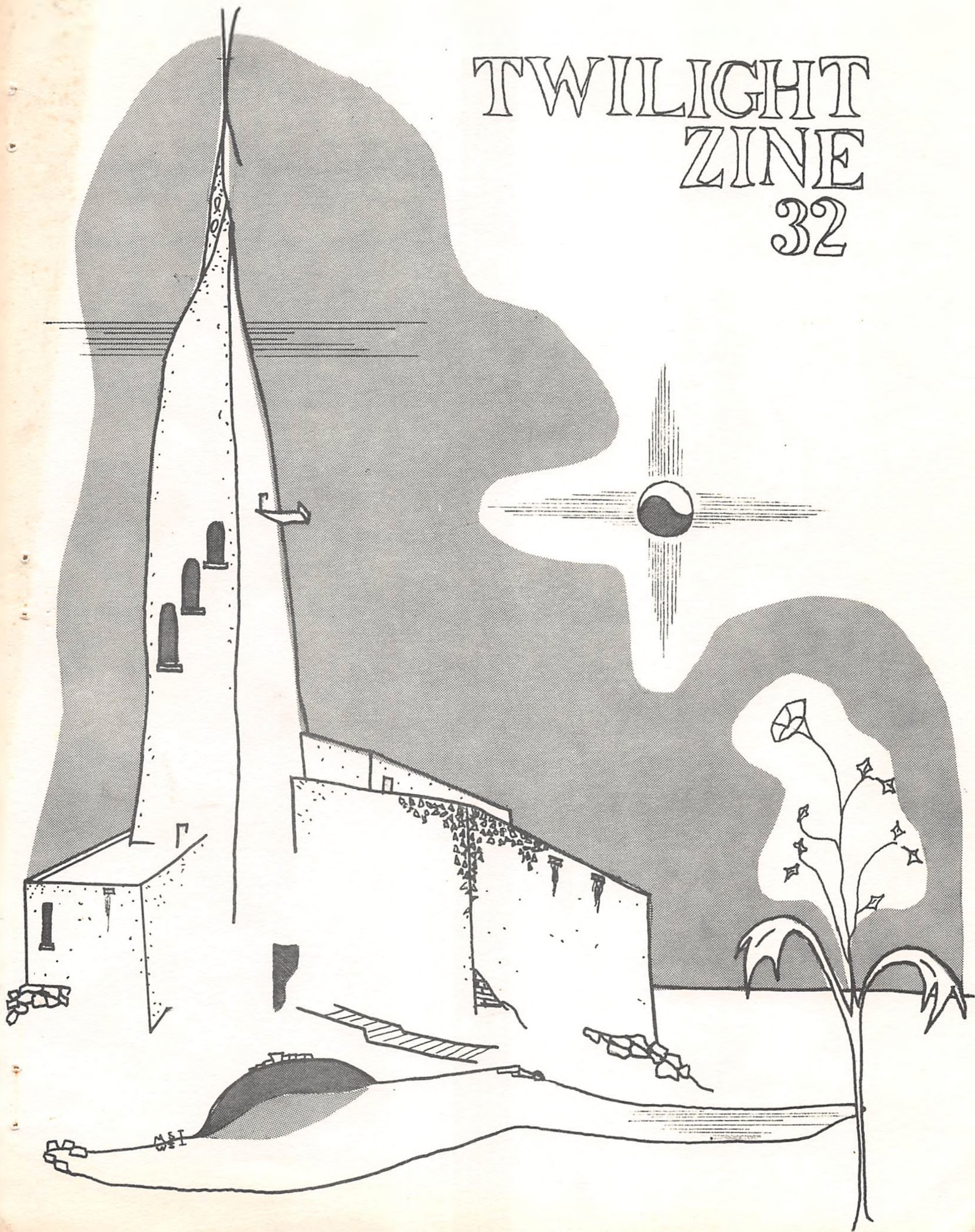


# TWILIGHT ZINE 32





# TWILIGHTZINE 32

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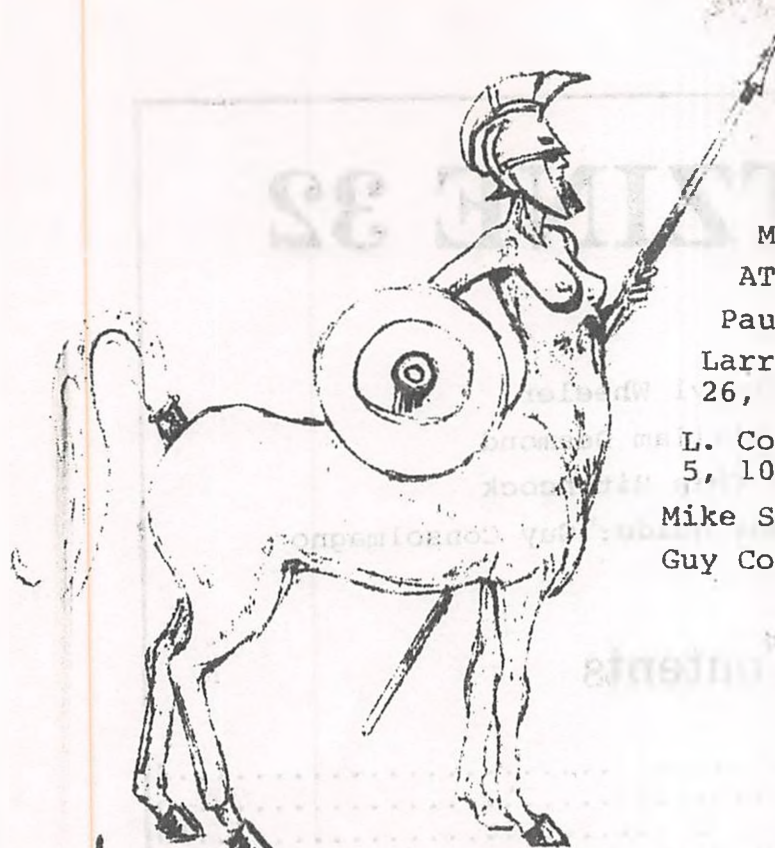
TWILIGHTZINE comes out (we're amazed every time) quarterly, by rumor. It now costs 50¢ in person or 75¢ by mail and is also available for the usual and by editorial whim. This issue was perpetrated September 6, 1979. Send LoC's, contributions, and trades to MITSFS, W20-421, 84 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge MA 02139. Send letter bombs and assassination threats to your friendly typist and technical prestidigitator, Chip Hitchcock. And remember:

WE'RE NOT FANS,  
 WE JUST READ THE STUFF!

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art credits on page 2





#### ART CREDITS

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26, 29, 39, 45, 47, 49  
L. Courtney Skinner...pages 1, 2, 3, 4,  
5, 10, 12, 31, 33, 36, 51, 58  
Mike Symes...pages 16, 23, 44  
Guy Consolmagno...page 50

## An Editorial

by Cheryl Wheeler

Writing an editorial is such a pain. In general I don't flame much, so I don't really know how to spew out words at random. My life is dull and uninteresting, so I don't have anything particularly non-random to say. When I spoke of the clones in my life in TZ 31 I was duly unappreciated. \*sigh\*

I was thinking that maybe I could spice up my life by taking three or four lovers at the same time. That would certainly be interesting to write about. But if I did write about it, they'd all find out about each other, and I'd be in a lot of trouble. That would make my life interesting, but there are limits.

There's always sky-diving, and I think that might add some excitement. Unfortunately, poor, impoverished, MIT students don't have the time or the money to do such things (at least, I don't). Ditto learning to fly.

I thought of leading a life of crime, becoming a rip-off astrologer, riding Niagara Falls in a barrel, taking a world tour, and opening my own S&M supply shop. But there are insurmountable obstacles to all of these. So I decided to become schizoid.

Besides the well-known advantages of being schizoid, i.e., always having someone to talk to and being able to sing duets with yourself (provided one of you knows how to sing), is the ability to get out of unpleasant tasks that other people ask you to do. As long as you've made it obvious that you're schizoid you won't even need an excuse. People may even stop asking you for favors. This isn't very exciting, but it's useful, and it makes day to day living a little easier.

But, of course, that's the problem: it's not exciting. I



again. But, as I said, it is useful. It's given me something to flame about for about a page and gotten the typists off my back. (No wiserracks, you guys!)

(( who, me? wisecracks? why I never! Just because I happen to know for a fact that, in addition to holding the post of Skinner, she XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX))

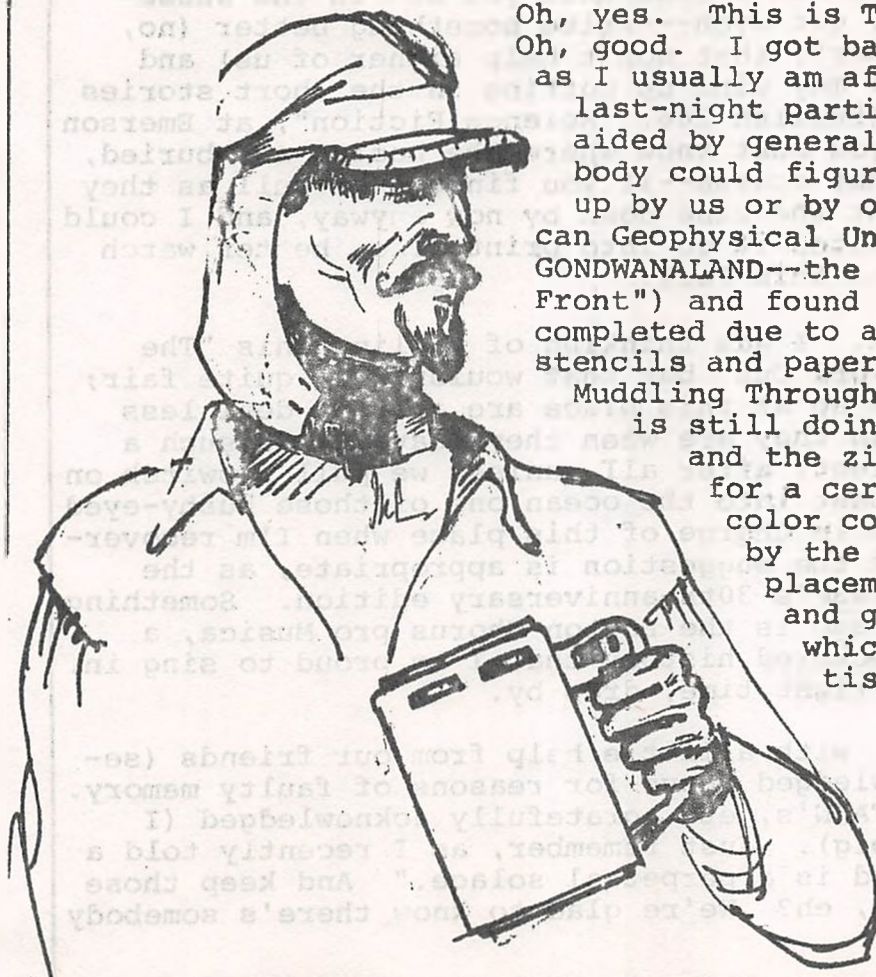
## An Editorial

by Chip Hitchcock

Um...Wumph...Groan...Whazzat...Whereshat noishe cominfrom? Oh. The phone. Might as well answer it; can't sleep with that racket and if I don't, it's sure to be for me.

Who? Oh, yes. Of course I remember you, Cheryl. Why, only last June we brought out a Twilightzine. What? You want what?? wasn't once enough?? Oh, Ghu!! You want it when?!!

CRASH! Oh well, I never liked that phone anyway. Now where's that--OUCH! well, that's the case, now if I can just find the @#\*&# typewriter....



Ahem. Now, where am I supposed to be? Oh, yes. This is TZ 32, isn't it? It is? Oh, good. I got back from Disclave, blasted as I usually am after a convention (the last-night parties were especially good, aided by general hilarity at a sign (nobody could figure out whether it was put up by us or by our successors, the American Geophysical Union), saying "REUNITE GONDWANALAND--the Pan-Gaeon Liberation Front") and found that TZ 31 hadn't been completed due to a shortage of electrostencils and paper. I obtained same in Muddling Through, my 1969 Toyota, which is still doing quite well thank you, and the zine was finished (except for a certain shortage of the color covers thanks to a foulup by the overprinter; the replacements were multiplexed and generated by color Xerox, which is not all it's advertised to be).

Then I get shocked awake with the news that Cheryl wants to do it again. Wait a minute, that's not quite what I intended to say. Well, you



get the idea, don't you? After all, why else would I be sitting alone at this typewriter? I mean, really. I just got back from Seacon, which was also mostly pretty good (England is still civilized, mostly) and I've got a number of things I really ought to be doing, including getting the MITSFS Library (remember? the largest library of science fiction in the known universe?) ready for the freshman onslaught in anticipation of which this is being published, and...and I could use whatever thin shreds of egoboo might be involved. And if anyone can pull it off, Cheryl can (if she finishes settling the freshmen in her dorm, that is); after all, as the inestimable Harter, printer of TZ 31, pointed out, she has certain advantages not seen in previous editors of this zine since it was edited by a pair of subsequently notorious Cliffies. Certainly the story of the assemblage of this is no less wild than that of TZ 31, but someone else will have to record the Epic of the Electrostenciller, the Mystery of the Vanishing Copy, the Last-Minute Revue...and who could forget the search for the One True and Enchanted Mimeo! (We still haven't found the OTaEM, but this zine is being run off (in fact, has already been one-quarter printed as I type this) on the ESP Gestetner (unfortunately, that isn't next year's telekinetically controlled model, but the one belonging to the Educational Studies Program), which is located at the diagonally opposite corner of the Student Center. I suppose I should just be glad it's in the same town.)

In the mean time, I will point out that TZ 33 is of course looking for material; if you don't like what you see in the subsequent pages, don't get mad, get even---write something better (no, don't write "something better", that won't help either of us) and send it in. If you don't I may wind up putting in the short stories some of my students wrote (English 206, "Science Fiction", at Emerson College summer session if you must know where the bodies are buried, and I'll be glad to bury that course--if you find me as dull as they did you'll probably have put the zine down by now anyway, and I could say anything I wanted and watch it go into print...no, better watch out, somebody must have read this far).

Oh yes, those freshmen. I was thinking of titling this "The Gnurrds Come From the Voodvork Out" but that wouldn't be quite fair; most of the people who show up at this place are a great deal less gnurrdy when they enter than they are when they leave. And such a title could also be indiscreet; after all, unless we pull a switch on California and drop this coast into the ocean, one of those bushy-eyed bright-tailed frosh will be in charge of this place when I'm recovering from Noreascon II. But the suggestion is appropriate, as the original just appeared in F&SF's 30th-anniversary edition. Something else that started 30 years ago is the Boston Chorus pro Musica, a group with a distinctly checkered history that I am proud to sing in. If you're in Boston at the right time, drop by.

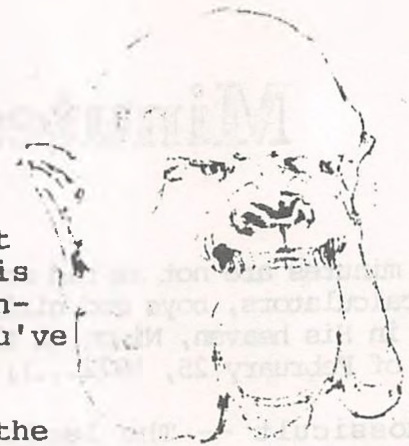
So here it is: TZ 32, with a little help from our friends (several of whom aren't acknowledged above for reasons of faulty memory. Shame on me!) All Hugo's, FAAN's, etc. gratefully acknowledged (I never said I didn't dream big). Just remember, as I recently told a not-so-random, "A dirty mind is a perpetual solace." And keep those cards and letters coming in, eh? We're glad to know there's somebody out there reading this.



# An Editorial

the odds and ends  
by WILLIAM H. DESMOND

IN another three months you'll begin to believe that TZ is back onto a solid quarterly schedule once again. Believe it or not, that's the intention! Having re-discovered the unalloyed joys of the ancient art of mimeography, your TZ staff is (at this very moment) feverishly working on #33 to ensure the continued quality of excellence you've come to expect.



The other week I was driving along by the Charles River when suddenly a huge cloud of white smoke erupted from my exhaust. If my name was Britt Reed and if I had thus (quaintly) called my auto "Black Beauty" the smoke cloud might have been justified. Likely as not I might have been trying to disorient police or hoods in hot pursuit of me in my self-appointed crime-fighting guise as "The Green Hornet". Since none of this happened to be the case (as of that particular moment ((one never knows...do one?))), you might say my car was manifesting a problem. Sure enough. Next thing I know, the oil indicator 'idiot' light winks red. Bringing the car to a safe as possible fast stop, I haul over to the side of the road. One look under the hood confirms the worst. Oil is leaking out of the air-cleaner! Piston ring or rings shot for sure. Another piece of Detroit iron has turned its last ton of torque. Sad story? Not really. For once I'm not the least bit henshit in the passing of an auto of mine!

The car was a 1973 Vega. You remember those engineering marvels don't you? The Chevrolet Motor Company's contribution to conspicuous consumption and planned obsolescence, the one with the aluminum (that's right...aluminum!) engine? They were designed (so it seems) to expire at or before 50,000 miles. The particular unit I've been driving racked up 118,547.9 before calling it quits. At that rate I'm out in front of this little game and while not particularly overjoyed, I'm not too upset either. Imagine getting twice rated value on every car you've ever owned and you can see what I mean. You wouldn't feel particularly put out either!

Then again, why shouldn't we expect more than rated values in our cars and all other tools as well?

Meanwhile...the issue at hand. With this issue we welcome Will Murray and the first of (hopefully) as long and well received series of "Doc Salvage" stories as has been the "Sarah Bush" stories of Irwin T. Lapeer, who coincidentally, graces us with another finely wrought tale this-ish. Of note this time around (and now just beginning to approach the heart of the matter vis-a-vis the reality of Hobbit lives) are the two family histories as documented by Diana Worthy just a few pages away from here. Caritas, UNCLE WILLY



# Minutes—by the MITSFS

((These minutes are not as old as they seem. They are older. So wind up your pocket calculators, boys and girls, and harken back to those halcyon days when God was in His heaven, Nixon in the White House, and The Alpert opened the meeting of February 25, 1972...))

