. He has tried this once before, long ago, and was defeated only by the Elven King Jerle Shannara's use of his enchanted sword, the Sword of Shannara. This time around, the Warlock Lord has killed off all the descendants of Shannara (the only ones who can wield the Sword) except for Shea Ohmsford, a half-breed orphan who is unaware of his heritage.

A mysterious wanderer, Allaron, jolts Shea out of his placid existence and sends him off on his quest to find the Sword and use it to defeat the Warlock Lord.

If you are experiencing a feeling of *deja vu*, you have probably hit upon the major weakness of the novel. Del Rey says that Brooks wrote the first half of *SWORD* while heavily under the influence of *THE LORD OF THE RINGS*. Despite heavy editing, it shows. In the first half of *SWORD*, there is a parallel character in Tolkien for each one of Brooks'. Shea acts like Frodo, and Allaron seems like Gandalf with a dash of Aragorn. The worst of this parallelism occurs when Allaron is battling one of the Warlock Lord's minions on a ledge hundreds of feet over a fiery pit. Guess how it ends. Yes, the bad guy pulls Allaron into the pit with him.

Fortunately, after that scene, Brooks goes his own way, and the parallels to Tolkien are vastly reduced.

(Reading *SWORD* brought up an old irritation of mine: Why is fantasy so chauvinistic? Out of dozens of characters we meet in *SWORD*, only one is a woman. Her function in *SWORD* is to have two men fall in love with her, almost at first sight each time. To be sure, she seems intelligent, but mainly: "She was easily the most stunning woman the Prince of Leah had ever encountered... She was incredibly beautiful, he thought again." An animated window dummy from Jordan Marsh would fill the plot niche neatly. Brooks is only following a grand tradition of fantasy, after all, but I would love to see a non-sexist fantasy in which women have other functions besides cooking, sewing, and having men fall in love with them at first sight.)

When one is through criticizing *SWORD*, and comparing it to Tolkien, one is forced to conclude that Brooks has done his own thing, and done it well. Whereas Tolkien created his own world, language, and history, Brooks has put most of his energy into storytelling. He has used a much drier prose than Tolkien, with less description and metaphor, and more action. Also, his hero's method of defeating the Lord of Evil is more satisfying than Tolkien's. *THE SWORD OF SHANNARA* may or may not be a classic (only time can tell), but it is certainly one of the best fantasies written in many years. I recommend it highly.

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Jordin Kare is always running science fiction writing workshops and story debugging sessions. Interested people can reach him through MITSFS. The following story is not a fair sample of his work, however. Presented



with a pile of stories and asked, "Which one do you want?" I responded by selecting the most ridiculous.

## TALE OF A COW

by Jordin Kare

Zeke Caulfield was at the back of the crowd in the Venusport terminal when the shuttle landed. Thus he was among the last to reach the big rocket plane, with its precious cargo from Earth.

He should really have been in front, since this cargo belonged to him. Zeke was a farmer, the first of the thousands who would someday make the vast plains of Terraformed Venus bloom. He had been here a year, learning to live and work on the still not quite Earthlike planet. Now at last this ship had brought the tools and supplies he needed to set up his farm.

The ship had also brought his livestock, though, and that was what the crowd had come to see--the first animals on Venus besides men.

As they reached the shuttle, its side hatch opened, and from inside came a weird moaning sound. The crowd halted in consternation. Zeke shouldered his way through and climbed into the cargo area. After a few moments the sound repeated, and Zeke stepped back out, tugging on a length of rope. At the other end of the rope, a huge brown and white head emerged into the sunlight.

"Holy cow," shouted someone. "it's a cow!" Murmurs ran through the mass of people, most of whom had never seen any animal bigger than a white rat: "A cow? A cow?"

Zeke finished dragging the beast, still sleepy from being drugged for the shuttle ride, out onto the ground. "Yep," he said. "A cow. Only one on the planet, at least for a few years yet."

The cow said, "Moooooooooo."

A great cheer arose from the crowd, and Zeke stood, embarrassed, holding onto the rope. As last the noise died away. Then someone in the crowd yelled, "What are you going to call her, Zeke?"

"Call her?"

"Yeah. You gotta give her a name. You can't call the first cow on Venus 'Bessie'."

Zeke paused and thought. The crowd stirred restlessly. The cow said, "MMMMMooo!"

"I think I'll name this cow...Othello," he said at last.

"Othello????"

"Yep. Othello, the Mooer of Venus."

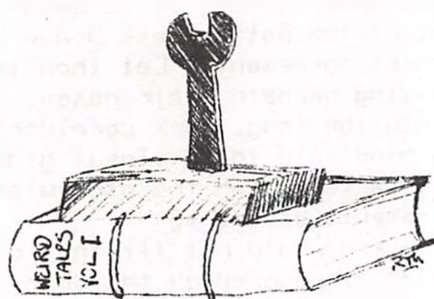
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Gary Goldberg, by the grace of himself Skinner of MITSFS, is working on his senior thesis. This means that he may actually graduate soon. And that means that it will be politically difficult (although not impossible)

for him to continue as Skinner. We therefore announce the 1978 MITSFS Skinner Search. Anyone who is an undergraduate at MIT may apply. Candidates will be judged for general health, intelligence, good-naturedness, and the ability to cope with little everyday mishaps like...

(Publisher's Note: There is now a ruler in MITSFS. Rather, we announce the 1979-1980 Skinner Search.)

THE OUTCAST SOCIETY  
by Gary Goldberg



Whoso pulleth this gavel  
out of this block is  
out of the grace of god  
Rightful Skinner and  
Duly elected president  
of all MITSFS

I was vigorously attempting to oversleep in order to miss my 9 o'clock physics lab when I was thwarted by the callous jangling of my desk phone. I immediately snapped open a wary eye. Only news of a calamity of intergalactic scope could be excuse to waken a purebred Skinner of MITSFS. I snatched up the phone. Instantly, the ringing stopped.

"Mmmph?" I said.

"May I speak to Yari Gralbeg, please?"

"Atszmi."

"Oh, hello. This is Miriam Cooper, of the MIT Library System? I have a note from you, 'reminding' the Libraries to send the Science Fiction Society their annual assistance check of \$500."

"Yes." The sound of the dollar sign jarred me awake.

"Well, we have no record of ever having given you any such funding."

