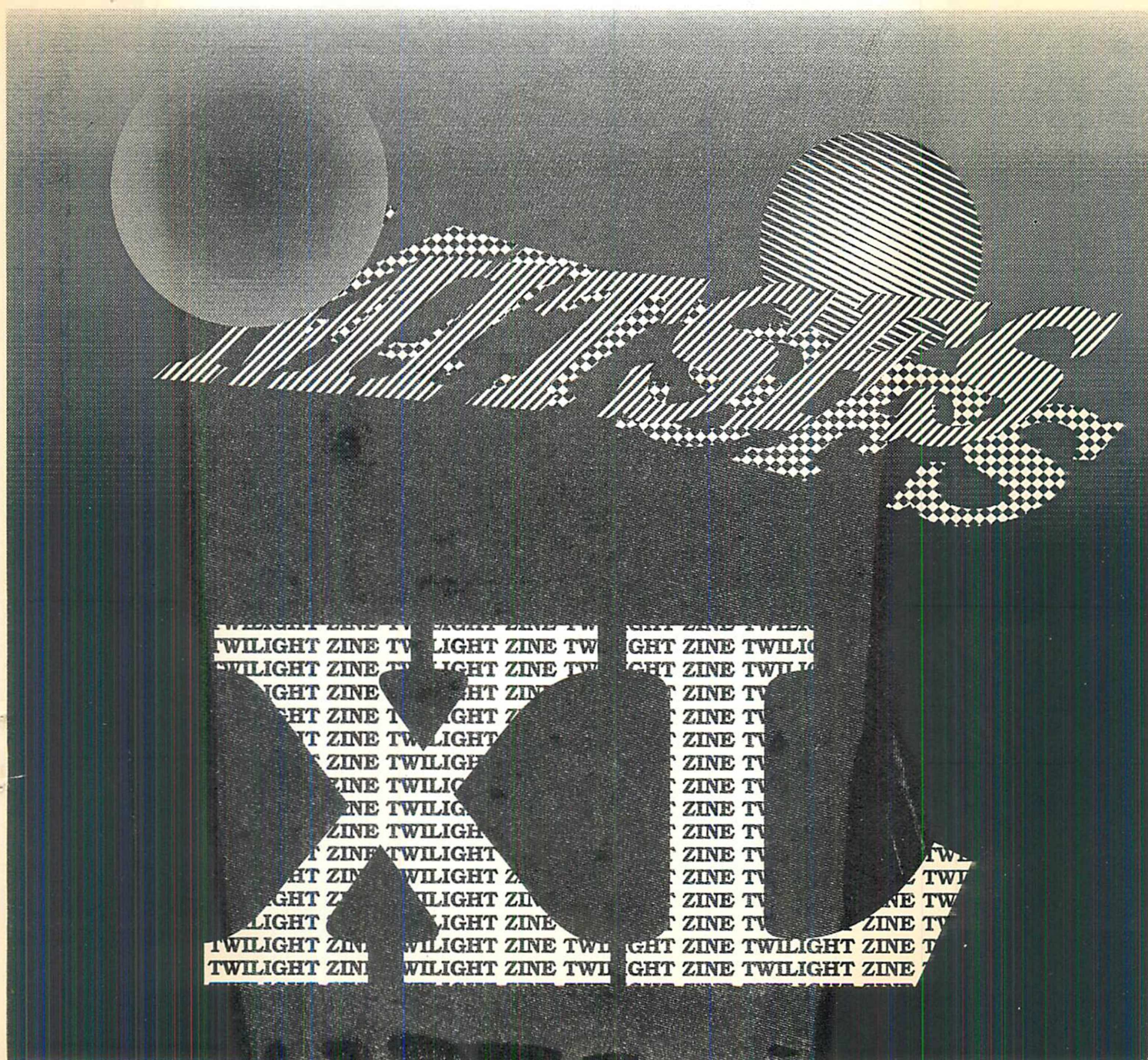


TWILIGHT

ZINE





## Fine Print

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Welcome to the fortieth issue of *Twilight Zine*, which happens to correspond to the fortieth anniversary of the MITSFS.

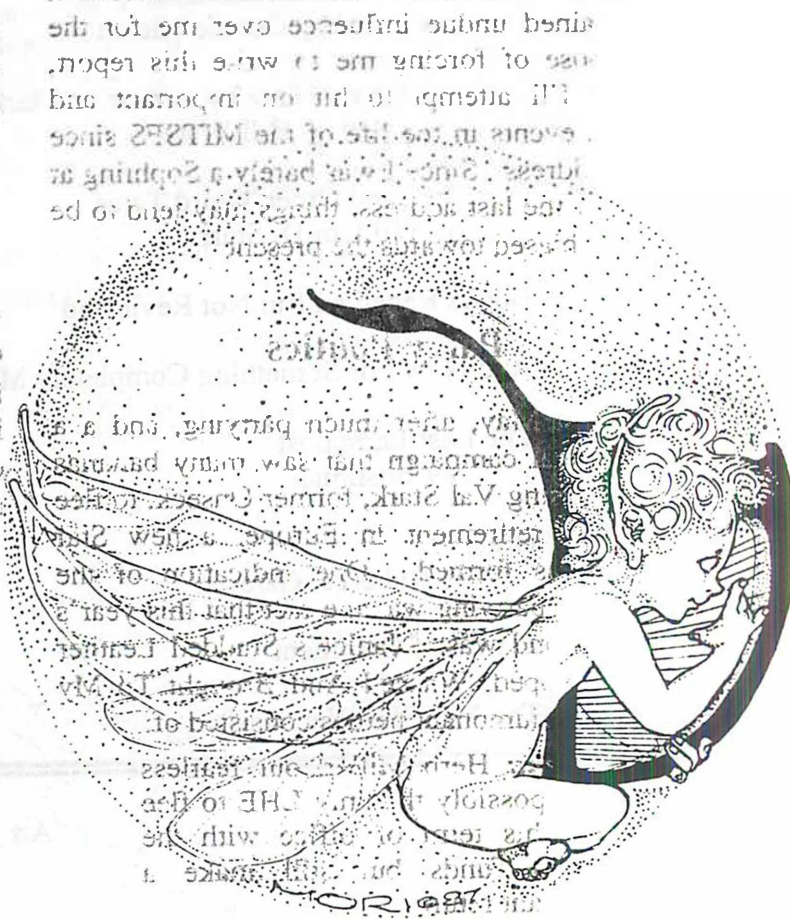
This being my first issue of *Twilight Zine*, I'm not quite sure what's supposed to go into an editorial. This issue is later than I had hoped (originally set for sometime in early fall) due to a great many things like getting engaged, deciding to switch from a Master's to a Doctoral program, and a good case of strep throat in late August. In any case, it's out now, and everyone will enjoy it, right? Right.

Anyway, this issue has a few interesting things in it, and one that gave me cause to flame, which follows. I actually agreed with William Starr on something, a rare event these days, indeed. (Smile, Bill.) But the magnitude of the atrocity being committed is so great, I found that I must put aside my differences with Bill and make a statement.

What I am referring to is his justifiable tirade over the *Star Trek: TNG* episode "Symbiosis". There is a disturbing trend in America today started by people like Ronny and Nancy, Jimmy Swagart, and many others with good intentions towards a belief that *all* drugs are EVIL. Not just illegal drugs, or addictive drugs, or even harmful drugs, but *ALL* drugs. Now, I'm a biologist, a physiologist, more specifically I work with substances that can be categorized as "drugs" everyday. However, these drugs are neither illicit, addictive, or harmful. I work with experimental medicines, which, hopefully, will provide cures to a great many ailments. Unfortunately, the "all drugs are evil" attitude is impinging upon my work, and more importantly, upon the work of medical doctors everywhere.

Not *ALL* drugs are evil. Not *ALL* addictions are evil, if you consider diabetics addicted to insulin and heart patients addicted to their medicines. Unfortunately, because Americans are having it beat into their skulls by the President,

whom they admire, the average man is becoming wary of the medicine available to improve his health. Major medical journals have interviewed doctors whose patients refuse to take the medicines prescribed because they don't want to take *drugs* which are EVIL and ADDICTIVE. This attitude is dangerous and stupid, and should be refuted by anyone with a drop of common sense. I realize that I'm probably preaching to the choir, but every little bit helps. (And if I ever figure out what this has to do with science fiction, I'll let you know. But, hey, it's my editorial.)





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# The State of the MITSFS

by Herb Miller,  
President and Skinner

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Well, I didn't think that things had changed all that much since the last State of the MITSFS address by Skinner Emerita, Janice Eisen. Last time I checked, the MITSFS was still in Massachusetts. (One of the wonderful things about being Skinner is that nobody can Albahian me anymore.) However, it only seemed appropriate to continue a once-every-four-year tradition that is much more exciting than the Olympics. Besides, the current Jourcorm, having gained undue influence over me for the sole purpose of forcing me to write this report, insisted. I'll attempt to hit on important and fabricated events in the life of the MITSFS since Janice's address. Since I was barely a Sophling at the time of the last address, things may tend to be somewhat biased towards the present.

## Party Politics

This past May, after much partying, and a very unethical campaign that saw many bananas pointed, causing Val Stark, former Onseck, to flee to an early retirement in Europe, a new Star Chamber was formed. One indication of the extent of the partying was the fact that this year's Official Second was: "Janice's Studded Leather Banana, Stripped, Washed And Brought To My Tent". Our triumphant heroes consisted of:

- **President:** Herb Miller, our fearless leader, possibly the only LHE to flee during his term of office with the MITSFS funds but still make a triumphant return.
- **Vice:** Rob "Witter Shipment" Gates, chosen for his dedication and loyalty to duty and punctuality.
- **Lord High Embezzler:** Phil "Knife-

in-the-back" Nesser, chosen because it was felt that, being Grandmaster of the Assassins' Guild, greater strength would be added to the enforcement division of the MITSFS, under the VGG.

- **Onseck:** Donna "Webster" Bell, chosen for her fine spelling and enunciation.

After making sure that the LHE understood that he should not take advantage of his position in the Assassins' Guild to make *himself* President. President Miller assumed the burden of the Skinnership.

Next year's Star Chamber will be...

## Still More Partying

Hal Clement managed to pick gorgeous weather for the picnic this past May. True to his Grass Roots election movement the newly inducted President & Skinner arrived in a slightly illegal state of mind, so he forgets much of the early details. However, a great time was had by all, except perhaps the Virgin Watermelon.

## Non-Organic Members Update

- Our fans may remember that at the time of the last State of the MITSFS address, we had recently obtained a new electric typewriter Ella, to replace our previous manual typewriter Harlan. Sadly, Ella had recently begun to suffer from Alzheimer's disease and was moved to the comforts of the MITSFS safe where I am happy to report she is enjoying a peaceful retirement along with the Witter shipment from



August that Rob hasn't sent back yet. The Skinner, in a fit of thriftiness, ran out to Sears and bought a new electric typewriter, complete with all the nifty features that typewriters seem to have these days. Unfortunately, due to its unusually light weight (11 lbs.) it has become necessary to chain this new acquisition to the Onseck desk to keep it from running around and causing trouble. Since our new found techno-wonder also wears a mask (well, it has a built-in cover anyway) and takes no prisoners, we named it DTR, short for the Dread Typewriter Roberts.

- Tarl, alas, is also showing signs of old age. He has become particularly hard of hearing lately. He will probably be replaced sometime within the remainder of my administration, or early in the next one.
- The MITSFS sadly reports the passing of Mr. Fusion, late copy machine of the MITSFS. Mr. Fusion passed away sometime last year. His remains have been embalmed and are on view at the MITSFS.

## Gone And Almost Forgotten

Many of our former Star Chamber members have been highly mobile recently. A quick summary of some of their movements may or may not be appropriate here, but Lisa told me to fill space. In case it wasn't mentioned in the last TZ, former Skinner, Janice Eisen and Ken Meltsner moved to Schenectady in anticipation of Boskone being moved to Springfield, MA, so that they could be closer to it than the MITSFS is. Merryll Gross has returned to civilization and is currently taking classes at Digital Equipment Corp. while being employed at Tufts and sharing a dwelling with Ex-President Sue Pitts in beautiful downtown Billerica. Ex-Skinner Andy Su is somewhere in the mid-west doing terrible things to small babies with a fork. Ex-Vice Lisa Kroh is currently working on her Ph.D. in Biology at

Tufts while doing double duty at the MITSFS as Telzey and Jourcomm. She's planning on changing her last name to Miller in slightly over a year, but I'm sure she'll thread that throughout this issue anyway. As previously mentioned Ex-Onseck Val Stark has taken a year to go to Europe and will hopefully be rejoining us next year. Ex-Skinner Scott Kitchen has recently resigned his position as the Pharmacy-Clerk-with-the-Highest-IQ-in-New-Jersey to go to grad. school in Ohio.

## We Thank You For Your Support...

The Endowment Fund established for MITSFS by Robert Sacks has sometimes since reached \$5,000 and we are now getting the interest income from this. Thanks to everyone who made this possible, but *please* don't feel you should stop now. Donations to the fund are **TAX DEDUCTIBLE** because they count as donations to MIT.

I should also give the mandatory plug on how you can help MITSFS without spending an extra cent. If you are an MIT alumnoid and subscribe to *Technology Review*, you can designate your subscription fee to go to the "MIT Science Fiction Society Library Fund". Please let us know if you do this, so that we can make sure that we get our grubby little paws on the money.

While I'm here, I'd also like to extend our continued thanks to Spike MacPhee, proprietor of the Science Fantasy Book Store in Harvard Square for his continued extra discount for MITSFS members. Show Spike a valid MITSFS membership card (yes, they are good for something) and he'll give you 15% off new paperbacks.

## Begged, Borrowed and Cadged

Finboard actually gave us some money this time! Due to some incredible negotiation on the part of the Skinner, I was able to get an unusually large budget from Finboard for this past term. We even got almost all the money we needed for new shelves, allowing us to use the interest from the Endowment Fund to finally pay off the hole in the wall! I didn't even have to lie to them. I just



explained that it was common knowledge that those first ancient Druidic rituals were in fact based on even more ancient writing of the MITSFS and that it was a damned shame that such an illustrious and well, ancient, organization never got any money. The rest, as they say, was history...

As briefly mentioned above, we've taken advantage of Finboard's insanity generosity and bought ourselves some badly needed shelves. The installation of these new found wonders will effectively fill all remaining space in our current location. Our tentative plan for next year is to discredit the other major student activities on our floor, notably *The Tech*, *LSC*, *TCA* and, of course the *Undergraduate Association* and take all their space when they are forced to vacate.

## The Witter of Our Discontent

For many years we have received most of our new books from Witter, who shipped us a boxful of whatever was new and exciting in the wonderful world of SF and Fantasy each month. In recent years, the quality of these shipments has declined. Some publishers are omitted completely, while not all books are sent from others. Finally, this past Fall, we were informed that since Witter is moving and all is Chaos at that end of the world, we would be receiving no new shipments until things straightened out again, if ever. So far, we've been able to pick up the slack by sneaking out to New England Mobile Book Fair at 3:00 am, breaking in, and stealing anything that wasn't nailed down. Since we can't keep doing this forever, this is a good time to mention that we accept donations. Members can get fine credit for donations. For everyone else, and members who don't need fine credit, let me point out that donations to MITSFS are **TAX DEDUCTIBLE** (great word that).