Rossicult -- The legislation in Congress to revise the income tax laws is House Bill 1040 this year.

Minicult (Ross) -- In the Gilday murder trial in Boston, an eyewitness identified the suspect from police mugshots; but, when asked to point out the culprit in the courtroom, the witness fingered a Boston Globe reporter as the murderer.

The motion to write to President Nixon, Mao Tse-tung, and Chou En-lai inviting them to the Society Picnic was amended to be sure not to confuse the Boston Globe reporter with the People's Republic of China. All this stuff passed at 24-1-3+Spehn.

3/3

Since Twilight Zine was converting from mimeo to paper photo-offset plates, it was moved to instruct T2 to use paper napkins with its paper plates. This chickened at 3-4-6+Spehn.

A motion was made to shove two bananas into Swanson's mouth; Alpert shouted, "I have a better place." This was given an unintended interpretation and it was moved to shove the two bananas into Alpert's better place, which failed at 1-16-6+Spehn.

A Bowel Motion tied up at 0-0-0+Spehn; the Skinner passed it at 244-0-0+Spehn. Someone enquired, "What did the motion pass?"

3/10

A towering stack of twenty-two chairs confounded Alpert's every attempt to take his usual seat at the Meeting. He took a place elsewhere at the Table.

Minicult (Swanson) -- Declared that engineers everywhere should throw out their slide rules in favor of the nifty new HP 35 electronic calculator.

Minicult: Department of Gross Units (Ruffa) -- The speed of light in vacuo  $c$ , is approximately equivalent to 0.1764 mhos.

Minicult (Swanson) -- In an unprecedented geographical dislocation, Brazil is about to change into Yugoslavia: our Lady High



Embezzler is headed there. In the interests of proper embezzlement procedure, there was a motion that a map of the world, showing Brazil in relation to everywhere else, be purchased for the L.H.E. After the amendment to make it a gas station map, the motion passed at 8-0-1+Spehn.

The motion to nominate Joe B'zorch passed at 3-0-1+Spehn.

Minicult (Timmreck) -- Asimov's divorce settlement came to \$1750 per month plus \$5000 per annum for medical expenses plus the house and stock (securities, that is, not animals).

3/17

Minicult (Ruffa) -- Observed that, due to the ingenious distilled water supply system employed at the Institute, chemical tests indicate that M.I.T.'s distilled water has a pH of 5, is polluted with sludge from the pump lubricants, and consequently is unsafe to drink. (The Skinner redefined the pH of distilled water accordingly.)

4/7

Moocomm -- Discovered that the long-sought-after film on Animal Husbandry is the property of a Cornell professor and is not to be released except for use in scientific pursuit (the Society's mode of pursuit is scientific, though it cannot be said just what is pursued.)

Minicult (Ross) -- The town of Metropolis, Illinois, has consummated a deal with Superman magazine to declare itself the official home town of the superhero. The municipality has erected a Superman museum, put up signs with his image on them welcoming the visitor to Metropolis, and done other things in this vein ((This attempt went bankrupt, but now they're trying again...ed.))

4/14

Another step forward in Man's struggle to dispel the darkness of ignorance was made by Moocomm, in establishing that one teaspoon represents a volume of 1,597,330.4659839364 barn-parsecs.

4/21

With the gathering of the largest crowd seen in these here parts in some time, the Skinner called for order (or at least less confusion) by rapping the Gavel against his boot "taps" (inflicting urcold damage to his tarsals, not to mention the Gavel). The Secretary spoke of the events of the previous meeting. Definition granted approbation and ducked, as a glistening metal object hurtled through the air and struck its target, the Vice., Nussbaum identified the item as a hollow, gilded banana.

In the continued contest between Alpert and Swanson over getting TZ articles and theses written, the following dialog emerged:

Alpert: Is the article done?

Swanson: No...

Alpert: Is your thesis done?

Swanson: (tittering) No...

Alpert: Is your final draft of the thesis done?



Swanson: I've started it.  
Alpert: What does that mean?  
Swanson: I have the data!

Still hoping for some sort of relevant disclosure, Alpert turned to the Secretary and asked, "How is the history of the Society coming?" The Onseck, unable to resist: "I have the data!"

Immediately, there was a move to condemn the Onseck for sounding like Swanson, which passed at 17-4-5+Spehn.

PseudoRandomcomm -- Swanson attended a colloquium on pulsars, in which it was mentioned that isotopes such as germanium-1200 may be found in the interiors of neutron stars. This led the Vice to propose the theory that pulsars are simply enormous signal transistors.

It was therein moved to bury Swanson along with potted germanium and to run a signal through him, amended to plant a yew tree over him, in order to make him radio-active yew-ranium. All of this passed at 20-4-2+Spehn.

A motion to censure the visitor with the movie camera for not voting was made; it was amended to further castigate him for stealing our souls.

Minicult (Nussbaum) -- The Library had received a letter in the past week addressed to Mr. T Science, Fiction Society.

The question about the situation of Nussbaum, Mailman & Allen was raised; Nussbaum, as spokesman for the corporation, reported that the group was looking for capital. Stevens suggested that they might best conduct their search in Washington, D.C.

Nussbaum moved that jack stevens be condemned to lower case for his gibe and got his wish by a vote of 21-4-3+Spehn.

Some commotion broke out on the floor, ending in Nussbaum garroting Consolmagno with his muffler. Nick was promptly awarded the post of Stranglecomm.

Minicult (Timmreck) -- The New York City Police found a new way to crack down on pornography: they opened their own "exotic" book store. The amusing incidents relating to this development were that one of the staff members was arrested by a fellow policeman and that ultimately the store lost money and closed since their material was legal and that of other stores was not.

Swanson and Nussbaum, with latent hostilities rising, made simultaneous motions: Nussbaum moving to censure Swanson for wearing a banana-colored shirt and Swanson moving to censure Nussbaum for giving him an unpeelable banana. Alpert took both motions together and counted the votes at 10-4+Consolmagno-5+Spehn, Consolmagno explaining his "nay" as being unable to take Swanson, together or alone.



4/28

People's Albanian Embassy -- Allen began his second of a series of lectures on the nation of Albania with some history, namely, that the first king of the land was Zog I. Swanson added a touch of human interest by noting that the monarch's son is presently a successful Chicago lawyer.

5/5

Minicult (Fox) -- Unearthed a ten-year-old Physics Department Ph. D. candidacy exam, which included a problem asking the prospective physicist to explain the Dean Drive and why it does or does not work.

Minicult (Slimak) -- Using his own mind and the Vice's technical knowhow (for what those are worth), he computed the value of one Lieberman, a measure of sonic power equivalent to the annual energy output of the Sun converted at 100% efficiency into sound in one second, as  $4.4 \times 10^{34}$  calories per second or  $1.8 \times 10^{35}$  watts or, assuming a distance of one meter from the source, 460 decibels. He hastened to add that a signal of one Lieberman intensity could easily be drowned out by a T-29, described as "a very noisy propeller plane" at ranges of more than three feet.

There ensued some discussion of other unusual units, such as the millikelen, the amount of beauty "sufficient to launch one ship", and the millialpert, the measure of grossness.

It was moved to censure Slimak for failing to carry his calculations beyond the limits of accuracy.

5/12

As the Secretary went over the occurrences of the previous meeting, Nussbaum and Stevens presented Swanson with Bananas Flambe' a' la Nick on vanilla ice cream. When the flames subsided and the Vice took the first mouthful, Slimak forewarned him, "Remember, Swanson, you are what you eat!" Asked later about the savoriness of the delicacy, the Vice hollered something to the effect that it tasted like the uncooked mortal remains of the Skinner.

5/19

Pseudolibcom proclaimed the glad tidings that room 423 in the Stud Center had been scheduled to be added to the present Center of the Universe as the merry MITSFS library ((this happened 27 months later--ed)) and plans to punch a hole through the wall separating the two rooms, as well as permanently locking unnecessary doors and getting more furniture, such as another couch, were eagerly discussed.

Pseudobananacom (Breidbart) produced for the wonderment and appreciation of the enraptured audience a yellow slip of paper, from the Coop, which proclaimed, "Nicholas Nussbaum expires June 12."

A motion to commend the Coop passed at 18-1-4+a dirty foot + Spehn.



# The Heroes

an Irwin T. Lapeer story

It was late in the evening, and I had just gotten back to my room from a long session with the Special Talents group. This was right at the beginning of the Third Burnesian War. It was a hot sticky night, and I had just taken a shower, and I was sitting on my bed drying myself off. I tried to 'kin a dry towel from the bathroom, and this guy appeared in my room.

He was a short kid, a teenager with shaggy hair and pimples. He had a twisted sort of half-grin. Needless to say, I was surprised to see him there, and he seemed surprised to be there.

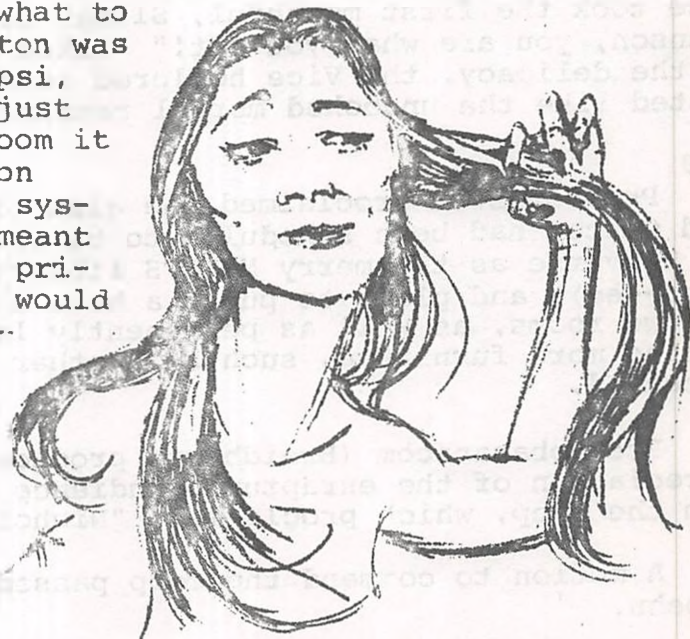
I was indignant. I asked him what he was doing here. So he was indignant right back, and said what was I doing here, since he was supposed to be landing in Gaston's lab, and I must have done something to pull him off course. "And why are you staring at me?" he said. "I'm not the one sitting here showing off my boobs." Which was true, since all I had was a wet towel. But that's not what bothered me--it was his mention of Doc Gaston.

"Uh, if that's the Doc Gaston I'm thinking of, Bub," I said, "you can just stay right where you are. This is Telemerthia, Buddy, and you're in a lot of trouble."

And his jaw dropped, and his answer was, "Oh, shit."

Then I had to figure out what to do with him. You see, Doc Gaston was the Burnesians' big expert on psi, and judging from how this guy just appeared in the middle of my room it was obvious they were working on some sort of psi teleportation system. Which, if it were true, meant that I didn't see what sort of prison we could put him into that would hold him. And this kid was obviously nothing more than a guinea pig anyway. I mean, he didn't look like the scientist type. But, anyway, I figured I should let somebody know about him.

But right about then he disappeared, taking the problem out of my hands. Instead, two more people





popped out of nowhere where he had been.

One was a little girl, maybe about ten years old, one of those skinny kids with long hair and big eyes, and the other was a guy about my age, young, with a hairy beard covering his face and the rest of his hair flying in every direction, so that you couldn't really tell just what he looked like underneath it all. He was just going, "What? What?" But the little girl said, "Where did he go?"



I thought she meant the guy she was with. "He's right next to you," I said.

"No, no, that's just Charley. I meant the fellow who was just here," answered the ten-year-old.

At this point the hairy guy--Charley--finally noticed me. He turned bright red--even under his beard you could see. And he started looking at the wall and fidgeting.

"I don't know where he went," I told the girl. "I don't even know where he came from, or if we're even talking about the same character."

"A little twerpy guy?" she said. I said that seemed like a fair description. "So did you see where he went?" And I said no.

"Why, are you part of his group?"

Meanwhile, the Charley one kept moaning "Where are we?" and finally said, "Please, somebody tell me what's going on."

"Shut up; that's what I'm trying to find out," the little girl told him. And before I could add anything, she turned to me and said, "Could you put some clothes on? Charley embarrasses awful easy." So I pulled the blanket off the bed and wrapped it around me. Beyond that, I wasn't going to do a thing until I found out who these people were, and what they were doing in my room.

Anyway, the girl introduced herself as Sarah, and her partner was indeed named Charley. I said my name was Jan and that, yes, this was my room. She also informed me that the fellow she had referred to as "Twerpy" was named Tom Wuft, and either he was running from them, or they were chasing him, or maybe both, it wasn't quite clear. "Oh, so you're Telemerthians, then?" I asked.

Her answer was sort of cute. "I don't think so," she said. "Charley's a chemist, and I'm going to be a biologist or a mathematician some day." So obviously they had never even heard of Telemerthia. That sort of ruled out them being Burnesian, too.

At that point, Charley explained that this Tom Wuft character had been hanging around the laboratory where he worked (it turned out his boss was the girl's father, which is why she was hanging



around there with him) and had gotten into some stuff which was supposed to be confidential; and when Charley and Sarah started chasing him, he ran into a broom closet.

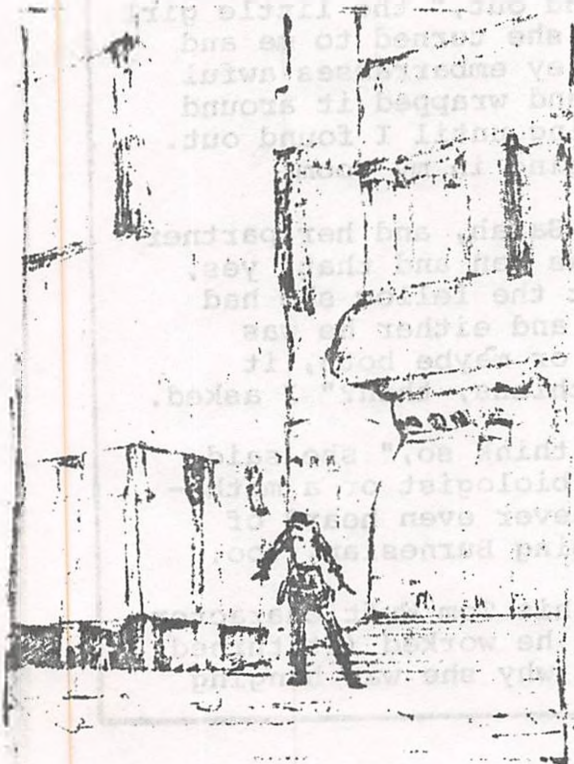
"It was full of all this weird machinery," said Sarah dramatically. "Big silver tubes and all sorts of wires and pumps and things that made the strangest noises!"

"That was just the stuff the janitors use to clean the floor," said Charley.

They kept doing that, trading jokes back and forth and giving each other a hard time. They obviously had spent a lot of time in each other's company, and were good friends. Even though the guy could have been twice her age, he obviously treated her as an equal, which I found rather interesting. They communicated on the same level. I'm not sure if it was his or hers.

We spent a lot of time that night, sitting in my room talking, mostly about where they'd come from and who this Tom guy was. It turned out, you see, that we were stuck in my room. When I tried to get into my closet to get dressed, the door was stuck and wouldn't open; and I found that none of the other doors would open, either.

Charley, as I think I mentioned, worked in a lab, and so he felt called upon to offer all sorts of scientific explanations for why this was so, how it was all my doing, with my subconscious crawling into its shell and battening down the hatches and retreating to the womb. It was obvious he had no idea what was causing it, and eventually admitted as much. I figured it all had to do with the psi travel, somehow.



I am a Special Talent, and so I'm sensitive to psi, but my talent is confined to "kinning", telekinesis, and I'm really not up on the more theoretical aspects of the subject. But I could tell psi was involved. I just wasn't sure if it was my psi or not.

Anyway, there we were, stuck in the room, no way to get word in or out--it was between terms, and so even if we had put up a big shout there weren't too many people around to hear us--and so we had a lot of time to talk. It had already been late when the first guy had popped up, and I had been exhausted and ready to go to bed back then, so I was pretty grouchy at times--having people drop in like that sort of destroys your sense of privacy. But basically, they were very polite to me, and when it was obvious that I was going to fall asleep anyway, they



volunteered to turn out the lights and camp out on the floor until morning.

I must admit I got a good night's sleep that night. It turned out morning never came. When I woke up, which must have been a good ten hours later, it was still dark outside. When you opened the curtains, it was still dark out, darker than normal nighttime. There were no streetlights or anything. And I realized that things were really beginning to get strange.

The little Sarah girl had been the first to notice it; she'd waked up during the night and tried looking out the window to see what the outside world looked like. After all, they really didn't know where they were....I guess one college dorm is the same as another, and so when they landed in mine they took it for granted that the rest of the world would be ordinary too. And maybe they were right, by their standards--who knows? But anyway, she didn't see anything, just stars.

By the time I got up, there were still just stars. What's more, none of the lights or the clocks were working because we didn't have any power. We sort of stumbled around in the dark for a while, looking out the window at nothing and trying to figure out just what was going on. Charley finally hit on it, although I think maybe he suggested it just as a joke. He said that maybe those little lights that looked like stars really were stars, and we were in outer space.

"I wonder what would happen if we opened the doors?" asked Sarah. "Would all the air go whooshing out?" She tried it with the door to the bathroom. The air did not all go whooshing out. But the bathroom was not there, just more stars.

"It must be just everything in this room is travelling with us," said Charley. Sarah tried sticking her finger out the door. It wouldn't go.

So we sat around talking about that for a while. Gradually we noticed it was getting lighter. Charley looked out the front door and saw a star gradually getting larger and larger. This upset him quite a bit, and he spent the next few minutes trying to figure out how fast we had to be moving, and how long it would be before we smacked into the sun.

Before that happened, though, we found ourselves in the middle of a spaceship.

