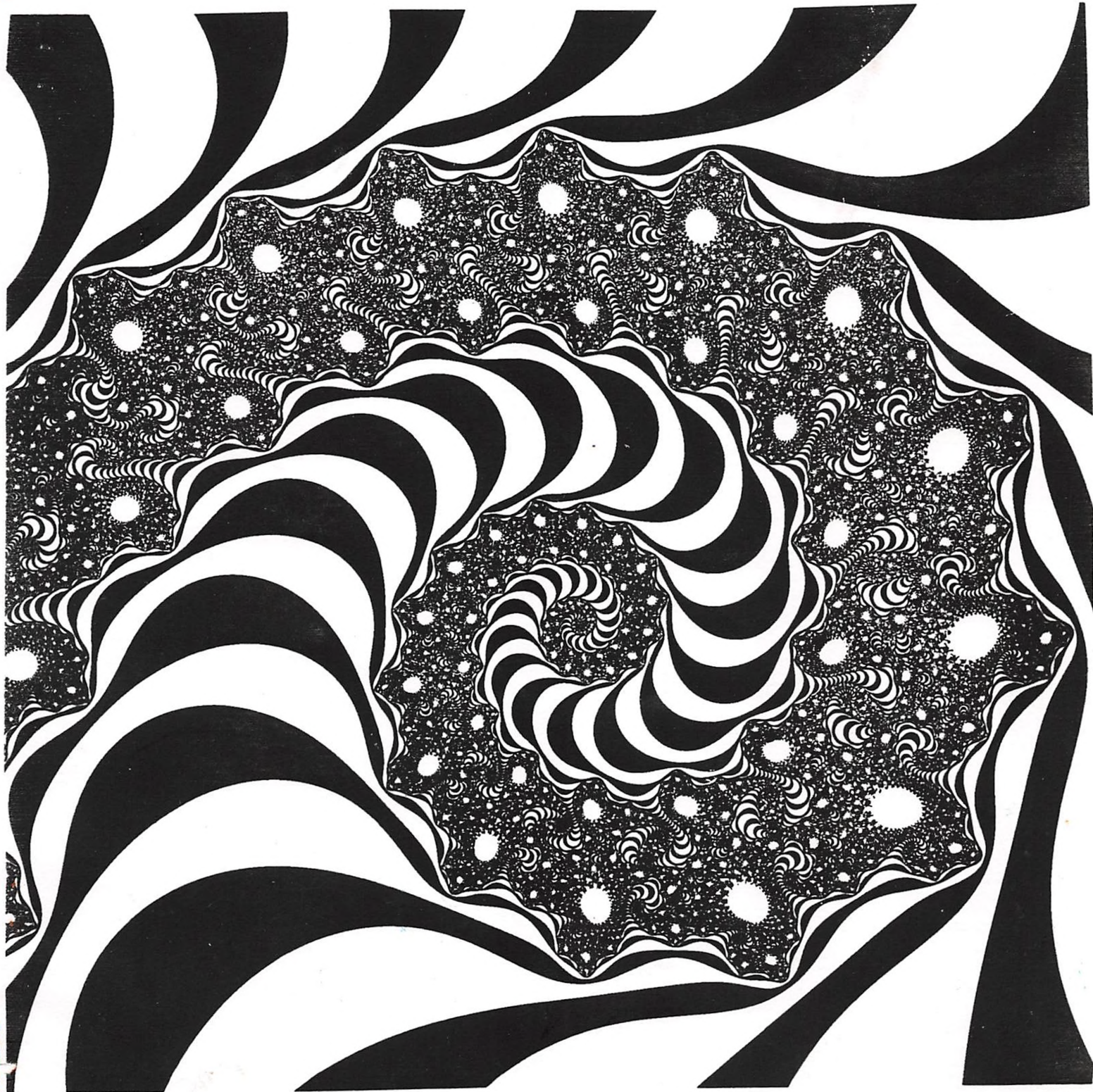


TWILIGHT ZINE 38



Spring 1987

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Editorial

Surprisingly enough, this is actually my second consecutive issue of *Twilight Zine*, and it's coming out less than six months after the previous one. You'll have noticed by now that TZ has another new look; this issue was put together using Ready, Set, Go! 3®, a page layout program for the Macintosh published by Manhattan Graphics. I'm still learning the program's ins and outs and experimenting with different styles, so any comments, negative or positive, will be welcome.

This issue also differs from the last one in having more contributors besides myself. My husband's rather belligerent request for art in TZ 37 brought a fine response, but you people take things so literally. "Draw a spiffy spaceship" was only an *example*. I don't mean to be ungrateful—I love the art I was sent—but you're welcome to expand the subject matter a bit.

As I write this, it is just over a year since *Challenger* exploded. When it happened, I was sad, but that sadness has given way to anger during the revelations of the past year, particularly the evidence of how many pieces of the shuttle were dangerous but ignored. And despite the organizational reshuffling, NASA doesn't seem to have learned anything; it insisted on giving the contract for new boosters back to Morton Thiokol, despite the Congressional testimony of several other firms that they could build the rockets in one piece, thus avoiding the problem that led to the disaster in the first place.

And worst of all, none of the guilty parties were punished! The responsible administrators at NASA were transferred or took early retirement, Morton Thiokol continues to get fat government contracts, and the Rogers Commission concluded that nobody should be blamed. This country seems to have developed an aversion to blaming anybody for anything—how will that help avoid future disasters?

Meanwhile, the future of the civilian space program is in limbo. Resources are being plunged into the shuttle program and a new series of disposable rockets, and nobody seems to be thinking about what our priorities should be.

Part of the problem is the way NASA—and some space program advocates—have been trying to sell the space program to Congress and the public. The space shuttle never will be a profit-maker, it seems, so let's fall back on the old standby of technological spin-offs.

The only problem is, that sales pitch doesn't work, as anyone who has tried to get increased funding for basic research knows. Democracies are notoriously short-sighted when it comes to material benefits, as are modern-day corporations. The public sector won't invest the huge sums necessary on the vague promise of some unknown technical developments in the future, and the private sector won't do so without some assurance of short-term profits. Pointing to past spin-offs does nothing to solve this problem.

I believe that NASA and pro-space activists need to change strategies entirely—appeal to Americans' imagination and sense of adventure. The fuss that was made over Christa McAuliffe shows that those characteristics are not dead, just harder to awaken. McAuliffe, with her all-American enthusiasm, captured people's imaginations as they have not been captured since the Apollo program. Despite talk of "Me Decades," cynicism, and detachment, the public is still willing to dream.

McAuliffe saw this in a way NASA didn't. She taught social studies, not science, and this apparently resulted in some friction between her and NASA's educational coordinator, a science teacher. He wanted McAuliffe's lessons from space to focus on science; she argued that space was not just for the scientists, but for everyone. NASA still hasn't learned that lesson.

My thoughts on this subject are necessarily colored by almost twenty years of dreaming about space travel. When I was about five, my father worked for Grumman, which was then building the Lunar Module, and he brought me home photos, and drawings, and even a moon landing coloring book. I would sit with my moon globe and find the places where the astronauts landed. Later I discovered science fiction, which gave me another outlet for dreams.

During the past year or so, though, I've been forced to the realization that I will never travel in space. It first hit me when I read an article about a proposal for colonizing Mars; looking at the (very optimistic) time-frame given, I realized that even if that goal was achieved, I would be too old to go by then. I've no hope of going earlier—I'm neither a scientist nor an engineer, and there's no room for anyone else. And that knowledge hurts, very deeply. It's hard to give up your dreams.

About Our Contributors

To provide a cheap and easy source of egoboo for our contributors, we've decided to dedicate a whole page (which was needed to maintain pagination) to them. So:

Bill P. Starr is TZ's car columnist and utility fielder, as well as a former Editor. The strain of editing TZ 36 convinced him cars were better than fanzines. If our car were more reliable we'd agree. Bill was recently released on his own recognizance after being charged with installing a General Electric turbine in a civilian vehicle. Apparently, the State Police and the FAA were bothered by this bit of engineering legerdemain.

Ben Bova is a famous author with whom we are trying to curry favor, although he says, "I like my favors best with oregano, rather than curry.

John Dumas works at MIT, but met our esteemed Editor through an APA. Even so, he's still on speaking terms with her.

Connie Hirsch is the endless butt of jokes about her job assuring quality at Lotus Development Corporation. As thankless as that position may be, writing for us is probably worse.

Terry Jeeves is the British equivalent of a BNF, and responded well to our "surging manliness" lastish.

John Boardman manages to excite controversy even in his listing in the New York telephone directory.

Rudy Preisendorfer died recently, so we've taken the liberty of reprinting his account of the birth of the MITSFS. We think he wouldn't have objected.

Wayne A. Brenner is another one of our Editor's friends, and aside from once eating in a Chinese restaurant near MIT has absolutely nothing to do with us. We've considered adding him to the staff of our Famous Fan Artist ("Can You Draw Amazona? Without the Tungsten Breastplate?") School.

Robert van der Heide is working towards his doctorate in Materials Science, and has produced several scientific works resembling his art work. Especially interesting is his *origami* version of a

Thompson's tetrahedron, which unfortunately is only interesting if you know what it is. Robert's name is often mangled by computers and idiot bureaucrats, providing a certain element of excitement to his daily mail delivery. Robert is also an accomplished sculptor, but his bust of Ronald Reagan didn't fit in our duplicating machine.

Craig A. Counterman is also a graduate student in Materials Science, and spends most of his time convincing his advisor that fractals are relevant to his thesis work. After this issue, he will give up the battle and concentrate on more important things, like generating the first picture of God using a scanning transmission microscope on a tortilla blessed by the Mad Monk of San Antonio.

Ken "Bruce" Johnson is the Society's walking encyclopedia of information about books and magazines. If we could just get him to stand still, we'd chain him to a shelf and keep him handy for reference.

Dave Weingart was born and raised on Long Island, New York, but he doesn't appear to have been affected by it. Dave also responded to our surging manliness, although that may have been an artifact of the Jolt Cola he's been drinking lately.

Susan S.D. Tucker is Skinner when she's not working in the MIT Reactor. As a result, she rarely has any difficulties calling our meetings to order.

Ken Meltsner, as Immoral Support for TZ and its Editor, has enjoyed this issue immensely. As author of this section, he will not resist the temptation to make himself seem larger than life. Prospective Contributors: His manliness is still surging.

Janice M. Eisen was once again suckered into being Jourcomm, and should know better by now. Of course, this is not unusual: she married Ken Meltsner after knowing him for several years and decided to be a part-time assistant editor for *Aboriginal SF* in addition to her normal 50-hour per week job. Janice is very tired these days as a result of the afore-mentioned activities.

Lore of the MITSFS

#2: Meetings

by Janice M. Eisen

The main "organized" MITSFS activity—in fact, the only regular one besides the Picnic—is the weekly Meetings. They cannot be described; they must be experienced. Unfortunately, these Meetings, which have been described as "the world's longest-running in-group joke," can be completely impenetrable to newcomers, even when Finger Motions are suspended for their benefit. Hence, the following explanation.

I will repeat my caveat from my previous "Lore of the MITSFS" article: as in most oral traditions, conflicting versions of the truth abound. Some information may be missing or wrong, and anyone who cherishes a different version of the truth is welcome—even urged—to let us know.

I don't have a convenient chart to work from, so I've tried to organize the explanations in roughly the order that you might encounter them at a Meeting.

Rule #1: Serious business is out of order at all MITSFS Meetings.

Time: By definition, Meetings begin on Fridays at 1700 SST (Society Standard Time). 1700 SST may or may not be 5:00 p.m. EST (or EDT).

Location: Up until some unknown time in the early to mid-'70s, Meetings were held in the Spofford Room, which is a conference room under the authority of the Civil Engineering Department. They are now held in the Library (which has been defined as identically equal to the Spofford Room), except for the annual Election Meeting. When MITSFS Meetings are held off-site (e.g. at Boskone), whatever location they are in must first be defined by the Skinner as identically equal to the Library, and thus to the Spofford Room.

Gavel: Meetings are called to order by the Skinner using the official MITSFS Gavel, which is a metal wrench about 26" long. It is banged on the Gavel Block, which is a 10"x12"x3" block of solid titanium. There are two other gavels: the Vice Gavel, which is smaller and more portable, and the Sports Model, which is ideally suited to being thrown in the Gavel Toss at the annual Picnic. When the Gavel Block is not available, a handy rock may be substituted.

Minutes: Like mundane meetings, MITSFS Meetings start with the reading of the minutes. However, the Onseck is encouraged to be creative in re-

porting the previous week's doings. Afterward, rather than approve the minutes as read, the Society will approve them as green, or purple, or whatever seems funny at the time.

Voting: Each person at the Meeting gets one vote per limb (except at Election Meetings). A vote may be in favor, opposed, or chicken (an abstention). A legendary MITSFS member named Spehn never voted on any motion, so an automatic chicken in his name is recorded on every motion, e.g. Motion chickens, 11-3-11+Spehn. If a vote is tied, the Skinner places the official MITSFS necktie on the Gavel Block and breaks it. If three motions are on the floor at once, a matrix vote is held (quite often the third motion is "Motion to have a matrix vote"). Votes are taken on all three motions, and the results are arrayed in a 3x3 matrix. If the determinant of the matrix is positive the motions all pass, if it's negative they all fail, and if it's zero they all chicken.

Committee Reports: Those of you who read the previous article know that MITSFS has dozens of committees, most of which don't really exist. The committees that most commonly give reports include Moocomm, who tells about sf movies being shown on campus that weekend, and Jourcomm, who either begs for contributions or says "TZ Real Soon Now." A committee report given by a person who does not hold the office is prefaced by "pseudo," e.g. PseudoPicniccomm. If more than one report from the same committee is given, the succeeding ones are designated with subscripts (e.g. Sitcomm₃). The telephone usually rings during the reading of the minutes or committee reports, and it is designated Phonecomm.

Old Business: I'm tempted to skip this altogether, it's so complicated, but ... A long, long time ago it was noticed that there were certain motions made at every Meeting as a part of Old Business. In order to shorten this segment of the Meeting, it was agreed that the Skinner would intone the word "Algol" (a computer language popular at the time), causing the motions to be performed algorithmically. (Don't worry, it doesn't stay this gnurdly.) Every so often, motions are added to the Algol. As far as I know,

it currently consists of the following:

- Q. Where are the Comic Books? A. The comic books are in California. (The Library once had a collection of 1960-62 comic books, but they were eliminated for theological reasons.)
- Motion to condemn Wayne B'Rells for his sex life with bicycles. (If you follow the naming scheme of Cordwainer Smith, whose work was then in vogue in the Society, you may infer that someone named B'Rells is derived from a species whose name begins with "b," such as bicycles.)
- Motion to condemn Irwin T. Lapeer for his sex life with electric typewriters.
- Bruce Miller is still skiing in Colorado. (Miller left on a ski trip to Colorado one vacation and never returned.)
- Motion to give Tom Galloway a better gag.

The Old Business Algol is followed by the following interchange: "The Usual Motion." "The Usual Second." "The Usual Vote." "The Usual Result." (Sometimes "What about the Usual Debate?" is inserted between the vote and the result.) The Usual Motion is "Lewis made a pass at Wisowaty and was repulsed. Move to censure the Librarian." Lewis is the infamous ARLewis, now a prominent NESFAn, who was then the Society's Librarian. Wisowaty is Fuzzy Pink (Marilyn) Wisowaty, who is now known as Fuzzy Pink Niven. There is some debate over whether the motion was "to censure" or "to censor." In either case, the Usual Result is that the Society immediately jumps to New Business, without this change being announced by the Skinner.

Minicult: In accordance with the Society's Newspeak naming style, Minicult stands for Ministry of Culture. Minicults, which abound during New Business, are reports of any strange events abroad (that is, outside of MIT). Really trivial Minicults are sometimes designated Microcults (or Picocults, Femtocults ...).

Inverse Skinner Rule: Any motion passed concerning the Skinner is considered to mean the opposite of what it says. There is some argument about whether this rule may be invoked at the Skinner's discretion.

Finger Motion: Not what it sounds like. A MITSFS member named Finger was prone to ask lots of stupid questions at Meetings. The motion named after him is now the response to *any* questions asked during Meetings, whether they're stupid or not.

Albanian Motion: When someone makes a terrible pun (or is being otherwise verbally obnoxious), we define any further speech from that person as

being in Albanian. Since no one in the Society can speak Albanian, anything further he says will be ignored.

Election Rules: Election Meetings for the most part are like regular Meetings, only longer. They are held each May in the Spofford Room, and the new Star Chamber is elected (in the same fashion by which the Premier of the Soviet Union is elected). For each round of balloting, each member attending gets one vote, which may be split as many ways as he wants (although usually the person counting the votes will limit the number of decimal places allowed). The official candidate wins when he gets a majority or the Onseck gets tired of counting ballots.

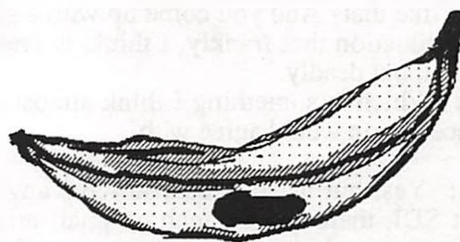
Miller Motion: One of the three ways of adjourning a Meeting. At some time in the past, there was a group of members who would attend Meetings and insist on adjourning them before the other attendees wanted to. Thus, Miller (not the same Miller as in the Old Business Algol) was designated the only person allowed to make a motion to adjourn. Nowadays, anyone can make a Miller Motion (an actual motion to adjourn is out of order). The first Miller Motion must fail; when the second or a subsequent one passes, the Meeting is adjourned.

Adjournment Song: Another way to adjourn a Meeting. The following lyrics must be sung through five times, to whatever tunes people want:

*Rabbits have no tails at all, tails at all, tails at all,
Rabbits have no tails at all, just a powder puff.
Same song, next verse, never gets better, never gets worse.*

This song was devised to solve a problem opposite from the one described above: there was a group attending Meetings that refused to vote to adjourn them, so the Star Chamber would sing the Adjournment Song until they gave in. Today we have the five-times rule, but often one or two verses, if sung particularly badly, will prompt a Miller Motion or Banana Motion.

Banana Motion: The third way to adjourn a Meeting is to pass a motion containing the word "banana." No one is quite sure why.



An Interview with Ben Bova

conducted by Janice M. Eisen

JME: You wanted to talk about how you felt politicization of SF over SDI had affected you—specifically how it had affected your recent book *Privateers*. What happened with the book?

Bova: Well, it's gotten a number of reviews, and most of them have begun with a statement of politics rather than a review of the novel. And that kind of bothers me. I think that *Privateers* is a novel. There are lots of things in it that the reviewers have just ignored altogether, and I don't want any work of mine—or any work of anybody's—to be reviewed on the basis of the reviewer's politics, or the reviewer's idea of what the author's politics are. In the first place, I think most of these reviewers are terribly mistaken when they assume that the politics of the characters in the story are the politics of the author.

