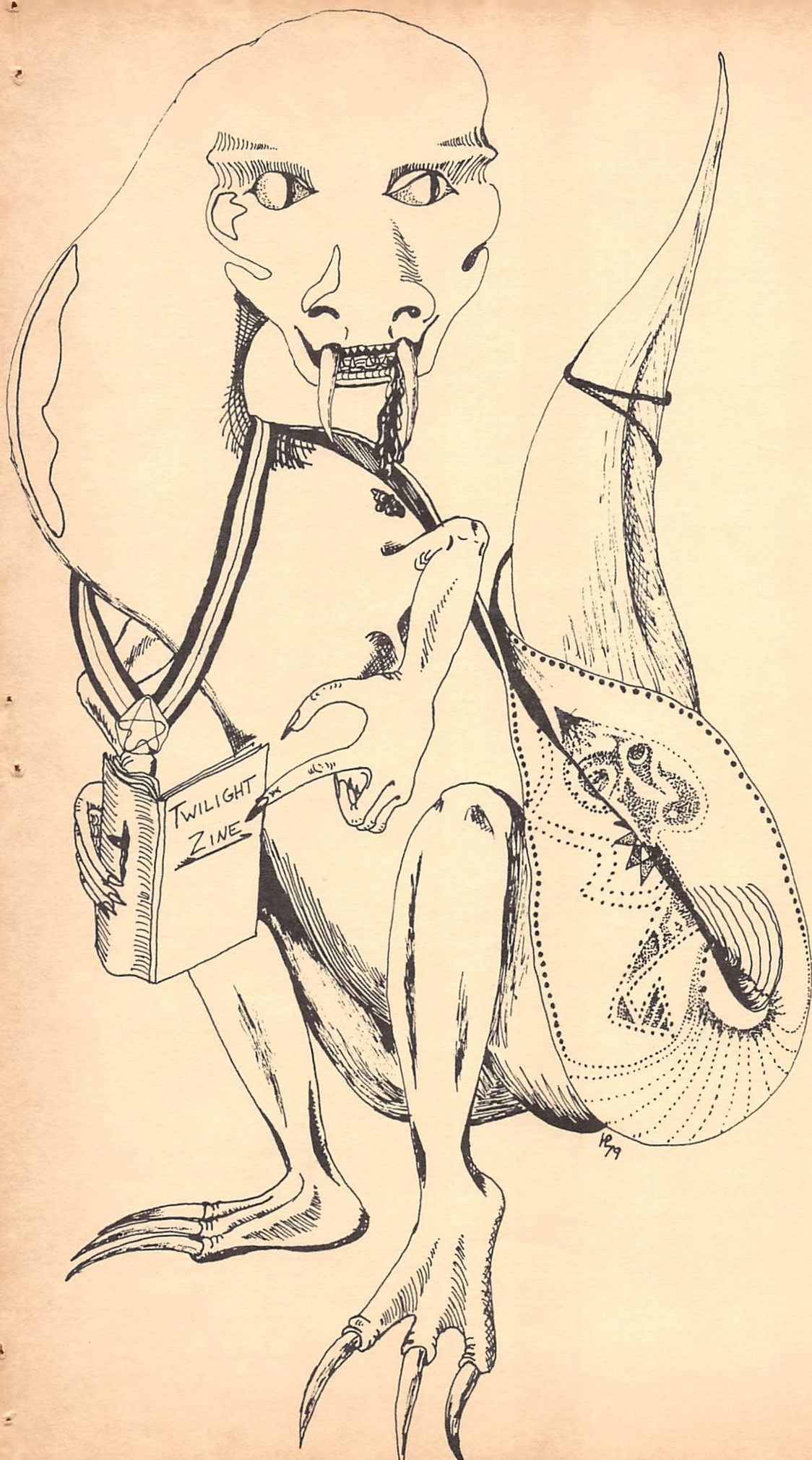


TWILIGHT ZINE 33



TWILIGHTZINE 33

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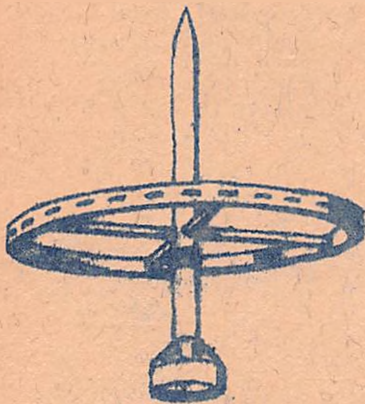
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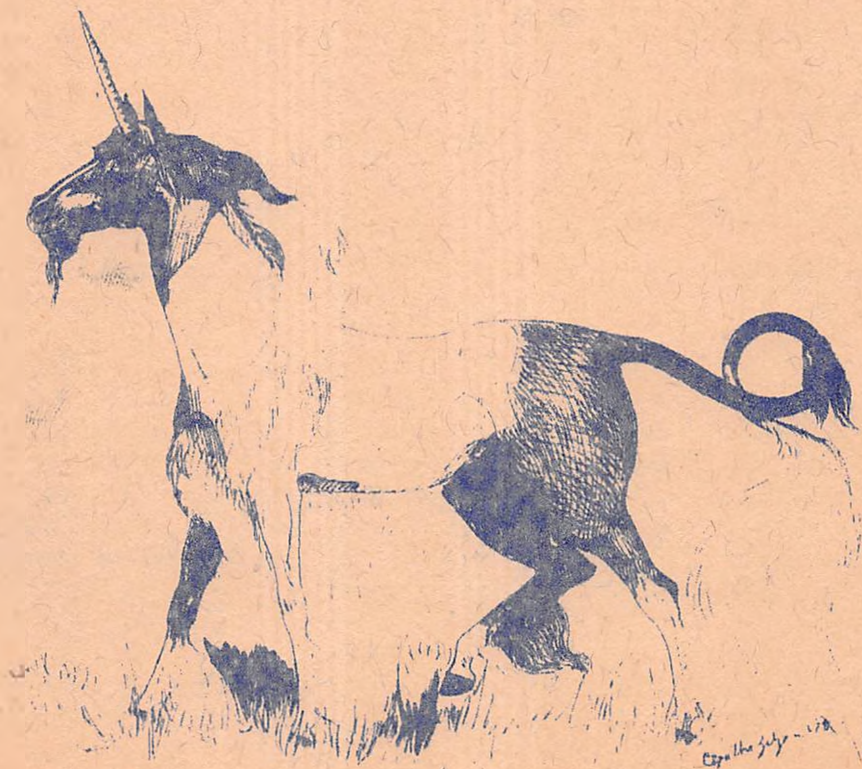
by Warren J. Dew

You may have noticed that this Twilightzine is 'late'--it has been four months, rather than three, since Twilightzine 32 came out. This is partly due to the change in editors, and partly due to a lack of new material (of course, it's mostly due to my not getting it out on schedule, but the reasons for that do not make for interesting discussion). I was hoping to get contributions from new sources, but it eventually became clear that such would not be forthcoming. So here it is, and perhaps if you are holding your first TZ, this will encourage you to bring something up to the MITSFS to show to me (or whoever the current editor is--ask for 'Jourcomm').

I do not in any way mean to imply that the contributors to this issue (nearly all of whom have contributed before) are not satisfactory--to the contrary, all of the material in this issue is of very good quality. It would be nice, though, to have at least one story not a part of a continuing series, and more would be better. We can certainly afford the space--we would not, in this issue, have had even to leave out anything. Perhaps next issue...

Speaking of contributions, we've not even received any significant number of letters since last issue. I have heard the opinion that letters are the most important part of a fanzine (of any type), but if we don't get any, we can't print any, you know. So...

Why are you reading a boring editorial when you could be reading a stimulating review, or an exciting story, anyway? So without further ado, here's TZ33!



MEATLOAF!

A review of three offerings from Manor Books

by Guy Consolmagno

Deep, Very Deep Space, by Joseph Nathenson, 219pp, \$1.75

The Colony, by Mary Vigliante, 190pp, \$1.75

Much of Magic and Miracles, by Naomi Hardy, 250pp, \$1.75

When I was in high school, and entertaining dreams of someday being a rock and roll star, I used to listen for hours to a record by the Plastic Ono Band called "Live Peace in Toronto." This was a recording of a benefit concert which, along with Yoko Ono's caterwaulings, featured the spectacle of John Lennon and Eric Clapton playing out of step, out of key, and out of tune. In fact, my basement band sounded better than they did. That was precisely the attraction of the album.

What Plastic Ono was to ambitious musicians, the output of Manor Books must be to incipient writers. Manor Books is a minor publishing house out of Rockville Centre, New York, which features badly written s.f. novels packaged in the kind of cheap paper, smeared ink, and unproofread typesetting that is reminiscent of low-class porno publishers. The covers usually have nothing to do with the stories; the blurbs on the inside or back covers can often be hilariously off the mark.

Deep, Very Deep, Space--if the title doesn't serve to warn you about this book, surely the inside blurb will. To entice us into purchasing this book, the publishers dangle this meaty little morsel before our eyes on the inside title page:

TERRIFIED

Jonas grinned. "There have been some developments since yesterday afternoon." The others stopped eating to listen. "For one thing, we've recovered all the stolen laser guns and small arms. They're safely back in the armory now and under heavy guard." There was general excitement at that news. "Instead of taking advantage of the situation, I've decided to let my agreement with the council stand--but only because I've found a solution to the basic problem that should satisfy everyone." He paused and cut into his meatloaf again.

Terrified meatloaf jokes aside, I cannot fault the editor's choice of passages. Having read the book, I must agree that this is indeed the most exciting scene in the whole story. A dull, very dull, book.

Along with badly written, content-less books, Manor also publishes badly written books with content so vile that even DAW (who gave us John Norman) wouldn't touch them. Such are the books of Mary Vigliante

(a.k.a. Mary Vigilante). Consider the first in her series, The Colony. It's an after-the-bomb story. A liberated young woman finds herself, via circumstances too dull to relate here, in a small colony of survivors where the male-female ratio is four-to-one. In order to deal with the obvious pressures such a situation would entail (which any Tech Coed could tell you about--c.f. the editorial last ish) this colony of survivors has decreed that each woman must take four husbands. These husbands are assigned by the powers-that-be. Our heroine suffers one hundred pages of lovingly detailed indignities before she realizes, in the end of the book, that being beaten and whipped and scrubbing endless dishes is terribly fulfilling and can actually be fun.

Probably the most tragic of the Manor books are those like Much of Magic and Miracles. This is actually a sort of cute story, with likeable characters and an intriguing plot; in the hands of a competent editor, Naomi Hardy might have been coaxed into improving the writing so that a real publishing house would buy it. The cover has a picture of a naked girl on a pentagram, and a blurb about covens and a mysterious, enchanted book; needless to say, none of this occurs in the novel. Rather, the plot concerns an ancient and eminent family of sorcerers who, from their castle beyond the grave, are awaiting the birth of the family's latest generation. However, this heiress is a baby-boom child who gets switched at the hospital with a little boy from the family next door; their adventures growing up, including the necessity of keeping the family castle (which the boy will inherit) in the possession of the rightful heir (the girl next door), make for a pleasant, if predictable, plot.

So why didn't a real publisher pick up this book? First, the plot is predictable, which, while certainly not a disqualification for publication, certainly doesn't help. Secondly, the writing style just doesn't flow easily--the author hasn't quite got the knack of writing sentences that can be read and understood without effort. Rather, they are filled with little modifiers and clauses which bump and grind the reader. Example: "The date was for dinner at the current 'in' place for the eastside singles set, an establishment duplicated by other places in their turn--noisy and phony, everyone there being aware of everyone there, predictably inane talk with little pretense at philosophy and a good deal of affectionate show." That's way too much baggage for any one sentence to have to carry.

Finally, just as the sentences have too many distracting ideas, so the book has too many distracting pieces--characters and events sufficient for several novels, all of them interesting but none of them with enough space to grow and live, and most of them sadly irrelevant to the plot. The novel as a whole is thus unfocused, confusing, and ultimately robbed of its impact. With ruthless editing, this could have become a crisp novelette; but editing, with or without Ruth, is precisely what all Manor books lack.

So, what good can be said about Manor books? They do provide an outlet for unpublishable authors; but any book which deserves to be published, deserves to be treated better than Manor will treat it. Perhaps their one redeeming feature is that, like the Plastic Ono Band, they serve as inspiration to the amateur. See, my writing isn't so bad--look at the junk that gets published!