"What? Wait a second, we do, YOU do. Wait, just look in a copy of the MIT Guide to the Libraries, and you'll see MITSFS is mentioned as not being a part of the Libraries but as getting assis--"

"I've checked the Guide, Mr. Gaolbyrd. Strange, it seems that where your club should be listed there is nothing but a big black mark, like something crossed out."

"The footnote..."

"There, too."

"Well, at the beginning of this year I talked with the Director, Mr. Lucre--"

"I'm sorry, he's no longer with us."

"Uh...how about Assistant Director Dugin--"

"He's on vacation."

"Chief Librarian Smegley?"

"Hit by a bus."

"Hang on. I'm coming over." I hung up with a bang that frightened the snapping turtle off my astogali. My Skinner sense was tingling. Somehow, I felt all was not well.

## II

I headed out of my dorm and trundled a beeline towards the Student Center, inside of which was the world's largest open library of science fiction. There, buried in the cobwebby depths of the Bottom Desk Drawer, was a complete record of the MITSFS/MIT Libraries agreement. Let them try to ignore three ounces of cold hard writing waving beneath their noses.

I went up to the fourth floor and turned into the long, dark corridor leading to MITSFS. "Strange," the back of my mind said to my pineal gland. "Where are all those whimsical notices usually tacked up on the otherwise stark door of the Library?" But it was a few moments before my consciousness acknowledged something amiss-- my key would not fit the lock.

"Aarg," I thundered. "What comest off here?" I pounded on the door. "Anyone in there? "Hey!"

Footsteps from within. The latch snicked and the door swung open. Standing before me was a six foot humanoid thing whose skin was a patchwork of bright colors.

"What is this? Who are you? What are you doing in the MITSFS library?" I demanded.

"What MITSFS Library? This is the MIT Tatooing Society."

Aghast, my tongue feeling like a half round of unfermented Yarborough, I stumbled into the room. It was true. Gone were the shelves and shelves of gorgeous SF crammed to adhesiveness. Gone was the massive wall of bound magazines. Gone were the hardbacks, paperbacks, checklists, indices, Big Little Books, fanzines. Gone was the rare and valuable collection of SF pornography.

"No," I choked in a voice like strained bananas. "It can't be." I whipped out my magnifying glass and crawled along the floor. The tile showed definite traces of large SF-laden shelves having been there recently. But they had been there when I was last in the library, the night before. How could over thirty thousand printed items plus bookcases be removed in a mere--I made a hasty mental calculation as best I could without a calculator--few hours?

Then it came to me. I jerked my head at the tattooed turkey lurking behind me and snarled, "What's today's date?"

He looked at me curiously. "March 16th," he said.

"No, no, man. The year! What year is this?" He hesitated nervously. "Out with it, man!"

"Why, naturally, it's 1977."

"1977! Just as I suspected! I've been...no I haven't."

"You've been what?"

"Uh--never mind."

"But why--?"

"Shut up."



I bent down and peered through my glass again. The books had definitely been here, so this wasn't an alternate universe...and a number of men using the latest in sophisticated wheeled carts might possibly have been able to move it all out..."Hello, what's this?" I cried. A scrap of colored cardboard peeked out from beneath a large electronic tattooing machine. I pounced upon it with thirsting hands. It was a portion of a paperback book cover. On it was a bit of blue, a black stripe, and then a white space. In the white space was the legend:

(Laser Book #13)

I stuffed the bit of paper into the special slit in my coat I call a "pocket". "What is it?" asked the tattooee.

"Shut up. How long has this club been here?"

"Why, for at least three years--"

"Enough." I stalked out of the room.

The Student Center Manager's Office had never heard of MITSFS. Neither had the Association for Student Activities. I tried calling various MITSFS members. No one seemed to be home anywhere, at first, but finally one answered.

"Hello, Allan?" I said. "This is the Skinner."

"The what?"

"The President of the MITSFS?"

"What?" You're the present at a Bar Mitvah? Excuse me, I can't hear very well, I just had my ear tattooed the other day. What was that again?"

"Uh...never mind." I hung up.

Something had happened to the members of the MITSFS themselves... either bribed or brainwashed.

I set my jaw. When it hardened, I headed off to the MIT main library. I had a little talking to do with Miriam Cooper.

A chill ran up my spine and froze my nose.

### III

I stepped into the luxurious suite of offices belonging to the library system. A plushly carpeted antechamber complete with receptionist led into a corridor lined with offices. Pretty ritzy place, for a library, I thought sardonically.

"May I help you?" asked the sharp-elbowed, white-necked receptionist.

"I'd like to see Ms. Cooper, please," I said in my greasiest manner.

"I'm sorry, she isn't seeing anyone today." Her eyes shone like a digital watch.

"In that case, toots, when do you get off work?" I leaned forward and gave her a flashy smile of silver fillings.

"Go away, kid, or I'll have you kicked out of school."

"Oh, you can't fool me, you're really--"



She tapped a letter opener against her corrasable palm. "Leave me alone. Christ, you're repulsive."

"You know you've already fallen for me. C'mon..."

"All right, all right! Cooper's third door on the left. Now beat it."

I moved away towards the offices. "Thanks, babe," I said over my shoulder. Something whizzed past my ear, struck the wall and stuck, shuddering. It was the letter-opener, half buried in the panelling. I looked back at the receptionist and she gave me a pert smile. I showed my calm by refusing to faint.

I don't understand it, I thought. It always works for Retief. I walked along the corridor and stopped before the third office to my left. It was teak with inlaid silver. I walked in without knocking.

"Hey, who let you in?" screeched a middle aged woman with blue hair, wearing a long white bloodstained robe. The air was thick with incense. On the other side of the room two weightlifter types were trying to strap a ram to the large mahogany desk, but the telephone console kept getting in the way.

"Miriam Cooper here?" I asked. "I'm from MITSFS."

"MITSFS?" spat the woman. "There ain't no such thing."

"Oh, no?" I said. "Then what's... this?" I showed her the piece of Laser Book 13. She screamed and collapsed to the floor. The two men ran over. I knelt down by her. "Epilepsy," I said. "Quick, get an etymologist." They hurried out. I looked at the woman and said gruffly, "Now, what do you know about MITSFS?"

Her pupils were pinpoints, her lips like yesterday's spaghetti. She gurgled and said, "Please don't say 'mattress' to Mr. Lambert." Then she was out.

I quickly left the room. I knew I was close to the amazing answer.