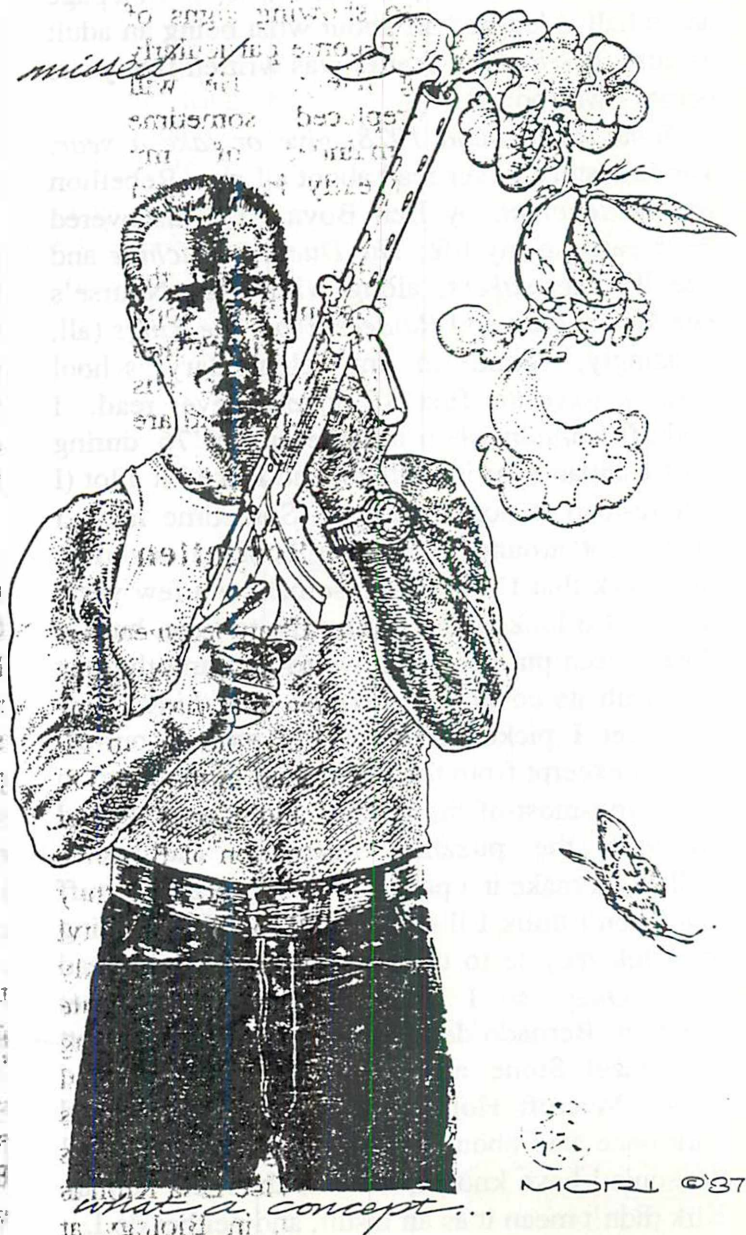
## Happy Birthday to Us...

We've got a birthday coming up! This year, MITSFS will be 40 years old! If we can get our act together in time, we may have a 40th birthday party at Noreascon 3, which is this year's

Worldcon being held in beautiful downtown Boston. Last I heard, our LHE was looking into making this possible, in tentative conjunction with (there's that name again) former Skinner, Janice Eisen. Actually, on second thought, our LHE was leaving on the last flight out of town tonight and he seemed to be in such a rush that he forgot to leave the money box here. Hmmm....

## Closing Remarks

As far as I can tell, the State of the MITSFS is *still* Massachusetts.  
(Is that long enough Lis?)





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# Thoughts on May 9, 1988: I Never Met the Man

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by William D. Starr

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*Sometime in 1974 or '75:* I didn't realize it at the time, but when I was seventeen, I read a certain scene in a book about a family named Stone. I suddenly knew in my deepest soul that I never wanted to grow up. It's a bit very near the end where Roger Stone does *not* use a strap to discipline his twin fifteen year old sons. In a page and a half, I learned all about what being an adult means. *The Rolling Stones* was written five years before I was born.

*Sometime around 1978, give or take a year:* The first story I ever read about a Lunar Rebellion was *Millennium*, by Ben Bova. I'd discovered Bova early in my life; *The Dueling Machine* and *The Weathermakers*, along with Alan Nourse's *The Mercy Men* and *Raiders From the Rings* (all, amazingly, found in my elementary school library), were the first SF novels I ever read. I read *Millennium* when it came out in '76, during my freshman year in college, and I liked it a lot (I still re-read it occasionally). Sometime later, I finally got around to another book, a coverless paperback that I'd acquired somehow a few years earlier. I'd looked at it from time to time, but I'd always been put off by its weird title and the fact that, with its cover torn off, the first thing I saw whenever I picked it up was a strange out-of-context excerpt from the book, written in a hard to read omit-most-of-the-articles style and topped off with the puzzling headline "Earthworm Volley". I make it a policy to avoid weirdass stuff that I don't think I'll understand, so I kept letting the book recycle to the bottom of my to-be-read pile. Okay, so I finally read it, and I met Professor Bernado de la Paz and Wyoming Knott and Hazel Stone and, of course, a man-child named Mycroft Holmes who, as a man named Kirk once said about a man named Spock, of all the souls I have known, his was the most human. Kirk didn't mean it as an insult, and neither do I.

*January 28, 1986:* At about five minutes after 11:39.13 a.m. EST, I was standing in the employee lounge, adding fake sugar to my coffee. The office's PA system clicked twice and then the voice of our receptionist came on and said that the shuttle had lifted off and then exploded. After a while, I found a radio and got the details as they came in during that period of confusion during which even the most remote hopes for seven lives ended, and then I called my friend Spike MacPhee, who was stuck clerking at the Science Fantasy Bookstore, and I broke the news to him.

Spike and I talked for a while, discussing the stupidity of using non-extinguishable solid rocket boosters anywhere near precious cargo, whether the crew would have known what was happening, and so on, generally just talking out the shock with each other. Then, because it was what everybody else in the office was doing, I went back to work.

The next evening I had to drive out to Logan Airport to pick up a friend. I got there for too early for her flight, so I decided to kill some time by cruising the access road that circles Logan and listening to Ronald Reagan rip off John Gillespie Magee Jr.'s "High Flight" (*Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth...*). As I drove, I realized that I hadn't cried that day. I'd felt shock, and sadness, and concern for what would happen to our space program, but I hadn't cried for lives and hopes and dreams extinguished. I tried, but I just couldn't make the tears come. So I brought to mind the only thing I know of that always makes me cry: a thirteen page short story written nearly a decade before I was born, a story about a man who died on the Moon and who came back to Earth in a lead coffin, and I had to pull over while I bawled for ten minutes. The man's name was Johnny Dahlquist, the story was "The Long Watch", and, just thinking about it, I'm crying



**Aces High: Wild Cards III**  
by George R. R. Martin, et al.  
Bantam/Spectra, 1987, 374 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.

Once again, Martin & Co. are conspiring to push the envelope of shared world literature with this latest in the entire mega-plot takes place in one 24 hour period. I read it in one sitting, as there is a slightly "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" feel to it all. I didn't enjoy it as much as *Wild Cards II*, but that's because the plot didn't feature as many of my favorite characters that I came to love in that book. Not but what there is a lot to enjoy here. I'd probably rate it higher if *Wild Cards II* hadn't been published before this book.

**Strata**  
by Terry Pratchett  
St. Martin's, 1981,  
183 pp., hc.

I read this book on the advice of a friend who's views I respect but rarely agree with. What the hell, it's a great book and not nearly as well known as it should be. Imagine if Larry Niven read a lot of Stanley G. Weinbaum (author of "A Martian Odyssey", a must-read in the history of sci-fi), took some heavy psychedelic drugs and set out to write *Ringworld*. You might get something like this book.

Basically, in the far future (maybe...but you have to read the book to understand why) man has taken to terraforming planets on a vast scale. And when they terraform they do it all the way down to fake fossils in the bedrock. Kin Arad, Our Heroine, ends up on a mysterious mission to a flat Earth. Not just any planet, mind you, but specifically Earth. A flat one. One of the mysteries she's out to solve is how it works and who put it there. She sets out on her journey of discovery with companions Silver (an intelligent ursinoid — she's by profession a historian of Terran culture) and Marco Farfarer, who's sort of a cross between Tars Tarkas and Puddleglum. A four-armed, paranoid Puddleglum.

Unlike so many SF books that turn cosmic at

the end (for instance, *Riverworld* or *The Well of Souls*), *Strata* holds up well and makes wonderful sense in a sneaky sort of way. A short but mind-blowing read — I give this the highest recommendation I have.

**Intervention**  
by Julian May  
Houghton Mifflin, 1987, 546 pp.,  
\$18.95 hc.

I didn't even bother to look at the blurb on the inside cover when I bought this book. I've been anticipating its arrival all summer; rereading the *Pliocene Saga* and getting impressed all over again; and checking through the fanzines for advance reviews.

With this kind of buildup, disappointment would be a real possibility, but I'm happy to say it was avoided. Yes, it's rather a different setting than the *Saga*, and doesn't have the breadth of character or operatic overtones. This "vinculum" (her term) is much more of a setup book for the *Galactic Milieu* trilogy than the *Saga*. By the end of this book all the ingredients for a grand tragedy are present.

Even so, it's a fun read. About midway through the book I began to wonder what it reminded me of. *The Shining*. Yes, it has a hotel, a precocious psionically talented boy, and even a haunting. And a New England setting, as authentic as any Stephen King has produced. But May isn't writing a horror story and the resemblance is only superficial. But even so, Danny Torrance would fit right in here.

For local interest, there's a scene set right at the 1993 Boskone. (Be there, or be square!) May puts it in the *Sheraton*, which just goes to show you that she must be writing about an alternate universe as Boskone got the boot from the *Sheraton* last year. Oh well. Maybe this is a ploy to get May to be the guest of honor at the 1993 Boskone. I certainly hope she is.

When all's said and done I definitely recommend this book to Julian May fans, especially those whose favorite book is *The Adversary*. As for anybody who hasn't read her yet, start with the *Pliocene Saga*. *Intervention* depends too heavily on what's gone before and



what's to come to stand on its own.

*I Am Legend*

by Richard Matheson

Doubleday, 1984, 151 pp., hc.

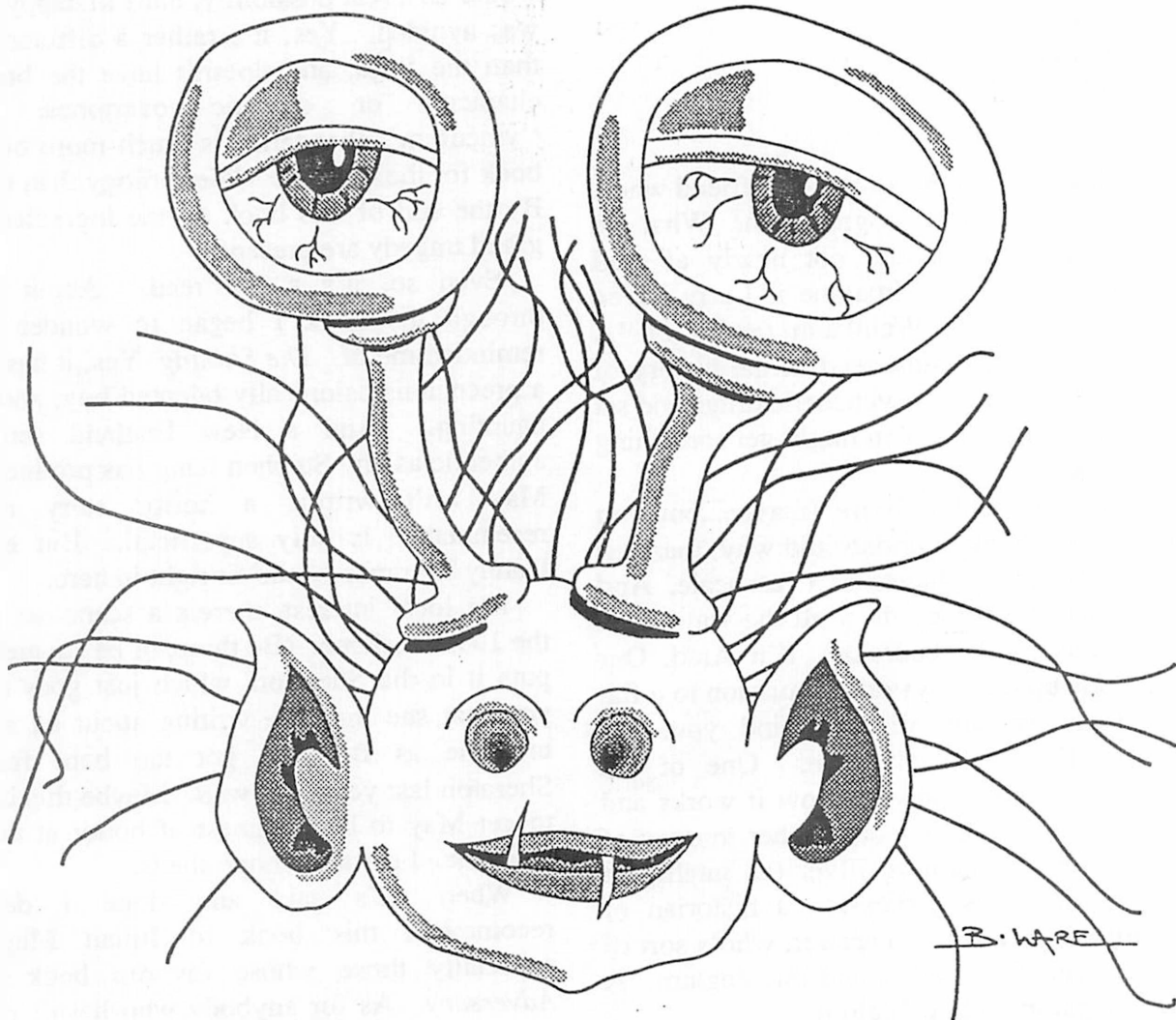
I saw an interview with Stephen King where he praised this as an inspiration to become a contemporary horror writer. The story was set, not in a castle, he said, but in a tract home in Los Angeles, and it occurred to him that if Matheson could get away with it, then he could write the kind of story he wanted to write.

I decided to check out the actual book. I had previously seen *The Omega Man* with Charlton

Heston, one of the two movie adaptations from this book (both fairly bad movies), but I knew better than to judge the book on that basis.

My verdict was: not bad for sci-fi in 1954. Which is to say that it didn't have any more serious meaning than what it was on the surface; a horror story about a man barricading himself against a hostile world, in this case in which a virus is changing all normal people into non-supernatural vampires. Matheson's hero seems to be the only one immune to the disease.

It was an okay book. I think when I was 14 I might have really been impressed if Matheson's 50's views on women and society hadn't gotten in the way. Sadly dated, in other words.





now as I write this.

Today: I'm in the middle of re-reading *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress*, for about the twentieth time. Last night I read a few chapters and then put it down and went to sleep. Today I turned on the news and heard that he was dead. I don't know whether I'll be able to finish the book this time.

