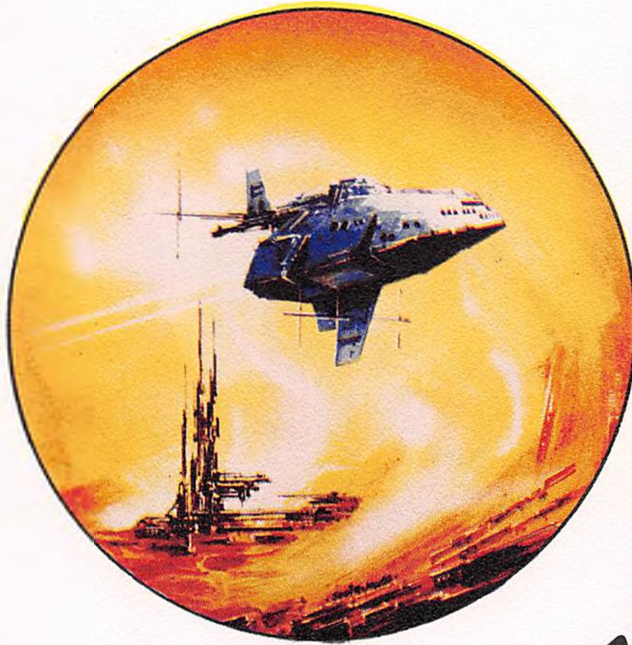


CAN YOU TAKE THIS?



Twilight Zine 31!

A MITSFS Publication, 1979

First Name

James T.

Last Name

Phrogg

III

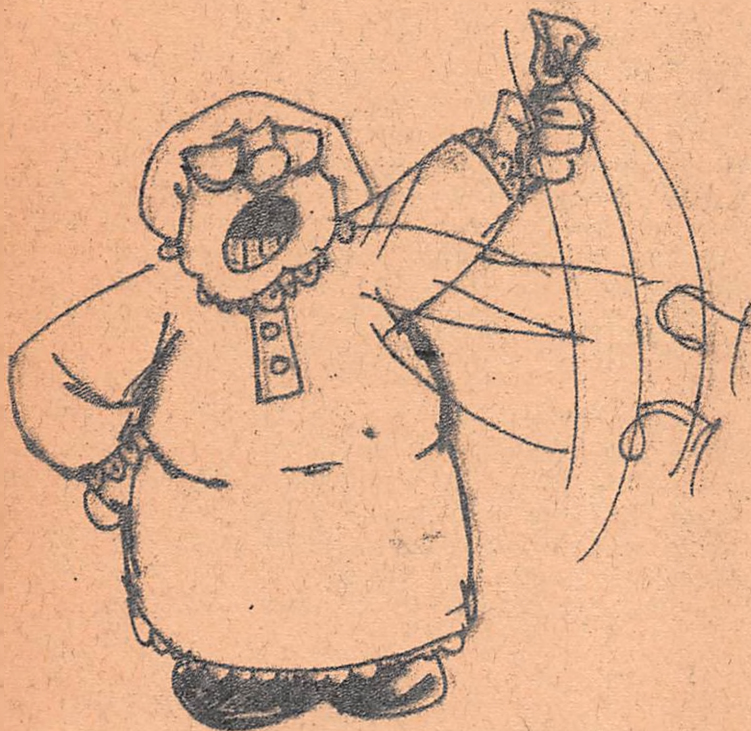
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8/14	JP	ME		Sign Out Book	MITSES			
8/14	JP	MEM		Address Book				
9/17	JP	GOO		Membership Info Book				
9/17	JP	GOO		Expired Memberships				
				& Signout Sheets book				
11/6	JP	→		One Entire Science Fiction Library aka 1220-421	MITSFSetal.			
				↑				
				Orange Sticker!				
11/27	JP	⊙		All the orange stickers Avery label Co. (so there!)				
12/13	JP	⊗		True Life Adventures of the Avengers Radio	Kenneth Saxophone Robinson			
12/27	JP	⊗		Rompin' in the Swamp JAR #2	Mark Lemon-Giddo			
1/8	JP	⊗		The Fine Art of Popsicle Stick Weaponry	The Mad Weapon-Maker			
↓	JP	↓		The Stainless Steel Rat Comrades	Harrison			
1/15	JP	2		NESFA: An Incestuous History	?			
2/9	JP	⊗		Titus Creak	Merman Pink			
↓	JP	↓		Gorman Road				
↓	JP	↓		Toadus Alone	↓			
				The Greatest Story Ever Told	Good			
3/4	JP	ITM		I Told the King	King John			
↓	JP	↓		Toad Away	No Parking			
				The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet	Timothy Henry			
5/9	JP	AB		World of Ptoads	Harry Ribbit			
5/10	JP	AB		To Ptoad and Ptoad No				
6/1	JP	RxR		The Creak of Chaos	Ribbit Zekzny			
↓	JP	↓		Toadsmanet Gor	Non Naxma			
↓	JP	↓		Toadal Eclipse	Lizard Niven			
				Sign of the Golden Hatches	Big Mac			
5/23/79	JP	MI		Tortoise in Italbar	Ribbit Zekzny			

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TWILIGHT ZINE 31

TO SAY AGAIN, "WE'RE STILL NOT FANS, THOUGH STILL READING THE STUFF!"

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The TWILIGHT ZINE is published quarterly by the MIT Science Fiction Society. This issue, TWILIGHT ZINE 31, was published May 31, 1979. The MIT Science Fiction Society is a recognized activity of the Association of Student Activities (ASA) and the Graduate Student Council. TZ 31 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 actaul characters or people is purely co-incident. Things to come: TZ 32 in September, 1979. THE BEST OF TZ # 1 - #30, R-S-N!

Complaints, Submissions, Etc.:

Jourcomm
MIT Science Fiction Society
Room W20-421
84 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, MA

The MITSFS Star Chamber used to be:

Hy D. Tran '79	PRESIDENT	Eric Sklar '
Betsy Mosler '78	VICE	Carl Hylan '
Roger Silverstein '79	-LORD HIGH EMBEZZLER-	Red Cadaneau
Allan Wechsler '??	ONSECK	Cheryl Wheeler

And now is:

State of the MITSFS

just the facts m'am, the facts

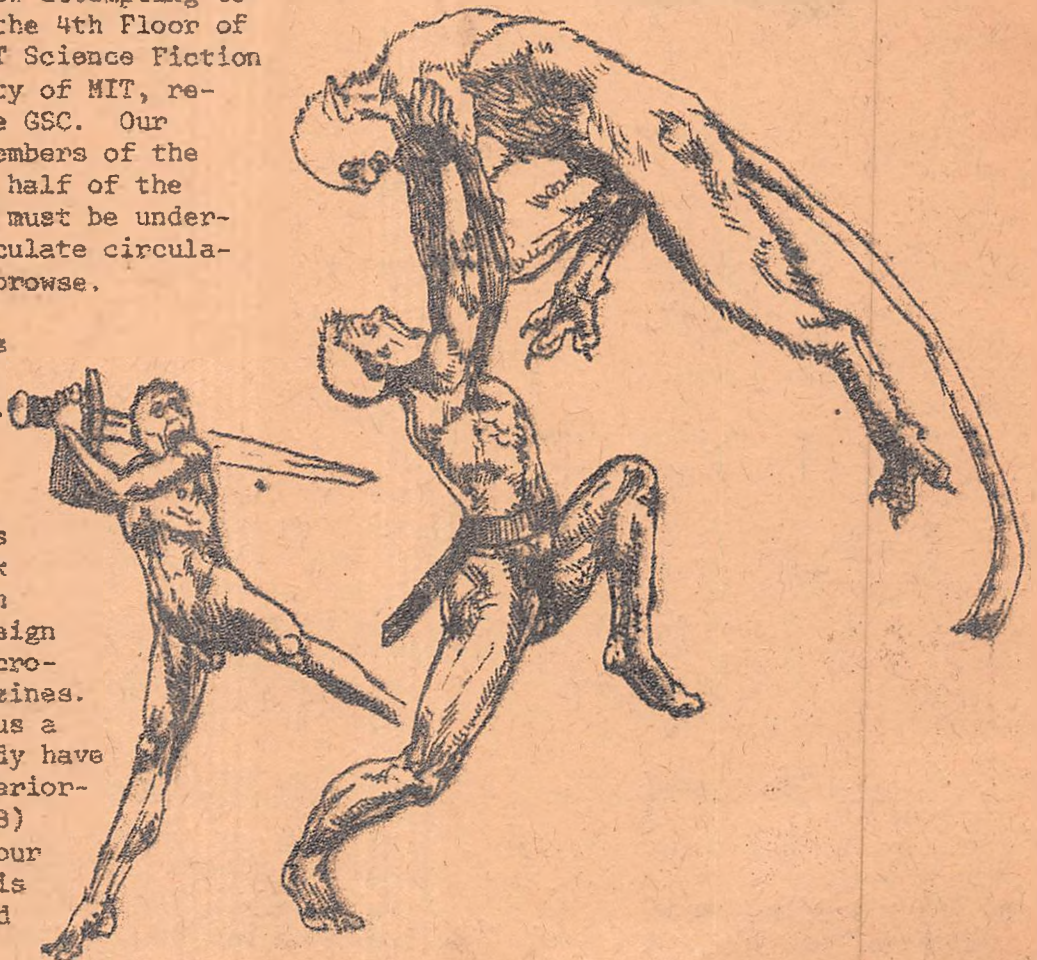
by HY D. TRAN

WOULD you believe that this is the second issue of TZ to come out in six months? Let us worship this miraculous event. I was elected President because I did not attend the elections, and thus, was unable to decline the nomination. Furthermore, being fairly New to the Society, I assumed that my position would entail work and responsibility. My trusty cohorts and I quickly purchased shelves, rearranged the Library, changed the lock cylinder, and--put out TZ 30. -(And now the harrowing saga of TZ 30.)- TZ 30 was hiding in a Multics file (the editor of TZ 30 felt 30 was unfit for publication and would not publish it until it was "The best damn TZ he'd ever seen.") One of my trusty cohorts ran across a file entitled "MITSFS -TZ30" while computer hacking. Another trusty cohort brought this fact to my attention, and I was presented a copy. I had the copy almost ready for printing, but the editor of TZ 30 (who shall remain nameless) showed up at a MITSFS meeting and promised a finished photo-ready copy of TZ 30 by Thanksgiving 1978. (I never saw him again).

By Christmas, I had edited TZ 30 into its present version and it went to the printers at the end of January, 1979. Meanwhile a naive Freshman Keyholder was given the task of putting out TZ 31 by May, 1979. This person was also given two assistant editors, but since she didn't know better, she has now published TZ 31 on schedule. MITSFS has also organized its early correspondence (and other documents); they have been sent to the MIT Archives for preservation, where they will be available to the MIT Community. (And, we're working on preserving our old Pulpis, also with the help of the MIT Archivist).

We have wangled grants from various and sundry people, and we are now attempting to increase our dominion over the 4th Floor of the Student Center. The MIT Science Fiction Society is a student activity of MIT, recognized by the ASA, and the GSC. Our membership is open to all members of the MIT Community, but at least half of the voting members at a meeting must be undergraduates. Members may circulate circulating books, but anyone may browse.

Our collection includes almost all published American and British S.F. & F. books, an extensive collection of Foreign S.F. & F., almost all American magazines (what we don't have is on our want-list in the back pages of this issue), and an extensive collection of Foreign magazines. We also have micro-filmed and microfiched magazines. If anyone wants to: A) give us a microfiche reader (we already have a working ((but rapidly deteriorating)) microfilm reader), B) arrange for the filming of our magazine collection, which is quite extensive, they should



contact the President (what I used to be). If anyone wishes to build us a controlled environment chamber, so we can put in it our 1st issue of WEIRD TALES and our first few volumes of AMAZING & ASTOUNDING, they should, again, write to our President. We will gladly endorse anyone wanting to give to us bookshelves, furniture, books,...Otherwise, should any kindly souls wish to donate anything to us, MITSFS is a tax-exempt organization, and all contributions to us are tax deductible.

-Pax Vobiscum-

An Editorial

by Cheryl Wheeler

WELL, here it is: TZ 31.

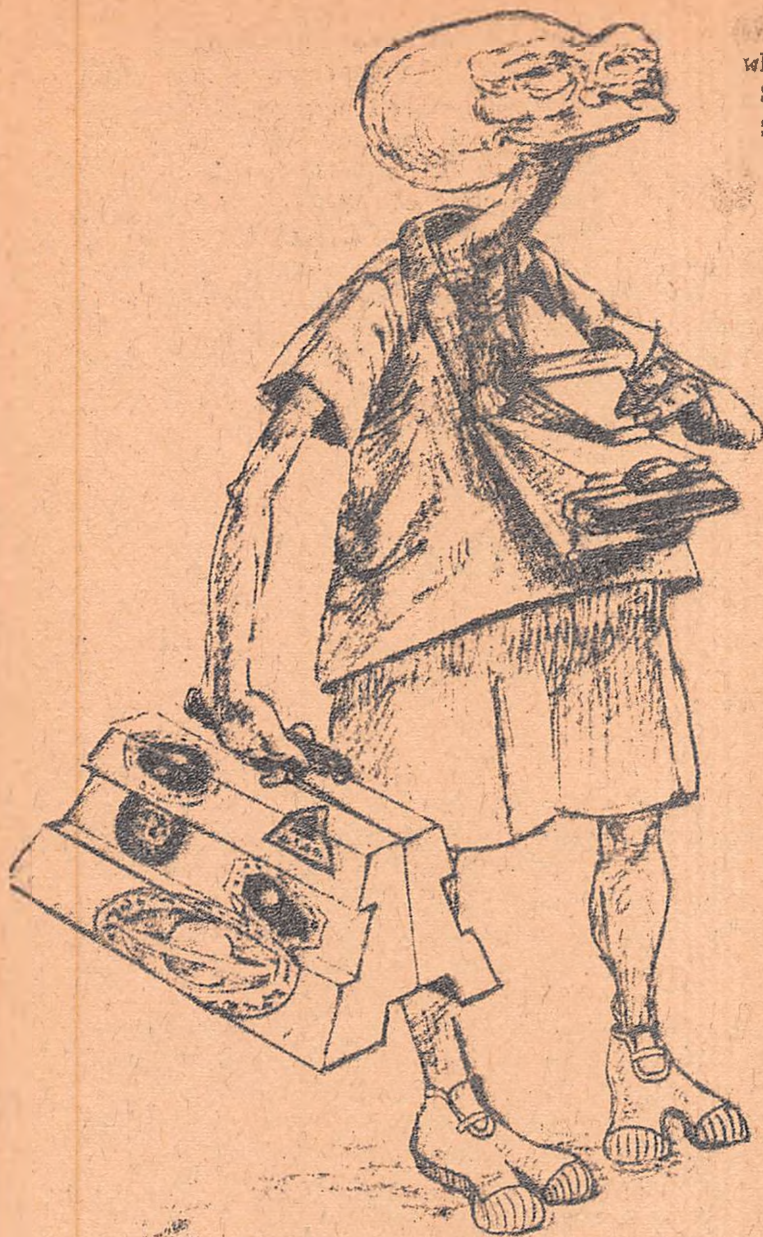
Rather than caution anyone not to drop dead of shock, I would merely assure all ~~three~~ of you that this is TZ 31. I know the first reaction is to say, "Wait a minute—two TZ's in one year? Impossible!" This just goes to show—nothing is impossible. (Send all requests for miracles, etc., to me, care of MITSFS.)

