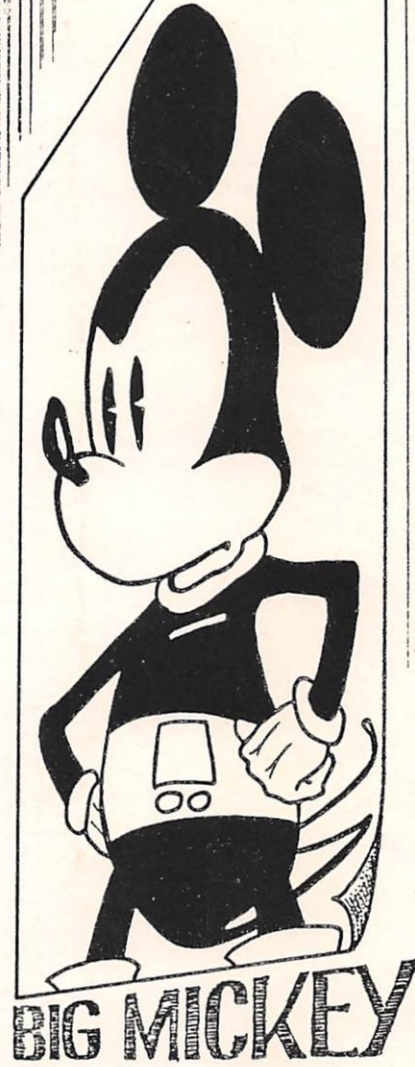
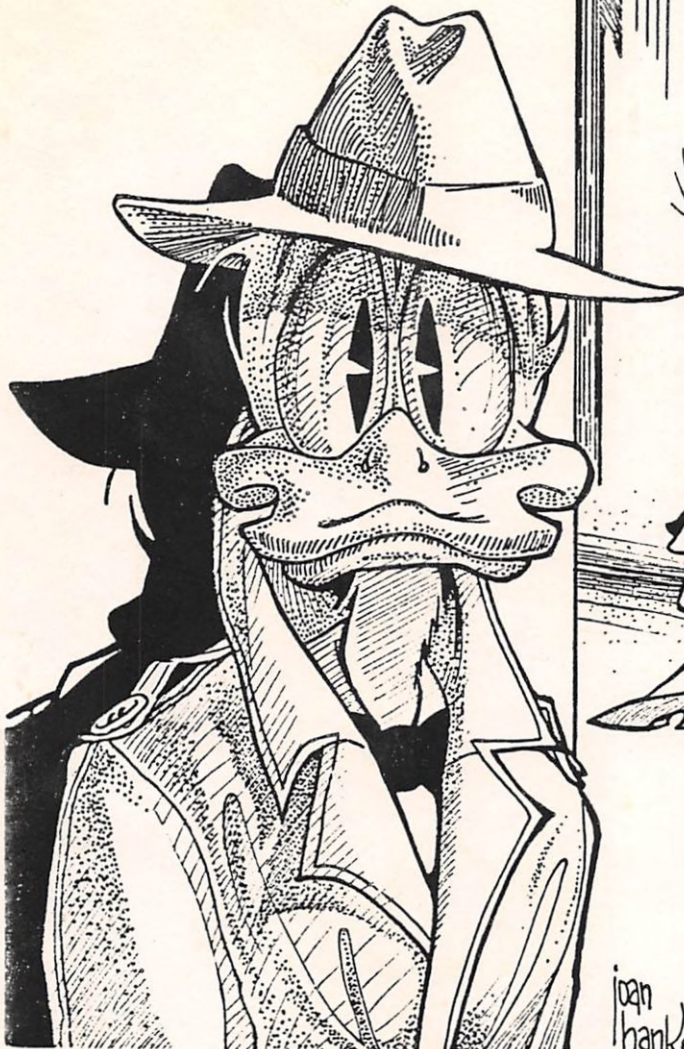


Twilight
Zone
39



Joan
Hankle-Woods

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Fine Print

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Twilight Zine 39

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Editorial

This issue of *Twilight Zine* is my third and last. I will soon be departing Boston for the wilds of Schenectady, where my husband and Immoral Support will work for GE and I will try to make it as a professional sf writer. I've enjoyed doing TZ, and, if time allows, I may put out a perzine from my new location. I'm looking forward to seeing what the new Jourcomm, Lisa Kroh, does with TZ. I apologize for the lateness of this issue, which was supposed to be out in September—some health problems have slowed me down.

Last issue, we said that we were "a bit skeptical" of the claimed abilities of the copier at MIT Graphic Arts. We were right. We chose Graphic Arts because it was cheaper than any of the professional copy shops, and we soon found out the reason for the low price— incompetence. Not only did they screw up the repro several times, so that we just barely managed to get the final copies in time for Boskone, but they ordered the wrong cover stock—it couldn't go through the copier twice, so our inside front and back cover material had to go on an extra page at the end of the zine. This time (she said hopefully) it should come out right.

I recently finished reading William Gibson's entire oeuvre: *Neuromancer*, *Burning Chrome*, and *Count Zero*. The thought the books left me with was "What's all the fuss about?"

I don't mean the fuss about Gibson personally; he's a very good writer, who, by the evidence of his work, is continuing to improve. The fuss I mean is the one about "cyberpunk," aka "The Movement," of which Gibson is supposed to be the exemplar.

Cyberpunk's most ardent advocates (Gibson is definitely not one) claim that it is a revolution in science fiction, that nothing interesting has happened in the field for, oh, twenty years. But the main quality that struck me about *Neuromancer* is that it is simply bursting with Sense of Wonder. Gibson tosses off zillions of ideas, reminding me of sf from the Campbellian Golden Age. That resemblance is even stronger in one of the stories in *Burning Chrome*, "Red Star, Winter Orbit," which was co-written by "Movement" proselytizer Bruce Sterling. Its tale of an aging Russian unable to leave a Soviet space station which the government is attempting to shut down and the residents' fight to preserve it reminded me most of (dare I say it) Heinlein.

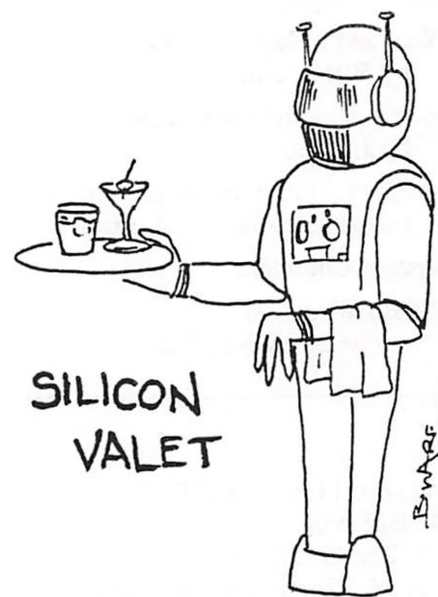
Some people claim that what is revolutionary about cyberpunk is that its future is gritty and unpleasant, rebelling against the technophilia of mainstream sf. That revolution, though, already happened—during the New Wave—and the battle has already been decided. What

many readers fail to recognize is that, in a very important sense, the New Wave *won*, by becoming an integral part of good science fiction. How can anyone read the '70s works of Thomas Disch and Joe Haldeman, or just about anything by Philip K. Dick, and think there's anything new about a depressing, decaying future world?

Another claim for cyberpunk's originality is that it often features criminals as heroes. There is less here than meets the eye. The heroes and heroines of Gibson's work are not really *criminals*, but rather *outlaws*, who must fight against real criminals, some of whom appear in the guise of authority. There's certainly nothing revolutionary about that.

Some of the Movement types are choosing strange targets. One of Gibson's early stories is "The Gernsback Continuum," a relatively slight piece that takes some shots at the future as seen in early modern sf. In his introduction to the book, Sterling claims this was a devastating attack on Gernsback and his ilk, which rocked the science fiction field. If Sterling really believes that Gernsback's type of fiction is a force today, he should be taken in for reality therapy—or at least given an intensive course of reading in modern sf.

Many of the writers classed as cyberpunks are indeed contributing good, original work to the field. It's not a revolution, though, and I'd hate to see the work that's honestly worthwhile get lost in the hype.



About Our Contributors

We've found our contributors require more recompense than a copy of this magazine, and so we've decided to continue our tradition of libeling them:

Bill P. Starr is TZ's car columnist and utility fielder, as well as a former Editor. He spends much of his time complaining about Boston drivers and the disturbing trend towards declaring "no enforcement" zones in high-traffic areas.

Bill Ware is currently recovering from an industrial accident involving a jalapeno/tequila cocktail mixer and three underage rabbits.

Joan Hanke-Woods is a Hugo-winning artist who, misled by the excellent appearance of a previous issue, decided to send us some wonderful artwork. We've decided not to make fun of her; she has recently learned how to sharpen her pens with a single blow from an outstretched pinkie.

Merryl Gross has known Janice for many years, but was still able to contribute to TZ without cracking up. She currently tortures unsuspecting students at Tufts University, freeing her professor to torture her properly.

Steven Fox has long discouraged faneds by happily contributing carefully-drawn artwork to their otherwise lackluster zines.

Sue Hagedorn currently plans to hold the world hostage by threatening to release *E. Coli* bacteria that can play Barry Manilow tunes within our bodies.

Giovanna Fregni has been linked to the mysterious disappearance of several fanzines, and we're delighted to have her assistance with TZ.

Teddy Harvia is anagrammatic, and as such, there is nothing we can do to him that he has not already done to himself.

B. J. Stenberg is terribly self-effacing in her correspondence, but betrays a hidden confidence by printing them in inch-tall letters.

Brad W. Foster finally won his Hugo, after years of sprinkling artwork onto the fanzine waters from his Mongolian yurt in Irving, Texas.

Caro Hedge used to steal her copies of TZ from unsuspecting Coloradans, but we've foiled her zinenapping by sending her a contributor's copy. She also refuses to return Bruce Miller.

Henry Roll, M. is well-acquainted with many other letters as well. This is a Mensan joke so it is at a different level than most of our heads.

J. Ellen is a pseudonym for someone who hopes to be famous in the future. We plan to save the disk he sent for sundry nefarious purposes.

Connie Hirsch currently controls much of South America's production of worry beads. She is also the Boston Coordinator for Spreadsheet Users Anonymous.

Terry Jeeves is still in Britain.

Ken "Bruce" Johnson has developed the world's first gluino bomb, which destroys buildings and people but does deacidify pulp paper. It would be wise to avoid any areas with a complete collection of *Weird Tales*.

Ken Meltsner may finish his thesis within the current geological era if he stops creating "About Our Contributors" items.

Janice M. Eisen was yet again suckered into being Jourcomm, and now knows better. This will be her last issue of TZ, as she has moved to bleaker pastures.

About This Issue

TZ was designed and produced using Letraset's Ready,Set,Go! 4 and an Apple Macintosh Plus. Copier-ready originals were lovingly created by an Apple LaserWriter kidnapped from an unsuspecting laboratory, with the assistance of the pasteup tool of the gods, Scotch Magic Transparent Plus adhesive tape.

Typographical innovation has been limited to the use of type sizes not present in RSG's menus. We used Times Roman for almost everything, a fine family now weakened by inbreeding and overuse.

This issue has not been reproduced by the fumble-fingered feebs at MIT Graphic Arts, who contributed a striking blotchy effect for our last issue.

One of Our Us is Missing

by Bill P. Starr

You know, in this world, there's Us and there's Them. You know who We are—we're the smart ones, the readers, the fans, the ones with our own private world that They don't know about and wouldn't understand if they did. They are the mundanes, the normals, the ones who lack the imagination and intelligence that are our common and proud heritage. We knew about *Star Trek* and thought it was great back when NBC was still airbrushing out Spock's ears for fear of offending Them with hints of Satanism, and We sadly admitted that, looking back on it, maybe *STrek* would have been better off without its third season, at just about the time that They were going crazy over that stupid bald Vulcan banging the gong in the third movie. We read and loved science fiction and fantasy back before George Lucas and Terry Brooks validated it for Them. They couldn't understand *Max Headroom*; We wish we could get a tape of the British original so that we could see what it was like before American television watered it down. They still call it "sci-fi"; we know that once upon a time it was "scientifiction."

Hell, why beat around the bush—there's Us and there's Them, and we're just plain better than Them, and that's all there is to it.

All of which was brought home to me this afternoon as I was being brought home in an overcrowded subway car. A copy of the June 15, 1987 edition of Boston's official Them daily newspaper, the *Boston Herald*,¹ had fallen to the floor and been thoroughly scattered about by several hundred Brownian-motion generators disguised as human feet. The comics page had ended up near me, and looking down I saw, right next to that most Them of comics, the preternaturally unfunny "Nancy," something labeled "Isaac Asimov's Super Trivia Quiz." I reproduce it here in its entirety.

All right, all together now, from the top: Perry Mason, Charlie Chan, Joe Friday, Sherlock Holmes, Jim Rockford, Robert

¹ Boston doesn't really have an Us daily newspaper; the closest we've got is the *boston glob*, a mostly-literate rag that wants to be the *New York Times* when it grows up.

T. Ironside,² Mr. Moto, Nick and Nora Charles (their dog was named Asta), and that knight in slightly rusty armor, Travis McGee.

Okay, so maybe you didn't get them all. Hey, I'm a mystery fan and a medium-heavy television watcher, and even I had to refer to my housemate's copy of Leonard Maltin's *TV Movies and Video Guide* (1987 edition) to confirm my "Mr. Moto" answer... but still, come on, folks! Questions about 221B Baker Street at the "graduate" level and Travis McGee at the "Ph.D." level, for godsakes?

Yeah, I know. This quiz—pardon me, this "Super Trivia Quiz"—wasn't written for Us; it was written for Them. It was designed to be simple and therefore to puff up fragile Them egos, and I wouldn't have had any reaction to it except for an amused and condescending chuckle... if it wasn't for Isaac Asimov's name on it.

Even though I'm only twenty-nine—not old enough to remember the real Good Old Days of science fiction, when books were rare and magazines were plentiful and the pantheon was full of names like Wyndham and Smith³ and Bester and Piper and Leiber and de Camp and Sturgeon and, of course, Asimov—even though I missed all that, I still remember growing up in the Sixties when "that sci-fi stuff" helped to mark me as a true anti-social geek. Among the first real adult books I ever read were *Time for the Stars*, by some guy with a funny German name, and *I, Robot*, by some guy with a funny Russian name. Back then, rare indeed was the Them who'd ever heard of Heinlein (except maybe for *Stranger in a Strange Land*, and that didn't count) or Asimov. I had, and that was something that made me feel better about not being one of Them.

That was then. Today... today good ol' Ikey's

name might as well be followed by a TM symbol. On a per-word basis, he's probably the highest-paid author in history, since he's raking in thousands of dollars for selling the same two little words over and over again: "Isaac Asimov."

² And he *wasn't* an ex-detective, just an ex-cop.

³ And Smith, and Smith...

ISAAC ASIMOV'S Super Trivia Quiz

FICTIONAL DETECTIVES

All answers are names of defenders of the law.

Freshman Level

1. Raymond Burr portrayed this criminal lawyer on TV.

2. This famous detective of Chinese origin worked for the Honolulu police.

3. Jack Webb portrayed this detective in the "Drag-

net" series.

Graduate Level

4. Who resided at 221B Baker Street?

5. James Garner portrayed this detective on TV.

6. This TV ex-detective was confined to a wheelchair.

Ph.D. Level

7. Peter Lorre first

played this Japanese sleuth in 1937.

8. Name the husband and wife team in "The Thin Man" (1932).

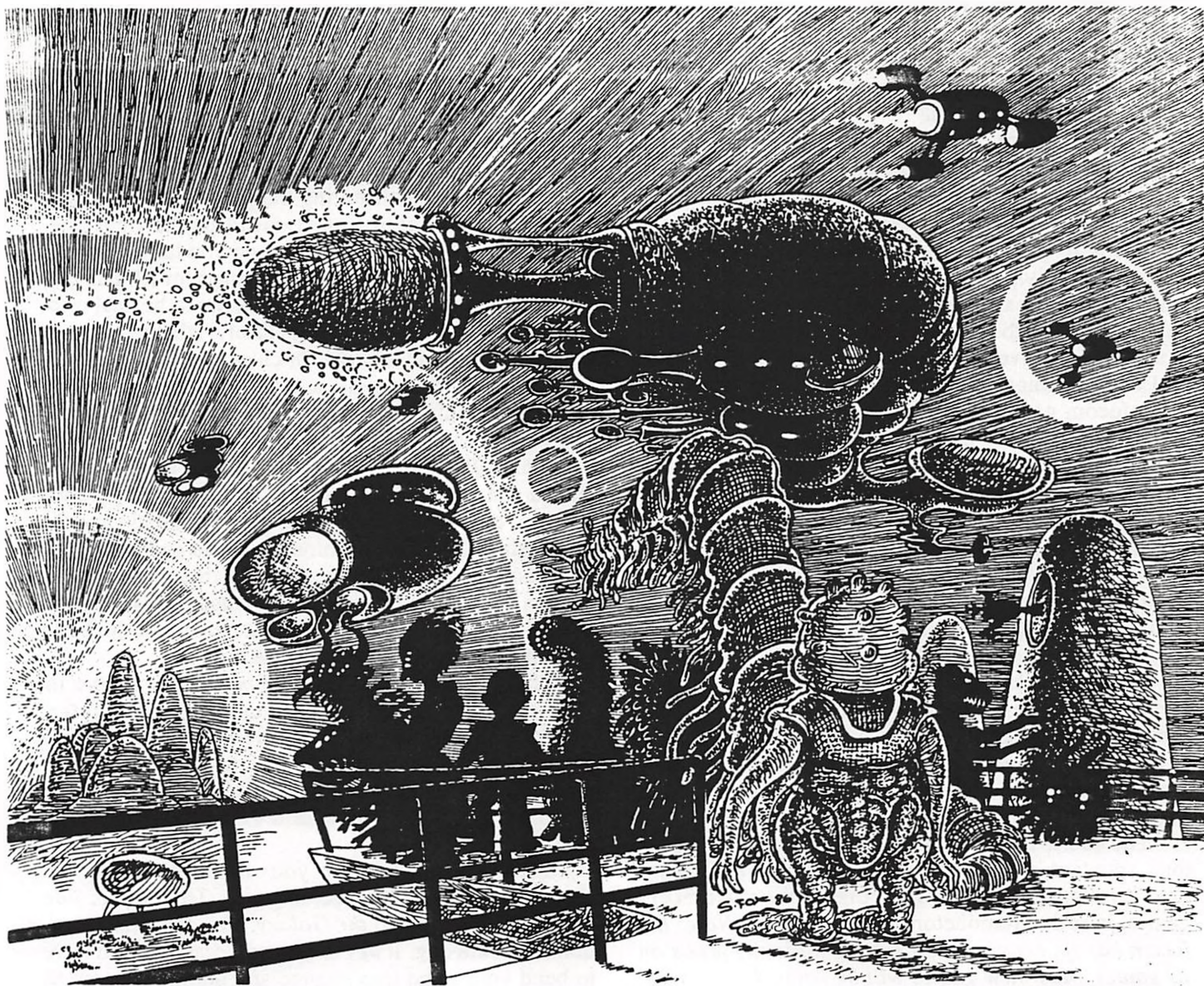
9. John D. MacDonald's novels about this detective all contain the name of a color in the title.