You know, it's become somewhat fashionable to attack the man, especially in the twilight of his career. Certainly his latest works (except for the story of a young lady named Friday) have been terribly self-indulgent; even my own enthusiasm for them has dwindled to the point that I'm going to wait for *To Sail Beyond The Sunset* to hit the second-hand paperback stores before I'll bother to read it. Certainly something like racism showed through in *The Day After Tomorrow* (a.k.a. *Sixth Column*) and the truly terrible *Farnham's Freehold*, though if you look closely you'll notice that in both cases he was talking about alleged cultural characteristics, not genetic traits, and many facets of our own Western civilization were as often the subject of his venom. Certainly many readers, especially women, have, with justification, found his portrayals of female characters to be either sexist or laughable or both. Certainly some people have even claimed to find what evidence of his support of fascism in *Starship Troopers*, although that just goes to show that there are people out there who are incapable of opening a dictionary and finding out what "fascism" really means (and if you can't find a dictionary, just open up a newspaper and extrapolate where our own society may be soon, if this goes on).

I've heard all the criticism and grumblings, as well as, at the other extreme, the blind loyalty displayed by various folks (you know who you are, Mr. Robinson), and all I have to say about him on this day is this: over the weekend, perhaps at the moment that he was dying, I was reading the scene in *Moon is a Harsh Mistress* in which a family meeting of the Davis clan, a family whose line marriage has long outlived its two founders, is being called to order. At this point in the book, the Davis line has five wives and six husbands; the senior members are a woman named Mimi, also known as Mum, and an old and nearly senile man known affectionately as Grandpaw. The

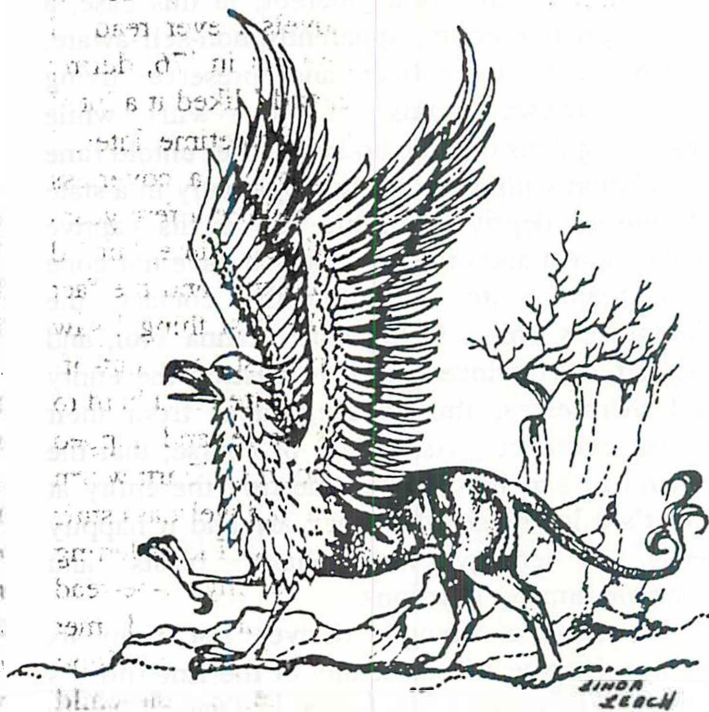
narrator is Manuel O'Kelly Davis, who, having been opted into the clan some twenty-five years earlier, is now the third-to-senior husband:

Mum looked around and said, "We're all here. Ali, shut that door; that's a dear. Grandpaw, will you start us?"

Our senior husband stopped nodding over coffee and firmed up. He looked down the table and said strongly, "I see that we are all here. I see that children have been put to bed. I see that there is no stranger, no guest. I say that we are met in accordance with the customs created by Black Jack Davis our First Husband and Tillie our First Wife. If there is any matter that concerns safety and happiness of our marriage, haul it out in the light now. Don't let it fester. This is our custom."

Grandpaw turned to Mum and said softly, "Take it, Mimi," and slumped back into gentle apathy. But for a minute he had been strong, handsome, virile, dynamic man of days of my opting...and I thought with sudden tears how lucky I had been!

Robert A. Heinlein died yesterday, May 8, 1988, two months short of his eighty-first birthday. Goodbye, Sir.





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# Bringing the Next Generation to Life

by William D. Starr

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***Ghost Ship [Star Trek: The Next Generation #1]***  
by Diane Carey  
Pocket Books, 1988, 258 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.

It's nice to be pleasantly surprised from time to time. I started reading *Ghost Ship* to kill time during a dull afternoon and wound up liking it quite a bit; it's certainly a lot better than any of the televised ST:TNG episodes so far, with the possible exception of the delightfully paranoia-inducing "Conspiracy". [Ed. note: this review was written before the second season began.] Plot summary: yet another encounter between Picard's Enterprise and a ridiculously advanced technology or an artifact thereof, in this case, a vast V'ger-like entity, apparently non-self-aware, which exists to collect and preserve living consciousnesses (souls, if you will) while destroying their organic bodies. After untold time in isolation within the entity (apparently in a state of sensory deprivation), the few of its captive souls, human and otherwise, which have not gone mad manage to telepathically contact the Enterprise's Ship's Counselor, Deanna Troi, and beg her to convince Picard to destroy the entity and themselves, thus freeing them from their hellish existence. Assuming, of course, that the Enterprise and its crew *can* destroy the entity at all; it's a lot bigger than they are and it happily feeds on energy like phaser blasts and matter/antimatter reactions.

The novel's strength derives not from its telling of the technical details of the Enterprise's struggles to survive but rather in Diane Carey's handling of the characters. Indeed, I'm not sure I bought the technical side of the story at all, and I'm pretty sure that Carey endowed the ship's transporter with a range several orders of

magnitude beyond the measly sixteen thousand miles listed in the show's writer's guide, but I was willing to suspend my disbelief and just let the story carry me. The story takes place in a time shortly after Wesley's assignment to bridge duty (I forget in which episode that took place), but before the bridge crew has begun to operate smoothly together, and the roughness of their relationships to each other is a major element of the story. Riker is nervous and unsure of himself, especially in the presence of Picard, and he sometimes takes it out on others, especially Data, whose own ego is vanishingly small. He's still trying to determine whether he's really a living being or just a machine that *thinks* it's alive, and his obsession with that question nearly destroys him. Geordi LaForge is hurt and angry that people treat him as a walking sensor device rather than a normal person and that no one seems to understand how much effort it is for him to process the overwhelming flow of data supplied to his brain by his artificial vision apparatus. This conflict results in some exceptionally good dialogue, the kind that would make the TV show a joy to watch if only they'd give their actors lines like these. LaForge to Dr. Crusher:

I know...but it's hard to be reasonable sometimes, especially when everybody's kicking off a Geordi-what-do-you-see. They don't know what it took to learn to interpret all the information I get out of every square inch I see. I'm not a machine, doc, you know? My brain wasn't made to do this. It's not like I look at a thing and a dozen little labels appear to tell me what it's made of. I had to learn what every impulse meant, every vibration, every flicker, every filter, every layer of spectral matter.... Every time I have to say, "I don't know" or "I've never seen anything like this before," it goes through me like a steel bolt. It means I'm truly blind.



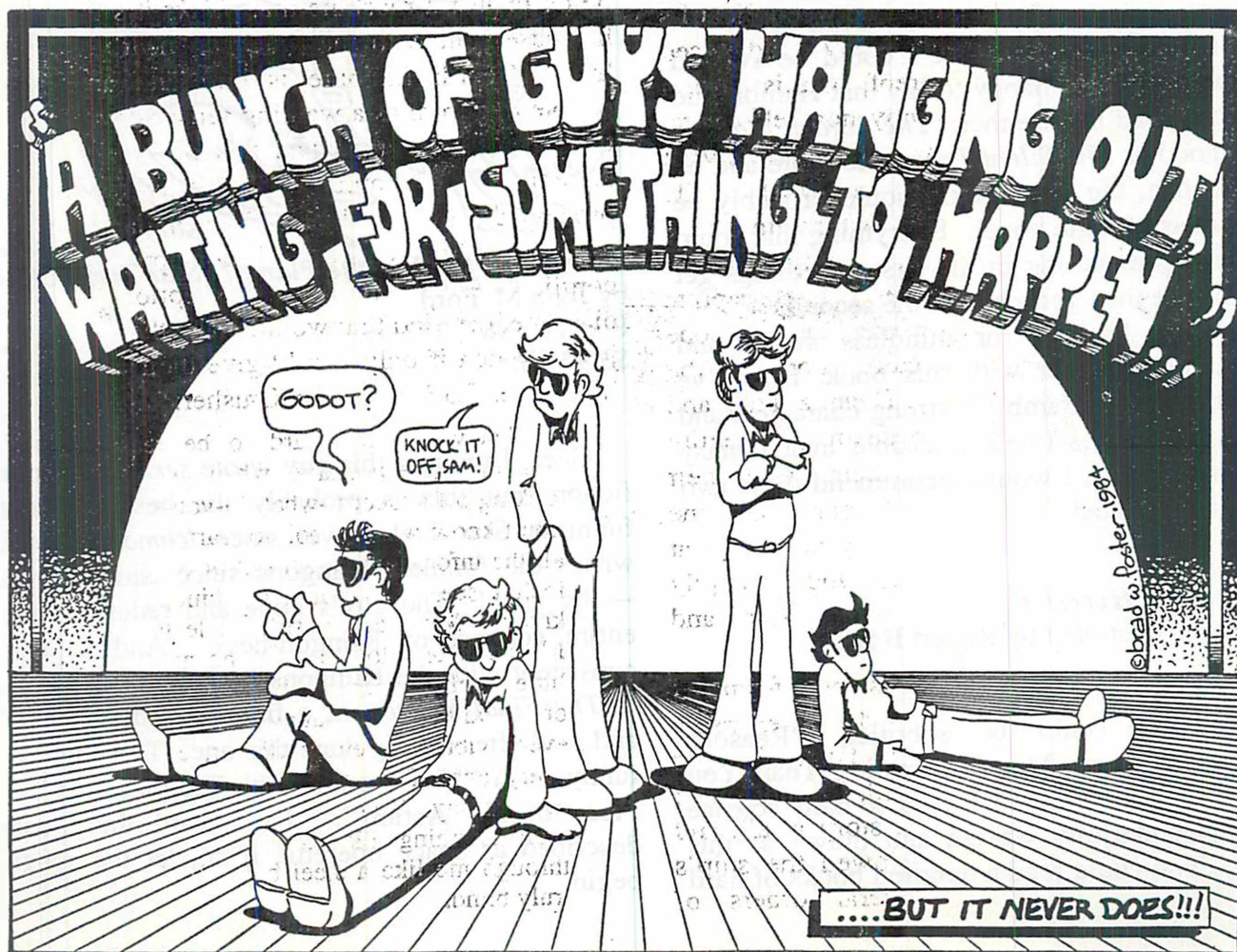
Worf is in constant battle with his own warrior's blood; Yar has to work to control the hair-trigger violent response systems built into her by a childhood in an anarchic society. And Troi, who has spent years learning to shut off her empathetic talent at will, has to live with the knowledge that many of the people around her fear and hate her for her ability to read their feelings, and condemn her for the very crime she works so desperately *not* to commit.

And Picard... Carey's Picard suffers no less than Kirk from the pressures of command, haunted by the fear of making a mistake, *the* mistake, that accompanies every command decision. He knows he's already made one potentially disastrous error in assigning Wesley to bridge duty before he's earned it, but he's afraid that rescinding the assignment will shatter the boy's puppy-dog ego. Beyond that, he has serious doubts about the Federation's wisdom in creating a battle-ready vessel that's also supposed to serve as home and hearth for families.

"Am I", he wonders, "the captain of a starship or the governor of a colony, and what will I do when our duty to protect the Federation comes in conflict with my responsibility to protect my civilians, especially the children?"

And on top of all this, he and he alone must make the ethical decision of whether it's *right* to try to kill thousands of living beings just because they (or at least the fraction of them capable of communication with Troi) have asked him to. The matter of euthanasia is every bit as murky in the twenty-fourth century as it is in ours.

As I said earlier, I found the external plot, the adventure which the characters were experiencing, to be rather weak, but I didn't mind because I was fascinated and moved by the three-dimensional characters which Carey has built out of the weak scripts, poor direction, and wooden acting (with the notable exceptions of Messrs. Dom and Spiner) to which we've been subjected for an entire season now. I highly recommend *Ghost Ship*, especially if you, like me, consider yourself a (mostly) serious reader first, and SF fan second, and a Star Trek fan third if at all.





## Connie's Collected Reviews

by Connie Hirsch

### *The Silicon Mage*

by Barbara Hambly  
Del Ray, 1988, 338 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.

I eagerly awaited this sequel to *The Silent Tower* published last summer. In fact, my friend Adina automatically purchased one for me the first day she saw it in the store, knowing I wouldn't want to be parted from it any longer than I had to.

With a build up like this, I suppose you're going to expect me to say I was disappointed OR to rave because my expectations would inevitably warp my perception of the worth of this book.

I'd hate for you to think I could be swayed either way, and I'm happy to say that Hambly did not write a bad book either. *The Silicon Mage* is just as good as *The Silent Tower*, no more and no less. In fact, the two books should probably be looked at as a single novel. Everything that could go wrong goes wrong in the first and things get worse before they get better in the second.

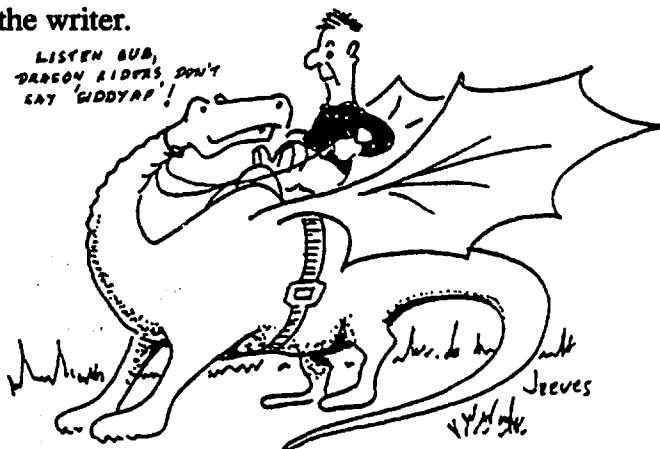
If you're looking for mindless sword and sorcery, don't bother with this book. If you've been intrigued by Hambly's strong characters and plausible situations (well, plausible in a fantasy setting anyway...), I would recommend these two books as a good bet.

### *The Dinosaur Heresies*

written and illustrated by Robert Bakker

This book could be subtitled "Reasons Dinosaurs are even More Interesting Than You Thought". Rarely have I read a hard science book as wonderfully written and drawn as this book is. You could read a hundred books of hard

SF and still not come across as much solid speculation. Bakker has taken a new fresh look at dinosaurs and his theories have turned the field on its head: thus the title. The author clearly explains the scientific evidence and reasoning that have led to these new ideas. Not only that, he makes archaeology truly fresh and exciting. The art is startlingly beautiful and perfectly complements the text; after all, the artist works so closely with the writer.



### *How Much for Just the Planet? [Star Trek #36]*

by John M. Ford  
Pocket, 1987, 253 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.