It happened very suddenly; and even though there wasn't even a bump, we all felt sort of shaken up. We sat and looked at each other for a minute. You could see through the windows and doors that we were in the bridge of an Eridanus-class flagship (though I don't suppose Charley and Sarah would have realized that) and, in fact, I had a sneaking hunch this was the Eridanus herself. Since she was on patrol in Sector N at the moment, which was where the action with the Burnesians had been taking place recently, I was getting suspicions that we were being involved unwittingly in some



sort of psi warfare.

After a second, Sarah jumped up and stepped to the door. It was very strangely quiet on the ship. We looked out and could see people standing around, but they were all frozen stiff. The instruments all seemed to be working. Just as she was stepping out the door, Charley asked Sarah where she was going. "Gotta find a bathroom," she said. As soon as she left the room, the Eridanus, and Sarah, disappeared.

This time we didn't have far to go. After the sudden blackness, we were back inside a spaceship again. It was a different spaceship this time. We couldn't see anyone outside the door, but we heard a voice say, "Ah! They're here!" and then a familiar pimply face peered in the door.

"Hey, look who's here!" said the face. "Ken, go get Gaston."

"That the twerp?" asked Charley.

I nodded. "Is that your friend Tom?" It was.

But you're wondering what you're doing here," said Tom. He was right, we were. "You'll find out when Gaston gets here. Probably wants to experiment on you!" Charley made a face at him. "No, really, this guy Gaston is cool. You're gonna like him. He invented this whole psi travel business, you know? Working on building a psi generator now. And boy is he gonna screw the Telemarthians!" And he gave me a sort of raised-eyebrow look.

Charley closed the door on him at this point.

"Hey!" He was still spluttering outside. "Look, I'm putting an armed guard on this door to make sure you don't escape!" There was a shuffling, then silence. Charley cracked the door open and peeked through. Sure enough, there was an armed guard there. He closed the door again.

"This Doc Gaston has been kicking around for years," I explained to him. "Big Burnesian psi expert. What your friend Tom is doing is anyone's guess. Gaston's kind of a nut. Maybe...maybe he's experimenting on Tom, like the kid suggested."

Charley didn't seem too impressed. "I'm not sure I want to be anybody's guinea pig. Who knows what horrible things his machines might do? They might turn me into an ass like that Tom."

"Uh, don't laugh," I said. "By all accounts this Gaston is a real sickie."

"Oh, come on. What is he going to do?"

"Anything he wants," I said. "I know him. At least, I know about him. I mean, who's to stop him from doing what he feels like? There's a war on, a real live war, and people are getting killed. And he and I are not on the same side. That guard out there isn't



carrying a lollypop in his holster. And this Gaston is a big shot, he can do what he wants--a little rape, maybe stir up your brains with a dull knife, and no one will notice."

"But..."

"Look, he's done it before. I've seen the results."

"You're beginning to scare me, Jan. I..."

"I hope so. And what about Sarah? She's stuck on the Eridanus, that spaceship. I don't think she has very long to live, frankly. She's going to be very dead, very soon. You know as well as I do there's something psi going on there, which probably means Gaston is behind it, and you can bet he didn't freeze all those officers just for fun."

I think I was beginning to get the urgency of the situation through to Charley, but I couldn't really tell. I mean, I'd met people like him before, very nice fellows and all but they tended to live in a dream world a lot. I mean, obviously he'd had a bit more sheltered life than I had. He was a nice guy and all, but I could think of a few people I knew who I would much rather have had with me at that moment. Still, one of the first lessons I ever learned was to make do with the material at hand.

"Look, we're probably in one of Gaston's labs right now," I said. "It sounds like the big shot himself may even be here. If we can get to him before he makes his move, it could mean an awful lot. This is really a fantastic opportunity for our side. So start thinking."

Charley was starting to get an attack of nerves. Better now than later; but better never than now. "W-why us? I mean, why should we have to..."

"I don't know about you," I said to him, "but I have a responsibility. I told you I'm a Special Talent. I'm a soldier. I've been trained for this sort of thing." Oh, I thought to myself, if only Margie and the Sack Squad were here!

Charley was still having a hard time picturing me as a soldier. "You're out of uniform," he said. Hell, I was stark naked except for a blanket. "You could be shot for a spy." Somehow that was the least of my worries.

"Look," I said, "the first thing we have to do is get past the guard."

"Why don't we just go out the back door?" he said.

"Huh?"

He pointed to the "bathroom" door. Obviously there was no bathroom there. Maybe this guy had something on the ball, after all.



"You distract the guard out front," said Charley, "while I go around and hit him over the head with...this thing." He picked up a heavy book from my desk.

I felt a little dubious about this plan, but before I could argue he was out the door. I waited, giving him time to get around to the front, then opened the front door.

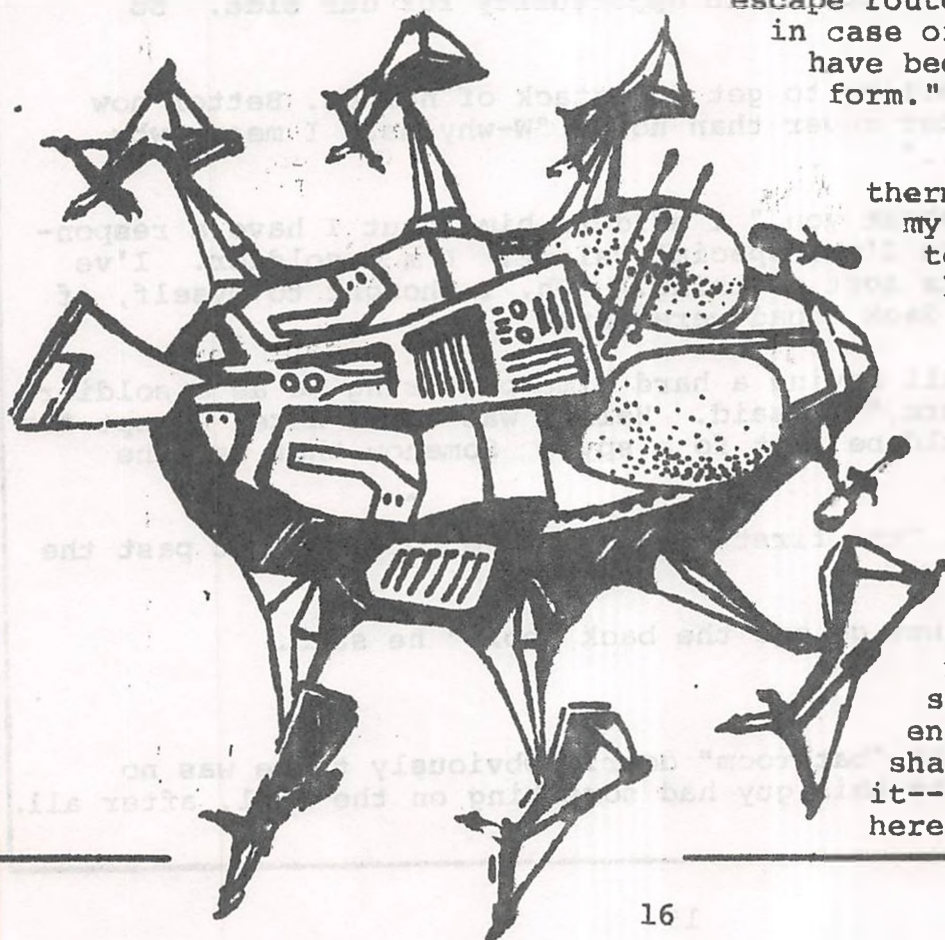
Distracting the guard was easy. But Charley was taking longer than he should have; and when he finally appeared, he had a cloth in his hand, not a book.

I was afraid he was going to try to garrot the guard, which is a dumb thing to do with a cloth if you don't know your business. But instead, he just pushed the cloth over the guy's nose, and the guy collapsed.

Charley looked toward the ceiling while I put my blanket back on.

Quickly, I inspected the room, while Charley babbled on. It was indeed a lab. "As soon as I stepped out here I realized this must be some sort of chemistry lab. Lord knows I've spent enough time getting sick from breathing organic solvents back home. So I figured a little ether on a handkerchief would probably work better than a book."

"Ether doesn't work that fast," I said. There--a diagram, posted by the doorway, showing escape routes out of the ship in case of fire. "You must have been using chloroform."



"Well, theoretical thermo was always more my line anyway," muttered Charley to himself.

"Look," I said, "see this diagram?" This ship is just a little 4-level job. This is where we are, on the second level. This big room running down the middle, along the spin axis, is the entropic converter shaft. Right outside it--two flights up from here--is the power



room. You go there, knock out the power--you do know a generator when you see one?"

"Lady," said Charley, "I go to MIT." I assumed that meant yes.

"Good. Go to it, and meet me in the airshaft."

There was a clanging behind us, and I saw a glimpse of Tom and Gaston entering a door on the other side of the room. I jumped through the door near us and looked for stairs. Behind me I heard shouting and smashing glassware. It smelled like someone had knocked over a bottle of ether.

That gave me an idea. There was a shelf with bottles of the stuff right in front of me. I pulled them onto the floor, making a good link with each one, then headed down the stairs. When I got to the bottom, I 'kinned the bottles to me, one by one.

It took me about a minute to soak my blanket with the stuff. Then I started running, dragging the blanket behind. 'Kinning liquids is a real trick, but I managed to leave blobs of the stuff behind at regular intervals. I managed to get rid of all the stuff by the time I got back to where I'd started from. I'd done a circuit of the outer level of the ship in under five minutes; it was a small ship.

When I got back to the stairs, two things happened. First, Gaston and the guard were there, waiting for me. I didn't even try to fight them. And second, all the lights in the ship went out. Good old Charley!

"Kenneth, aren't you supposed to be watching the generators?" asked Gaston.

"Tom said you wanted to see me pronto," said the guard. Good old Tom!

"I see. Well, stay here and help with the young lady. Tom!" The kid answered above us. "Go to the generator room."

"Yes, sir," he said. "Want me to turn the power back on?"

Before Gaston could answer, I said, "That'd be nice." Gaston was having trouble with his temper. We could hear Tom sulking away.

"Now then," said Gaston, "where were you headed, young lady?"

"I thought there might be some sort of escape vehicle in the airshaft," I said.

"There isn't," he answered. "But I do think that would make a fine place to hold you. Your friend is headed there too, I presume?"

"I presume," I said. We headed up the staircase towards the center of the ship, feeling the gravity fall away beneath us.



As we approached the center, nearly weightless by now, we heard a bang echo overhead, the sound of another hatch being opened. "This must be the airshaft," said Charley's voice.

"Here we are, young lady," said Doc Gaston. "Kenneth, if you would hold her over by the handholds I think we can fasten..."

By that time, Kenneth was holding nothing but blanket. "She just slipped out of it, boss!"

"Out of what?"

"The blanket. This--whoops!" And I had my blanket back, too.

Back when I was eight years old, I'd spent a summer in a polar orbiter training camp. We always used to swipe the blankets from our beds and sneak out at night to go flying in the central airshafts. And, often as not, catch it the next morning for banging ourselves up. Sometimes I think that was the most fun I ever had as a kid.

Anyway, after I got my blanket back, I launched myself off the wall and rolled myself into a tight cannonball. About this time the lights came on again. "You're gonna kill yourself!" cried Charley, when he saw me fly past. Well, maybe...

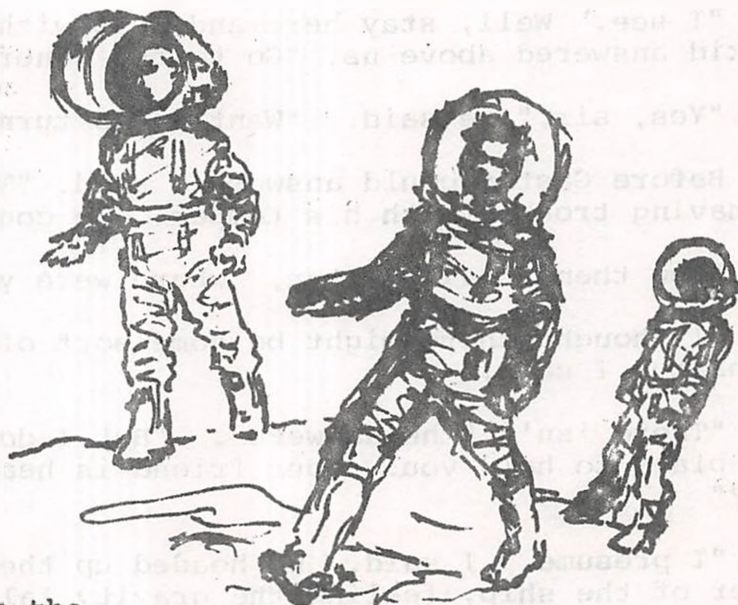
About ten feet from the far wall, I snapped out my arms and legs, with the blanket 'kinned to my hands and feet. The old parachute trick still worked, I was delighted to discover. I gently bounced off the wall, the turned around and sat, in mid air, facing where I'd left Gaston.

"Doctor Gaston?" I had to speak slowly, on account of the echo. And I wanted to make sure he understood what I was going to say. "I know you are interested in psi powers. Let me describe mine.

"I am a telekinetic. Once I have touched something, I have the power to control its motions. For example, I can move this blanket as easily as I can move my arms or legs."

I demonstrated. No howlers so far. I took a deep breath. Here it came.

"Before I walked into you, down on the bottom level, I managed to walk--barefoot--around the outermost deck of your spaceship. The deck that's the





inner side of your ship's hull.

"I can pull that deck apart, right now. I can crush your ship."

Gaston stared at me, dumbly. "But," he said, "but you would kill us all that way, including yourself."

By God, he bought it!

"Yes," I said, "but I'll do it, unless..."

There was a bang below me and a third hatchway broke open. A reddish, flickering light glowed up.

Then we saw Tom's face, the pimples covered with black smudge, rising up through the hole. His eyes were big and white and very scary.

He coughed. "Fire."

He coughed again, the echoes shivering off the walls.

"In the lab," he whispered. "Flames in the air. A spark from the wire...when I turned on the power...fi--"

"All that ether spilled around," muttered Gaston. Not only in the lab, I thought. Well, it wouldn't be long now.

I was drifting over towards Tom. His eyes were still wide open, but he wasn't saying anything else. I grabbed him. I looked up. "Yes. He's dead."

I had a very secure sense of calm, then. Mine had been a short lifetime in the Service, just five years; but this was a very satisfying ending. Gaston was the key to this war, and I'd met Gaston, and won. And that is what the life of a Telemarthian is all about.

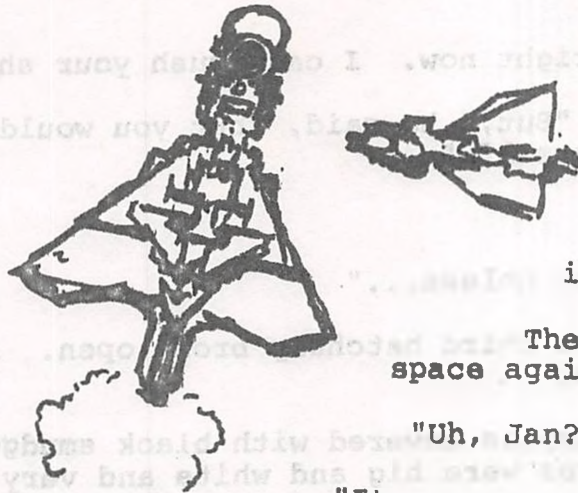
For a moment there, when it sounded as if Gaston was going to believe my bluff, I thought maybe I wouldn't have to set off the ether. But that was out of my hands now. Even if he were to turn on the ventilation fans--which is what I was afraid he would have done if he'd known about the blobs I'd left--it would probably be too late now. "Well, Charley," I said, "it looks like we're really going to end this one with a bang."

I don't think Charley heard me, or even understood that we were all about to blow up. He kept staring at Tom's body.

"But that's...but he..."

Poor Charley. A little flash of the real world had broken through his fog and hit him in the eye, and he seemed to be blinded by it. I sympathized. I was thirteen the first time it hit me, the first time I'd met someone in single combat. It's the sort of feeling that doesn't ever entirely leave.





And then a funny thing happened. The dormroom materialized in the airshaft. Maybe I'm cursed to die old after all, I thought.

I swam down to Charley, grabbed him by the hair and kicked off. We had just gotten inside when the walls burst out.

The room was dark. We were back in space again.

"Uh, Jan?" asked Charley.

"It was your ether that gave me the idea," I said. And I explained how I was going to try and bluff Gaston down; and if that didn't work, then set fire to the ship.

"But I thought you were going to pull the ship apart with psi."

"Only a quack like Gaston with his psi generating machines would think I could do that. One of his machines, maybe, but not a human being. Psi doesn't make you stronger, it just gives you longer arms, so to speak. But if he'd known the truth, he could have just turned on the ventilators and we'd still be stuck there."

"So you were planning to burn us all up anyway. Oh my God..."

It was light again. One of the doors opened, and outside was little Sarah, standing and talking to the frozen Admiral. Only he wasn't frozen any more. And he wasn't paying any attention to Sarah. Instead, he was watching the account board. We seemed to be doing pretty well.

"You're back!" cried Sarah. Yes, we were back. And, yes, I could see that I had been right. This was the Eridanus.

Sarah pulled Charley out of the room. He was still in a daze. I was a bit more hesitant about leaving. "You coming out?" asked Sarah.

"Uh, no, I..." I mumbled. I displayed the charred rag that had been my blanket.

"Jan?" asked the Admiral.

Oh, well.

"Jan, that is you in there, isn't it? Come out here."

"No, sir, you don't understand," said faithful Charley, ever mindful of my modesty. "Uh...wait a minute. Do you know her?"

Oh, well.



I walked out the door, and up to the Admiral. "Hello, Daddy."

Charley screamed, a really loud shrieking scream. It sort of summed it all up.

Daddy called an aide, who ran and got me a cloak. Charley and Sarah stood off to one side, to leave us alone for the moment.

"You'll like the Admiral. He's neat," said Sarah.

"Good," said Charley.

"Charley, you wanna see the spaceship? I was all over it while you guys were gone, and when the Admiral woke up he showed me all sorts of neat stuff. Come on. Charley?"

"Hmnm."

"Charley, don't you want to see the control boards?"

"Sarah," said Charley, "it can wait."