And now I'm annoyed, but not the least bit surprised, at finding those two words attached to a brain-dead Them puff-piece. It doesn't bother me that Asimov probably didn't have anything to do with today's (or any day's) "Super Trivia Quiz" beyond signing a contract and banking the paycheck. It doesn't even really matter to me that, unless he's got an unsuspected cocaine habit or is trying to single-handedly bankroll the *contras*, he can't possibly need all the money he's getting for all this prostitution. What bothers me is that Isaac Asimov used to belong to *me*, a smug little secret that I kept from all the Them who rejected me for not freaking out over our school's football team or Led Zeppelin at 120 decibels or whatever other kiddie-craze they had discovered.

Asimov and Heinlein and Niven and Nourse and all the rest, they were *mine*, and when I discovered that there were others like me, the Us, then our authors, our secret cache of names, became our joint property. Certainly we didn't begrudge anyone's discovering them on his own; that just converted the person from one of Them to one of Us, and we could always use more of that. But we never went after Them and told Them our secrets, either.

And it never occurred to us that one of ours would ever become so desperate for bucks or egoboo or both that he'd actually go and market himself to Them.

You know, in this world, there's Us and there's Them. And one of Us has gone over and become one of Them.



Silicon Adventures

by Meryll Gross

One of the most popular types of computer game is the "text adventure," also known as "interactive fiction." In these games, the player, as the protagonist of the story, wanders around, solves puzzles, acquires treasure, defeats evildoers, etc.—all by typing instructions to the computer. Some include limited graphics, while others stick to straight text.

The majority of text adventure games are fantasy or science fiction, some of it quite good; though they're not really up to the standard of a novel, the best games have something approaching a plot and an ultimate goal more complex than accumulating all the treasure in the universe. In the past couple of years, some well-known authors have begun writing games, including Douglas Adams and Thomas Disch.

Text adventure games can be intimidating, so this article is aimed at those of you who don't know the first thing to do with one. It concentrates on games produced by Infocom™ because those are inarguably the best. I'm going to give you some general suggestions and tips, without giving anything away. Many tips will be helpful in any text game, graphics or no. Some will help you deal with Infocom's sentence parser, the best in the known universe but still occasionally difficult to deal with. Warning: these games can be very addictive.

Infocom games are hard to get into. There are no spiffy graphics, your mouse or joystick is about as useful as so many ounces of soap-on-a-rope, and you may even have to use pencil and paper to keep track of where you are!

And it's especially unfortunate that the games most people first get hold of—*Zork I* and *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*—are two of the most unfriendly games for new users. Therefore, I'm going to suggest some games that would be best for the new player.

Infocom makes four types of games—adventure, mystery, science-fiction, and fantasy. To give you some examples, the *Zork* series is fantasy because magic works. *Seastalker* is in the adventure series because it takes place essentially in the here-and-now. *The Witness* is a murder mystery.

The games come in four difficulty levels: introductory, standard, advanced, and expert. *Zork I* is a standard level game. *Wishbringer*, one of the most recent games, is at the introductory level. [Editor's Note: Infocom has recently stopped putting difficulty levels on its games. Most new games will be equivalent to standard level; good introductory games will indicate that on the package somewhere.]

As you can probably figure out, your first Infocom game should be at the introductory level. *Wishbringer*,

though I've heard it's a little juvenile, would be a good game to start with if you have never played any text-type adventures before. You get seven "wishes" in the game, which are actually hints.

If you have played another company's text adventure, like *Transylvania*, *Cyborg*, or *Déjà Vu*, you really want to start with a standard level story. Your choice of a first game really depends on what kind of story interests you.

If you would like an adventure story, choose *Cutthroats*, where you are a diver-for-hire, hired to dive for a sunken ship. But beware of the cutthroat in your midst!

If you want to solve a mystery, try *The Witness*. You've witnessed a murder, and now you've got to figure out who did it. I'm not much for murder mysteries, but my brother and I solved this one by wandering around for a while observing things, then arrested one of the suspects and it turned out to be the right one. Events happen at specific times, and you have 12 hours to solve the murder, or you get arrested for it! You can ask people questions, send evidence out to be analyzed, and examine things quickly or closely. It's pretty exciting, poking around looking for clues.

If you'd like to play a science-fiction story, get *Planetfall*. You're swabbing the deck of your spaceship, like any other day, when the ship explodes. That's the beginning. Then you've got to figure out where you've landed and how to fix the things you find. You get a robot, too, by the name of Floyd. Floyd's not always the most helpful piece of machinery to have around, but he is amusing. I especially recommend this game for beginners, because it is fairly easy to map and is very entertaining. Basically, it's cute. Just remember the basic principles of physics and you'll be fine.

There are those of you who *must* have magic in your games. You folk should start with *Enchanter*. You're an apprentice enchanter who knows only a few spells, and you've been sent out to do away with a powerful evil wizard because you're the only one who is too trivial for the evil wizard to notice. This has its cute bits too.

There's just one game you should definitely *not* choose for your first Infocom game. That one is *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. This game is *intentionally* confusing. It *lies* to you on occasion. You have to bend your mind into strange and unlikely shapes to think like the game, and it is twice as hard if you're unfamiliar with using text games. The *Zork* series is not too good to start with, either. These were the first games Infocom put out, and they have several puzzles

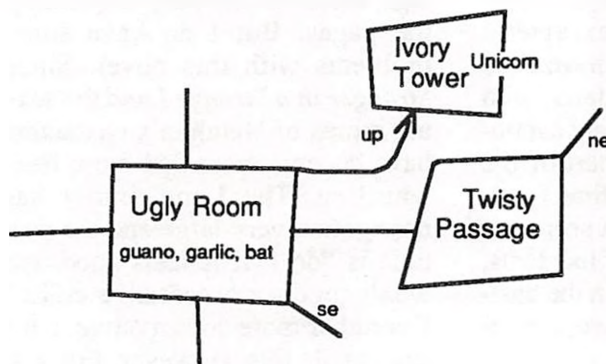
with arbitrary answers, a big no-no that later games avoid (for the most part).

If you find these games getting a little easy, try the next one up in difficulty. And don't play them too fast. You'll run out of games before you know it.

Okay, let's say you've got a game loaded, you've read the introductory text and the documentation (you *do* have documentation, right?), and now you're staring at the blinking cursor. What now? Well, first off, what are you carrying? Type "i" or "inventory" and the computer will tell you. Ask the computer to describe everything so you know what it is. You do that by saying "look at <object>" or "examine <object>".

Try to get a good mental picture of where you are—"look at" or "examine" walls or other objects in the room. Then think of what you would do in that situation. Or just pick a direction and go that way.

But while you're walking, keep track of where you go. It's easy to get lost among the hundreds of locations. **Keep a map.** Unless the game comes with one, draw one. It doesn't have to be a fancy one on graph paper or anything. As a matter of fact, graphing anything is not worth the trouble. What you should make is what I call a bubble map. Here is an example:



As you see, it's not elegant, but if you're standing in the Twisty Passage and you want to go talk to the unicorn carving in the Ivory Tower, you know you'll have to go west, then up. All you do is draw a box big enough to write the name of the room (all rooms in Infocom games have a name, not necessarily a unique one) and maybe some of the objects you find there. Make sure you indicate all exits. In this example, if you were in the Ivory Tower, the only direction you could go is down. From the Ugly Room, however, you could go north, south, east, west, southeast, or up.

Another thing you should do is take everything you find. You never know if it will be useful or not. Try putting things in any bags or boxes you find so that you can carry more stuff. Infocom games are written so that if it is not possible to carry all the stuff you want, there is a safe place to leave what you can't carry. Some things are useless, but one never knows...

The Infocom sentence parser is very sophisticated, and the newer the game, the more intelligent it is. But it

can also be annoying, especially when you want to talk to someone or something you meet in the game. A good syntax to use is "<person>, tell me about <thing or place>". Try "look under <something untakeable>". Try "look up" and "look down". Try "scream" or "yell". The parser also knows many, uh, words unsuitable for family entertainment. Try some of your favorites when you get stuck.

We all get stuck at one time or another. There are two kinds of stuck; not knowing how to do something and not knowing what to do next.

If you have done everything you know how to do, but you still can't, say, get past a locked door or something, try random things. When logic fails, try craziness. You can also check your map and make sure you remembered to look all around in each room. Go back and check any rooms you don't remember well. Don't be afraid to break or move things. Many large objects that are too big for you to take can be moved to reveal other things (or other passages out!).

When you don't know what to do next, that is the time to sit down and think. Have you moved or looked behind or under all large objects? Have you forgotten any locked doors or blocked passages that may be openable now? Is it 2 a.m. and your brain is fried? (If you answered yes, shut off the computer and go to sleep!) This problem is probably responsible for most people putting games aside and never picking them up again. If you are maximally stuck, you've looked all around and you can't think of what to do, try starting over. Many games have events that occur at a certain time or number of turns, and if you start over and do what you know quickly and surely, you may see something you've missed. You may also catch something in a room or item description that you missed the first time.

Individual games have their own annoying problems. I am embarrassed to say that the solutions to some problems don't have logically deducible answers. If you're royally stuck on a game, and you can't find any friends who've played it, Infocom sells "InvisiClues" books which can give you a situation-specific hint that doesn't give away the plot. Most other text adventure game manufacturers also make clues available.

Good luck and happy Zorking!



Book Reviews

by Sue Hagedorn, Bill P. Starr, Connie Hirsch,
and Janice M. Eisen

To Sail Beyond the Sunset

by Robert A. Heinlein
Ace/Putnam, 1987, 407 pp.,
\$18.95 hc.

I love Robert Heinlein the way Spider Robinson loves Robert Heinlein: completely, critically, and unconditionally, all at once. I learned to read on the man's books, or close to it; when a friend of my parents' asked them what their nine-year-old had read, I had already read every Heinlein in the house. Heinlein taught me not only English but integrity, courtesy, kindness, and courage. He also diverted a dull childhood with the most rattlingly good reads I have ever encountered. In return, I bought every one of his books, that being the return he wants. I hope very much that I measure up to the standards he sets for humans.

I enjoyed *To Sail Beyond the Sunset*. You will have to love Heinlein as much as I do to like it.

It's fashionable these days to put Heinlein down: he's sexist, he's elitist, he's a warmonger, his fiction hit bottom before he had bypass surgery and hasn't recovered since—better (said in whispers) that he had died than come to this. Bullshit. Putting down Heinlein's writing is like putting down Richard

Burton's acting: his worst is eight times as good as the best his detractors can muster. One is put in mind of flies buzzing around an elephant. The objections to his politics are in the same bracket as any other political view: it's a free country. Think what you like, and if you can persuade someone to pay you for your opinions—as Heinlein has—more power to you. Meanwhile, eat your heart out.

I like *everything* Heinlein has published (I believe I've read it all), but certainly not all for the same reasons, nor all equally. Since *Time Enough for Love* he has more or less abandoned plot (*The Cat Who Walks Through Walls* excepted). Most of his novels since have been essentially strings of incidents, with the lead character(s) the only continuity. Sometimes that's part of the joke (*Job*); the rest of the time I simply don't care, as he can still craft an incident, or a string of incidents, better than anybody else in the business—this although I have a reactionary fondness for plot.

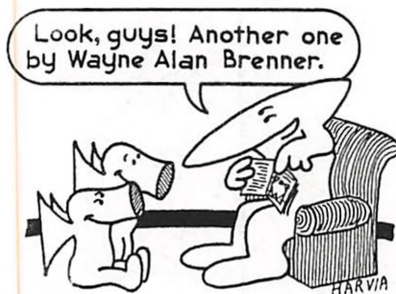
More seriously, Heinlein has begun to repeat himself. *Time Enough for Love* marked the first appearance of the extended Long family. Since then *The Number of the Beast*, *The Cat Who Walks Through Walls*, and now *To Sail Beyond the Sunset* all have the same sort-of-plot: the main characters bounce from adventure to adventure through multiple universes until Heinlein gets tired of it, then meet and are adopted by the Long family, rescue (literally from death) another Heinlein character from some previous novel (for some reason the Long family can never do this themselves), and then everyone lives happily ever after in a haze of champagne and rather indiscriminate screwing. When your plots in-

clude multiple universes and time travel, you have a lot of latitude.

In this case the lead character is Maureen Johnson Smith, Lazarus Long's mother, who first appeared in *Time Enough For Love*. *To Sail Beyond the Sunset*, subtitled *Being the Memoirs of a Somewhat Irregular Lady*, chronicles her upbringing in 19th-century Midwestern America, her role in the then-infant Howard Foundation, and her rescue from death (*vide supra*) by the Long family and friends, after which she begins universe-jumping and character-rescuing on her own. It's all very well written and entertaining, especially the early sections describing her childhood and early married life, before Lazarus Long comes on stage. After that it is still great fun, but predictable; most of it we have seen before in other novels.

I really don't mind the rehashings; Heinlein can keep me turning the pages. But I do have some problems with this novel. Since *Stranger in a Strange Land* the sexual mores of Heinlein's characters have become more and more free-wheeling. The Long family has now gotten very large and the attitude is "do it if it feels good and won't produce a defective child." I'm rather more conservative, but I can handle this. However, I balk at including thirteen-year-olds in the "gentle orgy." There is also a really offensive passage in which Maureen watches her husband get it on with their daughter. (This from a character who sniffs at "buggery"; there's even an AIDS wisecrack.)

Be warned: this sort of thing crops up every so often to detract from an otherwise entertaining story. That's basically a cavil; something else is more important. By snatching dead characters back to life, Heinlein is losing sight of part of the point of fiction: it holds up a mirror. No matter how fantastic the action, the characters must be real, recognizable human beings, or there is no point to turning those pages. And—listen carefully—human beings die. It's the one thing we all



have in common. To kill off a character in one novel, then reach into the plot line with a multi-universal pair of pliers, leave a look-alike corpse behind, and resurrect the character in the Longs' bed, demotes him from human being to comic strip. Heinlein is going to fix all the broken toys that made us cry in his earlier novels. Well, in real life, sometimes things break and can't be fixed. And crying is also part of being human—are his characters all going to lose that?

"Art," said Jubal Harshaw, "is the process of evoking pity and terror." I think Heinlein is forgetting that. If that happens, then indeed we will have lost the Master.

The Grey Horse

by R.A. MacAvoy

Bantam/Spectra, 1987, 247 pp.,
\$3.95 pb.

The two important points in this review follow:

1) If you already know about R.A. MacAvoy, read no further; just go get the book, you'll like it.

2) If you don't yet read her work, do—but don't start here. Go

read *Tea with the Black Dragon* or *Damiano* for the first time, you lucky person, and I envy you.

This is not the place to be introduced to MacAvoy because it's not her best work. That's not to knock the book, which is a good read; her earlier work sets a tough standard. (*Tea with the Black Dragon* won her the Campbell Award for Best New Writer.) Reading her best writing—vividly-drawn settings, quick humor, quicker plots, and intensely sympathetic characters—is a rare pleasure. By that standard, a book which is *merely* a good read suffers a bit.

Part of the problem is that MacAvoy succeeds so well in evoking her rural Irish setting. (She evidently did a lot of research for this novel, and in a perverse, unjust way it backfires.) The story is drenched in Celtic folklore, and even a casual fan of Celtic music and balladry can predict every plot twist.

The two main characters are a horse trainer, Anrai, and the wild grey stallion he meets (one can hardly say acquires) on his way home one night. The stallion is actually an Irish fairy named Ruairi,

who can also take human form. Anrai has a good wife, a deserving servant, and a shiftless son who covets the family farm. Guess the upshot. Ruairi wants to get married; a nearby ship-owner has two daughters, one pretty and popular, one strong-willed and uninterested in local men (and vice versa). Guess which one Ruairi hits on. Anrai has trouble with one of the town gentry, who has a wimpy son whom Anrai is expected to teach to ride. Guess the outcome.

I'm not giving away a thing. Everything becomes gradually obvious through a fine veil of Irish fog, which gently blurs outlines and softens colors, leaving the reader pleased but unexcited. After MacAvoy's amazing hodgepodge of magic, personal computers, and freeway-, mall-, and smog-ridden California in *Tea with the Black Dragon*, or her vivid, bustling Italy of *Damiano*, this is a bit of a let-down. But it's *nice*; it's just the book to curl up with on a slow, drizzly day. MacAvoy fans, enjoy.

—Sue Hagedorn



**From Those Wonderful
Folks Who Brought You
the Complete Ollie North
Testimony**

Strangers from the Sky

by Margaret ~~Wonder Bonanno~~
Wander Bonanno

Pocket Books, 1987, 402 pp.,
\$3.95 pb.

Author's Note: *This review is long, but please read it. It's vital that you be warned about this book.*

This is the second original novel in Pocket Books' series of "special" or "giant" *Star Trek* novels (the first was Vonda N. McIntyre's disappointing *Enterprise*). What's so special about these particular books, as opposed to the thirty-odd other *STrek* novels published by Pocket? Well, they're longer, they don't have numbers, they get a lot of promotion from Pocket, and they aren't very good. In fact, folks, *Strangers from the Sky* is an astonishingly feeble book.

SPOILER WARNING: This review will give away large parts of the plot.

The Basic Plot: In the 23rd century, sometime between the first and second *STrek* movies, a book called *Strangers from the Sky* is published. Allegedly based on recently-declassified Vulcan archives, it tells the story of humanity's first contact with an alien race, namely the Vulcans. The book creates a major stir because it claims that the contact took place on Earth in the year 2045, ten years before the invention of warp drive and twenty before the official first contact, the rescue of a crippled Vulcan scout ship near Neptune. Kirk and Spock both read the book and both begin to have eerily realistic dreams/nightmares of having been involved in the incident, though neither has any conscious memory of it.

Kirk's reaction is to go AWOL

in search of answers, a search that accomplishes nothing other than (1) wasting about twenty pages in a totally irrelevant encounter with an Australian mystic living on Easter Island (don't ask) and (2) convincing a Starfleet shrink (a beautiful female shrink, of course) that Kirk's finally flipped out. Spock arrives and gets Kirk released from his padded cell, and between the two of them they realize that there's a major discrepancy in their memories of a minor incident that took place fifteen years earlier. With McCoy watching them (for no apparent reason except that this is a major *STrek* novel, so McCoy has to be involved), they undergo a marathon mind-meld session in which their suppressed memories are released. Their recollections make up most of the book.

Several weeks before the events of the second pilot episode, "Where No Man Has Gone Before,"¹ Kirk, Spock, Kelso, Mitchell, and Dehner land on a barren planet that has the strange habit of vanishing and reappearing. Suddenly they are all transported to 21st-century Earth by a somewhat befuddled Egyptian wizard² who was experimenting with time and who, reasonably, didn't

expect anyone to blunder onto the obscure planet he was playing with. Spock is separated from the rest of the party, and the wizard tries to locate him, figuring that the only Vulcan on the planet should be easy to spot. Instead, he finds two completely different Vulcans, the only survivors of a scout ship which crashed following the inexplicable³ failure of most of its systems.