Geez, I thought this guy wrote *serious* science fiction, but this is probably the best...and the funniest...Star Trek novel since *Ishmael*. Ford writes the funniest Klingons since...since...since — by gosh! The guy's gone and redefined the entire concept of Klingon-ness. And kept it consistent with the Klingons he previously wrote in *The Final Reflection*, a fine book that I went and read after having done this one. Truly funny, funny as in "The Trouble with Tribbles" or "A Piece of the Action". I've heard this book described as space operetta, if so, let the songs begin.



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## Reflections On the Style of Arthur C. Clarke And, To a Lesser Degree, A Review of *2061:Odyssey Three*

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by Bill Ware

*2061: Odyssey Three*  
by Arthur C. Clarke  
Del Ray, 1988, 279 pp.,  
\$17.95 hc.

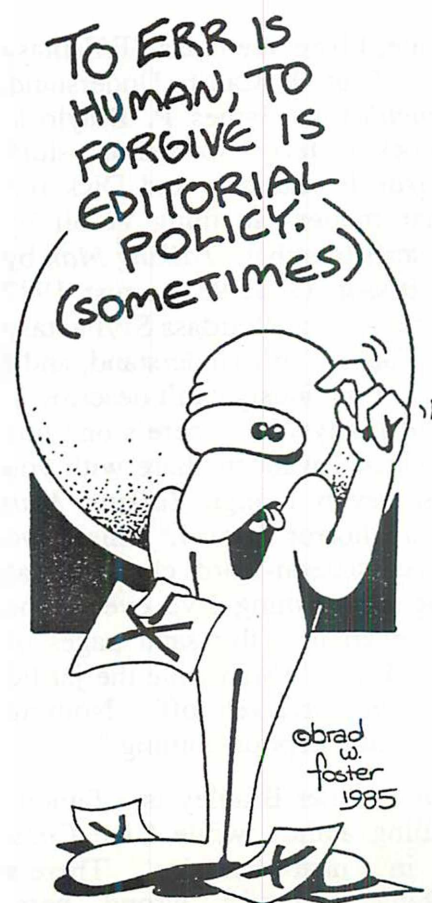
Arthur C. Clarke writes science fiction with a capital Science. His attention to scientific detail and accuracy sometimes results in characters who are merely ineffectual observers, albeit contrived interpreters, of cosmic phenomenon. While this is generally not a trait of great literature, it doesn't necessarily lessen the power of his mental exercises and the resulting entertainment value (for those who find thinking to be entertaining). Although Clarke owes much of his popular appeal and acceptance to Stanley Kubrick (Clarke has long passed that point in his career where his name appears first and largest on his books' covers), his writing transcends the glitz and fantasy of popular science fiction. Clarke stays true to the original charter of science fiction by extrapolating reality without resorting to fantasy.

*2061: Odyssey Three* is no exception. But it is somewhat anticlimactic in the wake of *2010's* "attempt no landings here". The warning, presumably from an ancient powerful intelligence capable of triggering the formation of a new star from a planet with the right ingredients (Jupiter), turns out to be a somewhat benign bluff to insure the private evolution of an exclusive environment for a still incognito civilization.

At the risk of taking a personal digression, I find it pertinent to mention a passing opinion expressed by Kara Dalkey (author of *Curse of Sagamore*) in some personal correspondence with me. In one letter she stated that the "core idea" of Asimov and Clarke's stories were "always interesting, but they don't handle plot and

characterization well enough to carry a novel." If you put the same premium that Dalkey does on plot and characterization, you will find the same inadequacies in *2061*.

I remain loyal to Clarke for the thought he provokes and the extended possibilities based on current scientific knowledge that he explores. And he usually does it on a level that the layperson can understand. But even when he examines civilization on a colonized planet, as in *The Songs of Distant Earth*, fictional characters (human and alien) are merely an interface to the reader.





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# Star Trek and Other Weird Tales

by William D. Starr

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*Ed. Note: William would like me to point out the change in his name, from Bill Pharin Starr, to William December Starr. When questioned why, he says that he got sick of people trying to turn Bill into William when it wasn't.*

Unlike other of my essays, which have dealt with one particular topic (usually my beloved Jeep Cherokee, the Lady Stone Danser), this column is a messy bundle of random ramblings and grumpy grumblings, opening with short takes and finishing up with a genuine accept-no-substitution *tirade* about a particular episode of that particular television show known variously as *New Trek*, *NexTrek*, *STtNG*, and *YECCH!* Read and enjoy.

- As a rule, I hate Weirass SF/Fantasy Novels That I Can't Understand. *Homunculus* by James P. Blaylock, Moorcock's Jerry Cornelius stuff, *Deus Irae* by Zelazny and Dick (or, for that matter, anything at all by Dick) stuff like that. *Talking Man* by Terry Bisson (a \$2.95 August 1987 Avon book) is a Weirass SF/Fantasy Novel That I Can't Understand, and I loved it. I obviously can't describe it, but read it anyway. There's one line from it that I want to share with you because, even though *Talking Man* isn't a horror novel, this two sentence, sixteen-word clause is as chilling as anything I've ever come across, even in a thousand pages of Stephen King: "Meanwhile the jar lid quit turning and fell off. Nothing came out and kept on coming."
- Marion Zimmer Bradley is a famous bestselling author, while Glen Cook toils in near-obscurity. There's something seriously wrong here,

folks.

- I like both their works, but if C.J. Cherryh and John M. Ford ever collaborated on a novel, not even the CIA would be able to figure it out.
- Why is it that my favorite shows always manage to air their absolutely worst episodes just when I've finally convinced my skeptical friends to five them a try? I call this "Spock's Brain Syndrome", after a T.J. Burnside anecdote about which episode was shown on the fateful night that she finally got all her non-fan friends and family members to watch *Star Trek* for the first time.
- *Beauty and the Beast* isn't always as good as you think it is, but it *is* good. People, especially hardcore non-media fans, who've been avoiding it because it sounds too silly (I know, I used to do it myself) might be comforted to know that the show's Executive Story Consultant (as well as occasional Producer and/or Writer) is George R.R. Martin, who's written real books that have been bought by real editors and published on real paper. The Beast, Vincent (Ron Perleman's body and voice, plus Rick Baker's make-up) has joined my personal list of Men I'd Lust After If I Were Gay. Somebody should brush out his hair, though.
- If there's one consistent problem (besides bad writing and bad acting) that *Star Trek: The Next Generalization* has had all throughout its first season, it's been an absolute lack of any sense of pacing, be it

dramatic, comedic, or otherwise. Every script so far has only had, at most, enough material to fill a thirty or forty-minute time slot, including commercials, and my personal theory is that each week they pick a directory for that week's episode and then take the poor guy out back and shoot him just before filming begins. And Picard is a twit; God knows who he had to blackmail to get command of a starship. Flush everyone but Data and Worf and start over.

- Just watched a four-hour made-for-tv thing called *Something Is Out There*, which owes a heck of a lot to John Carpenter's version of *The Thing*, *Aliens*, and probably *The Hidden*, but I can't say for sure because I still haven't seen that one. Anyway, it wasn't too bad (except for the lousy ending in which the writers had to warp things around to leave enough loose ends to spawn a tv series), with a plot you could actually take seriously and one really nice subtle little schtick; we all know the old crock about how the aliens who're investigating us from afar learn our language by monitoring our radio and television signals, right? Okay, but this is the first time I've ever seen them watching one of our tv shows (*Crime Story*, in fact) not for educational reasons, but just because some of them were hanging around the rec deck on their starship and they were interested in the show and wanted to see what would happen next...cute touch.

I've just finished watching the "Symbiosis" episode of *NexTrek*, and I'm so mad that I am (to use a weird cliché that I've never really understood) practically beside myself with anger. If you've seen this one, you'll probably remember it, even across the time warp between when I write this and when it gets published. "Symbiosis" was the official Nancy-Reagan-Approved "Drugs Are Evil" episode, complete with the soon-(but-not-soon-enough)-to-be-deceased Lt. Yar sermonizing on the subject to a

poor defenseless Wesley. I don't know which is more depressing, the thought that the show's producers have feebly caved in to the pressure (almost reminiscent of Red Scare blacklist days of the 1950's) that's being put on the entertainment industry to support the anti-drug crusade, or the possibility that Roddenberry et.al. have actually bought into the current establishment line of "Drugs Are Evil Because We Say They Are (And You Know We'd Never Lie To You)".

A mercifully brief synopsis: The populations of the two worlds in the same solar system have an apparently symbiotic relationship in which Planet A supplies Planet B with everything they could possibly want by way of produced items. In exchange, Planet B provides them with a steady supply of a wonder drug that holds in check (but doesn't cure) a Planet A-specific plague/disease that's been annoying them for the two centuries that this arrangement's been in effect. The drug is derived from plant that grows only on Planet B, giving them a monopoly. Producing this drug is the only industry on Planet B; why should they do anything else when they've got the full resources of Planet A to support them? Picard (as usual, taking most of the episode to figure out what the average viewer has seen coming since the end of Act One) discovers that it's all A Cruel Hoax. (Gasp!) The introduction of the drug two hundred years ago kicked the plague's ass but good, but, by accident or design, the drug itself is a highly addictive narcotic with non-fatal withdrawal symptoms that closely mimic the effects of the now-defunct killer plague itself. In short, the entire population of Planet A are unknowing junkies. Please note the significance of that word, "unknowing". As far as these guys know, they're taking medicine, not narcotics, so from their point of view they're more like diabetics "hooked" on insulin than junkies addicted to heroin or cocaine. However, this distinction doesn't prevent the show's writers from inserting Yar's anti-narcotics sermon anyway.

Picard, knowing this, decides that the Prime Directive requires that he keep his mouth shut about it; to tell kindly but dumb folks from Planet A what's really going on would be to Interfere With a Less Developed Culture, which he couldn't possibly do, nope, uh uh, no way. In the end, he pulls a small, ugly rabbit out of his hat by



refusing to supply the Planet A twits with the spare parts they need to keep their last two ancient intra-system freighters in operation (to give them the hardware would, after all, be an Act Of Interference), thus precipitating in the near future a complete breakdown of trade which will force the junkies to kick their habit cold turkey. Dr. Crusher, apparently recalling something in the Hippocratic Oath about relieving suffering whenever possible, protests that she could easily synthesize something to lessen the poor idiots' withdrawal pains, but Picard vetoes the idea, stubbornly sticking to the Prime Directive, even though he personally doesn't feel that great about this particular application of it. The End.

Okay, aside from the idiocy inherent in the setup (slightly mitigated by the fact that all three representatives of Planet A who, we saw, did indeed act like brain-dead zombies from the planet Ramada, which makes one seriously wonder about the quality of the manufactured goods they're trading to Planet B), consider what's going to happen soon. Shortly after the breakdown of the remaining two shuttles (events which will likely kill their innocent crews), Planet A's reserve supplies of their drug will begin to run low. Everyone on the planet will be absolutely convinced that they are all going to die horribly of the plague. There will be riots and/or out-and-out wars fought over the dwindling drug supplies, killing thousands or possibly millions. There will be mass suicides by people preferring a

clean and painless death, killing thousands or millions more. Only then will people slowly start to realize that, hey-golly-geewhiz, I guess we aren't all going to die after all. Sometime after that (and it could be decades later, given how slow on the uptake these dweebs appear to be), they'll realize that they've been conned, and then they'll study the old plans and build new spaceships and cross the gulf to Planet B; and most likely wipe them suckers out. Or, more precisely, they'll avenge themselves upon however many of Planet B denizens have managed to survive the collapse of their own completely Planet-A-dependent civilization. And *then*, if they're still pissed (and wouldn't you be?), they'll turn their attention outwards and try to extract their megaton of flesh from the uncaring Federation that stood idly by when it could have prevented so many needless deaths...and, frankly, I hope they get it, with the first bloody chunk of it ripped right out of Captain Picard's sanctimonious body. Somebody should seriously whap Gene Roddenberry upside the head until he comes to his senses and realizes that we all live in the same universe, and that his precious doctrine of Non-Interference is (as any Vulcan could have told him) logically flawed because choosing not to interfere when you have the power to do so is itself an act of interference by omission! To hell with you, Jean-Luc Picard, and to hell with the Prime Directive you rode in on!



## Books Received But Not Reviewed

### November, 1987

- Goldstein, Lisa, *A Mask For the General*, Bantam/Spectra, 201 pp., \$14.95 hc.  
 Preiss, Brian, ed., *The Universe*, Bantam, 335 pp., \$27.95 hc.  
 Scarborough, Elizabeth, *The Goldcamp Vampire*, Bantam/Spectra, 247 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 Wylie, Jonathan, *The First Named*, Bantam/Spectra, 281 pp., \$3.95 pb.

### December, 1987

- Carlisle, Anne, *Liquid Sky*, Doubleday, 186 pp., \$9.95 pb.  
 Donaldson, Stephen R., *The Mirror of Her Dreams: Mordant's Need I*, Del Rey, 627 pp., \$4.95 pb.  
 Duncan, Dave, *Shadow*, Del Rey, 276 pp., \$2.95 pb.  
 Edmondson, G.C. & Kotlan, C.M., *Maximum Effort*, Del Rey, 299 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 McKinney, Jack, *Metamorphosis: Robotech #11*, Del Rey, 212 pp., \$2.95 pb.



### January, 1988

- Busby, F.M., *The Rebel Dynasty, Vol. II*, Bantam/Spectra, 475 pp., \$4.95 pb.  
 Effinger, George Alec, *When Gravity Fails*, Bantam/Spectra, 276 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
 Farren, Mick, *Their Master's War*, Del Rey, 295 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 Somtow, S.P., *The Shattered Horse*, Tor, 464 pp., \$395 pb.  
 Turtledove, Harry, *Noninterference*, Del Rey, 213 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
 Weis, Margaret & Hickman, Tracy, *Forging the Darksword*, Bantam/Spectra, 391 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
 Wilson, Robert Charles, *Memory Wire*, Bantam/Spectra, 213 pp., \$3.50 pb.

### February, 1988

- Drew, Wayland, *Willow*, Del Rey, 276 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
 McDonald, Ian, *Empire Dreams*, Bantam/Spectra, 220 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 McDonald, Ian, *Desolation Road*, Bantam/Spectra, 355 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
 Sherman, Joel Henry,

- Corpseman*, Del Rey, 277 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 Somtow, S.P., *Aquila In the New World*, Del Rey, 247 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 Wylde, Thomas, ed., *Pitfall (Roger Zelazny's Alien Speedway)*, Bantam/Spectra, 198 pp., \$3.50 pb.

### March, 1988

- Addison, Joseph, *Tesseract*, Del Rey, 246 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 Bennett, Marcia J., *Yaril's Children*, Del Rey, 277 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 Bowker, Richard, *Marlborough Street*, Bantam/Spectra, 232 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
 Busby, F.M., *The Breeds of Man*, Bantam/Spectra, 294 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
 Laidlaw, Marc, *Neon Lotus*, Bantam/Spectra, 294 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
 Moran, Daniel Keys, *The Armageddon Blues*, Bantam/Spectra, 205 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 Niven, Larry, *The Smoke Ring*, Del Rey, 323 pp., \$4.50 pb.  
 Pohl, Frederick, *Chernobyl*, Bantam/Spectra, 351 pp., \$4.50 pb.  
 Rowley, Christopher, *The Vang*, Del Rey, 369 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
 Silverberg, Robert, *The Masks of Time/Born With the Dead/Dying Inside*, Bantam/Spectra, 561 pp., \$4.95 pb.