JME: That's a common problem.

Bova: It is. One of the problems that I've had over the years as a writer in the science fiction field is that I think so much of science fiction is juvenile, and so many of the people in it have never outgrown their attitudes from their teenage years. They don't really understand or, perhaps, appreciate fiction that's written for adults. This goes beyond politics, now; this goes into a whole set of attitudes. You know, people outside the field criticize science fiction as escapist literature, and to some extent I think they're right. I think a lot of people read science fiction because they don't want to deal with the realities of today.

JME: On the other hand, a novel dealing with SDI is pretty close to reality.

Bova: Yes, but you see, *Privateers* dealt with a lot of things, and SDI was part of it. What *Privateers* really deals with, if you want to have one overwhelming, overarching philosophical point of view, is an examination of what if—that's a science fiction question that has started half the field, if not all of it—what if the United States backed away from space altogether? Not SDI alone, but civilian space as well. What happens in a world like that? And you come up with a society and a world situation that frankly, I think, is pretty bad. Not just dull, but deadly.

JME: Which is something I think almost everyone in science fiction would agree with.

Bova: Yes, but as soon as you have anything to say about SDI, there are a bunch of small-minded people who immediately begin their reviews with "Ben Bova, the well-known hawk, blah blah blah," and maybe fur-

ther down on the page, they say—in fact, I can practically quote from some of them—"This is an action-adventure novel, it'll keep the pages turning, it keeps you interested, the characters are interesting—if you don't mind the politics." Now, that's like saying, "*War and Peace* is a great study of human nature, if you don't mind the fact that Tolstoy didn't really like Napoleon too much."

JME: I find this interesting, considering that some of your other work, like *Millennium*, was about how peace might come about in space.

Bova: Well, that's the whole point. People see SDI and just stop thinking at that point. They're against it—they don't know *why* they're against it. They have no understanding of the real world. They've been hiding in some little cubbyhole all their lives, either in academia or in publishing, and they just haven't the faintest idea of what's going on. And when they see SDI, they say, "Well, that's bad, I'm against it." They haven't the faintest idea of how SDI may affect the world, and as science fiction readers they should be willing to take a look at different suppositions, different speculations on how SDI or any of these ideas might affect us. That's what this field is supposed to be all about. Closed minds are the antithesis of science fiction. You've got people reacting like Pavlov's dogs.

JME: I guess that tends to happen when you have an issue that has really to some extent polarized the field.

Bova: But why should it polarize it when nobody's bothered to take a look at what it is? You ask Isaac Asimov, "What is SDI?" and he doesn't know. He just has decided from the very beginning that the idea of a defense against ballistic missiles is somehow bad, and that's the depth of his thinking on it. And he's a friend of mine. [Laughs.]

JME: Do you really think that there are no opponents of SDI who know what they're talking about?

Bova: I think there are many opponents of SDI who have a much deeper understanding of the strategic and political consequences than most of the people writing in science fiction today. Now, there are perfectly valid fears and worries about SDI, and in fact, in *Millennium* I explored most of them—ten years before the subject came up in the real world.

JME: I'm wondering if you agree that maybe part of the problem is that the way the President has talked about SDI seems so blatantly wrong to people.

Bova: Why? What is it the President says that seems so wrong?

JME: He talks about SDI as being a system that would protect cities, and as I understand it, the main purpose would be to protect missiles.

Bova: That's not true. The main purpose right now for SDI is a research program, and the game is simply to put up satellites—X number, nobody knows how many—and the satellites orbit the whole earth. They can protect vast stretches of the earth—anywhere within their orbital path, on the ground track, for maybe a thousand miles on either side of the satellite's orbit. If you have enough of them in orbit, you can cover the entire earth with satellites that can shoot down ballistic missiles, within a couple of minutes of the missiles' being launched.

Now, you can use those satellites to protect missile fields, you can use them to protect cities, you can use them to protect the whales—if you build that kind of a system. And the President's vision—and people have criticized him for it—the President's vision has apparently from the beginning been the long-range goal of protecting everybody.

JME: Maybe there's some concern because he has talked about it as a system that would make nuclear weapons obsolete. People might question, well, what about non-ballistic nuclear weapons?

Bova: Well, yes, there are lots of other ways of delivering nuclear weapons, and I think what the President was talking about, and the major problem the world faces today, as far as nuclear weapons are concerned, is that if somebody picks up a certain telephone and orders the missiles launched, whether it's in Moscow or Washington, inside of thirty-five minutes there will be enough nuclear bombs detonated to kill at least half the world, and perhaps all of it. Not just the human race, but perhaps all life on earth.

And if that phone is lifted and that order is given today, there's absolutely no way to prevent that from happening. Our policy of deterrence is simply saying, "If you kill us, we'll kill you." And that has worked to some extent for the past twenty years, but the weapons are getting faster, they're getting smarter, and there will come a time when the reaction time is so short that a nation depending upon Mutual Assured Destruction as its policy will be forced to launch its missiles on the merest hint that it's being attacked. And that's an incredibly dangerous world to be in.

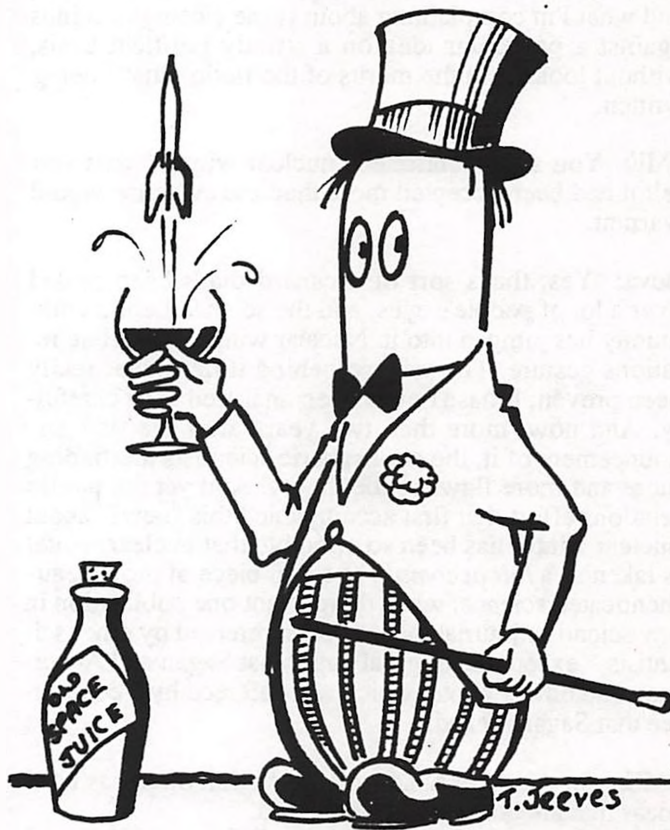
Now, a strategic defense system—satellites with lasers, or what have you in orbit—is not going to stop smugglers sneaking bombs across our borders. But I think that

that's like criticizing a bulletproof vest because it won't protect you against the common cold. We have a much more severe problem right now.

JME: How would you respond to another question I've seen, which is that people are concerned that development of the system could be destabilizing—if we are indeed ahead of the Soviet Union, wouldn't they then have a very strong motivation to attack us before we could get the system in place?

Bova: I would think, as I wrote in *Millennium*, frankly—maybe this proves that my mind hasn't changed in twenty years—that the Soviets would attack the space-based components of the system. They would have no reason to attack the United States and just as much fear of attacking the U.S. as they do now. We would still have our ballistic missiles, unless and until we begin to negotiate with the Russians for a build-up of defenses and a build-down of the offensive missile race. So, I *do* see the possibility, as I've said since the Seventies, and even earlier, of hostilities in orbit—if the system is not shared.

But, again, you go back and from the President on down, people have been saying we will share this with the Russians. Hell, Reagan even offered to have Russian scientists come over to our laboratories when



he first met Gorbachev in Geneva last November. The critics conveniently forget that. And they overlook—and this shocks me—science fiction people overlook the very fundamental fact that a strategic defense system, even the bare idea of it, is the first step toward an effective world government. And they just don't see that. They're so anti a new idea they're behaving like a bunch of damn Luddites. They do not see the consequences of these ideas, which shocks me. I always thought science fiction people were smarter.

JME: You mentioned earlier—to expand the subject matter a little—that SDI was only one area you were thinking of in which you felt science fiction had become politicized. Can you talk about some of the others?

Bova: Well, there've been issues in the past. We went through this rumpus on Vietnam, with people on both sides whacking each other. The *good* thing about this, I think, is that it is good for the field to examine its ideas and the consequences of them, and by and large, even though science fiction people can argue bitterly over ideas, they still remain friends. Isaac and I are on completely different sides of this, but we still love each other.

JME: I know people who've complained that Jim Baen's publishing company, for example, is very heavily politicized in what it chooses to publish.

Bova: Well, I think that's always a mistake. Again, I think that the field should be open to all kinds of ideas, and what I'm complaining about is the closing of minds against a particular idea on a strictly political basis, without looking at the merits of the fiction that's being written.

JME: You also mentioned "nuclear winter," that you felt it had been accepted more than the evidence would warrant.

Bova: Yes, that's sort of a canard that's been pulled over a lot of people's eyes, and the science fiction community has jumped into it. Nuclear winter is a public relations gesture. The science behind it has never really been proven; it hasn't even been analyzed very carefully. And now, more than two years after the first announcement of it, the atmospheric scientists are finding more and more flaws in the theory. And yet the public relations effort that first accompanied this "news" about nuclear winter has been so effective that nuclear winter is taken as a *fait accompli*, as a real piece of proven, authenticated science, when there is not one publication in any scientific journal that has been refereed by other scientists—except the original paper that Sagan and Ackerman and others wrote, which was refereed by a committee that Sagan picked.

JME: On the other hand, science fiction often has used ideas that are not necessarily proved.

Bova: Sure, of course. But the difference here is, I think, that they regard nuclear winter as a reality. In

fact, I even wrote a little story called "Nuclear Autumn," to point out one of the consequences of nuclear winter. If you really believe there's a certain threshold and you daren't explode more than the number of bombs that that threshold will bring you, then an aggressor might drop enough bombs on you to almost reach that threshold, confident that you won't counterattack for fear of initiating a nuclear winter.

And this is what the field should be doing—not swallowing ideas in their entirety, but looking at them, examining them, looking at what the consequences are. Frankly, the biggest consequence so far of nuclear winter has been nations in the Pacific Ocean becoming so anti-nuclear that they don't want nuclear ships in their harbors and they're trying to create a nuclear-free zone in the Pacific.

JME: I'm not sure that you could really attribute that solely to the nuclear winter issue, though.

Bova: Ask the Prime Minister of New Zealand. He said it specifically.

JME: To totally change the subject, could you talk a little about what you're working on now?

Bova: I've just finished a novel that takes place in the Trojan War. It's a sequel to *Orion*. O'Ryan's a wonderful character, he's a time traveler, so I can send him to interesting places. And what's happening in this series of novels, it's getting to be an examination of man's relationship with God, or the gods, depending on your point of view. O'Ryan finds himself at the siege of Troy. From my study of ancient history, you can convince yourself, because the dates are close enough yet inexact enough, that one person could have seen Troy fall and could also have seen the walls of Jericho come tumbling down. Both events happened in the same era, perhaps close enough together for one human being's lifetime to encompass them. So that's enough leeway for a science fiction novelist. So O'Ryan is at Troy, and he even gets to meet and woo Helen, and also witnesses the destruction of Jericho. There are no ballistic missiles or nuclear warheads in this whole novel. [Laughs.]

JME: That's one way of avoiding the SDI issue.

Bova: I don't want to become known as a writer of SDI. I did a non-fiction book on the subject, and *Privateers* was a look at many, many different things, including the value and the place of free enterprise in space and a very real examination of the consequences of treaties that many nations now have agreed to on how to handle legal issues in space. But those subjects all got blown away in the criticisms.

JME: Historical fiction seems to be becoming very popular in science fiction lately.

Bova: Well, in the first place, the two fields—writing about the past and writing about the future—present many of the same problems to the novelist. It struck me

as I was in the middle of this book—*Orion 2* is the working title—that I've been writing historical novels most of my life, although many of them have been about history that hasn't happened yet. Some of them are becoming historical novels. *Millennium*, I think, will be, it's well on the road to it, and I pray that *Privateers* won't be.

But I sense a great reluctance in some of the hard-core fans to deal with subjects in the real world. You know, we talk about how science fiction examines real issues, but at heart most of the science fiction people really want to go and swing a sword against an ogre or use a raygun and be Captain Universe. Dealing with realistic novels about adults and what adults do—I think there's a large part of the science fiction audience that just turns away from that. And that bothers me, because that's what I write and I wish that these people would read it.

JME: Do you miss editing at all?

Bova: Not in the slightest. [Laughs.] For a long time my work as an editor far overshadowed my work as a writer, and in fact I've only really been a full-time writer since the end of 1982. All my life, from the very beginning of my career, I've been doing other things, either in the aerospace industry, or in education, or finally in magazine editing. All that I wanted to do from the tenth grade in high school was to be a full-time writer. Finally I bit the bullet and did it in '82, and I'm really enjoying it. I think it's more important for my personal satisfaction than anything else I've done.

JME: It's terrific that you're able to do that now.

Bova: Well, you keep at it for thirty years and you learn a little bit about how to do it.

JME: But did you like editing while you did it?

Bova: Yes, I did. I thought *Analog* was a very daunting kind of job, at first. And I did it for the same reason that a politician runs for President when his party wants to draft him—you're terribly afraid you won't do a good job, but you really can't say no. When they asked me to run *Analog* after Campbell died, what real alternative did I have? So I went and did it, and it was great fun. I learned a lot about the field and about writing. I think it's very instructive to force yourself to sit down and read bad science fiction. It makes you appreciate the good stuff, and it *forces* you to quantify what are the differences between the good and the bad. I wrote a book about that called *Notes to a Science Fiction Writer*.

JME: I agree with you, having recently started reading slush-piles myself.

Bova: And you also probably know the feeling when, after you've spent hours reading terrible dreck, you pick up a good story, and *immediately* you're refreshed. It's just like you started the day all over again. It's a great feeling.

JME: And then you went to *Omni*. They publish substantially less fiction than *Analog*.

Bova: Oh, *Omni*'s a totally different magazine. In a way, it's a magazine that I've dreamed of most of my life. When I was at Condé-Nast, when they were publishing *Analog*, I went to Si Newhouse, who's the publisher and the owner of the company, and I said, "You know, *Analog* is perfectly suited for its audience, but it's only an audience of about a hundred thousand people. Why don't we start a big, bright, modern national magazine, heavily supported by advertising, and a magazine of the future? Most of it would be non-fiction, because there's a future angle to *everything*—what are the resorts of the future? What will the stock market be doing ten years from now?"

And they thought about it, they gave it a fair shake and finally decided, no, they really had their expertise in publishing magazines for women, and brought out a magazine called *Self*. In the meantime, [*Omni* publisher Bob] Guccione was fooling around with ideas so similar to mine that I guess it was inevitable that we finally came together.

JME: More recently, though, *Omni* seems to have put a lot more emphasis on the occult.

Bova: I'm afraid that's the publisher's bias, and he's muscling the editorial staff, which is not a smart thing to do. I don't think *Omni*'s readers are very deeply into the occult, and he may have created a serious problem for himself.

JME: It's also an interesting contrast, considering that the fiction in *Omni*, at least recently, has become known mostly for "cyberpunk" fiction.

Bova: Yes, Ellen Datlow is known as the Queen of Cyberpunk. Like every editor, they publish the best stories they get. And you're really dealing with Ellen's tastes. That's what appeals to her. She probably sees the best work of every writer in the country, or in the world, for that matter. I know when I was at *Omni*, we were getting submissions from all over the world, and we published science fiction from Japanese authors, and Russian, and Polish, et cetera. So if *Omni*'s going cyberpunk, I think it's because Ellen really likes that stuff.

JME: It just seems an interesting contrast, because it seems pretty far removed from occult, a very different slant on things.

Bova: Well, the clothing is the same.

JME: Is there anything else you want to talk about that I haven't mentioned?

Bova: No, I think we've touched on some very interesting points. The big gripe I have is, as we started out saying, people whose minds are closed to new ideas. And I think that is hurting the field, though apparently it's not hurting the sales of *Privateers*, because *Privateers* is selling extremely well. But I do feel personally hurt

when people who've known me for a long time start writing about me as if I were Genghis Khan—although Genghis Khan was not all that bad a guy, he was nice to his mother, things like that, none of his wives complained about him ...

But it really is not fair to the field or to an individual writer to try to brand him with a political trademark. I don't consider myself a hawk, I certainly don't consider myself a dove. The mascot of my college is an owl, and if you read *Orion 2* you'll find out that Athena plays a big part there, and I've always admired Athena—she's a groovy goddess. And her symbol is the owl, too. So maybe I'd like to be known more as an owl than as a hawk or a dove.

JME: I see this a lot in science fiction—people don't fit easily into any of the obvious mainstream political categories. You won't find too many conservatives who talk about a one-world government.

Bova: That's right. It's because we are in the business, or we should be in the business, of examining ideas and writing fiction that shows where these ideas might lead. And it's very difficult to keep a fixed political position when you're looking at the fluidity of the future and trying to figure out how one thing might lead to something else.

I'll tell you one thing that we almost mentioned, as long as I'm baring my soul ... One of the things that happened to me when I stopped editing and became a full-time writer was that a shocking number of writers who were supposed to be my friends simply stopped calling. It really bothered me—and bothers me to this day, or I wouldn't be thinking of it right now—how many so-called friends of mine were friends only when I had a budget to buy their stuff. I don't want to mention any names, but there are several names on that list that you'd easily recognize.

But those are the conditions that prevail, as the great Jimmy Durante used to say. I think it's a wonderful field, and there are lots of wonderful people in it. We have kind of high standards in science fiction, standards for honesty and for open minds, and what I think prompted this interview is that I'm seeing—especially among the younger people—minds closed. Maybe it's because their educations haven't been as good, maybe it's because none of them have ever been out in the real world—an awful lot of the younger writers went straight from the campus into the publishing world and have never really gone out there with a pick and shovel and tried to dig their own ore. So this is sort of a plea for people to keep their minds open, to look at ideas honestly and squarely and see where they lead. That's what the fun of this field is, and if science fiction has any social value at all, it is just that, that it can show, or at least examine, where new ideas will lead us.

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MIT Science Fiction Society



we're not fans,

we just read the stuff

Remarkable Names of (Sur)real People by Connie Hirsch

Two years ago when I worked at Beth Israel Hospital Ambulatory Billing, among my duties was stuffing the envelopes when it came time to send out the bills. I began to notice some really strange names as I did it, and I decided to keep a list of the strangest.