#### IIII

I got to a phone and, after a bit of searching in the phone book, called Ken Johnson at work. Ken is a collector and a life member of MITSFS, and does invaluable service for us.

"Ken?" said I. "This is Gawry Galdbeeg."

"Who?" The voice was as cold as a dead squid.

"President and Skinner of the MITSFS?" I said hopefully.

"Of what? Misfits? Who is this? Is that you, Desmond?"

I let out a breath, then took it in again. "Never mind. I want to ask you a question-- about science fiction."

"BEEP\*BEEP\*\*/WORKING."

I dug the scrap of cardboard from my pocket. "What was the title of Laser Book #13?" I asked in my Art Fleming Voice.

"CLICRIGLIK\*\*/BLAKE'S PROGRESS."

In that instant everything came together, like a well-timed orgy.

My eyebrows popped. "Thanks, Ken!" I shouted.

"Who?" I hung up.

William Blake, Famous English Poet and Visionary, a man of extraordinary imagination. In the Famous English Skit, "Buying a Bed" by Monty Python, a song is repeatedly sung that uses for lyrics Blake's Preface to Milton; in this same skit is the immortal line, "Please don't say 'mattress' to Mr. Lambert." The word "mattress" comes from the Arabic "matrah", meaning "cushion" or "vase", for in ancient Arabia illicit lovers often used as a trysting place the large clay vases standing near the open marketplace of Kash-on-noz. In addition, the name "Lambert" is an obvious anagram of "trample", an Upper Phrygian pottery device similar to the loom, except using clay instead of wool. And finally the name "Blake" is a portmanteau corruption of the Cockney rhyming slang "baker bloke" (which rhymes if a Cockney says it right), the "baker" not referring to bread but rather to the baking of pottery occurring in a seamy district of London, the kilns of which provided many a frozen beggar a few moments' warmth. All this pointed to one thing.

I whisked across to the Student Center and up to the fourth floor, seeking out not the MITSFS this time, but its neighbor, the Student Art Association. This society held by primogeniture half the rooms on the fourth floor.

I walked into the main room without knocking. It was a galactic pot-healer's dream: stacks and stacks of pots, big pots, little pots, symmetric pots, skew pots, pots with handles and pots with haydns, plain pots and glazed pots and chocolate covered pots. It looked like a lot of pots.

Two big guys stepped out of a door in the back. "Hey, what're ya doin' here?" said one thickly, pulling at the ring in his lower lip.

"All right, what did you do with the MITSFS?" I demanded.

The next instant one of them threw a pot at me. I blocked it with my head, and it (the pot) splintered to pieces. The other tried to tackle me, but I deftly slipped on a pot shard and fell to the floor, my assailant sailing over me and crashing into a kiln. There were shouts, and around a half a legion of potters poured out of the back door. I scrambled to my feet.

"Freeze!" I shouted, pulling a metal device from my pocket and pointing the open end of the tube at them. They froze.

"Wh-what's that?" said one of the mob, cringing.

"It's a diatonic infraspaulator," I rasped. "One wrong flinch and you'll look like a bag of soggy donuts. Now talk! Where's MITSFS?" They fell as silent as twelve square feet of linoleum. "Look, I know you're behind it. I know that, somehow, you acquired the money and manpower to completely steal the MITSFS library, and bribe thousands of people and administrators into wiping out every trace of MITSFS--you even got to Ken Johnson."

"He's known to do almost anything for a 1923 Weird Tales," musttered a short man with a fat nose.

"And then you moved your subgroup, the Tattoo Society, into the Library. And for what?"

I walked over to a side door and kicked it open to reveal room 423, until today one of the two rooms of the MITSFS. "Revenge! In the fall of 1974, MITSFS ousted the Student Art Association from room 423 and expanded



into it. It was predicted that MITSFS would take over the entire fourth floor by the twenty-first century. You people couldn't take that. You had to get revenge."

"Very clever, Mr. Gilbreath," whispered a tall man with pointed eyes. "Except you left out one small detail--" He took a breath, then shouted, "Sam!"

The room dimmed, the walls faded, and out of the sixty-first dimension stepped an awesome black monster that filled the room like smoky rubber. "Who calls Sam?" rumbled a voice from its unseeable depths.

"Oops," I said. I steadied my weapon at him. "Don't move, or I'll lop a couple of dimensions off you."

"Don't be foolish, miserable churl," scoffed the voice in the darkness. "That is no infraspaulator. It is nothing but an ionization chamber for a physics experiment."

I grinned. "Boy, you sure are quick," I said. The room all around was totally black, with a little deeper blackness where the monster stood, and maybe a soft edge of pink to one side. "Who are you?"

"I am Sam."

"So I see. So you're the power that was behind the doings, huh? I'm sure a big time monster like you can bribe as many people and move as many books of SF as he wants." It was silent. "But why? You could have taken everything without trying to cover up... and if you did want to cover up, why not take care of me, too?"

"Spawn of a magpie, thou art not worthy of mine attention," the voice thundered, thick in low frequencies, causing my spine to feel like the San Andreas Fault. "Now get thee to thy dormitory, and forget forever the name of--uh--you know."

"It's MITSFS," I said, and as I did I was aware that the monster had shuddered slightly, as if I had said "Ni." And he hadn't yet wiped me out with his apparently limitless power. Hmm...I grinned slyly. "Tell me, you aren't afraid of the power of the Skinner, are you?"

"Base dog of an oyster!" it roared. "Sam fears naught!"

Suddenly a giant flaming 'zero' appeared off to my left. "Well, looks like a naught," I chuckled, and walked over to the signal. The glow lit up one of the large tattooing machines.

"Er--you don't want to go over there, kid," said Sam.

"Oh ho, what's this?" said I, and bent behind the machine. Power surged through me as I grasped a familiar object. The strength of my arm increased tenfold, my mind worked at thrice its normal pace, and I lost inches from my waist and hips. I swung around to face the monster, brandishing the powerful totem aloft: two and a half feet of magically charmed titanium. "The Mighty Gavel of MITSFS!" I cried.

"Oops." The monster tried to make a hasty exit. I pointed the gavel at it and cried "Hold!" The gavel glowed brightly. The monster screamed and quivered.