We Laughed, We Cried, We Kissed Three Bucks Goodbye

by Diana Worthy

December 7, 1979--a date that will live in infamy. Thirty-eight years ago, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. To celebrate the anniversary of this event, Paramount has dropped what is probably a more expensive bomb on your neighborhood theatre: Star Trek: the Motion Picture.

Paramount reportedly spent upwards of \$40 million on this picture, and it shows: every set fairly screams of its high cost. Unfortunately, this is often to the detriment of the picture. When Kirk walks through the corridors of the new Enterprise, the viewer is distracted by the tremendous number of metal archways protruding from the walls. Anyone using the corridors during an attack upon the Enterprise could be flung against these and suffer a nasty concussion, or worse. The crew members could use a good union.

Many of the opticals are also more distracting than entertaining. When the Enterprise first goes into warp drive (a silly effect in itself), it enters a "wormhole", an effect that lasts several minutes, is not bad in and of itself, but is never explained. Other special effects simply mark time at the risk of boring the viewer: the lengthy introduction of the new Enterprise, the trip through the alien menace.

One reason for the lengthy optical sequences becomes clear early on. There is really not enough plot to fill a two hour movie without padding. The story would have fit comfortably into an hour less time, and bears an unfortunate resemblance to several of the television episodes. Much of the first half of the film is taken up with bringing in the old characters one by one, with built-in time for the audience to applaud each new appearance. The script does nothing to camouflage this. Harold Livingston does not write good dialogue, and with the possible exception of McCoy, does little to evoke the memories of our favorite characters from the television episodes.

The major failing of the film is its overall derivative quality. It plays on the audience's familiarity with the characters, without giving us any new insights about them. Uhura, Chekov, Sulu, and Chapel are present merely for old times' sake; what dialogue they have is confined to the standard lines: "Photon torpedos armed and ready", "Subspace frequencies jammed", etc. The feeling of camaraderie from the TV show is gone, and the officers of the Enterprise are reduced to caricatures: an arrogant Kirk, a coldly unemotional Spock, a McCoy and a Scott with ludicrously thick accents. Where is the close-knit trio of the Enterprise we knew and loved in the 60's? We might understand if we were given information on what had happened to these men since we saw them last, but we are told next to nothing. And so, when Kirk justifies his drafting of McCoy to the doctor by pleading, "I need you Bones", I have to suppress the urge to giggle.

The humor and humanity of the television series is gone, sacrificed to an expensive sound and light show. And even in this, the film is lacking. The effects show the rush work Trumbull and Dykstra did to complete them. The scene on Vulcan, which offered opportunities the small screen could never provide, is so dark that very little can be

seen. In fact, a great deal of the film is quite dark, even the interior shots on the Enterprise bridge. (This may have been a personal quirk of the cinematographer.)

I have other quibbles with the film, such as the Klingons' language being a combination of German and perhaps a Slavic tongue, and Star Fleet standard issue being changed to futuristic Dr. Dentons, but in the last analysis these are minor failings compared to the loss of the best qualities of the television series: an optimism about the future of the human race, and the sense of wonder so wonderfully called up by Star Wars. I would have preferred, and no doubt enjoyed, an unpretentious story of perhaps a battle between the Klingons and the Federation, with the small touches of humor the TV show employed (sounds like Star Wars, doesn't it?). This could have made excellent use of the special effects wizards Paramount mustered. As it stands, Star Trek: the Motion Picture should never have been made.

An East Wind Coming, by Arthur Byron Cover, Berkley, 355pp, \$2.25

The Book of the Dun Cow, by Walter Wangerin Jr.,

Pocket, 255pp, \$2.50

The Face, by Jack Vance, DAW, 224pp, \$1.95

Cosmic Kaleidoscope, by Bob Shaw, Dell, 224pp, \$1.75

Infinite Dreams, by Joe Haldeman, Avon, 224pp, \$2.25

reviewed by Chip Hitchcock

Some of you out there may know that I've been Panthercom (in charge of processing new books and keeping up the Pinkdex, our catalog) for over five years. I'm hanging up my punchcards now, though; the job has become much bigger while my time has shrunk (our collection has grown from 8000 to 12,000 listings in those years). The new Panthercom-elect Joe Romm, who appeared in these pages lastish.

I used to contemplate doing an article or two along the lines of Robert Bloch's description of one day's mail--there are certainly resemblances between the assortment of books we receive in a typical month and what he describes as arriving in the mail. Unfortunately, I don't have his flair for such things; I also have never gone so far as to slit my stomach, examine my entrails for signs, and hurl myself into the returnable books box (though I've frequently been tempted). But this column does constitute a survey of sorts; having previously looked at two big SF publishers, Ace and Ballantine/Del Rey, I went through the latest shipment and picked what looked like a promising book from each of the five next-most-prevalent publishers, each of whom had sent our jobber three new titles last month. This obviously isn't a legitimate survey of the overall quality of these publishers since all of them bring us quite a few titles in the course of a year and none are known for producing crud, but it does show some of the variety that is steadily available.

An East Wind Coming is a sequel to The Autumn Angels, which was featured in the short-lived Harlan Ellison Discovery Series from Pyramid. Whatever difficulties traditionally affect a sequel are here completely overwhelmed by this book's other problems.

To start with, the proofreading is so bad as to suggest that nobody could stand to read more than a few pages of the galleys; even though I skimmed half the book I found a dozen obvious and obnoxious typos.

It's obvious why nobody read the galleys; the book is very long (355 pages of text in small type), written in ornate, dragging prose (a single paragraph in one case runs over ten pages) overflowing with irrelevant details. At first this seems elegant, but it quickly becomes dull; as if aware of losing the reader's interest, Cover throws in random remarks about sex in the crudest possible terms. Obviously sex has its place in modern SF, but these insertions are so jarring and so frequently revolting that they simply add to the atmosphere of nausea. (Given his occasional maundering about existentialism and existential despair it could even be argued that Cover thinks he is rewriting Sartre's Nausea.)

The plot? Oh, yes. All of the people left on Earth have been immortal and possessed of an assortment of psi powers for some millions of years. (The psi powers are never rationalized and seem so broad as to make the people nearly omnipotent.) The people include the consulting detective and his friend the good doctor, the universal op, the fat man, the man in the yellow suit . . . the only capitalized people are Kitty (also the only named character) who makes a brief appearance as a corpse, and the Big Red Cheese. Maybe it's struck you by now that Cover is being cute? He is; all of the titled characters are borrowed from previous fiction (Sherlock Holmes, Watson, the Continental Op, and so on). These characters are attempting to track down the ripper, who messily murders another woman every hundred pages or so. Along the way Cover drops in gratuitous comments about SF fandom (titling Doc Smith as "the doughnut mix specialist") and mocks both himself and the reader by describing somebody reviewing a book with most of the flaws of this one.

Of course, it's possible that Cover is being incredible deep and thoughtful; it's much more likely that he simply doesn't know how bad a writer he is and how much difference there is between him and some of the New Wave writers who can actually write. In short, this book is unbelievably bad; if I hadn't committed myself to reviewing it I would have dropped it very early.

The Book of the Dun Cow is one of my pet peeves: religious fantasy. Now, many good fantasies have religious images and most of the greatest ones deal with the moral and ethical problems that religions often claim as their private concern; but very few of them give speaking roles to God and Satan. As an agnostic, I dislike this on principal; more specifically, I dislike the claims of absolute evil and absolute good that infest this book.

I'm also suspicious of any book which, like this one, refuses to give any front-page or back-cover plot summary but instead takes up several pages with ecstatic quotes from reviewers and professional writers. The plot itself is nothing to cheer about; talking animals led by an egotistical rooster defeat basilisks, the cockatrice their father, and its father the Wyrn which is locked under the earth but manages to break free because the rooster loses faith. There. Doesn't that look ridiculous? Maybe they didn't even try to get a blurb-writer to do something with this, or maybe it was handed round and no-one was willing to touch it.

The cover claims that the New York Times calls this "the best book of the year;" I've heard that the Times reviewer for SF and fantasy is a total unknown with strange ideas, so that's not impossible, but it's a condemnation of his critical sense even so. The book is not a complete turkey; the writing is at least more consistent than Cover's and less inflated, although it is coy where Cover would be crude (a dubious improvement). The characters are one-dimensional (proud

rooster, gentle hen, lugubrious dog, ferocious weasel, etc.) which is at least an improvement on no dimensions at all. The chapter titles are exasperatingly cute, consisting of short phrases describing the action of the chapter; the dun cow as a messenger of God is one of the more improbable conceits to be found in recent fantasy. This seems to be a first effort, which leaves some hope for the future, but if Wangerin believes the reviews printed in the book I doubt that he'll ever produce any good fantasy, and given the shortage of good fantasy that would be a pity.

The Face is the fourth in Jack Vance's 'Demon Princes' series; the fifth and final book is expected shortly. The outlines of the series is simple: Kirth Gersen, whose parents were killed in a pirate raid by five of the assorted villains known as Demon Princes, has set out to kill each of them in turn.

If this were treated by any other author the result would certainly be adventurous, probably bloody, possibly second-rate space opera, and very unlikely to sustain the interest of a serious reader over five books. Vance, however, has made his trademark the portrayal of an assortment of outlandishly strange human cultures in a style which treats all of them as commonplace. In fact, Gersen seems more than a little unreal. He is obviously an intensely driven man because if he weren't he would not so frequently risk his life in pursuit of a revenge from which he never seems to get personal satisfaction, but Vance's laid-back writing does not show this. Gersen simply carries out his mission as Vance describes his kills and his romances in virtually the same tone.

This means that the series avoids many of the usual perils of series; there is no purple prose and no chunks of text transported whole from book to book. In addition, Vance is endlessly inventive; each book has several new societies interestingly described, and each of the princes is hidden behind one or more false identities which Gersen must disentangle. Readers looking for mighty heroes and galaxy-spanning adventure won't find it here.

What about this book specifically? The Face is that of Lens Larque, an outcast from a violent culture which features a whip fetish. Gersen manages to take over a company Larque has manipulated, overcoming a series of perils including a violent game called hadaul, which is interesting but not as ingenious as the hussade Vance invented for another story. Gersen eventually catches up to and kills Larque on the second-to-last page of the book; in a neat twist, he then avenges himself and Larque on someone who had snubbed both of them. Hardly a masterpiece, but an enjoyable book if you don't mind the unchanging temperament and the frequent cultural footnotes. The MITSFS copy appears to have been slightly mishandled by the binder; the text is tilted at the same distracting angle on all of the pages and is frequently off-center. This is more of a surprise than an annoyance since DAW books are usually well-assembled.

Cosmic Kaleidoscope (Bob Shaw) and Infinite Dreams (Joe Haldeman) are both short story collections, and both have appeared before in hardback. However, with hardcovers going for nine or ten dollars these days, most people wait for the paperback to come out if they buy at all. These books are definitely worth buying.

Cosmic Kaleidoscope was the more surprising of the bunch, to me; I knew of Shaw as a funny writer (cf. his Eastercon speeches, which have just been collected and printed) with one dynamite short story, "Light of Other Days", and a number of pleasant but insignificant novels.

Maybe Shaw just does better at the short story than at the novel--that's true of a number of good writers. I picked up this book almost at random, and started reading the last story, which is sort of represented on the cover; "A Little Night Flying" may not be to everyone's political taste but I found it a good, dramatic portrayal of the traffic problems in a world in which everyone has individual flying harnesses.

Encouraged, I sat down to sample the book and found myself reading straight through. All of these stories pack a punch and all of them are tight and well-written. Shaw offers explanations for the existence of uranium ("Element of Chance"), the smile on the Mona Lisa ("The Gioconda Caper", written in marvelous imitation hard-boiled detective style), and the reports of Abominable Snowmen ("Unreasonable Facsimile"--would you believe aliens in fur suits practicing on the potential site of the mountaineering event at the next semimillennial Galactic Games?). He also take a swipe at overactive unions ("Deflation 2001"), shows a murderous triangle ("Waltz of the Bodysnatchers") and describes the reaction of a frontiersman to a modern revolver ("Skirmish on a Sunday Afternoon", the only novelette in the book).