There are several reasons why I saw as many as I did. One reason was that the admissions clerks were a bunch of illiterates and may have been mangling these names left and right. And then there's the suspicion that people with funny sounding names get sick more often. And there's the fallback position that Beth Israel is an internationally known hospital and gets foreigners of all kinds with funny names.

Whatever the reason, here's the list of the ones that really tickled my fancy. I hope they will tickle yours!

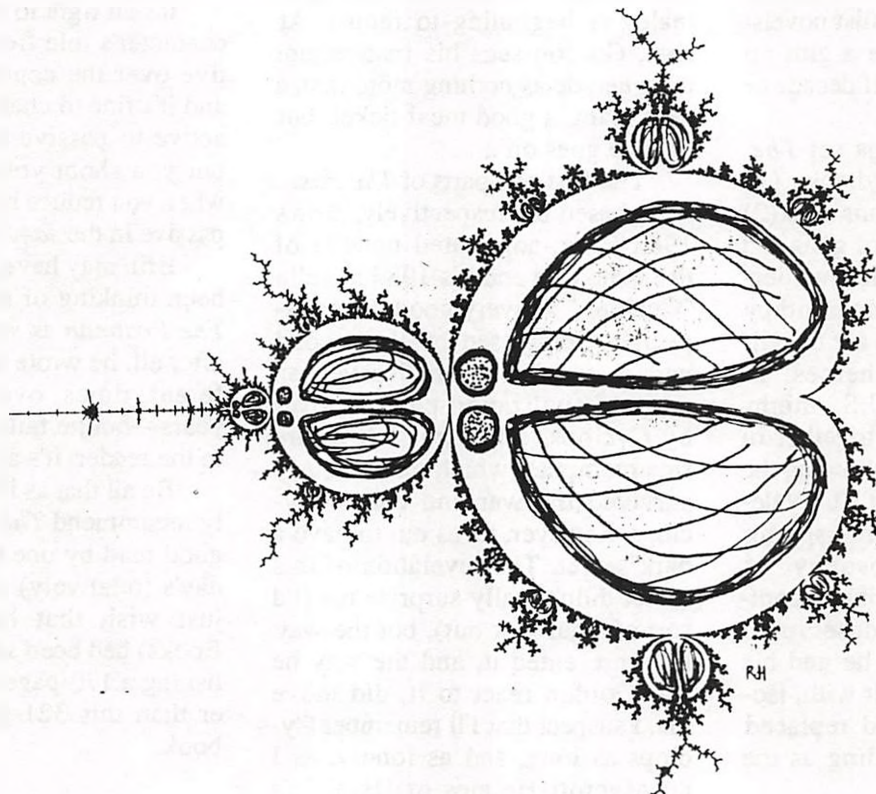
Nini Nutche
Dawn Humann
Glorious Ruff
Thermutice Yarde
Jewel Villany

Erskine Savage
Mouldi Sfazi
Delight Lippett-Howard
Philander Villany
Hilary Turkewitz

Georgianna Zipp
Fun Fong Wong
Edsel Gomes
Cola Duval
Venus Taylor
Chiquita Norris
Euclid Moon
Alpine Barrett
Aristine Featherstone
Orly Ofri
Garyfallia Kangalu
Ivy Callendar
Princely Muro
Cleane Erilus
Tubman Demanche
Mary Googoo
Leopoldina Dunn
Ilan Noy
Waverly Shivers
Melodie Buster

Shewangizaw Hunde
Wendy Noseworthy
Queen Ruth
Burton Machinist
Extra Thomas
Raymond Oosting
Crystalline Walrond
Bertha Hell

James Surprise
Blessing Nwebeke
Bassa Kangalu
Octavi Duval
Fedora Evans
Immacule Bellegarde
Dr. Jesus Viola
Garrow Throop
Zoila Bright
Ora McCalope
Ginger Turk
Irving Bison
Roosevelt Larde
Cornelly Tjon
Lozius Lozin
Gutta Hewman
Think F. Chin
Cosmo Piccolo
Unique Defleur
Major H. Moore (name,
not title)
Holly Bumpus
Hyacinth Rocke
Everjean Rice
Bronius Burba
Queen Ragland
Cipriano Yap
Omega Tabb
Beth Softness



In evolution, a basic question of reproductive strategy facing all creatures is how much energy to invest in each of how many offspring. It is essentially a question of quantity versus quality. Humans and frogs show two extremes of the trade-off; the Mandelbug is unique in that it tries to cover the entire range of strategies at once.

[Artist's note: Do not be concerned if you do not understand this joke.]

Book Reviews

by Bill P. Starr and Connie Hirsch

The Postman

by David Brin

Bantam/Spectra, 1985, 294 pp.,
\$14.95 hc; 321 pp., \$3.95 pb.

It's impossible to review David Brin's *The Postman* without recalling the old '60s song that goes, "Puh-leeze, wait a minute Mister Postman ..."

Okay, now that I've gotten that out of my system ... *The Postman*, Brin's latest novel, is set in the Northwest United States in the mid-2010s, sixteen years after a nuclear war has precipitated the collapse of civilization. On the surface, it's similar in concept to the multitude of post-holocaust survivalist novels/series that have become a glut on the market in the past half decade or so.¹

However, two things set *The Postman* apart from the dreck: (1) it's written by a real author, and (2) the hard-core "Let's hoard guns and ammo and supplies in the wilderness and outlive all those wimpy city liberals" survivalists are the villains rather than the heroes. In Brin's scenario, the U.S. might have pulled itself back together in the weeks and months following the nuclear exchange had not a truly demented survivalist prophet sprung up, spouting a philosophy of "survival of the fittest, trial by combat, only the strong deserve to rule," etc. By the time he and his followers had been dealt with, isolation and paranoia had replaced cooperation and rebuilding as the ways of life in America.

Into all this comes our hero, Gordon Krantz. Only seventeen

when the world ended, he's now in his mid-thirties, barely getting by as a traveling entertainer, putting on one-man Shakespeare performances in exchange for room and board in town after town.

Lost in the woods one day after bandits steal most of his supplies, Gordon stumbles across the remains of a U.S. Postal Service Jeep and its driver. Desperate for warm clothing, Gordon takes the dead man's uniform and jacket. Upon arriving in the next town, he finds the people joyously accepting him as a symbol of a rebuilding civilization—an emissary from a place somewhere "out there" where normalcy is beginning to return. At first, Gordon sees his inadvertent masquerade as nothing more than a neat scam, a good meal ticket, but as time goes on ...

The first two parts of *The Postman*, based on, respectively, Brin's 1982 Hugo-nominated novella of the same title and his 1984 novella "Cyclops," are very good. I was especially impressed by the second part, in which Gordon discovers an oasis of civilization presided over by Cyclops, a benign, self-aware supercomputer which miraculously survived the war and chaos. Cyclops, however, turns out to have a dark secret. The revelation of this secret didn't really surprise me (I'd sort of figured it out), but the way Brin presented it, and the way he had Gordon react to it, did move me. I suspect that I'll remember Cyclops as long, and as fondly, as I do Mycroft Holmes of Heinlein's *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*.

After the strong start, the third and final section, which comprises roughly the last half of the book, was something of a letdown. It deals, at too great a length, with the

conflict between the good-guy communities of Northern California and Oregon, now loosely connected by Gordon's mail network, and an army of evil survivalists, unprecedentedly united and expanding. I feel that, under pressure to come up with enough pages to have a novel long enough to sell in the mainstream (where the bigger-is-better mindset seems to dominate these days), Brin lost control of his story. Too many new concepts (some of them just a bit far-fetched) and characters are thrown in, and, almost fatally to the narrative, Gordon the Postman, who is the protagonist of the first half of the book, fades into a passive role. Things happen to him, and he watches other people do things, but he doesn't really do much himself.

If no one's already beaten me to it, let me here put forward Starr's Nth² Law of Writing:

It's all right to change your lead character's role from passive to active over the course of one story, and it's fine to change his role from active to passive *between* stories, but you shoot yourself in the foot when you reduce him from active to passive in the *same* story.

Brin may have, understandably, been thinking of the three parts of *The Postman* as separate stories—after all, he wrote them at three different times over four or five years—but he failed to realize that, to the reader, it's all one long story.

Be all that as it may, I still highly recommend *The Postman*—it's a good read by one of the best of today's (relatively) newest authors. I just wish that he (and Bantam Books) had been satisfied with publishing a 170-page real winner rather than this 321-page pretty good book.

² I have so many Laws, and I'm so often forgetting and then rediscovering them, that numbering them would be fruitless.

¹ In fact, the recent resurgence of the after-the-war story seems to be precisely coincident with Ronald Reagan's rise to power. Hmmm.

Teckla

by Stephen Brust

Ace Fantasy Books, 1987, 214 pp., \$2.95 pb.

If you, like me, are a fan of Stephen Brust, you'll find *Teckla*, his fifth novel and the third featuring Vlad Taltos,¹ to be a strange experience. If you're unfamiliar with Brust, it's probably not a good place to start.²

Jheræg and *Yendi* led many to compare Brust to a young Roger Zelazny; in fact, the back cover of *Teckla* features a favorable quote from Roger the Z himself. Vladimir Taltos, our hero and narrator, is definitely a Zelazny-esque character in the mold of Corwin of Amber—a basically good man who's been shaped (and misshaped) by a bad environment. Vlad's a human living in the capital city of the Dragaeran Empire, and the Dragaerans, though very human-like in appearance and personality, are bigger, stronger, and *much* longer-lived than the humans. Growing up a third-class citizen (think of a black man growing up in America forty years ago) has hardened Vlad, but, although he's a middle-level crime lord and semi-retired assassin, he isn't really evil, just very pragmatic.

The first two books told of adventures in Vlad's life of crime. In *Jheræg*, he got involved in a gang

war pressed on him by the ruler of a neighboring territory, a war which, before it was over, was revealed to be a small part of a *much* larger plot. In *Yendi*, Vlad accepted an assassination contract, and then had to deal with the fact that his target had positioned himself in such a way that his untimely death would cause all sorts of Very Bad Things to happen.

Brust has obviously given his sword-and-sorcery-based world a *lot* of thought; he's constantly revealing little details, tiny tidbits of information that add up to a fascinating, intricate, and (so far, anyway) self-consistent world, complete with mysteries enough to fuel hours of fruitless speculation (I just hope he's got it all written down somewhere).

Both *Jheræg* and *Yendi* were medium-weight adventures, and were about as serious as, well, Zelazny's "Amber" books (once I find a good comparison, I just keep beating it into the ground, don't I?). They featured incredibly intricate (yet amazingly coherent) plots and a general attitude of fun and games: violence, death, resurrection (sometimes), razzle-dazzle, and not one but two different flavors of magic—all sorts of good things, and a good time was had by all the

survivors.

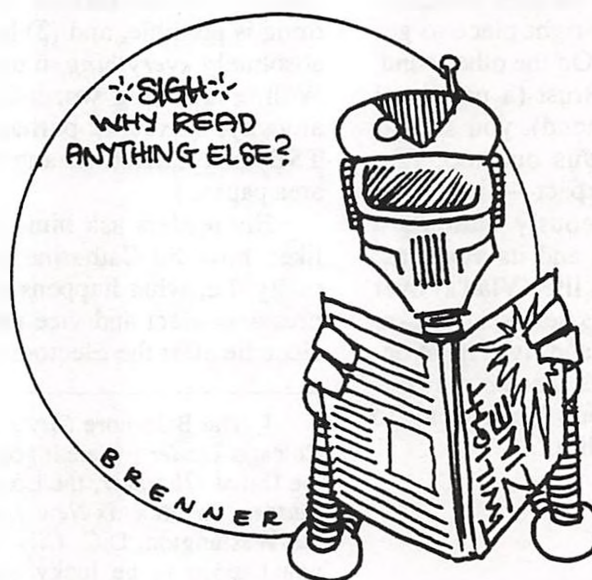
Teckla is different from all that. Brust has chosen to shine the spotlight on the darker side of his world and characters. While a fun guy to read about, Vlad is, after all, a gangster and a murderer, and the Empire, although a neat setting for adventures, isn't such a great place to live. The Dragaerans treat the humans like dirt—it was Vlad's hatred of them that led him into his chosen profession in the first place—and the *Teckla*, the Dragaeran peasant House,³ aren't much better off. Perhaps inevitably, a reform/revolution (in this book, as in reality, it's hard to tell one from the other) movement starts up. Vlad thinks that they're crazy and doomed—they don't think much of Vlad, either—and would have nothing to do with them, except for the tiny fact that one of the higher-ranking Movement members is...his wife, Cawti.

Vlad loves Cawti very much, but he can neither understand nor sympathize with her newly-discovered politics. Cawti, on the

3 All Dragaeran citizenry is divided into seventeen Houses, each named for a native animal—*Jheræg*, *Yendi*, *Teckla*, etc. This is neither as clichéd nor as boring as it may sound to you jaded fantasy readers.

1 A Brust mini-bibliography (novels only): *Jheræg* (1983), *Yendi* (1984), *To Reign in Hell* (1985), *Brokedown Palace* (1986), and now *Teckla*; all paperbacks from Berkley's Ace Fantasy Books line, and all still in print. *Jheræg*, *Yendi*, and *Teckla* are about Vlad Taltos; *Brokedown Palace* is set in the same world, but very much removed in time, space, and characters. *To Reign in Hell* is an independent work.

2 Public Service Announcement: The right way to get started on Brust is as follows: (1) find copies of *Jheræg* and *Yendi*, (2) read the prologue to *Jheræg*, (3) read all of *Yendi*, and then (4) read the rest of *Jheræg*. It sounds weird, but it works.



other hand, has just had her Consciousness Raised, and is brimming with enthusiasm for the Cause, so much so that Vlad begins to realize that if she has to choose between him and it, he might very well lose out.

Over the course of the books, their marriage suffers badly, with Vlad taking it worse than Cawti—she's got the Movement, but he doesn't have anything to care about but her. Against his will, and without consciously realizing it, Vlad comes to re-examine his life and profession, and he discovers that he's not as happy with himself and his world as he thought he was.

Teckla is a rather depressing book—Vlad becomes downright suicidal at at least one point—and, though there's a slight upturn at the end, it can't really be said to have a happy ending. In fact, it doesn't really end; it just comes to a convenient stopping place. Brust has said that he plans to write a lot more Vlad Taltos books—one named for each of the seventeen Houses, if some rumors are to be believed—so I'm not really annoyed at how much he's left unresolved in this one. I just wish he'd hurry up and write the rest of them (a rate of one a week or so would be eminently satisfactory, Stephen).

So, should you read *Teckla*? Well, as I said at the start of this review, it's not the right place to get started on Brust. On the other hand, if you do read Brust (a practice I strongly recommend), you should definitely read this one too. Just know what to expect—Brust is, it seems, simultaneously building a world (Dragaera and its environs) and a character's life (Vlad's) over the course of this series of books, and both worlds and lives have occasional bad parts. *Teckla* may depress you a bit, but Brust seems to be saying, that's life.

The Straight Dope

by Cecil Adams

Ballantine Books, 1986, 417 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Strictly speaking, this book has no place being reviewed here. It's non-fiction and, except for a discussion of black hole theory and a truly amazing explanation—in rhyme!—of the concept of Schrödinger's Cat, it doesn't even tangentially approach science fiction or fantasy. However, it's such a wonderful and entertaining book that I feel a moral obligation to share it with you. *The Straight Dope* is a compilation of Greatest Hits from the weekly newspaper column of the same name that runs in about half a dozen above-ground "alternative" papers.¹

In it, Cecil Adams answers questions from his readers (the Teeming Millions, as he refers to them). So what, you ask? What makes this column different from the usual boring ask-a-newspaper-a-dumb-question-and-get-a-dumb-answer column (e.g., the boston glob's "Ask the Globe")? Well, (1) Cecil limits himself to *interesting* questions—none of this "Who played third base for the Braves in 1931?" or "Why can't I get my street plowed?" garbage, (2) he's got a great informal writing style that I find reminiscent of a reasonably cheerful Harlan Ellison, if such a thing is possible, and (3) he knows absolutely *everything* in the world. Well, everything worth knowing, anyway. (Except, perhaps, why TSD isn't carried in any Boston-area papers.)

His readers ask him questions like: how did Catherine the Great really die, what happens if both a president-elect and vice president-elect die after the Electoral College

meets but before the inauguration, is there any truth to spontaneous human combustion, why are man-hole covers round, did John Wayne have a real-life military career, why do the Communists celebrate on May 1st when the Russian Revolution took place in October, how do people with steel plates in their heads get past metal detectors, how exactly does the President launch nuclear weapons, where's the best place to go to live after he does so, is it true that pinball machines used to not have flippers, why in 1858 did Lincoln and Douglas hold their famous series of public debates when senators back then were elected by the state legislatures rather than directly by the people, what are the real lyrics to "Louie, Louie," will there be an official period of mourning when Nixon finally dies, do Life Savers really make sparks when you crunch them, will you live if you swallow two ounces of straight Tabasco sauce, just what the hell is carob anyway, and about ten to the fourteenth other things.

And he answers them. Briefly, concisely, and entertainingly. The answer to the question about May Day celebrations alone is worth the price of admission: after explaining that in 1886 the American Federation of Labor (now part of the AFL-CIO) chose May first to be the date that the eight-hour work day would replace the ten-hour day as the norm, and that the subsequent demonstrations/riots cemented the importance of the date in the radical calendar, Cecil goes on to discuss the history of the Illuminati, who were founded on 5/1/1776, a coincidence (?) which has kept right-wing conspiracy buffs happy and paranoid for years. This, in turn, leads to a brief tour through "the twilight world of Total Paranoia" of conspiracy nuts. And so it goes ...

You might have to search a bit for this book; Ballantine's got it listed as "Humor," which means that your local bookstore may have it categorized as humor, reference, non-fiction, miscellaneous, or God-

¹ The Baltimore *City Paper*, the Chicago *Reader* (where it got its start), the Dallas *Observer*, the Los Angeles *Reader*, the Phoenix *New Times*, and the Washington, D.C. *City Paper*, if you happen to be lucky enough to have access to any of them.

knows-what. Or they might not have it at all—this isn't Judith Krantz's latest book-shaped object, after all. If you can't find it, order it through your bookstore or directly from Ballantine. It's worth the effort—until Megadodo Publications starts distributing *The Hitchhiker's Guide* in this area, *The Straight Dope* is just about the most useful and entertaining book an inhabitant of the 20th century can have.

—Bill P. Starr

Wild Cards

edited by George R.R. Martin
Bantam/Spectra, 1986, 410 pp.,
\$3.95 pb.

"I have here in my hand a list of fifty-seven wild cards known to be living and working secretly in the United States today."—Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, House Un-American Activities Committee

I've been anticipating this one for a while. "George R. R. Mar-

tin?" I said, when I heard about it first, "editing and writing a shared-world anthology set in a superhero universe? If he can do for comic books and science fiction what he did for science fiction and rock 'n' roll...?"