I said, "Thou couldst get rid of the books, thou couldst take care of ye members, but verily thou wert powerless against The Skinner and His Gavel. Thou couldst destroy neither one--indeed, 'tis none but the One True Skinner can budge the Gavel from its resting place--but if thou couldst separate the twain, they couldst not harm thee, for only together are they

awesome. So long as thinken me that everything in the MITSFS was gone, thou hadst nothing to drede. But thou wiste not with the Power of ye Gavel: it twisted ye normal probabilities of space and time, forsooth, leaving me a series of clues that would lead me back here. Nonetheless, 'twas not till your multidimensional presence warped spacetime enow that ye gavel was able to transcend natural law, and signal me directly." I paused for effect. "Thou niste what thou wroughte, Sam, thou wert thine own undoing. Now, tell me, and quick--What didst thou with the MITSFS...and WHY?"

The snivelling creature mumbled something.

"Speak up!" I snapped. "And look at me when I ask you a question!"

The thing said in a low voice, "In 1937, in your reckoning, one of our top Vloogli was strung by a naturalized Zr'buw, and he had to make a forced landing in your dimension. He tried to destroy the top top secret documents he was carrying, but he neglected to take into account the effects of your lower dimensionality. The result was gr\_ftl', that is, probability overflow along lines of concept...which had as an upshot the anomalous printing of the entire top secret plans, in English translation, in several dozen copies of an issue of something called Astounding Science Fiction, a pulp magazine.

"We didn't discover this fact until 1954. Ever since we have been frantically trying to find every one of those variant copies. In order that it be done secretly, so our enemies wouldn't know we were looking for anything or, if they knew something, they wouldn't know exactly which magazine we wanted, we have been obliterating every trace of the collections that had the magazine. You've never heard of the famous White House collection, or the immense Alice Sheldon collection...? Of course not. And we were doing the same thing to MITSFS..."

"But thou didst not reckon with the Skinner." I laughed aloud, like I saw Ronald Colman do once. "All right, get out, fool, and never darken this planet again!" The monster vanished, and everything lit up again.

Then I realized I had forgotten to get the MITSFS back. But the gavel vibrated reassuringly in my hand. I stood lost in thought a minute, and when I found my way out again I walked back into the Student Art Association's pot room. There were now just some innocent potters working there, oblivious to the fantastic confrontation that had just taken place, but just working at pot smoking. I looked around at all the pots. Millions of pots. I raised the gavel.

The stacks of pots turned into stacks of science fiction books. Hardbacks, paperbacks, checklists, Big Little Books, SF porn...

I spent the rest of the day calling the officers of the MITSFS, who were back to normal once more, and trying to convince them to come over to do a little alphabetizing.

---

Jon Inouye is a new author: his first book, a collection of New Wave short stories called A NIGHT TIDE, was published this year. We thought the



name looked familiar when the book appeared on our shelves, and went back to the TZ file to see what could be found. Sure enough, this story was submitted in 1974 and was rejected by TZ 29 because it was so bad. However, now that Inouye is a Real Live Professional Author, it's time to take another look at his early work. We're only human: perhaps we were wrong about this story. Perhaps its apparent badness is not badness after all but simply New Waveness. With this in mind we were reluctant to do our usual grammatical proofreading: perhaps, in our ignorance, we might destroy a vital symbol or metaphor. Therefore we present it exactly as we found it.

### Science Fiction

by Jon Inouye

Quietly and efficiently, the rocket shot towards Luna.

"Science fiction," Pete said.

"What?" asked Judith, moving in the cushioned seat.

"I said, 'science fiction'," Pete repeated. "Have you ever read any of that?"

"Yes, I have," Judith answered, drinking her lunch through a straw protruding from a flat rectangular block on her table. "But... I tend to think of it as something wild, far out. You know... I'm just not with it. I guess I would call it trash, although it's fun to read."

In his lap, Pete held a Holo-Book: The Future of Interstellar Travel. Predictions: When the next star system would be reached. This was in the far future. When men would alter space, shrink down to the size of an atom, explore subatomic universes. Adventures on Jovian moons, far-flung planetoids, aliens...

"Trash," Judith said aloud. "Some of it is not based on solid, ground science at all," she continued. "I just can't believe, you know, that in your book, RAINBOW STARSHIP, an entire galaxy can be spanned in a matter of hours! Why, it takes at least six hours to Luna!" she said, suppressing a smile. She wasn't too keen on fantasy, flights of the imagination.

The ship vibrated gently for a few instants, decelerating by firing its retrorockets. The vibration stopped.

Judith yawned. "What are you reading?" she asked.

Pete, her brother, handed her the Holo-Book. "Here," he said. "It's an old book, by the writer, Arthur C. Clarke. It's called THE SANDS OF MARS. It's really strange, because the author describes what Mars is like, and Mars isn't like that at all! Yet, it's still interesting! His description could apply to some other star system, which hasn't been reached yet. You ought to read it..."

Again, Judith yawned. "What time is it?" she asked.

Pete went on, indifferent to Judith's sign of disinterest. After all, Pete thought, She's so much older than me, and not as open to new sorts of things... why, science fiction is more popular now than it ever was!

Pete had all his badges, insignia, from at least twenty international clubs dedicated to science fiction. Science fiction Holo-Films, books,

papers. Dozens of global organizations, and institutes dedicated to the phenomena-- the exploration of the imagination itself, if not the planets.

"Look, Pete, all right..."

"Okay, but let me make one last point. In THE SANDS OF MARS, Arthur C. Clarke predicted that, even when man actually reached the stars, he would still be writing science fiction in one way or another, because human beings will always be human beings, and men will always have imagination, and the urge to wonder and gasp at the universe... this was science fiction's greatest prediction back in those days! And you know..."

"Well, Pete, that's just great. But I don't care about science fiction. It strengthens the imagination. That's good, especially for kids." She teased her brother a little: "Like you. Now, we're almost there. Mom and Dad will be waiting for us on Luna station, so you'd better put all that stuff away. You know how wasteful of time Dad thinks those stupid badges are..."

"I know," Pete said.

Judith fell asleep, and Pete went back to his Holo-Book.

The ship glided gently towards Earth's moon, the round, white disc where the ancients had kept their eyes upon in wonder, disc where romantics had written their yarns and love tales. Moon dusts were blown up from the surface as the fiery jets of the ship scattered particles about.

The passenger ship neared the surface.

One-man vehicles floated in traffic above the terrain. Dome-like complexes clammed the surface, extending below ground... spherical domes housed vast networks of unearthly, artificially grown vegetation, visible through the transparent, curved walls... Luna Station opened her arms, the entrance opening quietly on airless Luna... the terminal was depressurized... the big passenger ship from green-blue Terra landed, landed, landed...