Despite appearances (specifically, the quick appearance of this), publishing TZ 31 was not an easy task. In part this may be due to the efforts of certain perfectionists (who shall remain nameless; I value my life (perhaps) ridiculously highly) and the ever-present people who refuse to help out by contributing. And since I'm distributing the praise and blame (at least, blame), I ought to say that TZ 31 could not have come out without the efforts of Bill Desmond. What more can one say? (I leave it to you whether that's praise or blame.) Opinion is divided on whether it could have come out without Chip Hitchcock; it depends on whom you ask. (Don't ask me; I refuse to become involved in questions which appear to have the distinct possibility of leading to my untimely demise,)* Also to be ~~commended~~ commended are all those who did contribute (!), and "a hideous curse" on those of you who reneged!.

Well, at any rate, it's done. I had considered the possibilities inherent in not publishing TZ until, say, September, our Most Lordly President and Skinner having threatened not to graduate should TZ 31 not come out by May (of 1979, that is).

But I took a discreet poll from a random sample of members, and it seems that popular opinion is over-

*I resemble these remarks-/a/ the typist



whelmingly opposed to keeping a discarded Skinner unnecessarily cluttering up the Library. So TZ 31 comes out, and, at the very least, a sample of randoms is pleased. (Just which randoms I'd rather not say. Even the power of a discarded Skinner can be awesome.) The (former, by now) Skinner is also pleased. Now he can graduate. Of course, he won't be too thrilled at being referred to as "discarded", but such is life.

THINK it's time to talk openly about—clones. I have a friend who is, well, against clones. Before I go any further, I guess I'd better give his definition of a clone.

Not only are clones clones in the traditional (biological) sense; they are also the people who sit behind you in the movies and kick your seat. They clap and snap during the theme of The Pink Panther. They play pinball next to you and yell and scream so that you can't enjoy what meager pleasure you might otherwise get from your machine. In general, they might best be described as unpleasant creatures, inoffensive and inherently inferior at best, extremely annoying and difficult to live with at worst.

Now, given his opinion, you can understand why my friend considers calling someone a clone insulting that person. While I try to keep an open mind, it's difficult not to be influenced by someone with whom I am in such close proximity (we live in the same dorm). Therefore, several incidents of the last two days, which I might have thought only peculiar, are frightening and disturbing.

I think I've actually seen some real clones. Four of them, so far. They were all of friends of mine, from my dorm, my class, and my hometown.

I was too shocked even to speak to these clones, to find out who they would say they were. But, now that I've thought about it, I'm wondering something else: how did they get loose? This thought is even more disturbing when you realize the clones I saw must have been defective clones. How else could I have seen that they were clones?

So now I'm really worried. Why are clones of my friends running around the Institute? Just how far-reaching are the consequences of their defects? How many are around that cannot be detected by sight? Has anyone else been seeing clones or are they out for just me?

I don't know the answers. But I hope I've given you all warning. Watch out for the clones!

An Editorial

or, I Started the Gang, and Nobody Knew
It Was There.
by Chip Hitchcock



BACK in the chilly depths of last winter, when TZ 30 was still being shuffled from computer to computer in an effort to get it declared printable, our inevitable and glorious Skinner (unaware that the printer was going to take another couple of months after the liberation of TZ 30 to produce the completed version) decided that he wanted to be the first Skinner in Ghu knows how long to oversee the production of two TWILIGHTZINE's in one calendar year. Considering that TZ 30 was announced virutally on the heels of TZ 29 but came out over two years later, this was no mean ambition. But his fevered brain drove him further yet: "This remarkable achievement," he said, "will bring in a flood of letters, restore flagging ~~ability~~ interest in TZ, obtain us a horde of review copies for the Library...." At this point Hy was stuffed into the APO soda machine to cool off.

However, when we let him out a few hours later Hy was faintly green but still determined. I, as visions of egoboo danced in my head (I gave up sugarplums after the dentist started putting fillings in my fillings), agreed to take on the job of producing TZ 31 "before the present Skinner's graduation." This, I thought, would secure for a while a continuation of good running of the Society, which had been in terrible shape seven months before after four years of ~~benign~~ neglect; in the absence of any good candidate for Skinner I could simply postpone the publication of TZ 31. (Under the care of Hy Tran and his short-term predecessor Dana Ebrom the Society has mostly recovered from a precipitous drop in membership which occurred despite both the SF boom and an increase in Institue enrollment; in fact, a few weeks ago we finally got up to 400 current members. Still, we can always use people skilled enough to get us more support or kind enough to give it, so this is as good a place as any to reiterate our offer of an inheritable lifetime membrarship, complete with gold-plated membership card and a full-length nude photograph of the reigning Skinner, to anyone who sends us \$1000 or its legally* negotiable equivalent. We are also offering lifetime noninheritable memberships for \$100, and we've actually sold at least one of these. Act now, because prices will go up.) After all, we couldn't really publish TZ 31 until we had some letters on TZ 30, and The Best of TWILIGHTZINE's 1-30 had been published, and TZ's 21-30 had been bound so they could fit nicely on the shelf instead of moldering in a file drawer (you wouldn't believe some of the things we've got moldering in the file drawers! At night they crawl out, glowing a horrid green, and dance around the Library making obscene gestures until the ringing of the gavel banishes them, leaving only a terrible sea-smell) and... well, you get the idea.

However, the Skinner is a being of unparalleled prowess, capable of redefining natural constants, clouding men's minds, and speeding up the harvest. To foil my grandiose schemes (Hitchcock the Skinnermaker!)(well, remember what happened to Warwick? I don't either, but it wasn't anything good) Hy managed to ~~appoint persuade trick keep~~... well, somehow two other people also became Jourcomm, neither of them aware of my purportedly preeminent status. Of course, when I found this out I immediately challenged them to a duel of gavels versus nerf-balls at ten paces. Fortunately for me they laughed in my face (I'm a lousy shot with a nerf-ball) and our differences were settled amicably.

We then proceeded to edit this mishegoss. Our first act was to clean out the afore-

mentioned moldering files. Among the more believable things we found were eighteen pages of ancient minutes and two pages of our ~~excuses~~ reasons for ~~infiltrating~~ ~~on~~ sending you this zine, all typed on paper offset plates by a long-deceased and therefore revered former Skinner (some of these appear later in this) and at least one truly terrible story by CENSORED along with satirical comment on same by somebody we aren't going to include because people keep taking his humor seriously. Included in the truly unbelievable are some color slides of paintings by one Eric Ladd, who was offering them for publication. Unfortunately the letter accompanying the slides is several years old and I doubt that he would be willing to allow us freebies from his current position (he's now a major fantasy/poster artist; his "Season of the Witch" poster original took Best of Show last year at Disclave, which is in Kelly Freas' home territory). And TZ, so the ancient sages have told me, was one of the first zines to publish a then-unknown artist named Steve Fabian—what a scoop this would have been!

We also managed to wring out some new pieces under a variety of threats: the negatives of Diana Worthy in the shower with DELETED were burned in her presence minutes after our receipt of "The Sex Life of Hobbits", and the documents revealing the true identities of Irwin T. Lapeer have been returned to their secure place on the far side of the chrono-synclastic infundibulum that dumped them in the middle of the floor several weeks ago. Since the CSI has since disappeared (rather fortunately; we'd already lost several dues-paying members) the papers will presumably never again come to light. We also underwent some threats against ourselves; Ala Lapu Mimm has been promised that as soon as he gets his next article in we'll publish it, and we hope to see our elevator back any day now.

And this is ~~my~~ ~~beloved~~ TZ 31. As the valedictorian said at a recent commencement, "Parents, relatives, friends, (onlookers, enemies, and utter randoms): we're glad you're here, we're glad we're here, and most of all (pointing to diplomas) we're glad they're here!" We're really glad TZ is here.

An Editorial

the odds and ends
by WILLIAM H. DESMOND

HERE'S noodge, it's true, and then there's *NOODGE!* *Uncle Willy, Professional Noodge, here*; Extending a tip of the Hatlo Hat to departed Skinner Hy Tran in recognition of his superior abilities, noodgewise. If your year as resident Skinner is to serve as an example, maybe this outfit should adopt the policy of only electing those who are absent from Election Meetings!!!

Meanwhile...This issue of TZ presented an unique opportunity to experiment with the layout techniques and reproduction methods available to us due to the unlimited production budget of \$120.00. Four color cover. The lavish use of interior illustration. The truly remarkable quality of the solicited article and story materials. *We collectively pause to scrape our left feet in front of our right feet and blush* Ah yes, when money (mere baggabelle that it is) is no object, the near miraculous is a snap. "But wait," as the actress said to the Bishop, "you ain't seen nothin' yet!" I understand that next issue we are being issued an additional \$30 in budgetary funds with which to pale even this issue's glittering glory. "When you get it...Flaunt it!" So it has been written. So it shall be done.

In fact, that which is really going on (productionwise) is as follows: The four color cover is a hold over from 1974. At that time it was intended as a lampoon of a NESFA, Inc.

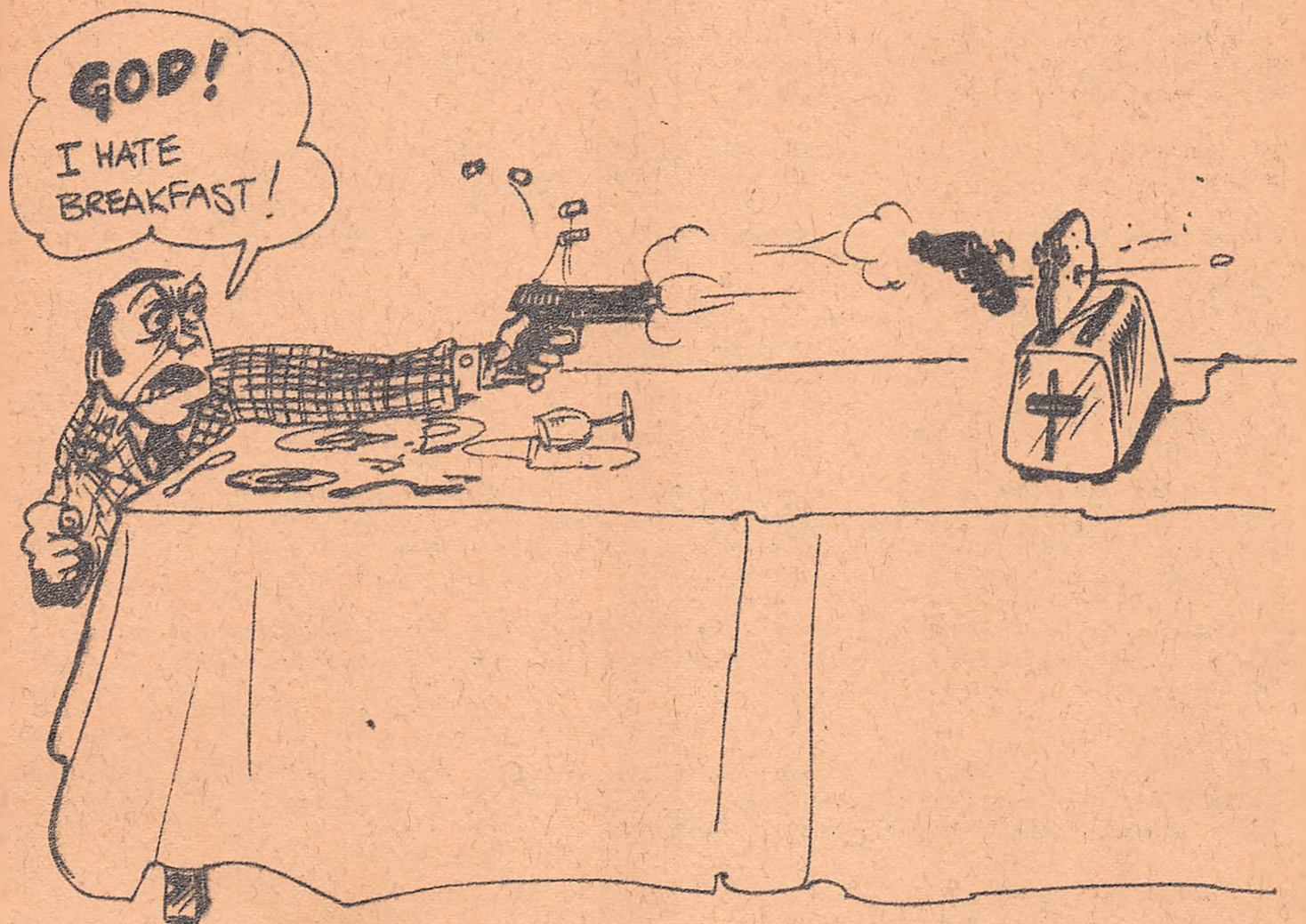
((hmm...where have we encountered that name before?)) Boskone Book entitled "Have You Seen These" by Isaac Asimov (yet another familiar name, what?). Yours truly edited said book, however, it was one Robert K. Wiener who printed that book as well as its dust jacket. Unknown to me, however, Mr. Wiener's Imp-of-the-Perverse got the better of him and impelled the printing of this gem that graces our current cover. Its laugh value is getting near arcane now, and true, when you have to explain a joke, 'tain't funny, however...Thanks for the effort, Bob. Thank you also to Eddie Jones, whose art it is and the good doctor Asimov whose book it was, you're sports beyond the call.

Thanks are also due to Courtney Skinner, Larry Blaimire and Mike Symes for coming through with a boatload of art for use in sprucing up our current issue. All three of these gents have been published in Boston's own Science Fiction magazine phenomenon GALILEO. Courtney has the cover of issue #13 which illustrates Larry Niven's latest "The Ringworld Engineers". Larry has also had two GALILEO covers to his credit. Thanks again, guys.

Thanks also to Richard Harter (newly elected President of the NESFA, Inc. ((hmm...that name again))) for his help in the running of electrostencils and the mimeo printing of this issue of TZ. //Hey, Uncle Dickie...the more things change the more they stay the same, huh?// -ye cheek-tongued Ed.+3//. And one last minute hat tip, N² for incidental printings. Thanks Nick.

Now, with all that taken care of where is my gin, orange juice and corflu???

Caritas,
UNCLE WILLY



Minutes

hours, months, years
by the MITSFS

These, as mentioned in an editorial, are some extremely old minutes. That they have not previously seen the light of day is a reflection on how long it used to take TZ to come out; internal evidence (i.e., the "You are getting this because" found underneath these minutes) suggests that they were originally typed for TZ 29, back when those who put out #27 and rushed out #28 (the special "Let's get it out before Greg gets back!" issue) were expecting #29 to come out the same way, namely from an offset press using plates which were typed on directly, which is fine if you don't make any mistakes. If you do, Ghu help you, because there is nothing known that will serve as a correcting device rather than making a mess of the plate. But #'s 29 and 30 were two different experiments in printing, both of them done by an outside shop; this is also an experiment, but at least it's being printed by a fan. So without further maundering, let us take you back to that magic day more than seven and a half years ago, when....

11/19/71

Nussbaum, in his continuing drive to attain the post of Bananacomm, donated a jar of Beech-nut strained bananas (with tapioca!). It was consequently moved to construct a Civil Defense shelter in the library to house Nussbaum's contributions.

Minicult (Swanson)--learned in his 21.546 class of two men who are possibly the only famous Albanians: King Zog (known for having the strangest name of any king) and Muhammed Ali (who fought against the Turks).