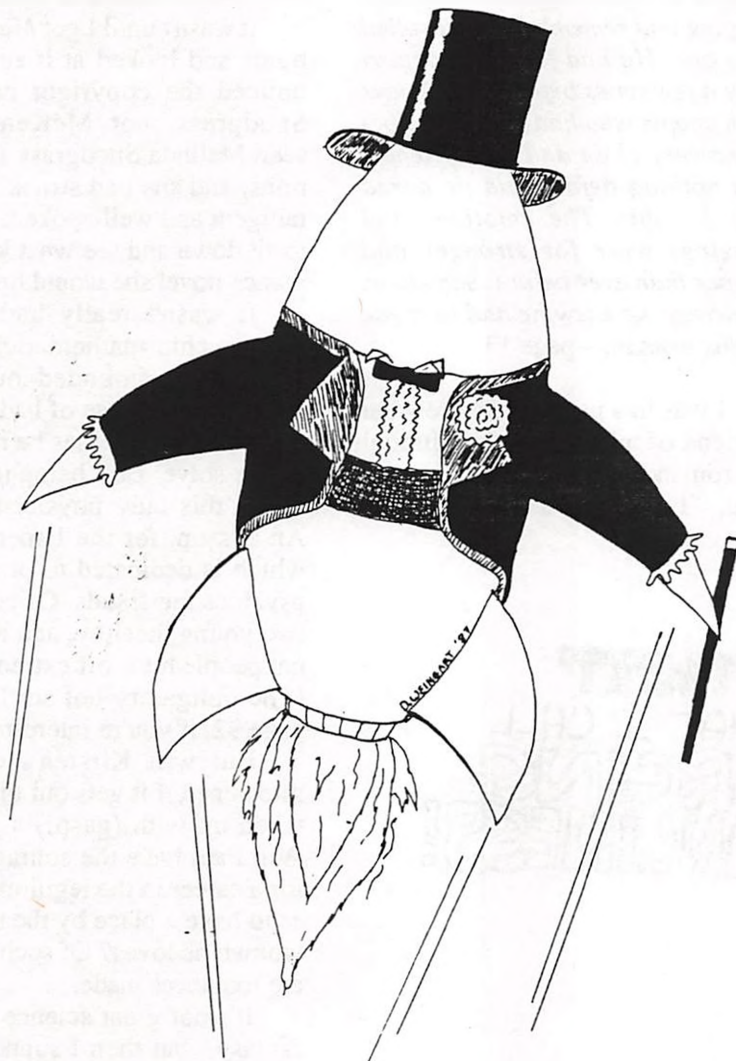
I'm happy to say that it was worth the wait.

This "mosaic novel" is set in a world parallel to our own, in which superheroes exist due to an alien virus that was spread accidentally in 1946. The wildcard virus killed 90% of the people it affected, often in bizarre ways. 90% of the survivors, called Jokers, were left with strange, nearly useless deformities. But the remaining 10% got superhero-like powers; they are known as Aces. Just what having these people present does to Earth, particularly America, is explored in *Wild-cards*.

The stories range over the years since the virus was released, and the book includes apocryphal articles written by the likes of Tom Wolfe and Studs Terkel (actually Martin, who does a very funny parody of both). I can't begin to tell you how strange the milieu of this world is. For example, there's a passing mention of Mick Jagger's arrest for lycanthropy at the Isle of Wight concert in 1969, and you find yourself doing a double-take, because somehow you are not really sure it didn't happen that way in real life.

The two best stories are "Shell Games," by Martin, and "Witness," by Walter Jon Williams. "Shell Games" concerns this guy from New Jersey, Thomas Tudbury. He's got a really neat telekinetic talent, but that's *all* he has: no invulnerability, no street smarts. But he's idolized superheroes since he was a kid, and there's a crying need in '63—that's right, the year Kennedy was assassinated—for heroes. So with his boyhood friend, who's as salt-of-the-earth as he is, Our Hero hatches a scheme to Do Good.

"Witness" is a re-telling of the McCarthy witch-hunt years, only



this time with superheroes in the role of scapegoats. The hero, nicknamed "Golden Boy" because of the golden force field he exhibits when doing super-feats, goes from being a post-war hero to a witch-hunt traitor to his own kind. The story is told from Golden Boy's point of view and is tremendously accurate to the tone of the era.

There are other good stories as well, notably by Roger Zelazny, Victor Milán and Melinda Snodgrass. My only complaint is that the separate storylines are *too* separate and too far apart in time. When you have more than 40 years to fool around with, I guess you can spread out. But there are at least two more books contracted for in this series, and I suppose the storyline will grow of its own accord as the writers get to know each other's characters. I've heard that the third book in the series will concern itself with all the characters' activities in one 24-hour period. There are rumors of the possibility of more than three books in this series depending on how well the first volume sells.

It is also rumored that the *Wild Cards* world will be adapted to a comics format fairly soon, coming full circle as it were. That would be

something of a shame, because in a print format you can do things that don't do as nicely as artwork: the two media are not equivalent and never will be. It's nice to see some of the themes of the better comic books being given some recognition for a change, and done very nicely.

Thank you, George.

Magic to Do

by Melinda Snodgrass,
writing as Melinda McKenzie
Signet, 1985, 182 pp., \$2.50 pb.

In those few seconds, Paul experienced a profound emotional upheaval. It was recognition, affinity, longing and remembering all rolled into one. He had felt this rapport only a few times before and always with people who had gone on to become very close and dear friends. But nothing before had prepared him for this. The emotions and longings were far stronger and deeper than ever before. Somehow, somehow, he knew he had to speak to this woman.—page 13

I was in a used bookstore when a friend of mine, browsing through the romances, held this book up and said, "Look, here's one of the few

with a real fantasy theme." There was a standard romance picture on the front, a modern-looking man and woman kissing against a background of purple flowers. Nothing out of the ordinary.

On the back there was a photograph of the author; she looked vaguely familiar. The biographical material stated that her best friend, Victor Milán, suggested she try writing. Okay, I'd heard of Milán, he did *The Cybernetic Samurai* last year. Intrigued, I decided to buy it—at half price I guess you can afford to be a little adventuresome. (I also knew I could donate it to MITSFS when I was done.)

It wasn't until I got *Magic to Do* home and looked at it again that I noticed the copyright name was Snodgrass, not McKenzie. I've seen Melinda Snodgrass at conventions, and she had struck me as intelligent and well-spoken. I decided to sit down and see what kind of romance novel she would turn out.

It wasn't really bad. There's this psychic mathematician, Paul, who's been hounded out of the math field because of bad publicity from one of the cases he helped the police solve. He's being investigated by this lady physicist, Kirsten Andersson, for the Esper Society, which is dedicated to proving that psychics are frauds. Of course, our two young, healthy, and heterosexual people hit it off extremely well. (The obligatory hot stuff starts on page 92, if you're interested.)

But will Kirsten's career be threatened if it gets out that she has taken up with (gasp!) a psychic? Will Paul have the courage to fight for a career in the legitimate sciences to have a place by the side of the woman he loves? Of such questions are romances made.

It's not great science fiction or fantasy, but then I suppose if you are going to sell to the romance market you had better not try to be high-concept. If you posit that psychic powers work, I suppose this qualifies as sf, but the emphasis is on the romance angle rather than the



psionic goings-on when the lovers' hearts zing the first time their eyes meet.

Of particular interest to me as a fan was seeing fandom from the outside. Our psychic hero, Paul, owns and operates a fantasy book and art store; several of his friends are sf/fantasy authors; and he takes Kirsten to a Renaissance fair for their first date. Kirsten is the daughter of an MIT professor working at Livermore; Paul got his undergraduate degree at Cal Tech and was fired from JPL.

It's strange to see your environment depicted as glamorous when you know it to be everyday and (pardon the term) mundane. I suppose it would seem pretty romantic to someone whose idea of an adventuresome Friday night is watching *Miami Vice*.

It was a cute read. It is the sort of book I would give my grandmother if I was trying to interest her in science fiction and didn't want to scare her off. From what I've seen, it isn't up to the level of Snodgrass's other writing. It is fluff, but at least it's good fluff.

The one thing that really intrigued me at the end of this book was the blurb for the other romance book Snodgrass has written. I reproduce it here in full:

OF EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN by Melinda McKenzie. Dr. Brooke Bryant had her feet on the ground but wanted to test her daring theories miles above it on a NASA space station. But first she had to get past top astronaut Harry

Pritchard—and when she found herself in an intense affair with him, she had to decide if an earthbound existence was worth the price of her heavenly passion....

I can hardly wait...

The Quest for Saint Camber

by Katherine Kurtz

Del Rey Books, 1986, 435 pp.,

\$16.95 hc.

I've never been in love with the Deryni books. They are better than some books I've read, but I read a lot. Katherine Kurtz is an extremely nice lady—I know because I've seen her at several conventions in the last few years. She is a terrific person, very gracious and vivacious. I only wish I could say more nice things about her writing, because she deserves to have only nice things said about her.

Enough apology. *Quest* is a regulation outing for a Deryni book. It follows two storylines: King Kelson and his loyal friend Dhugal, as they fall down a mountain into a raging river, get swept away into an underground cave, and do their damndest to survive it all; meanwhile, back at the kingdom, Kelson's cousin Conall half-schemes, half-falls into the Regency and into the arms of Kelson's love. "Swept away" is a good phrase for all the goings-on here, as I don't have much sense that the characters are in charge of their own destinies.

Kurtz seems to have gone out of her way to make Conall's villainy as sympathetic as possible,

which is a mistake, because she doesn't seem to have the artistic resources to write a sympathetic villain. The last two books in the series worked better for me, and it's probably due to the fact that the antagonists, scum-sucking heretics and anti-Deryni bigots all, were more clearly in the wrong.

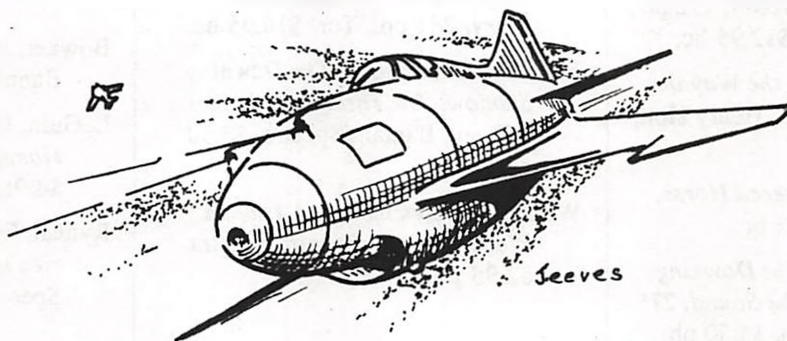
Another reason to be less than totally enthusiastic about this book is the fact that Kurtz introduces more mysteries than she solves, and by all accounts it will be at least five years before she takes up this particular storyline again. How annoying.

I mean, you'd expect a book entitled *The Quest of Saint Camber* to answer at least a few questions about the title character, wouldn't you? Of course the title isn't *The Finding of Saint Camber*, so I can't complain that Kurtz doesn't believe in truth in advertising!

The real strength of the Deryni series is its concern with theology and magic, and how they interrelate. In real life Kurtz is a priest in an alternative Catholic church that ordains women, and she takes these ideas seriously, but not fanatically. She says she considers part of her vocation to be her writing, and in this regard she really shines. It's unfortunate that this book doesn't spend much time in the areas of her strength as a writer.

I'd certainly recommend this to fans of the Deryni series, but unfortunately I wouldn't recommend it to anyone who hasn't read the series previously.

—Connie Hirsch





Books Received but Not Reviewed

August

- Anthony, Piers. *Ghost*, 279 pp., Tor, \$14.95 hc.
- Feist, Raymond E. *Silverthorn*, 343 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$3.50 pb.
- Hill, Douglas. *The Caves of Klydor*, 132 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$2.75 pb (orig. 1984).
- Hogan, James P. *The Proteus Operation*, 407 pp., Bantam, \$4.50 pb (orig. 1985).
- Innes, Evan. *The Golden World*, 373 pp., Bantam, \$3.95 pb.
- McIntyre, Vonda N. *Barbary*, 192 pp., Houghton Mifflin, \$12.95 hc.
- Morrow, James. *This is the Way the World Ends*, 319 pp., Henry Holt, \$18.95 hc.
- Somtow, S.P. *The Shattered Horse*, 464 pp., Tor, \$16.95 hc.
- Sucharitkul, Somtow. *The Dawning Shadow: Light on the Sound*, 275 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$3.50 pb.

September

- Attanasio, A.A. *Arc of the Dream*, 262 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$3.50 pb.
- Cook, Paul. *Halo*, 291 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$3.95 pb.
- MacAvoy, R.A. *Twisting the Rope*, 242 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$3.50 pb.
- Pike, Christopher. *The Tachyon Web*, 197 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$2.75 pb.
- Saberhagen, Fred. *The First Book of Lost Swords: Woundhealer's Story*, 281 pp., Tor, \$14.95 hc.
- Sucharitkul, Somtow. *The Dawning Shadow: The Throne of Madness*, 262 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$3.50 pb.
- Wilson, Robert Charles. *A Hidden Place*, 212 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$2.95 pb.

November

- Auel, Jean M. *The Mammoth Hunters*, 723 pp., Bantam, \$4.95 pb.
- Flint, Kenneth C. *Storm Shield*, 310 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$3.95 pb.
- Fowler, Karen Joy. *Artificial Things*, 218 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$2.95 pb.
- Harrison, Harry. *Winter in Eden*, 398 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$18.95 hc.
- Hill, Douglas. *Colsec Rebellion*, 161 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$2.75 pb.
- Jenner, Janann. *Sandeagozu*, 442 pp., Harper & Row, \$18.95 hc.
- Kennedy, Leigh. *The Journal of Nicholas the American*, 204 pp., Atlantic Monthly Press, \$16.95 hc.

January

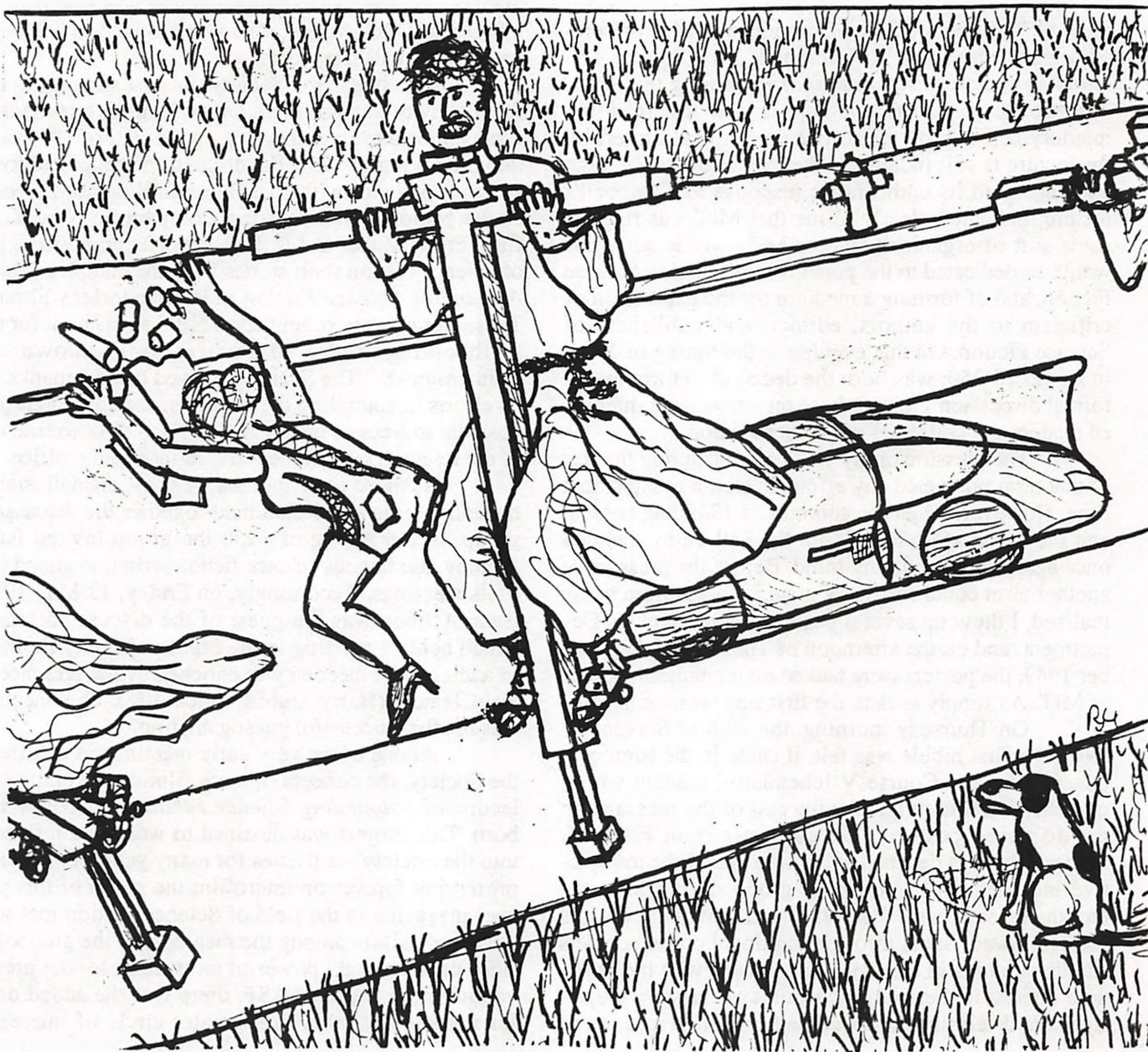
- Bowker, Richard. *Replica*, 300 pp., Bantam, \$3.95 pb.
- LeGuin, Ursula K. *Always Coming Home*, 562 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$4.95 pb (orig. 1985).
- Ryman, Geoff. *The Warrior Who Carried Life*, 198 pp., Bantam/Spectra, \$2.95 pb (orig. 1985).

The USMC Zk37-B "power pogo" personal omniterrain vehicle grew out of a technology demonstration program involving MIT and Stanford's AI labs, O.S.U.'s "walking robot" program, and MIT's Sloan Automotive Lab (this program led to the development of the alternating-single-stroke turbodiesels that power so many of today's linear acting devices). The blatant pork barreling that transformed it first into a development project, then production runs of ten, 300, and ultimately 15,000 units, all over the Pentagon's strenuous objections, was an important contribution to the climate that produced the revolutionary military procurement reforms of the late 1990s.

No one who was watching TV on May 3, 1997, can forget the growing terror in President D'Amato's eyes as he realized that the Army had fol-

lowed Congress's orders rather than his own, that the robot tank approaching him was indeed firing live ammo, and that his life depended on a Grumman Wombat self-guiding anti-tank missile. But by far the most bizarre consequence of the power pogo program began to take shape two weeks later, when President Buckley ordered the sale of the 11,000 completed power pogos through the GSA at \$110 each. In a shockingly short time, the American heartland was being terrorized by teenagers riding customized pogos.