Wylie, Jonathan, *The Center of the Circle*, Bantam/Spectra, 281 pp., \$3.95 pb.

## April, 1988

Asimov, Isaac, *Prelude To Foundation*, Doubleday, 336 pp., \$18.95 hc.

Martin, George R.R., ed., *Wild Cards IV: Aces Abroad*, Bantam/Spectra, 466 pp., \$4.50 pb.

## May/June 1988

Disch, Thomas M., *The Brave Little Toaster Goes To Mars*, Doubleday, 72 pp., \$11.95 hc.

Estes, Rose, *Brother To the Lion*, Bantam/Spectra, 212 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Fiest, Raymond, & Wurts, Janny, *Daughter of the Empire*, Bantam/Spectra, 421 pp., \$4.50 pb.

Goldin, Stephen, *Shrine of the Desert Mage*, Bantam/Spectra, 243 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Grant, Richard, *Rumors of Spring*, Bantam/Spectra 458 pp., \$4.50 pb.

Hardy, Lyndon, *Riddle of the Seven Realms*, Del Rey, 403 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Hogan, James P., *Minds, Machines, and Evolution*, Bantam/Spectra, 324 pp., \$4.50 pb.

McAuley, Paul J., *Four Hundred Billion Stars*, Del Rey, 282 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Miller, Steve, & Sharon, Lee, *Conflict of Honors*, Del

Rey, 326 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
Pohl, Frederick, *The Annals of the Heechee*, Del Rey, 341 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Shiner, Lewis, *Deserted Cities of the Heart*, Doubleday, 273 pp., \$17.95 hc.

Silverberg, Robert, *The World Inside/Thorns/Downward To the Earth*, Bantam/Spectra, 487 pp., \$4.95 pb.

Simak, Clifford D., *Highway of Eternity*, Del Rey, 294 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Smith, Guy N., *Crab's Moon*, Dell, 181 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Smith, Guy N., *Crabs On the Rampage*, Dell, 186 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Smith, Guy N., *The Origin of the Crabs*, Dell, 186 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Stapleton, Olaf, *Last and First Men*, St. Martin's, 313 pp., \$10.95 pb (orig. 1930).

Stapleton, Olaf, *Star Maker*, St. Martin's, 272 pp., \$8.95 pb (orig. 1937).

Strete, Craig, *Death In the Spirit House*, Doubleday, 179 pp., \$14.95 hc.

Somtow, S.P., *Aquila and the Iron Horse*, Del Rey, 261 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Tepper, Sheri S., *The Gate To Women's Country*, Doubleday, 278 pp., \$17.95 hc.

Weis, Margaret, & Hickman, Tracy, *Doom of the Darksword*, Bantam/Spectra, 383 pp., \$3.95 pb.

White, James, *Federation World*, Del Rey, 283 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Willis, Connie, *Lincoln's Dreams*, Bantam/Spectra, 228 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Wylde, Thomas, *The Web (Roger Zelazny's Alien Speedway 3)*,

Bantam/Spectra, 245 pp., \$3.50 pb.

## July/August, 1988

Asimov, Isaac, *Fantastic Voyage II: Destination Brain*, Bantam/Spectra, 385 pp., \$4.95 pb.

Chalker, Jack L., *Dance Band On the Titanic*, Del Rey, 339 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Foster, Alan Dean, *Flinx In Flux*, Del Rey, 324 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Gerrold, David, *When Harlie Was One, Release 2.0*, Bantam/Spectra, 304 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Harrison, Harry, *Return To Eden*, Bantam/Spectra, 348 pp., \$18.95 hc.

Harrison, Harry, *The Stainless Steel Rat Gets Drafted*, Bantam/Spectra, 272 pp., \$3.95 pb.

Lansdale, Joe R., *The Drive-In*, Bantam/Spectra, 158 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Lupoff, Richard A., *The Black Tower (Philip Jose Farmer's The Dungeon, Vol. I)*, Bantam/Spectra, 339 pp., \$3.95 pb.

MacAvoy, R.A., *A Trio For Lute*, Bantam/Spectra, 672 pp., \$4.95 pb.

Mills, Craig, *The Dreamer In Discord*, Del Rey, 229 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Moran, Daniel Keys, *Emerald Eyes*, Bantam/Spectra, 256 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Somtow, S.P., *Starship and Haiku*, Del Rey, 210 pp., \$3.50 pb.

Spinrad, Norman, *Little Heroes*, Bantam/Spectra, 563 pp., \$4.95 pb.

Wylie, Jonathan, *The Mage-Born Child*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 288 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.

## September, 1988

Adams, Douglas, *Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency*,  
Pocket, 306 pp., \$4.50 pb.  
Aronica, Lou, & McCarthy, Shawna, *Full Spectrum*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 480 pp.,  
\$4.95 pb.  
Brooks, Terry, *The Black Unicorn*, Del Rey, 307 pp.,  
\$4.95 pb.  
Estes, Rose, *Spirit of the Hawk*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 256 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.  
Farmer, Philip Jose, *Venus On the Half-Shell*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 192 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.  
Farren, Mick, *The Long Orbit*,  
Del Rey, 264 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
Haiblum, Isidore, *The Mutants Are Coming*, Del Rey, 251  
pp., \$3.50pb.  
Kilian, Crawford, *Rogue Emperor*, Del Rey, 296 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.  
Moran, Daniel Keys, *The Ring*,  
Doubleday, 467 pp., \$19.95  
hc.  
Roessner, Michaela, *Walkabout Woman*, Bantam/Spectra,  
288 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
Tolkien, J.R.R., *Unfinished Tales*, Ballantine, 493 pp.,  
\$5.95 pb.  
Weis, Margaret, & Hickman, Tracy, *Triumph of the Darksword*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 448 pp.,  
\$4.50 pb.

## October, 1988

Benford, Gregory, *Great Sky River*, Bantam/Spectra, 384  
pp., \$4.50 pb.  
Brunner, John, *The Best of John Brunner*, Del Rey, 288 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.  
Gibson, William, *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, Bantam/Spectra,  
260 pp., \$17.95 hc.  
Goldin, Stephen, *The Storyteller and the Jann*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 256 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.  
Goldstein, Lisa, *A Mask For the General*, Bantam/Spectra,  
224 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
Grant, Charles L., *The Best of Shadows*, Doubleday, 219  
pp., \$15.95 hc.  
Hogan, James P., *Endgame Enigma*, Bantam/Spectra,  
448 pp., \$4.95 pb.  
Reeves-Stevens, Garfield, *Nighteyes*, Doubleday, 548  
pp., \$18.95 hc.  
Spinrad, Norman, *Other Americas*, Bantam/Spectra,  
288 pp., \$3.95 pb.  
Steussy, Marti, *Dreams of Dawn*, Del Rey, 313 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.  
Willard, Nancy, *Things Invisible To See*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 272 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.  
Wilson, Robert Anton, *Schrodinger's Cat Trilogy*,  
Dell, 545 pp., \$10.95 pb.

## November, 1988

Flint, Kenneth C., *Isle of Destiny*, Bantam/Spectra,  
448 pp., \$4.50 pb.  
Scarborough, Elizabeth Ann, *The Healer's War*,

Doubleday, 303 pp., \$17.95  
hc.

Tyers, Kathy, *Fusion Fire (Firebird 2)*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 448 pp.,  
\$4.95 pb.

## December 1988

Duncan, Dave, *The Destiny of the Sword*, Del Rey, 338  
pp., \$3.95 pb.  
Godwin, Parke, *A Truce With Time*, Bantam/Spectra, 320  
pp., \$4.50 pb.  
Hambly, Barbara, *Those Who Hunt the Night*, Del Rey,  
304 pp., \$16.95 hc.  
Martin, George R.R., *Wild Cards V: Down and Dirty*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 528 pp.,  
\$4.50 pb.  
May, Julian, *The Surveillance: Book One of Intervention*,  
Del Rey, 347 pp., \$4.95 pb.  
Sargent, Pamela, *Venus of Shadows*, Doubleday, 544  
pp., \$19.95 hc.  
Sheffield, Charles, *Trader's World*, Del Rey, 279 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.  
Sheffield, Charles, *The Web Between the Worlds*, Del  
Rey, 249 pp., \$3.50 pb.  
Service, Pamela F., *Tomorrow's Magic*, Fawcett, 196 pp.,  
\$2.95 pb.  
Somtow, S.P., *Aquila and the Sphinx*, Del Rey, 242 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.

## January, 1989

Adams, Robert, *Monster and Magicians*, Baen, 311 pp.,  
\$3.95 pb.



Benford, Gregory & Eklund,  
Gordon, *If the Stars Are  
Gods*, Bantam/Spectra, 229  
pp., \$3.95 pb (orig. 1977).  
Bujold, Lois McMaster,  
*Brothers In Arms*, Baen,  
\$3.95 pb.  
Carver, Jeffrey A., *From A  
Changeling Star*,  
Bantam/Spectra, 355 pp.,  
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Dickson, Gordon R., *None But  
Man*, Baen, 308 pp., \$3.50  
pb (orig. 1969).  
Horlak, E.E., *Still Life*,  
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\$3.95 pb.  
Jennings, Phillip C., *The Bug  
Life Chronicles*, Baen, 304  
pp., \$3.50 pb.

Moon, Elizabeth, *Oath of Gold*,  
Baen, 501 pp., #3.95pb.  
Skipp, John & Spector, Craig,  
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Alphorion*, Ivy, 186 pp.,  
\$2.95 pb.



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## And Now for Something Completely Minutes

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*A few pages of the minutes of old MITSFS meetings have been a standard item in Twilight Zine since I was a pre-frosh, at least. I think one of the reasons for them is to remind everyone out there that the meetings of the MITSFS are probably the longest running joke in history. The grammar and jokes in these minutes do not necessarily express any opinion of the editor, who is just transcribing them.*

### 5/8/81, 1700 SST

Motion to thank the Onseck for reading minutes.  
Rubber Stamp.

Motion to accept the minutes as Wendy's hair.  
Rubber Stamp.

Pseudopicniccomm: Didn't have much to say--no one real is coming.

Albanian motions are discussed, but to no avail.  
The chair was overturned and kicked out at this point.

Minicult: 1. Depressingly macabre and morbid divorce story. 2. Discussion of unicorn breeding.

Miller motion? What's a Miller motion? Finger motion. And why's Chip [Hitchcock] talking Albanian? Who can understand him? Something happened to Miller motion 1. Miller motion 2 was a tie, but it was broken. (Funny, it didn't look broken.) Everything stopped at 17:23 SST.

### 5/15/81, 1700 SST

Motion passes to commend Wendy for reading second minutes.

Moocomm: *Flash Gordon* tonight. ("Go, Flash, go!") Glob advertised getting into the Sack with *Galaxina* and *Flesh Gordon*. *Clash of the Titans* did.

Some real business slipped in but was thrown out. (We shouldn't discuss binding books anyway, maybe they don't like being bound.) We had motions all over the floor so someone suggested picking them up. But they died,

poor things. A horrible death. Oh, I hadn't noticed; the meetings was adjourned 17:22 SST.

### 9/11/81, 1700 SST

Motion passes (under protest) to approve the minutes as much less green than Wendy's freckles.

Moocomm: Warners was grossed out that LSC had its greasy hands on *Superman II*.

Boredcomm: Ken Meltzner gloated over his purty new sign.

Old Business: The usual.

New Business: The Green Building hasn't fallen down yet. And two lovesick refrigerators haven't jumped off it yet. Said Ken, re: using an organ pipe to knock down the Green Building: "Ah, that's just a pipe dream." Groans. Alan is organcomm. Is reminded to bring his organ to the next meeting.

Steve Swernofsky moves, over the phone, that Bill Starr's nose be replaced by a banana. n>3+Spehn--the motion chickens.

Skinner edicts that the entire room is censured for apathy. But no one cares.

Motion passes chickenless to commend Boredcomm on tasteful banana paper.  
Adjourned 17:12 SST.

### 9/18/81, 1700 SST

Motion fails to approve the minutes as pink.  
Some-more-few+Spehn.

There are no committee reports. There's no old business. Old business Algol: something old and random happened. Lewis made a pass at Wizowaty and was repulsed (the usual motion). Move to censure the librarian. Usual second, vote result.

No new business. Some foolish mortal tried to discuss real business. He was suitably suppressed.

Miller motion #1 chickens. Miller motion #2 ties.



The Skinner broke it. Meeting adjourned 17:13 SST.

### 9/25/81, 1700 SST

Motion passes to approve minutes as incarnadine (?).

Boredcomm: They put glass on the board and confused Ken. But, our key opens all three cabinets.

An uncommitted Josh reports he's not on any committee.

Old Business: there's nothing like it. Old business Algol: the usual. A finger motion occurred for asking when it happened.

Minicult: George Dome is thinking of getting a tentacular blue toupe. He's going punk. Sky Art is happening.

Motion moved and passed ( $n \gg 1$ ) to get contingency plan to move the blue pseudo-octopus onto George Dome. Motion failed to rival Sky Art and Visual Studies with a banana. Miller motion #1 fails. Miller motion #2 dies for lack of interest. Miller motion #2 reincarnated passes with a broken tie. Meeting adjourned 17:14 SST.

### 10/2/81, 1700 SST

Someone applauded minutely. Motion passed to approve the minutes as sea mint green. Motion passed to censure members for only voting once. Passes recursively.

Old Business: there is no old business. Old business Algol: usual motion, usual second, usual vote, outcome, and result.

The Onseck respectfully submits the missingness of something about a book and a movie.

Minicult: Harlan Ellison is suing a magazine for plagiarism. *Shock Treatment*, the *Rocky Horror* sequel, has hit Boston. The saga of Brad and Janet lives on.

Motion chickens to commend Larry Lennhoff for becoming a keyholder for the third time. A motion about Miller skiing for a long, long time died for lack of interest. Motion passed to get more interesting people at meetings by threatening them with a banana. Adjourned 17:16 SST.

### 10/9/81, 1700 SST

Motion passes to approve minutes as hot pink and lime green in honor of the preppie who's going to speak downstairs.

Moocomm: A pseudo Monty Python movie was sneak previewed. *Time Bandits* is its name, includes two Pythoners and Sean Connery.

Boredcomm: Will do things soon. Ken needs the key.

Motion to commend the sender for sending us a box of the lightest reading in 8 years. A discussion of the maliciousness of gavels commenced. Many motions writhed together while in the throes of death, disinterestedly.

Old Business: Chip moved to define the current motion. Also dies disinterestedly. Old business Algol: the usual, et. al.

Minicult: A discussion of bananas was postponed. Motion passes to commend "Bloom County's" artist for using bananas in interesting ways. Meeting adjourned 17:19 SST.

### 10/16/81, 1700 SST

Motion passes to approve the minutes as 1.67% of an hour, each.

Boredcomm: Finally got its act and key together.

Comcomm: Steve Straussman volunteers to be Bloomcomm. He says he'll read next week's Glob, after dinner. That should be pretty hard to do; maybe he should look at next week's sports results, while he's at it.

Organcomm: Reports strict mechanical stimulation works best.

Old Business: Motion chickens to define gavels as unmalicious if not provoked. But it almost passed. Really it did. The poor motion is going to have a complex. So's the Onseck, who invented this downtrodden and rejected motion. Just wait 'til someday, an undefined, yet unprovoked and malicious gavel attacks. Then you'll be sorry.

There was a demonstration of a finger motion, so we'd be in practice.