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The hours creep on apace, and the 1978 Boston Science Fiction Convention, BOSKONE 14, is approaching. The Guest of Honor at this year's BOSKONE will be John Brunner. Chip Hitchcock submitted this review of two of Brunner's novels almost a year ago. The review is thus more topical now than it was when submitted. That's not intended as an excuse for procrastination, but more as a reminder that there are two sides to everything.

Publisher's Note: BOSKONE 15 in 1979 is rapidly approaching, 1978 having already occurred.

The Social Significance of New Knowledge:  
A Review of Two Recent Novels by John Brunner

by Chip Hitchcock



Theodore Sturgeon has recently defined science fiction as a literature of knowledge; any story which falls apart if the special knowledge is removed is science fiction, while any story in which the knowledge is not vital is something else translated into SF. This definition fits two of Brunner's recent works, *THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER* and *THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN*; both consider the effects of new knowledge on people singly and collectively. In fact, the theme of both of these stories is the power of knowledge and the resulting dangers to people from their own selective ignorance and from the abuse and withholding of knowledge by those in power.

*THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER* is certainly the more imaginative of the two in its construction of a possible future. Brunner has frequently demonstrated his ability to create a detailed, balanced future by the standard science-fictional technique of extrapolating the possible developments from one or more current trends; he does this, moreover, without allowing these trends to dominate the human elements of the story. *THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER* in fact works from a cluster of trends for which Brunner gives credit to Alvin Toffler's *FUTURE SHOCK*. Some of the facets in this future can be seen as simple linear expansions of present-day trends: the increasing prescription of powerful psychotropic drugs, the tendency to more and more extreme choices in religions, psychotherapies, and juvenile gangs. But most of today's changes have been exponentiated by the effects of computers and the nation-wide data-net into which they are linked and from which they can be contacted through a videotelephone (or "veephone" -- one of the best incidentals about this book is the way Brunner uses slang without losing control of it). This is not impossible, though some of the people currently involved with computers don't like to talk about such items as "virus" programs or tapeworms (ways of infecting the net with false data or of damaging the net if someone tries to use it in a way the programmer doesn't want).

The steps toward this development have already been taken, on a microscopic scale, with telephone answering machines that can be reprogrammed over the phone, and with the first tentative and much-disputed steps toward a national data bank. But the effects of the complete assembly of the data network, with a unique identity code for each person, are seen here as catastrophic. The primary reason for this is entirely believable: with the linkage of the network to every veeophone (and corresponding developments in such notions as movable houses, which in themselves merely aid the incredible mobility of Americans) there is no longer any obstacle to moving as frequently as you like. America, and to a slightly lesser extent the rest of the world, is already becoming more and more homogeneous; since one place is pretty much like another the slightest whim is good enough reason to move somewhere else. The most visible result of this rootlessness is the increasing number of people who have actual psychotic episodes (simply having to take tranquilizers is no longer remarkable; everybody does that, and frequently too) from an abrupt and total loss of orientation. It is against this background that we watch the growth of Nicholas Kenton Haflinger.

The first half of the book consists of three intertwined stories: Haflinger's youth, his six years on the run, and his eventual capture and interrogation.

Haflinger's unusual interest in schoolwork (by this date, any interest at all is unusual) attracts the attention of the government, which whisks him off to Tarnover, a school for geniuses. Tarnover's main purposes, he realizes, center around the coopting of possible mavericks and the discovery and control of the genetic basis of intelligence -- which has been confused with the wisdom which has enabled a tiny number of foreign leaders to restore their countries to some sort of stability. Shocked at the treatment of the predictably monstrous results of the initial genetic experiments (despite the worst of intentions Tarnover has not succeeded in wringing all the humanity out of him) Haflinger steals an identity code and escapes.

The code, along with his incredible talent for systems programming, gives Haflinger the key to writing into the national data net a new identity for himself whenever he chooses. This idea has been treated before, most notably in Zelazny's MY NAME IS LEGION, but here the effect is different; in order to survive (how did Zelazny's hero feed himself between adventures?) Haflinger must construct a series of identities sufficiently different from himself and from each other to keep himself at least one jump ahead of Tarnover, which does not appreciate the disappearance of someone on whose training they have spent thirty million dollars. Finally he makes the fatal misstep of joining a company which specifically needs his computer skills; his abilities are sufficiently visible that a graduate of Tarnover shows up at a meeting to discuss his promotion.

Once again, Haflinger has to cut and run, but this time he is accompanied by Kate Lilleberg, the only person he has ever met to be able to bend rather than follow the popular cliché of bounce or break. They wind up in Precipice, in a part of an earthquake-devastated California where the data net is stretched more thinly than usual; Precipice is the only town in the area to have truly taken advantage of this, and it is here that Haflinger finally stops running and starts using his talent for more than self-protection. He is captured in a moment of carelessness, but now he has a motive to stop running and to drop the mask of uncaring affected by most Americans. When Kate is captured to be used as a lever against him, his humanistic arguments convert his interrogator and he breaks loose to find the place from which he can move the world.

This is not a perfect book; the ending involves a series of feats, coincidences, and increasingly frantic government moves that may strain the reader's credulity. But Brunner writes with a force and conviction that can carry the reader along while glossing over some of the generally secondary flaws. He also comes to some conclusions about the actual power base in this country that even the most confirmed radical might find hard to believe, but Brunner's marshalling of facts makes the conclusions reasonable. Along the way Brunner drops in chunks of fascinating detail -- a game that combines features of chess and go and has displaced both of



them, pop music based on a sort of super-theremin, and convincing cameos of people who simply cannot cope with a world they no longer control. Brunner carries through all of these vignettes his fundamental assumption: that more and more people are realizing that they do not have the knowledge they need to survive. The concept of specialized knowledge as the most dangerous of weapons is appearing right now on a small scale, in recent court rulings about the propriety of acting on inside knowledge in business, but Brunner carries this several steps further -- each one logical and each one a bit more deadly. The picture he gives us is a detailed and sometimes horrifying one of the world we could be making and of what one man in the right place could do to change it.

THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN, while still very much Brunner's kind of book, is considerably different from THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER. It takes place in England rather than America and its tone and style reflect this. Instead of consisting of hundreds of little bits strung together with flip chapter titles, STONE is conventional in arrangement. Where RIDER starts at a fast pace and high level of tension and builds from there, STONE starts quietly, with an almost despairing view of a planet on the edge of World War III. And while RIDER takes place entirely in the twenty-first century, STONE could happen the day after tomorrow.

Certainly the background of STONE is not substantially different from that which a writer of contemporary fiction would have; the economies of England and the Continent are a bit closer to disaster, the moralists are a bit shriller and quite a bit more powerful, and Belfast is in ruins -- now Edinburgh is the center of turmoil. London is torn by the destruction of housing to make way for unneeded highways, and the army is almost the only chance for a young man to make a decent living for himself without turning to crime. Unemployment is higher, inflation more out of control, and the government is threatening to jail strikers. As the author puts it, "The world [is] singing a note of hysteria now, like the string of a violin tightened to the limits of its strength."

The plot and solution to this crisis again seem distinctively English rather than American. Where THE SHOCKWAVE RIDER concentrates on the exploits of a single man, THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN juggles the lives of half a dozen people. Where the one hero of RIDER is practically superhuman, especially in the final pages, there is nothing particularly extraordinary about the people in STONE--in fact the only thing that binds them together, other than the solution that falls on them entirely by chance, is a sort of furious despair at the circumstances that leave them powerless: a schoolteacher fired at the instigation of the Campaign Against Moral Pollution for alleged atheism, a black TV repairman running a black power school after being fired because white women objected to his making house calls, a police captain prevented for reasons of "national security" from investigating a crucial murder. The solution to the world crisis (or rather, the opportunity to reach a solution) is almost directly out of H. G. Wells; where Halflinger's talents are merely improbable, the key in STONE is VC, an almost miraculous virus-like substance which makes it impossible to forget or ignore facts. Actual intelligence is not

increased; the substance merely makes all ones memories accesible and selective inattention impossible.

The spread of this miraculous substance begins with the scientist who discovered it becoming infected by repeated exposure; he, recognizing the teacher, offers a capsule which the teacher takes. The scientist is then murdered by accident; the teacher, being short of money, sells a pint of his blood before he realizes what has happened to him and the blood is mixed in with a large batch to be centrifuged for plasma. Several people who have to have transfusions find themselves inexplicably affected, and frighteningly so since one of the first effects of VC is to cause the infected person to sleep for two days. Gradually they gather together, understanding only a part of what's happened to them until two of the dead scientist's colleagues, themselves affected, arrive; they ultimately bring some more of the VC and the process for culturing it. They are angry because the government is claiming that VC, although developed in a private laboratory, is a national resource and ought to be controlled as such--the implication being that only those the government favors will be treated. This in itself shows the government's misunderstanding of VC's effects, since it becomes evident that such clear seeing can lead to a fundamental change in motivation--a criminal who received a transfusion goes straight, and a commercial evangelist denounces his colleagues in C.A.M.P.

This leaves the protagonists in a dilemma. To them, it is obviously to everyone's advantage for VC to be distributed as widely as possible. But their uninfected friends are far less certain--the teacher's girlfriend is in mental agonies over the effects of a near-threshold dose, finding herself unable to remember and unable to forget, and all of them remember the initial effects as anything but pleasant. Can they justify administering this to the rest of the world without its knowledge or consent? Ultimately they decide not out of a belief that what they do is for the world's own good, but as the only possible defense against the current madness; the decision comes directly from their horror at the torching of a gay nightclub, with seven fatalities, by the shock troops of C.A.M.P.

Once the decision is made, it is carried out with great effect and even a certain amount of humor--a second Mussolini, for instance is infected by an aerosol which is purported to eliminate the odor of a nearby sewer. The ending might again seem too pat, until you realize that one of the effects of the ability to see everything would be the knack of finding the best possible places at which to apply leverage--those infected by the original group include soldiers perparing to put down the strikers in Edinburgh, other soldiers prepared to invade Italy to force its return to the Common Market, and the leader of C.A.M.P. The book ends, not entirely happily--the world is too far gone for that--but optimistically.

Much of the best science fiction takes as its subject the effect on people of some major change; Brunner has shown how two thouroughly unsettling changes might turn out for the best.



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A Letter from Harry Warner, Jr.

Dear Allan or whoever:

You people certainly tempt a fellow. I'm chronically late writing locs on many fanzines. Then you publish one issue every three years and this is obviously a perfect opportunity to dawdle around a long while without becoming so late that another issue is already published before my loc gets written. I can't imagine why I'm responding with reasonable promptness, under these circumstances, unless downright contrariness has something to do with it.

In any event, I'm glad to see TWILIGHT ZINE back again, although I seem to remember having said the same thing in my previous two or three locs at intervals of a year or longer and it's starting to get a trifle monotonous to me to keep saying the same thing over and over. It would be much better if I changed into different people every four years or so, the way MITSFS apparently does.

Roger Silverstein disoriented me for a while. I couldn't decide for a considerable time whether TO LIVE, TO SLEEP NO MORE was supposed to be all humorous or all serious or something in between. Maybe the story would improve if the lighthearted tone of the first few paragraphs had been maintained to the end. The more sober narrative in the second half of the story doesn't quite fit after that lively start, particularly when the somewhat hectic twists of the plot occur as they do.

Irwin T. Lapeer is not only deceased, he even writes a sort of fiction that is practically dead, the real faan fiction, stories written about fans. This one is fairly good when read by a complete outsider like me, and I'm sure it's much more fun if the reader is familiar with MIT fandom.

There is a doom involving fans, which makes it impossible for any of them ever to create a brief definition of science fiction or fantasy fiction that will satisfy all the people who read it. Honesty compels me to admit that yours doesn't escape nemesis, any more than any of the dozens of other attempts at definition-making that have appeared over the years. The novels of Sir Walter Scott would qualify as science fiction or fantasy for me, if I put faith in your definition, because I'm sure that the past as it appears in those historical novels never existed in such form.

However, the story that the definition introduced seems to be the best fiction in the issue. I'm prejudiced in favor of any story involving the first interstellar flight, to begin with, because it's unlikely that I'll live long enough to hear and read about the real event. So I must take consolation in reading imaginary descriptions of the first interstellar travel. Over and above that, I liked the way Jordin Kare thought out the

details of how the real environment was first contacted.