All of the stories are reprints, mostly from the last four years but a couple going back as far as 1959; their sources, however, are scattered enough that most of them will be new to the average reader. There's no single story I would call Hugo class (though I usually don't even call all of the nominees Hugo class) but this is certainly a substantially better than average collection, and more reasonably priced than today's average.

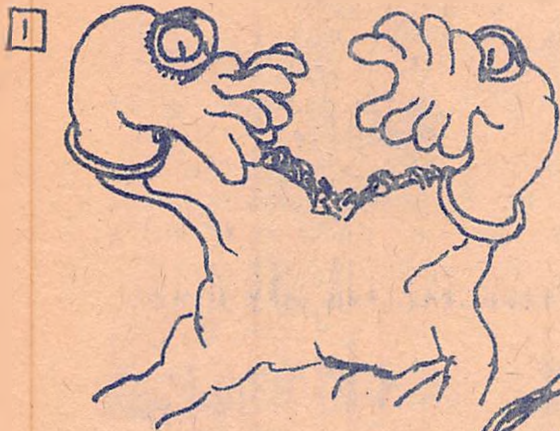
Infinite Dreams for some reason neglects to declare on the cover that Haldeman has won two Hugoes, one of them for a story in this book. Apparently some publishers' marketing departments doubt the value of that announcement on the cover in attracting the buyer's attention, which is a pity because I doubt that anyone who is attracted into putting down their \$2.25 for this book will regret it. This is not a complete collection; Haldeman's lesser work has been skipped. What's left is 13 stories from an exceptional writer.

In addition to the stories themselves, which cover a side range of plots and moods, Haldeman has written a short introduction for each story--not an inflated "look at the difficulties I went through to bring you this wonder" but a few quiet remarks on where the story came from and why. Obviously nobody has to read these, but I found them fascinating; besides an excellent squelch for the perennial "Where do you get your crazy ideas?" (Roger Zelazny says he leaves a bowl of milk and some crackers on the back stoop) they add a dimension to the stories.

What's in this book? Well, there's a very bitter short, "The Private War of Private Jacob"; two other dramatically bitter stories, "Summer's Lease" and "A Mind of His Own" both making important statements about truth and personal freedom (I know, that sounds hopelessly pompous, but Haldeman can handle those themes without being pompous); one very entertaining flying saucer story, "The Universe in a Mason Jar"; and eight other equally good ones I won't list here because lists are boring and won't give you enough of an idea of how good this collection is. There are a few more 'down' stories than 'up' in this book, but they are well-done enough that that is no more cause for complaint than it is in an Ellison collection --and in some ways this is better than recent Ellison because Haldeman uses writing as a craftsman's tool rather than as a pyrotechnic bludgeon.

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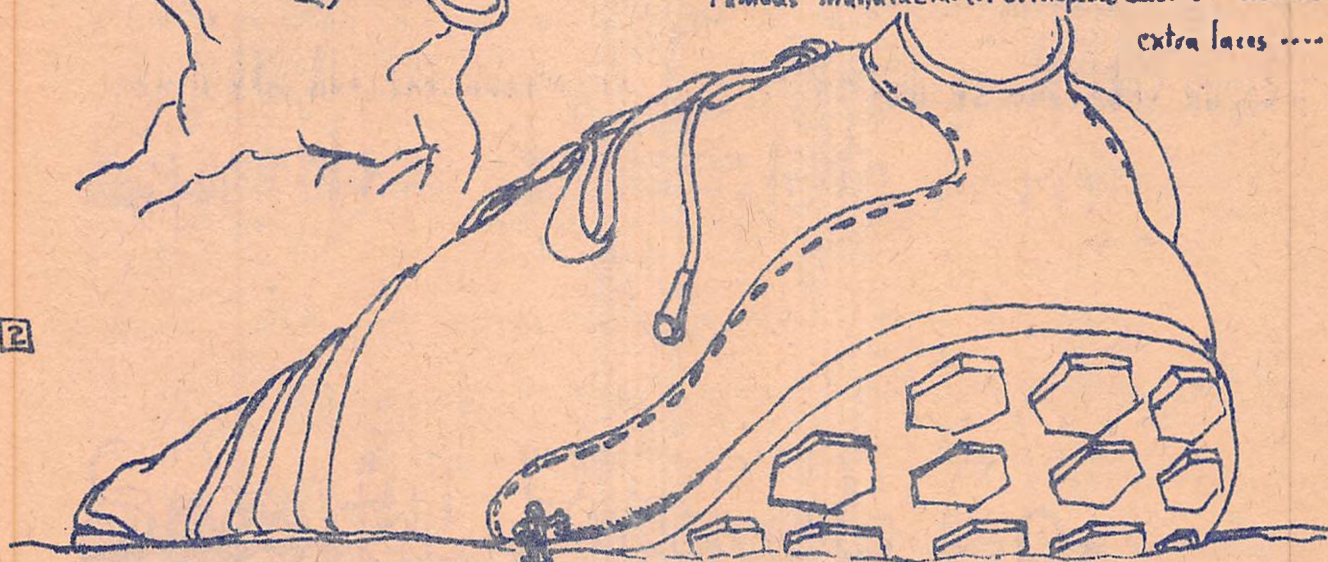


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..... 1.50★



5 Kadtlyno Enramuff

A winter necessity 5.00★



Minutes

9/8/72

Untitledcomm unfolded a long and soggy tale concerning the minutes of the previous meeting, which had somehow fallen into his hands. It seems that, last May, he lived in 345 Baker. It also seems that there was a fellow in 645 Baker who owned what used to be a waterbed.... Nevertheless, the letter to Asimov and the yellow piece of paper that said, "Nicholas Nussbaum expires June '72" were rescued, wrinkled but readable...

Pseudoflushcomm (Ruffa) reported on an alleged undergraduate thesis which claimed to prove that only 50 Institute toilets need be flushed simultaneously for the Institute plumbing to self-destruct. When said thesis was rejected, its validity was reportedly demonstrated.

The Phillies somehow doubted the veracity of this report, however, stating that, "If it happened within the last 10 years, I would have heard about it." ("Phillies, when are you going to leave?" "I at present have no plans to leave the Institute.")

A motion to observe a moment of silence for the Institute passed at unanimous less a few - none - one + Spehn.

Minicult (Davidson) -- Police in his hometown are still searching for a missing foot... It seems this foot was lost in a morgue, and some kids were later seen playing football with it before they tossed it down a sewer...

While various Society traditions were whispered about to the new Members, Ethylbert Apple made his premier appearance and was introduced to the audience.

Minicult (Davidson) -- An article in an old copy of his high school newspaper reported that the Banana has no natural diseases, no natural enemies (other than man and monkey), and no natural parasites.

A motion to inflict George Phillies on a Banana passed at 18 + a hat - 2 - 2 + cluck + Spehn.

9/15

Pseudoflushcomm (Nussbaum) reported that some poor freshman, having been duped into UROP, was presently engaged in trying to make sense out of the mishmash that was The Alpert's thesis, in order to build the thing, if such were possible.

Atlascomm and Gavelcomm continued their debate on the broken Gavelstone. Gavelcomm, who had insured the broken stone, instructed Atlascomm to return the defective merchandise, in its original packaging, to the factory.

Minicult (Timmreck) -- The movie rights to Dune have been bought by the same wonderful folks who are giving us a musical version of Tom Sawyer and are planning a musical version of Huckleberry Finn.

9/22

Bananacomm (Nussbaum) noted that the son of a brass-caster had become a member. Various ideas for an appropriate MITSFS seal to be cast by same were discussed.

Flushcomm observed a poster being distributed around the Institute stating, "\$3100 and we get Springfield Oval? Flush next Friday at 6 pm."

Minicult (Davidson) -- He described a new computer operation called "Condition No-op": if the conditions are met, no operation is performed; otherwise, the no-op is skipped.

The fact that Ashdown Dining Hall is closing was first brought to the Society's attention by the last name of the present Telzey Amberton, whose last name is Stouffer (not related to any of the eating places in Boston). This matter, duly reported by the Vice, did however lead to a discussion concerning the nature of a Mr. Lobdell -- what evil could this man have performed to have a dining hall named after him? This led to the creation of a new committee, Slobcomm, defined as identically equal to Analogcomm (much to his surprise) to investigate said question.

9/29

Charcomm -- Ruffa and Timmreck entered authentic facsimiles of burned draft cards into the Minutes, representing "the spirit of the disciplinary hearings which have been held in this room this past week." Ruffa's facsimile was a temporary ID card to the Galloping Hill Golf Course. Timmreck offered an expired Coop cash card.

Pseudoflushcomm noted that tonight is the night to Flush your Oval: "Remember -- at 6 pm." The Davidson stated that he was leaving town that night at 6 pm.

A motion of acclamation for the Skinner was readily accepted; various attempts to explain why the Skinner was being acclaimed were ignored and the motion passed at 22 - 9 - 3 + Spehn.

Pseudotheftcomm (Timmreck) -- Noting that it is one of Theftcomm's duties to steal a working model of a Buck Rogers ray gun, he pointed out that a fellow in New Jersey was offering a U-235 Buck Rogers Ray Gun for only \$75. It was suggested that Theftcomm steal the \$75.

A motion to commend Mr. Spehn for his unblemished voting record Spehned at 8 - 3 - 9 + Spehn.

Minicult (Consolmagno) -- A mad gunman in Texas smashed away at the 105" mirror of the McDonald Observatory telescope with a sledge hammer and shot at it several times with a rifle before being subdued. Inspection of the damage revealed a 2% loss of light from the mirror, which is still being used, unrepaired.

Minicult (Nussbaum) -- Fred Hoyle resigned his position, among other reasons, due to the fact that his group built a new telescope at Sussex-by-the-Sea, where the mists rise early...

9/29: (continued)

Minicault (Timbreck) -- Over the strains of the Adjournment Song, he told how Swissair, realizing that "jet lag" may have your tummy telling you it's dined-in time while the clocks may disagree, has taken to passing out bananas to its disembarking passengers.

It was thus moved and seconded that Bananas be distributed to each Member at the close of the Meeting, when the Society leaves SST. The motion tied at 9 - 7 - 9 + Spehn but was passed at c (3×10^{10}) - 7 - 9 + Spehn.

10/6

Pseudolibcomm (Consolmagno) presented a copy of the Time-Life Science Library volume, The Engineer, which featured a pictorial essay on MIT, entitled "Education Without End".

Mailman, noting that said book was of a scientific nature yet was still sheer fiction, moved to censure the Onseck for trying to revive T*b*ecomm. The motion chickened out at 27 - 5 - 42 + counting + unanimous + 2wmi + Spehn.

A motion then followed to commend the Society for its excellent voting record; this chickened at 0 - 0 - 3 + Spehn.

It seems that when the Society nationalized Peru, Mike Federow bought it for a quarter. When Federow failed to meet his debt, he was in turn nationalized. Now, three years later, Tom Martin offered to purchase Mike for a quarter; hearing no higher bidders, the transaction was completed. Federow was donated to the Society, to be placed on permanent reserve; Libcomm was instructed to place an orange sticker on him.

Mailman was officially appointed Pumpkincomm, in time for Halloween, and it was moved and seconded to affirm the Society's faith in the Great Pumpkin. This passed at 34 (4.6 fingers per hand)(1 fingers-1) - 5 - 10 eggs + Spehn. (Votes are dimensionless, but chickens come in eggs.)

10/20

PseudoLordHighEmbezzler -- The Skinner provided a corrected version of our prepared financial statement, indicating that we held \$511.99. On hearing this, one member of the audience donated a penny to round things out; another tossed a penny because he hates round figures. The Skinner mashed the pennies with the Gavel because he hates round coins.

There was a motion to censure a visitor at the previous meeting for complaining about our voting procedure, saying that we vote too much and we fail to observe standards set forth in a tome of heretical preachings known as Robert's Rules of Order. The verdict came back to condemn this individual by unanimous (=19) - 0 - 0 + Spehn.

Charley Tool and the Fellowship of the Foul Lord's Wizard Unicorn

by IRWIN T. LAPEER

They were in a delightful place called Blackenmoor. Don't ask how they got there; it's a long story--much too long to relate here. Charley thought he knew, but he didn't understand it. And Sarah didn't care, which was just as well.