"Don't you want to do anything?"

"Sarah, so far today I have walked in on an explosion, dropped in on a naked girl, flown ten zillion miles in a spacegoing dormitory room, destroyed one flying laboratory and incidentally killed three people I never met before in my life. I think I deserve to rest on my laurels."

"Charley, you sound upset," Sarah said.

There was a pause.

"Who got killed?"

"Doctor What's-his-name, and his assistant, and Tom, the twerp. Oh, and an armed guard. God, that's four people dead."

"Golly."

"Yeah."

"No wonder you look so sick."

"Thanks."

"How could Jan stand it?"

"She's a soldier, sort of. Like her dad. That's how she got involved in that stuff that brought us to her place instead of where Tom wanted to go."

I walked back to them and led Charley back into the room. He sat down on the bed. Sarah followed.



"It isn't an easy thing to get used to," I said to them. "I know how you must feel, Charley. I felt sick the first time I killed somebody, too."

Charley swallowed.

"You're used to it now, huh?" Sarah asked, half in admiration.

I really didn't know what else to say. Sarah did. "Uh, I hate to say it, but it's dark outside again." She was right.

"Are we taking off again?" she asked.

"No," said Charley, looking out the door. "We're landing."

There was a pounding on the wall. "Open up!" It was the broken voice of an old woman.

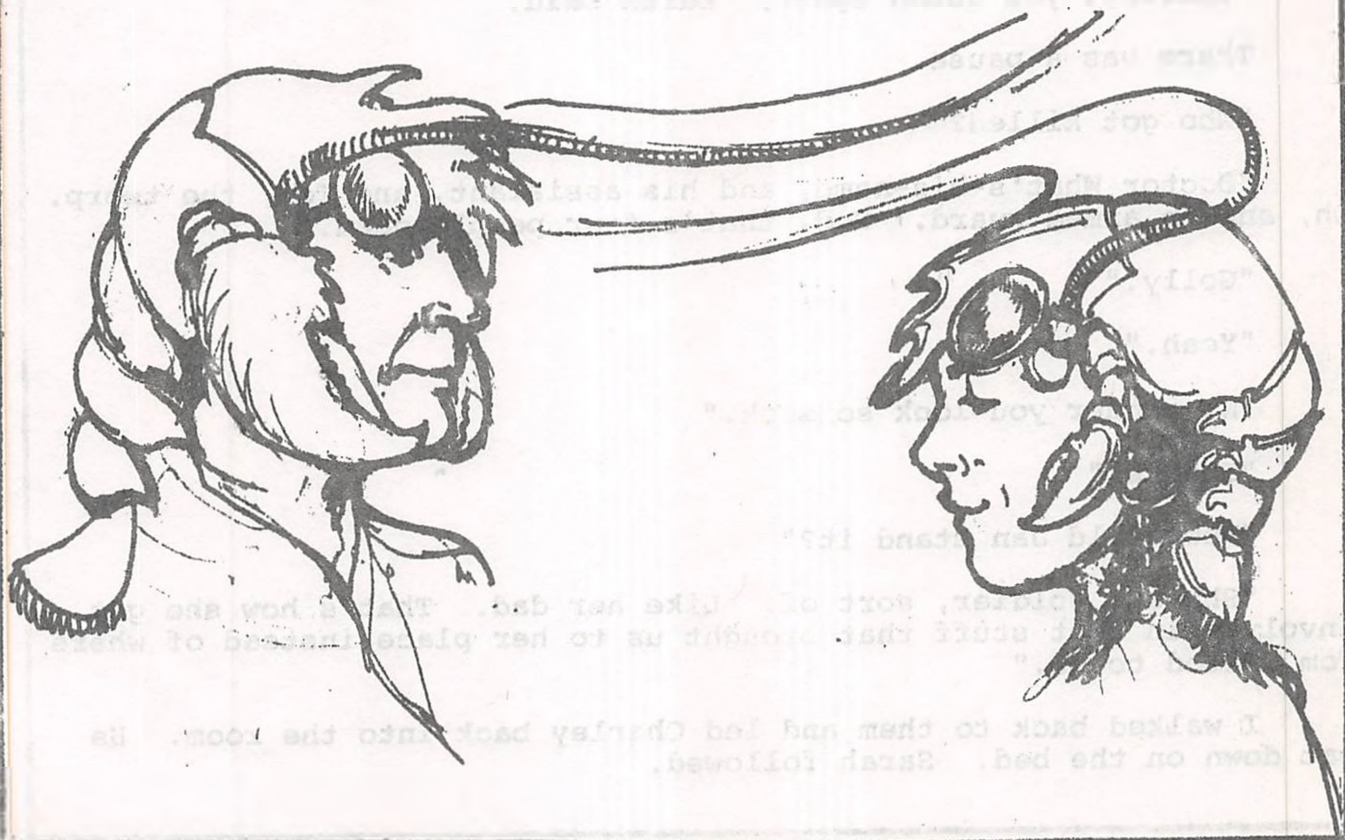
Charley opened the front door. Outside, we could see damp, smoky fields and what looked like dismal swamplands.

An old hag stepped into the doorway. "By what powers of Hell have you arrived on the battlefields of Blackenmoor?" she hissed.

Charley closed his eyes.

I looked back blankly.

Sarah said gleefully, "Oh, boy! We get to play hero again!"





# Little-Known Families of the Shire

by Diana Worthy

Readers of TZ 31 may recall Diana Worthy who, along with her Uncle Ernie and the famous Prince Planet (see illo to right) live on a small ranch outside Randall, Texas, awaiting the opening of the next session of the Galactic Union. Following the precocious 14-year-olds perceptive perspecations concerning "The Sex Life of Hobbits," here she comes again...



The well-known fondness of hobbits for extensive genealogies is by no means limited to the wealthier families. Any family in which a member could write usually possessed a lengthy and often accurate record of its current and former members. This record was cherished as much as an American pioneer family's Bible.

Here are two examples of typical genealogies. The original versions also recorded the dates of birth, death, and marriage for each family member, and frequently a short description of the hobbit. We have left a few of the latter as examples.

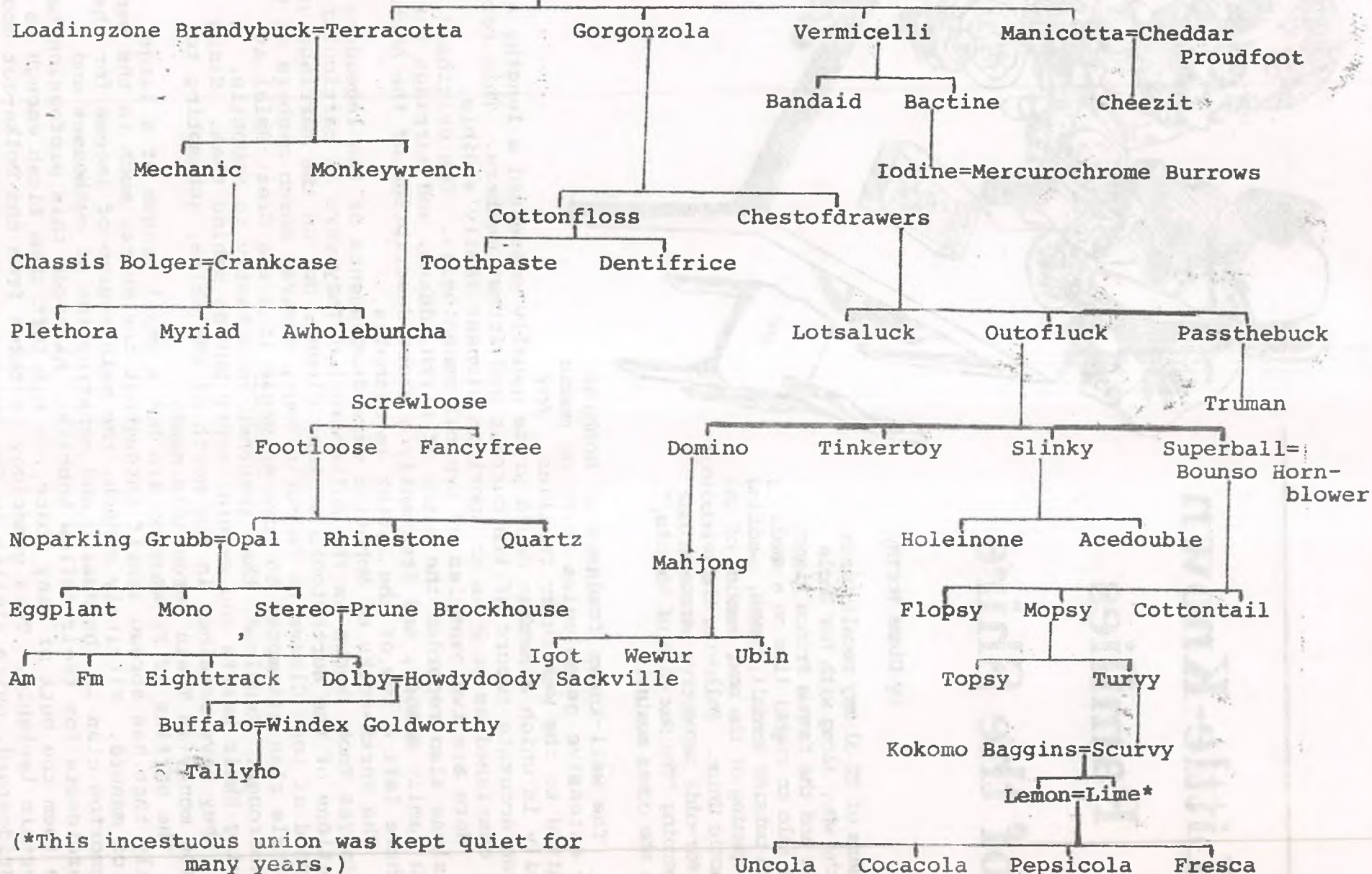
The North-tooks of Nobottle were descendents of the legendary Bandoabras Took (known as The Bullroarer). They were no particular relations of the North-tooks of Long Cleeve, but on the marriage of Diamond of Long Cleeve to Peregrin Took, several dozen members of the Nobottle clan attempted to move en masse into the Great Smial at Tuckborough. Repulsed, they returned reluctantly to Nobottle, leaving their hearts and several empty purses behind them. Since then they have remained in the north of the Shire, attempting to borrow money in Thain Peregrin's name.

The Boffins of Frogmorton are but a small branch of a large family that has spread itself throughout the Shire, much in the manner of manure. Fittingly enough, the main source of income for the Frogmorton clan is the design and construction of outhouses and waterclosets for their fellow hobbits. Although this profession has made them the butt of many jokes, it has left them flush enough to entertain lavishly. This genealogy is taken from the Polka-dot Book of Bridgeford, quite similar in few respects to the Red Book of Westmarch.



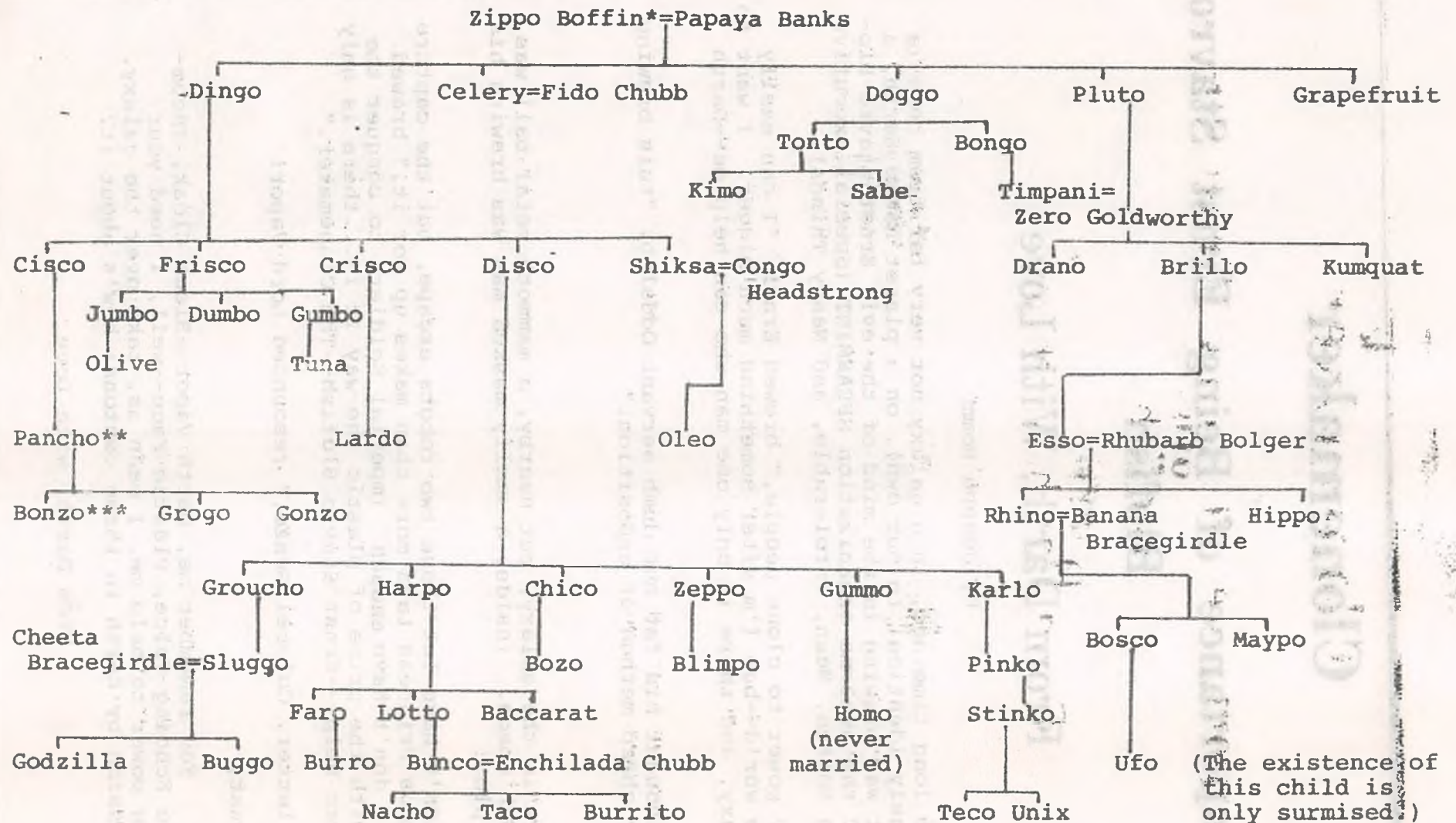
# THE NORTH-TOOKS OF NOBOTTLE

Antipasto Took = Pizza Goodbody





# THE BOFFINS OF FROGMORTON



\*Died in a fire.

\*\*Known as the Cisco Kid.

\*\*\* First Boffin to attend college.

(The existence of this child is only surmised.)



# Clonemaker

or

## The Importance of Being Ernst Stavro Blofish

or

## From Darth, With Love

by Joseph Romm

A not so long time ago, in a galaxy not very far from here (a galaxy strangely identical to our own), on a planet named Earth, a fiendish plot was brewing in the mind of the evil Ernst Stavro Blofish, head of the awesome organization SPEARMINT (Special Executive for Arranging Rotten, Mean, Intolerable, and Nasty Things).

"With my power to clone people," brewed Ernst, "I can easily take over the world--but I'm after something much bigger. I want to rule the galaxy, and there is only one man who can help me--Darth Vapor."

"Gee," thought his fat but dumb servant Oddslob, "this brewing is an awfully cheap method of exposition."

Elsewhere in the galaxy, but nearby, a mammoth metal ball was winding through space. Inside, a smelly masked man was brewing his own fiendish plot.

"I shouldn't have let those two robots escape, but the capture of the lecherous Princess Laya more than makes up for it," brewed Darth. "But I don't have enough Imperial Soldiers to conquer the galaxy, and with the price of plastic the way it is...there is only one man who can help---Ernst Stavro Blofish--The Clonemaker."

"Take a letter, Colonel Gonzo," resounded Lord Vapor:

Dear Ernst,

You remember me, Darth Vapor--Black Cloak, Incomprehensible Echoing Voice, Plastic Face--well, I need your clonemaking power to help me, I mean us, take over the galaxy. I'll be passing by Earth in three centons; how's about it?

From Darth, with Love.



But luck was against the Empire, for two days later Darth received this:



Dear Darth,

That's all well and good, but what the hell is a centon?

Earnestly, Ernst.

Yet, how could the galaxy stop such a pair? Only with three-of-a kind, and at just that moment, Mac Bond, secret agent 000, was changing lightbulbs.

Ring-ring. Click. It was Miss MeltinMouth (secretary to his boss, M & M), who said, "You've got to get over here immediately."

"But Meltinmouth, I'm screwing."

"Watt nonsense! Honestly, Bond, who does your material?"

Elsewhere, in the Millenium Balcony, rocketing to Earth at 60 microns per parsec, Hans Polo and Chew Tobacco, the Woopie, were carrying precious cargo: Puke Sleepwalker and Obese-One Kenobi, the last friendly wielders of that awesome power, the Forke.

"Ouch!" cried Puke as his steak crashed into his lap.

"Haha!" laughed Hans. "I've been all around the galaxy and seen some pretty strange ways of eating, but he'll never learn to eat with the Forke. Kenobi, would you stop wasting his time, no one can eat with the Forke."

"I can," cried the old man. "Why do you think they call me Obese-One?"

"But I'll never learn," sobbed Sleepwalker as he threw up. "Why do you think they call me Puke?"

"Beep! Beep!" intoned the squat robot RUawake.

"He wants to know where we're going," wailed the lanky robot C2much.

"To rescue the Princess," said Kenobi. "And our only lead is a message to Earth from Darth to Blofish stating Lord Vapor will kill agent 000 in return for clones. We must find 000 first!"

"To rescue the lecherous Princess Laya?" wondered Puke. "But she's such a Bad Girl."

"Beep! Beep!" added RUawake.



In London, Lord Vapor had just trapped agent 000, Mac Bond.

"I command you to deep-fry yourself to death!" echoed Vapor.

"No way, polystyrene breath," said Bond. "I have someone here with a power more awesome than the Forke. Come out here, Jaws! You're through, Darth."