Paula Lieberman, making sundry remarks and other noise, was raising the room temperature alarmingly and badly singeing the Vice's eyebrows. He was thus led to declare that her comments were rendered in Albanian.

Duncan Allen, acting as People's Albanian Embassy, objected that regarding Lieberman's comments as Albanian was a slur on the people of that fair land. The Vice, in deference to Dincan's please, decided that Paula's speech was in Yatakangian instead, which, besides being incomprehensible to the members, has the added advantage of being nonexistent.

12/10

Nussbaum tossed up a package of mixed fruit Hell-o, feeling that banana-flavored gelatin was inconceivable, if no unconscionable.

Minicult (Nussbaum)--As part of the PBS network presentation by Kurt Vonnegut Jr., the Green Building will make an appearance, billed as the "Ethical Suicide Parlor"

It was moved to define a Lieberman Motion as having Paula encased in a sphere of total reflectivity for a time of $A(m,n)$ minutes, where m is the day and n is the month and A is the Ackerman (since Paula is a fan) function; the Ackerman function is described as a very rapidly growing recursive type.

Minicult (Davidson)--Related the heart-warming story of an rizona man who, having accidentally shot himself in the leg, fired again to summon aid and got himself in the other leg.

1/7/72

With the inestimable assistance of Paula Lieberman, Nussbaum produced a cupful of banana-flavored medicine (claimed to be "Cornell's answer to Kaopectate") and proffered it to Swanson. The Vice responded by pouring the vile stuff down the sink.

Minicult (Alpert)--While taking inventory, he dipped into the Society Archives. Among the items dredged up from the mire were a HEW document on wastage in the potato chip industry and a paper on banana blights.

2/11

Alpert read a postcard from U.C.L.A. asking the Society for tips on forming a science fiction club, explaining that their best approximation to one was a comic book club. The Skinner directed Swanson to issue a reply, letting out all stops, i.e., "flaming" them thoroughly, as only he can.

It was moved to ask U.C.L.A. for information on how to create a comic book club.

It was further moved to direct Consolmagno, who made the previous motion, to write the request. He was then appointed to UNTITLED, the official name of the committee.

Minicult (Timmreck)--Spoke about an educational film in an animal husbandry course at Cornell, giving graphic depiction of the reproductive process in various species.

There was much excited discussion over procuring this instructive documentary for the enlightenment of the Society; consequently, Timmreck was appointed to the post of Moocomm (an appropriate double-entendre) to see what could be done to obtain it.

2/18

Moocomm--Stated that "informal measures have been taken to find out the formal measures to be taken."

UNTITLED--Consolmagno composed a gargantuan one-sentence letter, with more clauses than a legal document of equal weight, inquiring about U.C.L.A.'s comic book club.

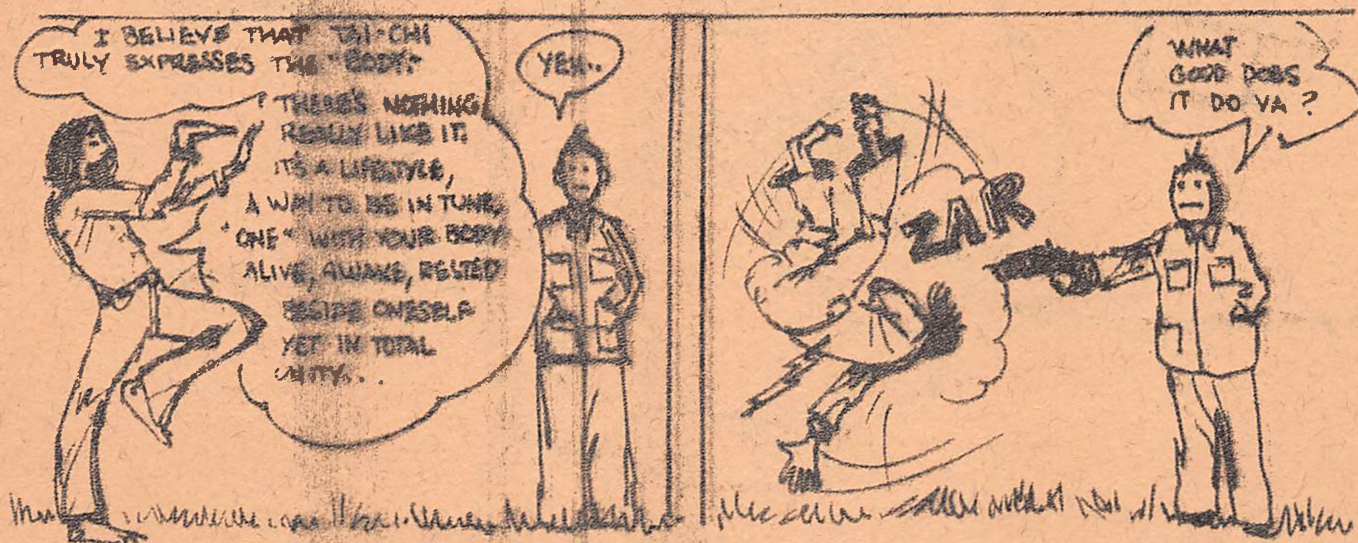
Catacomm--Swanson read his letter to U.C.L.A. about the Society; Alpert complained that the Vice did not "flame" with sufficient intensity. The Vice apologized for being tactful and polite in his missive, but held his ground.

2/25

Swanson got a pretty banana lollipop from lovable ol' St. Nick Nussbaum.

Minicult (?)--The Cambodian Army has saved our Moon; during the recent eclipse, the soldiers shot off half their ammo to scare away the monster that was eating it. What do you know--it worked! (and Western science thinks that's just a superstition!)

MAL BRINGS IT ALL HOME



Con Report

con, pro, otherwise
by JOSEPH ROMM

CALL me Ishmael. Assigned to a Convention Report for Boskone XVI (hmm--an unlucky number. Oh well) this means some personal favorites may go for sake of diversity. Can't think of an opening, so I will opt for a proven success...

Arrive Sheraton Boston at 6:00PM. Get settled in a double room to hold about 13. Killing time, Ishmael sees the humorous Hardware Wars and Bambi Meets Godzilla shorts. To costume party at 8:15; Ishmael suffers through end of non-humorous mime show just to be treated to a poor but very loud band whose speakers appropriately had the name "Eliminator 1."

Sparsce costumes. Rugman, Pajamaman, Luke, Darth, and the usual array of semi-nude males and females. Ishmael is accosted by mumbling robot (excuse me--computroid) in a Futureworld D'Artagnan costume who believes he is being made fun of when Ishmael mumbles back at him. Computroid is easily warded off by a compliment on his exoellent costume--robots have pride too! Little did Ishmael realize that D'Artagnan would win "Best of Show" Chairman's Award. After awards, the "band" was replaced by two guitarists whose only re-deeming feature was non-loudness.



The rest of the evening went well, however, as Ishmael (or I, for short) was treated to a very enjoyable filksing and the outstanding, excellent, and fantastic Forbidden Planet.

Saturday morning, Mini-Banquet at the Kon-Tiki Ports. The buffet was quite good, especially for the price (\$5.95), consisting of wild rice, chow mein, crunchies, and Polynesian Meatloaf; the crunchies were excellent. For dessert there was decent custard pudding, pastries, cake, and chocolate eclairs with an aftertaste of Kaopectate (now that's what I call advanced planning!).

The entertainment was conspicuous by its absence, but all in all, for \$5.95, you might say I became "a man that fortune buffets and rewards."

Next came my biggest mistake: I skipped Metropolis to see the opening ceremonies and hear the Guest of Honor speech.

First, all the important people--Official Artist Mike Symes, Science Speaker Mark Chartrand, and Guest of Honor Frank Herbert--got tiny plaques (I've seen bigger plaque on my teeth).

The fiasco began when Frank Herbert mistook his introduction for speech-time. This would have been all right except that after he was about ten minutes into his speech, "Getting Your Ship Together," the chairman tried to correct the error by informing Herbert that the opening ceremonies weren't over. Herbert, who was already nervous, now became embarrassed and confused, until the chairman decided to complete the unnecessary interruption of Herbert's speech by having him sit down so the presentation of the Skylark award could take place.

However, neither the presenter (last year's winner, Spider Robinson) nor the recipient (David Gerrold) was there (!) *//David Gerrold was in the Western wilds watching the eclipse-ed.//* and although Ben Bova did an excellent job as both presenter and recipient, this could have been done later for Frank Herbert's sake.

When Herbert came back, he dropped his original speech to talk about the upcoming film version of Dune. This good news was enhanced when Herbert said he would also write the screenplay. Fans were disheartened, however, when told it would be a two-part movie produced by Dino de Laurentiis (of King Kong infamy)

Herbert then apparently picked up his original speech, but eventually turned to politics. For about 45 minutes we heard why guns don't kill people, people kill people; why Herbert is a Republican; and why government is based on lies. While Herbert's politics might be useful for understanding his writings, it was just "too much" when he started defending Richard Nixon and explaining why he is sympathetic to our former President. His speech was fairly dry and pedantic as it was, but a science fiction convention is no place for a statement of the Republican National Platform.

Moving right along, although I missed Metropolis, I did get to see the entertaining and suspenseful Invasion of the Body Snatchers *//original, not remake-ed.//*, plus two very funny comedies: Young Frankenstein and Sleeper.

Ah, yes, the RISFA play--The Decomposers. The play was fairly funny and the songs were often cute (Prince Corwin singing "Me and My Shadows") but nothing was outstanding. Speaking of outstanding, everyone was supposed to be let in at 6:50, but we were all stuck standing in the hallway until 7:30 due to technical problems.

Last day, Sunday. I caught the art show; it was very good. Both the professional and the amateur artwork were excellent.

Panels: "The Year of Screen SF" was pretty good. Frank Herbert thought that

Superman was "comic-bookie", saying, "The highest drama is the drama you believe," and "We really take issue with people talking down to us." Ben Bova, on the other hand, thought Superman was good. D. C. Fontana did not comment on Superman, but did say that the upcoming Buck Rogers was very good. All the panelists agreed that Battlestar Galactica was very poor.

Before leaving Boskone XVI, I caught Mark Chartrand's Science Speech, "The Very Model of a Modern Major Galaxy," a very enjoyable speech about the history of man determining his place in the Universe (and woman too). I missed Punday night, but was told that it was pretty good. Alas.

All in all, I had a good time. I honestly don't think the convention was run that well, but the movies were excellent, and, of course, the fans are always great. For completeness, "...and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago."



//Ed.+2- HITCHCOCK SPEAKING//

Having typed this con report, I am faced with a certain difficulty: I vigorously disagree with some of it (and would offer the reporter's relative inexperience as reason for doubt), but since I was producer/director of The Decomposers and otherwise heavily involved in the Con, my word is suspect. Although, from this position my silence could be equally damning.

So I will simply give a few facts I know: 1) Herbert was indeed fouled up as described; a problem arose because the opening ceremonies simply aren't as popular as the GOH speech, and while NESFA has a reputation for running on time, our attendees can find our being significantly early disconcerting. I also can't object to the content of Herbert's speech, though I haven't asked Joe whether he, like me, supported Harlan's stand at Iguacon, which was a similar situation. 2) I as show producer did not at anytime say the doors would be open at 8:50 even before the technical trouble, which was caused by a random getting into an area he should not have been in. 3) Almost every function was in a new room this year to enable us to deal with the gross increase in attendance, this meant: that some things didn't work quite as well as previously. (This sounds like a lame excuse. It is. But if I wanted to be nasty I could tell Joe he's volunteered for a job at next year's Con, which I, for my sins will be chairing.) PS--Spider Robinson was not there to present the Skylark because the U.S. & Canadian Internal Revenue ~~Servicés~~ each had a bear-hold on a leg.

//Ed.+2- Over and out.//

Bitter Pill

by DAN FRANKLIN

APRIL 7

The oral-ingestion problem is finally solved; the new paratheosophine coating Rathoff suggested, along with the new matrix, did the trick. Autopsies of the orangutans clearly revealed many more convolutions, increased levels of serotonin, etc.—everything we'd come to expect of RX-59 injected intravenously. No apparent side effects either, though of course with a drug as sophisticated as this it's hard to tell. But the behavior of the animals was normal—more than normal, in fact; Irma solved the stick problem in record time, and the Baron had no trouble solving the block puzzle.

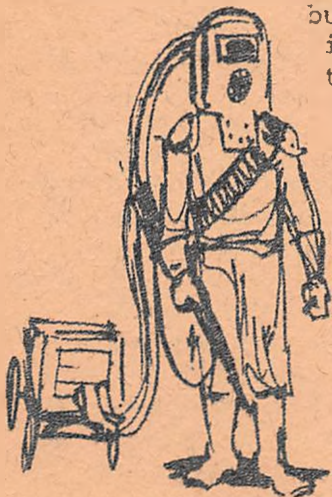
He also had no trouble escaping from his cage. Fortunately, Rathoff heard the cage door clang and came over in time to put the orangutan back in, fastening the door securely this time. The Baron complained for at least an hour afterwards. Almost as if he knew what was going to happen to him....

I leave for Bonini in two days.

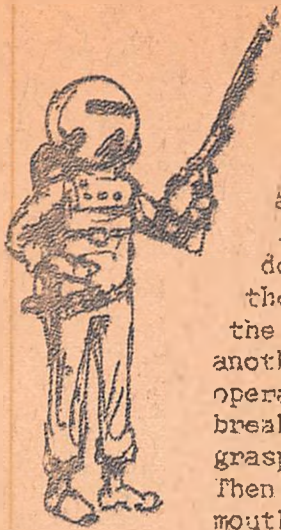
TLIK was quite happy; he had figured out a better way to fasten the rral stone on his metakl, one which would make it stay on much longer. He was sure the rest of the tribe would appreciate the new metakl, and he hurried back through the forest to spread the news. The leafy ngden trees hindered his journey, and twice he was nearly ambushed by a regit, both times narrowly escaping. But Tlik didn't especially mind; he was far too excited over the reception he expected when he got back. Especially from his mate, Amri.

APRIL 10

I've found the tribe I want—or rather, a tribe that will do. According to Serringer, who stayed there for a year, they are hunter-gatherers. The men hunt for game in the surrounding forest, while the women pick fruit from the bushes. Serringer says they were a pretty peaceful tribe, which is important to me; I'm not going out there to have an adventure, just to run an experiment. I'm going to be there for at least six months, and I'll be in pretty close contact with them. It's unfortunate that I can't seem to control for past upbringing as precisely as I want any other way: if the experiment is to mean anything at all, the drug will have to be administered to one half of the tribe with the other half getting a placebo. And the only way to do that, on what's left of my budget, is for me to go and administer it myself.



Well, what would they do, after all? I'll be playing the part of an anthropologist, which isn't totally new to them, and Serringer said he had no significant problems. Plus, I know the language—or as much as Serringer was able to pound into me. I never was much good at languages, just biochemistry.



1930

Tlik crossed into the clearing surrounding the village. His eye caught the stranger, and he stopped. The stranger offered him some food—at least, it looked something like food—and Tlik gingerly accepted it. It tasted strange, but not bad. He offered the stranger some of the mlangl he had caught. The man seemed not to know what to do with it. Grinning, Tlik took it back, and in one swift motion bent the spine back until it cracked open, revealing the meat inside. Avoiding the bones, he dug out the meat and wolfed it down, then handed the stranger another. Even after being shown, the man still couldn't perform this simple operation. He fumbled around at the legs, made a half-hearted attempt to break off the tail, and finally gripped the mlangl in a caricature of Tlik's grasp, and snapped the spine—bending his little finger in the process. Then he gingerly reached in and scooped out some meat, popping it into his mouth. There was a loud crunching sound. The man's expression suddenly changed, and he spit out the mouthful of meat and bone in disgust. Tlik and the other tribespeople who had gathered around by this time, laughed heartily. The man looked annoyed, and tried another scoop. This time he managed to puncture a finger on a hidden bone.