But it was a short-lived crisis. The "Jumping Jesus" gangs soon died out (often literally). After all, the software problems that had plagued the Marines had not been fixed, and crowns of thorns proved poor substitutes for crash helmets.



The Early History of the MITSFS

by Rudy Preisendorfer
(reprinted from TZ 16)

Rudy Preisendorfer, who is by most accounts the co-founder of MITSFS, died in Seattle on September 16, 1986, at the age of 58. In his honor, we are re-printing an article he wrote for an earlier Twilight Zine about the founding of the Society. Some disagree with his version of events, but in any case the article is of interest.

The germ of an idea which eventually blossomed into reality...into the beginnings of a Science Fiction Society at MIT...was born in the Spring Term of 1949. The Lecture Series Committee of MIT presented a lecture by John W. Campbell, Jr., editor of *Astounding Science Fiction Magazine*, during that term. The precise date of that lecture is now lost from the memory cells of my mind. But the impression left by the lecture is still indelible. The overwhelmingly large audience, and its enthusiastic response to Campbell's lecture, indicated clearly to me that MIT was ripe for some sort of organized student body whose activities would be dedicated to the pursuits of discussing Science Fiction, and of forming a medium for the expression of criticism to the authors, editors, and publishers of Science Fiction. On that evening in the Spring of 1949, in Room 10-250, was born the decision to form an informal discussion group, whose members were interested readers and collectors of Science Fiction.

The pressure of my work at MIT during the rest of that term prevented any efforts to start a group at that time. However, when the summer of 1949 had passed, and I returned again to MIT for the Fall Term, the idea once again came up in my mind. Before the pressure of another term could force any material plans from being realized, I drew up several posters at the Graphics Department, and on the afternoon of Tuesday, 27 September 1949, the posters were tacked on the bulletin boards of MIT. As simply as that, the first step was completed.

On Thursday morning, the 29th of September 1949, the first nibble was felt. It came in the form of a postcard from a Course V [chemistry] student whose curiosity led him to answer the call of the message on the displayed posters. This card was from Frank X. Maher, who was destined to become one of the most active members in the forming group during its early months of existence. Postcards and personal contacts soon followed. Soon, through additional postal contacts and discussions in the halls with people who indicated their interest in the group, schedules of classes were analyzed to determine the best time for the first meeting of

the group. On Friday the 21st of October 1949, the first meeting of the group was held in the ancient haunt of the Society...the Ware West Lounge. The members present at that meeting were C. Wilcox, Frank X. Maher, Karl Eklund, Dan Lundgren, and Rudy Preisendorfer. Further interest was shown by Clive Greenough, Don Woodward, Don Osgood, Jim Davidson, L. Dion, H. Lauson, and Jim Stockard. This group of men formed the earliest nucleus of the discussion group which was destined to become the MIT Science Fiction Society. Another outstanding member was Jim Waters, a friend of Frank Maher, who was destined to help lead the Society in its later years.

Thus began the Society. Its first stirrings in official activity touched upon one of its most outstanding achievements even to this day. In the Fall of 1949, and into the Spring of 1950, the discussion group held forth a correspondence with Joel Hammil, Program Director of the National Broadcasting Company in New York City. Frank Maher and R. Preisendorfer compiled a list of Science Fiction short stories from the complete file of *Astounding Science Fiction* in Preisendorfer's library. These stories were submitted to NBC as material for the forthcoming radio dramatizations known as "Dimension-X." The Society received official thanks for its efforts in compiling these stories, and for suggesting possible sources of magazines in New York for the use of the research staff in the NBC script-writing office.

As those early months went by, a small, stable nucleus of interested men held together the discussion group. In the Spring of 1950 the group invited Isaac Asimov, the famous science fiction writer, to attend one of its meetings. Accordingly, on Friday, 12 May 1950, Isaac Asimov was the guest of the discussion group, which held its meeting in the Student-Faculty Lounge. In addition, the meeting was enriched by the presence of Hal Clement (Harry Stubbs, in real life). This meeting was the first successful guest gathering.

At one of the very early meetings in the life of the Society, the concept of microfilming the entire collection of *Astounding Science Fiction* magazines was born. This project was destined to weave its influence into the Society's activities for many years. The idea of preserving forever on microfilm the pages of this pioneer magazine in the field of Science Fiction met with great enthusiasm among the members of the group. Besides the inherently powerful motivation for the preservation of the pages of ASF, there was the added drive for making available to a greater circle of interested

readers the early and almost unobtainable issues of the magazine. Accordingly, ways and means to bring this idea into reality were explored. It was at this time that a great and lasting friend of the Society was found. After several months of incubation and exploratory efforts (such as the Kodak 35 films taken of the magazine, using a homemade prop for the souped-up camera in the home of an early member, Bill Mason) at operating the plan, Dr. Vernon Tate, Director of the Libraries at MIT, graciously offered the use of the microfilming facilities in the CSAL (Center of Scientific Aids to Learning) to the members of the discussion group. (This was in the Spring term of 1950.) Microfilming began on a small scale in the CSAL, in the basement of Hayden Memorial Library. The program continued, slowly but yet surely, during the summer of 1950, using the bound volumes of ASF from the collection of R. Preisendorfer.

On 24 June 1950, yet another forward step in the out-going activities of the discussion group was taken. A list of thirty science fiction books recently published in hard covers was compiled, and submitted to the Hayden Library for consideration of purchase. This list was to be followed by two more scattered over another year and a half. All the recommended titles (sixty-four) were eventually purchased by the [Hayden] Library, in the Spring of 1952.

During the Summer recess of 1950, the Society was represented by Rudy Preisendorfer at the Science Fiction Conference and Dinner held on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of July, at the Henry Hudson Hotel in New York City.

Also during this summer recess, a veritable galaxy of science fiction talent was clustered in the halls of MIT. An unscheduled meeting of the discussion group, held in July 1950 in the Jewett Moore Room, had Isaac Asimov, Hal Clement, and L. Sprague de Camp as guests. Unfortunately, most of the members of the group were away for the summer.

The following fall term, on September 20, 1950, R. Preisendorfer wrote to John W. Campbell, Editor of ASF, requesting permission to microfilm the complete file of the magazine between the years 1950 and 1930. A letter was received soon after from Street and Smith, granting permission for the group to record and make copies for the members. Also at this time, a decision was reached to start a Journal for the Society. [Ed. Note: *The Journal (TZ)* did not actually appear until 1960.] Through this medium, the members of the group could express their ideas in the form of science-fictional literature: stories, poems, articles, etc. The first meeting of the term, 3 November 1950, saw the decision to consolidate the Society's aims and organization in a written constitution, to gain full activity recognition from the Institute.

The life of the early discussion group was not always limited to the confines of a formal discussion. Many were the times that informal bull sessions were

originated in the midst of the bustling corridors of MIT. The social organization of the group was extended beyond the walls of the meeting room and the limits of the meeting hour. One very memorable occasion occurred on the evening of 28 November 1950, when the members of the group attended the LSC presentation of the movie version of H.G. Wells's *Things to Come* in 10-250. That evening a dream was born, a dream that was to become reality eighteen months later, when the Society presented its own SF movie to raise funds and notify the Institute of its presence on campus.

The Society lived on, and grew in strength and membership. At the meeting of 16 February 1951, Raymond Pohl read his first draft of the constitution. The following Monday, the constitution was submitted to the old Walker Memorial Committee. The Committee demanded further proof of the activities and accomplishments of the Society; a statement was drawn up by R. Preisendorfer, and Ray Pohl and Dick Hayman further polished the constitution. The constitution was accepted by the Committee on the 28th of February, 1951, and the Society officially became a Class B MIT activity. Dr. Vernon Tate, who had so generously aided the Society in its early formative days, became Faculty Advisor.

Feverish activity marked the following weeks. Letters were sent to Isaac Asimov and Hal Clement, and a poster display was set up March 12, in the lobby of Building 10. This display showed the constitution of the Society, letters to and from Street and Smith, and communications with NBC on the Dimension-X project. The following day, a display was erected in the blue halls of Hayden Library. We received permission from Dr. Tate to use the glass showcases, which we filled with early issues of ASF, British SF magazines, and several books, including a rare copy of *Slan* and a book contributed by Dr. Tate, called *Phra, the Phoenician*.

During all these months, the microfilming project was never idle. Dr. Tate took a great interest in the project, and did all he could to encourage the activity. Dr. Tate even offered to help finance the construction of a microfilm reader for the Society, and it was only the unremitting pressure on the students that forced them to sadly turn down this most generous offer.

The important meeting of 16 March 1951 saw three significant events:

(a) Isaac Asimov and Hal Clement attended the large meeting held in the Jewett Moore Lounge. Their presence stimulated interesting discussions on matters of Astronomy, as applied to the field of Science Fiction. (Clement holds a Master's Degree in Astronomy from Harvard.)

(b) Professor Arnold of the Mechanical Engineering Department explained his proposed course in Engineering Education, designed to acquaint engineering students with the problems of machine and tool design in radically different environments. He imagined a

planet in the Arcturus system populated by beings of a technical level comparable with that which was extant on Earth in the early Twenties. Where he thought the Society could help him was in the formulation of a new and sufficiently different physical environment for this culture, so that the Earth engineers could design machines and work out the problems encountered in constructing trade materials for the inhabitants of this planet. The Society's part in the Arcturus Project became the design of the chemistry and physics of the planet, to be used as engineering data by the students in Arnold's course.

(c) And last, but not least, elections were held at this meeting. Dick Hayman was elected the first President under the new constitution, Rudy Preisendorfer was elected Vice President, D. Woodward was made Treasurer, and G. Lutz became the Secretary.

On Friday, the 20th of April, the Society was again honored by the presence of Hal Clement at a meeting. Dr. Tate was guest speaker at the meeting of 4 May 1951, the regular election meeting under the new constitution. At this meeting, the officers were reshuffled: R. Preisendorfer was elected President, Raymond Pohl Vice President, Frank Maher Secretary, and Jim Waters Treasurer.

And so the Spring Term drifted into the past. Before the members left for the summer, however, they managed to erect a huge display in the Hayden Library, near the Circulation Desk and the old Director's Office. The display consisted of a huge salmon-colored rocket on a jet black, star-studded background, behind an open bookcase displaying some of the Society's latest acquisitions. Although the display was meant for the Homecoming Week, June 10-17, it remained for over a year, and was still standing in June of 1952, when the author left the Institute. And the Microfilming Project went on.

When Rudy Preisendorfer returned to Cambridge in the Fall of 1951, he found a letter from Mr. Alec Moss of 20th-Century Fox, advertising their new movie, "The Day the Earth Stood Still." Mr. Moss, in return for the Society's offer of aid in publicizing the movie, invited the members as a group to the Boston premiere of the movie on the 10th of October. This was a poor time, and the MITSFS went to see the movie free, with special arrangements with the manager of the theater, on the 16th. The Society later drew up a critique of the movie and gave it to the theater manager, to be forwarded to Mr. Moss.

In late 1951 funds for the microfilming project were running dangerously low, and the idea of discontinuing or reducing the size of the plan was considered. The major consideration was the extremely high cost of the films, and whether the money might be put to better use. [Two weeks later, an anonymous donor donated \$25 to the Society, for the purpose of retiring the microfilming debt.]

The Society was now well established, and at

this time was invited by *Technique*, the MIT yearbook, to write a brief history of the Society, its aims, and its goals. At the same meeting (8 Feb. 1952), the members posed for its first picture in *Technique*.

At the momentous meeting of 14 February 1952, plans were made to:

(a) Write Gold and Campbell, asking for the names and addresses of the SF writers in the Boston area.

(b) A list of SF movies was to be analyzed for possibilities, for showing an SF film by the MITSFS. The film would be in 10-250, and open to the public for 40¢. The Society eventually arranged with the LSC to co-sponsor the film, "Flesh and Fantasy," with a 50-50 split of the take.

On Thursday, 8 April 1952, the film was shown to a capacity audience in 10-250. The take was \$40.00, but after paying expenses and splitting the take, the Society came up with a profit of \$1.00. The members didn't care—the real purpose of the evening was accomplished: the MITSFS became firmly entrenched in the public's eye.

The closing of the first great cycle of the existence of the MITSFS came on the 18th of April, 1952, when Mr. John W. Campbell was guest at a banquet dinner. Three years before, Mr. Campbell's visit to MIT had started the germ of an idea, which had grown into the MIT Science Fiction Society. Prof. Arnold attended this meeting and was introduced to Campbell; when Campbell saw how successful the course had been, he persuaded Arnold to write an article on the course, which later appeared as a cover article in ASF. Afterward, Campbell and the members of the Society enjoyed a pleasant dinner and after-dinner discussion at the Red Coach Grill in Boston.

The meeting of 9 May 1952 saw the election of a new President, Ray Pohl, who had been one of the most loyal and steadfast members of the Society all through its early years. Jim Waters, another steadfast and faithful member, became the Vice President of the Society. Les Irish, an energetic new-comer to the fold, was elected Secretary, and Brian Parker (a new member of the Society, who had distinguished himself by having his first story published in ASF) became the Society's Treasurer. Also at this meeting, Dr. Harris of the MIT Medical Department attended in his capacity as Staff Psychiatrist; Dr. Harris observed and recorded the discussion of SF in progress for the purpose of determining the relation of Science Fiction, as a field of human literature of the imagination, to the individuals who read and write that literature. [Dr. Harris eventually finished his study and presented his conclusions to the Society; a transcription of his talk appeared in TZ #2 as "A Psychiatrist Looks at Science Fiction."]

Life, the Universe, God, and Me and My Lady

by Bill P. Starr

It's now been eight and a half months since I traded in my old Toyota and bought a new Jeep Cherokee. In that time, I've found out a lot about her. Her name is Stone Danser [sic], also known as Lady Stone Danser. She's a big girl, young and proud, and she doesn't yet really know her limitations. However, after a few rust spots (more about that later) and an encounter with an unclimbable snowbank, she is beginning to realize that she *has* limitations, and it bothers her.

To reassure her, I talk to her a lot; complimenting her on her accomplishments, apologizing for my driving errors, and, when parking, always telling her how long I expect to be gone. This has gotten me some strange looks from some of my passengers, but what do they know? They probably don't even realize that cars can be sentient.

The sad truth is, she *is* a living creature, and she isn't the indestructible, unstoppable demigod of transportation that the American Motors Corporation has spent so many millions of dollars to convince us that she, and all of her line, are. She's only steel and glass and rubber and paint. I'm worried about how she'll react the first time her mortality is really brought home to her.

So far, after nearly nine months and 6,700 miles, all has been pretty well, though I've had to have repaired two flaws in her paint job that were starting to rust.¹ But there are so many evils out there, just waiting for her. There is the mundane but deadly hazard of nicks and scratches that can lead to rust, and rust is to cars what cancer is to humans. There are disasters, like collisions and rollovers and fire and floods. There are the human evils: vandals, car thieves, and just plain crazies. There's the horrible possibility of abandonment — if I die, or suffer a catastrophic financial setback and can no longer afford to make the payments, who will care for her? The thought of my Lady suddenly finding herself repossessed and on a used car lot, alone and confused, is almost more than I can bear.

And, worst of all, there is Time. Entropy gets everyone in the end, even proud Ladies of the road. The best-lubricated pistons wear out, valves fail, rubber gets old and brittle, and even a solid steel frame will eventually succumb to gravity itself.

I know, of course, that cars, unlike humans

¹ Starting to rust after only (at most) a month or so of exposure of steel to air, and this in the summer, not the road-salted winter! What's AMC using for hullmetal these days, anyway? Spun sugar?

(with today's medical technology, anyway), have at least the potential for immortality. Everything, from the door handles to the engine and transmission, can be replaced and upgraded. As long as the changes take place gradually, over a period of time, the car's soul remains the same. It's conceivable that my Lady will still be alive and rolling centuries from now, with a Mr. Fusion engine under the hood, a General Products hull for a body, an on-board twenty trillion floating-point-operations/second autopilot and limited hyperjump capability. (And will she remember me then?)

It's a nice fantasy, but I can't really bring myself to believe in it. In my heart, I know that our relationship will end in one of only three ways: I'll lose her, she'll lose me, or we'll both die at the same time. Whichever happens, it will be much too soon.

The Pope and his Church don't know anything: the greatest sin imaginable isn't the defying of one's god or the taking of a life, it's the irresponsible creation of life, and I am, by my own definitions, a sinner. I gave life to Stone Danser by *believing* that she is alive,² and now I find that I can't protect her.

The sad truth is that we humans—and our creations—are so damn *small*, in all four dimensions of space-time, and we're so damn weak.

(After two decades of watching *Star Trek*, I finally understand how Kirk felt about the *Enterprise*. Could I have started the destruct sequence if I'd been in Kirk's place and the starship was my Lady? Possibly... but I don't think I'd have been able to leave the bridge afterwards.)

Given that, for better or for worse, I don't believe in—can't make myself believe in—the comforting illusion of a good and kind Deity who has my best interests at heart,³ how do I deal with this terrible knowledge that in the end there is only loss and desolation?

Well, gang, sometimes I can't. I've never learned the secret of dealing with loss, and I have bouts of depression from time to time (some who know me

² And if you don't believe it, then to hell with you; as a man once said (approximately) when a computer claimed to be Sherlock Holmes's older brother, "Reality can be an awfully slippery thing."

³ The only banner that Lady Danser carries is a "Question Authority" bumper sticker. It isn't there just for decoration, folks, and I apply that philosophy to even—nay, *especially*—the Highest Authority.