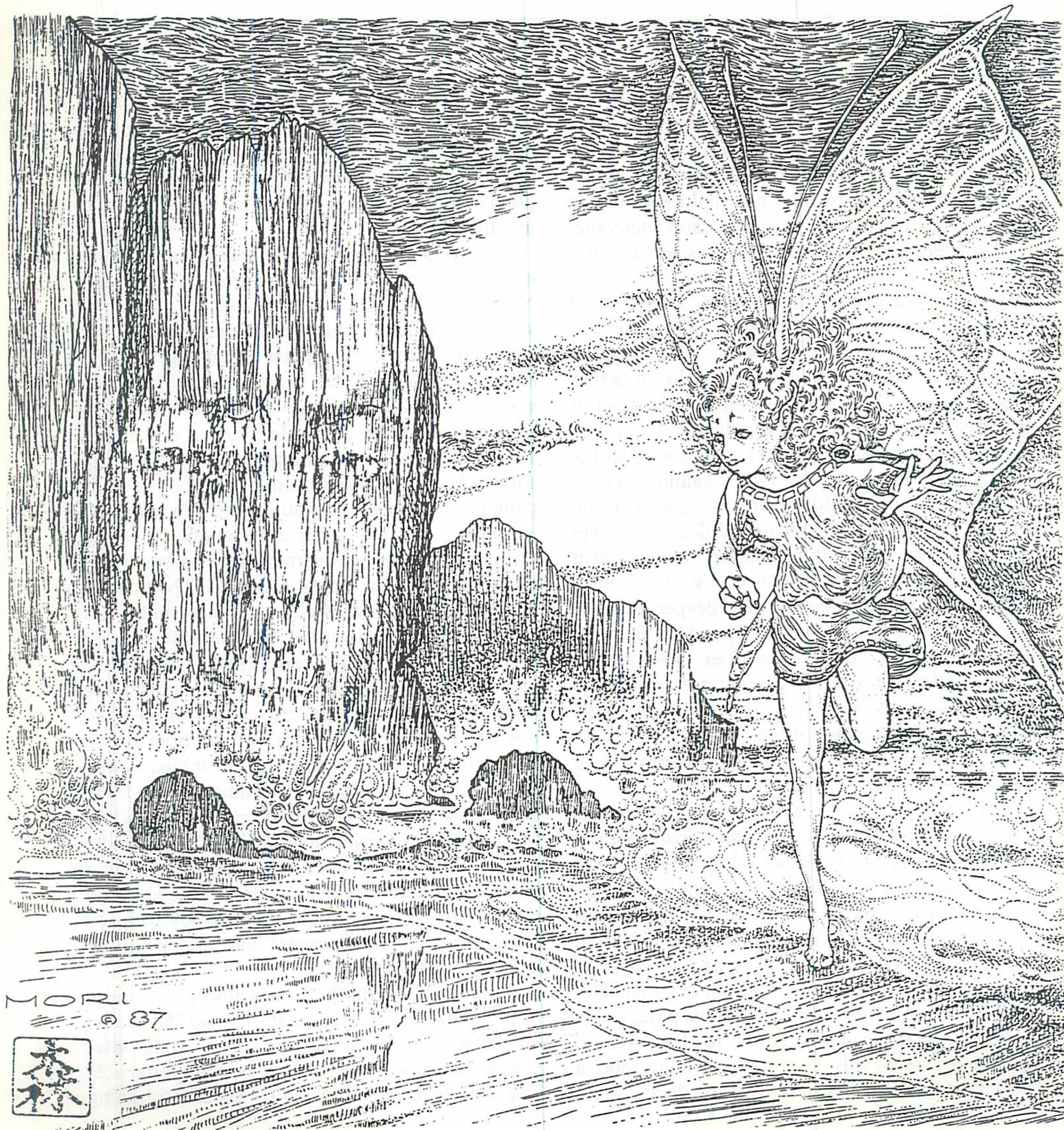
GorBookmarkcomm: We've got lots of cover illustration bookmarks. We've got them because the bookstore dealer can't get rid of them fast enough. Our supplier said he asked for them, but he had a reason. The peanut



gallery replied, "I'm just a pimp. I don't use the stuff!"

Finger motion to Steve Straussman for being confused. Lucky we were in practice! Motion

passes ∞-ε in favor of condemning Ken Johnson for smashing the office banana into many small pieces. Adjourned 17:19 SST.





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# The Last Lamppost

by Jay Bushman

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It started in a far corner of his mind. It was familiar, normal to him, but that did not lessen the effects. Both players had engaged in the same battle many times before. Both were quite skilled, both played to the utmost of their abilities, but this one-sided battle always had the same outcome. The challenge had been made, and as per tradition French made the first move. He ignored his opponent. The challenge remained. French tried to shut it out. It broke through. Playtime was over; French ran. It followed. He had the advantage of knowing the playing field far better. His opponent had the advantage of superior offense. French ran through the contorted passageways and limitless corridors, aware all the time that his adversary was faster, gaining on him, knowing that he would not last long in a sprint. He hid, and even as he burrowed deep into layer after layer of pleasant memories, the opponent wailed closer. It was so close now that French was forced to let himself sink deeper than he liked. It was a still a poor shield, and his assailant drew near. He began to wonder if he should resort to nightmares, if they might not, in fact, aid his opponent, when it finally touched him, lifting him instantly straight through the layers into a wash of comprehension. French awoke, sliding once more into the embrace of the City.

Still groggy, he sat up, yawned, rubbed his eyes, stumbled to the wall chrono, inadvertently turned it on. A steady whine filled the room, and French hastily turned it off. Leaning against the wall, he frowned in contemplation. The chrono had already been off. Who had turned it off? Had he turned it off in his sleep as he had so often dreamed of doing, only to wake up automatically at the same time? French dropped his pajamas on the floor and shambled over to his dresser. Selecting one of his favorite grey suits and a matching grey tie, he began to dress while

checking his agenda. The fact that he had waken automatically without the aid of an alarm was unsettling him to the point that it was several minutes before he realized that his agenda had proclaimed this day to be his first day off in two months.

French let the grey sock he was about to put on his foot slip to the floor instead. A day off. Nothing to do. He had a day all to himself in which he could do whatever he pleased. No grey suits, no office, no computer-wrangling, no one-sided conversations with his supervisor. He could stay at home all day, sleep late, do some of his long-neglected artwork. He glanced around his apartment. Clothing and a polyplastic weave rug softened the concrete floor. A few of his paintings decorated the walls. He had a lamp and an antique statue of a horse on an end table, but the remainder of his quarters were as spare and uninteresting as an empty museum. The table in his kitchen had no chairs, and his study was empty but for the canvasses, easel, and paints.

No, he wouldn't stay here. He'd go out on the City in search of new wonders and delights in the endless little corners that one is apt to find when one has a world at one's disposal. A brief search uncovered some extremely wrinkled non-business-type clothing. He quick-pressed the clothes, wondering briefly if they were still in fashion. With considerable difficulty, he found a pair of old walking shoes and pulled them over a pair of mismatched socks. Hair combed, body odor counteracted, credit card handy, French stepped out of the apartment and headed for the nearest Link station.

Sitting in one of the Link capsules moments later, French was glad that he had not eaten breakfast yet. Traveling by Link right after waking always made him sick to his stomach. The capsule moved at incredible speeds, smashing

him back into the deeply padded chair, turning around corners that French had always suspected of being far more than 360 degrees without any noticeable decrease in speed. He looked at the other people in the capsule with him - those he could see without turning his head. None of them seemed particularly bothered by the ride. In fact, many seemed to be enjoying it. Of course, almost all of them were considerably younger than he was. They couldn't remember a time before the Link, as French did. There had been no Link in French's childhood, just as there had been no City. Instead, his parents had relied on individual vehicles called cars. They were small and cramped, didn't move very fast, consumed ridiculous amounts of fuel, and produced hazardous waste products. But in a car, the driver had complete control over where he was going and at what speed he would take the next turn. The driver would emerge from the car with a feeling of accomplishment, where French emerged from the capsule gasping for breath while rubbing sweaty palms on his pants.

French preferred the cars.

Seated at the Mt. St. Helens restaurant, French calmed himself while watching the sun rise over an endless metal skyline. He had bribed the waiter for this seat, of course, for a window view was rare and popular among customers. Which city had this been originally? Mt. St. Helens had been somewhere on the east coast of the old United States of America, if he remembered correctly. Had this been San Francisco? Seattle? Los Angeles? No one knew anymore. The restaurant itself was built within the facilities which capped the volcano, called Mt. St. Helens as well, and converted it's geothermal energy into electricity for the City. French stared into the rising sun and wondered if it knew his questions or his answers.

The waiter came, and French splurged outrageously. An egg, delicately boiled, toasted bread and spread, and a glass of citrin juice to wash it down. Truly magnificent fare. A far cry from his usual breakfasts of tasteless pastry and coffeine. This was the third or fourth egg he could remember having. He vaguely remembered his mother complaining about eggs, or rather the lack of them. No proper eggs to bake proper bread with, she'd say. Why she would want to

bake bread was always a mystery to French, since it was easier and less expensive to buy it. But then again, bread did smell good as it was baking, and it seemed to taste better when his mother made it. Where did eggs come from anyway? French realized that he had absolutely no idea. He decided to find out.

The museums gave him vague answers that didn't answer anything. They were mainly dedicated to the glorious history of the City, most of which French already knew since he himself had witnessed the sealing of the City. He could remember the old cities, the ones that were actually separated by unused space. A few of their names drifted back to him as he strolled through the crowded halls of the museum. There was London and Australia and New York and New Atlantis... the list stretched on, and French could not remember all of it. Not that it particularly mattered now. They were all the City. The world was the City. Man had at last achieved global unity. Uncomfortable amidst the smiling crowds, French moved on.

The Library also held little for him. After much computerized screaming and raving, French managed to find out where the eggs were made. It was then a simple hop by Link to the underground caves which produced the world's food for the answer. It felt strange, though, to see rock instead of roof above his head and to feel the ground crunch beneath his feet. It had been so long since he had seen dirt that it had become foreign to him. Then he took a conveyer belt past endless fields of artificially lit grasses until he reached the livestock section. There he learned, to his horror, that he had eaten the unborn offspring of an animal for breakfast. The citrin juice had been made of fruit, though. That was a relief, for apparently there was a drink made from some bodily fluid of a large animal called a cattle. Funny, but the cattle looked suspiciously like the childhood fantasy creature he remembered as a cow. French, finding that he had spent most of the morning searching for the elusive egg, decided that it was time for lunch. He wanted chicken, but decided that he definitely did not want to know what it was.

Early afternoon found him strolling the glass bottom of the Great Pacific Dome. Far below, in a few lighted sections, he could see the tossing



waters of the ocean that was now a huge sewer system for the City. He wondered if there were any animals still alive down there. What would they have looked like? Weren't they called fish? And why did the water move? It seemed so violent, as if it were angry at being trapped down beneath the glass. How could the moon affect it from so far, and straight through the City as well? French realized with this thought that he could not remember what the moon looked like. It was a white circle hanging in the sky, supposedly. Not much to look at. French moved on.

Chess had once been one of French's favorite pastimes. He was surprised that after years past without so much as looking at a board, he still played well enough to beat the games computer at a local Amusements center. Gleefully, he moved his city to take the computer's jet, putting the main computer piece in check. The computer made the only retreat possible, and his citizen moved up for the mate. That he had been able to take the game with a city-citizen fork elated him. He had never even moved his President. He went to the next level of difficulty and started again. Citizen c2 to citizen c4...

Before dinner, he decided to round off an incredibly enjoyable day with a visit to the City Central Art Museum. As usual, he bypassed the vast computer-generated art section in favor of the older, physical- medium art. He could stare for hours at a Da Vinci, years at a Pollock, but there were hundreds to see, and French had not seen them for so long. Colors washed past him, many of fields that were not beneath stony ceilings but a huge blue vault which swept him again back to his childhood. Blue skies. It was one thing to see them out of a restaurant window, quite another to see them with only simple air in between. He had seen a few flowers in the caverns, but not in the rich colors employed by the likes of Goya and Monet. If only he had such models, perhaps he would paint more often. Perhaps.

An abrupt discontinuity caught his attention. Amidst the canvasses and sculptures, set into a wall, was a tall, rectangular object. An old-type door. It didn't move on its own. It was a dull red, and printed on it in InterCity was a warning not to open the door except in the case of an emergency. What was an emergency? It occurred to French at that instant that everything he had done that day

had been within the City, run by the City, for the benefit of the City. But red meant no. French grinned to himself. He glanced about him, but the museum was sparsely occupied. He galvanized himself and pushed open the door...The first thing that hit him was the smell. It *smelled* good! Fresh, clean, pure, cold, crisp, good! The air was rushing toward him, harder than any atmosphere unit he had ever felt. It carried in with it soft, white powder that covered his feet and blew across the floor. All over the museum, people stopped as the smell reached them. It confused most of them, but here and there a smile would spread as memories flooded to the surface. The automatic atmosphere equipment came on, but it was not designed to remove mood. Those who had smiled began to turn to the others present with tales of the past, and a delighted laugh or two graced the air. But the red door had closed again, and French was nowhere to be seen.

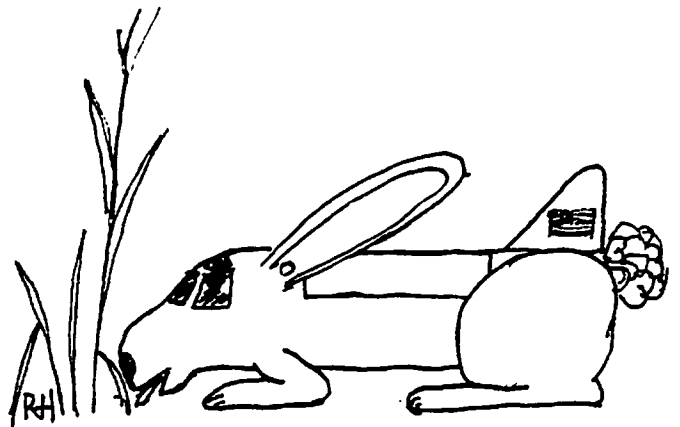
Outside, French was laughing, too. He remembered what the powder was. Snow. It was a nice word that slid off his tongue as easily as the snow slid off his shoes. He was cold, and the feeling exhilarated him. The snow covered everything. It clung to walls and piled up against them. Speaking of which, where was he? He looked more closely at the surrounding buildings, towering endlessly upwards around the narrow passage he stood in. He kicked the snow away from the ground and uncovered a worn, black surface. A street! French had thought that the City had engulfed them all long ago. After a little more searching, he discovered the remains of a sidewalk. Remembering how he had played as a child, he burst into a run, listening to his shouts echo off the walls. As he finally slowed to a walk, he realized that he was now moving somewhat uphill. His legs were trembling with strain, and French felt certain that as he leaned against a grey wall he was looking up at a mountain. It was difficult to tell with all the different heights of the buildings, but they definitely looked as if they were moving upwards. Which mountain could it be? The only mountain range that French remembered was the Alps. But it really didn't matter; the simple feeling that he was climbing a mountain was enough to set his eyes sparkling.