Again the tribespeople burst into laughter. The man started to say something, then walked quickly off, with his finger in his mouth.

Tlik turned to Rongi, the shaman. "What an idiot! How has he managed to survive in the forest all this time?"

"He's a lot like that other stranger who visited us a while back," Rongi commented. "Except that that guy stuck around a while. This one doesn't seem to want to."

"Anyway, I have something for you," said Tlik, revealing the new metakl. He threw it into a ngden tree, pulled it out, threw it in again, wiggled it, and pulled it out again.

"See? The rral didn't come off," he said proudly.

APRIL 15

Well, I'm accepted, I guess. If being the village idiot constitutes acceptance. I gave one of the natives some candy, and in return he gave me a dead animal. It looked vaguely like a cross between a snail and a lobster—only more obscure. I had no idea what to do with it, until he took it back and did something I couldn't follow; then pink meat showed through the exoskeleton. I was hoping he would just give me the meat, but either that's not done or he was playing it for laughs. He ate the inside, then handed me another one of the things. I still didn't know what to do with it, but I tried, and made a mess of myself in the process. I couldn't make head or tail of it—literally. After nearly spraining a finger, breaking my teeth, and finally putting a hole in my thumb, I gave up. The natives thought this was the best comedy they'd seen in years. I reviewed what Sellinger had said about constructing insults in the language, and came up with a goodie—then I remembered my position. I could not afford to antagonize them, even if they didn't stomp on me; I needed to be accepted enough so that they would take my carefully gimmicked food, and do so almost daily. Since I had already achieved that much, I left. I didn't go far away, of course; just far enough so they wouldn't notice me. My 'benefactor' was demonstrating a new weapon, or something; it was pretty close to a spear. Looking around, I noticed more of them. So they weren't new—but there was something different about his spear. I couldn't see quite what it was, but the tribespeople could, and they like it. So

he's one of the smarter ones. Well, he's not getting any RX-59. He'll be a good standard to compare the improved half of the tribe against.



WHEN Tlik arrived home, he was surprised to see most of the tribe gathered in one area of the clearing. Of course, that just made it more convenient to demonstrate the new vine-tying method he'd worked out. He hoped that the tribe would react as it used to. Lately some of the ~~tribes-~~ people had been finding things wrong with his ideas, or just discarding ~~them~~ as worthless. He still got the reception he wanted from many of his friends, but it just wasn't like the old days. Amri's reaction in particular bothered him. She used to be proud of her mate and brag to her friends about him. Now, she was doing the same thing some of the villagers were. Only, somehow, Tlik liked it a lot less. He had even gone so far, one morning, as to ask her why she didn't brag about him any more.

1940

She had been surprised. "Why, because you don't do anything worth bragging about. In fact, lately I've been getting ideas that are every bit as interesting as yours—or more," she replied. "And all you ever do is make better metakls, or something boring like that. My friends and I are studying something called aljebr, learning from the stranger. We've been pointing out a number of new ideas to him, too. And when I want to have some fun, I try to see if I can't come up with some better soundmakers than the fnords and largs."

This long-winded (for her) reply baffled him—almost as much because of its length as because of its content. Possibly more, since he had trouble understanding everything she was saying; she tended to talk faster and occasionally slip in a word or two Tlik had never heard before. One thing he did understand, however, was the last part about the village noisemakers.

"How do you mean, something better?" he asked. "The fnords make an excellent thunder sound, and the largs make the sound of the regit. What more could you want? Are you questioning the wisdom of the village elders, who use these soundmakers in our highest ceremonies?"

"Oh, they're just fine for the ceremonies," she answered. "They're just not—oh, I just get bored with them. They always make the same sound."

"Of course they make the same sound," Tlik said, getting annoyed now. "Does not a regit always make the same sound? Does not the thunder always sound the same? How then could different sounds come out of the same thing? It is an impossibility of nature."

"I don't think so," she said. "You see this?" She pointed to a larg which had a strangely-shaped mouthpiece. "We have tried different ways of blowing on the larg," she explained. "This makes it easier to move your mouth around."

She demonstrated with two sounds from the larg: the low-pitched regit sound Tlik had heard all his life, and a strange cry like the sound of a new infant. It hurt Tlik's ears. "That's what you've been doing with your friends? You like that?"

"Yes," she replied calmly.

"It sounds like a tiny child. That's what you really want, isn't it—to have a child? Why else would you want to hear such a thing?"

"Well, some of my friends are much better at it than I am," she said. "And maybe I do want a child, but I think that's irrelevant...." She stopped. Tlik had

stalked out, to go hunting.

Remembering, Tlik strode over to the group. When he got close, he was surprised even more; the center of attention was Amri, his mate. How could she possibly hold the attention of all those tribespeople?

Finally he got close enough to see what she was doing. She was explaining the advantage of her method of attaching the real stone! Tlik listened, astonished, as she noted the superiority of her method. She saw him, and added, "Of course, I don't find this particularly interesting. It's just that, this morning, I needed a particularly sharp entakl to cut some vines I was using for something else. The metakl I had kept losing its stone, so I sat down and tried to find a better way to attach it."

Tlik was very bothered. He looked around him, and noticed that the tribespeople, at least where he was, didn't seem to be listening. They were apparently just puzzled. The tribespeople closest to Amri, however, were very interested—in fact, they were offering suggestions, and Tlik had to admit they were good, at least those he could understand.

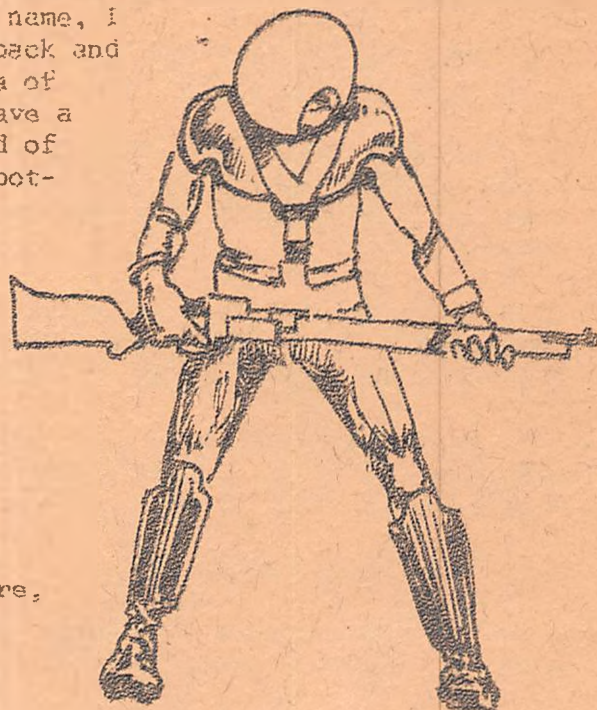
Every time the group paused, he tried to say something about the new vine-tying methods he'd developed. No sooner would he start than some member of the tribe would interrupt with another thought about the metakl. Finally he got the attention of the tribe, and he started into his demonstration. He had hardly gotten warmed up, however, when Amri took the vines he was holding and pointed out that a better knot could be made by going around like so, and over here, and under here, and....

JULY 3

A telling development today. The daily meeting of the 'New Products Group', my name for a group of the treated tribespeople who have made a regular practice, these past few weeks, of getting together to discuss new developments, lasted longer than usual. My innovator Friend, whose name, I have learned, is Telick or something like that, came back and found them discussing some improvements on an old idea of his. At the rate they were going, I expect them to have a bow-and-arrow in a few weeks. Anyway, Telick was kind of dumbfounded at first, but he soon joined in—at the bottom. An excellent demonstration of the power of the drug.

Meanwhile, the rest of the untreated community seems to have pretty completely split from the treated half. Telick was even more of an exception than I had thought; he's just able to keep up with the treated half, while the rest of the control group just look amazed.

I'm beginning to see a few side effects of this drug I hadn't considered. Telick and Amri bother me; Amri used to be, from what I could tell when I got here, a really sweet, feminine girl. Now she's become some kind of female man. I'm no male chauvinist, but one should think a bit before knocking the props out from under our species. If Earth women ended up that way—well, most of the men wouldn't put up with it. A few would be able to handle it, but I must think of the race as a whole.



1990

I'm also beginning to wonder about myself. I wouldn't be in the same boat as Telick, of course—but I wouldn't be where I am now at the Lab if everyone were as smart as I am. And there is no way around that, either. The drug, by its very nature, can't be diluted or reduced in potency. And it makes no difference what the former level of intelligence was; in fact, if there's any correlation, it's a negative one. I might actually be worse off. I'd be able to get along for a while on the basis of all the knowledge I have soaked up, and the ability to think naturally in biochemistry, but eventually I'd begin the long downward slide Telick is on now. I'm not thinking just of myself; scientists all over the world would be in my position. Science would be regarded as pretty much its own reward. Maybe Telick will find a way out of his mess that I can use.

WEARILY, Tlik stepped into the clearing around his village. He had caught very little game; he just couldn't use the maki the way the other tribespeople could, and the very sight of a metakl nowadays filled him with loathing.

As usual, the knot of tribespeople gathered at the opposite side of the clearing hardly noticed him. Amri was lecturing on something or other—she appeared to have a strange device in her lap. It looked like the bow for a maki, but shaped slightly differently. And instead of using it to launch anything, Amri appeared to be just fidgeting it. Each time she did so, it made an odd sound. It was weird, compared to the background sound of the fnoeds and largs. They at least were familiar to Tlik, although even they sounded different. The larg, in particular, now had a cap on one end of it and a very strange mouthpiece on the other. The tribeswoman playing it was moving and twisting her mouth, and manipulating the cap by pulling on a vine.

The tribespeople didn't seem inclined to explain what they were doing, and Tlik wasn't about to ask. He went on to his hut. He passed the familiar stranger, who offered him a piece of food. Tlik accepted it gratefully; after tonight's catch he knew he was going to be hungry. For a moment he considered going out and picking some fruit, the way Amri used to do for him. Then he shook his head. No women's work for him!

SEPTEMBER 14

Like the man said, the experiment is a qualified success. I can go back free from the worry that I've got another thalidomide or rogendrin on my hands. Not that there are no side effects at all....

Telick's behavior has been bothering me lately. He seems very lethargic. While he catches just enough game to last through the day, he seems to have lost interest in life. Actually, he's better off than I would be—he's still smarter than half his tribe. Apparently that's not good enough. He doesn't innovate anymore, and my hopes of his finding an interesting solution to his problem have all but died.

Ever since that day of the vine-tying, he usually spends his time after hunting just moping around the village. Occasionally he goes over to Amri's hut and looks in, but she just shoos him away gently. Maybe she still cares for him. She has no reason to though; they move in different worlds now.

The untreated half of the tribe, meanwhile, lives life as usual. They ignore the treated half, and vice versa.

AMRI, Tlik saw, was trying to tell him something, but he couldn't quite make it out. The new ones, who sat in long meetings and produced strange new devices like the nakl, had permanently mangled the language. Not only was it faster than Tlik was used, with frequently used words slurred unrecognizably and sometimes totally gone, but there were a lot of new words in it that Tlik didn't recognize at all.

Amri was avoiding most of those, however. She was trying to say something about the way the tribe had changed recently. She was trying to explain that the group was wondering how it could have come about that half of the tribe had been affected and half drastically changed when they all ate the same food, drank the same water, and stayed in the same place. Nor had there been anything special about the people who had changed; none of them were particularly pious, for example, so it couldn't be the work of the gods.

She seemed to be hinting at more than she was telling. Finally she gave up, and went back to her group. As a body they advanced on Tlik, who started looking for cover. They passed him, however, and went on to the stranger, who was standing and watching the whole process. They started talking to him in the same simple way they had been talking to Tlik, but they were also annoyed. The stranger tried to placate them, saying something about the wonderful change he had brought. Tlik couldn't hear their response, but he did see Amri point at him when she replied. Finally the stranger left. Neither Tlik nor anyone else ever saw him again.

JANUARY 17

I'm glad they let me go—for a moment there I was sure they had some savage punishment waiting for me. But then, they're not really savages any more.

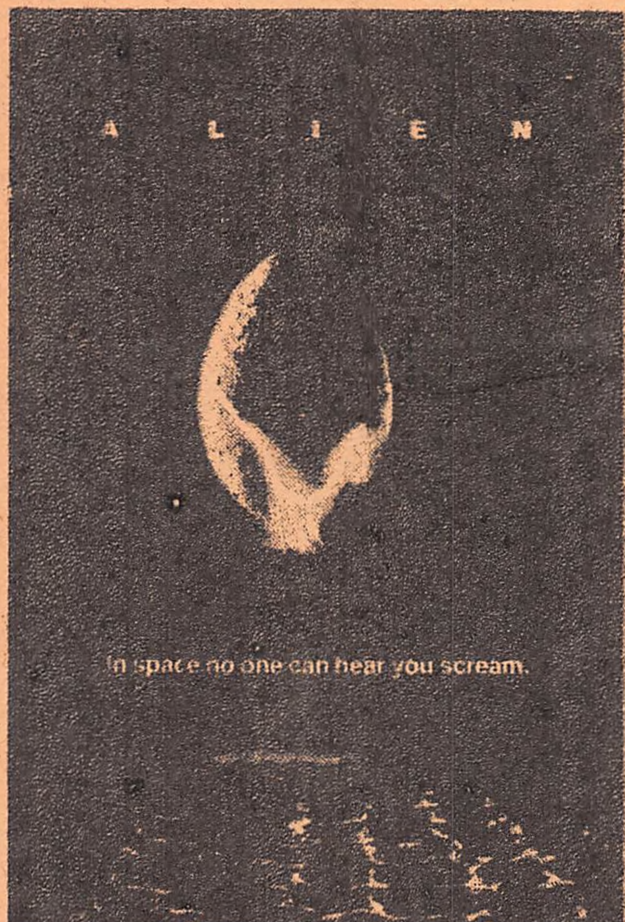
I guess I'll make up a story about strange psychological disorders that overtook the natives, causing them to violently attack each other. It will be difficult explaining why we didn't see anything like it in our test animals, but it's just because there is no animal exactly like man that I performed this test.

I hate to see the drug go to waste, though. After all, it would raise even my intelligence. Maybe I could get together with a few of my colleagues, and we could see about doing something for Earth ourselves. After all, everyone agrees that there's a lot wrong with life on our planet, and with a drug like this to help me I could easily get things right. I guess there's a bright side to the whole experience after all.



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SACK CHARLES

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MONDAY, MAY 21, 1979 at 8:00 P.M.

The commercial towing-starship Nostromo is detoured on its return to homebase to investigate an emergency-beacon distress call. This call is of alien origin. On planet-fall, in an unfamiliar star system, the Nostromo crew discover a crashed alien space vessel. The original occupant is long since dead but what has survived are many egg-like casements, which evidently contain alien spore. Upon close examination one of the eggs explosively disgorges its contents onto the faceplate of Nostromo's Executive Officer's space-suit. An highly corrosive ichor exuded by the tentacled-tailed crab-bodied alien form allows it to take up residence on Kane's face and head.