Among the many deprivations I've experienced is the experience of seeing a three-dimensional movie. I've never gone to one, for no particular reason except maybe that money wasn't too plentiful in my situation during the years when Hollywood was producing most of the three-dimensional films. I hope some fans or historians or someone in the movie industry is trying to conserve these films, no matter how crappy most of them may be. They are apparently useless for televising purposes in their original three-dimensional form. I get the impression that movies which can't be sold to the tube often don't receive much tender, loving care. Even if some of these films have been released for television in two-dimensional form, the original version should be saved for posterity. When I was a little boy, I had an advertising brochure for some make of auto or other which had pictures in three-dimensional format, using the two-color viewer to make the botched-looking pictures convert to an illusion of depth. I wonder why some television network or other doesn't experiment with the same system during the early morning hours when it wouldn't interfere with normal programming, to determine if the public would accept black-and-white three-dimensional television with the help of the viewers and a color set.

The Perry Rhodan analysis was amusing. I suspect that Forrest J. Ackerman would be quite amused if you sent him a copy of this issue. Some of the allusions and other levels of meaning which Robert Bernstein pretends to find in the boys' books are not a bit more unbelievable than some of the stuff written by members of the literary establishment about modern fiction.

I was unable to follow instructions on how to avert that slow death by poison. I wasn't able to find my science fiction collection, because it is in the attic, somewhere beneath an accumulation of mundane books, music, correspondence, photography magazines, The Sporting News, and a modest assortment of other things. I wasn't able to find some of those elements in the attic's kipple either, for that matter. But the fact that this is a slow-acting contact poison makes the situation less frightening. At my age, there may not be time for anything but a reasonably quick-working poison to beat nature to the punch.

The reduction of type in this issue created some strain on my eyes, but maybe the majority of TWILIGHT ZINE's mailing-list members have less overworked optics and therefore wouldn't agree with my belief that you might do better to cut back on the white space and employ a slightly larger reproduction ratio. Please don't wait for three more years to produce the next issue.

Yrs., &c,  
Harry Warner, Jr.

The Editor's reply:



Roger Silverstein and Jordin Kare are both back in this issue. I think their styles are changing very quickly. Jordin, especially, has been writing very prolifically lately, and I'm not really keeping up with him.

You might be interested to hear the follow-up to Bernstein's Perry review. A copy of TZ 29 was duly mailed to Forrest J. Ackerman. A short time later, MITSFS started receiving dozens of review copies of new Ace paperbacks. Since the only Ace book we've reviewed lately was the Perry, we're wondering whether someone actually took the review at face value. Does someone out there really think... I can't go on. My body is wracked with hysterical laughter.

We were so impressed with your LOC that we have impregnated this copy of TZ 30 with the antidote to the poison administered previously.

ACW.

Dear Allan and all the other jerk-coms,

I'm afraid there's been some mistake made...my copy of TZ 29 somehow became lost, and the one I received was actually addressed to Irwin T. Lapeer. You really have to get your mailing list sorted out. But then, I suppose that, since there was no one left from the old TZ days to tell you how to do things, one must make allowances.

As for the zine itself...even in the glorydays of Irwin T., TZ was never turned into a one-man letterzine (plus fillers). Talk about self inflicted egoboo!

As for the contents...Laurine White's letter was very well written...and, um...the page numbers were quite legible, and um...the want-list was as entertaining as always, and, um...

Hell, if I told you what I really thought of it, you'd think I was being sarcastic. Needless to say, it's the best TZ of the last three years, and the second-best one since TZ 27.

On to serious comments...which I will try to make so long-winded, that they will never get published. I do these mostly for the gratification of the authors, and in memory of the long waits I had between comments on my 'zine.

The format was actually well-done. I'm more a fan of the traditional magazine approach, myself...it's less fannish..but this was well executed, so I can't kick. To read your comments, one might get the impression that Allan Wechsler was a really cool guy; those of us who know better can only be impressed at the craft of writing involved.

MITSFs minutes...nobody was as good as Ruffa, and it's a shame that his minutes never made it into print (pause here while I look up TZ 27 which, to my embarrasment, reveal half-a-year's worth of his minutes). Straight minutes from zany meetings are infinitely preferable to zany minutes from dull meetings.

Silverstein's story: I could read it (which was an improvement over most fan, or even pro, sf). Still, for two reasons, it is obvious fanfic. First, the narrator is the same old hackneyed "Breezy" character, right out of the 40's, the guy who has been the hero of so many Heinlein or Bester stories. "Well, I was just hanging around one day thinking about how cool I am, when..." school of fiction. Second, nothing really happens. I mean, we're told about a lot of things, but we really don't see any of it. We're just listening in on a conversation. As a result, the story (which has enough plot for a novel) is told in three pages, and the reader is left with no overwhelming impression. Naturally, it's much harder to write a novel than a short-short. That's why most fanfic is short-short.

The first Irwin story: except for the last paragraph (which really wasn't necessary) the editing improved this story considerably. Put it this way: I had to look at the original manuscript to find out what actually was edited, and in every case the story was improved. I talked to Irwin about it, and he agrees.

Jordin Kare: OK, you guys with the library...tell me the story I'm thinking of, the one where the astronauts come upon a brick wall that says "End of the universe, do not pass beyond this point"...To quote Ben Bova (in a rejection letter he once sent to Irwin), "This sort of story was hoary with age even before MITSFS begat NESFA..." Stylistically, the writing's not bad, though. But both this and the Silverstein story raises up an old complaint--can't anyone write science fiction without spaceships????

Scooter and Atom Bomb: I have in my possession chapters 1, 14, 17 and 23. Irwin claims to have written two other chapters in addition, which I might be able to get ahold of, if anyone really wants them.. I presume you got these from The Timmreck, since I never submitted them, and Irwin claims he didn't, either. He says they are actually letters he writes to the Real Scooter and Atom Bomb, who are math grad students at U Mass.

Nicky's contribution: Neato, and much more interesting than those endless lists of "books to be published" that fill up Apa-nesfa.

Uncle Willy: I'm not sure I understood all of what he was trying to say, since his writing is a bit opaque; but again, this is the kind of stuff that makes a good fanzine (enough of this fiction crap, already!)

By the way, do you need any contributions for TZ 30?

Last, but not least, The Blob: There is always room for really bad science



fiction, if only for the great pleasure it gives when someone does an expert job of cutting it to shreds. It's stuff like Perry Rhodan that gives Irwin the courage to keep on writing.