Kirk realizes that their presence contradicts Federation history and decides to investigate. Meanwhile, the two Vulcans—who are alive only because their self-destruct system failed and who, logically, should have committed suicide at the earliest opportunity (leaving behind as little as possible to be autopsied)⁴ but didn't because that would have brought the book to a grinding halt—are having a boring adventure on Earth: after their ship sinks in the South Pacific and they're rescued by a pair of friendly kelp-farmers, they're taken aboard a Navy surface-submersible vessel⁵ and taken to a secret Antarctic base for interrogation by the usual bunch of stereotypical government/military types who'd rather kill them and pretend the whole thing never happened than actually deal with the fact that

¹ Plot summary for those who need it: Passage through the energy barrier at the edge of the galaxy endows Kirk's friend Gary Mitchell with geometrically-increasing mental powers, mostly telekinesis. Mitchell goes power-mad. Kirk tries to strand him on an uninhabited planet. Mitchell murders prototypical red-shirt Lee Kelso. Mitchell and less-powerful telekinetic Elizabeth Dehner flee. Kirk hunts them down. Dehner turns on Mitchell and is killed by him. Kirk kills Mitchell and feels bad about it afterwards. Remember it now?

² This wizard, by the way, lives backwards in time; like T.H. White's Merlin, his future is our past and vice versa. What the blue blazes does this mean? I have no idea, and neither, apparently, does Bonanno, who threw it in because, as near as I can figure, she or her editor or somebody thought it sounded neat. Bleah.

³ So inexplicable, in fact, that it's never explained.

⁴ Bonanno makes it very clear that the 21st-century Vulcans are operating under a non-intervention policy at least as strict as the 23rd-century Federation's Prime Directive...so why are these two Vulcans interacting with all these humans?

⁵ In a classic scientific blunder, Bonanno has the Navy Captain refusing to dive to the ocean bottom to investigate immediately because "[The] weather's getting heavier and we're losing the light. It can wait till morning." Uh-huh. Last I heard, surface weather and lighting conditions only affect the ocean below the surface down to a couple of dozen fathoms at most, and, unless the Eugenics Wars somehow caused some really impressive geological upheavals, the South Pacific is just a tad deeper than your average swimming pool.

humanity isn't alone.

There's a lot of shouting and running about, and eventually, against all odds, everything turns out all right and everybody gets home safely. The End.

The Excess Fat: This is a cotton-candy book; despite what sounds like a large and intricate plot, there really isn't much substance. In what looks like a desperate attempt to pad out the book, Bonanno has thrown in everything but the proverbial kitchen sink. For example:

- Nearly a third of the book takes place in the "present," with Admiral Kirk acting slightly wonky. This whole section is totally irrelevant to the main story; I get the strong impression that the original manuscript used fifteen years earlier as its base time frame and that the "Kirk-and-Spock-have-bad-dreams" wrapper was added later to make the book longer.

- Two groups of semi-competent 21st-century terrorists show up, blow off a lot of ammunition to no great effect, and are mostly wiped out, having contributed absolutely nothing to the plot.
- Spock spends a lot of time hanging out in Boston with his great-to-the-fourth-grandfather, an aging pacifist who doesn't do anything (when he does finally get the chance to participate in the plot, he has a stroke instead and is never seen again).
- The first Officer of the Navy vessel displays behavior that runs the gamut from insubordination (her Captain doesn't seem to care) to raving paranoia (which her Captain also doesn't seem to notice). None of this has any real effect on anything, but it does fill up pages.

The Doomed Characters: Perhaps you didn't notice it amidst all of the above windiness, but three

of the starring characters in this story—Mitchell, Kelso, and Dehner—have the mark of doom upon them. Everybody reading this book *knows* that all three of them are going to die in a few weeks' time, yet MK&D themselves think that they're going to live forever. Psychologically, this is one of the most harrowing situations for a writer to set up and for a reader to deal with, assuming that the characters are drawn well enough for the reader to care about them in the first place.

It takes either a great deal of courage or complete ignorance of what one is doing for an author to try this high-wire-without-a-net stunt—with the possible exception of Katherine Kurtz's Camber books, I can't think of any case of an sf or fantasy author doing so.⁶ Is Bonanno a good enough writer to

⁶ In *Enterprise*, which is also set in the earliest days of Kirk's command of the *Enterprise*, McIntyre had the good sense to relegate Mitchell to a minor and mostly off-stage role.



pull off a trick that none of the giants of the field, from Heinlein to Zelazny, have had the guts to attempt? What do you think?

The Writing: Okay, you say, so the story isn't much, but what about the quality of the writing itself? Well, consider the following passage, which follows Kirk's amazement at how one of the Vulcans remains calm under interrogation at the secret Antarctic base:

[Kirk] could not know that her transit here in the big ship that lay now with its conning tower thrust up through the pack ice like some fantastical city mushroomed overnight in the wilderness, had been spent kneeling in meditation on the unyielding metal deck of the Whale, letting its vibrations subsume her body and enter her very soul.

Another Vulcan might have found the unrelenting noise of this human-built behemoth unbearable as it plowed its inexorable way first over, then under, a cold dark Earth-sea where dwelt creatures so seeming-alien most humans would be utterly repulsed by them, carrying far from the reach of most humans two not so alien that those humans could not accept them, given the chance. But T'Lera had lived in motion most of her days, and however stri-

dent this pounding, thrumming machine noise compared to the lissome slipstreaming of ship through silent space, it was as much a part of her as her own heartbeat.—page 271

Okay, I'll admit that I spent a few minutes just now skimming through the book looking for a particularly impressive example of bad prose, but let's face it, no competent or self-respecting author would send writing like that to her publisher, and no editor who's even mildly interested in turning out a good book would have let it see the light of day.

In Conclusion: If you want to read a good *STrek* novel, try Diane Duane's *My Enemy, My Ally*, Barbara Hambly's *Ishmael*, Vonda N. McIntyre's fine novelization of *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*, or John M. Ford's brilliant (if somewhat impenetrable) *The Final Reflection*. But stay away from *Strangers from the Sky*. Maybe if enough of us boycott this type of professionally-published fan fiction, Pocket Books will learn its lesson and stop killing trees to print terrible books like this. Perhaps they'll even put all the paper they'll save to a better use. Like rejection slips.

—Bill P. Starr

So You Want to Be a Wizard

by Diane Duane

Dell Young Adult, 1983, 226 pp., \$2.75 pb.

Hanging in midair about three feet away from her, inside the circle, was a spark of eye-searing white fire. It looked no bigger than a pinhead, but it was brilliant all out of proportion to its size, and was giving off light about as bright as that of a two-hundred-watt bulb without a shade. The light bobbed gently in midair, up and down, looking like a will-o'-the-wisp plugged into too powerful a current and about to blow out. Nita sat there with her mouth open and stared.

The bright point dimmed slightly, appeared to describe a small tight circle so that it could take in Kit, the drawn circle, trees and leaves and sky; then it came to rest again, staring back at Nita. Though she couldn't catch what Kit was feeling, now that the spell was over, she could feel the light's emotions quite clearly—amazement, growing swiftly into unbelieving pleasure. Suddenly it blazed up white-hot again.

(Dear Artificer,) it said in bemused delight, (I've blown my quanta and gone to the Good Place!)

Please don't let the fact that this book appears in the juvenile section turn you away; you'll be the poorer for it. Anyone who enjoyed *The Door into Fire*, *The Door into Shadow*, or any of the *Star Trek* novels Diane Duane has written is advised to get this book immediately, and anyone who doesn't should be pitied, for to skip this book is to miss something really special.

The story begins when the just barely pre-teen Nita Callahan runs across a book in her favorite section of the library entitled *So You Want to Be a Wizard*? It hadn't been there before, she's certain—and it's such an old-looking book—surely it couldn't be a new acquisition? So

S.D.I. = SLUG DEFENSE INITIATIVE



she starts reading, and before you know it she is caught up in a web of wizardry, talking trees, a young would-be wizard named Kit, an extremely nasty alternate New York (complete with killer helicopters and taxi cabs), trans-dimensional gateways, time travel, a talking white hole, and, of course, the mission of saving the universe.

It's a romp of the finest kind. The sequel, *Deep Wizardry*, is not yet out in paperback, but it is, if anything, better than the first. There is another book in the Wizardry series in the hands of publishers even as I write this, and I understand that Duane has more planned. Anyone who has read this book will cheer that news.

The Stranger Beside Me

by Ann Rule

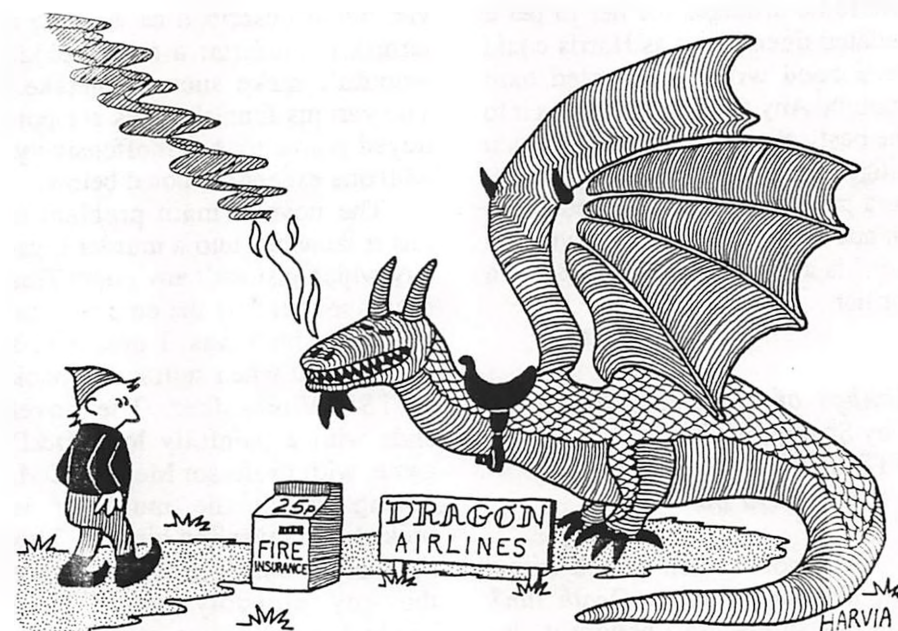
Signet/NAL, 1980, 442 pp.,
\$4.50 pb.

This non-fiction book about certified psycho-killer Theodore Bundy is a real shocker, and not merely because of the graphic details of the murders Bundy committed. It is the perspective that the author brings to this subject that makes the book so unusual.

In the early Seventies, Ann Rule, a single mother with journalistic ambitions, was serving as an unpaid counselor at a crisis intervention center. Over her months there she gradually established a firm friendship with one of her fellow counselors: Ted Bundy.

Rule greeted the news that Bundy was a suspect in a series of brutal abductions and murders with disbelief. How could this gentle, caring individual possibly be connected with the work of a madman? Surely a miscarriage of justice was underway. She signed a contract to investigate the real story behind these murders...and ended up believing that Ted Bundy had to be the culprit.

The details of Bundy's secret life are sketchy. It is likely that he will never confess, and the disap-



pearances of quite a few pretty, intelligent young women will never be solved. His *modus operandi* was very smooth: luring his victims with finesse (several times with a false cast on his leg or arm), killing them with blows to the head that served to obscure identity by destroying dental work, disposing of the bodies in little-traveled areas so that wild animals would scatter the remains. Exactly what he did to most of these victims can only be conjectured; for the most part only partial skeletons were found. Those that were found in a more complete condition suggest that their end was far from pleasant.

One victim did get away. She had been lured to Bundy's car with a tale that he was an undercover cop, but when he tried to slip handcuffs on her, she began to fight back and managed to hit the door handle on his speeding car, falling out. Bundy is, if nothing else, one cool character: at his trial in Colorado he cross-examined this woman on the witness stand for two hours.

This book is a fine narrative of the criminal career of Ted Bundy and a harrowing psychological portrait of the evil that can lie beneath a pleasant and affable exterior. It seems old-fashioned to me to refer to a man as capital-E Evil in this

age, but in Bundy's case I have to make an exception.

Red Dragon

by Thomas Harris

Putnam, 1981, 348 pp., \$13.95
hc.

This book was recently made into a movie starring Harrison Ford (I have forgotten the title), but I didn't go see it since it sounded like any of a dozen recent novels and movies. I ended up buying the book in hardcover because my local Osco Drug was selling it for \$2.99. At that price, I couldn't lose; what's more surprising is that I won.

Plot synopsis: FBI investigator tracks down a psycho-killer by understanding him all too well. You could generate plots like this using software. I suspect some thriller writers do. What I didn't suspect was how well drawn, how sympathetic the psycho would become to the reader; he is a tortured soul one cannot help feeling pity for. The G-man comes across as rather shallow, though, the least convincing element of this book.

What can you say about a book in which the villain slowly develops a caring, feeling relationship with a blind woman? I certainly didn't expect the beautifully-written scene

where he arranges for her to pet a sedated tiger. Thomas Harris could be a good writer if he tried hard enough. Any thriller that makes it to the best-seller list (or nearly) which hinges upon a William Blake tempera painting called "The Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed with the Sun" is a pretty special book, for a thriller.

—Connie Hirsch

Bimbos of the Death Sun

by Sharyn McCrumb

TSR/Windwalker, 1987, 219 pp., \$2.95 pb.

Who could resist a book with a title like *Bimbos of the Death Sun*? Not me, surely. So I bought it, despite my reluctance to support the ~~Evil Empire~~ TSR. It turned out to be a murder mystery set at an sf con, and its main point is a humorous look at sf fans. As such, it succeeds, mostly, although the heavy gaming emphasis annoyed me.

The main character is Professor James Mega, author of a hard sf novel being marketed (barely) under the title *Bimbos of the Death Sun*. Since he is a novice congoer, we get to play tourist through his eyes.

The con's GoH is Appin Dunganon, sort of an exaggerated Harlan Ellison, but without the talent. (McCrumb throws in Ellison's name twice toward the end of the book, as if to say, "See, it isn't Harlan, really!") Dunganon manages to piss off nearly everyone; his revenge on an obnoxious autograph-seeker is hysterical. In time, he is found dead in his room, and that's when the book begins to fall apart.

Up until the murder, the book paints a funny and mostly accurate portrait of a small sf con, with only a couple of glaring errors: everyone at the con, from the committee on down, is a gamer of some sort, be it D&D or Diplomacy, and the con-com is eager to promote press coverage of a wedding between two Trekkies in full Starfleet regalia. (Also, the bride is dressed as Saa-

vik, but is described as wearing a miniskirt uniform; a true Trekkie wouldn't make such a mistake.) The various fannish types are portrayed pointedly but inoffensively, with one exception, noted below.

The novel's main problem is that it launches into a murder mystery which just isn't any good. This is compounded by the emphasis on gaming, which was, I presume, a requirement when selling the book to TSR/Windwalker. The novel ends with a painfully long D&D game, with Professor Mega as DM, during which the murderer is tricked into revealing himself. This rigamarole wasn't necessary, since the guy probably would have cracked under police questioning, but that would have been too easy. McCrumb also withholds an impor-

tant piece of information about the murder weapon until the end, but the identity of the murderer was so obvious that I didn't even care.

The one aspect of the book I found offensive was its portrayal of a stereotypical overweight femme-fan. Though McCrumb scores some points by sympathetically describing the character's discovery of and acceptance in fandom, she throws them away by depicting the character as stupid, greedy, sneaky, and generally appalling.

Despite all the aforementioned problems, I enjoyed the book and I'm not sorry I bought it. If you attend cons at all regularly, parts of this book will have you rolling on the floor, and on that basis I'd recommend it.

—Janice M. Eisen



REVIEWS OF THREE INFOCOM GAMES

These are reviews of three computer games in the so-called "text adventure" genre. If you're not familiar with this type of game, you may want to read Merryl Gross's explanatory article elsewhere in this issue. The games are produced by Infocom, Inc.; each lists for \$39.95 (mail-order dealers usually provide a \$10-15 discount) and is available for nearly all personal computers. Trinity requires 128K of memory (512K on a Macintosh). The games are not copy protected; Infocom's current strategy is to fight piracy by making the documentation essential and difficult to Xerox.

Leather Goddesses of Phobos by Steve Meretzky

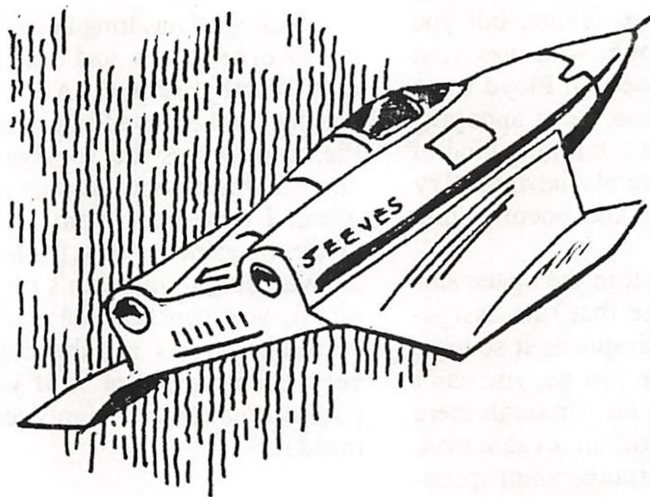
This hilarious game is an affectionate send-up of 1930s pulp sf, though notably spicier. It includes a 3-D comic book (*The Adventures of Lane Mastodon*) and required glasses, a scratch 'n' sniff card, and three playing modes—tame, suggestive, and lewd. (Unless you're particularly modest, I strongly suggest playing in lewd mode; it's particularly funny to play through some of the lewder scenes and then replay them in tame mode.) You can play as either male or female, and the game adjusts certain adventures accordingly. All sexual episodes are heterosexual, except for one that's lesbian if you play as a female.

The beginning of the game finds you drinking at Joe's Bar in Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Your first action will be to go to the bathroom; which one you choose determines your sex. Shortly thereafter, you will be kidnapped by a flying saucer and wind up in a plush cell on Phobos, dressed in a brass bikini, a prisoner of the sinister Leather Goddesses. You must defeat the Leather Goddesses to thwart their evil plot to take over the Earth and sexually enslave its inhabitants. (I know that may not sound so bad to

some of you, but...) You will be assisted in this endeavor by your trusty sidekick, who is of the same sex as you; he or she is not too bright, but is very strong, nearly indestructible, and an engineering genius.

The story takes you all over the solar system, from Mars to Venus to Cleveland, Ohio. Your adventures include rescuing an innocent virgin from the clutches of a hideous BEM, a swordfight in space, winning the opportunity to have sex with one of the wives/husbands of the Sultan/Sultaneess (try measuring her/him in lewd and tame modes), a journey down the Martian canals, escaping the fiendish experiment of a mad scientist, and much more. There are aliens and frogs and mice and penguins and horses and giant Venus flytraps and princes and kings and robots and store clerks and... You get the idea. Meretzky has thrown in everything that would fit, then added some more.