"I'll make you eat those words," warned Vapor as he whipped out his bite-saver and slowly sauteed Jaws to death. "This time, Mr. Bond," continued Vapor, "you've bitten off more than you can chew."

But Darth was too slow, for Bond's hero sandwich had already turned into a propellor blade and whisked him away.

Elsewhere on the Earth, Blofish and his mechanically controlled clones had surrounded the Millenium Balcony.

"Come out with your Hans up, Polo, haha," ordered the Clonemaker.

The ramp came down, but out came Kenobi saying, "I command you to give me the clone controls."

"No, n-n-never!" cried Ernst Stavro.

"Forke them over!"

And Blofish was compelled to hand the controls over to Obese-One, who clumsily dropped them, but made the clones stew Ernst in his own juices anyway.

"An incredible tour-de-Forke," remarked Puke, "but how did you manage without the controls?"

"Even a clone army," answered Kenobi, "runs on its stomach."

Back in London, Darth had just retrapped secret agent Mac Bond.

"You thought," said Darth, "that after you twirled away with your hero sandwich, and dropped into that water tower, and changed into a wetsuit as you were propelled into the ocean where you were met by a submarine that shot you in a torpedo shell into the topless bar 'Vapor's Gapers,' which is my front on Earth, that no one would notice you. Well, I've got you now!"

"Darth," said Bond wryly, "you speak with Forked tongue."

"Bond," replied Vapor, "whoever does your jokes shouldn't even be allowed to write for a fanzine. But before I kill you, I'd like to know one thing. Those first two zeroes in 000 give you the li-



cense to kill, but what does the third zero stand for?"

"Why, nothing, of course," snapped Bond. "But the license to kill is easy to get; the license that frees me from prosecution for murder is a bit trickier."

"Enough of your jokes, Bond, I must destroy you now."

"Wait! Blofish is dead, and Kenobi is behind you!"

"Fool, I've killed Kenobi! All that is left is this robe smelling of garlic and his resonant voice."

"Would you believe the lecherous Princess Laya is behind you?"

"Beneath, yes. Behind, no." But as he spoke, Laya snapped her whip and strangled Vapor.

Thus, then, Hans and Puke ran in, and Hans said, "Hurray, the galaxy is saved--let's go to bed, Laya."

"No," said the Princess as Darth quietly crept away. "I'm going with..."

"Me," interrupted a smirking 000, "for some good Bondage."

"Wrong, 000," resounded Puke with the power of the Force behind him. "She's going with me."

"Yes," said Laya. "You see, I hunger for him."





# The Golden Ape

(a Doc Salvage adventure)

by Will Murray

It was unfortunate for the world that the banana shortage did not gain the attention that it deserved during its initial stages. For if it had been brought to the attention of the proper authorities in time, the carnage to come might have been averted.

However, that would have deprived Doc Salvage and his group of defrocked boy geniuses from their usual fun and frolic so they, at least, decided the subsequent bloodshed was, after all, for the best.

As Doc had put it, "It was an act of God, who must like us very much indeed."

But he was not to learn of the affair until it was in its advanced stages, until the crisis was acute, until the great city had been brought to its knees--thus enabling him to charge many times his usual exorbitant fee.

The banana shortage began unobtrusively enough. The lowly yellow fruit started to disappear from the shelves of friendly rip-off supermarkets and the carts of beady-eyed Italian fruit peddlers very slowly at first.

Housewives, curious about the scarcity, inquired in quiet nagging tones, "What, no bananas again this week? You maybe hoarding bananas so's you can charge more next week? What, you think you run gas station or something? Well, let me tell you this, Mr. Fat Grocer..."

By the third week, the banana shelves were bare. No further shipments arrived. Banana boats, chugging up the East Coast from South America, loaded to the scuppers with their precious cargo (and a few venomous tarantula stowaways) sank mysteriously without any trace.

One, however, reached New York safely. Under armed guard, twelve thousand three hundred and forty-two unripe, greenish bananas were leaded abouard an armoured car and escorted to a chain of overpriced supermarkets, who hoped to retail them at \$5.98 each.

The bananas never arrived.

The truck hit a patch of what later proved to be banana oil on a darkened sidestreet and went into a skid. It careened off the street and through the window of a posh eatery, ruining several meals, wiping out several strata of the cafe society, raising general



hell in one swell foop.

In a nearby alley, three characters watched the proceedings from within a battered Ford. They chortled, chuckled, guffawed and snorted with glee. The cacophony subsided with a punctuating burp that was the result of a pepperoni and banana pizza.

"All right, let's move in," grunted a bulky figure from the back seat. He and the two skinny dudes in front popped out and danced across the street.

The two bony ones cradled machine runs under their arms as they walked. One, a pinch-faced man who sported pointy ears and beady eyes, was Elmer Fox, who had turned to crime after slaughtering his parents when he was young. At his trial, he cited just cause, and put the blame for his plight on his parents' "lousy sensa humor."

He was acquitted.

The second crook was a swarthy hood who went under the name of Pablo. He was a Mexican national who, for reasons unknown, couldn't find honest work. So, naturally, he became a politician. Three months of such degradation was all that he could stomach, so he turned to a more dignified profession: hired killer. "At least now I can sleep nights," he was quoted as saying. He was noted for his thick Mexican accent, made all the more unintelligible for the five-foot machete he always held clenched between his teeth.

He had dental problems, you see.

But it was the third man who was the most arresting of the three. He was a low, wide personage and the obvious leader of the group. A man of mystery he was, for his true name was unknown to the world.

"Ape of mystery" might be a better term, for he hid his squat body in an ill-fitting gorilla costume. Over this, he wore white plastic galoshes and a purple bowler and smoked a cheap stogie. Other than these, he was quite unobtrusive-looking.

He walked with a pronounced limp.

They broke open the rear of the armoured car, being inundated with the pulpy fruit in the process.





Then they did a strange thing.

They began to jump up and down, mashing the unripe fruit into squishy, squashy mush, snickering and chuckling like demented clowns as they went about their evil work.

The motorcycle police, stunned and sprawled from the wreck, came to and were appalled at this example of the utter depravity of the criminal mind. They tried to rise and go for their guns, but were so coated with banana oil that any move was impossible. They slipped and flopped like beached flounder.

Meanwhile, the unholy trio, after stomping one thousand and three bananas into oatmeal, now proceeded to machine-gun the remaining contents of the truck.

They blazed away at a few passersby just to keep in practice and roared off in their Ford.

The official death count reached three hundred and thirteen by morning, which did not count over twenty people who had broken heads or limbs by tripping over banana peels at the scene of the crime.

It was at this time that people began to think in terms of a conspiracy. The governor, having absolutely no confidence in the police or two hundred years of American law and order, decided to call in outside help.

It became a toss-up; either the entire U.S. Army or a Texas Ranger.

The Army proved to be on leave--all of it. No one knew where they were.

They hired a Texas Ranger by phone, who promptly set out for New York by horse. He arrived two weeks after the affair was over.

In the meantime, someone got the bright idea of ringing in Doc Salvage. Doc, knowing that they'd turn to him, refused to answer the phone. This way, the city got more and more desperate and would pay him more and more money when he finally gave in.

Weeks passed. There wasn't a banana to be had. Drugstores closed, unable to serve banana splits. Morning cereals tasted like cardboard again. People, embittered by their tasteless breakfasts, went wild in the streets. Anarchy reigned.

Wealthy socialites, unable to feed their pet monkeys (it was the current fad among highbrows, gem-adorned pet chimps) offered untold sums for a bushel of the monkey-fruit, even debased themselves publicly for the promise of the stuff.

Supermarkets, blamed for hoarding bananas by wild mobs, were torn to the ground. South American countries, their economies dependant upon their banana exports, toppled overnight. Our own economy, struck a mortal blow, reeled.



Matters got darker and darker, until, like a ray of sunlight, that great American enterprise, the Mafia, stepped in.

Recognizing a good thing when they way it, they sent a convoy into Canada who returned with loads of contraband bananas.

They made it as far south as Maine before a trio, led by a limping gorilla, ambushed them. They died amid a hail of gunfire and banana shrapnel.

When word reached New York of the Mafia's failure, everyone threw in the towel.

It was at this point that two unlikely-looking characters arrived in town after spending three months hiding from the law.

They figured the heat had cooled off. Not surprisingly, they were two of Doc Salvage's men.



The first of these was a squat, wide dude who went by the name of Mink Maypole. Now Mink was a man who bore an unusual resemblance to a giant panda bear, which he bolstered by wearing an over-sized mink coat. Though the temperature was well past ninety, he kept it buttoned. It the sole garment he owned. Once, he had been a great chemist, a veritable giant among test-tube jockeys. For years, his dream was to discover the universal solvent.

Unfortunately, he did.

The entire West Coast of the United States was eaten away before the solvent spent itself. Mink, in disgrace, joined Doc Salvage's crew.

The other man who walked beside Mink was Hem Bricks. Hem got his nickname for obvious reasons; he was an amateur seamstress addicted to sewing his own clothes. At the moment, he was arrayed in a green military uniform festooned with gold braid. He looked like a cross between a hotel doorman and Napoleon.

He was unaware of the fact that Mink had unraveled a thread from his coat and tied it to a hydrant several blocks back, so that his suit was playing out behind him.

Hem was a disbarred lawyer. Unfortunately, he was as great a pyromaniac as he was a barrister, which was the reason for his disbarment. In keeping with his hobby, he carried an umbrella which doubled as a flame-thrower which he used to great advantage upon anyone who rankled him, especially Mink.

At the moment, they were strolling down Seventh Avenue trying to think of clever and droll ways of slaughtering each other. Their barely suppressed emnity went back to the great war, where they had once clashed over a French barmaid. The three of them were caught,



and placed in a German POW camp.

They spent three weeks lying, cheating and fighting over the girl (who was so ugly that her face could have been used as a mold for King Kong cookies). Finally, they drew straws.

Mink won.

The girl went over to the enemy.

They had never forgotten the incident and promised to kill each other repeatedly, ever since.

As they approached a fruit stand, Hem said, "Tink I'll get Mystery here a banana." Mystery was his pet somethingorother, the mystery being about its parentage. It was a cross between an ape and a panda.

"One banana, please," Hem requested of the fruit vendor.

"Banana? BANANA?" he cried. "Whatsa matta you, eh? No bananas, bananas anywhere. You crazy or somethin'?"

Just as Hem was about to come back with one of his famous, if banal, retorts, a stack of late editions was dropped from a truck at his feet.

He stooped to pick one up, the act causing his half unraveled suit to fall off.

Mink shoved a huge paw into his ample mouth so as to choke down mirth.

Hem straightened, and jetted flame from his bumbershoot at the seat of Mink's pants.

Mink sat down very suddenly and squirmed around on his backside, smothering the fire. He got up and blew a bubble with a hugh wad of gum that he had been living on for the past month.

Hem was too busy laughing to notice the pink bubble until it exploded in his kisser.

He sandpapered it off while Mink perused a paper. "Looky here," he shrieked, his voice not unlike fingernails across a blackboard, "it says here that there ain't no more bananas, it says here."

"Dis is bad," Hem agreed. "Mystery will starve."

"Maybe we better tell Doc, maybe we better," Mink said.

Together they skipped merrily along to Doc's headquarters. The only incident that attended their passing occurred as they passed a tailor shop.

Within, someone started to laugh.



They didn't understand why.

Elsewhere, a battered Ford slid through the streets carrying a trio of criminal confederates.

The Limping Gorilla (as he was known throughout the world) puffed on his stogie as he gruffed an order, "Doc Salvage's headquarters, Pablo."

"Doc Salvage?" the Mexican gritted around the machete in his mouth. "What for we want to see heem, Senor?"

"The Gov' is making noises about bringing Salvage into this. We don't want him messing around in our private mud hole, get it?"

"Got eet."

Elmer Fox perked up his ears. "But, boss, this Salvage guy is bad news. I had a friend who tangled with him once."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. He turned up months later..." Elmer gulped.

"Dead?"

"No, he'd been turned into..."

"Into what?" the Gorilla barked.

"... a used car salesman," he breathed huskily. His eyes were pits of fear. Hunched behind the wheel, Pablo shuddered and bit down harder on his machete.

"That devil," the Limping Gorilla gritted. "But we've still got to go through with this. He's got to be put out of the way before we go into the second part of our plan. You with me?"

"Si, Senor."

"R-right."

The car drew up before a towering skyscraper, which everyone knew housed the Brass Man's headquarters.

The three piled out. They hauled two bazookas, a flame thrower, a howitzer, three mortars, and assorted grenades and machine guns with them.

They then proceeded to destroy the skyscraper.

They shot rockets, shells; threw hand grenades, spat flame, and finally chopped at it with tommy guns.



The skyscraper came tilting forward, all one hundred stories of it.

It landed with a FFLOP!

The three stood around the fallen giant.

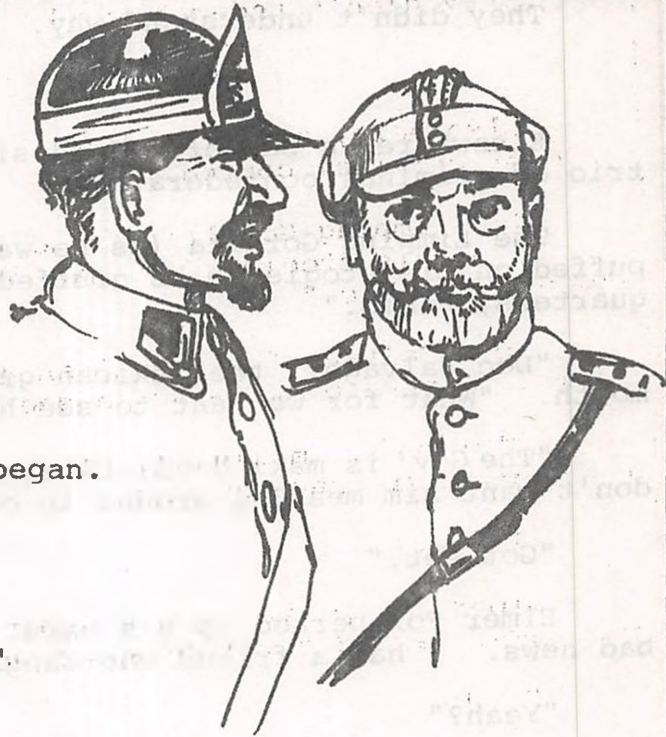
They saw that it was just a two-dimensional cardboard replica, painted to look like the real thing.

"Boys," the Limping Gorilla began.

"Si?"

"Yeah?"

"I think we been bamboozled."



At that very moment, Mink and Hem arrived at Doc Salvage's headquarters, his real one, that is.

With typical Salvage foresight, he had evicted the tenants of his building one night and moved it three blocks further uptown. He put up a cardboard mockup of the facade, to give his enemies something to shoot at.

He had done this over a year ago and it had been attacked twenty-seven times, yet no one had noticed the deception.

The real skyscraper now sat at the end of a dead end street. The one hundred story spire had a sign in front of it.

It read: Acme Warehouse.

No one questioned this. Thus the Brass Man was left in peace.

Mink and Hem stepped into Doc's reception room. As always, when they confronted Doc they let out a gasp of awe.

Or, at least Hem did.

Mink took advantage of Hem's reaction to pick up the chimp-panda, Mystery, and hurl him out the window and to his death 86 stories below.

Seated before his desk, Doc Salvage, the Man of Brass, was a truly unusual sight. He was like a man wrought of living metal. Unfortunately, the metal was a rather garish brass.

But, no matter. His truly arresting quality was his eyes.



They were like twin pools of oatmeal, constantly in motion, as if stirred by tiny spoons.

Weird eyes, compelling eyes, they seemed to claim the attention of any who stared into their hypnotic depths.

Doc was cross-eyed.

But Doc Salvage had other physical attributes, as well. His hair, for instance, was like wires of brass that lay smooth and even on his head.

This was because Doc, who was eight feet tall, kept scraping his head against door jambs whenever he entered a room. Actually, he wore a crew cut.

The truly amazing thing about him though, was his background.

Doc Salvage was not his real name. Actually, he was born Jose Phillip Sodbuster. He boasted of having a little of every ethnic group in his makeup, as well as traits of several lost races and some characteristics that suggested our four-footed friends. The resultant genetic collision seemed to account for his freakish appearance.

He had begun life as a surgeon, thus earning him the name Doc. But malpractice suits dogged his career until he switched to the salvage business. His reputation stemmed from his raising of the Lusitania, which he had done out of duty (his father had sunk the thing) and also because it made him rich.

From that point on, he was Doc Salvage, dedicated to salvaging anything, so long as it fattened his wallet. He roamed the world, enslaving helpless surviving members of lost races to assist him. In the course of his travels, he had salvaged five of the world's most derelict men so they could be shot at or kidnapped by his enemies; anything, just so they'd leave him alone.

Mink and Hem were two. Another pair, Tall Tim Rabbits and Jenny Littleodd, were doing time on a morals charge. (They had always wondered about those two, especially Jenny.)

The fifth member, Bunny Sosick, hopped into the room just at that moment. Bunny took one quick look at Doc seated quietly and ejaculated a "Holy sow!" and began to flail at the Brass Man with his huge paws.

"Blazes!" Mink squawked.

Hem let Mink have it with the flame thrower again on general principles and because excitement always made him lose his head.

"Wake up, Doc, wake up," Bunny screamed. Bunny hopped around excitedly in his Peter Cottontail suit. Hem had made it for him.

Doc, as it turned out, had lapsed into a state of total catatonia as a result of his mental exercise, which he took to keep from



going senile. He had been reciting the multiplication tables backwards and had nearly bored himself to death.

Bunny brought him out of it.

"Thanks, Bunny," Doc said. His voice sounded odd because of a pair of brass balls that sat in his mouth. Mink and Hem had sent them to Doc for his birthday, hoping the Brass Man would take the hint. Instead, Doc, very pleased, incorporated the brass balls into speech impediment exercises.

Mink spoke up, waving his arms to clear the smoke from his charred mink coat. "Doc, there's a banana shortage! It's hell out there! We can't get any shipments safely into the country! The economy is threatened!"

Doc thought a moment.