There was a third person with them, a holdover from the previous adventure (the one too long to go into) whose name was Jan, and whose opinion as to how they got to where they were was still a mystery. It was possible she understood it all. She was a soldier from a planet of warrior-peis. She was definitely not from Charley's and Sarah's time or place. But then, neither was Blackenmoor.

I

"This," said Charley with disgust as he surveyed the smoking, steaming wrecks of hills that surrounded the bleak castle where they were guesting, "is what happens when you mess around with pei travel. Nothing but trouble."

"You got no sense of adventure," piped up Sarah.

"I've got no sense of direction," replied Charley. "Are you any better off? You tell me which way is home."

"What's wrong with where we are now?" asked Sarah, her little-girl enthusiasm brushing aside any other concern. "I always wanted to be in a spooky tower. This is neater than the riverfront rooms in Ashdown."

"Sarah, you do realize that we're in a dungeon, don't you?" asked Charley. "And when were you ever in Ashdown?" Ashdown was a dormitory reserved solely for grad students...back at MIT...wherever MIT was now.

"Pretty comfy," remarked Sarah. It wasn't clear which place she was referring to.

"Cold and damp," answered Charlie. Nor he.

"Yeah, I guess," Sarah admitted. "Sort of like the old crone who brought us here."

II

Perhaps a few words of explanation are in order. Charley and Sarah and Jan thought they'd be able to give them, a few hours later. A nasty looking drudge with a pointed stick had roused them from their sitting room overlooking the moors and brought them down to the cold,

grey stone hall of Castle Blackenmoor.

The hall was empty of people when they arrived. One by one the guard shoved the prisoners into the room. The first was Jan, the otherworld soldier--a thin girl with ascetic features; grey eyes, mousy blonde straight hair that stopped abruptly at the shoulders. She stood silently in her military cloak, no emotions registering. Indeed, as Charley had observed over the last few hours, she seemed almost in a trance.

Next came Sarah, the little squirmy (she preferred "lithe") ten year old girl with the long brown hair and big brown eyes--eyes that contained a flash of the Bush intelligence that had made her father, Dr. Edward Bush, a professor of polymer psionics at MIT.

And finally there was Charley, the ever-bemused Tech tool--rumpled beard, rumpled clothes, rumpled mind.

The hall in which they found themselves was tall and vast, like the nave of a medieval church. Crude tapestries depicting scenes of rape and torture hung from the rafters and down the walls. Heavy tables and chairs were scattered, helter-skelter, about the room--old scarred furniture covered with grease and droppings, reminding Charley of a picnic site at the end of the summer. Through the murky atmosphere he could spot what appeared to be mangled flesh. He clutched himself, to make sure his own skin was still attached.

Dogs and their excrement bespotted the floor in various unmoving positions. Over to one side, a flock of mangy hens flapped and clucked and left white splotches.

"Jan," gasped young Sarah to the blonde soldier who had led them into this room of decay, "what an incredible smell you've discovered."

Jan looked at her blankly. Charley didn't.

Sarah turned to the guard. "May we explore the room, sir?" The guard looked back at her, using his version of Jan's patented blank stare. "I've never been in a castle before," she continued. Charley was puzzled. Sarah's voice was being uncharacteristically "sweet," in the saccharine sort of way that she always claimed to detest. "Come on Jan," she continued, as the guard made no move to stop her, "let's go explore! Let's see what's on these tables!"

Then Charley understood. He watched the two of them flit from object to object, Sarah putting on an uncommonly bad imitation of her idea of an adult's idea of a ten year old girl. More to the point, Jan was handling everything in the room small enough to pick up.

She had explained it to them before. Her particular "special talent" was telekinesis. Anything she'd touched within the previous half-hour, she could move--no matter where she was--just as easily as if she were standing there next to the object itself. Anything small enough that she could pick up normally, she could move telekinetically--provided she'd touched it.

Jan was still touching stuff, and Sarah giggling inanely, when there was a groan from a massive oak door opening to their left. The flock of chickens squawked and flapped away as a small man dressed in unwieldy cloaks shambled into the room.

"Jani Sarah! Look!" shouted Charley, as the newcomer brushed chicken feathers off his cloak. "It's the Foul Lord himself!"

Sarah gave him a dirty look.

"All rise" said the drudge with the stick. They were already standing. "Make way for the Lord Sorcerer of Blackenmoor!"

III

The Lord Sorcerer had greasy brown hair, a stringy moustache, and a ginger goatee which bobbed when he talked, which was most of the time. In his hand he held a golden goblet, which (to judge from where he addressed most of his remarks) was the most faithful of his audiances.

"Now then," he began, in temporal confusion. "Come, come. I am so delighted to see you, don't you know. It's so touching, truly too marvelous for words, your dropping in on us like this; I've been so looking for someone like you. I have this quest, you see, which really must be taken care of, and as I am rather busy at the moment, what with the king being gone off gallivanting about with his wars and whatnot...it's not enough that he left me in charge, I don't mind that, no, but he's left things in such a dreadful mess and just in the busiest time of the year, too, you know; you'd think he'd know better, hmm, yes?" At this he paused, carefully cocking an arched eyebrow at the three of them.

"Watch out," said Charley, "his eye might be loaded."

"So might the rest of him," replied Sarah.

"Uh, look," Charley spoke up, addressing the loquacious lord. "I think we ought to explain..."

"Terrible wine, this," continued the lord, sipping from the goblet. "Those lackeys really don't know how to produce a first rate vintage. Well, they can't expect to have me do everything for them. Anyway, he's got to be found, and I figured since you didn't seem to be doing anything at the moment you were the logical choice."

"What are you talking about?" piped up Sarah. "Charley, what's he talking about?"

"Pardon me, sir..." started Charley again.

"So really all I want from you is to go out and fetch him. Will you? Oh, guard!" The lord called to his lackey. "Put some chains on these people and don't let them out of my sight until they've brought back Sylvester. Take them away now, and would you see about that new cask of port? That's a good fellow."

"Sir--you're not listening--" Charley was right. He wasn't.

"Hey!" cried Sarah. "What's the deal with these chains?" The lackey was starting to fasten cuffs to her arms. Meanwhile, the lord was walking back through his chickens towards the door.

"Hey You! Mister Magician!" The lord didn't seem to hear Charley, still. "Wait just a minute. I'll have you know you're dealing with some pretty hot magic here ourselves--right, Jan?" Jan was still a blank. Charley had a sudden feeling that maybe things weren't going to work out as he had hoped. Still, the lord had stopped at the word "magic." There was nothing for it but to press onward. He wished he had a cigarette lighter, or at least some matches. An eclipse would be timely... "Our powers--"

"Hah!" spouted the Lord Sorcerer. "I wouldn't brag if I were you." He spoke with a voice that did not even deign to sneer. "If those two wenches are the best you can come up with--I mean, pederasty and necrophilia might be to your taste, but personally I've seen livelier pieces of meat in a butcher's--"

Something snapped in Jan. Charley could almost hear it snap. There was something unnerving about the way she reacted to the "pieces of meat" description.

As one, all of the dog droppings and chicken guano and disgorged vomit that had covered the tables and floors rose off from their perches; red-faced, Jan gestured toward the Lord Sorcerer; and turds started hurtling themselves across the room.

"Look at the shit fly now!" exclaimed Sarah.

"Axeldust! Teestauri! Presolcon!" invoked the Lord Magician. "And Cease! By the Wrath of ---glumpf!" A well aimed missile caught him full in the face. He gestured with one arm, and wiped his mouth with the other. The flying debris froze in midair.

"Now look here!" he finally sputtered. "What was that for?"

"Just trying to get your attention," muttered Charley.

Jan took over. "Now you look here. We want to get off this planet. We only got here by accident. We want these stupid chains off. And for God's sake, we want to get out of this foul room!

"It stinks in here!"

IV

"This guy's a little weird, you know?" whispered Charley to Jan as they followed the magician into an antechamber. "By the way, welcome back to the land of the living. Where have you been all this time?"

"Smelling out this place," said Jan. "It reeks of psi."

"Oh," said Charley. "So that's what that smell was."

"You're very good, miss," said the lord, addressing Jan.

"I know," said she.

"But so am I. And that doesn't change the matter that Sylvester has got to be found. You look like outworlders, and lost. Perhaps we can make a deal."

"You gonna give us a rocketship to fly back home?" asked Sarah hopefully. Charley gave her a dirty look for interrupting. The lord gave her a dirty look for the crude suggestion. "Well, I didn't know," muttered Sarah.

"I can give you your coordinates, and get you off-planet; and I will, when you deliver Sylvester."

Jan looked at Charley. "Sounds fair." Charley nodded. His confidence in Jan was such that he felt finding anything couldn't be too much of a problem. Still...it had to be asked."

"Who's Sylvester? And what is this liable to entail?"

"All you have to do," said the lord, "is walk out to the woods--that little grove, just out the window to the left--"

for him. I imagine he'll find you."

"Why can't you just do it yourself if it's so easy?"

The lord stared into his cup and turned bright red. "Peasants have been whipped to dogmeat for less," he muttered, "you impudent fellow. No danger of him coming to me, I can assure you. I'd advise you to have a care, if you insist on persisting with your ill-considered insults. Indeed!"

There was a stony silence.

"I don't understand," said Sarah.

Jan wrinkled her nose, reminding Charlie of a TV show with Agnes Moorehead. (Or was it Steve Reeves?) "No," she said, shaking her head, "don't tell me. Sylvester is a unicorn, right?"

V

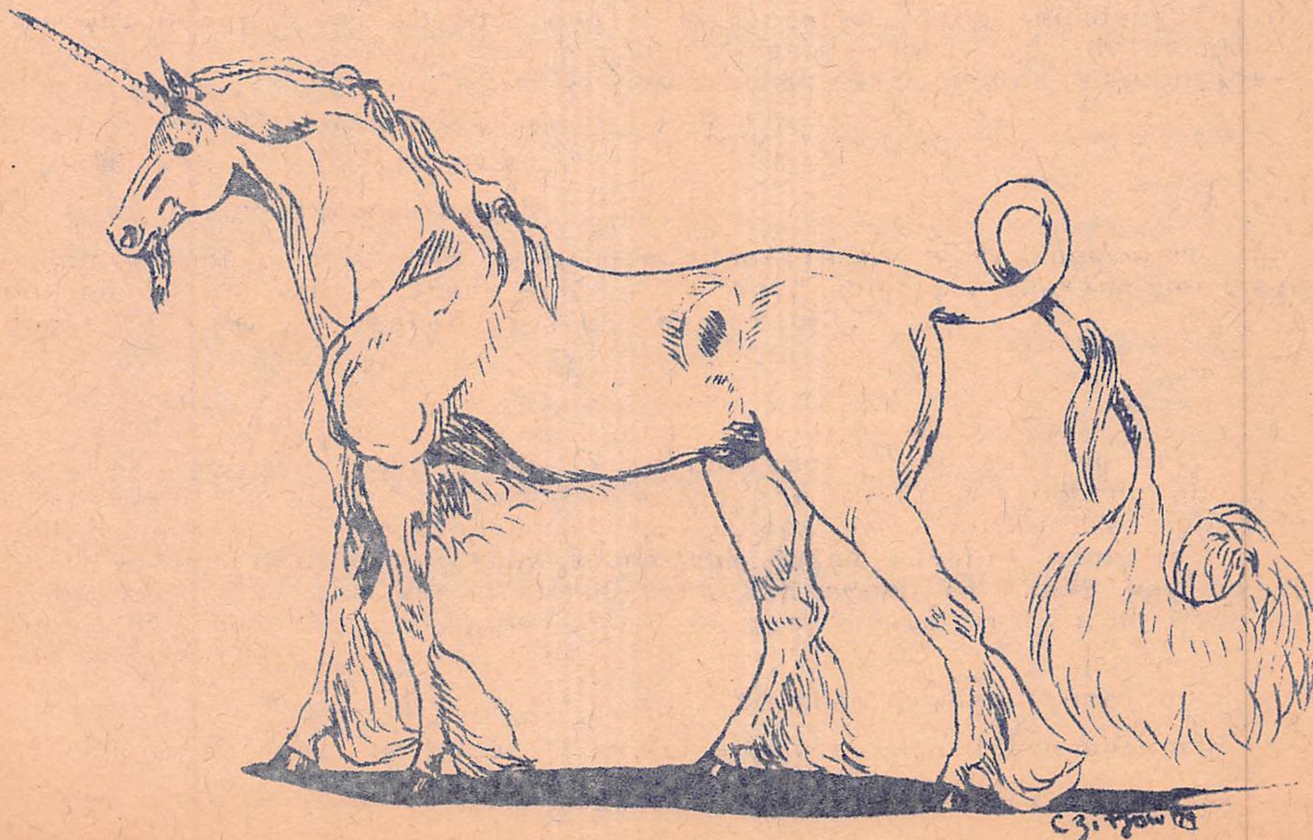
It was, as they say in ham radio parlance, like falling off a log. They walked out into the woods behind the castle, tromping about in mushy, half-frozen marshlands that almost but not quite supported their weight (Jan especially found the going rather rough as it was colder out than she was dressed for) and stumbled their way to the trees. By the time they got there, a grey shape with a horn on its head was there waiting for them.