The cold fascinated him. He couldn't feel his

hands or feet anymore, and his face felt as if his nose and cheeks had simply ceased to exist. It was so cold that his breath would freeze in the air before him. He found it incredibly amusing that he could not feel the ground beneath him. It gave him the sensation of floating on the snow. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he worried about the lack of feeling, but frozen foods thawed out in the microwave. Surely he had only to get back indoors and warm up and feeling would return. He didn't mind the shivering at all. The sun was going down, though. It was a pretty sight, all red and pink behind the buildings, but French didn't know if he would be able to find his way back inside in the dark. As twilight fell, he began to turn back. It was then that a light in a small side street flickered into existence.

French turned to stare at it. It was emanating from a tall pole that thrust up and over the street. It flickered and shuddered a little, but the sight of it brought a fresh smile to French's face. He shambled through the snowdrifts to it and quietly sat down next to it, face upturned to the light. "I know you. You're a lamppost. They used to use you to guide cars at night. What are you doing here? Did the City forget about you?" He smiled at it. "I'm glad it forgot about you. You and I are very much alike. You are probably the last lamppost, and I am probably the last man to see you shine." As if to fulfill French's words, the light flickered out then. But the man did not mind anymore. He felt quite warm and sleepy, now. He would return to the City in the morning.

And indeed, the next morning, a patrol drone found him stiff and cold beneath the lamppost and returned him to the City. The next day, the patrols found three more there, despite the printed and televised warnings. By the end of the week, they were herding people off of the rooftops. The next few months were spent in almost constant manhunts which worsened as the weather improved. But eventually, the flow of people to the outside slowed to a trickle, and when it stopped, the patrols were shut down. For by that time, the people had all left for other worlds whose lands were not covered in concrete and whose waters were not trapped beneath metal. All that remained was an empty, decaying City. Even the lamppost had gone with them, still lighting the way.





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## Dreams

by Robert J. Gates

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The hot sun beat down on the small band as they approached the camp after another long day of unsuccessful searching in the east. What had begun as a simple task was now beginning to grate on the nerves of the men sent with the young upstart priest to this place forsaken by the Goddess. Their quest was a simple one; find and enter the Gate of Minia to receive an emerald from the Goddess for the New Year. Never before had there been a problem with this yearly quest, but never before had there been a priest such as Ciart'. Although he was only 19, one of the youngest priests ever in the Goddess's church, he had been chosen by the High Priest for this holiest of tasks. Many brothers in the church were suspicious of the choice, and their rumors about the reasons ran rampant.

Sighing to himself, Ciart' wondered just how he had managed to make a shambles of the quest. He had covered every facet of preparations three or four times each. Even though he knew the sacred map by heart, the Gate was not at its designated place. In times like these, his faith wavered, but never far enough to truly stray. With a shrug of his shoulders, he turned to the gathered men to command that they would start earlier tomorrow, two hours before dawn. *No sense not living up to their expectations*, thought Ciart'. *If I'm to be remembered as the leader of the worst quest in the Churches history, I may as well give them a reason other than bad luck. Besides, I'll have less time to lie awake.* Many grumblings arose from the men, and Hirdan's people had begun speaking openly of rebellion. Hirdan was a problem he would have loved to ignore, but continued failure made Hirdan's opinion seem so much more realistic. Disgusted, he turned and entered his tent, deaf to the continued grumblings and blind to the glaring emerald moon, which had hung in the sky for the

past three nights without changing. The haunting night sky bothered Ciart', or perhaps it was the dreams. He was unsure which of the two was worse, but the grumblings of the men were nothing in comparison.

The camp was perfectly still and had been for quite some time, although Ciart' was unsure just how long he had been lying awake. He was afraid to sleep, for fear of the dreams, yet afraid to open his eyes to the continued reproach of his Goddess. For two nights in a row he had lain awake; only the fatigue banishing techniques learned in the Church had kept him standing, and their power, like the Goddess's, was failing him. *If I am to suffer through one hell tonight, I may as well suffer them both.* Ciart' slowly opened his eyes to stare up at the emerald moon he knew was there, and silently pleaded with his Goddess for forgiveness of whatever crime he had unknowingly committed. Slowly, his eyes began to fall as sleep began to overtake him. Ciart' could fight it no longer, and as he felt consciousness fade, he prayed that the dreams would not come.

Ciart' was floating, or perhaps falling; he could not tell which, for there was no ground in sight. He was alone. Colors and shapes were fading in and out of view when he suddenly found himself standing before the the Gate of Minia. He recognized instantly the markings on the door, and yet...something was not right. Stepping forward, he reached his hand out to the door, only to scream in pain as he was attacked from behind. He spun quickly about to face his foe only to find himself facing nothing. Blood seeped down his back, staining his robe, when he was staggered by another attack, this time from the side. Turning toward the direction of the attack, he reached to grab the small dagger he wore, but the effort was too much and he tumbled backwards toward the doorway. He was now bleeding from gashes in his

side and back; his attacker was still not to be seen.

"Show yourself!" he managed to cry out, trying to banish the pain from his mind. He had to protect the door, from whatever it was that attacked. The mists swirling before his eyes coalesced into a figure.

"What would you do if I did, mortal?" The last word was almost spit at him by the figure, an image out of nightmares. It had the head of a woman but the body of something unrecognizable. Ciart' noted the bloodied talons, and a painful shiver ran up his spine when he saw the spiked tail. What could he do against this beast? His Goddess had forsaken him and he was not a fighting man. But he couldn't die, not this way.

With every remaining ounce of courage and will, he rose to his feet and cleared his wavering voice. "Be gone from this place! This place is not for such as you!" Ciart' was amazed that his voice had not cracked. His vision wavered for a moment, but he fought back the wave of unconsciousness and held his ground as the beast began to walk toward him.

"You expect to stop me? How, little one, do you intend to do that? You are alone, and you are mine, and your puny weapon means nothing!" Ciart' stared at the dagger which seemed to be getting smaller and smaller as he watched, and reached back towards the door with his bloody hand. His eyes never left those of the beast as he groped around for the latch. If only he could get through the Gate, the Goddess would have to protect him.

The beast smiled at him, and lunged, just as his fingers found the mechanism. "No!" he screamed, thrusting with all his might at the creature as it landed on him. But the creature rushed past, pushing him aside, and entered the Gate, which began to slowly open.

The beast looked back from the Gate at Ciart', who feebly raised the dagger. "I am surprised, bastard," it growled, "that you remain standing. 'Tis a pity you must die, for you would have perhaps one day made a fine foe. Goodbye Ermin'tal." With those last words, the beast turned away from Ciart', crossing the threshold of the Gate.

Ciart' tried to stumble forward after the beast, but was unable to go more than two steps before

he fell to his knees with a wrenching twist. "NO!" he screamed in anguish as he watched the beast confidently stroll away, ignoring him. "Goddess, No!" Ciart' threw the dagger with all his remaining strength, straight at the beast, but it fell crash to the floor with an echoing crash. Ciart' crawled forward to the closing door, just as it slammed in his face. He crumbled to the ground, bloody and weeping and....

Ciart' woke weeping, his body covered with sweat, and his muscles all aching. The moon still lit the sky a misty green, and the camp was still quiet. He rose and walked to the stream to wash himself. He bathed quietly in the cool water, then sat looking into the pool. The face that looked back at him was not his own, and he quickly looked away. "Must you haunt even my waking moments?" he demanded out loud of no one, in a voice barely recognizable as his own. When he looked again at the water's surface, he was relieved to see his own face staring back at him. His relief was short-lived however, as he noticed the circles around his blue eyes. Having not slept well for days, he was unsure how much longer he could continue. After drink a few handfuls of the refreshing water, he quietly headed back to the camp. *It's almost time for the camp to start waking*, he thought as he headed towards his tent. In his weary state, he did not see the man who crept back towards the camp after another night's work.

The day passed like those before, without success and with many curses from the men and hushed talk of rebellion. Ciart' wandered about trying to lead the men in their tasks, but he was of little use. So he left them to the work, and watched. Soon, dusk began to fall, ending another day of searching. They headed back to the camp, another day's failure adding to the unrest. Ciart' quietly told the men that tomorrow they would start at dawn, and walked to his tent. He didn't flinch or even turn when the food tray hit his back, but just continued walking. He lacked the will, desire and energy to chastise the men now. He only wanted to rest. He entered his tent and lay down, girded himself for the worst, wondering if the dreams would come again.

When Ciart' woke suddenly, there was not a sound in the camp. He looked into the sky to see the emerald moon looking down at him. Sighed to



himself, he dressed and quietly left his tent. He knew not why, but he headed east to the place where the Gate ought to be. The going was easy, and quiet, and he soon found himself climbing the small rise leading to the Gate. Thirty steps up, turn to the left, walk 24 paces. The maps were vivid in his memory as he made his way to where the Gate ought to be, yet where for days they had been unable to find it. A flash of light caught his eye; he stopped and peered cautiously around the corner, only to come face to face with a beast. He remembered the beast well, for it had haunted him for days now. He could not hide the trembling of his hand as he reached for the dagger at his side. Ciart' could see beyond the beast, to the Gate which stood right where it should, but the beast was trying to go through it. Ciart' stood frozen for a moment, then lunged forward at the creature. The creature was surprised by his move and barely managed to move before the dagger struck. A black ichor began to flow from the wound, and the beast bellowed in anger. Ciart' tried to strike again and again, but the beast moved quickly out of range.

"You have angered me pest, and drawn my blood. Pray to your precious Goddess, for you shall die." The beast leaped, and Ciart' woke with a scream and thrust the dagger in his hand up and through the tent. The night breeze was cool coming through the large new hole, and Ciart' saw the emerald moon in the sky.

Ciart' once more took the dagger in his hand, and left his now-useless tent. He began quietly wandering through the camp and checking on the men, stopping to pick up the food tray from where it had fallen after striking him earlier in the evening. Having nothing better to do, he headed towards the site of the Gate, knowing he'd find nothing, but hoping that maybe.... He stopped suddenly as he heard a whispered voice up ahead, by the Gate. Quietly creeping forward, dagger in one hand, food tray somehow, still in the other, he turned the corner to see Hirdan chanting by the now visible Gate. Hirdan was glowing with an odd black light as he chanted, and Ciart' could make out only enough of the words to know that it was a prayer to the Black Queen. He stopped, watching and listening as Hirdan finished his chant and began looking for a way to open the door. A large blade lay at his feet, glinting in the

emerald moonlight. Ciart', who had always felt uneasy around Hirdan, had to hold back the anger rising in him. Alone, he could do nothing to stop Hirdan; he needed help, which was back at the camp.

He was tired, too tired to creep silently away. Hirdan stopped and began to raise the black blade to a ready position. Then he moved silently forward, slowly approaching Ciart', who had fallen in his haste to leave.

"Ah, and what have we here? If it isn't Priest Ciart'! How nice to see you. Perhaps you'd like to join me in a sacrifice to the Lady K'irial? I insist!" The last word was spoken as Hirdan tried to grapple Ciart', but Ciart' slipped free and backed slowly away, eyes on the black blade held by Hirdan.

"None but a priest of the Goddess may open the Gate, Hirdan, and you cannot do it." Ciart''s voice dripped with contempt.

"Perhaps we could make a deal then? You are supposedly a priest of the goddess, are you not? Then you shall open the door for me. If you really think I can't," Hirdan said, a wicked grin on his face. It was not his words which made Ciart' tremble, but the changes taking place on Hirdan's body. His face was becoming feminine, and he was gaining talons and a tail.

"What's the matter, little one, don't you want to play?" Ciart' slowly circled, the beast following every move with its eyes. He reached for the black blade which Hirdan had wielded, and it burned his hand as he raised it up, dropping his dagger. He knew how to wield a sword and shield, but it was an odd sight to see, blade in one hand, mess tray in the other. The sword continued to burn Ciart''s hand, but he shut the pain out and waited for the beast to attack. Finally it lunged. He parried it with the tray, but one of the talons got through and scraped his side. Blood began to appear on his nightshirt, and every move was pain, but still he held his gaze and the blade steady. The beast turned and tried to strike with its tail, but Ciart' leaped to the side and swung the blade down. Light flashed and ichor oozed as he sliced into the tail. The beast attacked again, this time, raking a talon down Ciart''s leg. Ciart' lunged, digging the blade deep into the beast's side. Sweat poured down Ciart''s face, but there was pain in the beast's eyes. The battle continued

back and forth, ever nearer the Gate. Yet not once did Ciart' take his gaze from the beast. His Goddess had forsaken him, but he would die fighting.

Ciart' was almost to the point of fainting. The beast had torn at him again and again, and he no longer had the use of his right eye, as a talon had pierced it. The beast too was near the end, ichor flowing quickly out of many wounds. The two had slowed, yet still they fought. Ciart' tried to circle around the beast, but he slipped in the puddles of ichor and blood, falling to his knees just to the left of the beast. The beast, sensing his prey at his mercy, turned and, with what little strength he had left, leapt onto his foe. Ciart' saw only the beast flying towards him, and held the sword up as the beast landed. Then there was nothing.

There was darkness. Ciart' tried to open his eyes and look but could not. Everything was dark, there was nothing. He could not open his eyes. He had to warn them, the beast, the awful beast. What had happened? Where was he? *Goddess, help me.* "What my child?"

He was mad, he must be mad, first the dreams, and now a voice in his head. *Goddess, why?* "It was your test, you passed it well. You will make me proud."

Oh the voice, so beautiful. *Why would the voice not go away?* "Now that you have passed your test, I am with you."

*Who are you?* "I am called the Emerald Goddess, but my name is El'erminia."

*When did I go mad?* "You are not mad."

Ciart' tried to raise his arms to cover his ears, to block the voice, but the pain was too much and he grimaced and stopped. "You are hurt, do not move." He had to run to escape the voice, the beast, everything. It was all too much, and Ciart' screamed. "Rest my child, and I shall heal you."

*Oh Goddess, make the voice stop, make it go away.* He felt consciousness fading and heard the voice humming softly to him, and then he felt nothing.

The sun was beginning to rise when Ciart' awoke with the rest of the camp. Sounds of preparation for another day were being heard all around the camp, as well as grumbles of expectations of another failure. Ciart' rose and hurriedly dressed himself, not even bothering to

wipe the sleep from his eyes, and went out to meet the men to head out. The mess tent was to the right, so he headed in that direction. The first man he ran into stared at him, a look of shock on his face. "Sir!" was all the young man managed before he turned and scurried off. Ciart' looked around in confusion, but there was nothing else there. He waited a moment to settle himself, then continued into the mess. He was met there by silence and open stares. The men began whispering amongst themselves, but Ciart' was unable to hear what they were saying. In an attempt to regain control of himself and the men, he called for them to begin the day's task, immediately. The men did not disobey, and they slowly headed out to begin. Ciart' looked around to find Hirdan, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The trip to the Gate was slow and the men were less quiet than usual in their grumbling. With Ciart' leading the way, they turned the final corner, only to see the sight of a gruesome battle. Something large lay sprawled in pools of black ichor, right in front of the now very visible gate. Ciart' could not hold back the wave of nausea that the sight evoked. It was just as he remembered it from his dream. He reached to his side to find that his dagger was not there, so he looked. It was lying on the ground where he had dropped it to wield the black blade, and the food tray too. There was human blood there as well. The men hurriedly rushed forward to inspect the scene, and Ciart' slowly followed.

"Sir, this is your dagger! What happened here? Is that where you got those bruises around your eyes?" Ciart' did not have time to answer the barrage of questions, for at that moment the Gate began to open. Ciart' rushed forward, and through the Gate, into safety, grateful that the quest was finally over.