While most of the puzzles are logical, a few are rather arbitrary, and the game's logic is somewhat warped. (Hint: try *very* hard to think like a pulp hero.) I can't strongly recommend *Leather Goddesses* as a first adventure game for that reason. If you've solved a game or two already, you will cer-



tainly enjoy this one (you'll laugh, you'll cry... mostly laugh).

Stationfall by Steve Meretzky

Stationfall is a funny, well-constructed science fiction game, in which you, as the protagonist, get to save the galaxy. It is a sequel to *Planetfall*, which was released over three years ago, but you don't need to have played *Planetfall* to solve this game (though you will appreciate some of the jokes and adventures more if you have). It's not terribly difficult, but I wouldn't recommend it as a first game; if you've never played one before, try *Planetfall*.

You are a Lieutenant in the Stellar Patrol, whose motto is "Boldly going where angels fear to tread." (The game even comes with a patch to prove it.) Unfortunately, the excitement you were promised when you enlisted is nowhere to be found; you're a paper-shuffler, no more. At the beginning of the game, you are given an assignment that seems to promise yet another dull day: traveling to a nearby space station to pick up 24 pallets of Request for Stellar Patrol Issue Regulation Black Form Binders Request Form Forms.

You've been authorized to take a robot along for assistance. There's a choice of three robots, but you should pick Floyd, who was your sidekick in *Planetfall*. Floyd's not too bright and can be as annoying as a five-year-old, but he's kind of endearing and rarely boring. (Try turning him off and opening him up.)

Once you get to the space station, you realize that this assignment is not as simple as it sounds. No matter where you go, you can't find anyone aboard, although there are no traces of an evacuation. There's also a strange alien spaceship, containing an equally strange alien skeleton. And some of the machinery is behaving oddly...

Along the way to solving this mystery, you'll acquire a robot named Plato, who becomes Floyd's buddy. You'll also find an ostrich, an Arcturian balloon creature, and equipment ranging from a vacuum suit to a pair of zero-gravity dice. As usual, pick up everything you can lay your hands on and pay careful attention to any notes or recordings you find. You're provided with a map of the station, but you'll have to map some appendages yourself. There are lots of opportunities to die or otherwise screw up, so save frequently, and don't forget to eat well and get plenty of sleep

(in the game—but it's not bad advice in general).

Planetfall has long been one of my favorite games, and *Stationfall* is a worthy sequel. All of the puzzles can be solved logically, and the descriptions are so vivid that when I think about scenes in the game, I remember them visually. While the game is not at the level of a novel (despite Infocom's protestations), you can become quite involved in the plot, and the climax is very affecting (more so if you've played *Planetfall*). I highly recommend it.

Trinity

by Brian Moriarty

Unlike the two adventures reviewed above, *Trinity* is a serious game (interspersed with the usual Infocom wit) about a serious subject—the threat of nuclear holocaust. It is also rich and involving, and one of the two or three best adventure games ever produced. (Part of this is due to its greater memory requirements, noted above.) It gives you the burden of saving the world, but, to its credit, does not provide any easy answers.

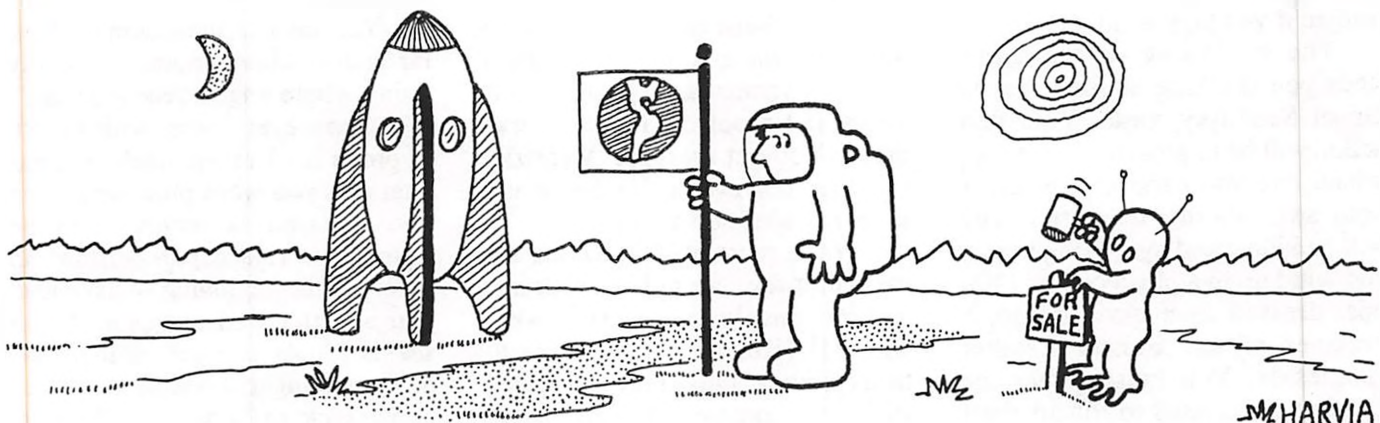
The game is primarily a fantasy. You begin in London's Kensington Gardens just minutes before the outbreak of World War III. Be-

fore the Bomb drops, you must find the gateway to another dimension, where most of the game's action takes place. Further gateways take you to times and places important in the history of nuclear weapons, from Nagasaki to Earth orbit, and eventually to the site of the first nuclear explosion, where you meet your toughest challenge.

The puzzles in this game vary in difficulty, but are logical and fit together beautifully. In addition, *Trinity* is extremely well-written; Moriarty has a degree in English Literature, and it shows. He has added a wonderful touch to the game: at certain points, an appropriate quotation pops up on the screen, with sources from Emily Dickinson to David Byrne. The game comes with a comic book called *The Illustrated Story of the Atom Bomb* which, besides being vital to solving the game, is a well-done parody of trite "educational" material with some pointed irony. The instruction manual even includes a bibliography!

With this game, Infocom has stretched the limits of the text adventure form and brought it closer than ever to written literature. *Trinity* is an experience I recommend to everyone.

—Janice M. Eisen



Books Received but Not Reviewed

January

Martin, George R.R., ed. *Wild Cards*, Bantam/Spectra, 410 pp., \$3.95 pb.

February

Banks, Michael and Dean R. Lambe. *The Odysseus Solution*, Baen, 279 pp., \$2.95 pb (©1986).

Bell, Clare. *Tomorrow's Sphinx*, Margaret K. McElderry/Macmillan, 292 pp., \$14.95 hc (©1986).

Benford, Greg and David Brin. *Heart of the Comet*, Bantam/Spectra, 477 pp., \$4.50 pb (©1986).

Bradbury, Ray. *Death Is a Lonely Business*, Bantam, 216 pp., \$3.95 pb (orig. 1985).

Cherryh, C.J. and Janet Morris. *Kings in Hell*, Baen, 377 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Durst, Mose. *To Bigotry, No Sanction: Reverend Sun Myung Moon and the Unification Church*, Regnery Gateway, 181 pp., \$10.95 hc (orig. 1984).

Faust, Joe Clifford. *A Death of Honor*, Del Rey, 326 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Geary, Patricia. *Living in Ether*, Bantam/Spectra, 214 pp., \$3.50 pb. (orig. 1982).

Gloss, Molly. *Outside the Gates*, Atheneum/Argo, 120 pp., \$11.95 hc (©1986).

Grant, Richard. *Rumors of Spring*, Bantam/Spectra, 448 pp., \$16.95 hc.

Harrison, Harry. *To the Stars*, Bantam/Spectra, 472 pp., \$4.95 pb (orig. 1980-81).

Johnson, Annabel and Edgar. *A Memory of Dragons*, Atheneum/Argo, 170 pp., \$13.95 hc (©1986).

Martin, George R.R., ed. *Night Visions 3*, Dark Harvest, 225 pp., \$18.00 hc (©1986).

McCaffrey, Anne. *Nerilka's Story*, Del Rey, 182 pp., \$3.95 pb (orig. 1986).

Morris, Janet, ed. *Heroes in Hell*, Baen, 274 pp., \$3.50 pb (orig. 1986).

Morris, Janet, ed. *Rebels in Hell*, Baen, 308 pp., \$3.50 pb (orig. 1986).

Pierce, Tamora. *The Woman Who Rides Like a Man*, Atheneum/Argo, 253 pp., \$14.95 hc (©1986).

Service, Pamela F. *A Question of Destiny*, Atheneum/Argo, 160 pp., \$12.95 hc (©1986).

Turtledove, Harry. *The Misplaced Legion*, Del Rey, 323 pp., \$2.95 pb.

Weinberg, Dr. George. *Numberland*, St. Martin's, 119 pp., \$9.99 hc.

March

Chalker, Jack L. *Pirates of the Thunder (Rings of the Master 2)*, Del Rey, 306 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Gadallah, Leslie. *Cat's Pawn*, Del Rey, 262 pp., \$2.95 pb.

Innes, Evan. *City in the Mist (America 2040 #3)*, Bantam, 374 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Martin, George R.R., ed. *Aces High: Wild Cards II*, Bantam/Spectra, 390 pp., \$3.95 pb.

McKinney, Jack. *Genesis: Robotech #1*, Del Rey, 214 pp., \$2.95 pb.

McKinney, Jack. *Battle Cry: Robotech #2*, Del Rey, 216 pp., \$2.95 pb.

McKinney, Jack. *Homecoming: Robotech #3*, Del Rey, 214 pp., \$2.95 pb.

McKinney, Jack. *Battlehymn: Robotech #4*, Del Rey, 212 pp., \$2.95 pb.

Monaco, Richard. *Unto the Beast*, Bantam/Spectra, 473 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Watt-Evans, Lawrence. *With A Single Spell*, Del Rey, 263 pp., \$3.50 pb.



April

- Brooks, Terry. *Magic Kingdom for Sale—Sold!* Del Rey, 373 pp., \$4.50 pb (orig. 1986).
Caidin, Margin. *Exit Earth*, Baen, 638 pp., \$4.50 pb.
Duncan, Dave. *A Rose-Red City*, Del Rey, 230 pp., \$2.95 pb.
Frankowski, Leo A. *Copernick's Rebellion*, Del Rey, 202 pp., \$2.95 pb.
Morris, Janet. *Tempus*, Baen, 277 pp., \$3.50 pb.

May

- Clement, Hal. *Still River*, Del Rey, 280 pp., \$16.95 hc.
Cook, Paul. *On the Rim of the Mandala*, Bantam/Spectra, 246 pp., \$3.95 pb.
Foster, Alan Dean. *The Deluge Drivers*, Del Rey, 311 pp., \$3.95 pb.
Hawkins, Ward. *Torch of Fear*, Del Rey, 297 pp., \$2.95 pb.
Hazel, Paul. *Yearwood*, Bantam/Spectra, 261 pp., \$3.95 pb (orig. 1980).
MacAvoy, R. A. *The Grey Horse*, Bantam/Spectra, 247 pp., \$3.95 pb.
McKinney, Jack. *Force of Arms: Robotech #5*, Del Rey, 214 pp., \$2.95 pb.
McKinney, Jack. *Doomsday: Robotech #6*, Del Rey, 216 pp., \$2.95 pb.
McQuay, Mike. *Memories*, Bantam/Spectra, 400 pp., \$3.95 pb.
Norwood, Warren C. *Shudderchild*, Bantam/Spectra, 350 pp., \$3.95 pb.
Ryman, Geoff. *The Unconquered Country*, Bantam/Spectra, 131 pp., \$2.95 pb (©1986).
Stapledon, Olaf. *Star Maker*, Jeremy P. Tarcher, 272 pp., \$8.95 pb (orig. 1937).
Steussy, Marti. *Forest of the Night*, Del Rey, 265 pp., \$2.95 pb.
Turtledove, Harry. *An Emperor for the Legion*, Del Rey, 322 pp., \$3.50 pb.
Tyers, Kathy. *Firebird*, Bantam/Spectra, 265 pp., \$3.50 pb.
Willis, Connie. *Lincoln's Dreams*, Bantam, 212 pp., \$15.95 hc.

July

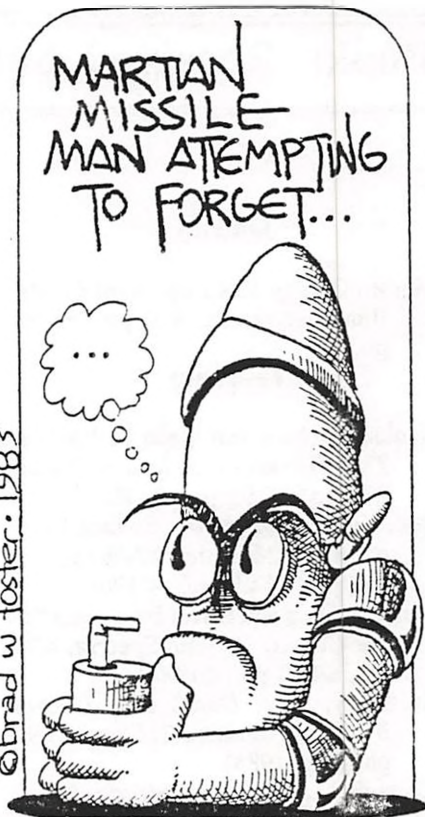
- Fuller, John G. *The Interrupted Journey*, Dell, 350 pp., \$3.95 pb.
Hambly, Barbara. *The Witches of Wenshar*, Del Rey, 339 pp., \$3.95 pb.
Lucas, George, Donald F. Glut, and James Kahn. *The Star Wars Trilogy*, Ballantine, 241 pp., \$8.95 pb.
McKinney, Jack. *Southern Cross: Robotech #7*, Del Rey, 215 pp., \$2.95 pb.
Rowley, Christopher. *Golden Sunlands*, Del Rey, 340 pp., \$3.50 pb.
Shaw, Bob. *The Ragged Astronauts*, Baen, 310 pp., \$15.95 hc (©1986).
White, James. *Code Blue—Emergency*, Del Rey, 280 pp., \$2.95 pb.

August

- Benford, Gregory. *Across the Sea of Suns*, Bantam/Spectra, 353 pp., \$3.95 pb (orig. 1984).
Cadigan, Pat. *Mindplayers*, Bantam/Spectra, 276 pp., \$3.50 pb.
Carr, Terry, ed. *Universe 17*, Doubleday, 180 pp., \$12.95 hc.
Finch, Sheila. *The Garden of the Shaped*, Bantam/Spectra, 217 pp., \$3.50 pb.
Flint, Kenneth C. *The Dark Druid*, Bantam/Spectra, 326 pp., \$3.50 pb.
Harrison, Harry. *Winter in Eden*, Bantam/Spectra, 430 pp., \$4.50 pb (orig. 1986).
Hazel, Paul. *Undersea*, Bantam/Spectra, 212 pp., \$3.50 pb (orig. 1982).
Hogan, James P. *Endgame Enigma*, Bantam/Spectra, 408 pp., \$16.95 hc.
Scarborough, Elizabeth. *The Harem of Aman Akbar*, Bantam/Spectra, 265 pp., \$3.50 pb (orig. 1984).

September

- Chalker, Jack L. *Warriors of the Storm*, Del Rey, 338 pp., \$3.95 pb.
Forstchen, William R. *The Alexandrian Ring*, Del Rey, 295 pp., \$3.50 pb.
Kilian, Crawford. *The Fall of the Republic*, Del Rey, 293 pp., \$3.50 pb.



- Kurtz, Katherine. *The Quest for Saint Camber*, Del Rey, 449 pp., \$3.95 pb.
McKinney, Jack. *Metal Fire: Robotech #8*, Del Rey, 207 pp., \$2.95 pb.
McKinney, Jack. *The Final Nightmare: Robotech #9*, Del Rey, 241 pp., \$2.95 pb.
Naha, Ed. *Robocop*, Dell, 189 pp., \$3.50 pb.
Turtledove, Harry. *The Legion of Videssos*, Del Rey, 413 pp., \$3.95 pb.
Turtledove, Harry. *Swords of the Legion*, Del Rey, 394 pp., \$3.95 pb.
Vonnegut, Kurt. *Bluebeard*, Delacorte Press, 300 pp., \$17.95 hc.

October

- Bell, Clare. *Ratha's Creature*, Dell/Laurel-Leaf, 259 pp., \$2.95 pb.
Harris, Geraldine. *The Seventh Gate*, Dell/Laurel-Leaf, 243 pp., \$2.95 pb.
Rose, Colin. *Accelerated Learning*, Dell, 246 pp., \$8.95 pb.
Smith, Guy N. *Entombed*, Dell, 189 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Adopted Third Cousin Twice Removed of Minutes

Because of the inability of the MITSFS to file anything properly, Minutes have been appearing in a fairly random order lately. Some Minutes from 1975, transcribed by Jack H. Stevens, just turned up, so I've included them here, followed by a resumption of the 1980-81 Minutes.

2/21/75

The day was Friday. The time was, of course, 5 p.m. Society Standard Time. The Spofford Room was ready...but it looked as if the people writing APL code on the blackboard were not. They did, however, notice the bang of the gavel as the Skinner announced the beginning of another meeting of the MIT Science Fiction Society. The very first order of business was a Kludge motion on the hackers at the blackboard. This passed, the number of APL strings, to the number of good things about TSO, to "make up something"+S&S.

The minutes were approved as read, but by a less than appreciative audience.

Pinkdex: The Skinner (R.H. "Bob" Bernstein) ran off the Pinkdex the previous evening.

PseudoFlamecomm (the Skinner) cursed the Libcomms for not doing it as they were supposed to. A motion by the former Skinner (Mike Timmreck [MIT]) to commend his former Libcomm ("Bob") for running off Pinkdex passed at the number of pages in Pinkdex, to the number of people who have run it off, to one over the worth of Pinkdex+S&S.

Old Business Algol usualled. The plaintive cry of "Where are the comics?" was heard. Someone claimed to have seen people reading them before the meeting (those who were not coding at the blackboard).

The first item of New Business was a discussion of Rachel Morris's and Jim Glass's "warm relationship." The description of just how warm the rela-

tionship was was becoming rather explicit when the Onseck (embarrassed and mindful of the libel laws) stopped writing. Thus Guy Consolmagno's (GC) nasty motion will remain forever unrecorded.

Minicult (Nick Nussbaum [N²]): After a long absence, the portrait of Spofford had returned and could be seen gazing benignly upon the meeting from within a properly refurbished frame.

First Miller Motion chickened, 3-6-9+S&S.

N² moved to commend Spofford for returning in a frame of banana-colored varnish. This motion having passed, unanimous-0-2+S&S, the meeting was adjourned, and the hackers (along with everyone else) parsed slowly into the sunset.

2/28/75

When the lads and lasses trooped into the Spofford Room that fateful Friday afternoon, they noticed a large box of sandwiches, apples, and potato chips. Guileless (i.e., mendacious) folks that they were, they immediately said, "Oh, how nice! Refreshments!" and laid into the grub. The Skinner wandered in and noticed the assembled multitude stuffing their faces. He said that, according to his information, the food was for a Medical Department lunch but was accidentally delivered a week too early. A few of those who had been eating sandwiches sitting at room temperature began to look thoughtful, but most didn't begin to worry until someone suggested, "Do you suppose this is a Medical Department experiment?"