"H-ha!" stuttered Jan in the cold. "So that's what I smelled."

"You don't smell so great yourself, dearie," said the unicorn.

"Hey, you talk!" exclaimed Sarah.

"What did you expect?"



"Well, I thought you'd neigh, like a horse. Or maybe bark like a dog. You do look a bit more doggish, and less horsey than I would have thought."

"That's really good," Jan commented. "Comparing one mythical beast to another."

"Uh, Jan," said Charley, "some places, like where we come from, dogs aren't mythical beasts."

"The same holds for unicorns," added Sylvester.

Sylvester turned to Charley. "Why did you have to bring her along?" He nodded towards Jan.

"Uh, we sort of all came together."

"It's cold. We've found him, let's go back," said Jan.

"Charley, are you ever going to explain this to me?" asked Sarah.

"It's like this, kid," said the unicorn. "Old Chuckles the Clown back at the castle gets all his magic powers from me. Can't live without me. Got to rub his magic wand on my horn once a month or he's in big trouble. But he's got to catch me, first. And most of the qualified unicorn bait around here can't stand him, and make themselves scarce when the time comes around. So, I presume, he's stooped to sending strangers out for me. He wants you to take me back to the castle, I presume?"

"Well, actually, no," said Charley. "He gave me his wand just before we left."

"In other words, Lord Chuckles doesn't rate as unicorn bait?" persisted Sarah.

"That is a fair statement," said the unicorn.

"And we do?"

"Well, one of you does."

Charley looked at Sarah with a shocked expression.

"She's too young," said Sylvester. "They gotta be over twelve or else it doesn't mean anything."

"Legend has it," whispered Jan to Sarah, "that unicorns are attracted only by virgins."

"Well, if I'm too young he must mean you," said Sarah. "Then how come you two have been making nasty faces at each other all along?"

"I've just been reeking his psi," said Jan. "It's very powerful, and very primitive."

"And she," added Sylvester to Sarah, "Doesn't qualify, either."

"I was wondering how this was going to work out," said Jan. "My regiment was involved in an ill-conceived sortie against a barbarian planet when I was a mere fifteen," she continued, "with certain unfortunate results."

"Yuck," said Charley.

"Right," said Jan.

"Before you get all shocked about some barbarians, you ought to look into the rape statistics back home," commented Sarah. "Of course,

I realize this isn't time for that sort of lecture. It never is."

"Well, anyway, that leaves it up to you," said Jan to Charley.

"I got nothing to say," said Charley. "Except that I thought unicorns only liked girls."

"How do you think we get little unicorns?" asked Sylvester.

"That's not what I mean and you know it," said Charley. "But I don't understand. Then the reason Lord Chuckles (that can't be his real name) can't come out here himself isn't because he's a guy?"

"That's correct. But old Chuckie (and you're right, it isn't) didn't seem to care. Considering how much he counts on me, you've got to admit that's pretty stupid of him. But then, well, we've all met the fellow and formed our own opinions already..."

"Well, even if he is the world's biggest flaming asshole, he's still our ticket home. Here's the magic pole. What am I supposed to do with it?"

"Hey," said Sylvester, "if all you want to do is get home, I can work that out as well as he can."

"Better," said Jan. "I can tell. Look, all you have to do is get us off this planet, and I can find our way home from there."

Sarah looked to the unicorn hopefully. But Charley said, "it's no good. Look, he did let us go on the promise that we'd bring his wand back to him. And even if he is a twit, a promise is still a promise. Or at least, I think so."

"Well, whatever we do, let's hurry it up. It's cold out here!" Jan insisted.

"If you go back, he'll probably not let you go," said Sylvester. "I suspect a promise isn't a promise, to him."

"Well, look. He won't keep me, because I'm too young," said Sarah. "And he won't keep Charley, because he probably thinks of virgins being girls, like the rest of us. So he'll keep Jan. And of course, she won't work. So that'll fix his goose."

"Actually," said Sylvester, "you're probably right. And--don't worry, you," he said to Jan. "If you get held back, I'll know it. No mistaking that reek. And as long as I can smell where you are, I can get you off the planet."

"Well fine," said Charley. "So let's get on the stick." He pulled the aforementioned stick out from under his shirt, and held it up to the unicorn. "Let's go, silly."

"With pleasure," said Syllly, obviously touched. "You know, it's not everyone who calls me by my nickname."

VI

Jan's feet were quite blue by the time they got back into the castle. The Lord Sorcerer--whose real name the unicorn never did tell them--greeted them in the great hall, with a stony silence.

"Rowdy!" said Sarah. "What's up, Chuck?"

"My wand, if you would be so kind," said the Magician.

"Right here," said Charley. He handed the unicorn-warmed sceptre to the lord.

"Brrrrr!" said Jan. "Come on, hurry up. I want to get out of here!"

"In a moment, in a moment," said the Foul Lord. He turned to the grate by the wall and aimed his wand. A roaring fire suddenly appeared. "Ahh, that's much better."

"That's it?" asked Charley. "It's the world's biggest charcoal starter?"

"It is a weapon of much portent!" intoned the Sorcerer. "As you will see, when it sends you homeward. It just so happens that I also use it to light fires. In fact, its might is so well known and so feared that, frankly, I don't have much opportunity to use it for anything else."

"Look, you got your firestick, can you get us off here now?" asked Jan.

"To be spared your presence would be a pleasure," replied the magician. "Ooboge! Eniznafi! Whoosh!"

Jan disappeared.

"Your turn next," he said to Charley. Again he gestured hypnotically.

Charley was gone.

"Huh," said Sarah. "You know, Chuckles, I guess we had you figured all wrong. Sylvester said you were sure not to let us go. Uh, they are back home now, aren't they?"

"They are," he replied. "At least, they are off-planet. That is all I promised. Whether they get home is up to that dreadful woman. But as for the rest, you do yourselves an injustice. You had me figured quite rightly.

"You're going nowhere."

"But!" cried Sarah. "But I'm not good. Sylvester said so. I'm too young!"

"I can wait," said the Lord.

Sarah hadn't counted on this.

"Besides," he continued, "I wasn't about to let her hang around here. No, I'm afraid one magician per castle is plenty, thank you."

"What about Charley? Why not keep him?"

"My dear. My tastes may be exotic, but there is nothing queer about them. No, no. Let me stick to necrophilia and pederasty!" Sarah suddenly realized that that ridiculous grimace he had been favoring her with was, in fact, a leer.

Well, if there was ever a time to pull it, it was now. "Uh, look," she said, trying hard to stop that stupid quiver from getting into her voice. "Look, uh, you may not believe this, but I'm a magician, too."

The Foul Lord gave a desperate glance around at the dog droppings. They stayed in their place.

Sarah fumbled in an old brown change purse that she had found once, many months ago, in another story in another place. From its inner

recesses she retrieved...a cigarette lighter!

"Wanna see me bite my flick?" she said. "No, that can't be right." Disdaining further snappy comments, she spun the wheel.

A miracle occurred. It worked.

It worked even better than she had hoped. The Lord was staring at it in amazement. "Incredible!" he breathed.

"Now do you believe I'm a magician?"

"No," he said. "I can tell there's no magic involved. But all the same, I can see it's a firemaker--every bit as good as my wand." He turned to her, a sly look creeping into his eyes. "Tell you what Let's make a trade. Give me the firestick, and I'll send you home."

"Give you the firestick, and then I'll really be stuck. No way. Send me home first."

"You'll take the firestick with you!"

"You're the one doing the sending. Make your magic send me, not what I'm holding."

"Hmm." The sorcerer considered it for a moment. "It's just possible. I think I know how to do it. Hmm...let's see. Studpol! Greastudpol! S-C-C-B-D-G! Hal! With this firestick I'll never have to face that stupid unicorn again!" And he gestured madly.

"Wait till the butane runs out!" cried Sarah. But she was gone.

VII

"Uh, Jan?" asked Charley. "Before you send us the rest of the way back home, do you think you could find something for Sarah?"

"Don't you dare look at me, either of you. But especially you, Charley," said Sarah. "And no nasty comments either."

"There should be a blanket around here, somewhere," said Jan. "Here, do you think this will fit?" She handed it over to the little girl, who was standing over in a corner, shivering, back in Jan's room on Telemarthia.

"I presume he divided things into animate and inanimate?" asked Charley.

"Undoubtedly," replied Jan. "It's quite easy to do. Okay, you can open your eyes now, Charley."

Charley did so, and glanced over at Sarah. She gave him a fierce look back.

"Happy to be here?" he asked. "It still isn't home, you know. Jan still doesn't quite know what to do with us."

"It's better than where we were," said Sarah.

"I'm glad you think my room is better than Lord Chuckles'," Jan replied.

"And you know what's the best thing about it?" asked Sarah. She took a deep breath, then let it out with a long sigh. "No Shit!"

MAD EARS

(Another Doc Salvage Adventure)

by WILL MURRAY

It was at precisely 8:45 p.m. that the Eskimo tried to cross the busy avenue toward the skyscraper headquarters of Doc Salvage. It could be seen from the look in his wrinkled face and the terrified way he clutched his sealskin package that he was less than calm.

Cars whizzed by him. He took a tentative step off the curb and onto the street proper. A Daimler ran over his stiff little toes and he hopped back.

"IGPUT!" he cursed, which was hardly the polite thing to say even when one's foot has been squished a little.

He stopped, undid his sealskin package and examined the contents, as if to ascertain that all was well. The wrappings disclosed an amazing sight!

Within, dully gleaming, was a human tooth. But it was no ordinary tooth, for not only was it entirely of gold, but it was also the size of a basketball!

The Eskimo muttered to himself and rewrapped the bundle. Steeling himself, he sallied forth once again with the goal of the skyscraper looming just ahead.

He did a little better this time, getting more than halfway across the street. Unfortunately, he lost a little ground when a speeding beer truck hurtled down and ran him over very dead indeed.

His precious burden tumbled into a sewer and was never seen again.

As a direct result of this regrettable incident, the 567 castaways of the liner S.S. Chuck Mulch died of starvation in the frozen Arctic; a king's ransom in giant gold teeth remained unclaimed; a last city of Serbo-Croatian Eskimos remained hopelessly under the iron forceps of a renegade dentist-turned-dictator and most importantly--the fantastic adventure of The Molar Treasure never got past chapter one....

All of which worked out very well for "Hunch" Flink, a small-time hood who, at that very moment, was lying in wait in the lobby of Doc Salvage's headquarters.

He was trying not to attract any attention.

Rather difficult in light of the fact that "Hunch" did not earn his nickname because he was a good guesser.

The several hours he'd been waiting was getting to him. And having to fight off the advances of thrill-hungry socialites eager to fondle his hump didn't help much either.

But, eventually, his patience was rewarded when Doc Salvage himself strode in, fresh from his weekly bund meeting.

Hunch stared in awe at the brass giant.

Doc lumbered across the carpet to his elevator like an elephant in a well-used cow pasture. His skin shone like tarnished brass, while his eyes, like bestirred bowls of oatmeal, each focused on the tip of his nose.

He knocked over three bell boys, a potted giant redwood, and stepped on a Salvation Army Colonel before the lift took him upward.

This was Hunch's first glimpse of the dreaded Man of Brass.

"This is the jasper that the big boss is so scared of?" he asked himself as he scratched his hump with a pearl-handled backscratcher.

"That's right, that's the guy," he answered. (He had a habit of talking to himself in this fashion, as he was the only one that would listen.)