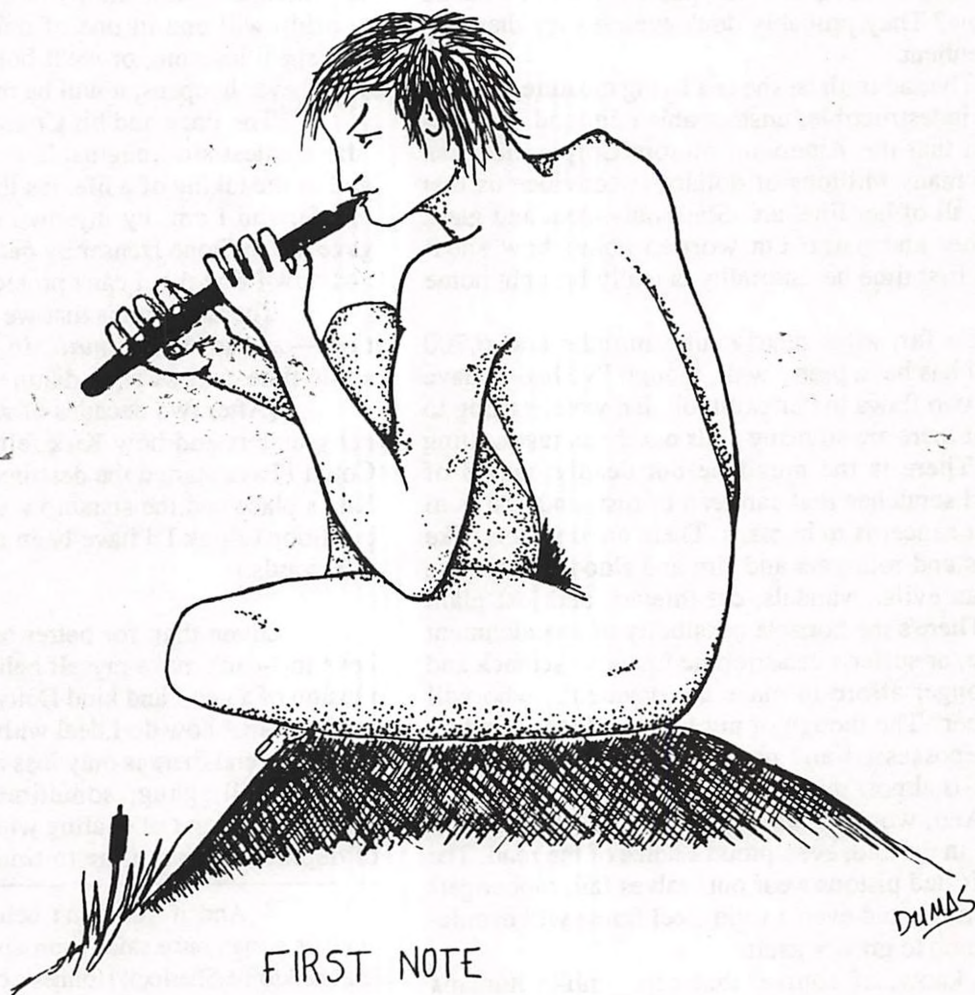
have claimed that depression is my natural state and that I occasionally suffer from happiness). These attacks, which have had me in therapy for the last six of my twenty-nine years, can come without warning and leave me so empty, so devoid of hope and of belief in the goodness of life, that I just withdraw from it all, so intent on blocking out the pain that I don't let myself feel anything at all.

Sometimes, though, the depression, like any other disease, goes into remission, and when it does, the world can seem a fine and wonderful place. Right now, for example...

I'm sitting at my desk at work, watching a near-blizzard blow outside my window. The whole world out there is a beautiful collage of white snow and gray sky and green pines, and it's 2:30 in the afternoon and I'm one of about seven people who haven't fled the office in fear of the predicted four to eight inches of snow.

I can feel the snow calling to me, to the St. Bernard ancestry in my blood. I'm sure that Lady Danser can feel it, too. When I finish writing this, I'm going to go outside, put Ms. Danser into four-wheel-drive, and we're gonna put all our troubles aside, boogie in the snow, and be immortal for a little while.

It ain't Paradise, but it'll do till the skies clear.



The Fall of the Bearskin Jockstrap

by John Boardman
(reprinted from *Dagon* #343)

While science fiction ranges all over the universe, in our time fantasy novels seem to fall into one of two classes:

I. The Bearskin Jockstrap

II. Keltic Twilight Plus Telepathy

The former class looks back beyond Robert E. Howard's Conan to the Norse *sögur* and Russian *skazki*, and their equivalents from other cultures. The latter class looks more to ancient Keltic myth, and represents a pedigree that runs from Geoffrey of Monmouth and Sir Thomas Malory to Marion Zimmer Bradley and her imitators.

For both classes of novel, a social setting of a vaguely medieval sort is presented, and the heroes and villains operate in this setting.¹ A king is on a throne somewhere, or a tribal chieftain in his long house. Matriarchy is common in the "Keltic-Twilight-Plus-Telepathy" novels, though notably absent from any of Europe's *real* Dark Age cultures, so sometimes a priestess runs the tribe. People ride around on horses unless dragons or magic carpets are available, and fight with swords, bows, spears, or mangonels. (Balls of fire and spells turning the enemy to stone are available at a slight extra cost from your unfriendly neighborhood wizard.²) No fantasy writer worthy of his or her word-processor would introduce even a 14th-century blunderbuss or a 15th-century printing press into a fantasy novel.

Of course the *real* Dark Ages were nothing like this, and the times in which heroic epics are set must have been very uncomfortable times in which to live. As Larry Gonick says in Volume 5 of *The Cartoon History of the Universe* ("Brains and Bronze," dealing with the Grecian Bronze Age): "Never mind what the Golden

Fleece was, except that it was gold and didn't belong to them." Or, "To the hills! Here come the heroes!"

Well, who is going to dare to say these things to the readers and writers of contemporary fantasy fiction? Joel Rosenberg is doing it, in his series beginning with *The Sleeping Dragon*. But Rosenberg is a child of mid-20th-century America. There is another culture available, however, which is so deeply immersed in the heroic tales of the past that it has a very good perspective from which to judge tales of heroism.

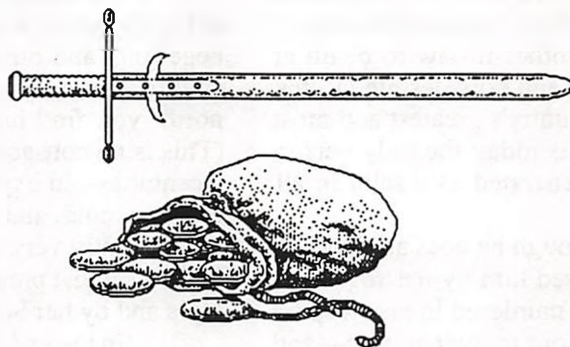
Apart from the Jews, no people of our time is as strongly affected by their ancient literature as the Icelanders. Their language has scarcely changed from 800

or 1000 years ago, so modern Icelanders can easily read the ancient *sögur*.³ They know the heroes and villains of these epics as well as we know Moses, Hector, or Arthur. So—what do modern Icelanders think of having their literary tradition dominated by a bunch of medieval swordsmen and harri-

dans? For an answer we can go to *The Happy Warriors*, a novel written in 1956 by Halldor Kilian Laxness, the only Icelander ever to win the Nobel Prize for literature.

Laxness begins with two historical characters who lived in the first third of the 11th century, the warrior Thorgeir Havarsson and the skald Thormod Bes-sasson. By that time the steam was beginning to run out of the Viking mystique. The European kingdoms had organized their defenses so well that smash-and-grab raids in the old style were unprofitable and even dangerous. Any Northman who went south for his own profit either went as a trader or, if he could do it, amassed an army big enough not merely to raid a kingdom but to conquer it.

Of these new developments the sworn brothers Thorgeir and Thormod reck nothing. They are wrapped up in the beliefs instilled in them by the poetic traditions of their time—that the true warrior spares nothing and nobody, but serves a mainland king and does great deeds at the head of an army, until he eventually falls gloriously in battle and becomes famous evermore in



¹ I am, with some hesitation, using "hero" to describe both males and females. The word "heroine" as used by Edgar Rice Burroughs has a quite different meaning from the same word as used by, say, Marion Zimmer Bradley.

² Etymologically, the word "wizard" seems to be a pejorative—approximately equivalent to our modern term "wise-ass."

³ This is the plural of *saga*.

song and story.

Well, it doesn't quite work out that way. Thor-geir tries to get a band of Vikings together, and finds that he can only recruit the dregs of the country. He finally makes it to England at about the time Olaf the Fat decides he is going to besiege, capture, and loot London. While King Æthelred of England hides in the swamps or tries to squeeze ransom money out of his own people, the Londoners man the walls, and drive off the great army of Northmen by such expedients as pouring boiling urine on them from the city walls.

This leads us into a theme that is constant in Laxness's novels, whether they are set in 10th-century Isafjörðh, Brigham Young's Utah, or modern Reykjavik. Rulers, from country magnates up to kings, are selfish hypocrites who fear no foreign foe as much as they fear their own commoners. Nobility of spirit resides only with the poor, the outcasts, and the peasantry, even though they may be discourteous or half-cracked. Religious principle, Pagan or Christian, is a cloak to cover greed and bloodlust. We are told how Olaf the Fat used his stepfather's money to bribe his way to the Norwegian crown, how Canute the Great of Denmark stabbed his own brother-in-law to death at Mass during the consecration, and how despite all this the latter is regarded as his country's greatest and most pious king, while the former is today the only person since apostolic times to be venerated as a saint in all three branches of Christianity.

Thor-geir finds that, though he does all the right things, the recognition promised him by the *sögur* escapes him. When he is finally murdered in his sleep by baseborn men, Thormod sets out to avenge him—and finds himself, not singing tales of heroism at a European court, but stranded far up the west coast of Greenland at the uttermost outpost of Nordic civilization.

Thormod finally lands in Sweden, where Olaf the Fat is accumulating a largely Pagan army to reconquer the kingdom from which he has been ejected. The skald is distressed to learn that King Olaf has never heard of his sworn-brother Thor-geir, who was supposedly the king's greatest champion. The novel ends just before the battle of Stiklestadhir in 1030, in which the Norwegians slew their would-be king and his foreign army, preferring the Danish king to their own. Needless to say, modern Norwegians place Stiklestadhir beside Golgotha as a place of martyrdom.

Of such things are the legends of heroism made, says Laxness. Nor is he any more gentle with the myths of our own time. Eight years before *The Happy Warriors*, he had written a bitter "Brechtian" novel in a contemporary setting, *The Atom Station*. This was Lax-

ness's personal protest about the establishment of the American military base at Keflavik. (The word "atom" in the title of the book expresses the Icelandic belief, never confirmed or denied by the U.S. government, that nuclear weapons are stored at Keflavik.) Iceland had been ruled by foreigners from 1283 to 1944; in 1948 it seemed to many that their new independence was to be surrendered to yet another foreign overlord.

The story is told in the first person by a country girl from the north who comes to Reykjavik to serve as the maid in the home of a member of the Althing who supports the Keflavik plan. Ugly Falsdottir⁴ encounters considerable culture shock in meeting her boss's family and the political figures whom he entertains. The Americans are uniformly courteous and friendly, but the Icelandic politicians who set up the Keflavik deal are a batch of drunken scoundrels. Despite the warnings of her mistress, Ugly falls in with a cell of terrible Communists—who, instead of the rumored orgies, seem to be the same sort of frightfully earnest and ineffectual type that Reform Democrats are in this country.

The readers themselves may have culture shock at Ugly's practical peasant attitude toward love affairs, begetting, and birthing. But this is part of the peasant culture, particularly in Europe, where, as you go further north, you find higher and higher illegitimacy rates. (This is no consequence of the "sexual revolution," but a centuries-old expression of the fact that winter nights are long, cold, and dark in those regions, and the life of the peasantry very dull.) There is an interesting contrast in the way that pregnancy is encountered by the practical Ugly and by her boss's teenage twit of a daughter.

In the end everything comes full term. Ugly has her daughter, the atomic station is built at Keflavik, the leaders who brought it about meet national scorn, and the cynics are proved right. Nor are "heroes" any more welcome in the 20th century than in the 11th:

"A man who risks everything for his cause, even his good name if the cause is defeated—I do not know who is a hero if not he," said the organist.

"Then Quisling was a hero," said the unself-conscious policeman, "for he knew right from the start both that he would be hanged and that the Norwegians would execrate him after his death."

"Goebbels murdered his six children and his wife before committing suicide, rather than yield to the east," said the organist. "It is a fallacy to think that heroism is in any way related to the cause that is fought for... We do not doubt that in the Fascist armies there were proportionately as many heroes as in the Allied armies. The cause makes no difference to the heroism."

⁴ Family names have not yet impressed Icelanders; patronymics are the only "last names" they have. Even the president is plain Vigdis Finnbogasdóttir. Laxness started out in life (in 1902) as Halldor Gudjonsson.

Illegitimate Half-Cousin of Minutes

Excerpts from the Minutes of the MITSFS have been appearing in TZ practically forever; as of TZ 34, we had made it up to 1972-73. Then the sequence was interrupted in TZ 35 to print a recent set of minutes done as a Poe pastiche, and since then we haven't been able to find the 72-73 minutes. We have thus moved on, and are now up to the 79-80 minutes.

5/11/79, 1700 SST

Called to order by The Sklar.

Unknown motion, defined by the Skinner to be a motion to approve the minutes as read, fails 2-10-6+Spehn.

Hy Tran (HDT) moves to censure the Skinner for not voting. Passes 14-5-4+Spehn. The voting is followed by a chorus of, "He sure doesn't learn faster than Finger!"

Guy Consolmagno (GC) moves to censure the Skinner for not voting (again). Passes 13-6-9+Spehn.

The motion was repeated again by Kathy Godfrey (KG), but the Skinner had become conveniently deaf to both the motion and the second.

PseudoLibcomm: The microfiche reader is *not* operational. It was condemned by the Safety Office.

Gavelcomm: The Assistant Gavel was returned [from the Picnic] after attacking said committee's car.

Resolution by committee (or conspiracy) to congratulate all the Titles in Pinkdex for being owned by the MITSFS. Then began the reading aloud of Titledex (by HDT).

A motion by Tom Spencer (TS), to the background of Pinkdex, to accept Pinkdex as whole to avoid errors (and also the reading of said Pinkdex). Fails 3-10-4+Spehn at first, but passes after reference to members cowering behind the flame-proof doors.

An attempt to commend a list of all the magazines in the Library for being owned by the MITSFS is quickly quashed by the Skinner, who claims that the contents of the Library was moved in the preceding motion. GC points out that said contents also included Cheryl Wheeler (CW). The Skinner says he supposes that it is better to be in Pinkdex than to have Pinkdex in you, at which point he is asked by KG not to be obscene.

A motion to congratulate KG for her promptness in presenting motions, amended to read: "to congratulate her for her promptness in presenting motions with a banana." Passes 13-5-3+Spehn. Meeting adjourned, 1720 SST.

5/18/79, 1700 SST

Before the reading of the minutes can even begin, Robert van der Heide (RvdH) asks whether MITSFS Meetings are conducted by an agenda. Chip Hitchcock (CH): Finger Motion. RvdH: "What is a Finger Motion, anyway?" CW: Finger Motion. RvdH: "I know how to make it, but what does it mean?" CH and CW: Finger Motion. The Skinner, totally confused by these proceedings, asks the cause of the motion. CW: Finger Motion!

During Committee Reports, there ensues a discussion of how many members a day may be designated with, and as, "lowly turkeys who will become mechanical engineers."

CostaRicaComm: There is still no reply from Costa Rica to the letter sent condemning them for growing bananas.

Two very random people begin singing the Adjournment Song, but, fortunately for the rest of the members present, they do not get beyond the first verse.

Motion to condemn the Vice for having a bat the color of a banana. Motion passes 40-10-something<39+Spehn after some not so surreptitious manipulations of the votes by the Skinner. Meeting adjourned, 1716 SST.

6/1/79, 1700 SST

GC moves to lay the Onseck (CW) on the table. Amended by Mike Toon (MT) to do it on the couch, it's more comfortable. Amendment fails 3-7-3+Spehn. Discussion of the main motion ensues. Motion chickens 7-0-7+Spehn.

Motion to adopt the Minutes as read. Substitute motion to adopt the Minutes as blue. Friendly amendment: to adopt the Minutes as nuked blue. Passes 15-0-3+Spehn.

PseudoLibcomm (GC): A random donated a boxful of books, 6 or 7 of which were not in Pinkdex, including *Linda Lovelace for President*.

PseudoMoocomm (Greg Ruffa by way of GC): *Alien* is groovy.

6/8/79, 1700 SST

LHE is still out of town, but he left the cash here (very stupid).

ROSFAP (GC): I ROSFAP'd a bunch of zines and cleared off the top of the file cabinets, and found for-sale copies of TZ 29, 25, and 24.

CH moves to lay Diana Worthy on the table. Dies. Diana Worthy only wants \$1 for it! ("It" being a Perry Rhodan.)

Minicult (CH): A "gentleman" on a sports final proposed that athletes should be awarded bananas!

Motion (GC): "An appropriate rewording of the Minicult."

Miller Motion (Weiner). Miller Motion (Weiner).

[Matrix vote:]	Y	N	C	
rewording of Minicult	2	2	5	=26
Miller Motion #1	0	3	-1	
Miller Motion #2	1	4	6	

Meeting adjourned 1723 SST.

6/22/79, 1700 SST

Ken Johnson (KRJ) moves to form "other committee" to answer when called for. Ties 4-0-3+Spehn; passes by chair's decree. KRJ appointed to committee.

Minicult: A pair of twins that was separated at birth found each other, got married, and were arrested for incest.

President complains about the New Testament being listed [in Pinkdex] as authored by God, but as an anthology. Sklar: "This sucker bites." A long discussion of the Bible ensues.

Motion to invent a machine to turn CH into a banana. Discussion: He already is a banana! No, he does not have a peel. Passes 7-2-6+Spehn. Meeting adjourned 1722 SST.

6/29/79, 1715 SST [Well, that's what it says!]

Motion to adjourn meeting. Chickens 4-2-5+Spehn.

Minutes are read; nothing is done about it.

(Jourcomm/2)₂: If TZ 30 is a steal, is 29 aluminum?

Minicult (KG): There was a very short wedding in Iowa: the couple had exchanged vows and were turning to leave the altar when the groom felt faint, collapsed, cracked his head on the altar, and died.

The President and Skinner, having found himself disappointing himself as Skinner, appoints Cheryl Wheeler as Skinner "at least until next term." There is a discussion as to whether the President or the Skinner presides at Meetings. A suggestion to find a copy of the constitution to see who *should* preside at meetings is violently suppressed.

The Other Committee enters, and a report is demanded of him. "Let it be noted that the Other Committee is here, and that he doesn't know anything about the other committees."

7/6/79, 1715 SST

Minutes of previous meeting read by GC, along with the minutes of 9/29/61.

The LHE is back, but he's invisible (only two people have seen him)

Minicult: Typing services are advertised on a card as being \$1.50/double-spaced, \$180/single-spaced.

7/27/79, 5:15 SST

Motion to adjourn passes 6-4-0+Spehn.

The LHE is still invisible. Also no longer in our space-time continuum.

CW went over the books until 4:30 a.m. They had not been done since February. There were many exciting mistakes!

PseudoLibcomm: A librarian c. 1774 warned against people such as tend to inhabit the Society: the shallow-witted, the obscene, politicians, astrologers, necromancers, and women.

PseudoPicniccomm (Carl Hylin): Called from Hawaii (via satellite); can't find the bill for the last Picnic (we still owe ~\$120 to the poor slob).

Minicult: A picture of HDT arrived: in cap and gown, holding his diploma and TZ 31.

Carl moves, via Hawaii and satellite, to commend Albania for not growing bananas. Passes 9-8-5+Spehn. Meeting adjourned, 1735 SST.