The "Clanggk!" of the Gavel at the stroke of 5 p.m. SST stopped most of the conjecture, but the occasional hiccough and belch could be heard through the rest of the Meeting.

The Onseck declared that there were no minutes written up of the previous meeting because of the disrespect with which the ones before them had been received.

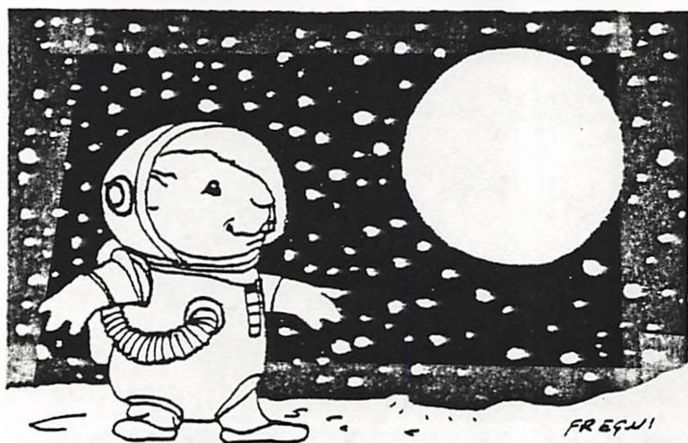
Bananacomm (N²) introduced the new Bic Banana.

Radiocomm (?) sang (!) for us a station identification that had been playing recently on radio station WVBF:

*We shall overwhelm in the realm
of the Good Doctor Asimov
With a positronic brain, in an electronic vein,
Stereo 105!*

The explanation was that some guy in Spain made up the words to go with a London Symphony Orchestra background. His only problem was the fact that Asimov had not lived in Boston for quite a while.

Spaced-out-comm, man (Stallman): He just found out who the Alpert was.



Boscomm (Chip Hitchcock): Boskone 11 was 52 weeks ago. Strong recommendation to avoid the pesthole across the river.

Chartcomm (N²): made up a sign reading "NO TRIB-BLES per order Health Department" for David Gerold.

Jourcomm (chorus): "Real Soon Now!"

VGG ("Bob"): Tracked down DeRiel, threatened him with small claims court—and got back all our hard-covers.

Boring Minicult (Gary Goldberg): A federal judge decided a teacher couldn't be fired for not wearing a tie to classes. Then he noticed that the teacher hadn't worn a tie to court either, and he howled: "Who do you think you are? Come back at 10 a.m. tomorrow with a tie or I'll toss you in jail."

Minicult: New York Bell is broken. This brought out the creative urges of the members, and the motions flew fast and furious. The Skinner decided that, to save time and trouble, he would recognize all the motions and have a vote on all of them at once. He directed the Onseck to write them all down. Sure.

First Miller Motion chickened. N² was censured for not voting more than once, by the number of people attending Boskone, to the number of people having a good time at Boskone, to the number of good things about Boskone+S&S.

Second Miller Motion chickened. A motion to note that the Skinner was attacked by a giant banana passed, however, so the Meeting was finally adjourned.

A mob of people started chasing after Dan Weiner, former Onseck. Some of them were holding their stomachs.

3/7/75

The Meeting was called to order, as might be expected, at 5 p.m. Society Standard Time. It was held, equally normally, on a Friday afternoon, in the Spofford Room. But that is where normality ended. For this was a Meeting of the MITSFS.

The Lord High Embezzler was accused of being a social status climber for having bought a Watts Hi-Fi Parasite. "Fuck you," he admitted.

Libcomm looked a little odd—not unreasonable, as it had turned into Tom Ginden. "The Library is dead; long live the Library!"

PseudoMoocomm: That very evening could be seen *Westworld*, *Silent Running*, and *Soylent Green* (the sequel to *Soylent Running*—whoosh!).

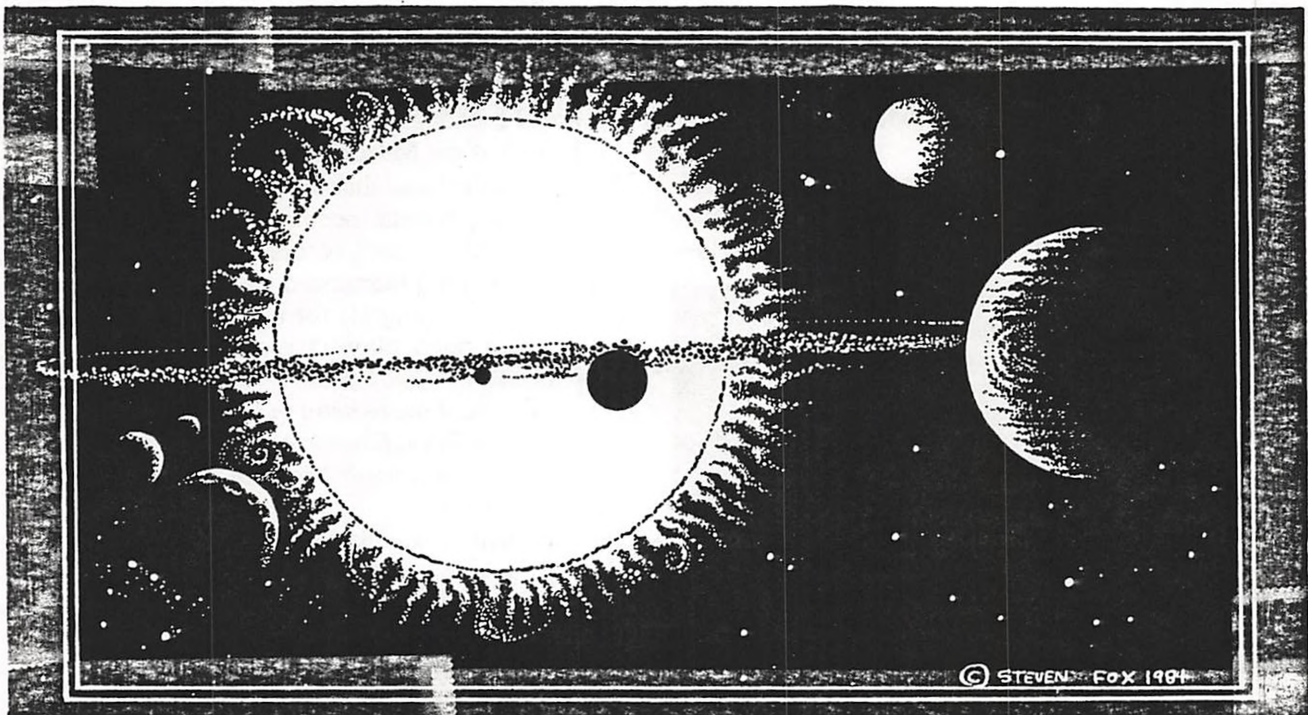
Phoenixcomm (i.e., risen-among-the-asses-comm): The inside front page of the *Boston Phoenix* had a bored-looking nerd swinging the Gavel, plus an article on the MITSFS.

The Onseck hinted at the existence of the Electronic Onseck. A motion to put all future Meetings on tape (and leave them there) passed at the number of iron grains on a 1-inch length of recording tape, to the number of magnetic domains in Paula Lieberman, to the number of magnetic domains in a certain part of Paula Lieberman's anatomy+SBLL and Spehn.

A request was made of the Onseck to be sure to mention Garland T. Gabriel in the Minutes.

Old Business Algol: While the LHE had brought no comic books to the Meeting, it was moved that the collection of the former LHE had lots of comics. This usualled.

First Miller Motion chickened, 1233,456,789,101,112-Ginden-the 23,000,000th Gödel number+S&S.



Motion that the Society refuse to take notice of the fact that Hitchcock had not shown up at meetings for the past several weeks passed unanimously.

Motion to commend SBLL for not bringing the rest of him passed, 1/the number of good Monty Python songs-GC's creative appendages-the number of good Perdue chickens+S&S.

It was noted that the Society completed its Mike Mars collection with acquisitions from Boskone. A motion to encase Mike Mars and Donald Wollheim in a banana of infinite reflectivity passed, "some vote"- "some vote"- "some vote"+S&S. The Meeting thereupon fizzled out.

Election Meeting, 5/2/75

Nominations for President: Sylvania 9400, Doung Van Minh, R.H. "Bob"'s HP-45, The Ghost of Christmas Future, Bob's pet tribble, Ethyl Applebert, R.H. "Blob" Bernstein, Mike Timmreck, Kevin Phillips-Bong, Harpo Hilter, I.P.C., Dr. George, Papoon Balloon, Erich von Daniken, Ass.comm, Ross Motion, Nominations B. Closed.

R.H. "Bob" Bernstein elected on the third ballot.

Vice: Jack Stevens elected on the second ballot.

LHE: Nick Nussbaum elected on the first ballot.

Onseck: Gary Goldberg elected on the first ballot.

TIME WARP TO SEPTEMBER 1980

9/12/80, 1700 SST

LHE Report: We're broke, except for our Swiss bank account.

New Furniture

New Furniture Algol

The Usual Cushions

9/19/80, 1700 SST

Motion to approve the minutes [obscene comments from someone] as Scarlett O'Hara. Chickens 7-3-7+Spehn.

Motion to create the post of "Chairman," who will look after getting us chairs.

Starcrossedcomm: Comments on Carl Sagan and *Cosmos*—"Sagan lives among the stars," physics goes Hollywood.

The Skinner bet the Vice a <\$20 dinner that she couldn't carry the Gavel Block from Central Square to the Library.

Minicult (Guy Consolmagno [GC]): Fred Hoyle says that viruses from outer space cause the flu.

Minicult (GC): The new dormitory, informally known as Next House, will open without a name. A motion is made to send a letter to President Gray suggesting it be named after Greg Ruffa. Passes 10-2-5+Spehn. Motion that the letter be written with a banana pen passes, more than I could count-

number-number+Spehn. Meeting adjourned, 1715 SST.

9/26/80, 1700 SST

Meeting called to disorder by the Skinner.

Motion to approve the minutes as Rhett Butler dies for lack of a second.

Motion to approve the minutes as Liquid Paper White passes 9-2-2+Spehn.

An insurrection is quelled.

Motion to paint the Institute Institute Gray.

Motion to paint the Institute shocking pink.

Motion to paint the Great Dome orange with a picture of Simple Simon and the pieman.

	Y	N	C	
Institute Gray	2	4	8+Spehn	= -67
shocking pink	1	10	2+Spehn	
orange Great Dome	8	10	2+spehn	

All motions fail.

10/3/80, 1700 SST

Minicult (Bill Starr [BPS]): The government of Alabama has established the order of succession after a Russian attack. A motion to commend them for their forethought chickens 0-1-4+Spehn.

Minicult (George Flynn [GF]): Police in Maryland have charged an amusement park employee with killing a baboon by giving it a poisoned banana.

10/31/80, 1700 SST

Minicult (GC): *Nature*'s "100 years ago thish" column quotes an article saying that fingerprints may be useful.

Minicult (BPS): Marvel Comics presents St. Francis of Assisi.

Motion to partially condemn John Costello for having a partially banana-colored jacket passes Myriads-2-1+Spehn. Meeting adjourned, 1710 SST.

11/21/80 and 11/26/80, 1700 SST

Motion to approve the minutes as moiré fails, 0-3-Michael's vest+Spehn.

Motion to condemn ~~Ken~~ Bruce Meltsner [the Onseck] as illegible and obscure. No vote is recorded.

This week's meeting is also next week's meeting. Minutes are approved as lavender, 6-0-1+Spehn. Meltsner motion from last week (this week?) passes 8-0-Michael's tie+Spehn.

A request that Skinner be put in the right time frames—last week is this week, this week is next week.

LHE Report: The MITSFS treasury contains \$22.50. Motion to censure the LHE for not squirreling away \$22.49.

LHE Report: The MITSFS treasury contains \$22.51.

Motion to tie a non-voting member who will remain anonymous (Judy Passman) to the wall, rip her clothes off, and tickle her with feathers dipped in banana daiquiris (the daiquiris may be made with two bananas). Passes 10-1-1+MITSFS mouse+Spehn. Meeting adjourned, 1715 SST.

12/5/80, 1700 SST

Motion to condemn last week's Pseudo-Onseck for also being illegible and obscure passes, 10-7-2+Spehn.

Titancomm (Seitz and Ken Meltsner [KM]): The Gavel Block will not be returned for six months due to Congressional stupidity. A motion to not steal/steal the titanium Gavel Block back with a magnet fails, 7-8-5+Spehn. A motion to titrate the steel/steal block passes, 14-1-2+Spehn.

Undated, 1700 SST

Titancomm: The Gavel Block!! has returned! The Skinner owes the Vice dinner (with a limit of \$1.00 for two). A motion to forbid the Skinner to take the Vice to the Parker House passes, 28-0-2+Spehn.

Wee paws for refreshing and discussing the Inverse Skinner Rule.

Minicult (GC): Venus has crappy instrumentation—it's sensitive to HSO_4 . The principal investigator ran off with the data for a year. Titan exists, 'nuff said. It may be a source of energy.

Motion to condemn Titan as a fire hazard passes 12-1-5+Spehn.

Motion to make the Onseck/Boredcomm not post the minutes on the bulletin board every week. Passes Many-0-5+Spehn.

1/30/81, 1700 SST

Meeting ordered to call by the Skinner.

PseudoPanthercomm: No report.

Chip Hitchcock (CH) moves not to approve said report. Passes 7-2-2+Spehn.

Old Business, Old Business Algol.

CH moves to censure Wayne B'Rells for his sex life with Ann B'Rells. Passes 4-2-2+Spehn.

2/6/81, 1700 SST

The Minutes are read by the Onseck and interrupted by the [obnoxious] Skinner with a bad pun: "called to hors d'œuvre."

Minicult (CH): An unfortunate name for a used clothing store: Clothes Encounters of the Second Kind.

The Skinner declares February to be Groundhog Month.

Minicult: CH reports some Japanese renditions of English perfume names, including Sexual Violence N° 1. History recalls that one former Keyholder sold a perfume named Justifiable Rape.

2/13/81, 1700 SST

Motion to condemn all members of the Society that didn't show up (everyone-5). This means you, twits! Passes Unanimous-0-Spehn.

Minicult (KM): Gay Lensman sighted, presumed to be going to Boskone.

Motion to condemn NESFA for being fans and not just reading the stuff and going so far as to put *another* con on. Passes Unanimous-0-Spehn.

A person playing the trumpet is being ignored, which is hard, since he is playing a saxophone.

Motion to mute the musical instrument or the tool with a banana. Passes Unanimous-0-Spehn. Meeting adjourned, 1712 SST.

2/??/81, 1700 SST

PseudoBoredcomm₁(Carl Hylin): MITSFS sign removed again.

PseudoBoredcomm₂(Carl Hylin): New ideas in the making.

Timewarp to last curse on bulletin board. Curse amended to curse all unauthorized personnel adding or deleting articles of any sort in *any* space-time.

Minicult (Hylin): From the *New York Times*: El Salvador is a "textbook case" of communist aggression.

Minicult (Malcomm): The Knights of Malta (ca. 1412) were filthy rich. The Pope and the King of France wanted money and tried to disband them. Malta condemned and cursed them. Both died. Succession troubles left both France and the Church without leaders for several years.

Motion to commend Malcomm for the oldest Minicult. Passes by acclamation.

Some members present have not voted. Said individuals are condemned to eat with John Costello alone in Lobdell on commons.

3/6/81, 1700 SST

Meeting called to order under protest.

Clink-clink.

Meeting adjourned.

Minicult (Malcomm): Catholics say the moon doesn't exist.

3/13/81, 1700 SST

The whole Star Chamber is here, as is Bill Starr.

Motion to move Bill to a chamber ties, 4-2-3+Spehn. Skinner passes it.

Mooncomm (MALT): Catholics don't exist.

Motion to approve Minutes as ordinal, not cardinal, passes 4-1-2+Spehn.

Starcrossedcomm (KM): *Guns smoke* is the *Buck Rogers* of the past.

Throgcomm (MALT): "I don't always show my legs off!"

Motion to fail to reimburse BPS for Jittlov autograph (\$1) passes 3-0-1+Spehn.

Great confusion on what we wanted to do and how to do it. Finger Motion on all of you twits. Motion to impeach Skinner—out of order. Previous motion for reimbursement passes and fails. Move to Hoboken (MALT): Nope. Move to Tulsa (MALT): Yeech! Move to condemn the cast and crew, etc. (this means you, MALT) of the Tech Show for their intimate involvement with the MITSFS banana passes, many-1-?+Spehn. Meeting adjourns 17:whatever.

3/20/81, 1700 SST

PseudoMoocomm (BPS): *Final Conflict*: Damien vs.

Son o' God (3 falls takes all)—with a "real" actor.

Great amazement that we have our Gavel Block back.

KM moves to belabor all the twits sitting around ignoring the Meeting with a banana on the head, shoulders, and other body areas [I-aiii!-squawk] passes, all-3-3+Spehn. Meeting adjourned, 1713 SST.

4/10/81(?), 1700 SST

RvdH moves to approve the minutes as banana-colored.

Out of order.

RvdH moves to approve the minutes as red. Out of order.

Minicult (KM): Shuttle feebs again!

Mincult (Hylin): Skinner's floor had a strawberry daiquiri party to commemorate the 6:50 a.m. liftoff.

Motion to commemorate Shuttle launching on Sunday with a banana daiquiri and hashish smoking party passes, 9-0-0+Spehn. Finger Motion passes. Meeting adjourned, 1717 SST.

4/24/81, 1700 SST

Whooshcomm (CH): You should have heard the whoosh the Shuttle made—outdoes any whoosh.

Motion to condemn the former Skinner and Onseck for attempting to be respectable.

Motion to condemn science for having Consolmagno.

Motion to appoint a committee to find out what the U. of Arizona is feeding Irwin T. Lapeer or to what they are feeding him.

	Y	N	C	
Skinner and Onseck	4	2	1+Spehn	= -887
Consolmagno	7	4	8+Spehn	
Irwin T. Lapeer	8	23	7+Spehn	

All motions fail.



Motion that we recognize Armenia. Passes by decree.
Mazeltov.