Returning him to sickbay, it's found that Kane's alien is now in symbiotic congress with him. Before Kane and the thing can be "frozen" the alien has relinquished its perch and has died. At a dinner to celebrate Kane's seemingly fortunate escape and recovery, he is racked by a convulsive fit. Bursting out from within Kane's chest cavity, in an explosive shower of blood and flesh, is a newly mutated Alien.

The new-born is a gore and slime bedecked muscle with many teeth. It bolts away from the burst carcass of its host/mother, out of the dininghall and into the bowels of the massive spaceship. The remaining crew of six mounts a search mission to track down the Alien and flush it into space.

Then, in short order, another crew member is "downed" and the Nostromo's Captain is dispatched. When Ripley, next in command and now Captain, consults MOTHER (the ship's control/guidance computer as to the best procedure to destroy the Alien, she discovers Nostromo's real mission, to contact and try and bring back an alien regardless of the safety of the human crew!

Ripley opts to abandon and destroy the Nostromo. However, Ash, the ship's Science Officer, attempts to kill Ripley. He is actually an androidal/robot who's real charge is the protection of the Alien. Ripley is saved by Lambert and Parker, the remaining crew members, who, in turn, hatchet and wreck Ash. Re-activating the robot's decapitated head, it is questioned and it reaffirms its mission. Ash is seen to smile even as Parker melts him/

it with a flame throwing weapon. Lambert and Parker are detailed to obtain reserve coolant for the escape-shuttle while Ripley sets Nostromo's auto-destruct-mech. Lambert and Parker are caught and killed by the Alien which then waits for Ripley at the shuttle's entryway. Ripley, alerted by her crew members' death throes, over the ship's intercom, warily approaches the escape-shuttle. Recoiling in fear at the Alien's presence, she returns to control central and attempts to abort the ship's destruct sequence. Too late. The destruct sequence has passed beyond recall.

Ripley returns to the shuttle. The Alien seems to have quit the scene. The shuttle barely makes good its escape when Ripley discovers the Alien aboard. Slipping into a space-suit she then opens the small shuttle's airlock, blowing the Alien towards space. It tentacle-wraps the hatch door edges when Ripley shoots it with a space-line gun. She relinquishes hold of the gun as the Alien is jolted into space. Ripley closes the airlock. The fastacting doors smash close onto the gun. The Alien, tenacious survivor it is, attempts to reel itself up onto the shuttle's hull. Ripley lights off the small ship's rocket motors and incinerates the Alien.

Sole survivor Ripley programs the escape craft for the remaining long flight home and then enters a "sleep freezer". The movie, thus, ends...

The subsequent controversy now begins!!! Storyline and scripting flaws aside (there are a few), this film is a very well made exposition into febrile dreamed, stark/naked terror. As such, it goes beyond the call of mere entertainment. It is a very brutal and sadistic piece of filmwork. The people who made this film are literally beating their potential audiences with every tention-fraught visual-shock device available. Beating that audience most cruelly and exuberantly. There is really no call whatever to be this exuberant and this excessive.

I went to this film with zero foreknowledge of its storyline and seeming intent. It was a preview freebie. In commenting on this film I have done something I usually dislike encountering in the popular reviews, a full disclosure of all the film's tricks and twists. This sort of thing spoils whatever surprises these type of films have in store. This film at least for me (and I should think for most anyone of moderate sensibility) needs to have its tricks and intentions disclosed up front. That way, being a reasonable and moderate person, you'll know enough to know you can pass this sick masterpiece by.

---William H. Desmond

STARCRASH, or The Adventures of Stella Star"

Directed by Lewis Coates (Luigi Cozzi)

Released by New World Pictures

Starring: Caroline Munro, Marjoe Gortner, Christopher Plummer, David Hasselhoff
Judd Hamilton, Joe Spinell

Ingenuity and creativity are stamped clearly into this response to Star Wars, lensed in Italy at a reputed two million dollars. Originally called The Adventures of Stella Star, it records the exploits of star pirate Stella sidekick Akton (Caroline Munro & Marjoe Gortner), released from the radium furnaces and the mines of SITCOM III (sic!) by the Emperor of the First Circle of the Universe (Christopher Plummer) to rescue his son, Prince Handsome (Davis Hasselhoff) from the evil Count Zarth Arn (Joe Spinell), who plans to conquer the Universe from his lair amid the Haunted Stars.

Special effects, not plot complication and logical consistency, are the stuff of Sci-Fi flicks. By these you can judge Starcrash:

-The opening shot shot has the starship MURRY LEINSTER trundling ponderously a la Star Wars from the top of the multi-colored starfield that bends as the camera moves...

-(The producers had no blue screens or matte technicians, so: The ships move down a track (masked out in the final prints) like a line of billiard balls one after another..

-In the climactic battle scene the Emperor sends his troops to attack the Space Claw in two man torpedoes that crash through the glass windows, and...

The film shows its debts to previous SF & Fantasy films: The radium furnaces to which Stella is condemned; the giant robot on the planet of the Amazon women; the light rapier; two ~~skeleton~~-like robots who hold Stella, Akton and Prince Handsome prisoner...Luigi Cozzi is a long time Italian SF fan, a translator of A.E. van Vogt, and, with the success of Star-crash, the independant producer of several more movies which will soon grace the silver screens of America and the world.

---John Costello

DESTINIES, Vol. 1, # 1 DESTINIES, Vol. 1, # 2
Edited by James Baen, (Ace Books, 1978(#1), 1979(#2)).

When Jim Baen was editing GALAXY, people used to say (at least I used to say), "Jim Baen is such a damn good editor. What could he do if he could afford to pay well, and if he had some decent distribution?" Although towards the end of his stay at GALAXY it was more like, "Why doesn't he work for a publisher who pays his writers and artists?", the same question remained: what could Jim Baen do with some real backing?

Baen finally quit GALAXY to become editor of Ace's line of Science Fiction, and in the process wound up as the editor of DESTINIES, an original anthology series, which can afford to pay good rates, and has excellent distribution. So let's see what Baen's new magazine is like.

Make no mistake, it is a magazine, even if it looks like a paperback. (Baen sidesteps the issue neatly. In the first issue, he calls it "...the very first *paperback* Science Fiction magazine.") But it isn't a magazine just because the editor calls it one; DESTINIES has editorials, book reviews (by Spider Robinson), science columns (by Jerry Pournelle, among others), and what Baen calls "Speculative-Fact, non-fiction for the Science Fiction reader".

As far as I can tell, Baen has succeeded in putting out one heck of a Science Fiction magazine. Looking at the first issue, we have good solid novelets by Spider Robinson and Clifford Simak, a dark little story by Gregory Benford, and a typical clever short story by Larry Niven. The only clunker is "Transition Team" by Charles Sheffield, which has no particular value that I can detect, and spends a long time working its way towards a predictable ending.

The two standouts are "Stand Pat, Ruby Stone" by Roger Zelazny, and "Very Proper Charlies" by Deen Ing. Zelazny's sardonic tale of mating ritual on an alien planet has a lot of twists for a short piece, and is reminiscent of his older work in its subtlety and humor. I consider it the best short fiction he has produced in a while.

Ing's novella can be used, I think, as a metaphor for the book as a whole. There's nothing really outstanding about it, but once I started reading it I was hooked until the end. Except perhaps for Zelazny, no one in this book dazzles the reader with flashy writing. All they do is spin a good yarn, and if that's what you like, DESTINIES is probably for you.

DESTINIES #2, while not as strong as number one, still provides a lot of good reading. My favorites are "The Ways of Love" by Poul Anderson, which is Anderson at the top of his form in writing of the first alien species man encounters, and Benford's "Time Guide". Benford's story, totally different from his first DESTINIES contribution, is a time-traveling culture's somewhat bewildered (and very funny) view of American culture. Backing these

are good stories from Orson Scott Card, Dean Ing (a twist on the "Do the gods have gods?" question), Joseph Green/Fat/Lik Milton, and Niven with another "Draco Tavern" story.

Un fortunately, this issue displays Baen's one major flaw: a weakness for "humorous" stories which rely on exaggerated, caricatured characterization for their effect (as opposed to ~~Random~~ ^{Random}'s genuinely funny "Time Guide", which rely on wit. Robert Sheckley's "Goodbye Forever To Mr. Pain" and Ben Bova's "To Be or Not" are good examples of this ilk. Hopefully, Mr. Baen will be able to avoid these types of stories in the future.

None of the features struck me as particularly exciting, except for Fred Pohl's "Goodbye To All that" in the second issue, which is a typically excellent Pohl reminiscence. The rest of the features were enjoyable but nothing more.

As far as I can tell, if you liked GALAXY you'll probably like DESTINIES more. And even if you didn't like GALAXY, you may still like DESTINIES.

---Roger Silverstein

FANTASY NEWSLETTER

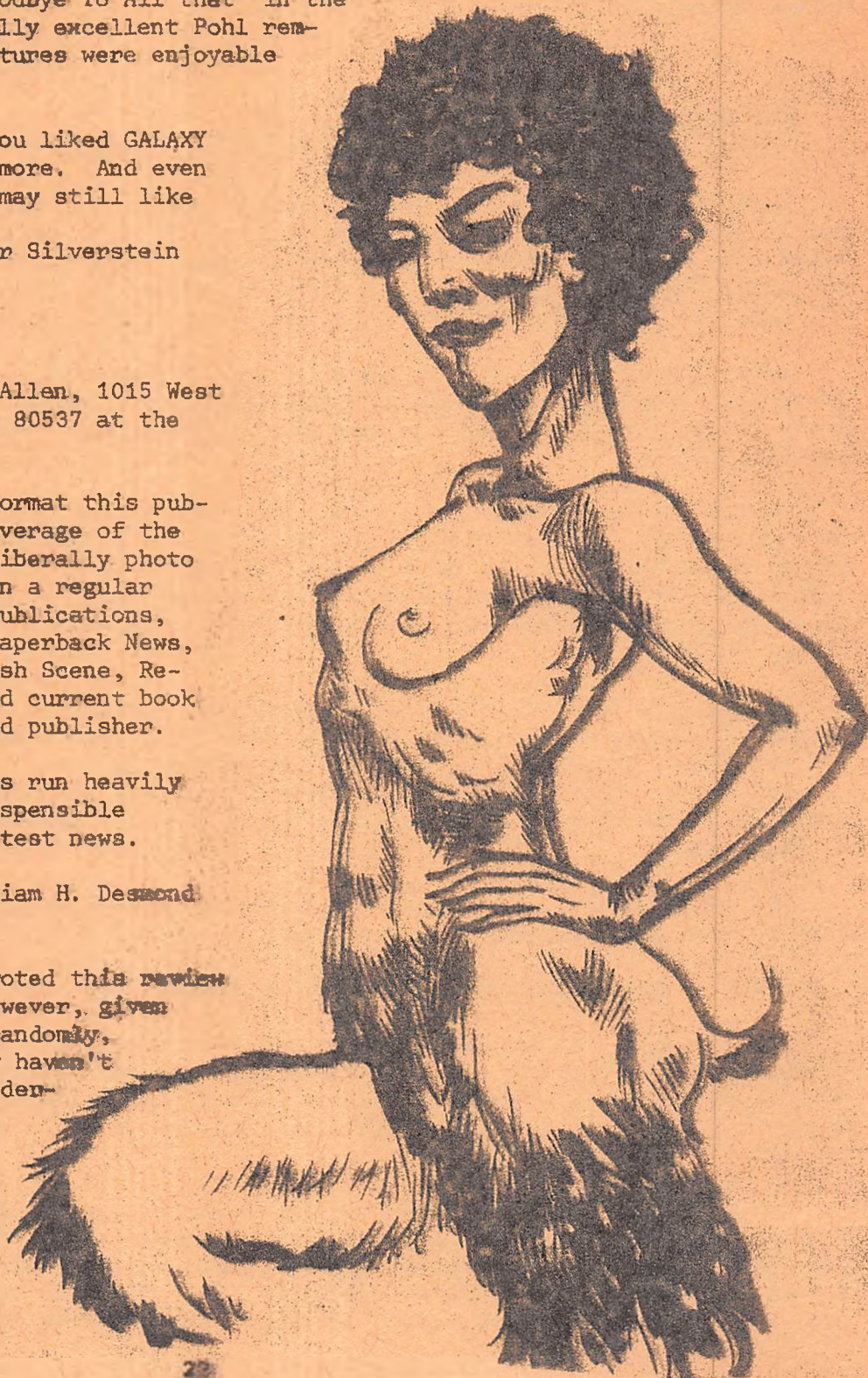
Published monthly by Paul Allen, 1015 West 38th Street, Loveland, Co. 80537 at the rate of \$5.00 per year.

Utilizing the newsletter format this publication presents an indepth coverage of the field of Fantasy Literature. Liberally photo illustrated and represented on a regular basis are such areas as Trade Publications, Magazines, Works in Progress, Paperback News, Specialty Publishers, The British Scene, Recordings, Events and Awards, and current book releases listed by the month and publisher.

For the reader whose tastes run heavily toward Fantasy, this is an indispensable means of keeping up with the latest news. Highly recommended.

---William H. Desmond

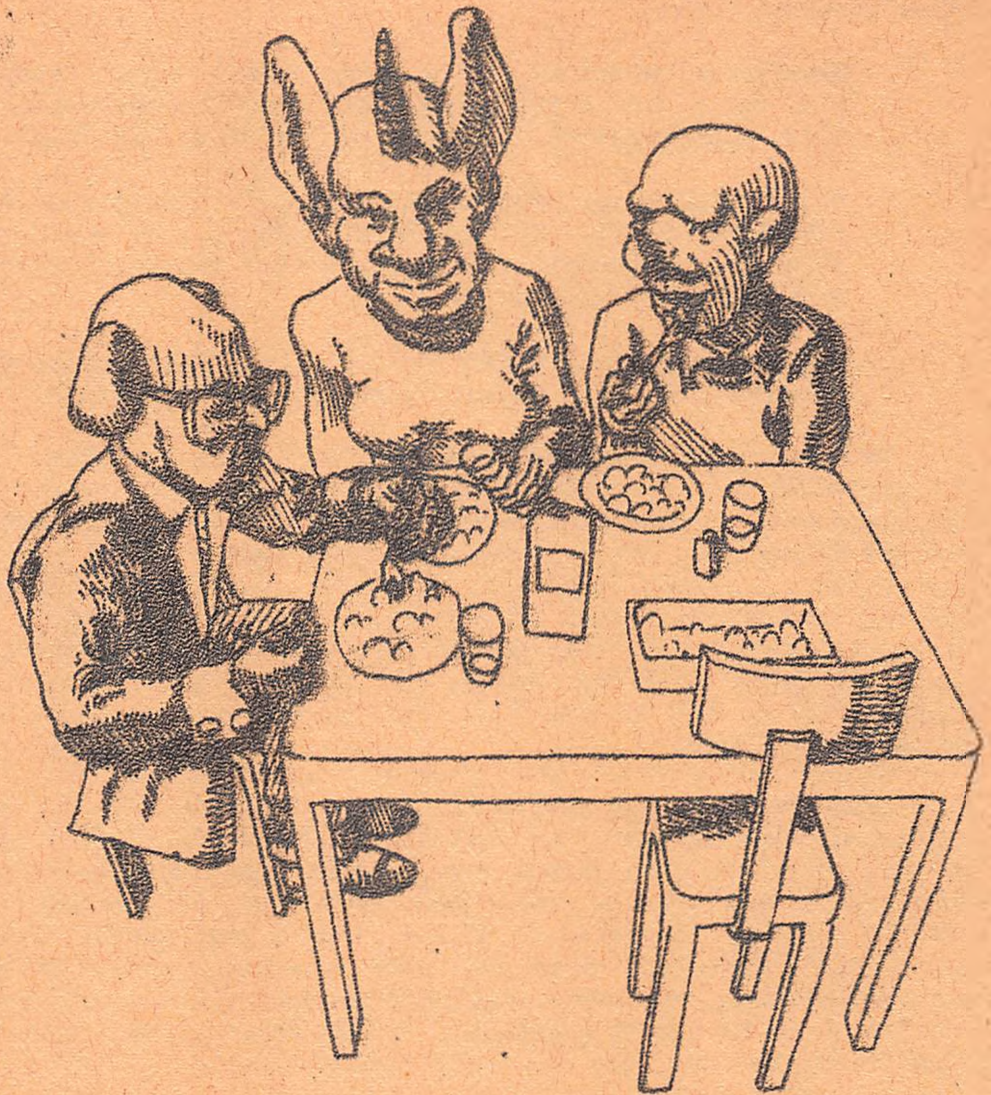
We would normally have devoted this review space primarily to Fanzines, however, given our frequency of publication (randomly, if ever) other zines for review haven't been readily forthcoming (an understandable lapse). Nonetheless, we would like to hear from the rest of zine fandom out there in this wide world. TZ, which we promise at least 4 times a year from now on, will gladly swap issues (on an issue for issue basis) with all and sundry. Que pasa???