8/10/79, 5:15 SST

LHE Report: He's here, for the first time since the election. We have \$696.48 in some random account; we have 2 checking accounts and a savings account. How many sets of books? 17,000 books!

Motion to censure the LHE for not bringing a comic book passes 5-1-1+Spehn.

Minicult (Irwin T. Lapeer): There is a filthy pro in this room (Costello) who was paid, most fannishly, with a rubber check.

BPS arrives and asks if the LHE has paid his dues yet. He hasn't.

9/7/79, 1700 SST

Meeting called to order by (of all people) the President.

Picniccomm: As soon as he is paid \$119.91-\$1.50 [for 3 TZs] he will have enough money to buy typing paper and submit a final report.

The President disappoints the Onseck as Skinner and reappoints himself.

Minicult (Sklar): There are two members of the Class of '83 named Skinner.

GC moves to censure the Vice for having banana-colored hair. Chickens 8-1-9+Spehn.

Miller Motion fails.

Motion to adjourn is seconded and ruled out of order.

Motion to censure "out of order" (a.k.a. the President) for not falling out of his chair. Passes, something. Meeting adjourned 1737 SST.

9/14/79, 1700 SST

Sklar moves to append the words "by brute force" to the end of the minutes. Passes by decree.

Minicult (KG): The missing boy playing D&D for real has been found.

Motion to censure *The Boston Globe* (for calling D&D "an elaborate intellectual game") by dropping the

final e, demoting them to lower case (and restoring Jack Stevens to upper case by the conservation of upper case), and sending them a crate full of Costa Rican bananas.

9/21/79, 1700 SST

Motion to recognize that Chip Hitchcock is still not here (an attempted amendment by CH fails). Motion passes, 18-5-3+Spehn.

LHE: We have money.

Motion to censure the Society for being in a positive money state fails, 9-11-5+Spehn.

Omnicom: *Omni* called MITSFS and asked whether we run conventions, so they can send people to sell subscriptions. They also want to buy our membership roster.

Minicult (GC): from the boston glob, a report on *The Book of Heroic Failures* contains, among others, the following tidbits:

- The least successful safety film was one made by the British Aircraft Corporation in 1976 on the dangers of not wearing protective goggles in factory work. It was so gory that one welder fell off his chair in fright and had to have seven stitches in his head, and another 13 persons fainted and had to be helped out.
- The least successful equal pay advertisement was one in which the Dublin government advertised for an equal pay enforcement officer and listed different salary scales for men and women.
- The least successful Alcoholics Anonymous meetings was held in Belfast in 1974 and ended in a cloakroom brawl after \$847 had been spent at the bar.
- The worst homing pigeon, released in England in June 1953, was expected to reach base that evening. It was returned by mail, dead, in a cardboard box 11 years later from Brazil.

9/28/79, 1700 SST

PseudoOmnicom will write a letter to *Omni* saying we do not hold conventions, will not sell our membership roster, and other assorted comments.

Panthercomm: We now have 3 copies of *Han Solo at Star's End*.

Minicult (MITSFS): There was a MITSFS Meeting today in which no minicults were given.

10/5/79, 1700 SST

Called to order by Him (as opposed to Hy).

Onseck: The Society will have to find a new Onseck soon. The Onseck has received a threatening chain letter and has one week to live.

Minicult (GC): A new book, *The Encyclopedia of SF*, references Ken Johnson's article without mentioning his name, and says MITSFS became NESFA.

10/12/79, 1700 SST

Meyercomm: It was calculated that the membership of Bosklone will be 2×10^{13} if it follows the curve established in the first three weeks.

Minicult (Vice): The Coca-Cola Co.'s new advertising scheme involves R2-D2-like robots with Coke-can-like bodies doing strange and illogical things.

Minicult (GC): The boston glob has reported that Nicaragua is trying to wipe out literacy. A letter-writer suggested they help by sending copies of the boston glob.

10/19/79, 1700 SST

Minicult (GC): According to TZ 16, the MITSFS was founded on 10/21/49 (thirty years ago 2 days from now).

Ken Meltsner (KM) moves to burn a book in celebration. Motion to evict him passes 15-6-4+Spehn.

Picniccomm is directed to prepare an appropriate feast.

10/26/79, 1700 SST

Called to order by Our Own True Vice.

Picniccomm: Last Sunday the Society celebrated the founding of the Society with a banana-flavored cake with 3 cans of Hawaiian Punch.

Motion to dispense with motions involving bananas passes all-4-2+Spehn. Meeting adjourned, 1720 SST.

11/2/79, 1700 SST

Motion to commend/condemn *Meteor* for its 600 m.p.h., unidirectional, selective tidal wave.

Amendment: to commend/condemn them for not having a wave moving faster than the speed of sound in air/water. Passes 18-7-7+Spehn.

Motion to commend the MITSFS for having more than 30% of its keyholders born on October 31.

1/18/80, 1700 SST

Minicult (GC): Chip Hitchcock signed up a new member from Wellesley named Constance Planck. (So what else is nu?)

1/25/80, 1700 SST

Motion to declare the food at the [LSC] Science Fiction Marathon to be the satellite Callisto, amended to Io. Passes, 13+balloon+plume-6+string+invisible proxy -3+Spehn.

Motion to condemn the student body of the Institute for not dropping a rubber chicken with an egg in it from the first floor of Lobby 7. Chickens, balloon+string+arm-1-many, many+Spehn.

Minicult (GC): Inside info (heard on subway) on trouble with the space shuttle engine: they used the wrong kind of solder.

Motion to commend NASA for trying to save us money by using less expensive soldering alloys such as ba-

Letters of Comment

TERRY JEEVES, 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield, S11 9FE, S. Yorkshire, U.K.

Many thanks for the superlatively produced issue of TZ. I enjoyed it immensely apart from one or two little "not my type of thing" items. Viz, in my iggerance, I wot not of Glen Cook, and that illo on page 50 was a real no-no I'm afraid. Yet another left-handed swordsperson.

Nice bit of cover art though, and I loved the bacover robot. Letters suffered from the layout...they looked more like one of those stories written in letter form between Galactic HQ and the poor sod on the outstation, or whatever. [*Is this better?—Ed.*]

I was tickled by the table of organisation of the MITSFS, and the sundry job titles therein. No doubt it is a good job that you don't have all those slots filled or you'd never get any committee resolutions passed. Parkinson's Law...the one about work done is inversely proportional to the people trying to do it.

Bill Starr's farewell to an old car touched my heart strings. Our first car "Jane" was a 1954 Ford Anglia, and when we parted with it...after some 14 years and 100,000+ miles it was like losing an old friend. We replaced it with a Ford Cortina (new) which gave us far more trouble after only three years. Since then, we've had four Opels and currently a Vauxhall (GM) Astra. The fascinating change in driving cars has gone from regular service every 1000 miles with the Anglia, to the current every year or 12,000 miles of the Astra!

Agree with the reviewer's comments on *Interzone* fiction. I tried just one copy of the magazine... and THAT wasn't worth reading...

so how they can justify an anthology of such crud is beyond me.

I scream, I abase myself, I foam at the gob...on looking at page 51. Buying old magazines to *bind*. Egad, it's sacrilege. It won't preserve the old pulps either, as their acid paper is busily rotting them as they sit. I have one 1932 *Astounding* which showers dan-druff every time I open it—so I can only browse once a year in a vain attempt to stretch its life to beyond mine. If you tried to bind that one, it would be like trying to plait dry breadsticks.

I see you're also faunching for artwork...with particular mention of "draw a spiffy spaceship" (page 3). So I'll try to include an illo or two along that line. Meanwhile, back to preparing the 28th anniversary issue of my own zine ERG Quarterly.

We know about the acid rotting the magazines; if you know of an independently wealthy person who'll fund their deacidification, please let us know. Thanks for the illos.

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423

Summit Avenue, Hagerstown,
MD 21740

It must be destiny: the last time I wrote a loc to *Twilight Zine*, it was Christmas Eve, and this one is emerging on Hallowe'en. I stopped going out on this particular evening after everyone told me I needn't change a thing to attend costume parties or go trick-or-treating.

All that information on MITSFS lore is both amusing and educational. It might also be significant in a fan history sense. I can't figure out from this data how far back most of these traditions and legends and neologisms date. So I'm uncertain if MITSFS has been creating them

steadily down through the years to the present or if most of them are already old. You see, there is a general belief that the ability to create myths and legends has been on the decline in fandom for the past dozen years or longer. Maybe you're an exception to this apparent trend. Or maybe your group reflects it, although yours is a special case, representing local club activity while in the past most fannish legendry and tradition have emerged from fanzine fandom.

I got that sinking feeling again when I read the Glen Cook interview and the bibliography of his writings. This is no reflection on Glen Cook but rather on my failure to keep up with professional science fiction and fantasy. I've read next to nothing by this author and it's depressing to think how many hours I need to spend on his books and short stories before I can feel myself Up To Date on one more modern author.

Bill Starr proves once again how fans love to write about their autos and how entertainingly most fans do such writing. (I know a local man who says he has owned fifty autos in the past half-century; if he were a fan, some fanzine or other wouldn't need to worry about what to use to fill up an issue.) Alas, I differ from most fans through inability to feel the least affection or sentiment for autos when I trade them in. This house is cluttered with the cadavers of extinct radios because I can't bear to throw away things that gave me so much listening pleasure, there's a piano in the cellar which nobody has played for three decades or longer but I wouldn't want to dispose of it because my father loved it so much when it was in his home in his boyhood, I save even announcements of cons I'll never attend because they seem somehow vaguely related to fanzines, but I've never felt the least hesitation about getting rid of an auto. Old autos are ungrateful for the attention and money lavished upon them, they are disobedient,

they become incontinent with their oil, and they are otherwise so bothersome and disgusting I am glad to see them go when their time comes.

Some things never change, no matter how far science advances. This teleconference whose transcript is published in this issue reads for all the world like the contents of the one-shots that fans used to put out when a few of them got together and drank too much to have common sense but not enough to become unable to take turns at the keyboard of a non-electric typewriter into which stencils were inserted. The amount of money required to buy the hardware involved in the teleconference probably runs into five figures instead of the ten bucks or so the one-shot typewriter may have cost in used condition, and stencils used to cost about a dime apiece while this modernized one-shot cost more than a dime per minute as long as it was going on. This is progress of sorts, I suppose.

I also enjoyed the excerpts from the minutes. You realize, of course, that eventually you'll be forced to stop this series because you'll fall further and further behind and the paper on which the minutes were written will be growing more yellowed and brittle every time you prepare to publish another issue and eventually it'll self-destruct when touched through old age. It won't do any good to put current minutes into a computer because a couple of decades in the future, it will be as hard to find computer equipment capable of using current software as it is to figure out today a way to play a wire recording from the 1950s.

If you are anxious for new sources of income for MITSFS, why don't you run off a batch of copies of the organizational chart, omitting the classifications of officers on the far left, and sell them to Bostonians who don't have ancestors like the Cabots and the Lodges and are envious? I'm sure lots of mundanes would be happy to purchase family trees whose members had such distinctive names, and

they could spend a lifetime trying to track down information on the big families and the succession of generations.

While most of the MITSFS traditions originated between the early '60s and the mid-'70s, they are still being amended and added to. Interest in them, however, is generally on the decline, which is one of the reasons I wanted to get them down on paper.

WILLIAM M. DANNER, R.D. 1,
Kennerdell, PA 16374

Thanks for *Twilight Zine* 37. I'd like to say it is a handsome production, but it's hard to speak warmly when my Scottish blood is running cold at the sight of all that white space between paragraphs. A hundred years or so ago when the first typewriter produced a letter on the first primitive machine she put an extra space between paragraphs. Ever since stenographers have done the same thing, and when the first faaaans, some fifty or sixty years ago, typed hektography masters for the first faaaanzines, they blindly followed the example. The sad thing is that, now that compositors are being replaced by stenographers, the same booboo is found in some professional publications. Within an article spacing between paragraphs should be the same as between lines of the paragraph, unless there be a discontinuity of time or place or subject, in which case something like the row of asterisks you have in your editorial is good practice. Otherwise extra space destroys the appearance of the page and also wastes paper, which, from the prices suppliers get for it now, must be stored in burglar-proof vaults. Another result of extra space is to make a long article or story look like a series of short, unrelated items. You should jump at the chance of improving your magazine while saving money. [You'll notice I took your advice—thanks.]

As always, there is much in the

issue that is of no interest to me, including the in-jokes you mention. But can you believe that I never before heard of Glen Cook? It's been 20 years or more since I stopped buying sf magazines and books, and when I feel the urge to read some dig out something from my library of much older things ... But I did enjoy Bill Starr's article and the letters. I know how Bill feels. Since the late '20s I've had 22 cars. Some of them I was glad to get rid of, but then there's the 1930 Nash Twin-Ignition six roadster I bought in 1951 and restored, and finally sold with some regrets in 1971. I should have kept it until now, for prices of such things have skyrocketed. It was no Duesenberg, of course, but one of those sold this year for \$1,000,000, and a Bugatti Royale brought \$6,500,000.

I hope you like this issue [*Stefantasy* #99] and wonder if I'll last to produce #100.

JOHN BOARDMAN, 234 East
19th Street, Brooklyn, NY
11226-5302

According to the checklist on the back page of *Twilight Zine* #37, you got my name off "an old mailing list." It must have been an old one indeed. I first encountered *Twilight Zine* about 25 years ago, when I was attending meetings of the CCNY Sci-Fi Club. (Yes, it was called "Sci-Fi" in those years; the nickname had not yet been polluted by dozens of monster movies.) "City College Sci-Fi" was the birthplace of modern fandom in New York City, and besides my wife Perdita and me its veterans include Randall Garrett, Jake Waldman, Carl Frederick (who now lives and fans up your way), Dan Goodman, Elliot Shorter, Marsha Elkin, Charlie Brown, and Andy Porter.

In those days the chief feature of *Twilight Zine* was a medieval epic parody more or less modeled after *Lord of the Rings* and similar epics. Its heroine was "Knimpfo, Lady Kirkmaiden," and its characters

made more or less ludicrous escapes from various threats. It was a kind of anticipation in prose of the tales that now run in comic strip form in *The Dragon*.

Your table of organization and its explanations look complicated, but it works. The best-organized American Worldcons I've ever attended were in Boston, in 1971 and 1980. I understand that MIT fans were in large part responsible for this.

I enjoyed the Haldeman interview. However, if Robert A. Heinlein read *The Forever War* several times and enjoyed it, that only goes to show what some people have already rumored about him—maybe his elevator doesn't go to the upper floors any more. *The Forever War* is a flat refutation of everything Heinlein has said, written, and believed about the role of the military. If Heinlein likes it, it is the biggest misunderstanding of intent since the U.S. Navy wanted to use the song "In the Navy" in a recruiting drive!

Joe's characterization of the U.S. as a "warlike nation" reminds me of a remark that Pete Seeger made in a recent letter. He said that someone once asked him about a campaign to make "This Land Is Your Land" into our national anthem. Pete said, "Yes, I can just hear the Marines singing it as they march into some small country!" That put an end to *that* idea!

Joe "once predicted a man named Ford would be president of the United States." Shortly after the first moon landing, someone rooted out an old pulp story from the 1930s in which the first man on the Moon was a U.S. military officer named Armstrong!

I like our organization, too, but we can't take credit for the Noreascons—they were run by NESFA, not us, although certainly some MITSFS types were involved. The people who like to run things (and other people) all migrated to NESFA. NESFA's trains always run on time; I shudder to think how badly a

MITSFs-run con would go.

THE ALPERT, M.D., 461 Brights Lane, Penlyn, PA 19422

I'm not really sure why I'm writing this LoC. You said that you lost the last one that I wrote. I will make no threats as to the future as I don't know which carries more weight, threatening to write or to not write.

At least you answered one question concerning my old typewriter. My main question from last year is what happened to House of Roy, the Chinese restaurant where NESFA used to meet Friday nights for dinner? *[It closed sometime around 1980-81, I think.]*

I particularly like the Lore of MITSFS. It's nice to see that I may be long gone but I'm not forgotten. I seem to remember that I commissioned the original organizational chart from Greg Ruffa. Unfortunately, the original faded under the fluorescent lights. *[Yes, but an even spiffier version (framed, yet) was commissioned by The Davidson and still hangs in the Library.]*

I was quite upset to learn that Greg Ruffa never returned the old minutes. He had 10 years' worth of old minutes to write THE definitive MITSFS history. As far as I know, he never did finish. I'm sure that among the missing minutes are the ones that I wrote during my tenure as Onseck. Why weren't the old minutes returned? Did Ruffa lose them or did MITSFS lose Ruffa? His home was close to mine in New Jersey. If I can help just let me know. *[Sure—go over and beat him up. He keeps promising to return them, but never has.]*

I'm very disappointed by a few changes in the Society. It is a crime that MITSFS abandoned the Spofford Room. I'm sure that Gavelcomm and Titancomm had a lot to do with the decision. *[So did the Civil Engineering Department, which controls the room, and has even made it harder for us to reserve it for Elections.]*

I must compliment you on the professional production. It certainly is an improvement over the direct gelatin paper printing plates that I used in my day. However, the production schedule is still unchanged. I think that my record of most issues in the shortest time is still safe. I would like to see it broken, however. Ever since I left the Boston area, TZ is really my only link to MIT except for Alumni trying to get my money (which I give to MITSFS). Keep TZ coming and try to answer some of the questions in this letter before you lose it this time

P. S. Bootcomm was created because I wear a size 9-1/2 EEE boot.

Of course the production schedule is unchanged. TZ comes out four times a decade, with a decade defined as the time it takes to publish four issues of TZ. And I didn't lose your letter at all this time, so nyaaah.

M. J. WARD, Skinner 1965-6,
1181 Martin Ave., San Jose,
CA 95126

Am in receipt of TZ 37. Someone is keeping (sort of) the faith. I will comment here only on a couple of things in the history file, and one other.

Can we assume you have access to early issues of TZ? Some of the mysteries would be therein explained. Others are truly lost in the mists of time. Those I can help with:

1) Dave Vanderwerf was elected Skinner when no longer a student. Hence the offices Skinner and President were split. The usage "The <your name here>" as referent to the Skinner is news to me.

2) George Phillies, good man though he be, hardly "bought the collection of paperbacks which formed the nucleus of the book portion of the Library." We had five or six books even before then. While ARL [Tony Lewis] was Librarian

(still) and I was Skinner we got the grant to buy the collection of *Weird Tales* and begin binding the pulps. (The *Astoundings* had been bound earlier.) People *even in those days* donated boxes of books when they left for the summer.

3) It is not correct to credit the creation of NESFA to the formation of Ed's APA. You should ask NESFA. As someone who lived through those interesting times I can make comments and check facts, but the novel would be too long for me to write it at this particular moment.