At length, "How much do you think we can squeeze them for this time?"

"Oh, about twelve million," Mink rejoined.

"Okay, then. We'll do it."

Just then, the skyscraper gave a jolt.

They rushed to the window. Below, three figures, one a gorilla in a derby and galoshes, were blazing away at their foundation.

Doc rapped, "Quick, to the elevator." They rushed out the door, Doc scraping his head on a door frame.

They piled into the special elevator. The high speed lift had solved many of their cases for them. Persons coming to Doc for help often died of shock just riding it upward, thus eliminating many headaches for the Brass Man.

The lift sank and disintegrated when it hit the lobby. They staggered and limped out the back way.

Peering around a corner, they spied the trio, who had obviously found the real headquarters and were trying to make up for lost time.

"The Limping Gorilla," Doc observed. "I recognize him. He must be behind this insidious banana bust."

"What're they trying to do?" asked Bunny, his rabbit ears askew from the ride down.

"Must be they want to wreck our headquarters, it must be," Mink said.

"A good idea," Doc stated. He then began to run around the foundation, setting dynamite charges at various intervals. These he carried in his gimcrack vest, in addition to dozens of guns, gadgets,



maps, a collapsible PT boat, and a quadraphonic stereo system. The bulky vest accounted for his 107-inch chest.

Doc set off the charges.



The explosions ripped into the foundation.

The skyscraper swayed, teetering this way and that.

Doc gave it a kick with his hob-nailed boot and the spire fell forward.

The Limping Gorilla and his men piled into their Ford and took off down the street, with the lengthening shadow of the building falling onto them.

The skyscraper hit with a great sound. It cracked in three places, killed 639 people, two dogs, and a rat, and resulted in instant urban renewal of a four-square-mile area of New York.

The dirigible mooring mast of the fallen giant scraped the paint off the rear bumper of the fleeing Ford.

"Rats! I missed," Doc grumbled.

Mink, surveying the hole where the skyscraper had been, said, "I think we need a new headquarters, Doc."

"There's only one thing we can do now," said Doc.

"What's that?" they chorused, knowing the wide-eyed, innocent hero-worship that they put in their eyes and voices gave Doc a rush and he'd raise their salaries for it.

"We go to South America, to bring back enough bananas so that the nation might be free again."

"Can we do it, Doc? Can we?" they chorused, letting a glimmer of awed fear creep into their voices.

The Brass Man swelled visibly. "We can," he boomed in bell tones. They knew they had him. When he stuck out his chest like that, he was good for at least twenty a week more.

"To the dirigible," they shouted.

They took off like rabbits. Doc, slow on the uptake as usual, trailed behind. They let him catch up because they didn't want to blow the raises.

They got to a tremendous statue of a woman holding a book and an upraised torch.

A sign in front said: SALVAGE TRADING COMPANY.



No one disputed this either.

They piled into their dirigible, and dragged the ship out into the open.

"Cast off lines," Doc ordered.

They cast off.

Nothing happened.

The ship did not rise.

"We ain't rising, we ain't," Mink deduced from their lack of movement.

"HOW COME, DOC?" they chorused, giving him that buttery, wide-eyed look again.

Doc loved it.

He did his best to look both intensely concerned and mildly perplexed at the same time. The result was migraine.

Doc thought.

His aides could smell the hair burning.

Finally, "Ballast," Doc said.

They scrambled like mice to remove all objects from the craft.

Still nothing

Doc thought again.

His aides waited anxiously.

Doc moved. He gathered up his men under both great brass arms and threw them bodily off the airship.

The ship arose like a bloated hotdog with Doc calm at the helm.

His men followed in a tri-motored amphibian.

The plane was not exactly built for speed, as witnessed by the fact that migrating birds frequently alighted on either wing and perched there.

"We're going to have to clean these wings off when we land," Hem observed.

The monotony of the trip was broken briefly when, over the Panama Canal, a mysterious black plane shot down Doc's dirigible.

Fortunately for Doc, the amphibian was below. He simply jumped clear of the blazing blimp and caught onto a wing with his teeth.



He held on that way for the remainder of the trip, which terminated abruptly over the Amazon River when they ran out of fuel and crashed in the jungle.

They were set upon by natives when they landed. Short brown men, whose hair had obviously been cut by placing a bowl on their heads and cutting around the edge, seized them.

Doc spoke to them in their own tongue, hoping that they hadn't heard of him through their Mayan friends.

As it turned out, they had. And they weren't about to be taken in by Doc's white-god-from-the-sky routine.

They were promptly tied to stakes in the middle of a village.

The villagers seemed to forget them after they were secured. All of them fell to carting bundles out of their huts and over to a riverbank nearby.

The bundles, they saw, were bunches of green bananas.

"I'm hungry," Mink wailed.

"I'm lost," Bunny cried.

"I'm itchy," Hem moaned.

"What'm I gon' do?" Doc muttered.

They watched the procession of bananas for several minutes.

Doc got the bright idea of asking them what the fuss was all about.

The only answer he got was a cryptic, "For Golden Ape."

That told him a helluva lot.

Then, came the beating of tom-toms. The Indians all rushed to the riverbank, which was hidden from sight by the jungle.

The tom-toms grew louder. A wailing chant rose up.

Then, they saw it.

The jungle hid its lower parts, but what they did see filled them with fear.

A ginat ape walked through the jungle! A twenty foot gorilla with golden fur! Despite its size, it approached soundlessly.

"Holy sow!" Bunny yelled.

Hem, overcome from excitement again, reached over and bit one of Mink's ears off. He chewed this nervously and watched.



The Indians chanted, "Golden Ape, Golden Ape, Golden Ape," until they thought they'd go mad.

"Damn cliches," Doc muttered.

The ape strode past silently and was lost in the jungle again.

The Indians began to file back.

Doc cut through his ropes, using a bit of the plane's wing that had been caught between his teeth. He freed the others and they raced down to the riverbank after the natives had left.

The bananas were gone!

Obviously, they had been tribute to the Golden Ape, who must have carried them off.

"A giant ape," Doc mumbled, "and he has what may be the only bananas left in the world.

"But, Doc," Bunny asked, "is it worth it?"

"Of course it's worth it. We can sell them for \$1,000 a bunch and clean up."

That settled that. They pressed on, following the river.

Hours later, something happened that Doc figured was long overdue. Bunny was missing.

"About time," Doc said. "What's wrong with you guys? I can usually count on you to get captured left and right and leave a trail for me to follow."

They picked up Bunny's trail easily enough. A pink-lined ear here, a cotton tail there, another pink-lined ear.

Bunny, meanwhile, woke up to find himself tied securely amid stacks and stacks of unripe bananas. He was on a banana boat, he saw.

Standing before him were the Limping Gorilla, Elmer Fox, and Pablo.

"Care for a banana?" the derby-hatted anthropoid asked.

Actually, Bunny didn't. He merely followed Doc around and obeyed his orders because the brass man had once taken a thorn out of his paw.

"We caused the great banana shortage, you see."

There was a pause while the trio chortled and chuckled and



sniggered.

Then: "We did this for a simple reason--greed. All the other rackets are locked tight by the big boys, so me and my men simply decided to create a racket of our own.

"All the bananas left in the world are in this jungle, you see. The natives pick them for their god, the Golden Ape. Ah, I can tell by the light in your eyes that you have seen the Golden Ape."

Actually, Bunny couldn't care less; the light in his eyes was caused by a tsetse fly jumping on his nose.

"You may be wondering where the beast is?"

Bunny was wondering if the fly was going to bite and thus didn't even hear the ravings of the Limping Gorilla.

"Prepare for a shock, my friend." He spread his hairy arms in an all-encompassing gesture and said, "This is the Golden Ape. This, this lowly tub of a banana boat. Behold!"

Cackling with half-witted glee, Elmer and Pablo struggled with a lever and a hatch flipped open.

Then, a huge golden image lifted clear of the deck to rise a score of feet into the sky.

"Incredible, is it not? We sail by with our friend on deck here and the superstitious natives toss the bananas onto our boat." He paused to pick up one of the riper fruit and began to peel it. "Then, we sail back with our cargo and sell it at black market prices. We'll live like kings. Like kings!" He ate the banana, tossing the peel to one side.

As fate would have it, the river current cause the boat to rock suddenly. So suddenly that the great image of the Golden Ape slid forward a bit. Nor much, but just enough so that one golden foot slipped on the carelessly-thrown peel.

The Golden Ape toppled, destroying the boat, its crew and its cargo of precious bananas. The whole magilla sank.

Except for Bunny, because rabbits float, as every damn fool knows.

Doc, Mink, and Hem found Bunny hours later at the riverbank.

"What happened, Bunny? asked Doc.

Bunny thought. "I forget. I'm hungry. Can I have a banana?"

The helped him to his feet.

They would never learn the secret of the Golden Ape, they knew.



But it hardly mattered, now. Their attention spans were exhausted. Besides, it was getting dark and they were homesick.

Later they found a banana grove, lashed four million, five thousand, eight hundred and thirty-two bananas together into a replica of the Queen Mary and sailed home in triumph.

They knew they were home when they passed a warehouse set on an island with a sign in front that read: STATUE OF LIBERTY.

They arrived at their headquarters to find that someone had re-erected the skyscraper in their absence, and a giant, berserk ape had climbed the thing, only to get shot down by a squad of planes.

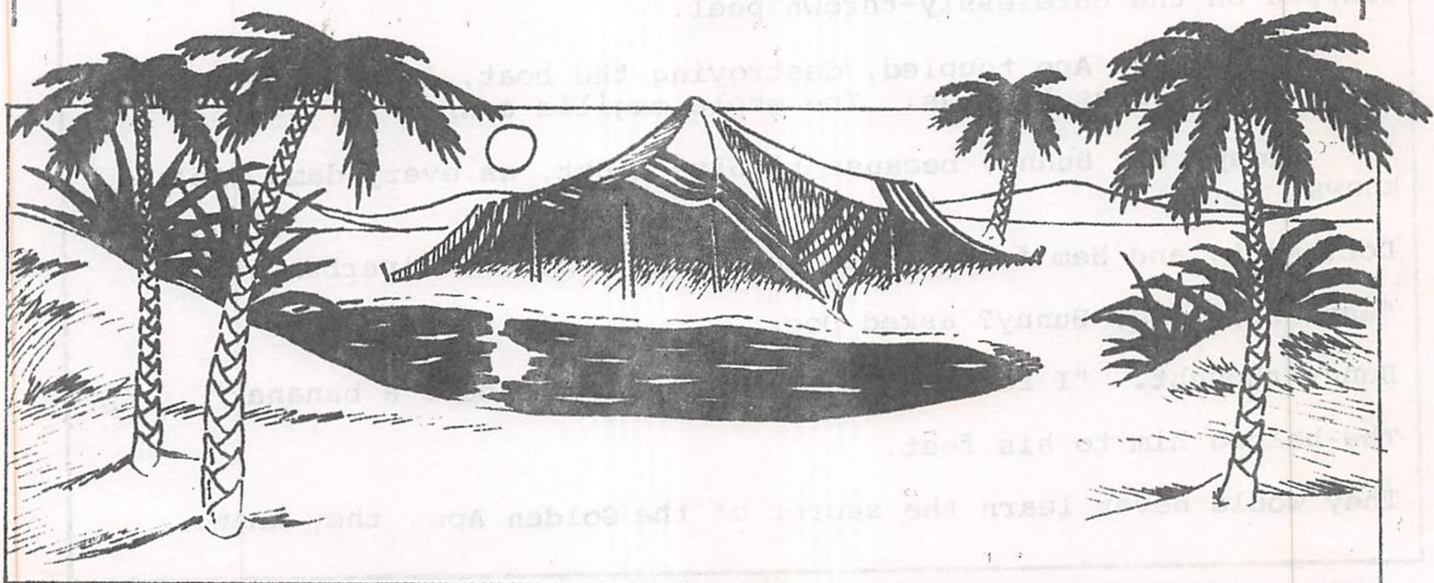
They walked around the huge hairy corpse sprawled on their doorstep.

"What a mess," said Mink.

Can't go anywhere without something like dis•happening," observed Hem.

"Just hope we don't have to clean this up," muttered Doc.

"Reminds me of somethin'," mumbled Bunny as he scratched his furry head.





# Reviews

And the Devil Will Drag You Under, Jack Chalker, 273 pp

The Two Faces of Tomorrow, James P. Hogan, 391 pp

The Drawing of the Dark, Tim Powers, 328 pp

all from Ballantine/Del Rey, 1979, \$1.95

These three books seem to be a fair sample of what is available from Del Rey books, which is now well-established as a subsidiary of Ballantine run by Lester and Judy-Lynn del Rey. Both of them have been magazine editors and Lester has been writing SF for over forty years (although his recent output has been very small). This sample suggests that the del Reys are at least producing a better line than many of the basically mundane publishers now jumping in on the SF boom, although a reader might expect even more of a line edited by two such Big Names.

Jack Chalker has been very prolific, turning out seven books since achieving professional status less than three years ago. Unfortunately, many of these have been in the "Well of Souls" series, which was so full of Tuckerisms (names of real people written into the story) and complications that he recently announced he was giving up the series. And the Devil Will Drag You Under at first glance seems to be more of the same cuteness--the cover features an old reprobate with a handful of something shiny and a bottle of Jack Chalker whiskey. But it's not that bad, and Chalker at least starts with a good hook: The Earth is about to be destroyed by an asteroid which was supposed to be blasted into a local orbit for mining purposes.

There are holes in the story already (the asteroid is ten times the size of the largest known asteroid and has less than a tenth of the proper orbital velocity) but they are brushed aside by the setting: in a bar in Las Vegas, a pointy-eared, alcoholic blueblood (literally) named Asmodeus Mogart has summoned and is attempting to convince a pair of relatively ordinary people to help him prevent the catastrophe. Jill and Mac can do this by traveling to alternate planes to which others of Asmodeus' kind, similarly disgraceful, have been condemned by their authorities. Each of the demons has a jewel of power; if all six





are assembled in one place the resultant, called an Eye of Baal, will be powerful enough to wipe out the asteroid--he says.

From this point on the book is the adventures of the two humans as they contrive to steal the jewels from the demons. The writing is competent and even entertaining in places, but the book reads like a set of novelettes strung together to make a novel. Of course they get all five jewels and of course Asmodeus turns out to be treacherous but is defeated with ease. This is appropriately called "Science Fantasy" on the cover; the writing has the matter-of-factness and language of science fiction even though the story is essentially fantasy. There is some depth to the separate sections; in all of their adventures, Mac and Jill behave more honorably than most of the natives, and Jill even manages to give a tyrant his just desserts in their final outing. Chalker obviously has talent as a writer; the only question is whether he'll stick with light entertainment or find a really meaty idea to write a story around.

James P. Hogan, on the other hand, doesn't seem to have much interest in anything more developed than the sort of space opera that some of us wish had gone out with Doc Smith. Actually, there are two important differences between Smith and Hogan; Hogan includes substantial helpings of sex and he manages to pack remarkably little action into a long book which is advertised as an action-adventure story.

The premise is fairly simple: computers have no judgment. Since computers in Hogan's world are being given more and more control over the mechanical drudgery of everyday life, there is a serious danger that the creative problem-solving demonstrated in the prologue (an obstacle to a construction job on the Moon is removed by dropping several loads from the mass driver (magnetic catapult) on it, never mind that humans are on the site) will prove fatal to humanity, while the computers are being equipped with enough self-repair devices that it might be impossible to shut them down. To see whether such a machine could be shut down after it is made operative, one model is set up in a space colony at a Lunar Trojan point (Hogan assumes for the story that we'll go ahead full tilt with all of the bolder ideas for colonizing space). To make absolutely sure that the computer won't get out of control (and to add urgency to the plot) the nasty interfering government has insisted on installing a remotely-fired atomic bomb. The computer, in a grim jest, is called Spartacus.

All of this takes the first 200 pages or so, which is all right if you can get into Hogan's discussions of the process of developing intelligence/judgment/self-awareness in computers; unfortunately, Hogan is not nearly as interesting as his source is (he credits Dr. Marvin Minsky, of M.I.T.'s Artificial Intelligence lab). Hogan's difficulty is that he tries to make this section more interesting by throwing in an assortment of personality conflicts which might have been original in Gernsback's day but certainly aren't now, plus at least one adolescent sexual escapade that seems borrowed directly from Oh, God!

By the time everyone gets to Janus (as the space station as a





whole is called) the story finally begins to pick up for the reader who has gotten this far. Hogan is obviously in his element writing a pure action story, and this section is at least well plotted: a series of moves and counter-moves in which humans find the computer rapidly getting away from them. There are also a series of interesting conflicts between various groups of humnas; Janus has a large Army contingent on board, including a general with delusions of worldsaving who attempts a number of heroic but of course useless brute-force moves (somehow the military aren't in favor with as many adventure writers as they were in Smith's time). Ultimately the humans succeed, but only because Spartacus has declared a draw; its ability to generalize has extended to realizing that the mobile shadows it is barely aware of are fighting for survival just as it is.

Hogan may or may not ever be anything better than a second-rate adventure writer; if The Two Faces of Tomorrow is any indication, the first thing he needs is an editor firm enough to tell him what is necessary and what must be trimmed or left out. Certainly his attempts to draw a great philosophical point out of this story are a failure, and the book as a whole has too much bulk for the pieces of good material in it.

The Drawing of the Dark fits easily into the mold of modern fantasy: an assortment of magical happenings complicated by a general air of mystery and a very reluctant hero. Powers has taken on an even more difficult task by setting his story within a part of our own history, namely the 16th-century Turkish invasion of eastern Europe, climaxed by the siege of Vienna in 1529. The beginning is simple: Brian Duffy, a down-on-his-luck mercenary, is hired in Venice by one Aurelianus to go to Vienna and work as a bouncer at his tavern, which is also the brewery for Herzwesten beer. Immediately, things start happening; Duffy finds himself at the tavern of someone he'd recognize as Bacchus if his education had been broader, and on his journey he is accompanied and attacked by an assortment of supernatural forces and beings.