Hunch decided that Doc Salvage was a ring-tailed, jumping-up-and-down, spell-it-with-a-"K" Klown.

He was being generous.

Doc Salvage entered the reception room of his suite to find one of his men (if "men" was the proper word), Bunny Dipstick, seated at his desk with his hind legs up on the ink blotter.

"Duh, what's up, Doc?" he greeted, wriggling his pink little nose with childish glee. Bunny was noted for his habitual dress, which consisted of a furry white rabbit suit.

Doc resisted an urge to rip Bunny's rabbit ears off for that remark. "Someone was here to see you," Bunny stated, "but he flew away."

Now Bunny had one thing in common with all of Doc's men: namely, he was as sharp as a grape. No one knew this better than Doc, himself.

Doc smiled and handed Bunny a carrot, which the latter proceeded to peel as easily as you or I might peel a banana simply because he didn't know that carrots can't be peeled that way.

While he was munching, Doc tried to elicit a coherent story. He should have known better.

"He flew away, Bunny?"

Bunny thought a moment.

"Yup," he said.

"How did he fly away, Bunny?"

"Out the window."

Doc grimaced.

"How did he fly out the window?"

"In a hurry."

Doc thought a moment. "Did he fly out in a plane?"

Bunny scowled, "How would a plane fit through the window?"

Doc's face tried to decide upon the proper shade between crimson and purple, finally deciding upon a smoky lavender. He bit his tongue and tried to regain control.

Bunny finished his carrot and asked, "Got another carrot for Bunny?"

Doc simmered down and handed his furry friend another carrot.

Bunny didn't peel this one, instead he snipped off one end, stuck it in his mouth and lit the other end. He blew a few carrot rings, not realizing that such things were impossible.

"This man," Doc resumed. "Did he have wings?"

"Nope," said Bunny.

"Did he have a balloon?"

"Nope."

"Well, what did he have then?"

Bunny thought again. A funny light gleamed in his eyes.

"He had ears," Bunny said, nodding to himself in a satisfied way.

"But everyone has ears!!!" Doc shouted.

"That's right," Bunny agreed.

Doc gave up that tack. "Go out and play, Bunny," Doc ordered, suspecting that something was up and the best way to get to the bottom of it was to send his aide out to be kidnapped by the nearest lurking criminal.

"Okay." Bunny hopped out.

After he had left, Doc noticed a fist-sized lump of greenish-grey glop on the rug. He was about to call Bunny back so that he could stick his nose into it, when he realized that the glop wasn't what it first seemed to be.

Doc examined the stuff in his usual scientific manner: first, he crushed it under his hob-nailed boot to see if it was alive. Doc peered at the mess that was left and decided the question was now academic.

Next, he sniffed it. No particular odor.

Then, he tasted it. "Yecch" was his scientific analysis.

It was a glop of earwax.

Doc promptly deduced that his mysterious visitor did have ears, after all.

At that very moment, a curious figure backed into the room.

He was attired in a sequined matador suit and was fighting off whatever was forcing him into the room with an umbrella and a red cape that looked as if it was a playground for snails.

This worthy was another of Doc's merry munchkins, Hem Bricks, shyater-turned-seamstress. He stopped his parrying in order to blow his nose on his cape, which explained its appearance; he planned to wash it eventually, but so far had used only one side of the thing.

"Back, you clod, back, I say!" he screeched.

He fell backward when a warthog came crashing down upon his noggin.

The warthog was wielded by a most singular individual.

The latter resembled nothing so much as a panda bear, a similarity heightened by the moth-eaten mink coat that was his sole garment.

He was Mink Maypole, boy chemist and rake extraordinary. He flailed the fallen Hem savagely with his warthog.

The warthog was Mink's pet, which he had cleverly named Corpus Delicti.

Corpus Delicti was a very appropriate name.

This was because Corpus Delicti was dead.

Mink had picked up the animal in a previous adventure in Australia. The warthog had torn out of the outback and, for no apparent reason, had bitten the chemist in an exceedingly soft place--his Head.

The warthog died instantly and Mink, much taken with this show of affection, promptly adopted him as a pet.

Mink carried the remains everywhere he went and even set a place for him at the dinner table.

Mink often ate alone.

Mink and Hem were enjoying their perennial brawl which dated back to the great war, where they had quarreled over an incredibly ugly French barmaid.

A weird sound that resembled steam escaping rang out suddenly. This, and the jets coming out of Doc's ears, indicated to the duo that the brass man was mad and it might be better if they laid off before he did something rash.

"At attention, you yoohoos," Doc ordered.

Mink and Hem snapped erect, Mink stuffing his pet into a pocket; Hem's pocket.

"We've got a problem, men," Doc announced. "A man was just here looking for us and we've got to find him."

"How come we got to find him, how come?" Mink queried.

"Because anyone stupid enough to come to me for help is stupid enough to pay a whole lot of crazy money," Doc supplied.

That sounded logical to them.

"What's this guy look like?" Hem wondered.

"All I know is that he has ears, probably two of them," Doc said.

Mink and Hem looked at each other, shrugged and said nothing.

It was at that moment that the doorbell rang.

Doc opened the door to find a hunch-backed bellboy with a telegram thrust out at him. "Telegram, sir," the hunch-back said.

Doc took the envelope and said, "Tip the man, Mink."

"Sure, Doc."

Mink picked up the bellboy and set him on his side. The bellboy said, "Thank you, sir," and Mink closed the door.

Doc ripped open the telegram and read the message within:

DOC SALVAGE, NEW YORK
WE HAVE YOUR RABBIT STOP IF YOU WANT
TO SEE HIM ALIVE AGAIN STAY OUT
OF THIS BUSINESS STOP THE EARWIG

Doc Salvage was disgusted. He never understood why his enemies had to go off and kidnap one of his men every time trouble started. Why couldn't they resort to an old-fashioned bribe like everyone else. Why, for a paltry few grand, he would have been glad to forget the whole thing. But, no, they had to do it the hard way.

Doc knew he would have to rescue Bunny if for no other reason than the fact that he had a small fortune tied up in a carrot stockpile and he certainly wasn't going to eat the damn things.

Doc tried to break the news to his men as gently as he possibly could. "That damnfool rabbit has gone and got himself captured again."

Hem yawned loudly, but Mink let out a wail and tears streamed down his cheeks.

"B-b-but-but, it was my turn to get captured," he moaned. "You promised that I'd be next, Doc, you promised!"

Just then, the doorbell rang again.

Doc opened the door and found himself face-to-hunch with the bellboy again. "Telegram, sir," he said.

Again, Doc took the envelope and said, "Tip the man, Mink."

Mink ambled over, but this time the bellboy backed away, waving his hands before him like a man shooing bees. "No thanks, I'm trying to quit," he said.

Mink shrugged and closed the door.

Doc read aloud:

DOC SALVAGE, NEW YORK
P.S. STOP YOUR RABBIT IS HUNGRY
STOP DEPOSIT TWO THOUSAND EIGHTY
SEVEN CARROTS ON EARLOBE CAY
BY DAWN STOP EARWIG

"Earlobe Cay!" Mink yelled. "That must be where this Earwig character is holed up!"

"Let's go," Doc rapped. They pounded into their eleveator and shot down to the ground floor.

As they descended, Hem remarked, "Too bad Jenny and Tall Tim aren't here, they'd like this."

Hem was referring to Tall Tim Rabbits and Jenny Littleodd, two more of Doc's merry men.

"Merry" might not be the most appropriate adjective to apply to the two. Just recently they had both fallen in love and eloped--with each other.

Tall Tim and Jenny were as gay as elves.

Right now, they were honeymooning in Intercourse, PA., a sojourn no doubt enlivened by Doc's rather unique wedding gift. Doc had spread the story of their whereabouts among many of his old enemies, who by this time must be flocking to the sleepy little town with cute ideas and sharp instruments.

When Doc and the boys stepped out of the lift, they stumbled upon an unusual corpse.

This corpse was noteworthy for precisely two reasons.

One: he was encrusted with a coating of earwax.

Two: he had no ears, only two ragged holes where they had been recently sliced off.

Doc had a hunch. The mental kind.

Knowing as he did that, just as no two sets of fingerprints are alike, no one's earwax tastes exactly like another's. True, the differences in many cases might be rather subtle, but Doc had spent countless hours sampling the earwax of various persons just for such an eventuality as this.

Doc bent over and tasted.

"Yecch." He decided. It was the same man all right. The one who had had ears when he first visited the skyscraper, but who now strangely lacked any vestige of aural organs.

Doc straightened just as Mink let out a yowl, "Looky!"

They all turned and beheld an amazing sight.

Tip-toeing out the back door was the hunch-backed bellboy. What was so strange, so weird, so unbelievable was what he was carrying under each arm.

He was toting a pair of ears.

Not ordinary ears, mind you, these were as big as panes of glass. They must have been pretty heavy, too, because the hunch-back was struggling with them.

The bellboy got out the door with the giant ears and into a waiting car which promptly roared off.

Doc and his man lit out after him in their two-door limousine.

As was his habit, Doc rode the running board. His foot, as it always did, had gotten stuck on a tremendous wad of chewing gum that Mink spat out.

It hardly mattered, anyway. Doc's bulk would have prevented him from fitting into the machine at any rate.

The chase led to the outskirts of town, to a seaside cliff.

There, Doc ran the hunch-back's car off the side of the road and they set upon their quarry.

Mink reached the car first and dragged the man from his machine.

Mink didn't bother to hit the other. He had dated many hunch-backed women in the past and the experiences had taught him a sure-fire way

of subduing them.

He tipped him over and set him on his hump, where he rocked and waved his little arms and legs like an up-ended turtle.

They set about to examine the giant ears.

They were genuine, all right. Not only that, but there were marks on them that indicated that they'd been severed from their owner's head recently.

Without a doubt, these ears, as big as they were, had belonged to the normal-sized corpse back at headquarters.

"I don't understand this," Mink said. It was his favorite phrase; one that he could spout on any occasion and still be appropriate.

Just then, their floundering captive sneezed violently, upsetting himself. He rolled onto his belly, got up and grabbed the ears from Doc.

Quickly, he strapped the ears to his arms and jumped over the cliff. He flapped the ears wildly and the wind bore him out to sea.

"Say, cat's pretty spiffy," Hem remarked. "Tink I'll get me a pair of them ears."

When they got back to town, newboys were hawking extras. They stopped and picked up several papers and a pulp magazine, The Shudder, for Mink.

They read as they drove.

The headlines were in ninety point type and screamed things like:

GIANT EAR EPIDEMIC STRIKES CITY!
Hundreds Stricken!

Or:

MAD GENIUS UNLEASHES DUMBO PLAGUE!
Unknown Crazy Demands Tribute In Earwax!

"We'd better get back to headquarters," Doc said. He didn't say why, though. The truth was that he had to use the little men's room.

As they rode, Mink pointed out an interesting classified in his magazine. "looky," he pointed.

Doc read the ad:

BIG EARS?
Don't fret. Modern science has shown that you needn't be afflicted with this hideous condition. Join thousands of other sufferers and send ten thousand dollars and a ton of earwax to:
Box 104, Earlobe Cay

"You think that there may be a connection, Mink?" Doc asked.

Mink grunted something vague because he was confused. Actually, he'd been pointing out a clumsily-disguised ad for girlie pictures.

They approached headquarters rapidly and went right by it just -- fast.

The place was surrounded by cops who doubtless had discovered the earwax encrusted, earless corpse. As usual they placed the blame on Doc Salvage, knowing that Doc would bribe them to forget the whole thing and frame someone else for the crime.

They did this a lot.

Doc and the boys parked in an alley near the skyscraper.

"Wait here," Doc directed. He ducked into a nearby phonebooth, unknowingly creating another "first." He had to get to the men's room, he had to.

He reached into his trick vest and pulled out his amazingly-compact make-up kit.

There was a not in it saying: SORRY, NEEDED STUFF FOR HONEYMOON. LOVE, JENNY.

Undaunted, the Man of Brass rigged up one of his clever makeshift disguises.

This one was amazing in its near-perfect simplicity, a tribute to Doc's mind which was of a similar nature.

Doc used an ordinary paper bag and a magic marker.

He drew a picture of Abraham Lincoln on the front of the bag, poked out eye holes and placed the whole ingenious contrivance over his head.