4) I am astounded that the meetings are small enough or the library is large enough that they are held in the library. The Spofford Room was usually full during the mid-60's. *[I don't know if the meetings are smaller, but the Library is much larger—come visit sometime.]*

5) The Keeper of the Schultz bears reference to a different person in the original. With all due respect to Paula Schultz, the post originated with Elaine Cravitz of BU and the title comes from Schultz and Doolley, the talking beer mugs of Rochester, NY. Also, am I misremembering things, or was the post of Official Second separated from that of Keeper of the Schultz at some point? *[As far as I know, they're two separate offices now.]*

6) I don't remember the position of Ambassador to BU So-Called etc., and judging by the date I should.

Questions: What did the War Council have against that hapless newspaper *The Tech*? What happened to the (bogus) box which used to be shown above the President's box on the chart, containing the words "The Membership"?

Now my other comments/questions: What happened to the meeting minutes from other years? Is the eventual goal of the Institute Archivist to publish all of the extant minutes in an MIT Press edition? Why or why not?

"They say the knees go first,

but I know they're wrong. It's the brain. What did you say? Oh, I said they say the knees go first, but it's, well, it's something else that goes first, and they are wrong. No, wait, it's..."

I don't know what the War Council had against The Tech, except that it's The Tech. I've never seen the bogus box to which you refer. As to the missing minutes, some are in the possession of Greg Ruffa, who may never return them (see the previous letter); some seem genuinely to have vanished between one TZ and the next, but I'm sure they'll turn up eventually. Maybe the Archivist would collect the Minutes if pressured by alums such as yourself. But I doubt it.

BUCK COULSON, 2677W-500N,
Hartford City, IN 47348

I enjoyed the Glen Cook interview. I meet him frequently at cons, since we're both hucksters, but never talked to him that much. Not all that many mutual friends, and then I tend to spend time at the filk-sings, and miss a lot of parties. And then, I dislike 3-volume serials in general, as well as series, and so many of Glen's books fall into those categories.

On your sale list, that's *Vargo Statten*, not *Stratten*. My mother was a Stratton, and I don't want the name debased. *Galaxy*, though, is sort of cute.

The misspelling of Vargo Statten was an example of how mistakes get perpetuated; I copied it from the previous issue's want list, which had been typoed. Someone wrote to an early TZ asking about the previously unheard-of magazine called Astounding (sic) which had been mentioned therein, and the editor responded with a page of information about this short-lived magazine. Unfortunately, I can't find enough info to do the same for Galaxy.

NEIL E. KADEN, 1104 Longhorn
Drive, Plano, TX 75023

Just got (actually, it came in a few days ago, but just got a chance to open the envelope) TZ 37, and while I've only had a chance to skim through it (I hope to do more some day—but then, I also hope to start a few businesses, make Director, and catch up on my loocing some day), I *sometimes* remember to send out a thank you postcard when I get a new zine (and then maybe even log it on my mailing list/zines received database). This time, since I so rarely have a valid (or not so valid) reason to send e-mail from this account I maintain for my company for liaison to MIT, I figured I'd dial in from Dallas and send my ACK on-line.

I liked the lasered look of TZ37. The layout was not bad—a few illos and indented text to break the dull look of straight text. You really should consider sending TZ to a few fanartists "on the circuit" to build up your art files. *[I plan to do so as soon as I succeed in getting some addresses.]*

I heartily applaud the more fanish bent you point to in your editorial. I was somewhat involved in MITSFS back in the early '70s: went to a picnic or two, occasionally hung out in the library to read, even went to a MITSFS meeting or two ~~and then I learned better~~—such that years later several people thought I was a Keyholder, went to Boskones, and was actually an active fan. In reality, I had been led to believe (from people in MITSFS, in part) that fans were those Trekkies who dressed up in Spock ears and alien costumes and watched old SF movies. It took a few years in Canada (of all places) for me to actually discover real fandom (a pretty good ghod-damned hobby). In writing about this in apazines and one-shots, I've received comments back that MITSFS was actually known for keeping people outside the mainstream of fandom.

Anywhicway, the last time I was on campus (I can't remember if it was to recruit, or visit my sister's family) I dropped in—now I remember, it was the 10th year alumni reunion, last June—on the library, to see if it was still there. It was.

I saw and waved hi to George Flynn (but then, being a founding member of Jet Set Fandom, I get to wave hi to George all the time, all over the world), but seemed to elicit little attention otherwise—I guessed that somewhat known faneds wearing nametags saying Dallas, TX drop in every day—and browsed the "recent fanzine" shelf.

It was quite disappointing—I mean, when you discount the apazines and semiprozines, and find that a majority of the remaining material is stuff that *YOU'VE* sent (*The Texas SF Inquirer*, *Confessions of a Failed Yuppie*, etc.), something *must be done*. So I write this letter, *encouraging* you to send copies of TZ to faneds *other* than those putting out clubzines, soliciting trades. Drop in at the Fan Lounge at worldcons and NASFiCs, and pick up zines—and get members to loc 'em for the club (we really get *much* more egoboo from a personalized loc than a clubzine in trade that doesn't even mention our name). And most important of all, acknowledge (or review) what you receive in trade. Egoboo is an interesting currency—you can actually print your own!

This LoC supports Lucy Hunter for DUFF (Lucy co-edited *Rude Bitch* and *Con Girls Digest*, and is a generally lively life-of-the-party and worthwhile person. As an active member of Aussie fandom, I think Youse Guys (note my authentic accent) should send her down under).

I will be sending this issue to a bunch of faneds to solicit trades. But your suggestion that I get MITSFS members to loc fanzines for the Society betrays an overestimation of how fannish MITSFS has

become. For the most part, attending cons is as far as it goes. Besides, I practically need a whip to get copy for TZ out of them, much less get them to write letters. I do plan to start acknowledging fanzines next issue, and printing reviews if I can get any.

JAY KAY KLEIN, P.O. Box 397,
Bridgeport, NY 13030

Why me? I mean, TZ 37 arrived today, stuffed into my helpless mailbox. And please note that it would be preferable to use a later address, as above, since the P.O. Box is, effectively, my current address; damn small in there, you understand, but the rent is very cheap.

And, now, I think I can help you produce a better product. First of all, I think you should identify better what, exactly, is an "MIT." From the general tenor of the text, one would gather that it is a High School.

And then, the "disclaimer" in the inside cover that no one is responsible for anything really ought to include the further legal disclaimer that TZ is an *alleged* publication.

Are you still with me?

What you need most of all, of course, is LIABILITY INSURANCE! After all, one of these days someone is going to read this alleged publication and then ALL HELL WILL BREAK LOOSE!

I wonder—do any copies go to Harvard?

The editorial laments the fact that MIT SF fans seem to be a dying and disappearing breed. I think the editorial writer put his/her/its finger on the subject, though didn't know it, when he/she/it wrote: "Out of about 400 members, less than 30 participate regularly in any activities other than reading."

Of course! The population is bound to go down under such conditions. I mean, consider what happened to the Shakers! I would suggest that all the males of that 400 (less, perhaps, those in that 30) be given injections of testosterone.

Same like that given to bulls and stallions, and for the same reason. This will also do wonders for the females in the group, by association.

Still with me?

Good.

Testosterone has been shown in experiments to cause increased sexual desire in women as well as men. It does have a few side-effects, like causing them to grow facial hair, but if you inject enough into the men they probably won't care.

DAVID WEINGART, 31 East 13th
Street, Huntington Station, NY
11746

Hello-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o Jourcomm! (I'm not even gonna guess who it is *this* time!) [*Fooled you!*]

Well! When 170 pounds (Pounds? How quaint!) or ferocious, hardened, six feet two (Feet? Inches?!?) metallurgist (and computer programmer and husband-of-Jourcomm) says to clean out the old Rapidograph and draw a spiffy spaceship, then all this 711.72 newtons of meek, soft, 1.78 meter physicist (and computer programmer) can say is "Yessir!" Enclosed is 1 (one) Spiffy Spaceship (MIL-S-2112S, amended 1986).

And on TZ #37...

The OrgChart key was helpful. Not being an MIT person, I've wondered a bit about your particular terminology (much as you would probably wonder about the terminology in the SFF zine if we could get off our asses and pub one). Now if somebody could only explain the term "Spehn" that appears in vote tallies in the MITSFS minutes... [*See my second "Lore of the MITSFS" article on page 4.*]

"MITSFS Through the Ages" was brilliant, not so much in the writing, but in the perfection that Janice Eisen mimicked Chaucer's and Shakespeare's noxiously annoying language (just what did those Britons know about the English language, anyway?).

Looking forward to the next ish.
Keep it up!

P.S. Next ish of *The Clockwork Grapefruit* to be out RSN!

P.P.S. Call Lady Hawke's Castle at (516)565-2985. 300/1200 baud. (No idiots, destructohackers, or Madonna-wannabees, if you please.) *Note:* The parenthetical comment is not directed at MITSFS so much as those who may fit the description and read their older sibling's copy.

Gee, I rather like Chaucer and Shakespeare. By the way, the second "Lore" article was written before I got your letter. I don't know which one of us is precognitive.

We Also Heard From: Ben Bova (see interview on page 6), Cuyler Warnell Brooks, Jr. (who sent six addresses for "Where Are They Now?"), and L. Sprague de Camp (a postcard).

About This Issue

This issue of *Twilight Zine* was designed and laid-out using Ready,Set,Go! from Manhattan Graphics Corp., which crashed only three times. A Macintosh Plus was used to "run" this program, or "walk" if you've seen it try to do a search-and-replace.

Body text is predominately 11-point Times Roman, with occasional flurries of 9 to 18-point type. Times Roman was originally designed for *The Times* in England, but seems to have crossed the Atlantic successfully. Since it was originally designed to withstand being used to print hundreds of thousands of copies without losing its girlish figure, it suffers when used in wide columns, although I suppose I would, too.

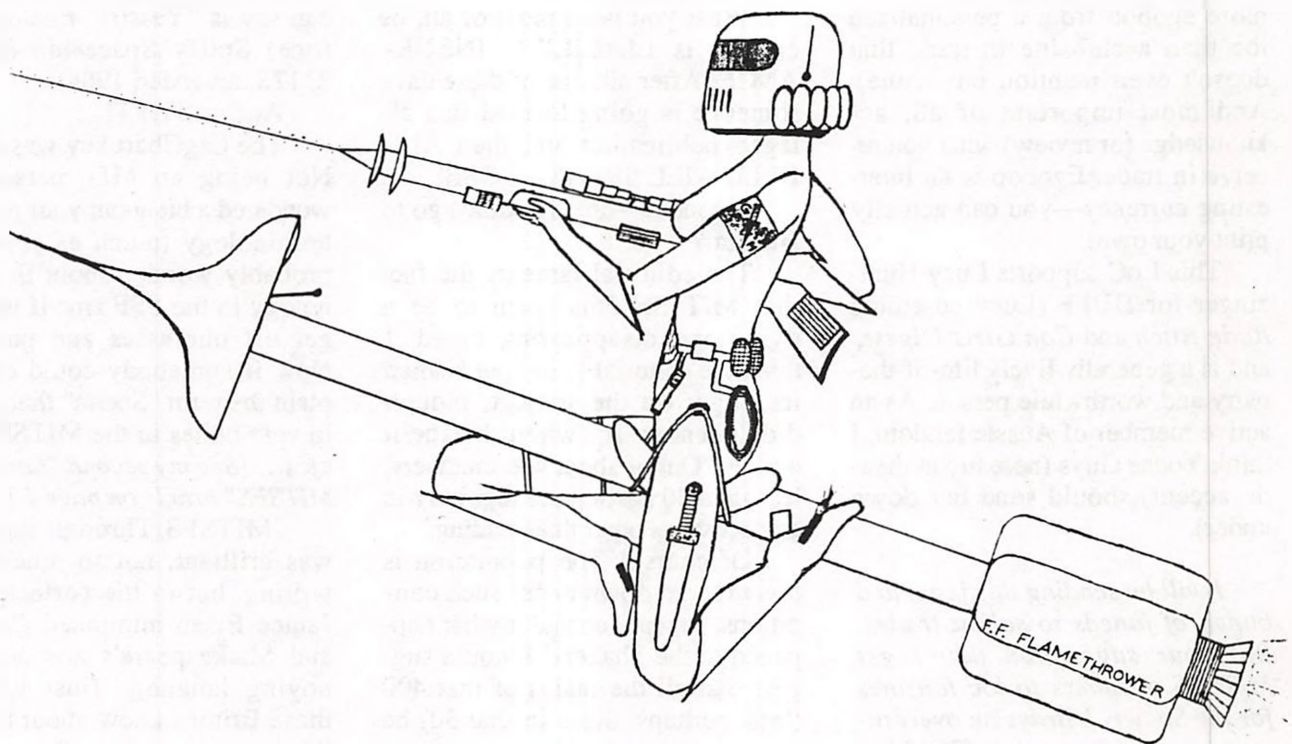
This version of Times Roman came from an Apple LaserWriter located in the Simulation of Materials Research Center, which is also known as Ken's lab. Things might

have been different if the lab hadn't been too cheap to upgrade to a LaserWriter Plus.

This was designed with two conflicting goals in mind: provide a beautiful and enjoyable layout and keep down the expensive white space. At least we succeeded in meeting one of them.

Camera-ready copy was produced on the LaserWriter and Scotch Magic Plus Transparent Tape (a product which even the best SF writers would never have predicted) was used for the final paste-up. (Ken's lab is too cheap to buy a page scanner or we would have done it all electronically.)

Duplication and collation services were provided by MIT Graphic Arts, a fine bunch of folks with a copier which could walk your dog if you asked politely. Apparently, it can copy, collate, staple and julienne potatoes at thousands of pages per hour. We're a bit skeptical.



If you have a copy of any of the following magazines which you are interested in trading or selling, or if you know of anyone who has, please write to Ken at the address given inside the front cover. We are only seeking copies which are in good enough condition to bind into volumes.

American Magazines

*Adventures in Horror/
Horror Stories*
1970/71 all

Amazing Stories
1927 Jan
1978 Jan, May

Amazing Stories Annual
1927

Analog
1970 Apr, Jun
1973 Sep
1975 May
1976 Jan, Apr, May
1977 Jan, Mar, Apr, May, Jul

Doctor Death
1935 Feb

*Dusty Ayres and His
Battle Birds*
1934 all
1935 Mar, Apr, May/
Jun, Jul/Aug

Fantastic
1972 Jun
1975 Oct
1976 Feb, Aug, Nov
1977 Feb, Sep, Dec
1978 Apr, Jul

Galaxy
1969 Jul, Aug
1972 Jan/Feb
1973 Nov
1974 Jun, Nov, Dec
1975 Jan, Jun, Dec
1976 Oct
1978 Apr-Jun

The MITSFS Want List

Compiled by Ken Johnson

Ghost Stories
1926 all
1927 all
1928 Jan, Feb, Apr,
Jun-Sep, Nov,
Dec
1929 Jan, Mar-Dec
1930 Jan-Apr, Jun, Jul
1931 Apr, May

Girl from UNCLE Mag
1967 Feb

IF
1969 Sep
1970 Apr, Jul/Aug
1972 Jan/Feb
1973 Jan/Feb, Jul/Aug,
Nov/Dec
1974 Jan/Feb, May/Jun

Isaac Asimov's SF Mag
1978 Jan/Feb, Mar/
Apr, May/Jun,
Jul/Aug, Sep/Oct
1979 Jun
1984 Jul

Mag of F & SF
1973 Mar, Dec
1974 Jan, Apr, Jun,
Jul, Sep
1975 Feb, Nov
1976 Jun
1977 Feb, Sep-Dec
1978 Feb, May, Jun-
Nov
1979 Feb

Marvel Tales
1934 May (#1)

Mind Magic
1931 all

My Self
1931 all

Other Worlds
1957 May

*Scientific Detective
Monthly*
1930 Mar
*Amazing Detective
Tales*
1930 Jun, Aug-Oct

Sky Worlds
1978 Aug

Startling Mystery Stories
1967 Winter (#7)

Strange Stories
1939 Feb, Jun
1940 Feb

*Tales of Terror From the
Beyond*
1964 Summer

Thriller
1962 all

Weird Tales
1923 Apr-Nov
1924 all
1925 Jan-Oct, Dec
1926 Jan, Mar, Apr,
Jun-Sep, Dec

Whispers
#1

British Magazines

Amazing Science Stories
#1

British Space SF
Vol 2 #1, 3, 4

Fantasy
1939 #2

Futuristic Science Stories
#11, 14, 15

Mag of Fantasy and SF
1954 Apr

New Worlds
1960 Jul #96

Out of This World
#2

Science Fantasy
1964 Feb (#63), Apr
(#64)

Science Fiction Adventures
1958 Jul (#3)

Scoops
1934 #2-20

Supernatural Stories
#6, 9-12, 16, 20, 21,
30, 31, 33, 34,
37-39, 41, 45,
101
(*Out of This World*)
#13, 15, 17

Tales of Tomorrow
#8-10

Tales of Wonder
#1, 3, 13

Vargo Statten SF Mag
Vol 1 #5

Vortex
1977 all

Wonders of the Spaceways
#8

Wonders of the Universe
#1

Worlds of Fantasy
#11, 12

Australian Magazines

Thrills, Inc.
#3, 11, 14, 22

Void
#1

Canadian Magazines

Astonishing Stories
1942 Jan, Mar

Super Science Stories
1945 Apr, Jun

Uncanny Tales
1940 all
1941 Jan-Nov
1942 Jan, Mar, May-
Dec
1943 all

Fine Print

Twilight Zine (yes, *Zine*, as in magazine—please get it right) is published quarterly (four times a decade, where "decade" is defined as the amount of time necessary to publish four issues) by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Science Fiction Society (MITSFS), which is a member of the MIT Association of Student Activities and is recognized by the MIT Graduate Student Council.

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Twilight Zine 38

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You are getting this because:

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☐ an article ☐ art ☐ a loc ☐ something else
- ☐ I'd like you to contribute.
- ☐ You paid real money.
- ☐ We trade.
- ☐ We'd like to trade.
- ☐ That would be telling.
- ☐ Your name's on an old mailing list, and we'd like to know if you're still interested.
- ☐ You remind me of Carl Brandon.
- ☐ You know what the frequency is, Kenneth.
- ☐ You're a filthy pro.
- ☐ You're an even filthier fan.
- ☐ You used to be filthy.
- ☐ We *still* want our minutes, Greg!!!
- ☐ You declined and fell.
- ☐ We're nominating you for the Mid-Atlantic Fan Fund.
- ☐ This is a shameless attempt to make you like us.
- ☐ You saved MITSFS from T. Boone Pickens.
- ☐ You finally finished *The Silmarillion*.
- ☐ You never confuse "flaunt" with "flout."
- ☐ You got the Babel fish.
- ☐ You're a thick-necked guy named Gunther.
- ☐ One or more of the above, but we haven't heard from you in a while; let us know if you still want to receive *Twilight Zine*.