Diana Worthy hails from a small ranch outside Randall, Texas, which she has managed since the recent death of her father. A pert, vivacious fourteen-year-old, she lives there with her uncle Ernie and, of course, the famous Prince Planet, the representative to Terra from the Galactic Union on the planet Radion. A portrait of the happy family appears at right.

Diana plans to major in Animal Husbandry //until they catch her at it-ed.// and Nuclear Physics at Texas A & M: "I'm still tryin' to figure out how Bobby [Prince Planet] can get away with breaking the laws of thermodynamics," she explains.

We hope to see more of Ms. Worthy's work in the future. Herewith, her maiden effort.



The Sex Life of Hobbits

by Diana Worthy
(with apologies to J. R. R. Tolkien)

This article is dedicated to Prince Planet, who has greatly aided the author's efforts to promote interplanetary intercourse.

ALTHOUGH the reader would never guess it from The Lord of the Rings, hobbits must have a sex life of some sort, if only to maintain the genealogies of which they are so fond. What can we infer from what little information Tolkien gave us?

Tolkien makes it quite clear that hobbits do not come into their legal majority until the age of thirty-three. However, this seems to be entirely a legal, rather than a physiological, choice. From the remarks Sam makes on seeing Merry and Pippin after their exposure to the Ent draughts, and from the fact that Merry and Frodo were close friends even while Merry was still a teenager, it appears that hobbits attain their full physical growth about the time that humans do, by their early twenties at the latest. Unless hobbits are unique mammals, this means that they become sexually functional no later than that. To judge by the genealogies that Tolkien provides, hobbits don't marry until their early thirties, generally between the ages of 35 and 45. What do these young hobbits do for the ten or twenty years between puberty and marriage?

Ruling out the unlikely event that the hobbits have developed the pill, I see three possibilities:

1. ~~The Victorian~~ solution: i.e., the female hobbits simply do without until they marry, while the young males avail themselves of prostitutes, domesticity, and livestock. (Try to imagine Merry and Pippin visiting a whorehouse.)
2. Young hobbits use homosexual affairs to tide themselves over their "tweenage" years. This might or might not be socially accepted. It would also give new meaning to the fact that Merry and Pippin lived together in Buckland after the war.
3. Parents feed their older children large doses of ~~saltwater~~. If this affects the mind, it could explain some of Merry and Pippin's behavior.

In human societies that delay marriage until long past puberty, the reasons for it are generally poor economic conditions or a desire to restrict fertility. (The first condition often implies the second.) While a hobbit like Sam, who apparently had his retired father to support, would have good reason to put off the added burden of a wife, why is Merry, already in his late thirties, completely uninterested in the subject? As the only son of the master of Buckland, he would be a highly eligible bachelor, and his wife would simply move into Brandy Hall with all the other Brandybucks. Fatty Bolger, who is slightly older than Merry, also seems to have no particular reason to remain single. (If he had to work for a living, he would not have been able to masquerade as Frodo for so long.)

Again referring to the family trees, a hobbit maid who marries at the age of 35 can expect about 20 years of fertility. Unless Tolkien is omitting a lot of children who die young from the genealogies (and he does indicate at least one such child in the Took family tree) the evidence does not suggest that hobbits are so prolific that they need to restrict the risk of childbearing so vigorously. Many families have only two or three children, and Merry and Frodo were singletons. A female hobbit's peak fertility period seems to occur during her forties. This would mean that the chance of conception would be almost negligible for a hobbit in her teens or even her tweens. In view of this I offer the following theory:

A hobbit entering puberty is encouraged to develop close friendships with members of the same sex. Contact between unmarried hobbits of the opposite sex (outside of close family members) is probably restricted to well-chaperoned group affairs: parties, dances, picnics, and the like. If a couple is overwhelmed by curiosity or hormones, the results are unlikely to prove disastrous until they are nearly old enough to marry, at which point their parents would confer and arrange a quickie ceremony. The fact that most hobbits seem to be related to each other to some extent would make it much more difficult for a male to leave the expectant mother in the lurch than is the case among humans. If there were more than one prospective groom, all the various parents could be called into the discussion. Two hobbits who wondered if they were truly in love could "give it a go" first to make sure. Since the risks of pregnancy are low, the social disapproval of occasional premarital sex is not very great, barring extreme promiscuity. (A mother might warn her daughter not to get too much into the habit, as she would have to refrain once she reached marriageable age. A father would warn his son not to get too much into the hobbit; it might become hobbit-forming.)

This system would explain why hobbits like Merry and Pippin seem unconcerned about sex. If one were terribly horny, he could probably find some hobbit in her tweens willing to accommodate him. A poorer hobbit might be able to make a fair amount of money in her younger years by servicing older males, perhaps enough to retire on the proceeds.

Any reader who disagrees with the theory advanced here is welcome to try saltpeter on his mashed potatoes, become a shepherd, or develop his own. -30-



Irwin T. Lapeer
Elmore Trout, Michigan

Sarah Bush and the Arizona Amazons

an epic tale
by IRWIN T. LAPEER

Although, the picture to the left of the Story's title preports to be that of Irwin T. Lapeer, we seem to know better. Nonetheless...

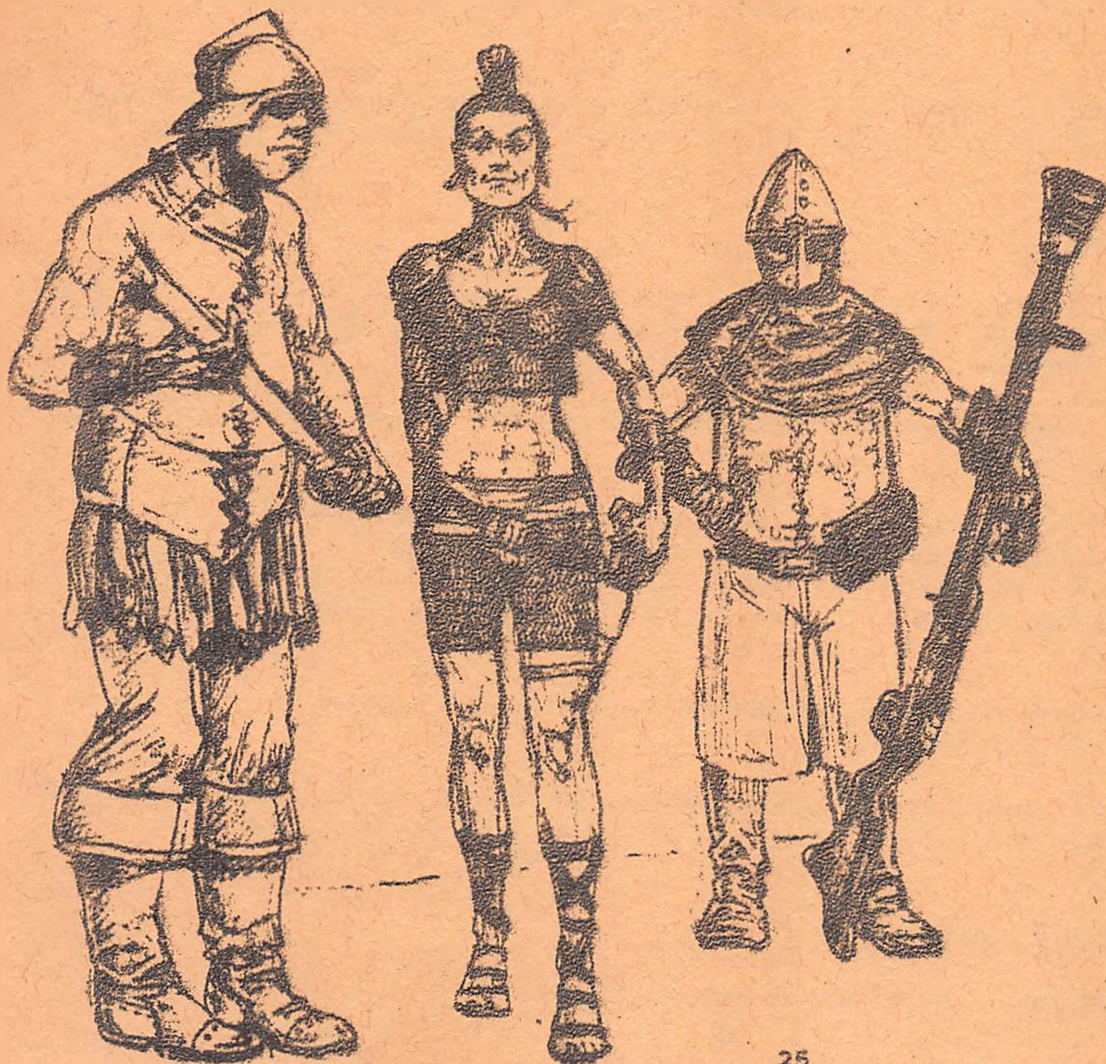
ONCE, in an otherwise short while, he would come across a murder so grisly that it would disturb his sleep for years after. Such a case was this. It was especially horrifying, if only because the victim was a man he knew well, although they never met.

He had been chasing the victim for two months, following a trail of angry rooming house landladies; spiteful skid row derelicts; hateful hoboes; and, finally disarranged Salvation Army clothes bins and the carcasses of half-eaten dogs.

The trail led to Nevada; then east to Utah; then south, in what appeared to be a run for the Mexican border.

Then in Arizona, James T. Phrogg was found, dead.

I



SARAH BUSH had been, as usual, somewhere where she didn't belong. At this moment, that somewhere was two thousands of miles from home, in Tucson, Arizona.

Her general whereabouts might have been explained by the fact that her father had come to the Great Southwest to take part in a conference on advanced polymer techniques. He was, after all, a big-time chemist at MIT. But that did not explain what she was doing on the third floor of the Lamar and Planetary Labs.

It seems she had been quickly bored with the juvenile exhibits in the planetarium next door; she had decided instead to explore the basement of the LPL building.; after a brief



look at a 60" mirror being polished, she wandered up a few flights of stairs and into a room full of exotic equipment. It was almost like being at home.

Hung in a metal frame was a row of switches and dials, and a mouth which spat out paper tape. Sitting on a stained wooden bench was a metal platter, a cheesecake of holes, upon which a small square mirror moved back and forth, back and forth, back and monotonously forth.

Big cardboard boxes of shapeless stuff sat one atop the other in huge piles which impeded her path and hid her from the sight of several scientists standing about, among the machines, monitoring meters.

Next room over--through a narrow pathway between more metal frames holding tapedrives--a fan switched on when she hit the lights. In here were small metal tanks of gas, stacked in crates like empty Coke bottles, with dirty paper tags that said "methane" or "phosphine" or "germane" or "hydrazine."

She followed up a metal hose lying between two bottles, and found that it led into the wall.

"That's the hose that leads to the absorption tube."

Somebody had entered the room after her. "That's the pipe that runs the length of this building. We fill it with a gas, then shine light through it and measure the spectrum."

"Who are you talking to, Nick?" asked a voice from the other room. Nick, a young, eager wheeler-dealer looking type, turned to the door. "That little girl--somebody's daughter, I assume."

"Right," said Sarah.

"Anyway," Nick continued, "we can compare these spectra against spectra of Jupiter and identify various compounds. We're looking for signs of life in the atmosphere. So far we've found carbon monoxide, phosphine, and hydrogen cyanide."

"Sounds more like signs of death," Sarah commented as she followed the fellow back past stacked boxes into the first room.

"Matter of taste," he answered. "You'd be surprised what some bugs eat. For primitive life, nothing is more poisonous than pure oxygen." Walking to a corner of the room, he moved some crates to reveal the end of a long cylinder, running the length of the room and continuing through the wall. It was about three feet in diameter. "This is the tube," said Nick.

Sarah squeezed in between the crates and looked in through a heavy quartz-like window. She couldn't see anything.

"Put a light source here...and by adjusting some mirrors we can vary the path length by bouncing the beam back and forth from end to end as much as we like." He brought a light up to the window.

The light dropped and smashed.

The scientist, gasping, didn't care about the light.

Sarah, staring wide-eyed, said, "I told you so."

Staring back at them through the window, lit for a moment by the light, had been the face of a dead man.

II

THE blinding storm of the evening cast the skies of Tucson over with an unaccustomed lead gray billowing of cloud, and the air reeked with a musty smell of unaccustomed dampness. On the horizon, a pillar of wind-blown sand towered, supporting the sky, spinning and writhing under its load. The Catalinas and the Rincons were mountains no more, but walls of rock rising into a damp, dark ceiling.

Sealed within this valley, trapped, within their rooms, were the residents of Tucson: the workers of the LPL; the scientists attending the polymer convention; Sarah Bush, pacing restlessly in her father's hotel room; Dr. Bush himself, asleep in a conference hall; Nick, the young spectrographer, entangled in an interferometer in the Lunar Labs. And one more character already introduced: the corpse found in the spectrograph chamber, now residing, unidentified, in the city morgue.

But there are 500,000 other souls in Tucson on this stormy winter eve. Look to the corner of 6th and 6th, in an old two story frame house. The unpainted adobe on the outside walls is chipped and falling away. The porch roof sags; the windowsills need paint; the panes are cracked and uncaulked. The whole appearance of the structure is reminiscent of a sway-backed nag.

The image of this house is contrasted by that of the man standing on the porch, knocking on the front door. In the full dress uniform of a colonel, United States Army, spit and polish is his name. In this house he had been born; from this house he had gone forth, many years before. In beloved memories of his, had it dwelt with him.

He knocked. He knocked again. But the present residents (whose presence he had inferred by their occasional payment of rent over the years) did not respond.

The door was unlocked. He entered. Before him, unconscious, slumped on a couch, covered with cigarette ash, was a young man. The room was painted with the odor of dead beer.

The army colonel picked his way across a carpet of butts and potato chips to the stairwell, and mounted the stairs. The upper rooms were closed, and a smell like burning rope came from under the door. The bathroom was filthy. Stepping across hair- and yellow-spattered linoleum, he inspected the encrusted wash basin, and noted in the bathtub two well formed pieces of human excrement.