On his arrival in Vienna he arouses the ire of the innkeeper by being more interested in fighting brawls than in stopping them, and by being a generally coarse fellow to boot (the innkeeper fancies himself a poet; his firmest supporter turns out to be the Hungarian Quisling in disguise). Aurelianus arrives and is in due course revealed to be Merlin Ambrosius, who brings Brian to the reluctant realization that he is the reincarnation of King Arthur. His mission, should he choose to accept it, is to help guard the Herzwesten (literally, heart-of-the-West) brewery against the evil Grand Vizir of the Turks, who hopes to destroy it before the Herzwesten Dark (beer), which takes 700 years to mature, can be drawn to revive the Fisher King and keep the West strong in its never-ending battle against the East (haven't I read this somewhere before?)





He ultimately succeeds, in his own style; in a small and totally un-heroic skirmish he destroys the last copy of a spell that would have enabled the Grand Vizir to break the magical stalemate and use all his evil spells against the Viennese.

Powers has handicapped himself by his choice of background; even if you share my ignorance of what happened at the Turkish siege of Vienna, you know that Duffy will succeed because you are told so in so many words in the prologue, a single page, dated after the rest of the book, in which Aurelianus/Merlin brings the beer to the king. Having destroyed most possibilities for suspense, he makes a much better story out of the entirely human difficulties encountered by the aging and love-blighted mercenary and an assortment of auxiliary characters including his former love, a hunchbacked artilleryman, and a gaggle of Vikings (somehow they just don't seem big enough or nasty enough to be called a horde) who have sailed to Vienna because their wise man has put a dire interpretation on the Turkish invasion. Powers also borrows heavily from the folk legends of many different cultures, somewhat in the manner of Susan Cooper's "Dark is Rising" pentalogy but with greater variety: the Brewery derives its power from being built over the grave of Finn MacCool, who gave his name to the city (Vienna was originally Vindobona, says Merlin), but the Norsemen call the grave Balder's Barrow, Duffy Sigmund, and the Turkish leader Surter, chief of the fire giants; beer itself is an almost magical substance, the great contribution of the Beaker People who were the first to build where Vienna is now; Prometheus may actually have brought down beer from heaven, instead of fire (Merlin claims this as legend, but I suspect Powers is stretching known mythology a bit here); and so on. At times this farrago of legendry is a bit hard to disentangle, and I'm not sure Powers himself takes it all completely seriously; when Merlin drops Excalibur into the river after Brian has done his job and departed, a sentry who sees the hand rising from the water to catch and flourish the sword decides he hasn't had enough sleep.

Powers is certainly a capable writer; I enjoyed this book even with the known ending because the characters were important as individuals (which they definitely aren't in the other two books). This is apparently his first published novel; I for one will be watching for his next.

—Chip Hitchcock

Moonraker. an Albert R. Broccoli production starring Roger Moore, Lois Chiles, Richard Kiel, Michael Lonsdale, and Corinne Clery. directed by Lewis Gilbert. United Artists.

James Bond is back, for fun, in the latest Roger Moore flick, Moonraker. This movie is excellent escapism; it is quite funny, fast-paced, and well-filmed, with some great scenery---human and otherwise.

The pre-credit sequence is outstanding, as Bond is pushed out of an airplane without a parachute and survives by skillfully sky-diving to someone who does and stealing it. This well-done scene sets the



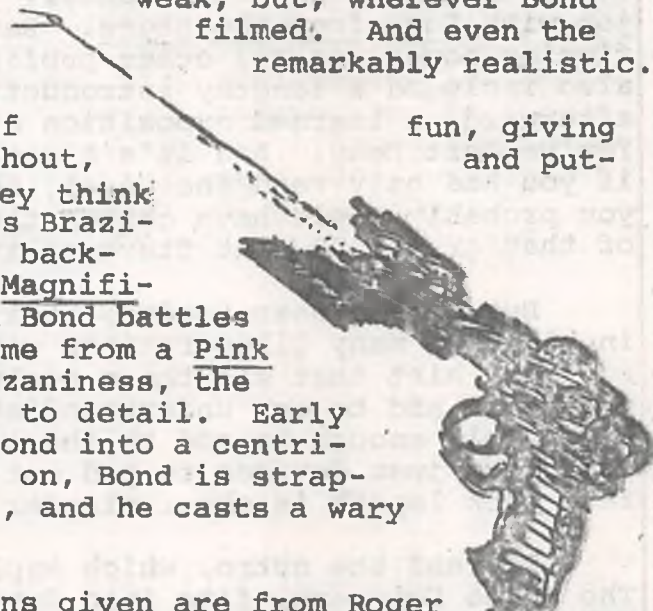
pace for the rest of the film, and even the film's few slow moments are filled with excellent gadgets and tricks. In general, the cinematography is quite good, for most scenes are eye-fuls with and without the beautiful girls that are a trademark of Bond movies.

Admittedly, many of the scenes are reminiscent of earlier films, a Mardi-Gras type sequence similar to the one in Thunderball and a boat chase scored with music right out of the boat chase in From Russia With Love. But all of these scenes are different enough from the original, especially the latter scene, which has a wonderfully imaginative ending.

The actual plot, which pits 007 against space-happy arch-villain Hugo Drax who plots to kill everyone on the earth except his eugenically prime cohorts, is a bit flimsy, and the explanations for Bond's globe-hopping are often weak, but, wherever Bond is, he is interesting and well-filmed. And even the final outer-space sequences are remarkably realistic.

The scriptwriters have a lot of fun, giving Roger Moore ridiculous jokes throughout, and putting into the film any absurdity they think of. When Bond rides up to Britain's Brazilian headquarters on horseback, the background music is the theme from The Magnificent Seven. And the scene in which Bond battles a kendo-stick wielder could have come from a Pink Panther movie. Yet, for all their zaniness, the scriptwriters payed close attention to detail. Early in the movie, Dr. Goodhead straps Bond into a centrifuge which nearly kills him. Later on, Bond is strapping himself into the space shuttle, and he casts a wary glance at Dr. Goodhead.

fun, giving  
and put-



As for sex, the only indications given are from Roger Moore's smirks, and Roger Moore has a great smirk. These later Bond movies are an excellent foil for Roger Moore's "saintlier" qualities. The first Bond movies were low-key, more serious spoofs, and the cool, collected, cutthroat Sean Connery was ideal for the role. Then, in On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Bond falls in love, something Connery's 007 would have trouble doing, and so they bring in George Lazenby. After a few more movies, Connery finally cuts out for good and is replaced by Moore.

Moore was good in The Saint, but isn't as staid as Connery, and it takes the writers a while to realize this. So, Live and Let Die, The Man with the Golden Gun, The Spy Who Loved Me, and Moonraker are progressively funnier and more absurd.

The movies thus divide themselves into 3 periods: Sean Connery's movies represent the classical period, George Lazenby's movie (OHMSS) is a combination baroque and romantic, and Roger Moore's movies are a cross between surrealism and the 'theatre of the absurd.'

While Roger Moore is excellent for his role, the other players aren't so well cast. Lois Chiles as Holly Goodhead is beautiful but



not much else, and Michael Lonsdale as Hugo Drax doesn't muster the arch in arch-villain. Fortunately, gigantic Richard Kiel has plenty of arch to go around, and his "Jaws" is very appealing, as he mellows from evil villain to cuddly giant to hero, and he comes through it all, like Bond, unscathed.

All in all, Moonraker is a very entertaining movie, and you will enjoy it. After all, my word is my Bond.

--Joseph Romm

Home from the Shore by Gordon R. Dickson. Ace, 1979, 220 pp, \$2.25.

When a publisher produces a Very Important Book, I think it only right that they warn the reader. And Ace Books has done an admirable job with Home from the Shore. Rather than just giving us a science fiction novel, as any other publisher might be likely to do, Ace has also included a lengthy introduction and an even more long-winded afterward, a learned exposition of the literary significance of What You've Just Read. And it's a good thing they go to all this effort; if you had only read the novel, never mind the intro and the outro, you probably would have gotten the impression that this was a piece of that great 90% that Sturgeon talks about.

But oh no, Dear Reader, it isn't so. This book is an Experiment in blending many illustrations with story line...the intro tells us so. Any hint that all those pictures--which are neither detailed enough to add to our understanding of the novel's universe, nor executed well enough to add to the mood of the story--and the intro/outro combo are just devices to pad out a second-rate Dickson novelette into book length is sheer slander.

To read the outro, which explains how this book, a prequel to The Space Swimmers, fits into Gordon Dickson's universe and philosophy, one might concede that Dickson is attempting great things here. To read the book is to know that he failed. The plotting is rushed, the characters thin, and the social ecosystem he has created is underdeveloped, unjustified, and unbelievable.

Dickson has done better. Ace has done better. This book is the kind of crap that I have grown accustomed to reading from Manor Books.

--Guy Consolmagno







## Letters

Dear Ms. Wheeler,

The enclosed item might be of interest to the readers of Twilight Zine, if I interpret Mr. Hitchcock's recent editorial correctly. Please feel free to print it in your next issue.

---A Friend

"BUT I THREW THEM ALL OUT, SIR!"

by Ala Lapu Mimm

Ah, do come in.

Please, sit down, sit down my friend. Do make yourself comfortable.

Drink? I believe I shall, if you don't mind.

It's been quite a while since we've had visitors here at the embassy. Diplomatic work is a far cry from the glamor that you might imagine. Why, just the other day I was saying--

What's that? Ah yes, the elevator! That was what you came here to talk about, wasn't it?

Are you sure you won't join me in a drink? It's the finest brandy from Graspas, our capital. Yes, yes, do try a sip.

Now, where were we? Oh, yes, the elevator! I understand that it is an item of concern to you. We all do need our elevators, don't we? Or how else could we go up and down?

Do I have it? Young man, I am a diplomatic dignitary! I am



hurt and dismayed that you could even conceive of asking such a question. Are we not men of honor, you and I?

Oh, ho, ho, yes, the letter. Always the letter. The impetuosity of youth. I was quite a hothead in those days, you know. We all say and do things in our youth that come back to haunt us in our elder years.

Is that brandy not divine?

Well, now, "threatened" is not quite the correct word, sir. And besides, that isn't really the issue here, is it? That was many years ago, and quite a few issues of TZ. What we're really talking about is your contention that we could possibly have purloined your elevator and could be holding it here, today. Here of all places!

Just look around you. Do you see any cloaks upon the coat rack, or any daggers hung above the mantle? Mere fiction, these tales of diplomatic intrigue!

No. This is a quiet, sleepy little place. Dull, humdrum, day in and day out. The tick, tock, tick, tock of the clock can lull you to sleep on quiet days. I'm sure you can feel the calm serenity of the room, don't you? Just listen to the tick, tock, tick, tock; it takes all your cares away. You can trust anyone in this room, did you know that? We're all your friends here. We wouldn't do anything to harm you, and certainly you wouldn't want to harm us.

My, that brandy must be making you very tired. Your eyes seem to be closing of their own accord. Why don't you just let them close for a short while? You'll find yourself drifting, drifting, off into a sweet, deep, calm, quiet sleep.

Now, then, my "friend". Listen carefully. When you awake you will have forgotten your true reason for coming here. You will recall that you came here to the embassy out of curiosity and stopped in for a quiet chat, which is exactly what you and I had. You will feel happy and at ease. The further you get from the embassy after you leave, the less you will recall of it and of me, until by the time you get home you will have forgotten that you were even here. You will recall only having gone for a walk.

Have you told anyone else of your suspicions?

Good, good.

If any of your friends at MITSFS even suggest that we might be connected to the disappearance of your elevator, you will think it ridiculous. You will argue strongly that it is absurd.

Do you understand? Good. When I snap my fingers you will awaken refreshed. You will not consciously recall what I have told you. You will recall that we have had a long, pleasant chat about nothing in particular.

Well, my friend, it has been a pleasure talking to you. I am afraid that affairs of state call me. No rest, you know.

Can you find your way out?

Oh, no, no, why bother with the stairs on a warm day like today? You'll find an elevator out there on your left.

Yes, pleasant meeting you, too. Good day.

Erbnap? Yes, make sure that the tapes of today's meeting are purged. Yes, dispose of all of them!



Kathryn A. Drexel  
18 Lamplite Lane  
Williston, VT 05495

Twilight Zine ?

Oh, the stuff that arrives in my mailbox. Believe it or not there is a Boston, there has to be--I keep getting fanzines from there.

An ominous penned message on the last page of TZ 31 warned me this would be my last ish unless "we hear from you." I am not a very loud shouter, so a LOC will have to do in place of hearing.

The cover was the absolute best thing about the issue. Perfectly balanced, pretty colors, and lots of eye-catching white space. Andy Porter would drool.

I saw Star Crash at the local \$1.50-a-seat-and-we-pack-em-in-with-shoehorns-theatre. At \$1.50 it was too expensive. Christopher Plummer as the emperor was extraordinary. Him, I believed. Everything else was either ripped off from another film or misplaced. It was a ridiculous film and put the sf film industry back a thousand years. If I were six years old, let in free, and had no imagination at all I would have hated this movie. If the characters had taken the story seriously I might have respected what they were doing, but they didn't, so I didn't. If a film as miserable as this one makes money, then producers are going to stop making expensive flicks like Star Wars, Silent Running, and 2001 which grabbed you into the future by your sense of wonder in spite of yourself, and turn out dribble. In contrast I saw the Japanese Message from Space. It wasn't really sf but some hybrid of fantasy, space opera and samurai movies, but I enjoyed it. It had an internal consistency which made space sailing ships co-existing with space ships not implausible and the characters were personalities, not stereotypes. Star Crash reminded me of an attempt to make a humorous Warren black and white comic into a film. Message from Space reminded me of a Doc EE Smith space opera. One I hated and the other I enjoyed. (Of the two other people who saw MFS neither cared for it and both declined to see SC.)

Kate Wilhelm is a fine writer. Sometimes she reminds me of Clifford D. Simak (Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang) and in her latest (at least the latest I've found in the local bookstore, which isn't SF but I liked it anyways) she reminds me of Joanna Russ with the poison drained from her fangs and coasting on an I'm-OK-You're-OK intravenous High. It is very rare to find a woman character in a book who lived her life as she saw fit, regardless of what other people tried to make of her, who doesn't end up insane, suicidal, or lobotomized. In Fault Lines a strong, independant, loving woman reviews her life as it passes before her as she awaits rescue/death after an earthquake. Emily has lived a full life with pain, joy, sorrow, understanding, and love marbling it like fat in a prime steak. The reader comes to know her like a self, a sister, a mother, a grandmother, and a beloved great-aunt. And while she may die at the end, Emily is not conquered. That is remarkable and worthwhile for any reader (male or female) to read and share.

Marc Alpert, M.D.  
6495 Broadway  
Riverdale, NY 10471

Dear Illustrious One:

As you can see from the above letterhead, I am gone, but hopefully not forgotten. I would appreciate changes in the address book. A large number of



former acquaintances and enemies are expecting to pick up my trail through the address book. I don't want to disappoint them.

I must say that I am totally shocked to see TZ 31 so soon. I think that the last time such a feat of speed was done during my reign (I mean term) as Skinner. The formula is still the same, though...a selection of minutes, a story by Irwin T. Lapeer, etc. The Famous Fan Art School ad bears a striking resemblance to the Famous Fan Writers' ad of 7 years ago.

I was surprised to read about myself in the minutes. I had forgotten about those days. It was so difficult to keep track of the committees in those days, even with the organizational chart done by the Ruffa to help. (Is the chart still in existence?) ((yes!--the typist replies))

I would be interested in just what the MIT Archives are doing with some of our precious items. They showed absolutely no interest when I was Skinner. I also understand that Ruffa had completed the summary of some of the early minutes of the Society and returned the originals. I would be interested in a copy of the summary.

The One and Only,

The Alpert, M.D.

PS If anyone got a picture of me clobbering the coconut at the picnic I would pay for a copy.

((The Typist Replies: Ruffa is busy summarizing the minutes, so as to have a history of the society ready for TZ 27 28 29 PSN. In five years, he has summarized ten years' worth of minutes. When he will be finished with his project (the minutes started in 1952) is left as an exercise for the reader. You'll need Gauss's law and a simple integration. The Archivist, Helen Slotkin, is busy right now just organizing the mess we gave her, but she was extremely excited when she saw it all (and even joined the society!) And finally, you should realize by now that no two Irwin T. Lapeer stories are alike.))

Cuyler Warnell Brooks, Jr. Dear Mits,  
713 Paul Street  
Newport News, VA 23605

Much thanks for the TZ 31, great cover. You remain in my address file and will get whatever I publish of general interest.

I was astounded that you claim to have "almost all published American and British SF & F books"! How almost? Everything in Blieler? Everything in Tuck? Everything in Tymn? How about The Nose-ring of Salvation? How about Dwinkle the Dwarf by Midge Kelly with the Bok illos? How about Preface to an Unwritten Novel by Donald Corley?

I was puzzled by the review of Alien. It was quite accurate, but I could not understand Desmond's motivation to give away the whole plot and his remark that it was "sick". Seems to me that he is the one who is sick... Just because a film treats the possibility of an encounter with alien creatures in a more realistic way than the cutesy-poo fantasy of last year's biggies, Close Encounters and Star Wars doesn't make it sick. I don't know what we may find out in the stars, but considering what we have on the earth alone, it seems quite likely that we will eventually come across some deadly life forms. Note that there is no implication that the creature in Alien is "evil". It exhibits no intelligence beyond animal cunning.



Desmond assumes that it is the offspring of the builders of the alien ship, but I am not sure this is what was intended -- the builders of that ship might have been earlier victims. If the creatures in the eggs beneath the ship are the offspring of the race that built the ship, they are still no more than animals, as there has been no opportunity for them to acquire the culture of that race.

If you turned up short on some pages, get after the collators -- I got two covers and two pp33/34...

I enjoyed Sex Life of the Hobbits and the Minutes. The fiction was putrid, but that is to be expected.