Election Meeting, 5/1/81

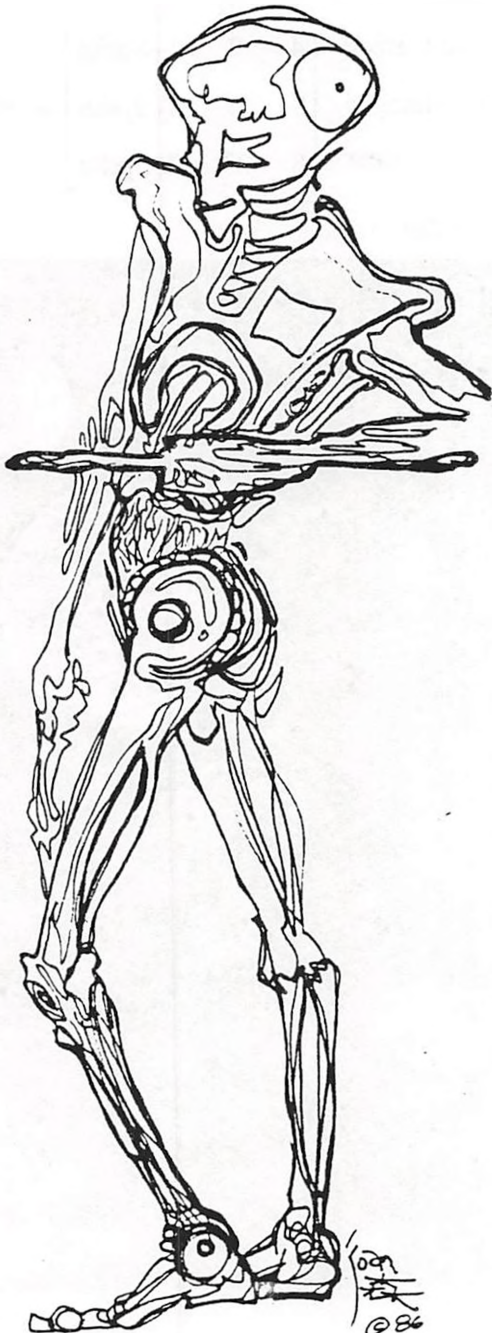
Nominations for President: Guy Consolmagno, Woodstock, Cheryl Tiegs, Cheryl Wheeler. Cheryl Wheeler elected on second ballot.

Nominations for Vice: the LHE's camera, Cheryl's studded leather belt, elephants, Adina Adler, Xaviera Hollander. Adina Adler elected on third ballot.

Nominations for LHE: J. Paul Getty, Woodstock, Cheryl's studded leather belt, Judy Passman. Judy Passman elected on second ballot.

Nominations for Onseck: The Book, the Belt, Wendy Rowe, the Candle. Wendy Rowe elected on first ballot.

Official Second: Cheryl's studded leather belt.



Where Are They Now?

The following people's names are in *Twilight Zine's* old files, but we do not have a current address. (Some of the addresses date back to the '60s.) We'd appreciate any information about their whereabouts. Since lastish, we found addresses for two people and added one new person to the list.

Name	Last Known Location
Richard Benyo	Jim Thorpe, Pennsylvania
Robert Bernstein	Chicago, Illinois
Ken Bissinger	Albany, New York
R.D. Christian	Omaha, Nebraska
ChUSFA	Urbana, Illinois
Frank Cocki	Waltham, Massachusetts
Scott Davidson	Princeton, New Jersey
Joel Davis	Boulder, Colorado
Bill Donaho	Berkeley, California
Earl Evers	San Francisco, California
John and Diane Fox	Lakemba, N.S.W., Australia
Fred Galvin	Berkeley, California
Gerald Geary	Fort Devens, Massachusetts
Gary Goldberg	East Lansing, Michigan
Arthur Hayes	Timmons, Ontario
Kenneth E. Hicks	Marietta, Georgia
Fred Hollander	Pacific Palisades, California
Jon Inouye	Culver City, California
Donald Jackson	Adrian, Michigan
Dwain Kaiser	Upland, California
Mario Kwait	Dahlweg, West Germany
Richard LaBonte	Ottawa, Ontario
Russell Lynch, Jr.	Arlington, Virginia
Bill Mallardi	Akron, Ohio
John E. Maroney	Lockbourne, Ohio
Melvin Merson	Oak Park, Michigan
Bernie Morris	Providence, Rhode Island
William T. Park	??
Ross Pavlac	Chicago, Illinois
John J. Pierce	Westfield, New Jersey
Laramie Sasseville	Cambridge, Massachusetts
Ajai K. Sinha	New Delhi, India
Ed Smith	Washington, D.C.
Riccardo Valla	Torino, Italy

A Year and a Day With My Lady

by Bill P. Starr

Yesterday, Friday, May 1, 1987, the Lady and I celebrated our first anniversary together. Today, just a few hours ago, I nearly killed her.

The Lady, for those who missed our last exciting installment, is the Lady Stone Danser, my beloved 1986 Jeep Cherokee: two tons of red four-wheel-drive power with a real honest-to-god five-speed gearbox that you stir with a big stick.

I first met her on May 1, 1986, when I finished the paperwork and drove her off the lot at Back Bay AMC.¹ Three hundred sixty-six days later, the verdict is that even though we don't get to spend as much time together as we used to now that I'm working in deepest, darkest (and parkingless) downtown Boston, it's still been a pretty good year... about 8,500 miles with no collisions or breakdowns,² a few glorious snowstorms to four-wheel through, and only one major trauma: in April, some unprintable punched a screwdriver through the driver's door, jimmied the lock, and stole the radio out of the dash, a joyous little incident that led me to go the Total Paranoia route and install a Bensi Box³ for the new radio, Steadfast steel armor,⁴ a Dual-Lock II ignition cut-off and hood lock,⁵ and a few other little goodies that national security considerations prevent me from revealing here.

Yes, it was a good year, and yesterday's anniversary was a nice milestone to note, the first of many, we hoped.

¹ Pause for big Bronx cheer here, folks—I still haven't figured out whether the guys at B.B. AMC are out-and-out crooks or just plain incompetent jerks. Sort of reminds you of a certain White House staff, doesn't it?

² Unless you count that cold day in January when the damn Chapman lock seized up and wouldn't let go until I paid a triple-A locksmith fifty bucks to annihilate it.

³ A special mounting that lets me take the radio out of the dashboard and carry it away with me when I park--take *that*, you foul stereo thieves, you!

⁴ A set of custom-shaped steel plates which are permanently mounted on the steering column and make it almost impossible to tamper with the ignition lock. The Steadfast armor replaced the Wolo collar I'd been using, a truly amazing steel-and-chain-and-lock contraption that would have looked far more at home in a John Norman novel than it ever did wrapped around my Lady's steering column and over her ignition lock.

⁵ To replace the above-mentioned Chapman lock, which, after spending an hour standing in twelve-degree-Fahrenheit Boston winter waiting for the locksmith, I never wanted to see again.

It was a beautiful day for driving: a sunny Saturday with wispy traces of clouds, temperature in the mid-sixties, light traffic... all in all, a perfect day for a boy and his car to go cruising in celebration of a year of happiness together, and maybe also to drift over towards Medford and try to find 11 Medford Street, the home of Storytellers in Concert, through which I was trying to get a line on an old friend, a professional storyteller with whom I'd fallen out of touch.

So... I'd spotted 17 Medford Street, followed by a few more houses and then the huge expanse of Tufts Park, and, after circling a block, there I was trying to cross Medford Street to get a closer look at the number on the last house before the Park. I waited for a break in the traffic, looked left, looked right, and rolled ahead, still checking the traffic coming from the right. I never saw the brown car coming.

That's all there was to it, not much of a story, really: we pulled out into an intersection and this brown car of I have absolutely no goddamn idea what make or model or year came in from our left at about thirty miles an hour and nearly broadsided us.

I got lucky: the other driver had a good car, good reflexes, and a clear left lane to bail out into. He or she hit the horn, swerved left around our bow, right to get out of the oncoming traffic lane, and then and only then thank God hit the brakes and skidded straightline to a quivering stop about forty yards downrange. A clean miss—nobody hit anything and nobody was hit by anything. No harm, no foul, right?

I handled the immediate aftermath pretty well. Checked that there wasn't anyone right behind us, then dropped the Lady into reverse and backed us out of the intersection and into a parking space. Shifted into neutral, jiggled the stick back and forth once to make sure, then released the clutch and yanked up on the handbrake lever. Leaned back, head hard against the headrest, left hand holding tight onto the wheel at the ten o'clock position and right hand, fresh from the brake lever, going to the flat top of the steering wheel hub, stroking and patting it the way I do sometimes, our own little system of non-verbal communication.

I mean, that's what you do, right? You have a brush with disaster, you come through it okay, you hold yourself together until you're *sure* it's over, and then you go limp with relief and aftershock. Except that I didn't really. I just sat there working at *looking* like I was all shook up, putting on an act so that everybody (especially my Lady, whom I had absolutely no business deceiving like that) would know that I wasn't taking this at all lightly. The truth is, I wasn't feeling much

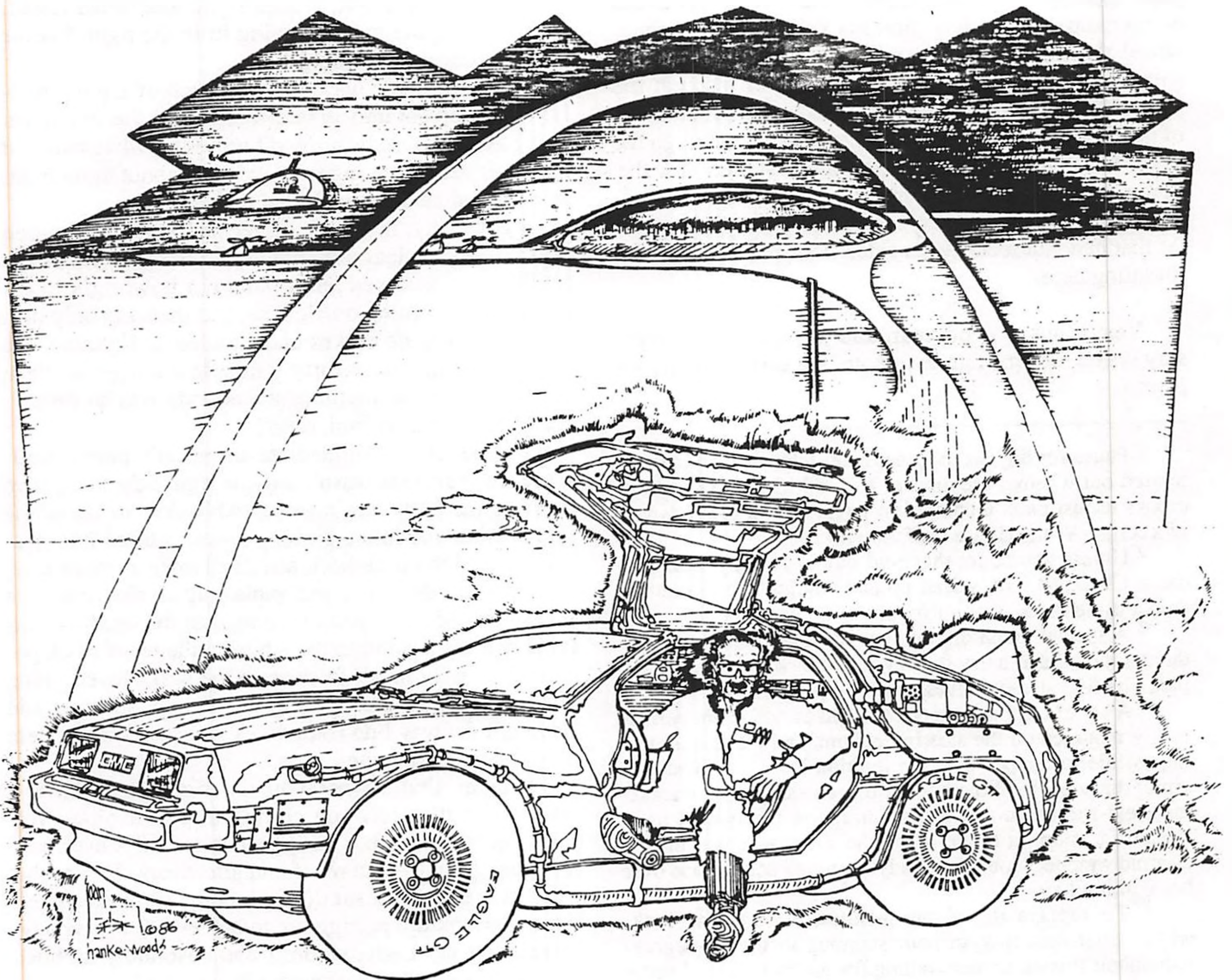
of anything physically, not even an adrenaline charge; it had happened too fast for even that. Mentally, I wasn't shaking—I was *mad*. Mad at that complete and utter jerk who'd had the goddamn nerve to nearly hit us, at the people who'd parked their cars where they'd hindered my view of the traffic, at the town of Medford for designing and allowing to exist such an obviously and patently dangerous intersection, at the people who lived along Medford Street who didn't have prominent street numbers on their houses, and at the rest of the universe in general.

I was mad because blaming everything but myself was my spoiled little ego's way of avoiding the ugly truth—that it was All My Fault.

I mean, I *never* saw that car coming. I should have—sure, there were parked cars, but they weren't really blocking my view—but I just didn't. The road

was clear, and then there was a horn sounding, a tiny sound bite of tire-squeal, and this unexpected, unanticipated, completely goddamn impossible *thing* sweeping across my field of vision from left to right as I hit the brakes and switched from eyes right to eyes goddamn front.

I never saw it coming, and I know perfectly well what happened. I got lazy. There was a blind spot big enough to hide a ton and a half of rolling death in, and that spot wasn't in my retina or the video-signal-processing software or any of the other peripherals—it was in my cerebrum, the seat of my so-called higher thoughts, my mind. I wasn't paying enough attention to what I was doing and I didn't bother to take a last quick glance to the left before proceeding. I saved a little bit of strain on my neck and eyes, and but for dumb luck I would have been responsible for maiming and maybe killing my Lady: the one who I'm supposed to protect



and support, the one who's totally dependent on me.

And now that it's happened, now that I can't undo my laziness and stupidity, now that I've committed an act so terrible as to be beyond apology and avoided disaster only through blind luck, what do I do? Go on as before, pretending that nothing happened? I think that's what she wants me to do, that she's already forgiven me, believing my (oft-repeated) promise to her that it won't happen again. But how can I be sure it won't?

Some people I know refer to followers of Ayn Rand as "Randroids" because of their alleged habit of quoting passages from Rand's writings verbatim rather than using their own words. I'm usually pretty good at expressing myself, but in this case I think I'll defer to someone else to sum things up, so—imagine Rod Serling doing the intro here—*presented for your edification: a scene from Robert A. Heinlein's The Rolling Stones, written in 1952, the same year that Myra Gertrude Schechner married Billie Jo Starr and perhaps wondered if they'd have any children and what they'd grow up to be like...*

Having endangered lives through negligence born of youthful exuberance, Castor and Pollux Stone, twin fifteen-year-old boys, have reported to their father and Ship's Captain, Roger Stone, for judgement...

"You two are very intelligent men—when you take the trouble. But you didn't take the trouble soon enough. Not about the gyros."

"But Dad, we never dreamed—"

"Enough." He reached for his waist; the twins noticed that he was wearing an old-fashioned piece of apparel—a leather belt. He took it off. "This belonged to your great-grandfather. He left it to your grandfather—who in turn left it to me. I don't know how far back it goes—but you might say that the Stone family was founded on it." He doubled it and tried it on the palm of his hand. "All of us, all the way back, have very tender memories of it. Very tender. Except you two." He again whacked his palm with it.

Castor said, "You mean you're going to beat us with that?"

"Have you any reason to offer why I shouldn't?"

Castor looked at Pollux, sighed and moved forward. "I'll go first, I'm the older."

Roger moved to a drawer, put the belt inside. "I should have used it ten years ago." He closed the drawer. "It's too late now."

"Aren't you going to do it?"

"I never said I was going to. No."

The twins swapped glances. Castor went on, "Dad—Captain. We'd rather you did."

Pollux added quickly, "Much rather."

"I know you would. That way you'd be through with it. But instead you're going to have to live with it. That's the way adults have to do it."

"But Dad—"

"Go to your quarters, sir."

Postscript, written on Saturday, July 4, 1987, about two hundred eleven years after a certain group of radicals, rabble-rousers, and other Enemies of the State finally agreed on the wording of a document that proved about as popular with the "rulers by the grace of God" of that day as my Lady's "Question Authority" bumper sticker probably is with Ed Meese⁶ and the rest of Reagan's bozos today... but I digress. Today is also a bit over two months after I wrote the above words, and something happened today that I want to add to the record.

... so there I was, rolling down Washington Street in Cambridge towards that godawful blinking-light intersection with Austin Street that I always forget is there when I'm figuring which route to take to MIT, and Austin for once looks clear, but just as I get there about five hundred cars appear out of the ether and I've got to hit clutch and brakes and stop fast... no sweat, plenty of room, and like a good Boston driver I come to a halt with my Lady's nose sticking into where the pedestrian crosswalk would be if the city of Cambridge could afford the paint, and a couple of people walking across Washington give me dirty looks as they detour around us—no problem: they're right and I'm wrong, so I check the mirrors, side and rear-view both; there's no one behind us so I move the gearstick out of first and into reverse and all I get for my trouble is a big no-go... okay, getting into reverse is a little tricky sometimes, so I jiggle the stick around a little, move it back into first and out again, that helps sometimes, and damned if I still can't get into reverse... come on, Lady, I say, enough is enough already, and I give it one more try, and the gears mesh like a dream, so I look in the mirrors again to see if anyone's parked a battleship behind me while I was busy fighting for Truth, Justice, and the Backwards Way, and what do I see in one of the side-views but two little kids about half a foot short of the rear-view's field of vision and completely devoid of adult supervision, and they're coming out from behind us, for chrissake, God knows what they were doing back there, licking the license plate or something, and if I'd backed up into them they might have been able to get out of the way, but then again maybe not...

So that's another one I owe you, Lady, and I'm damn glad to have you watching over me. Here's to fourteen fine months so far, and many more to follow.

⁶ Q: What do you get if you dip the Attorney General of the United States in liquid nitrogen and then throw him against the wall? A: Meese's Pieces!

The Priestess and the Poacher

by J. Ellen

Face down on the sacred cloth, atop the highest pyramid in all of the city of Macha, the chief priestess Siobhan conducted her noonday ritual.

"Oh, mightiest of goddesses, Raïs," she chanted, "favor me with your power, and I will wear my tawny coat in your honor forever...Oh migh—"

Her mantra was interrupted by the clarion call of a sycophant from a nearby tower, marking the quarter-hour. Siobhan rotated on her major axis, to face the high solar chariot of her patroness, and resumed the chant.

"Oh, mightiest of god—"

"Siobhan! Siobhan!" The breathless cry preceded the patter of feet up the infinite marble stairs. The chief priestess sat up, annoyed. Only one woman in all of Macha dared address her in this manner, and this wasn't even her.

"Some days it just doesn't pay to be the Sacred One," she said petulantly. "What is it, Pidll?"

"Chief Priestess...forgive me," the young girl panted. "You...asked to be informed...when the Nurturant Guards...apprehended...the poacher."

"Ah! Of course!" Siobhan rose to her feet and slipped on her long velvet robe, trimmed in purest gold, while Pidll stood to one side, frankly admiring the chief priestess's supple, alabaster form. "Have the black-guard brought in chains to my chambers."

"At once, O toothsome one!" Pidll hop-skipped down from the pyramid with her orders, while Siobhan, as befitting one of her high station, followed more gracefully and deliberately behind.