Confidently, he strode into the lobby of the building.

He was greeted by a general tipping of officer's caps and a chorus of "Hello, Mr. President," "Hiya, Abe," and "Good Evening, Mr. Roosevelt," this last from a former History major who, for obvious reasons, opted for a career as a cop.

Doc was very pleased with himself as he passed the coppers and stepped into the lift.

What he hadn't realized was, though the disguise was adequate enough to fool your average city flatfoot, there was a fatal flaw in it.

Namely: he had neglected to sketch in side and rear views of Lincoln.

So it was, when he passed the cops, the illusion was broken by the blank side view.

All they saw was a clown with a paper bag over his head.

Being New York City cops, they were a little slow on the uptake and Doc shot up to his suite before they got themselves organized.

He removed his mask before he entered the reception room, which saved a great deal of confusion.

As he entered, he was met by a visitor.

The visitor, Doc was pleased to see, was a woman. A woman who was rather well endowed in those places where a woman should be so blessed.

She had the biggest earrings Doc had ever seen.

This was probably because she also had the biggest ears that Doc

had ever seen, he decided.

"Doc Salvage, Doc Salvage," she cried, doing a perfect imitation of a damsel in distress, tears and wringing hands and the whole schtick. "I'm so glad you've returned! I'm desperate, desperate, I tell you!"

Doc brightened. "Why, so am I," he replied. "Why don't we..."

"No, no. It's my uncle. I'm afraid he's gone mad. My fiance tried to reach you..."

"Yes, he did. I'm afraid he's rather dead right now. I'm sorry..."

"Don't be. He was a clutz. But, I've just escaped from my uncle. He's on Earlobe Cay..."

"Humm," Doc thought, "Seems I've heard of it somewhere."

"Stop interrupting, will ya? I'm trying to get this all out before my tears run out."

However, her story didn't get much further, for every window in the place shattered.

A veritable horde of black-clad, black-masked marauders swooped in on flapping ears the size of church doors.

Quickly, they scooped up the girl and belted Doc with earwax balls to keep him off balance.

With a whirr of ears, they flew off.

Doc picked himself up and decided, since the Earlobe Cay clue had been dropped three times already, it might just be a good idea to investigate the place.

He donned his disguise and shot down to the lobby.

He had a rather unpleasant surprise when he alighted.

There were a large number of cops waiting for him.

They all had drawn guns.

They all had paper bags over their heads.

Likenesses of John Wilkes Booth were scribbled on the bags.

Before they could fire, Doc pulled out one of his clever little gadgets. This one resembled a baseball. Doc flicked a lever and threw it over their heads.

It exploded in mid-air, showering the scrambling cops with bills of money in large denominations. Tens, twenties, even hundred dollar bills rained down.

To a man, the flatfeet dropped their guns and began to fight over the windfall.

While they were so engaged with what would later prove to be Monopoly money, Doc slid out the door unharmed.

Mink and Bom never quite understood just what happened next.

The whole thing occurred so suddenly that it took their little minds totally unawares. In fact, even after an eight hour explanation,

complete with diagrams and chronology, which Doc later supplied, they never managed to grasp even the gist of the whole blinding thing.

All they knew was that they were sitting in their car, gawking at the pedestrians, many of whom were stricken by the giant ear epidemic, when a man who looked remarkably like Abraham Lincoln rushed up, ripped the roof off their car, squeezed behind the wheel and shouted, "To Earlobe Cay!" at the top of his lungs.

It was all they could do to hold on as the car roared off from New York to Chicago in thirty seconds flat, made a U-turn in the Windy City and then began to gather speed.

They tore back to New York in only ten seconds, when their driver applied the brakes on the sands of Far Rockaway beach and the machine skipped over the Atlantic like a flat stone.

They scooted past Earlobe Cay, missing it by a country mile and finally crashed up on the shores of merry ol' England.

When they pulled themselves out of the wreck, Mink inquired, "But I thought Abraham Lincoln was dead, I thought he was."

"Can it, you two," Doc ordered, whipping off his disguise.

Mink and Hem's eyes widened.

"WOW, great disguise, Doc," they exclaimed.

Doc said nothing.

There was a fisherman nearby, fixing his net in front of a large boat.

They approached him.

"Like fish?" Doc asked.

"Yep," the fisherman replied matter-of-factly.

Doc was pleased.

"Mink," he said.

Mink stepped up and threw the fisherman into the ocean where he could be closer to the objects of his affection.

This way, they didn't feel so bad when they commandeered his boat and set sail for Earlobe Cay.

Back in New York, a kayak beached itself on the Hudson River and two furtive polar bears left it and headed inland.

At least, they looked like polar bears.

Together, they slipped into a morgue and drew out one of the long drawers in which bodies are stored. This action revealed the corpse of a slightly-mashed Eskimo.

One of the bears drew out a pair of forceps and calmly extracted all the poor unfortunate's teeth. They then placed the teeth in a chamoise bag and, whispering to each other in Serbo-Croatian, replaced the body and hastily departed New York in their kayak.

Now, while this rather bizarre incident has nothing whatever to do

with the affair of the giant ears, it does illustrate the futility of modern Dentistry and, beyond that, is a plea for flouridation.

We hope this message will not go unheeded.

Doc, Mink and Hem landed on Earlobe Cay several hours later.

The Cay was little more than a bare piece of rock and, when they got ashore, they were set upon by masked ears.

They were the same masked ears that had kidnapped the girl at Doc's headquarters.

In between the big ears, it could be seen that there were human beings to which the ears were attached, which served to keep the ears from falling down.

The arrangement worked rather well.

The ears toted rifles in their hands and ordered, "Hands up and march."

Doc and company complied because none of the judo throws they knew covered a situation like this.

"I don't understand any of this thing," Mink commented.

As always, Mink was right.

They were marched into a cave by the walking, swaying ears.

"Boy, I'd hate to have to wash behind dem babies," Hem chuckled.

"Shut up," one of the ears snapped. It seemed they were rather sensitive to their conditions and were in no mood for ear jokes.

Within the cave, an amazing sight greeted them.

Literally thousands of people were being held in huge cages. All of them, without exception, were afflicted with the giant ear doom.

While they huddled fearfully, other people with large ears, the ones with masks, were collecting the wax from their ears and carrying it in big gobs to a giant vat set in the floor.

Around this vat stood three odd figures.

The kidnapped girl, the fake bellboy, Hunch Flink, and a third figure who could only be the hidden mastermind, The Earwig.

They were quickly ushered into the presence of the latter.

The Earwig was, in every respect, perfectly normal-looking--for an earwig--except that he was the size of a man and stood up on his hind legs.

"The great Doc Salvage!" The Earwig greeted, his feelers quivering. "So, at last we meet."

Doc wasn't in any mood, so he asked the logical question.

"What's all this nonsense about, anyway?"

"I'm glad you asked me that," The Earwig replied.

He then went into a routine that was part Hamlet, bombast, and ham actor gesticulation.

"Once," he cried, lifting his arms as if to entreat the great eardrum in the sky, "once, I was a great scientist, a veritable master in my field!

"For years, I slaved in my laboratory, trying to perfect a process that I knew would be a boon to mankind, would lift the human race up from it's current degradation.

"Then, I succeeded!

"But those fools, those fools at the academy, they wouldn't listen. No, instead, they laughed at me; laughed, I tell you! Even when I proved my theories before their eyes, they snsered and threw test tubes and retorts and rheostats at me!

"The greatest scientific breakthrough since the condom, and they mocked it!"

He took a deep breath and Doc knew what was coming.

"I discovered, (are you ready for this?) I discovered a cheap, foolproof and inexpensive process for extracting gold from human earwax!

"And they laughed at me!

"Where will you get enough earwax to make it feasable?" was all they could say. "Why there isn't enough of the stuff in creation to yield ten dollars worth of gold," they told me.

"But now, now they daren't laugh! For now I've poisoned the water sup of New York with my Ear Growth Accelerator Serum," he flashed a hypo needle. "Just as I'll do to you all!"

His little speech seemed to go on and on, as he explained how his ad in various pulps wasluring cure-seekers to the Cay, where he drained them of all their wax, like a perverted vampire, and how he stood to make a killing with the whole scheme.

Doc yawned a few times, deciding that The Earwig had flipped hi wig.

Finally, the key in his back must have unwound, or something, and The Earwig calmed down.

He advanced upon them with the hypo.

Doc, thinking fast, said, "do it to these two." He picked up Mink and Hem. "You can have them with my compliments. I raised them from pups just for experiments like this."

"Why thank you," The Earwig said, "very kind of you, I must say."

"Oh, it's nothing, really."

Mink and Hem got the needle.

Immediately, their ears began to grow and swell, until they stuck out like sails, the lobes cragging in the dirt.

They reacted the only way that they could in such a situation.

They basied like babies.

Right there, Doc decided enough was enough.

He played his trump card.

Doc's voice, under normal circumstances, was rather like

fingernails screeching against a chalkboard. But when he wanted to, he could raise the pitch to an excruciating degree.

It was in this voice that he began to yodel. Then he sung the "Star-spangled Banner" and finally, a repertoire of Woody Guthrie songs.

The effect was magical--also gross as hell.

Everywhere, the giant ears dropped their guns and tried to stuff the nearest objects into their hearing canals.

Failing that, they began to run around in circles with wild abandon, crying "COTTON, COTTON," at the top of their lungs.

Finally, in a frenzy, they ran out of the cave and into the ocean, where they drowned.

All except The Earwig and his assistant, Hunch Flink.

Taking his cue from Mink, Doc upended Hunch like a turtle, thus rendering him no threat.

The Earwig was just as easy to handle.

One quick shot of RAID and he folded up, little legs and feelers curling in the air when he bit the dust.

Doc knelt and removed The Earwig's mask.

He got the shock of his life.

The face revealed was a dead-white one. His hair and eyes were also a whitish hue.

"Richard Ornery Bunsen!" Doc exclaimed.

The story of Richard Ornery Bunsen was a tragic one, Doc knew. He ~~was~~ a great scientist once. He was also one of Doc's competitors in the salvage business, going under the name of The Scavenger.

He was a very successful man until vicious criminals had torn his teddy bear apart, right before his very eyes.

The shock had proven too much for the man. His face and mind had been instantly paralyzed.

Doc knew every detail of the tragedy.

He should, for he was the one who sicced the criminals on Bunsen for muscling in on his territory.

He'd always wondered what had happened to the man after his magazine had folded.

Doc left the body and took stock of things.

As it turned out, the gold-from-earwax was nothing more than the figment of an unbalanced mind.

Doc, however, soon figured out a way to cash in on the affair.

He decided to open up a plastic surgery practice one he reached the city. With the ear growing serum in his possession, he could secretly afflict thousands and then turn around and charge an outrageous fee for corrective surgery.

But, before he could put the plan into practice, he had to round up his men.

He found Bunny alive and well in a rabbit hutch and set him free.

Miraculously, Mink and Hem were also intact.

Doc found them on the beach arguing with each other, as usual.

This disagreement was a bit unique in its manifestations, for as it turned out, they were both stone deaf from Doc's yodeling.

Neither one wanted to admit it to the other, so they continued arguing about two totally unrelated subjects, never suspecting that the other was deaf as well.

The altercation might have gone on well nigh forever, if a stiff wind had not sprung up, caught their fan-like ears, and bore them out to sea, still yelling at the top of their lungs.

Doc shrugged and said, "oh, well. I guess it's just you and me, from now on. Right, Bunny?"

"Bunny?"

When Doc turned, he saw Bunny being presented with a carrot by a little blond girl in a white dress.

She led the big furry boob away by the and and, together, they jumped down a rabbit hole which they pulled in after them.

Later, when Doc returned home, he found that someone had scrawled a warning on one side of his skyscraper.

The warning, which was in Serbo-Croatian, said:

STAY OUT OF ALASKA IF YOU VALUE YOUR TEETH!

-THE DENTAL WIZARD

The warning didn't scare the brass man one whit. He couldn't read Serbo-Croatian and never did learn what it said.