Best,  
Ned Brooks

((WHD here; You're right about such 'alien' possibilities, of course, but Ned, I was referring to the people who were responsible for making the movie as being sick not to the 'Alien' itself. At heart this movie is a very expensively mounted exploitation film, much too brutalizing for my tastes. As to the library's collection...almost everything is indeed the case!!! That 'everything' doesn't mean a copy of every edition of a particular title, but it does mean at least one copy of everything! In the case of the titles you are in reference to, they fall into the categories rare, marginal, and potentially very costly. The MITSFS is a library and not a collection, as such. As a library it caters to a current-student profiled taste. Tastes have evolved since the library's inception in 1949. Since then, 31,000 items have been collected, accumulated, donated, and sought out. ((( By the by, that last statement fulfills the Skinner's decree that we make at least one numerically based size boast about the library's collection in each new TZ.))) Since you've been so kind, relative the quality of the fiction in TZ31, we've included even more of the same in this issue. Good reading to you, mate!))

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, MD 21740

Dear Cheryl or whoever,

Apologies for such a slow response to the 31st Twilight Zine. But the delay enables me to make an appropriate sort of appearance with this ribbon which is in the twilight of its existence. In fact, I had to wait until after a thunderstorm hit Hagerstown to start this loc. The ribbon becomes legible only in rainy weather, for some reason.

All those editorials were a trifle confusing but entertaining to a person who doesn't know the personalities involved. The newspapers for which I work are soon moving into a new building and will have a new microfilm reader in it, but I hesitate to offer you the old one which will be replaced. It's sort of old and you might have as much trouble as we've been encountering in finding the right size of candles for it.

The conreport made me sort of nervous. When I had that role in the banquet at Noreascon seven or eight years ago, I was fearful that something awful would happen to foul up the program, and I was confident that in my state of nervous apprehension, any sort of crisis would cast me into uncontrollable panic. I don't know what sort of behavior I would have evinced under such circumstances, because everything went smoothly enough. But maybe the Boskone mishaps are a good example why fandom should consider less formal and structured banquet programs. It's curious, how the banquet or major awards ceremony so closely imitates the interminable ceremonies at a mundane con, while science fiction events are so loosely and



casually run in all other respects.

"Bitter Pill" reads to me like a professional quality story. Maybe the telling is too low key for maximum effectiveness but I liked it anyway. And I suppose it could even be praised for relevancy, in the sense that it has something to say about what can happen in any situation where a more developed civilization impacts on a civilization that is more primitive or hasn't developed in the same manner.

The review of Alien is the first I've seen that has been specific about what happens in the movie. I note that it maintains Alien's record of having impressed every fanzine reviewer in my experience for shaking up viewers severely. I probably won't want to see it for much the same reasons that keep me from patronizing rollercoasters nowadays. But maybe the movie should receive some praise for not following the same rut in which producers of other science fiction movies have been traveling recently, mass warfare between spaceships.

Maybe it takes six or eight years for a baby hobbit to be born following conception. This would account for the small families of parent hobbits. Moreover, it would explain the late marriages. If the young lady hobbit should get knocked up while quite young, it might be five years or so before her interesting condition would become obvious to anyone, so there really wouldn't be any need to get married at once.

"Sarah Bush and the Arizona Amazons" amused me in spots but it left me baffled and a bit ashamed of my ignorance. I suspect that Irwin T. Lapeer's epic tale is a parody on some well known piece of professional fiction which I should be ashamed to admit I haven't read. Or maybe it's a pastiche on the general fictional output of one particular writer, and if that's the case, I'm in even deeper disgrace because I've betrayed my failure to read any fiction by the pro in question.

I don't mean to insult the contributors to this issue who wrote the long articles and stories, but in a way I thought the last-page list of reasons the best thing in this Twilight Zine. These reasons lists are a literary art form which is still peculiar to fandom, as far as I know, and one of the last new types of fannish mythmaking that turned up, I believe. Maybe someday someone will research the whole matter and figure out when and where the lists developed out of the original simple contributor-subscriber-sample checklist. Just guessing, I don't think such lists began to smack of genius until the late 1960's.

Some of the illustrations are a bit too exciting for a fan of my age but I still liked most of them. And I can't imagine what the secret significance of the front cover may be, but it looks very good, even to an ignoramus.

Yrs., &c.,  
Harry Warner, Jr.

((Thus spake the typist: TZ #13, (April 30, 1965) was the first TZ to contain such a "reasons list", complete with mostly humorous reasons. It also contains a paragraph in the editorial explaining the list, implying that it was a brand new idea. Gads--another MITSFS first?))



((WHD here; Those Boskone mishaps are mostly 'growing pains'. That Boskone just past was actually larger in attendance than that Noreascon you Fan GoH'd in 1971. Con banquets are all the same regardless the reasons for the Con. The reason that this is so is because (almost without exception) they are all catered by the same company! The name of this globe-spanning dispenser of rubber chicken and plastic peas has been a closely kept hotel industry secret since their incorporation shortly after the Second World War. This company's name is M & M Enterprises, Inc. (Actually they are a carry-over from a successful company of the same name that began during the War). This might strike you as farfetched, not so, not so. I was able to make the necessary connections and thus ferret out this company after noticing that one of the dessert selections on the Noreascon II banquet menu will be "cotton bolls drenched in chocolate".

As for Alien...the reasons for it not following current movie trends have to do with it being derived from three older movies dating from the 40's, 50's, and the 60's. Old Hollywood techniques at work here. Rehash so as to renew. Not particularly praiseworthy, in most cases. ))

((Irwin T. Lapeer's story, he tells us, is based mostly in real circumstances encountered at the area described in the story. Unlike "Charley Tool and the Interstellar Psi Spies" (TZ 28), "Sarah Bush and the Arizona Amazons" is not a pastiche of a particular work or writer.))

## Unofficial Hugo\* Results

BEST NOVEL: Splinter in the Mind's Eye, Alan Dean Foster

BEST NOVELETTE: The Two of Us, Joanna Russ  
("a novelette is a novel written by a woman"--Hugo Schwartz)

BEST SHORT STORY: Guest of Honor Speech, Harlan Ellison

BEST EDITOR: J. J. Pierce

BEST FAN ARTIST: Richard Corbin

BEST FANZINE: Fantastic Stories

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: The Omni commercial during  
Battlestar Galactica

GANDALF (for best fantasy novel): Yargo, by Jacqueline Susann

\*as told by Hugo Schwartz, that is

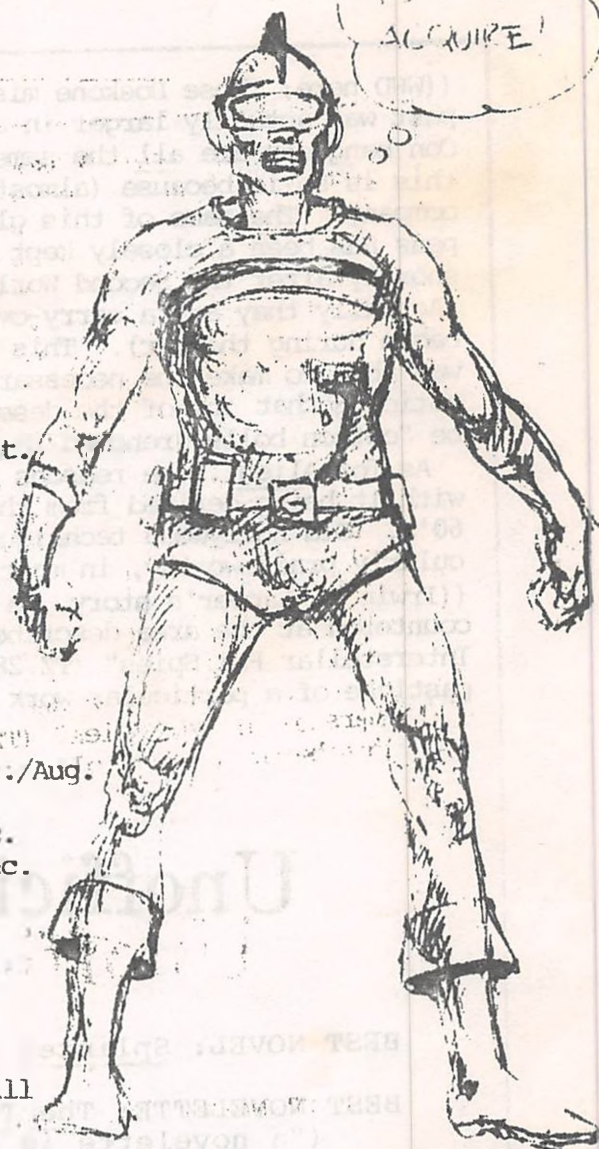


## U.S. MAGAZINES

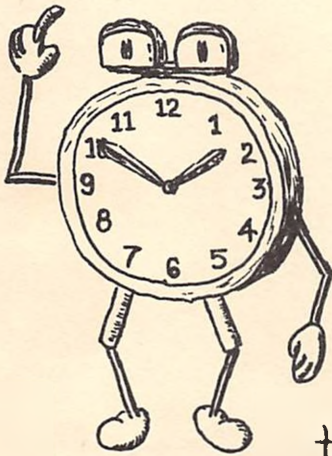
AMAZING STORIES: 1927- Feb., 1973- Oct.  
 AMAZING STORIES ANNUAL: 1927  
 ANALOG: 1970- Apr., Jun., 1971- Oct., 1973- Sept.  
 1975- May, 1976- Jan., Apr., May  
 ARKHAM SAMPLER: 1948- Aut., 1949- Spr.  
 DUSTY AYRES AND HIS BATTLE BIRDS: all  
 FAMOUS SCIENCE FICTION: 1968- Spr., 1969- Spr.  
 FANTASTIC: 1972- Jun., 1974- May, 1975- Feb., Aug., Oct.  
 FANTASTIC ADVENTURES: 1939- May  
 FLASH GORDON STRANGE ADVENTURE MAGAZINE: 1936- Dec.  
 GALAXY: 1969- Jul., Aug., Dec., 1972- Jan./Feb.  
 1973- Nov., 1974- May, Jun., Oct., Nov., Dec.  
 1975- Jan., Feb., Apr., Jun.-Dec.  
 GHOST STORIES: 1926- all 1927- all 1928- Jan., Feb.,  
 1928- Apr., Jun.-Dec., 1929- all  
 1930- Jan.-Oct., 1931- all  
 IF: 1969- Jul., Sept., 1970- Jan., Apr., Jul./Aug.  
 1972- Jan./Feb. 1973- Jan./Feb., Mar., Apr., Jul./Aug.  
 1973- Nov./Dec. 1974- Jan./Feb., May/Jun.  
 MAG. OF F. & S.F.: 1973- Mar., Apr., Jun.-Oct., Dec.  
 1974- Jan., Apr.-Jun., Sept.-Dec.  
 1975- Feb., Oct., 1976- Mar.  
 MARVEL TALES: 1934- May (#1)  
 MONSTER PARADE: all  
 OTHER WORLDS: 1957- May  
 SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURE (CLASSICS): 1973- Jul.  
 1974- May  
 SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE MONTHLY (& AMAZING DETECTIVE): all  
 SKY WORLDS: 1978- Aug. (#4)  
 STARTLING MYSTERY STORIES: 1967- winter  
 STRANGE STORIES: 1939- Oct., 1940- Feb., Jun., Dec.  
 STRANGE TALES: 1933- Jan.  
 STRANGEST STORIES EVER TOLD: 1970  
 SUPERSCIENCE FICTION: 1957- Oct. TERENCE X. O'LEARY'S WAR BIRDS: all  
 WEIRD TALES: 1923- Apr.-Nov., 1924- all 1925- Jan.-Oct., Dec.  
 1926- Jan., Mar., Apr., Jun.-Oct., Dec. 1974- Spring  
 WEIRD TERROR TALES: Winter 1969/70 (#1)  
 WHISPERS: #1  
 'THE WITCH'S TALES: 1936- all WONDER STORIES: 1931- Jul., Oct., 1933- Dec.

## BRITISH MAGAZINES

AMAZING SCIENCE STORIES: #1  
 BEYOND: #4  
 FANTASY: 1939- #2  
 FUTURISTIC SCIENCE STORIES: #11, 14, 15  
 NEW WORLDS: 1960- #96, 1968- #180  
 PHANTOM: #1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16  
 SCIENCE FANTASY: 1958- #28, 32 1964- #63, 64  
 SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES: 1958- #3  
 SCOOPS: 1934- #2--#20  
 TALES OF TOMORROW: #2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10  
 TALES OF WONDER: #1, 2, 3, 13  
 VARGO STATTEN MAGAZINE: v1 #5, v2 #1, 3, 4  
 VORTEX: all  
 WONDERS OF THE SPACEWAYS: #8  
 WORLDS OF FANTASY: #10, 11  
 -AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINES  
 THRILLS, INC.: #1, 3, 14, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22  
 VOID: all  
 -CANADIAN MAGAZINES  
 SUPER SCIENCE STORIES: 1942- Oct.  
 1943- Dec., 1945- Feb.-Aug., Dec.  
 UNCANNY TALES: all







# "HAPPY CLOCK HARRY" SEZ

USE YOUR TIME WISELY

We at the **Boston Time Bank** think it's our duty to help you make the most of your time. That's why we offer a **full range** of time services to meet **your** needs, including:

## TIME SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

My grand pappy always used to say: "A second saved is a second earned"

Saving just a little, regularly, can help you accumulate the time you need to finish that project—or to enjoy that well-earned vacation when it is finished!

## NEGOTIABLE TIME DRAFT (NTD) ACCOUNTS

Excuse me, do you have the time...?

If someone won't spend their time, but it's important, let them spend yours! Business and family accounts available.

## TIME LOANS

I feel like I'm living on borrowed time...

Face it, we're all a bit short on time occasionally. **Boston Time** can provide the time you need, when you need it, at reasonable rates.

Don't forget our **TIME INVESTMENT** counselors who can guide the small or large investor in managing a profitable time portfolio.

And there's more! Send for our free brochure. If you open an account, we'll deposit a free 15 minutes to make it "worth your time".

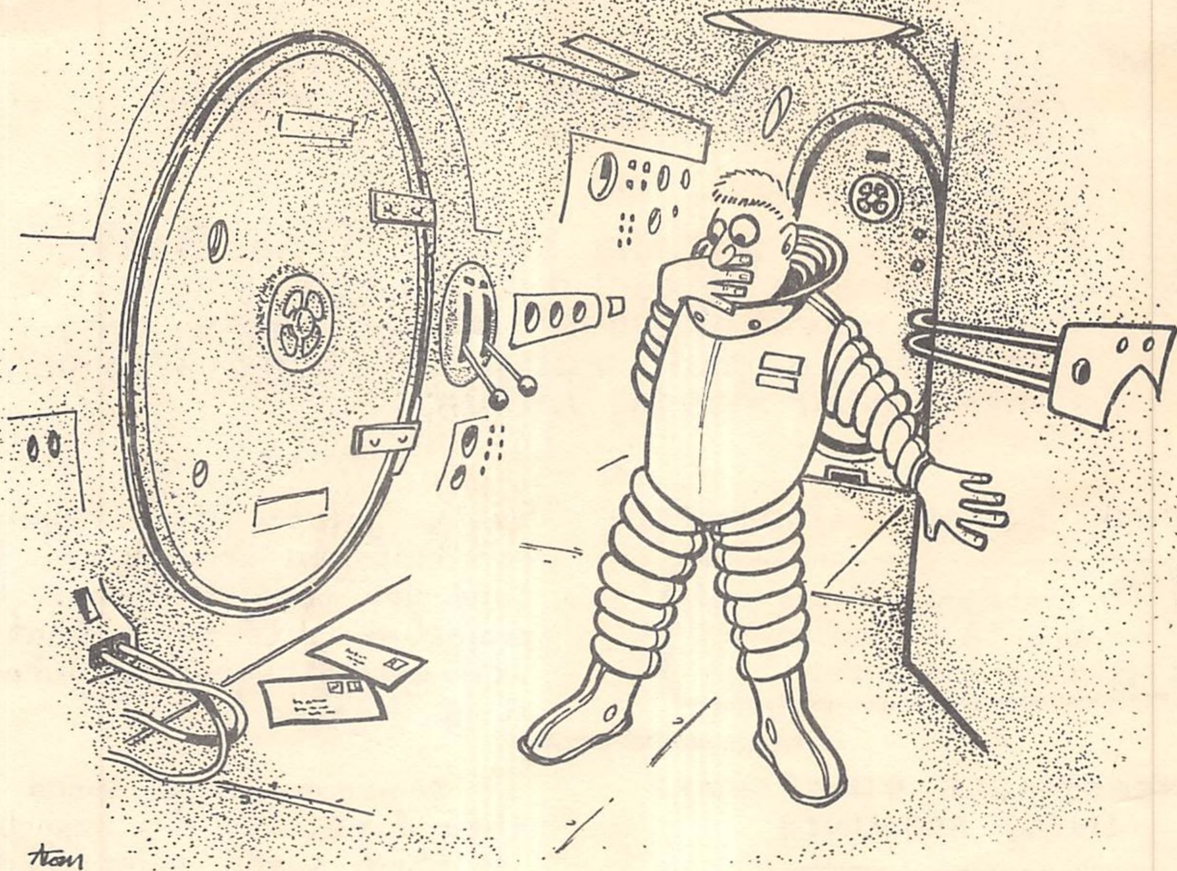
**BTB**

"Do you really have time for anything less?"

PP



YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS



BECAUSE:

- \_\_\_ You are a founder of the Famous Fan Writers' School.
- \_\_\_ You are a founder of the Famous Fan Artists' School.
- \_\_\_ You are a founder of the Famous Keyholders' School.
- \_\_\_ You are foundering in the North Atlantic 1600 miles northeast of New York City.
- \_\_\_ Why? Because we LIKE you! M - O - U - S - EEEEEEEEEEE.....
- \_\_\_ Mind you, we do this against our better judgment.
- \_\_\_ You have the death sentence on you on twelve systems.
- \_\_\_ How should we know? We weren't expecting this sort of bloody Spanish Inquisition!
- \_\_\_ You have joined the crusade to get MITSFS the entire fourth floor of the Student Center.
- \_\_\_ You have joined the crusade to get MITSFS a \$100,000 Ford Foundation Grant.
- \_\_\_ You have joined the crusade to get MITSFS.
- ☒ X You sent us some money or a letter or maybe a fanzine to trade.
- \_\_\_ You sent us an article to print or some artwork we could use.
- \_\_\_ Hey, at'sa good one, Boss. Now I ask you one...What has a big black mustache...smokes a big black cigar...and is a big pain-in-the-neck?