The regal chambers of the Chief Priestess of Raïs extended for many city blocks. They were built of grey granite and *lignum vitae* from the far-off islands of Wellness, and the holy tomes of a thousand long-dead cultures were inscribed on their walls. Inside, hanging gardens of roses and *Rhus radicans* scented the air. Scholars, marked by their long and multicolored pony-tails, traversed the halls, converging harmonically, filing arcane knowledge and military secrets gleaned from all the twelve continents of their world.

When Siobhan entered her private hall at the very center of the complex, she found her amanuensis and lover, Estradiol, waiting for her.

"Cheery afternoon, my Lady." Estradiol got up from her place at the foot of the throne of Raïs, and administered the ritual Callipygian kiss.

"Thank you, Estra. You may be seated." Siobhan mounted the throne and hunched forward in anticipation, resembling nothing so much as a hungry lioness at a fresh kill. "Yes, it is a cheery one. At last, the fate of

our bitterest enemy is in our hands...Bring in the prisoner!"

Trumpets sounded, and the doors of the hall were flung wide. A double column of Nurturant Guards filed in, thirty-two in all, each in polished brass armor and red-crested helmets. To a woman, they wore the fiercest of expressions, and carried ponderous battle-axes. The Guards lined the walls and snapped to attention, and then their captive was led in. He was a blond-haired boy of seventeen or so, lean but well-muscled, and gleaming with sweat and pheromones. His arms, bound behind his back, bore the scars of a sword-fight.

Estradiol could not help but notice how the Guards kept sneaking looks at him, despite their training. Their eyes spoke of fires that had burned too long on the hearth, with no one to clean the flue.

"What is your name?" Siobhan asked him.

"Hünq."

"Young Hünq, do you realize the severity of the charges you face? You stand accused of sheep-poaching, of thinning the very lifeblood of Macha, the providers of our mutton and export sweaters! How do you plead?"

"I didn't do it," he mumbled.

"What?" Siobhan half-rose from her throne.

"He is telling the truth, my Lady," said the Captain of the Guards. "This one was only standing watch. The true villain escaped us."

"Hey, watch what you're saying about my dad!" yelled Hünq.

"Silence!" Siobhan commanded. "You are saying that it was your father who was guilty of the thefts, then?"

"Thefts? You mean like stealing?"

"That is correct."

"He wasn't doing anything like that, Lady. The sheeps is all still there. Dad was just out givin' it to 'em."

"Giving...it to them?" the Chief Priestess asked, puzzled. "I must not have heard you right. You really mean...giving it to them?"

"Yeah. You know. Givin' it to 'em."

"What is he talking about?" whispered Estradiol in her lover's ear. Siobhan pushed her away and leaned closer to Hünq.

"I don't believe you really mean what you're saying, boy. You mean your father like, you know...gives it to sheep?"

"Yeah. Every day."

"Might he be out there now...giving it to them?"

"I suppose," Hünq hesitantly replied, "although he

usually likes me to keep an eye out when he does it. We could go out to the hills and see if he's there."

"Yes, that's a good idea." Siobhan stood up and clapped her hands once, sharply. "The prisoner will conduct us. Captain, you may unbind him, but keep him at close quarters."

"By your command, my Lady!" Hünq's bonds were cut, and the two burliest Nurturant Guards each took one of his arms for safekeeping. At the head of the column, with Siobhan and Estradiol riding alongside in a carriage, they marched the lad out through the city gates and into the adjacent grassy hills, where a multitude of fat sheep placidly grazed. The air was filled with gentle ovine bleats, occasionally punctuated by the strangest of noises.

"Yep, he's out there all right," said Hünq. "Over the next hill."

There, they found Hünq's father, a squat, brutish dolt, totally oblivious to the arrival of thirty-two amazons and the carriage of the Chief Priestess; engaged, just as Hünq had said, in an unnatural act with a great white sheep. The ugly man went about his business with great fury; his partner stood at bay, wearing a sheepish grin. Estradiol fainted, and a great cry of disgust issued from the ranks of the Nurturant Guards.

"Lords of Paba!" Siobhan swore, fighting a rising gorge. "He really is!"

"Told you," said Hünq.

"Gods, boy...doesn't this bother you at all?"

"Na-a-a-ah!"

Obligatory Commercial Interruption

Helping the MITSFS At No Additional Cost

If you are an MIT alumoid and subscribe to *Technology Review*, you can help us out by designating your subscription fee to go to the "MIT Science Fiction Library Fund." Please let us know if you do this, so we can make sure the money goes to the right place.

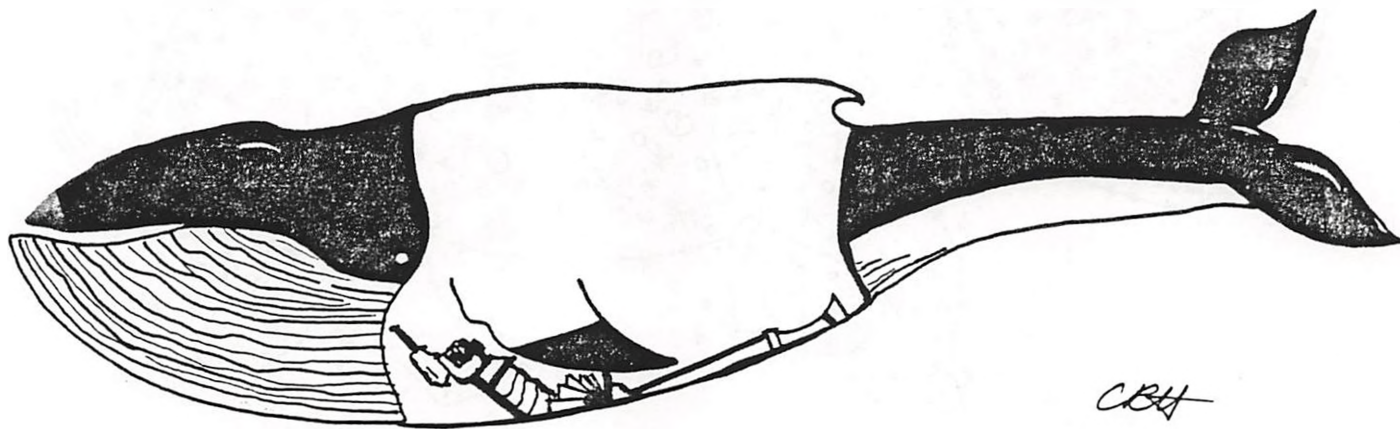
Helping the MITSFS If You're Well Off

MITSFS has an endowment fund under the auspices of the MIT Alumni Fund. The interest income from this fund is very important to us as we struggle to keep up with the huge amount of sf being published, pay our debts, and fight off suggestions from FinBoard that we buy fewer books. Donations to the fund count as donations to MIT, and so are **Tax-Deductible**. If you are interested in earning your halo, please write to the Skinner, c/o MITSFS, at the address given on the inside front cover of *Twilight Zine*.

Making a Fashion Statement

You, too, can wear an Official MITSFS T-Shirt! They've got the beautiful official MITSFS insignia in bright red, silk-screened onto a gray 75% cotton/25% polyester T-shirt. They cost a mere \$5.00 and may be purchased at the Library or by mail.

If you're ordering by mail, please be sure to specify your size (Small, Medium, or Large—we sold the last Humpback Whale-size shirt [see below]). Please enclose postage and handling of \$1.00 for the first shirt, 75¢ each for the second and third shirts, and 50¢ for each additional shirt you have some strange reason for wanting. Please remember that we're dealing with the Post Office, and allow plenty of time for delivery.



Hell Freezes Over: Being the Final Meeting of the MITSFS

recorded by Janice M. Eisen

Meeting called to order at 1800 SST.

Motion to approve the minutes as read. Passes
34+Spehn-3-22.

Committee Reports:

Moocomm: *Plan Ten from Outer Space* opens today.

Jourcomm: No more submissions for TZ, please—we're overstocked.

Libcomm: The Library has acquired the boxed edition of *The Last Dangerous Visions*.

Skinner Report: The Dean's Office has awarded MIT-SFS the entire fourth floor of the Student Center.

LHE Report: The Society's profits for the year have been invested in tax-exempt bonds.

VGG: Members are now allowed to check out nine books at a time.

Theftcomm: The Bonestell murals are on display in the circulating room.

Meyercomm: The Society has accepted NESFA's offer of a merger. The Library will be relocated to the NESFA Clubhouse.

Panthercomm: Pinkdex is up and running on the Society's Cray-1.

Pianocomm: Somebody stole all the Keyholder pictures except for Ken Johnson's.

Old Business:

Motion to commend the Society's complete collection of *X-Men*.

Bruce Miller is back from Colorado.

Lewis made a pass at Wisowaty and was accepted. Motion to condemn Wisowaty.

New Business:

Minicult: Paul McCartney admitted he's been dead for 20 years.

Motion to commend Ken Johnson for completing the set of *Weird Tales* for \$1.98.

Minicult: Isaac Asimov won the Nobel Prize for Literature and flew to Stockholm to accept it.

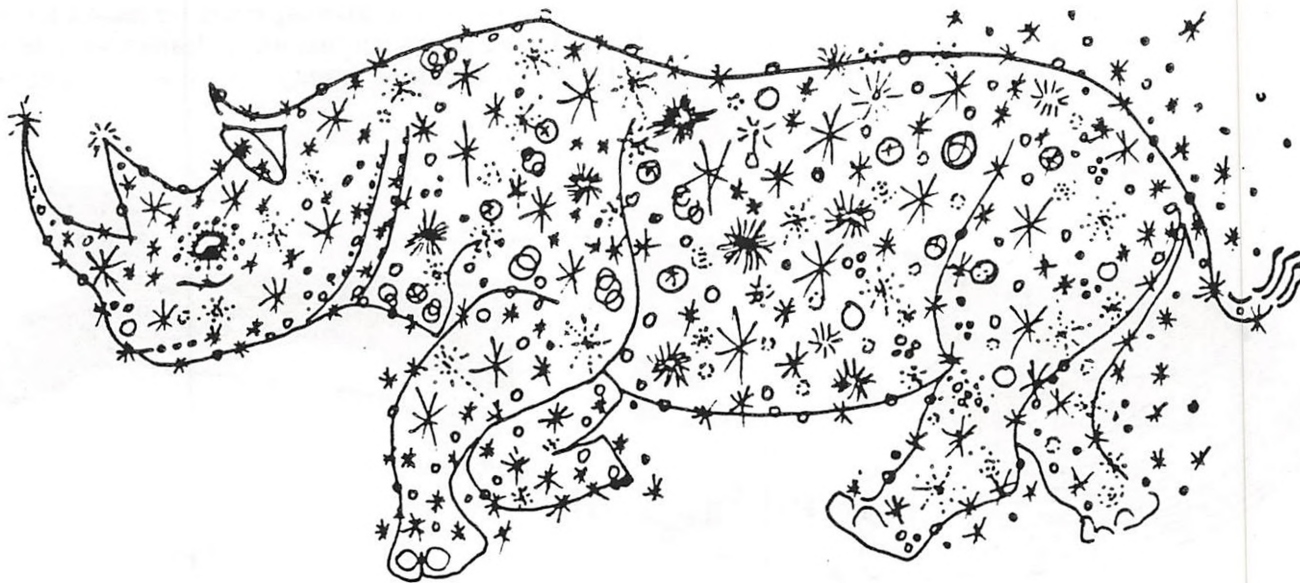
Motion to commend President LaRouche for bringing fantasy to the White House.

Minicult: Christopher Tolkien rejected an offer to publish a collection of his father's grocery lists.

Motion to commend Chip for being so suave and sophisticated.

Minicult: John Norman has joined the editorial staff of *Ms.* magazine.

Miller Motion #1. Passes. Library explodes. Meeting adjourned.



Letters of Comment

BEN BOVA, 207 Sedgwick Road,
West Hartford, CT 06107

You folks are doing damage to the myth of MIT's intellectual superiority.

I got my copy of TZ 38 at Boskone XXIV and was horrified to find that the main character in my novel *Orion* is identified as O'Ryan! While the character actually does use that spelling in the first few pages of the book, he is clearly identified as Orion the Hunter the rest of the way.

I know that the Greater Boston area has a large, proud, and politically active Irish population. Does this mean that the Irish Mafia have infiltrated MITSFS? Or that Gaelic typesetters are at work on TZ? Will your next issue be printed in Kelly Green? And just where does the money in your Independent Retirement Accounts *really* go?

**Sigh* My fault. It had been a long time since Ken or I had read Orion, and neither of us could remember which spelling was preferred. While I was transcribing the interview, Ken checked our copy of the book. The back cover, the inside front cover, and the first chapter or so all said O'Ryan, so that's how I spelled it. What a great new conspiracy theory, though. Maybe that's where my share of the International Jewish Socialist Bankers Conspiracy wealth is.*

MARC ORTLIEB, P.O. Box 215,
Forest Hill, Victoria 3131,
Australia

I use a Macintosh at school, to publish the school's fortnightly newsletter, but I'd never encountered the program you mention [Ready,Set,Go!]. I muddle by with MacWrite and MacPaint, after an

abortive attempt to get the hang of PageMaker. (I might be changing to Microsoft Word now that we've got the updated version.) I don't have access to laser printers though and so run straight to mimeo stencil with tolerable results. *Tigger*, on the other hand, is typed on a locally produced 8-bit CP/M machine that runs WordStar. I've got a daisy-wheel printer hooked into that. This letter is being produced on an Adler Golfball—I used to think it was pretty bloody good until I was hooked by word processors.

I hope I'm not one of Ben Bova's kneejerk people. I have given SDI a bit of thought, and what I've read doesn't really make me think any more kindly of the idea. The concept of a world government based on SDI seems rather strange—an extension of Pax Americana. "We've got a bigger stick than you have so bloody well behave." I hope that Ben has some awareness of the fact that a lot of us aren't really that enthusiastic about having a world government imposed in such a manner, regardless of whether it is imposed by the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. or some unholy alliance between the two. I keep thinking of Ambrose Bierce, who defined an alliance as two scoundrels with their hands so deep in each others' pockets that they cannot separately plunder a third.

While I recognise that the

atomic bomb is the genie that can't be returned to its bottle, I see protests such as Mr Lange's in New Zealand to be virtually the only way that we smaller nations have of registering our disapproval of the behaviour of those nations with the money to produce weapons capable of sterilizing the planet. Mr Lange may well have mentioned nuclear winter in his arguments against allowing nuclear weapons or vessels into New Zealand ports, but the anti-nuclear philosophy is more deeply engrained in the Labor Party Policy than that, and has been since before Sagan started pushing the nuclear winter idea. Considering the fact that the evidence isn't yet in on nuclear winter I would have thought that a moratorium on nuclear weapons would have been a good idea.

If your meetings are a tenth as fun as the Illegitimate Half-Cousin of Minutes then I must see if I can make it to a meeting should the lottery fairy smile on my card. *[We'd be delighted.]*

Acid rots magazines, eh? Well, stuff me! J. Edgar Hoover was right all along.

Scotch magic tape can also be used to window electrostencils into ordinary mimeo stencils. Ain't modern science wonderful?



Hmmn. The Patti Smith record is having its usual effects. Silliness reigns and the paper runneth out. Thanks for the zine.

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP, 278
Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, PA
19085

My only comment is a brief one on Boardman's review of Halldor Laxness's novel *The Happy Warriors*. Not having read the novel, I must assume that John reports it fairly when he says that in Laxness, "nobility of spirit" resides in and only in the downtrodden, their downtreaders being uniformly scoundrels.

If I remember rightly, Laxness was a light of the Icelandic Communist Party, and such a view of class virtue and villainy is part of the Communist mythology, just as the Reaganesque myth is that successful businessmen are mentally and morally superior to the rest of us and should be given their way in all things. Well, I have lived even longer than His Incompetence, and in my observation the percentage of sons of bitches runs about the same everywhere, regardless of race, nation, sect, or socio-economic class. Rascality is pretty evenly distributed through the species. Fortunately the passably good outnumber the sons of bitches, or any sort of communal life would be impossible.

LLOYD PENNEY, 412-22

Riverwood Parkway, Toronto,
Ontario, Canada M8Y 4E1

I wouldn't mind receiving this little goodie on a regular basis. I loc *real* good, Billy Bob...

Re Editorial: Canadians have watched the shuttle programme with intensity, not only because of the Canadian-made remote manipulator arm, or Canadarm, but also because of Marc Garneau, and the Canadian astronauts to come once the programme gets underway again. We despaired when the Challenger blew up, but then, we have been despair-



ing about the space programme since Ronald Reagan was elected, clearing the way for billions of dollars to be drained off from social programmes and other programmes, such as the space programme, into Reagan's Fortress America. If he had not been elected, and a president who believed in America for Americans, or a government for the benefit of the people, who knows how far along we'd be in the space programme? Possibly off to Mars, where the Russians are aiming.

Re Meetings of the MITSFS: My, interesting. Either the actual gatherings are hilarious, or everyone is suffering from a surfeit of dry wit. [*Both, actually.*]

Re Interview with Ben Bova: Ben was a good GoH at Ad Astra 3 four years ago. So many people are leery of SDI, with good reason. Reagan is literally trying to stop the USSR from dropping a bomb by waving an even bigger bomb at them. I think some people would have more confidence in SDI if it wasn't Reagan at the helm, ready to use and deploy the system. Just saw in the news that in a European poll, more Europeans trust Gorbachev than Reagan, which, I think, is a devastating and illustrative statement.

Re Early History of MITSFS: From what I've read, it seems that starting a club back in those early friendly years was fairly easy. Common interest was enough to get a small group together. Today, with the massive numbers of sf readers and fans, a club would be nearly unmanageable, with 100-plus members. [*MITSFS has several hundred members now, but most of them use it as a library, not a club.*] Also, a stupendous array of club perks and benefits would have to be given, or interest would be lost. Such a club died in Toronto about five years ago, and nothing (save for a vital little *Star Trek* club) has replaced it. Toronto seems to be one of the few cities to have an active and fairly united fandom without the benefit of a unifying club.

Re Life, the Universe...: Our car is a Chevrolet ~~Shitbox~~ Chevette, dubbed the Penney Dreadful, but after about \$1000 of repairs and replacements, it has gotten us where few fen have gone before, namely, Cleveland.

Re letter from Neil Kaden: Hi, Neil! I discovered fandom in Canada, too! Whatta coincidence. Thanks also for stating that you found *real* fandom up here. We like to think it's real, too.

The last page. At last, I know

who I'm writing to. Thanks to Janice and Ken for an entertaining and puzzling (the minutes) read.

Also greetings to Jeannette Waldie and Ike Stoddardt, who may or may not belong to MITSFS, I'm not sure. Until then, or closest, I shall type through my teeth and look forward to another...*Twilight Zine*. Doo-doo-doo-doo...

CARO HEDGE, 6109 Rd. HH.7,
Lamar, CO 81052

I stole my best friend's mail—the elegant freebie, *Twilight Zine* 38, being much superior to the poultry catalogs which have been our usual fare lately. Besides, she left it on my side of the table.

Um... Look, you don't *really*

want Bruce Miller back... *our* Bruce Miller, treasurer of DASFA lo these many years? Our veritable jewel of a treasurer, not to mention a Really Nice Guy? Who would we give all our quarters to if he left? Besides, he was ours first, we just loaned him to you!