-----letter-----

Dear Editor(s) of Twilight Zine,

It's 65 and pouring rain this evening and I've gone "over the wall" from the University of Illinois for a week-and-a-half and I'm even getting some work done: what better time to sit back, read TZ 32, type up some Minute extracts for TZ 33, and who knows, even write you a letter? I was even in Boston for a few days before Thanksgiving, but had not the time to visit with you. Besides, I thought it best to clear up a certain matter (uh...you know...) before showing my face there again; suffice it to say that work is progressing in amongst the numerous other tasks I must complete before departing Champaign-Urbana for a chosen place of employment (their choice, most probably) in just six weeks.

Things at ChUSFA (that strange creature spawned partially by certain old MITSFS folk) are going just rippingly, except for the fact

that we're broke. Our library's up to nearly 6000 items now and I'm afraid we've left those poor kids consumed with an obsession to "catch MITSFS". Well, maybe in a couple more years.... Anyhow, if you're wondering why you've not received a trade copy of our 'zine in exchange for TZ 32, it's because we aren't giving our editor any more money we don't have until he's worked off his printing debt. I don't suppose you folks offer foreign aid?

(I have it... we declare war on you, send 20 CHUSFANS to the gates of the Student Center in an Olds Delta 88, establish a beachhead in the Lobby, launch an assault on the fourth floor, charge the Library, surrender to the Keyholder on duty, who is superiorly armed with the Gavel, and you give our defeated post-war organization money to get us back on our feet! Oh, you saw that movie, eh?)

Let's have a look here at this latest TZ. First, I must express a sense of grim foreboding over the efforts of your editorial staff to reduce the decade to a single year! Back when I was (Jourcomm/2), our editors saw to it that a decade was at least ten years. This current trend is most distressing - keep up the good work! Second, I know from my negligible experience as an editor that mimeo is a lot cheaper than photo offset, but it is also murder on the artwork (and sometimes even on the text). Can a remedy be effected?

As I read the distilled minutes, certain thoughts came to mind. Heavens, aren't some of these things leftovers from stuff I typed for TZ back about 1975? I wonder how much more backlog remains to be cleared out of that old filing cabinet... Someone once expressed dismay over the fact that a year's worth of minutes from Society meetings could be winnowed to a mere handful of pages. In preparing these vignettes, I prefer to think that there are simply too many events which would require extensive exposition for the uninitiated reader (for which, see the upcoming History--oops, I would go and mention that...) or that many of those occurrences involve stories for which the world is not yet ready (their taste still hasn't sunk that low...). In reading through the minutes of the early Seventies, I begin to feel that I am on the verge of attaining that most hoary and enigmatic status of the Historical Figure. Somehow, I still feel too young to set up housekeeping within the "dustbins of history". Well...

(Here's a little story to make you post-war boom babies feel a mite aged. Paul Mailman or his wife--I've forgotten who (memory's the first thing to go...)--told me they were in a record store when a 15-year-old pawing through the cutout bins pulled out an album and exclaimed to a friend, "Gosh, I didn't know Paul McCartney was in a band befor Wings!" Jus' han' me that glass a warm milk, Maudie, an' tuck the blanket in tighter aroun' my legs, thankee.)

I could have sworn I'd read that story of Irwin's somewhere before. Then I recalled that he had shown it to me on my last visit to his home in - I'll never tell. I am glad to see that Mr. Lapeer has maintained his usual literary standards. The other stories, to me, seemed strictly from hunger; they reveal the hazards to an author's work presented by writing on an empty stomach (or typing on eraseable bond after skipping lunch). I must have made four visits to the refrigerator while trying to finish reading them.

Yours faithfully,
you know who...
1220 Lenape Way
Scotch Plains, N.J.

MITSPS WANT LIST

SEMI-PROFESSIONAL MAGAZINES:

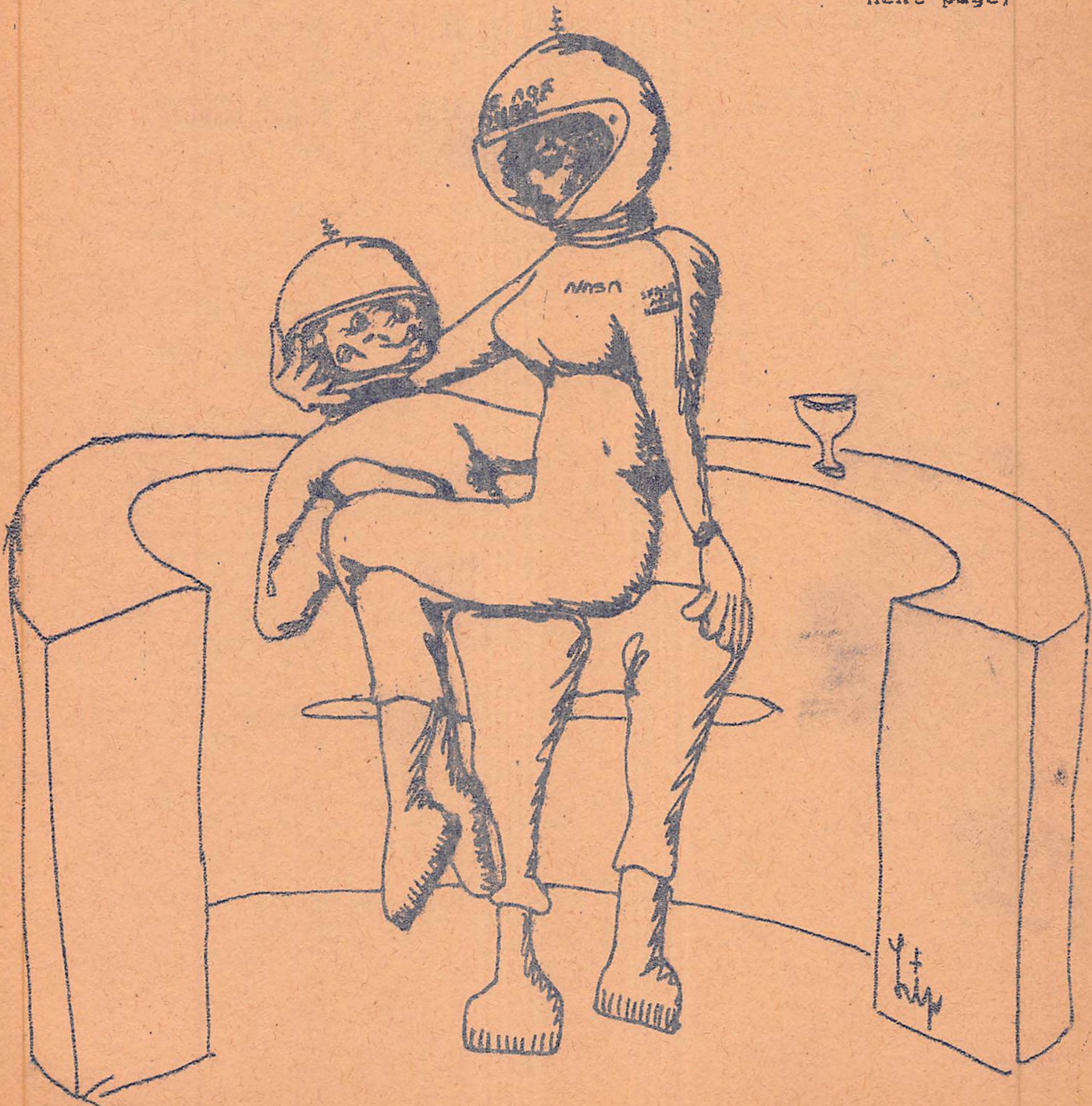
Arkham Sampler--1948: Autumn; 1949: Spring
Marvel Tales--1934: May(#1) Whispers--#1

AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINES:

Thrills, Inc--#s 1, 3, 14,
17, 19, 20, 21, 22
Void--all

CANADIAN MAGAZINES:

Super Science Stories--1942: Oct;
1945: Feb-Aug, Dec
Uncanny Tales--all
(continued on
next page)



AMERICAN MAGAZINES:

Amazing Stories--1973: Oct.
Amazing Stories Annual--1927.
Analog--1970: Apr, Jun; 1971: Oct; 1972: Jun; 1973: Sep;
1975: May; 1976: Jan, Apr, May; 1977: Jan thru Sep.
Dusty Ayres and his Battle Birds--1934, 1935: all.
Bizarre Fantasy--1970: Fall(#1).
Famous SF--1968: Spring(#6); 1969: Spring(#9).
Fantastic--1972: Jun; 1974: May; 1975: Feb, Apr, Aug, Oct, Dec;
1976: Feb, May, Aug, Nov; 1977: Feb, Jun, Sep, Dec.
Fantastic Adventures--1939: May.
Flash Gordon Strange Adventure Magazine--1936: Dec.
Galaxy--1969: Jul, Aug, Dec; 1972: Jan/Feb; 1973: Nov; 1976: Oct;
1974: May, Jun, Oct, Nov, Dec; 1975: Jan, Feb, Jun, Sep.
Ghost Stories--1926: all; 1927: all; 1928: Jan, Feb, Apr, Jun-Dec;
1929: all; 1930: Jan-Jul, Sep, Oct; 1931: all.
IF--1969: Jul, Sep; 1970: Jan, Apr, Jul/Aug; 1972: Jan/Feb;
1973: Jan/Feb, Mar/Apr, Jul/Aug, Nov/Dec; 1974: Jan/Feb, May/Jun.
Magazine of F&SF--1973: Mar, Apr, Jun-Oct, Dec;
1974: Jan, Apr-Sep, Nov, Dec; 1975: Feb, Oct, Nov;
1976: Mar; 1977: Feb, Sep, Oct, Nov, Dec.
Monster Parade: all.
Other Worlds--1957: May.
Science Fiction Adventures (classics)--1973: Jul; 1974: May.
Scientific Detective Monthly (and Amazing Detective Tales)--1930: all.
Sky Worlds--1978: Aug.
Startling Mystery Stories--1967: Winter(#7).
Strange Stories--1939: Oct; 1940: Feb, Jun, Dec.
Strange Tales--1933: Jan.
Strangest Stories Ever Told--1970: Summer.
Super Science Fiction--1957: Oct.
Terence O'leary's Warbirds--1935: all.
Weird Tales--1923: Apr-Nov; 1924: all; 1925: Jan-Oct, Dec;
1926: Jan, Mar, Apr, Jun-Dec; 1974: Summer.
Weird Terror Tales--Winter 1969/70(#1).
Witches Tales--1936: all.
Wonder Stories--1931: Jul, Oct; 1933: Dec.

BRITISH MAGAZINES:

Fantasy--1939: March(#2)
Futuristic Science Stories: #s 11, 14, 15.
New Worlds--1960: Jul(#96).
Scoops--1934: #s 2-20.
Tales of Wonder--#s 1, 13.
Vortex--all.
Wonders of the Spaceways--#8.
Worlds of Fantasy--#s 10, 11.
Tales of Tomorrow--#s 2, 5, 7-10.
Science Fantasy--1958: Apr(#28), Dec(#32); 1964: Feb(#63), Apr(#64).
Science Fiction Adventures--1958: Jul(#3).
Vargo Statten SF Magazine--v1,#5;
(British Space Fiction Magazine) v2,#s 1, 3, 4.
Supernatural Stories--#s 5-1, 37-42, 2, 14, 16, 18, 20, 21, 24, 29-34
45, 101; (Out of This World) #s 13, 15, 17.

YOU ARE GETTING THIS (TWILIGHT ZINE 33) BECAUSE:

☒ You sent us ☒ money, ☐ a story, ☐ artwork,
☐ a fanzine in trade.

☐ You sent a loc.

☐ You sent a bagel.

☐ You send me (sigh).

☐ You're proposing to purchase the name "Twilight Zine", and
sell it to Galileo to run as a sister magazine to Galaxy.

☐ You're proposing to purchase the slush file of Twilight
Zine, and sell it to Galileo to run AS Galaxy.

☐ You got Larry Niven to show up at the MITSFS.

☐ You called Erwin S. Strauss a big-name pro.

☐ You called Irwin T. Lapeer a big-name pro.

☐ You thought the MITSFS didn't appreciate you enough--and
we wanted to prove it.

☐ You gave Jojo a banana (NOW!)

☐ You said you liked zines with long boring book reviews and
fanfic.

☐ You promised to send us a piece of a Russian submarine to
use as a gavel block.

☐ You promised to send us a piece of an Afghan submarine to
use as a gavel block.

☐ You promised to send us a Russian submarine to use as a
gavel block.