That's all for now...write sometime, just to give me an idea of what is going on around the old place. And congrats on getting the thing published. It really wasn't so hard, now was it?

Guy Consolmagno

# The Editor's Reply:

Sorry your copy got lost. We don't have ITL's address in our file, but we assumed that you knew where he was and could get his copy to him. Since your friend seems to be somewhat of a recluse, perhaps he'd prefer to continue receiving his copies of TZ through you.

Being Really Cool in print is a lot easier than doing it in person. I think this fact accounts for 90% of all fanzines.

Sure we'd heard Jordin's story before. We excused him because this particular plot-line has become a science fiction folk tale, and it's nice to have folk tales retold occasionally. He did it well, too.

We'd love to see more of Scooter and Atom Bomb in #31. If ITL says it's OK, send what you've got. It would also be nice to see a contribution from you, Guy.

ACW

Publisher's Note: Despairing of ever seeing TZ 30 in print, Mr. Consolmagno has returned to the Boston area and is again active in the MITSFS.

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Gary Goldberg's Mumblings  
by Gary Goldberg

The MIT Science Fiction Society currently comprises two rooms in the MIT Student Center, connected by a wide but not too long tunnel guarded by a team of attack-trained armadilloes and an out of work Whig Party platform chairman named Ralph. The MITSFS (as it is affectionately known by its officers, keyholders, and all those who sail in her) owns and operates a library containing more science fiction than could be read in a decade by

all the inhabitants of Monaco, a principality on the southern coast of France whose resort hotels and elegant casinos make it a favorite vacation spot for the jet set. The size of MITSFS's collection of Sf magazines can be seen from the magazine want list located in the back of this issue (if you don't have this issue, just send 25 cents and a copy will be rushed to you): the want list shows all the magazines we don't have. We've even got Perry Rhodans in the original German! We've got the early Swedish magazine HUGIN on microfiche! It would be very nice if one of you who can read German and likes Perry Rhodans visited us--in fact, both of you can come. We unfortunately do not have a microfiche reader for the HUGINs, but anyone out there who understands Swedish and has extremely sharp eyesight is welcome to give it a go.

There are a few things that MITSFS still lacks: for example, the Activities Development Board has continually turned down our request for a pair of Lear jets as mobile lending libraries, and has refused to even listen to suggestions that the library could expand much more efficiently if we took over Ace Books. We are also lacking about \$600 worth of books that some twisted fantasy freak stole from us last fall; a list of what was taken can be found on page whosits. If we ever catch that guy, he will twist slowly, slowly in the wind. You people out there are respectfully asked to keep a lookout for these books, or any valuable books that have "MITSFS" stamped anywhere on them.

Leafing through that excellent reference work ANATOMY OF WONDER I can readily see that the MITSFS makes all those other so-called libraries that are listed with it in the Appendix look like so much pressed wood pulp. For example: "Sipsomic Falls Polytechnic Institute Science Fiction Collection; Core collection, three copies Foundation Trilogy and a coverless copy of Best SF of the year:1969 with page 37 missing. Reference materials--issue #149 of Locus and George Scratchelbow, the nightwatchman in the girls dorm who says he's read a lot of Heinlein." However, I am aware of one major deficiency in our claim as a major SF superpower. All those other college libraries and private collections seem to have lots of original manuscripts and notebooks and correspondences from famous authors. We have almost nothing in that department; our most prized possession is an old cardboard box that Robert Heinlein once used to mail a manuscript to John Campbell in. The next best think we have, I guess, is one of Irwin T. Lapeer's old socks which he left to be darned. If anyone out there is famous, near famous, or knows someone who is about to become famous at any moment, please be good enough to think of the MITSFS as a safe and sane repository for all that junk littering your desk.

Publisher's Note: We do have a want list and books missing list somewhere in this issue (we hope.)



Our want list--if you've got it, we're probably interested.  
Please write us at our address.

Amazing Stories February 1927; August 1936

Amazing Stories Annual 1927

Amazing Stories Quarterly Summer 1931

Bizarre Fantasy Tales Fall 1970

Boris Karloff Story Digest Magazine June 1970 (I'm getting tired of  
Dark Shadows Story Digest Magazine June 1970 underlining these things)

Famous SF Spring 1968; Spring 1969

Fantastic Adventures July 1939

Fantastic Adventures Yearbook 1970

Flash Gordon Strange Adventure Magazine December 1936

Galaxy July, August, and December 1969

Ghost Stories 1926, 1927 (all issues), January through April and  
June through December 1928, all issues 1929, January through  
October 1930, all issues 1931

IF July, September 1969; January, April, July/August 1970

Magazine of Horror September 1969 (#29), April 1971 (#36)

Monster Parade all issues 1958 and 1959

Scientific Detective Monthly all issues

Startling Mystery Stories Winter 1967 (#7), Spring 1969 (#8)

Strange Stories October 1939; February, April, June, and December 1940

Strange Tales September 1931, March 1932, January 1933

Strangest Stories Ever Told Summer 1970

Super Science Fiction October 1957

Otherworlds May 1957

Weird Tales April through November 1923, all 1924, January through October  
1925, December 1926, December 1925, January, March, April,  
June through October 1926

Weird Terror Tales all issues

Witches Tales all issues

Wonder Stories November 1933, July, October 1931

Amazing Super Stories #1

Fantasy 1938 #1, 1939 #2

New Worlds July 1960 #96, March 1968 #180

Phantom #1 through #5, #7, #9 through 14, #16

Science Fantasy April 1958 #28, December 1958 #32, February 1964 #63  
April 1964 #64

SF Adventures July 1958 #3

Scoops #2 through #20

Tales of Wonder #1, #13

Vargo Statten Magazine Volumes II #1, 3, and 4

You are receiving this because:

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☐ You won it in a poker game  
☐ You lost it in a poker game  
☐ Your name came up in an ESP experiment  
☐ You just read the stuff  
☐ We stole your password from MULTICS  
☐ A brilliant inspiration occurred to the publishers!!  
          (we found your name in our files)  
☐ We didn't know better  
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☐ You asked for it  
☐ You (gasp!!!) spent money for it  
☐ This page has been impregnated with the antidote to  
          the slow-acting lethal contact poison of T2 29.  
          If you're not dead yet, you've been cured.

X You sent us \$2.00 for T2 #25

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