BRIAN EARL BROWN, 11675
Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI
48224

I'm impressed with the appearance of TZ 38. You might mention the printer used along with the other technical details—as if anyone cares to know—because the printers I've usually seen with Macs couldn't print a decent page of text without *major* Xerox-reduction. [I guess

you're referring to the ImageWriter, which is a dot-matrix printer; I printed TZ on the LaserWriter belonging to Ken's lab, which produces beautiful text but has the slight drawback of costing several thousand dollars. It's quite easy to produce clear, legible type on an ImageWriter, but a lot of Mac users don't understand how to do so.]

Bova's complaint about fans who attempt to determine his politics on the basis of his writing is a familiar one. It would be a more convincing complaint if these people accused of being war-mongering, sexist, racist, homophobic, or homophilic didn't usually display these attitudes in a preponderance of their fiction. While it's true that a story is not the author, no story is totally separated from its author either. When patterns appear over the course of many stories it is fair to assume that this means something to the author. If people are saying that *Privateers* is just a defense for SDI, there may just be something to it.

However, I think Bova's complaint isn't that people think he's a hawk. He writes of these fans, "They're so anti a new idea they're behaving like a bunch of damn Ludites... I always thought science fiction people were smarter." It appears to me that Bova is shocked that after reading *Privateers* they didn't roll over and become SDI supporters. I haven't read *Privateers* but I have read Jeff Hecht's *Beam Weapons* which speaks directly on the subject. While Hecht tries valiantly to present an unbiased survey of goals, problems, and state of the technology, the problems, I.M.H.O., vastly outweighed the advantages. Any system built could be swamped by numbers. Targeting and *assured* destruction of missiles are big question marks. And it doesn't protect against cruise missiles, planes, etc. It's such an inherently leaky umbrella that the only thing it could protect was a U.S. second strike force. Hardly a Peace Initiative—*smart* fans would



reject this trillion-dollar boondoggle out of hand.

Apparently forgetting he had sent the above note, which was written in April, Brian sent another PoC in July.

I wonder how many people not in your club recognized the cover as a 2-dimensional representation of fractal space? It was neat, even stfnal, to use it for your cover.

That no one in NASA suffered because of the shuttle explosion seems typical of current government thinking and practice—no one gets held responsible for their actions or decisions. Ollie North was willing to take all the heat till people started talking time-in-jail. He never expected that lying, destroying evidence, running a secret foreign policy might get him charged with a criminal indictment! NASA appears to have abandoned plans for a quick flight to Mars, which I was all for because this was the sort of adventuring I want to see NASA sponsor. Instead they're going to drain their resources into a space station that nobody wants. *sigh*

It seems entirely reasonable that a novel that espouses as controversial a theory as SDI will have critics responding more the the political

slant than to the story as such. All the more so because Bova is a political writer, a space propagandist of a sort that isn't universally accepted. But better Bova who sets people's teeth on edge than crypto-fascists whose stories about morally superior warriors taking over are read and accepted as "just entertainment."

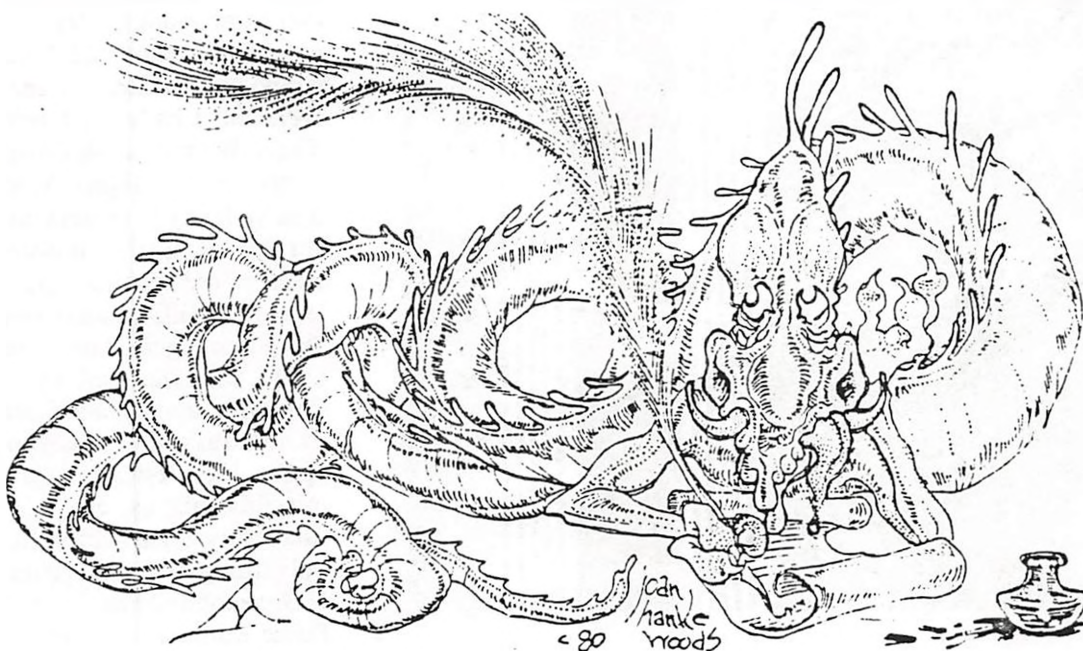
BUCK COULSON, 2677W-500N,
Hartford City, IN 47348

I must protest one or two of your "remarkable names." For one, Chiquita Norris is no more remarkable than Juanita Coulson, and the latter is obviously perfectly ordinary and fannish. Matter of fact, we once met a Wanita Norris, who was a fan and *Weird Tales* collector. Sam Long forwarded to us a couple of pages of odd names that a friend had sent Sam and Mary. A few of them, like Welcome Baby Darling, have been mentioned in national magazines, and one, Yelberton Abraham Tittle, was on the front pages of a lot of newspapers some years back, at least during the pro football season, though his first two names were shortened to the initials. But a fair number on Sam's list I hadn't encountered before. I particularly liked the "family

groups" section, including Appendicitis, Laryngitis, Meningitis, Peritonitis, and Tonsillitis Jackson. It didn't say if they were all male siblings or not, but we can hope. And then there was Loyal Lodge No 296 Knights of Pythias Ponca City Oklahoma Smith.

The interview with Bova was interesting. I have problems with Bova's books. While I'm reading them, I like them; I can't think of any that I've disliked. But reading one doesn't inspire me to read any others, so when a new one comes out, as like as not I won't open it. It rather fascinates me, being such an illogical reaction. With almost anyone else, if I like the book I'm reading I'll keep reading that author. (Sometimes past the point of sanity; I still read new Heinlein books, for God's sake.) I never read *Millennium*; maybe I'll go back and do it now. (Or at least, I don't think I read it; another reaction is that I don't recall anything by Bova that I have read. If I look at a specific book, I know whether I've read it or not, but even then I don't remember anything about it.)

The review of *Magic to Do* was interesting because I've read the same plot somewhere else, though without all the fantasy references. And of course I can't recall the title



of what I read. I think in mine the magician was female and the debunker male, though.

Speaking of *Galaxy*, maybe it was the second-rate sf mag edited by Phil Silvers?

ROGER SILVERSTEIN '79, LHE
1978-79, 1 Lafayette Place,
#1504, Detroit, MI 48207

Re: *Twilight Zine* 37, p. 38, 3/23/79 Minutes: The LHE has indeed absconded to Detroit, and is alive and happy in the practice of pediatric medicine. Thank you for TZ 37, which is a classier production than the TZ of my day (which I contributed to). I'm relieved that you are only reprinting old minutes, as I would prefer that my laudatory review of *The Sword of Shannara* be consigned to the mists of time.

Regards to Hy Tran, who should be commended for patience in dealing with an LHE not capable of balancing his checkbook, and best wishes to the Society.

LEIGH COUCH, 2325 E. Rock-
Creek Road, Arnold, MO
63010

How kind of you to send me your excellent publication! I enjoyed it thoroughly. I would be operating under false pretenses if I let you keep me on your mailing list.

Time and various circumstances have caused a complete "gafiation" (does anybody use that term anymore???) on my part. I still read a prodigious amount of sf, I have my collection of magazines and books, but I live very quietly and don't go to conventions anymore. All things pass, don't they?

One comment: About Ben Bova being surprised and hurt when his so-called writer friends deserted him when he was no longer an editor; that's the way things are. I'm a teacher and I see it each and every year. When their child is in my 6th grade, they can't do enough. When their child is in 7th grade, they barely know my name.

RUTH BERMAN, 2809 Drew
Avenue South, Minneapolis,
MN 55416

[Gave Al Kuhfeld's address from "Where Are They Now?"] He and his wife Mary have the lead story in the May *Hitchcock's* by the way. It's a delightful fantasy story about dragons (also about kidnapping which is why it's suitable enough to that magazine to result in a *Hitchcock's* with a dragon soaring on the cover). He, she, and they have now had quite a few stories there, and a mystery of hers, *Murder at the War*, taking place at a Society for Creative Anachronism Pennsic War, will be published this spring. (I think the byline in that case is Mary Monica Pulver.)

In that list of MITSFS lore, it occurs to me that the Albanian Motion might be worth trying now and then by other groups. Although the example I have in mind is an unfortunate who seems obsessive to the point of psychosis, and I'm not sure if this technique would work. Fortunately, the unfortunate doesn't seem to come around to any one of the local groups very often.

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

Thanks for TZ 38. It has cleared up, unfortunately, something that I have wondered about for many years. That is, whatever happened to Rudy Preisendorfer. He died a year back, TZ informed me. Also, I learned that he had been the founder of MITSFS.

The last time I ever saw him was back when I was in high school. I was temporarily living in New York City, and the doorbell rang. At the foot of the stairs I found a giant of a man, who had searched me out, having come across some of my fan writings someplace. His parents lived just around the corner. He seemed like one of those brilliant persons you so often come across in fandom—having been a graduate math major

at some fabulous institution of higher confusion like MIT. A positive identification of brilliance was confirmed when he read my first SF story in ms. and said he liked it.

And as I said, I've not seen or heard of him since then, just what I've read in TZ 38.

DAVID THAYER, 7209 DeVille
Drive, North Richland Hills,
TX 76180

A suggestion on your layout—put something, anything on the inside front and back covers! [Aaarrgh! It's not my fault! See the editorial.]

Your club sounds a lot like the group I belonged to in Norman, OK. For many it was merely an excuse to go drinking. We too had a lack of artists. By the time I finished the Famous Artists Correspondence Course, we were no longer pubbing a clubzine. Which is why I contribute to others.

THOMAS YOUNG GALLOWAY,
somewhere in Switzerland

Enclosed is a copy of an editorial in the *Los Angeles Times* about your favorite country and mine, Albania. With the suitably appropriate headline: "Remember Albania?"

I was inspired to send this by the mention of my name in TZ 38, in Janice's excellent article on MITSFS lore. Feeling justly? proud over being the latest addition to Old Business Algol, and seeing as how the minutes probably won't explain it until sometime around TZ 57 or so, I thought I'd write what I remember about the event (and yes, I'm pumping for a free TZ; it's either this or trying to write about how Harlan Ellison tried to get me a girlfriend (my words) get me laid (his words)).

Anyway, when I was in Boston and attended meetings regularly (this was back in '82-'83), I tended to make many bad jokes and puns at the meetings. For all I know, I may have set a minor record of most

consecutive Albanian motions. *[I think you did at least have the highest Earned Albanian Average.]* At one meeting I made a rather weak pun having something to do with the double meaning of shorts as a fiction length and as underwear. When people protested, I replied that it was the best gag I could do on the subject. Whereupon Ken Meltner made a motion that I get a better gag. The motion passed, and various objects were used to gag me. The motion got repeated for at least a couple of meetings, whereupon it was declared a part of Old Business Algol.

And as people who attended the most recent Boskone Punday can attest, I'm still making bad puns. *[I have not printed the rest of this letter because it's in Albanian.]*

ROBERT J. WHITAKER, P.O.
Box 11246, Wilmington, DE
19850

[As a postal worker] I do see a lot of odd names on letters coming through the mails. I have seen Noah Zook and Emma Fuchs and I work with a man named Harlan Faust. Come to think of it, my wife's name is pretty strange. There was a time she could have married Somtow Sucharitkul in order to keep him in the states, so she could have been Giovanna Margarietta Sirignano Sucharitkul. Try writing that one out quickly on a legal document.

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

[This is a LoC about TZ 36 which I couldn't locate when putting together TZ 37. Now it's turned up, so I'm printing it.]

I was pleased to see TZ again. I didn't know if I was off the mailing list or TZ dropped off of the earth. I see that you are maintaining the leisurely publication schedule of recent years. I guess that the record set during the years of my reign (at least 2 issues a year for 2 years) will stand for a while.

...You have a section on "Where Are They Now?" Well, I am here, where are you? After completing my education (6 years at the 'Tute, 4 years in medical school, 6 years in general surgery residency, and 2 years of vascular surgery fellowship) I have settled in a suburb of Philadelphia to become just a country surgeon. I know that George Phillies (the Grand Old Wedge, see the old minutes) is resurfaced in the Massachusetts area. You also mention Paul Mailman as though he still lives in the Boston area. But where are the really important people from the past? Irwin T. Lapeer, Timmreck, Davidson and the other really important people from the past. *[Irwin T. Lapeer and his silent partner are teaching at a college in Pennsylvania, Mike Timmreck is in Michigan (though we still get his magazines), and Davidson is on our "Where Are They Now?" list.]*

I am pleased to hear that the Library is still growing strong. Based on 1971 dollars, I started this trend (\$7000 in 2 years). As a dutiful alumnus, I have made the appropriate yearly bequests to MITSFS. The first year I did this, I got back a receipt for the Engineering Library Growth Fund. This year my receipt says MITSFS but I still got a thank you note from the Growth Fund. I think that you better see if MITSFS got all that is coming to it. *[This happens all the time. I believe we've checked on it. Make it out to the MIT Science Fiction Library Fund, and if you get any more strange receipts/thank yous, please let us know.]*

Now that you have been reminded that I still exist and where I am, I expect proper respect from MITSFS. If my name doesn't command respect, consider the following: my father-in-law is the book buyer for the entire Caldor chain. He gives me all the free SF books that he gets. If he misses anything, he can get it for me for nothing. I have autographed copies, uncorrected proofs, autographed uncorrected

proofs, etc. My SF magazines are complete back to 1965 for *Analog*, *Amazing*, *IF*, *Galaxy*, and *F&SF*. During my last move 1-1/2 years ago, I had approximately 50 boxes of books and it still grows. All my hardcovers are already covered in plastic (I learned during my days of shelf maintenance). My wife has no interest in SF. Just think, one day this all might belong to MITSFS. You could put this next to the John W. Campbell collection that I got for MITSFS in my days.

Did Irwin T. Lapeer ever do his definitive extract from the MITSFS minutes? Is Pinkdex off of punched cards? *[No and yes (thank God!).]*

If the Library should happen to have an extra copy of the Big Little Book *Tom Swift and his Magnetic Silencer*, I would be interested. Except for this, I have my own complete set of Tom Swift Sr., Jr., Tom Swift III, Tom Corbett, Mike Mars, Rocket Riders, Boy Allies, etc. My Radio Boys series are almost complete too.

Please keep me informed of the doings of MITSFS, 'Tute, and Boston as I don't get up there much anymore. P.S. Penllyn is 5 miles from the home of SPRINGFIELD OVAL in Fort Washington, PA.

If you wanted to make us salivate over your books, you've succeeded. We'll be happy to fawn over you if you come to visit. Is it possible for you to leave us some money for shelves to house your books? Sir? And what is SPRINGFIELD OVAL?

We Also Heard From: Gloria Doan, Bill Ware, Cathy Howard, Guy Consolmagno, Henry Roll, B.J. Stenberg (who says she did so finish *The Silmarillion*), Chuq Von Rospach, Steven Fox, William M. Danner, and Brad W. Foster.

Bit by bit, the MITSFS collection inches toward its goal of obtaining all the English-language SF and fantasy magazines. This is a list of what we are currently looking for. It is our intention to put most of these into bound volumes. We therefore need copies with good paper and all pages present, including covers. If you have any of these esoteric collectibles and would like to sell, donate, or trade them to us, please contact Ken Johnson c/o MITSFS at the address inside the front cover.

American Magazines

- Adventures in Horror/ Horror Stories*
1970/71 all
- Amazing Stories*
1927 Jan
- Amazing Stories Annual*
1927
- Doctor Death*
1935 Feb
- Dusty Ayres and His Battle Birds*
1934 all
1935 Mar, Apr, May/ Jun, Jul/Aug
- 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
- Mind Magic/My Self*
1931 all

The MITSFS Want List

Compiled by Ken Johnson

- Other Worlds*
1957 May
- Scientific Detective Monthly*
1930 Mar
- Amazing Detective Tales*
1930 Jun, Aug, Sep, Oct

- Sky Worlds*
1978 Aug

- Startling Mystery Stories*
1967 Winter (#7)

- 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, Jul, Aug, Sep, Dec

- Wonder Stories*
1930 Aug
1931 Jul, Oct
1933 Dec

British Magazines

- Amazing Science Stories*
#1
- Extro*
1980 #1, #2
- Fantasy*
1939 #2
- Futuristic Science Stories*
11, 14, 15
- Mag of F & 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*
#9, 10, 11, 12, 16, 20, 21, 30, 31, 33, 34, 37, 38, 39, 41, 45, 101

- Out of This World*
#13, 15, 17

- Tales of Tomorrow*
#8, 9, 10

- Tales of Wonder*
#1, 3

- Vargo Statten SF Mag*
Vol 1 #5
British Space SF
Vol 2 #1, 3, 4

- Vortex*
1977 all

- Wonders of the Spaceways*
#8

- Worlds of the Universe*
#1

- Worlds of Fantasy*
#11, 12

Australian Magazines

- Futuristic Tales*
all

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

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

Semi-Professional Magazines

- Argonaut*
#7
- Dark Messenger Reader*
#1
- Etchings and Odysseys*
#1
- Fantasy Macabre*
#1, 2
- Horror Show*
1983 Winter, Fall
1984 Winter
- Marvel Tales*
1934 #1
- Oracle*
??
- 2AM*
#1
- Void (Australia)*
#1
- Whispers*
#1

You are getting this because:

- ☐ You contributed:
☐ an article ☐ art ☐ a LoC ☐ something else
- ☐ I'd like you to contribute.
- ☒ You paid us, you fool!
- ☐ We trade.
- ☐ We'd like to trade.
- ☐ The editor's mind moves in mysterious ways.
- ☐ Your name's on an old mailing list, and we'd like to know if you're still interested.
- ☐ Your favorite Marx Brother was Gummo.
- ☐ You entered the Readers of the Future contest.
- ☐ You're a filthy pro.
- ☐ You're a semi-filthy fan.
- ☐ You were greasy once upon a time.
- ☐ We're going to send Lieutenant Yar after our minutes, Greg!!!!
- ☐ You know where Ollie North stashed the rest of the money.
- ☐ We're still trying to curry favor.
- ☐ You're supporting Stassen in '88.
- ☐ 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*.