This was homecoming, he reflected, going back down the stairs. To see the mess in the living room again, to see in it what he knew to be the root of this degeneration, made him sadder: Budweiser.

III

FLAT-BOTTOMED degeneracy is what I call it," said the inspector, musing over the re-

mains of his last ham and tunafish sandwich.

"But I don't understand," said Sarah.

"First a murder in a gas tube...then this horrid mess!"

("Daddy," asked Sarah, "what's wrong with his sandwich?"

"Hush," said Dr. Bush.)

"Still, that's that and we must make the most of it." Standing over the smoldering ruins at the corner of Sixth and Sixth, he stuffed the meaty pasty into his mouth, and rolled his jaw in rhythmic mastication.

"Very odd," mused Dr. Bush.

"What, the fat policeman or the burned out house?" asked Sarah, as she and her father continued their walk, so briefly interrupted by the scene of smoke, fire engines, police sirens, and the aforementioned minion of the law.

"No, I was referring to those five scantily-dressed women hiding behind the stone fence in the alleyway behind the house." Sarah has seen the freaky-looking females, but she had decided she didn't like them. So, she had refused to notice them further.

"Don't harrumph, Sarah," said Dr. Bush. Sarah had not realized that her harrumph was out loud. In fact, it wasn't, but Dr. Bush had recognized it anyway. "Just because you don't like something, doesn't mean you can ignore it."

"I saw them," Sarah muttered.

"Fine. Did you notice anything unusual about them?"

"You mean the fact that they didn't have their bows and arrows with them?"

"Precisely."

IV

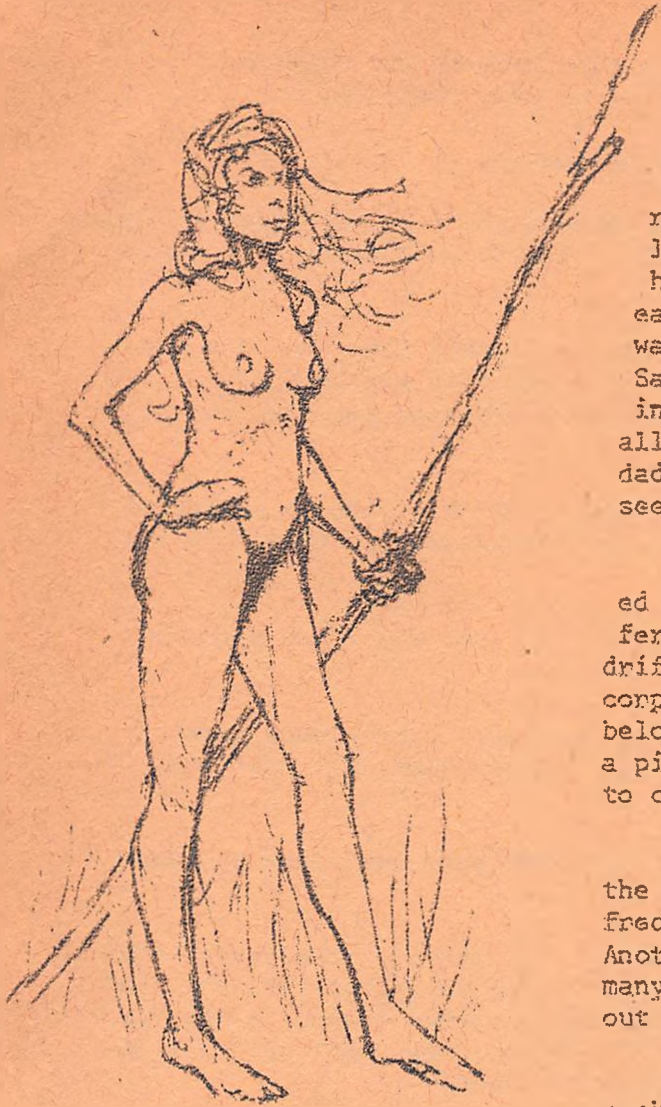
THE next time they saw them--the oddly garbed tribe of young ladies--they had their bows and arrows.

Sarah was back in the Lunar Lab building, this time up on the fifth floor. Her father was in an office down the hallway, speaking with an organic chemist. ("He may be organic, but he's well preserved for a man of his age," quipped Dr. Bush. Sarah had heard him, and had meant to ignore him; but she remembered his advice, and so, felt forced to come up with a reply.

"What age is that? Carboniferous?"

"Yes; Pennsylvanian," Dr. Bush had meant to answer; but he decided that would be too crude.)

Meanwhile, she was stuck on the fifth floor, with nothing to do. She had strict orders to stay away from the spectrum lab, and she felt in no mood to explore and make new enemies. Instead, she sat in the stairway, looking out the windows at the women's phys. ed. building next door. Immediately in front of the building were about 25 members of the local chapter of the Society for Creative Anachronism; but Sarah took no note of them. They were ordinary enough. What interested her were the folks on the archery range...



They had their bows and arrows this time.

Twelve naked (well, almost naked) women dressed in garish paint and ugly jewelry were plunging shaft after shaft into the eyes of the bull. They were really quite proficient at it. Sarah noted that the littlest one, who walked with sort of a half-limp half-skip step, was markedly better than she had been earlier that week. The difference between now and then was that this time the arrows had strings attached. Sarah didn't quite understand that. She'd been watching these particular Amazons for the whole week now--all the while pretending not to notice them, up until daddy's admonition---but beforehand their equipment had seemed to be the standard archery range issue.

The group stopped shooting at this point; they seemed to go into a huddle, then drift apart into several different directions. Sarah watched them until the last had drifted out of sight, then turned her attention to the complacent students dressed in freon helmets immediately below her. One had just hit the other on the helmet with a piece of wood, and the two of them stopped for a moment to consider just what next to do.

Suddenly a shot rang out. It was shot from a bow; the ringing sound was made by the arrow point hitting the freon can. The wood-bedecked knight looked up in surprise. Another flurry of arrows occurred, puncturing the egos of many of the by-standers who began to systematically wander out of range.

With a rush the Amazons were upon them. Screaming, cackling yells mixed with the exclamations of retreats of yore, as the more pudgy of the preflintlockian pugilists were toppled and began to tumble out of the path of the onslaught. Whoops and hollers followed the groups of rollers.

And before her astonished eyes, five arrows flashed into her watching window--arrows with silver strings attached! Forming a pyramid, the women warriors lifted themselves up onto the wires, now suspended from the shafts which quivered in the glass at one end, to the quivers fixed among the shafts of grass at the other, slowly, one by one, they began to climb up the wire.

The sag of the wire was such as to make the warriors reach the wall even with the third floor. By the time they had got there, so had Sarah.

V

"QUITE sorry to tell you this," said the inspector.

"Oh?" asked Dr. Bush of the man who had just now wandered into his hotel room. He began to wonder to himself what sort of trouble Sarah had gotten herself into this time.

"It's seems you've been murdered," said the inspector.

"Oh," said Dr. Bush, somewhat relieved.

"Quite." The inspector watched the good doctor for a minute more, looking for a further reaction: seeing none, he turned and began to pace the floor.

"Oh, never fear," he said, rolling the bowl of his pipe between his fingers as he paced. "We'll get the killer. No chance of him escaping us this time! Oh, no..."

"Why wasn't I informed about this sooner?" asked the doctor.

The inspector looked up in surprise. "Oh, but we thought you'd be the first to know. Don't tell me you've forgotten. Getting murdered should stick in ones memory. I should think."

"On the contrary, it's the one event that can happen in a man's life that I'm certain he never remembers." Dr. Bush wasn't quite sure where all this was leading to; but, a good scientist, he decided it was best to play along with events and see what course nature took.

The inspector pondered this last statement for a moment; after a time, a satisfied look appeared on his face. "Quite," he said. "Perhaps that explains it, then." A silence ensued.

Dr. Bush cleared his throat. "Perhaps...might I ask, ah, just why I was murdered? I mean, do you have a motive worked out yet?"

"Motive?" asked the inspector. "Of course we have a motive. That's what made us realize it was you who had been murdered. It was you in that gas tube, not that James T. Phrogg fellow at all."

"I see," said Dr. Bush. "Do you know, I believe there may have been some mistake. I don't recall ever having been inside any gas tube."

"Now let me tell you something," said the inspector. "For the last two years, the Bulgarians have been after you. Anyone who's read the last four issues of Twilight Zine would certainly realize that, since you were the reason they attacked Boston in the first place; and you were the one who uncovered their international psi spy. No, no don't interrupt me..." Dr. Bush, who had no such intention, held his peace.

"For the last few months a gentleman officer of the United States Army has been following you throughout all your journeys here in the west...and he finally caught up with you here in Tucson. In the Lunar and Planetary Laboratory, to be exact. He shot you twice in the head, once in the stomach, stabbed you in the back, carved your heart and your entrails and spread them over a copy of the Tucson Daily Citizen, then wrapped the whole mess in the rest of the newspaper and stuffed you into a forty-foot long tube filled with hydrogen cyanide gas to make it look like an accidental death. It would have fooled us completely except for one mistake. He forgot one thing, one tiny little detail, so insignificant that it could have passed by even the keenest observer, it could have slipped the mind of even the sharpest-witted detective---"

"And what was that?" asked Dr. Bush, hearing his cue.

"I've forgotten," confessed the inspector.

VI

AMAZINGLY enough, the motorcycle actually started on the first kick. Nick couldn't believe his luck. "Hang on tight!" he shouted to Sarah, as he proceeded to drive through the garden and over to the famous Moon Tree, across the lawn in front of the Planetarium and onto University Avenue.

The noise was so loud that Sarah heard neither his shout (not that she needed the warning; she was holding on for dear life as it was) nor the anguished screams of the Indian hoards who had followed the girl and the intrepid planetary scientist from the third



floor of the Lunar Lab building down to the motorcycle parking lot behind the Planetarium.

The Amazons wasted no time...commandeering a Datsun "Lil' Hustler" pickuptruck (named, so they thought, after their leader Lillian whose trade was...well, never mind) they gave chase. Nick poured on the power and zoomed past a "bicyclists only" sign down Third. The Datsun followed. Past walled Spanish fortresses and overgrown English jungles they sped; the warriors followed, their eyes blind to the magnificent structures erected by some of the leading citizens of the fair City of Tucson.

"Lew?" shouted the mayor's mother-in-law into her telephone while the parade was passing her by. "There's another bunch of those wild noise makers outside the house. How many times do I have to tell you that their type is ruining the neighborhood's peace and quiet? You'd think with my own son-in-law I'd be able to get some action, but..."

Across Tucson Avenue, roaring through Himmel Park, the chase continued. "We'll head for my place," shouted Nick to a deaf Sarah. "We can hold them off while I call for help."

Peeling up a stone-covered driveway, Nick killed the engine and leaped off his steaming motorcycle. Sarah, still holding on, was carried along with him as he burst through the front door and ran to his room. Pulling open a closet door, he revealed an awesome arsenal before him. Sarah gasped.

"Let go!" he shouted, and the little girl tumbled to the floor. Picking up a .45 revolver, he turned to her and said, "I hope you can handle one of these. Can you?" She shook her head, numb with surprise. "Here, it's easy."

He shoved in some bullets, then took off the safety and handed it to her. "Just hold your arm out straight, look down the sights, and squeeze, don't pull." With that, he went back to select from a collection of Lugers, spy guns, shot guns and rifles spread out before him.

"Where'd you get all those?" asked Sarah, breathlessly.

"Around," said Nick. "You live in the west, you get yourself some heat. Speaking of which, lemme turn on the swamp cooler." It was more than the excitement that was making Sarah sweat, the temprature inside the house was a mere ten degrees cooler than outside; and outside, it was 112 in the shade.

VII

"So if the Bulgarians thought they'd killed me," asked the good Doctor Bush to the inspector, now sitting in his office at police headquarters, "why did the Colonel die?"

"That's the mystery we're trying to unfold," snorted the copper. "But we do know

this. We know that whoever burned down that house was careless with matches--they left behind a matchbook cover which was covered with the signs of the Zodiac.

"We know that they were interested in the planets. This same group must have been hanging around the Lunar Lab and saw the mistaken murder. Perhaps this fellow Phrogg was mixed up with them. Can't quite seem to get a lead on him, outside of the fact that he, like you, came from Cambridge and had a number of overdue books from a library there."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Doc. "I haven't had an overdue book in years!"

"Anyway," continued the inspector, ignoring this last outburst, "they've struck again. We've just gotten word that they've entered the Spec Lab again, and walked off with a refrigerator."

"I don't understand," said the doctor.

"Neither did we," confessed the police sleuth, "until Jenkins here--good work, by the way, Jenkins--" and a short swarthy Mexican nodded his head bashfully, "pointed out that they probably wanted the contents of the refrigerator. This is going to take some explanation. Jenkins?"

"Well, suh," drawled Jenkins, "These heah 'stronomer fellahs kipt their poisonous gasses in theah. Frozen solid, if y'all see what ah mean. So's as not to fume off and kill 'em all, I supposes. So, anyway, they was in glass containers in the freezer-box section? Yeah, and they hadn't never defrosted that section in sommit like twelve-fourteen months. so's if you-all wanted the gasses, then you was goin ta take the whole kit-n-kaboodle..."

VIII

SARAH took careful aim, and squeezed off another round.

BANG!

Picking herself up off the floor, she peered over the sill of the broken window. "How'd I do that time?"

"You're doing just fine. Wait till I warm up the short-wave here, and we can get some help."

"How come you don't just telephone?"

"The lines have been cut."

"Oh." Sarah paused for a moment. "How'd you know that?"

"I've seen this movie before."

Sarah paused again. "Oh." Nick frantically kept cranking the dial of the radio, copying down c.w. " 'Mine nineteen ate meat at tent nine'?" read Sarah.

"Hush," said Nick.

Sarah listened to the squealing dots and dashes for a moment more. "Must be code," she decided.

"Nick," asked Sarah, "how come you've got a radio?"

"Everybody in the west has a radio," replied Nick. He turned to the key again. "Keep shooting."

Sarah looked back out the window and saw another painted face peer past a parked car. Taking aim, she squeezed off yet another round.

BANG!

Picking herself up off the floor, she turned back to Nick. "Who are you trying to raise?" she asked.

"One of my pilot buddies. I'm hoping he'll fly over here with a U-2 and get some pictures of these girls so we can identify them."

"I know," said Sarah. "Everybody out west flies an airplane too."

Nick looked at her as if she had sounded surprised that ~~the sky was blue~~.

"Keep shooting," said Nick.

IX

THE tumult and shooting had died. By the time that the Tucson police, alerted by Nick's pilot friend's radio call, had surrounded the neighborhood, all the warriors had fallen.

The roundup was quick and complete, and now, back in Dr. Bush's hotel room, there only remained a few pieces left to pick up.

"What I don't understand," said Nick, "was why they stole the gas."

"Because hydrogen cyanide is a constituent of Jupiter; and in their astrology-crazed minds, they considered it to be sacred. That's why they killed the Colonel--not because he was a murderer, but he committed sacrilege by using that gas."

"Lucky for us that was the gas they took," commented the inspector. "As soon as the summer heat had thawed out the refrigerator, the gas leaked out and knocked them all unconscious."

"Then I didn't kill nobody?" screamed Sarah.

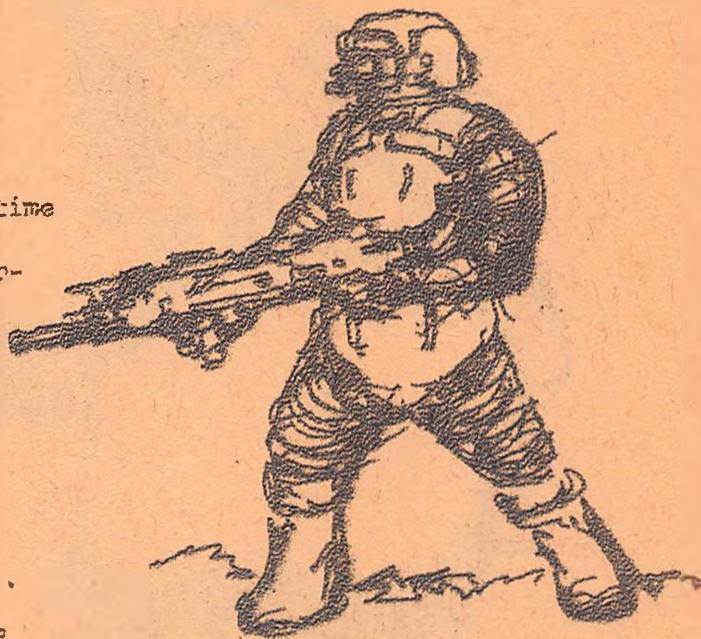
"Anybody," corrected Dr. Bush.

"Rats," Sarah said.

"But why didn't all that shooting attract the attention of the neighbors?" asked Dr. Bush.

"They were all indoors, next to the airconditioners," pointed out the inspector.

"Ah, well," said Dr. Bush. "Well, thank you for all your help. I guess it's back home for us now, right Sarah? And I bet you're not sorry to leave."

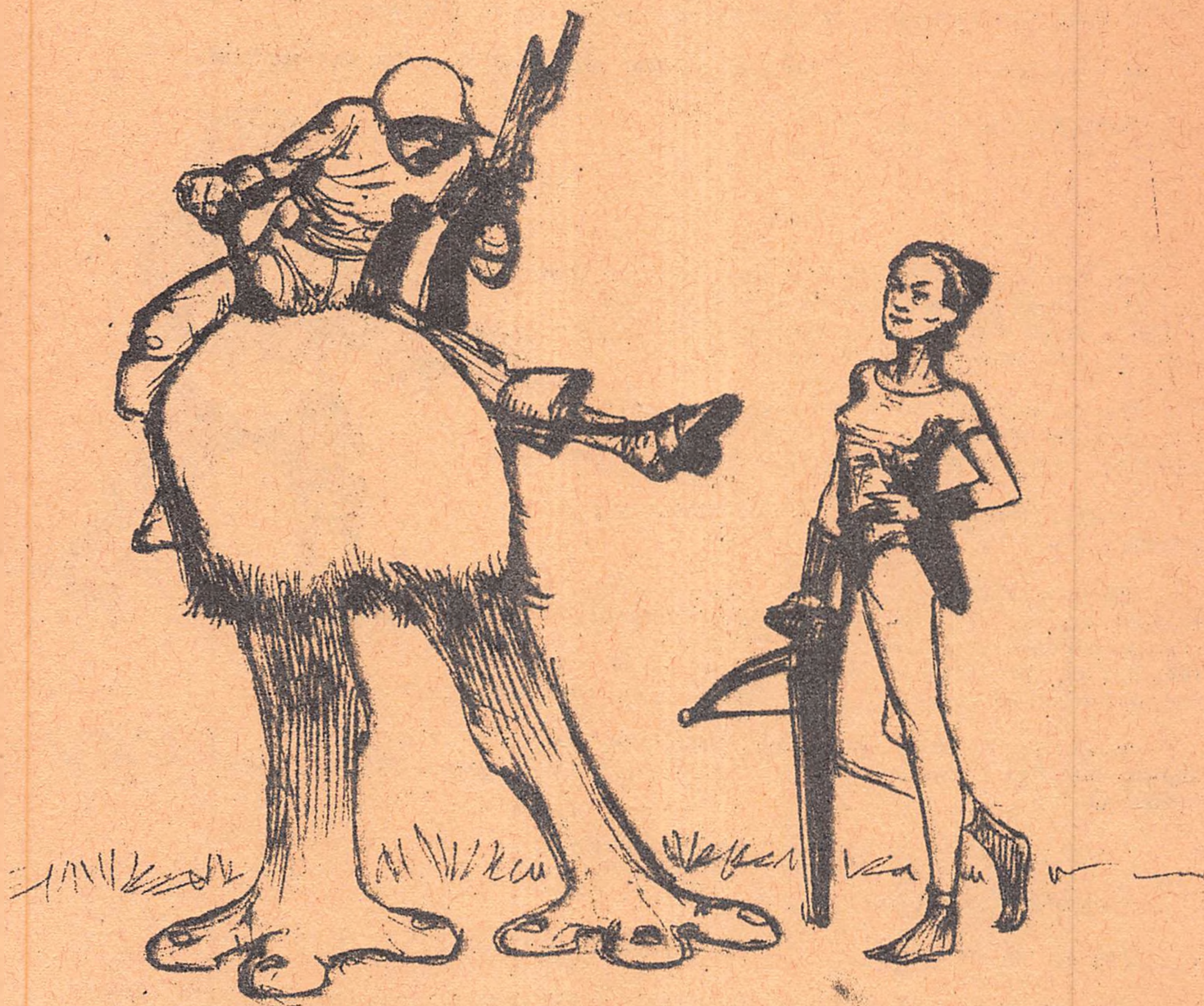


Dr. Bush paused, then cast a glance over to where Nick was **standing**. Clean-shaven, and a bit older than Charley; he pondered over his daughter's taste in boyfriends.

"Or perhaps there's some other reason why you'd just as soon stay behind?" he asked her.

With a glare at her father, young Sarah gave a look that did its best to satisfy her lust for blood.

- FINIS -



Want List

AMERICAN SF MAGAZINES



Amazing Stories: 1927/Feb. 1973/Oct.
 Amazing Stories Annual: 1927
 Analog: 1970/Apr. 1971/Oct. 1972/June 1973/Sept
 Bizarre Fantasy Tales: 1970/Fall
 Famous Science Fiction: 1968/Spr., Sum., Fall 1969/Spr.
 Fantastic: 1972/June 1974/May
 Flash Gordon Strange Adventure Magazine: 1936/Dec.
 Galaxy: 1969: Jul., Aug., Dec., 1972/Jan.-Feb. 1973/Nov.
 Ghost Stories: 1926/(all) 1927/(all) 1928/Jan., Feb., Apr.,
 1928/June thru Dec. 1929/(all)
 1930/Jan. thru Oct. 1931/(all)
 IF: 1969/Jul., Sept., 1970/Jan., Apr., Jul-Aug.
 1972/Jan-Feb 1973: Jan-Feb, Mar-Apr, Jul-Aug, Nov-Dec
 1974/Jan-Feb, May/Jun
 Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction: 1973/Mar., Apr., Jun., Jul., Aug., Sept., Oct., Dec
 1974/Jan., Apr. thru Jul., Sept. thru Dec.

Magazine of Horror: 1971/Apr(#38)
 Monster Parade: 1958 & 1959/(all)
 SF Adventures (Classics): 1973/July 1974/May
 Scientific Detective Monthly/Amazing Detective; 1930(all)
 Startling Mystery Stories: 1967/Wint.(#7) 1968/Spr.(#8)
 Strange Stories: 1939/Oct. 1940/Feb., June, Dec.
 Strange Tales: 1933/Jan.
 Strangest stories Ever Told: 1970/Sum
 Super Science Fiction: 1957/Oct.
 Weird Tales: 1923/Apr. thru Nov. 1924/(all) 1925?Jan. thru Oct., Dec. 1926/Jan., Apr., Jul., Dec.
 1974: Spr.
 Weird Terror Tales: 1969/Wint.(#1)
 The Witches Tales: 1936/(all)
 Wonder Stories: 1931/Jul., Oct. 1933/Dec.
 Dusty Ayres and his Battle Birds: (all)
 Terence X. O'Leary's War Birds: (all)
 Arkham Sampler: 1948/Autumn 1949/(all)
 Fantasy Book: #2 (Pulp paper edition only)
 Whispers; #1

CANADIAN SF MAGAZINES

Astonishing: 1942/Jan., May
 Super Science Stories: 1942/Oct. 1943/Dec. 1945/Feb., Apr., Jun., Aug., Dec.
 Uncanny Tales: (all)

BRITISH MAGAZINES

Beyond: #4
 Fantasy: 1939/#2
 Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction: 1954/Apr.
 New Worlds: 1960/July (#96) 1962: Mar.(#120)
 Science Fantasy: 1958/Apr., Dec. 1964: Feb., Apr.,
 Science Fiction Adventures: 1958/July

BRITISH MAGAZINES (CON'T)



Science ~~Fiction~~ Adventures: 1958/July

Scoops: #2 thru #20

Tales of Wonder: #1, #2, #3

Vargo Statten (British Space Fiction Magazine:

Vol. 1 #5, Vol. 2 #1, #3, #4

Futuristic Science Stories: #11, 14, 15

Tales of Tomorrow: #2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10

Worlds of Fantasy: #10, 11, 12

Wonders of the Spaceways: #8

Out of this World: #2

Supernatural Stories: #5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14,
#15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 24

AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINES

Thrills, Inc.: #1, 3, 14, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22

Letter Column

Dear Betsy,

Some of my best friends speak French in the privacy of their homes. Doing it publically was showing off, but I'll get over it.

I started getting TZ because Marc Alpert was a friend of mine while we were at Penn. //Shades of a checkered past...ye ed.+3//I am interested in receiving TZ for my collection //Aha, by the great ghod Bloch's severed organ, an individual of discernment and admirable taste...ye ed.+3, again.// I have an extensive collection which includes copies of all the items you're looking for. If you are ever in New Jersey/Philly give me a call and I'll show off. Anyways, keep TZ coming as long as possible.

Thanks,

Steve Miller, 1 Heatherwood Court, Medford, New Jersey 08055

Dear Allan (?),

I was surprized to receive TZ 30. I thought the MITSFS had dissolved by now, but I guess I was wrong. //Noooo...not wrong, not exactly right either, but not wrong...ed.+3, cryptically//. It seems to be a real quality production with the usual dubious contents. The Jordan Kare and Jon Inoue stories are really terrible, but the Gary Goldberg story is really great!

Who's the character who wrote all that jazz on the contents page? I can see he's not going to graduate on time. //Wrong again, Watson!// Anyway it's nice to know the MITSFS is still up and at it. Let's see TZ 31---Real Soon Now.

PS - where and how do I get "The Best of TZ 1 - 30? //Count to ten, for it's R-S-N! +3//.

Yours truly, Ampico J. Steinway (no address given)

"Look who's smiling now!"

Sometimes an individual sets himself high enough to make skeptics smile. But how often does he get the last laugh? "Look at me. I started out as a common housefly. But I knew there was a great future for me in illustrating fan magazines. I just knew it. Those people at the Twilight Zine Famous Fan Art School thought so, too. They gave me my big chance to prove myself. Oh, sure, I started with illustrating Irwin T. Lapeer stories, but I got my chance at the bigger stuff soon enough: Flash Gordon, want lists, and now even the back cover. TZFFAS' course helped me pull myself out of a boring and ill-fed existence into a position of power. No more of those insults, those pitying stares. I'll show them! Soon, thanks to the folks at TZFFAS, I'll be RULER OF THE WORLD!"



The words in quotes come directly from one of the many pleased reports that are sent to us by graduates of TZFFAS. TZFFAS' files contain many letters, drawings, and incriminating photographs of men, women, and individuals who have increased their existences with the help of TZFFAS training. You, too, can prepare for the opportunity of your choice through TZFFAS home study--without interfering with your present undertakings--and by devoting only a little of your nights.

TZFFAS has been a leader in this sort of thing for more than 28 issues, enrolling uncounted men, women, and individuals into a new life. You study under the supervision of TZFFAS' expert editors and art critics. Upon sending acceptable artwork to TZFFAS, you receive a copy of Twilight Zine-- a respected fanzine.

Mailing the TZFFAS coupon below may be the only chance you'll ever have of preparing yourself for a normal existence, a TZ collection, and the many good things that go with a quality life. Simply check the classification in which you think your art qualifies you, along with the art, and we will rush you a valuable free copy of Twilight Zine. There is no obligation beyond the use of your soul. Twilight Zine, Room W20-421, 84 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, MA 02139

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SCIENTIFICATION ART

- ☐ Basic Adventure
- ☐ Intermediate Adventure
- ☐ Complete Comedy
- ☐ Incomplete Comedy

STATUS ART

- ☐ Middle Middle
- ☐ Upper Lower
- ☐ Lower Upper

FANTASY ART

- ☐ Agony and Ecstasy
- ☐ Complete Training

ELEVATOR REPAIR

- ☐ Basic training

WRITING

- ☐ Famous Fan Writer's School

CROSS OUT THE WORD WHICH DOES NOT APPLY	FULL NAME	ADDRESS	DOMICILE	WHEN NATURALIZED AND WHY	STATUS	NUMBER OF YOUR IDENTITY CARD OR PASSPORT	YOUR GRAND-FATHER'S FULL NAME	YOUR GRAND-MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME	HAVE YOU BEEN VACCINATED; WHEN AND WHY
Mr. Ms. Nt.									

I/WE (PRINT) _____ DECLARE UNDER PENALTY THAT ALL THE INFORMATION I/WE HAVE FURNISHED IS COMPLETE AND TRUE TO THE BEST OF MY/OUR KNOWLEDGE, AS WITNESS MY/OUR SIGNATURE SIGNED THIS _____ DAY OF _____, 19____.

(SIGNATURES) _____

LET'S SEE...WHY ARE YOU GETTING THIS?

- ___ You sent us money, correspondence, or fanzines (of one cut or another) in trade.
- ___ You contributed an article or some artwork or some labor to TWILIGHT ZINE.
- ___ You are mentioned reverently in this issue of TZ.
- ___ You are mentioned profanely in this issue of TZ.
- This is your last issue, unless...* ☒ You will be mentioned profanely in the next issue if we don't get ___ a trade, ☒ a LOC, ☒ an article, ___ some art, ___ cash, ___ some of your blood.
- ___ You are allowing us to donate all of our back issues to the Library of Congress in exchange for a tax write-off.
- ___ We are allowing you to donate the Library of Congress to the MITSFS in exchange for an even larger tax write-off.
- ___ You sent the recipe for making TZ 30 to the Pillsbury Bake-off.
- ___ You have kidnapped Jonathan Fox and are holding the final episode of Flash Gordon for ransom.
- ___ You have kidnapped Jonathan Finger and have offered to keep him (though you admit to having second thoughts).
- ___ You have kidnapped Robert Lewis Stevenson.
- ___ You have smallpox.
- ___ You got rhythm, you got music...
- ___ You got guns, I got guns, all God's chillun got guns...
- ___ You actually ate just one Lay's Potato Chip.
- ___ You tried, but you couldn't do it/you tried, but you couldn't do it/
you tried, but you couldn't do it/ nobody can eat just one!
- ___ You are graphically depicted somewhere in this issue of TZ.
- ___ Whaddaya mean, why are you getting this? This issue was your idea in the first place!!
- ___ Ordinarily, this would be TZ 30...but for you...since you're regular customer... call it...uh--