"Welcome back, my child." Ciart' stopped. He was no longer sure what was real. The scene outside had sent chills down his spine, and now the voice again. He remembered the voice, it claimed to be The Goddess. Here? How could it get to him here? The dream, it hadn't ended, that was it, it had to be. He slowly began to walk forward, toward the green altar on top of the dais. A woman sat beyond the altar, and watched him. "All is well, priest. Your quest has ended, here is your token." Ciart' was only half relieved by the

fact that the voice seemed solid, and was not in his head, for it was the same. He reached forward and accepted the perfect stone. It was larger than the others he had seen.

"Thank you Goddess", he managed to whisper, never once letting his gaze waver from her.

"And these are for you. Wear them well in my service." The voice seemed less solid now, and more in his head. "Goodbye my child." With that she faded from view, and Ciart' was left staring at a small golden ring with an emerald stone, and a jeweled dagger, glowing softly in the dim light. He picked the items up, and headed back towards the Gate.

On the outside, the men had been searching the corpse, and had found an amulet of the Black Queen. When they removed it, the beast wavered, and the still form of Hirdan remained. Ciart' stepped back into the open air as they began carrying the corpse off, and bade them halt. He picked up the black sword and layed it on top of Hirdan's body, only then noticing the faint markings on his own palm which matched the hilt. Shivering slightly, he told them to burn the corpse and blade alike, and walked off alone towards the camp.

As soon as he was alone he stared at his palm, at the remnants of burn marks. He tore at the leg of his robe, only to find small scars running down his legs. Scars where the beast had struck in his dream. He could stand it no longer. What was truth, and what was dream? He ran to the stream to bathe, hoping to wipe away the webs of unreality with cool water. He swam for what he thought were hours, self-consciously looking at his arms and legs constantly, still finding scars. He was tiring; he dragged himself onto the grassy bank where he tried to calm his racing heart and clear his thoughts.

If this were a dream he only had to wait until he woke. It had to be a dream, or he was mad. He couldn't be mad, he had worked so hard, served her well. She wouldn't let this happen, not to him, not now. He was lying back, aware only of the light and the breeze both surrounding him, his eyes began to close, and the voice filled his head.

"You mustn't fear, you are not mad."

*If I am not mad, how can this be?* "You are my chosen, it was the test."

*The scars? How?* "I healed you. It was your

right."

*I do not understand. It was a dream! Tell me it was a dream!* "It was no dream, you slew the beast."

Hirdan. "Yes, a beast of K'irial."

*Let me be, oh please let me be!* "I cannot, the path has been chosen, none may leave it now. I am with you now for always."

*Why me? What have I done?* "You are my chosen; I shall be your teacher."

*What must I learn?* "I will teach you all my ways. You will have need of me."

*Oh dear Goddess. Let me be, please let me be, I cannot live as a madman, let me die.* "That I cannot do, I have given you your life, I cannot take it back."

*What shall I do?* "In time, you shall know, for now, you must rest. I shall take away the scars."

And he slept.

He woke suddenly. The night sky was a mixture of green and grey. The changing moon had returned. He turned over to find himself lying in the grass by the stream. He rose quickly and looked at his hands. There was nothing; his legs too were unscarred. A dream, dear Goddess, it was all a dream. He knew not what day it was nor did he care; he only felt relieved that the nightmare was over. *I must wash and go to see the men and carry on with the quest*, he thought as he leaned towards the stream to clean his face in the cool water. At first he thought it only a reflection of the moon, but as the water began to calm, he shrunk back from what he saw. His eyes, oh Goddess, his blue eyes, they were no more. Instead, two emerald orbs looked back at him.

"I am sorry my child, I could not remove all the scars, only hide them." And Ciart' quietly wept, his tears falling softly on a small golden ring and a beautiful jeweled dagger.





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## Letters of Comment

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

Dear Janice or Lisa or whoever:

I could have sworn I locced the 38th Twilight Zine but apparently I didn't. So maybe prompt response to your latest will partially erase the stain of unachieved fanac.

This is the finest treasure trove of Joan Hanke-Woods art that I've seen in one issue of a fanzine for years. That alone would make it a treasurable issue, even if the text had been as illegible as most computer-created fanzines offer. But I could read the words, too, which makes it even better. I wish you could convey the secret of how to get good reproduction despite computers to the other fanzines that turn out microscopic or fuzzy or otherwise illegible. [It's called a laser printer.-ed.]

If the new wave influences science fiction today, it's hard to see how it happens. Virtually everything that was hailed as new wave when it was being published is out of print by now and some of the new writers who are selling science fiction today are too young to have had much chance of reading it when it was still available. I never hear of collectors shelling out small fortunes for copies of *New Worlds* the way they do for *Weird Tales* from the 1920's, so apparently there's little demand for new wave stuff in second hand condition. What I think is happening it that today's writers are being influenced by the same mundane fiction gimmicks that new wave people converted to science fiction purposes. The "depressing, decaying future world" didn't get first inserted into science fiction by the new wavers, either. Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here*, Huxley's *Brave New World*, Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, some of H.G. Wells' science

fiction, Stapledon's *Odd John*, Weinbaum's *The New Adam*, and a hundred other examples could be cited.

The prozines and fanzines are just about all that's left that are Ours rather than Theirs. Somehow the few surviving prozines haven't been discovered yet by the millions who gobble up science fiction in its other manifestations, and real fanzines (not counting those that aspire to semi-professional status or exist only to cater to worshippers of a television series) are still relatively unsmudged by the common mob. We've not only lost the important authors, but also conventions, most of which are hardly recognizable as such for all their features and increased attendance.

Alas, all the material about computer adventure games didn't mean much to me. I break out in a rash, fall into a Cheyne-Stokes breathing syndrome, mutter incoherently, and then turn tail and run fast every time I accidentally find myself in the neighborhood of a computer. Three years of misery at a computer terminal before I retired removed any faint possibility that I might someday become reconciled enough to computers to pet one or offer it a bowl of milk.

I liked the detailed nature and firm opinions in the book reviews. None of these books has been among my reading experiences yet, so I can't congratulate a reviewer on having been intelligent enough to react to the book as I did, or to scold him for daring to differ from my opinions.

The minutes were amusing, although I found myself suspecting that I no longer remember certain traditions of MITSFS which you explained in previous issues and thus I failed to understand fully the significance of certain cryptic lines.

Now that I've grown so old, I worry constantly about doing the same driving booboo that Bill Starr committed and lived through. Normally I look first to the left, then to the right, then to the left again, and finally to the right again before

venturing into an intersecting street whose traffic has the right of way, on the theory that I can count one two three four while doing so and I'll probably see on the second glance anything I missed the first time around. But cars parked so close to a corner that they obstruct the view have long been a major problem in Hagerstown which has curbs painted red or signs at many intersections but rarely tags illegally parked cars and there are a lot of local drivers who seem unwilling to park anywhere except at the very edge of a corner. I suspect it results from the growing inability of the Hagerstown driver to park parallel to the curb between two vehicles.

It was good to find Leigh Couch represented in a loc section, even if she conveyed the bad news that she is gafiated. Just the other week I was wondering in a letter what had happened to the previous generation of St. Louis area fans. Duggie Fisher and Donn Brazier seem to have vanished as completely as Leigh, while others like Lesleigh Couch and Joyce Fisher first moved away, then gafiated in their new areas.

Robert Coulson  
2677 W. 500 N.  
Hartford City, IN 47348

Dear Editor, whoever you may be,

Comments on TZ39. Bill Starr must be restricting his reading to science fiction only, when he can conclude an article by writing "And one of Us has gone over to become one of Them."

One of us? Admittedly, Asimov is the only science fiction writer with enough of a name to be able to rent it out to a newspaper quiz. (And doesn't Bill ever look at *TV Guide*, so that he hasn't noticed all the Asimov articles therein?) But John D. MacDonald started out as a science fiction writer; Fawcett has just reissued his *Wine of the Dreamers*, written long before Travis McGee was a household word. Remember all those wild space adventures in *Planet*, by Alfred Coppel, who is currently a medium-sized name in the international intrigue field? Of course, Coppel hasn't deserted the field entirely, but his science fiction, *The Burning Mountain* is a good example,

is disguised now as spy novels. Starr mentioned Alan E. Nourse, but not the fact that Nourse is now writing serious mundane novels about the tribulations of doctors. Michael Shaara, who did some great short stories for *Astounding* and *Galaxy* in the 1950's went out and got a Pulitzer for his book about Gettysburgh, *The Killer Angels*. One of the all-time great fan names, Lee Hoffman, is writing westerns and historical romances, and got a Spur Award for one of her westerns. I'm sure there are others who have left the field to become big names elsewhere, but those are the ones who come to mind.

I wouldn't mind knowing where some of the people in you missing persons list are, either. Ross Pavlac was still in Chicago area and active in local fandom as of last November. Try checking with the Windycon committee. And I believe That's Mario Kwiat, not "Kwait". But I don't have any fresh addresses up my sleeve.

Marc "The Alpert" Alpert, M.D.  
461 Brights Lane  
Perillyn, PA 19422

Dear People:

At long last I am finally killing 2 birds with one stone. I am writing a LoC for TZ 38 and replying to your letter of October, 30, 1987. Rumors of my demise are highly exaggerated. I am alive and well here in Pennsylvania.

I think that you will notice that the format of this letter is slightly different from my previous letters. [Ed. Actually, the only person who would notice is now in New York. Sorry.] At long last, I have finally gotten my own computer. I have a Sperry (Unisys) IT (IBM AT clone) with a 1 MEG RAM, a HD 1.2 MB floppy disk, and a high speed 42 MB hard disk as well as 80287 coprocessor. I got it wholesale from a neighbor who works for Sperry. While I was at it, I got an EGA display. It is frightening to realize that on my desk is a machine almost as powerful as 2 rooms worth of IBM 7094 equipment from Building 26 from my days at the 'Tute.

I am currently very slowly cataloging my personal book collection on Reflex. At present all

my information is on handwritten file cards. What software and hardware are you currently using for Pinkdex? Who is the lucky person who gets to keep you up to date?

As for TZ 38, I find it up to the usual *Twilight Zine* standards (?!). The part that I identified with the most was the *Lore of the MITSFS* #2. It is always nice in this craziness known as MITSFS to find something that is even vaguely familiar. It is also nice to realize that after 2 LoC's, I finally got some answers to some of my burning questions of the year.

In going over your *Lore of the MITSFS*, I noticed that you have substituted the Sports Model for the Original Gavel at the annual Gavel Toss. Having participated in both the Gavel Toss and the Coconut Clobber, using the Original Gavel as both a member of the Star Chamber and as Emeritus Skinner, I most heartily protest. You are subverting the original traditions of MITSFS. In order to maintain the purest connections with our glorious past, I implore you to return to the fold and dust off the Original Gavel.

In the meantime, keep up the rest of your other good work. Just remember, when you least expect it, I will show up to haunt you at the library, a picnic (for which I haven't received invitations recently), or at a meeting. I also expect TZ 39 REAL SOON NOW. [Ed. Well, you missed it.]

[Ed. note: Marc Alpert is indeed, a Skinner Emeritus. The Jourcomm fails to understand how he could be well in Pennsylvania, since I spent 18 years trying to get away from it. The current Skinner is horrified at the idea of you owning a Unisys computer, since he spent three long, boring summers working for them. But congrats anyway. In answer to your questions, we are currently in the process of moving Pinkdex to Project Athena, using Ingres. The two people most responsible for its maintenance are Susan Tucker and Connie Hirsch. From what they tell me, it's just loads of fun.]

Albert W. Kuhfeld  
7307 W. Franklin Ave.  
St. Louis Park, MN 55426

Dear People,

Got a copy of *Twilight Zine* in the mail the other day. I have moved, but recently enough that they are still forwarding things. Enjoyed it greatly! I am still interested, no doubt about it.

To fill you in on things that have been happening to me, I am now a museum curator. It is a peculiar thing to do with a doctorate in nuclear physics, but then, I am a lot better off than if I had taken that one physics position my advisor offered me lo! those many years ago. (It was at Los Alamos, and the funding never did materialize. I would have been out in the desert without cash....) The current job has me working in the past instead of the future, dealing with electrical artifacts from the eighteenth century. Why, we even got a vacuum pump circa War of 1812.

I am doing the occasional story for *Alfred Hitchcock's Mystery Magazine*, but my wife is getting more publications than that: her first novel, *Murder at the War*, came out last summer and did very well. Her second is due in May, she is sending back the rewrite on her third tomorrow, they want the fourth by the end of the summer, and they are making big plans for the fifth. I think a trend is becoming evident.

Brian Brown  
11675 Beaconsfield  
Detroit, MI 48224

Dear Editor:

A hail and farewell to Janice who's done such a good job editing TZ. I look forward to Lisa Kroh's tenure as Jourcomm.

In her editorial, Janice wonders what the fuss is about cyberpunk. It's getting pretty obvious, I think, that cyberpunk has been a media ploy of Bruce Sterling (a.k.a.: Vincent Omniveritatis) and John Shirley, neither of whom has had Gibson's overnight success and may well be accused of shirttail riding. Shirley is a bona fide punk/street person which seems the only real connection between these writers and that street/drugs/punk culture.

Bill Star wishes to see the British original *Max*



*Headroom*--but, hey, it's readily available for \$16-20. It's the only *M.H.* video cassette out. Personally, I don't see where the changes in the British and US version matter all that much except that the ending of the British version was illogical and unrealistic. Some parts of the British show were better than the American but neither show was as well thought out as it could be.

Janice's review of *Bimbos of the Death Star* touches on all the points I feel strongly about, too: the heavy D&D motif, the weak mystery, the vicious treatment of the fat girl, etc. I've heard that Sharyn McCrumb has written a mystery set at a folk convention and was a bit poison tongued about the people there, too.

Lloyd Penney  
412-22 Riverwood Parkway  
Toronto, Ontario  
CANADA M8Y 4E1

Dear Editor (Whoever You May Be):

Happy New Year! Thanks so much for another weird zine. I will have to assume at this point that you aren't Janice Eisen, so I will say best of luck with TZ40, and I'll learn your name as the next issue arrives. Here's a little loc for you....

Re Editorials: I recently got my hands on a copy of *Neuromancer*, as well. My own response was, "So?" Good book, but as Janice Eisen said in the editorial, I can't see what all the fuss is over cyberpunk. Perhaps I need a few more cyberpunk novels under my belt, or on my shelf, for that matter, but I don't see any makings of a new wave here. Most of the ideas contained within have been used before, right down to the drug-related hard-wiring of the brain.

Re One of Us is Missing: Isaac Asimov is probably one of literature's most profitable institutions; he doesn't even have to produce the product. Just put "Isaac Asimov's" or "Isaac Asimov Presents" on the front or top, and you've got a fast seller. I have to wonder as Bill Starr does if Asimov has been marketing himself to Them ever since he appeared as the science consultant for the first Star Trek movie, and

probably before that, too. Yet, there's bucks out there, and why not cater to Them if you can write to the satisfaction of Them and Us, too? If Anne McCaffrey can write a couple of romance novels, and Fred Pohl can write political texts, why shouldn't Dr. A go for other audiences?

Re Silicon Adventures: I had a try at *Leather Goddesses of Phobos* (reviewed in TZ 39) and found it extremely frustrating. It could be because I'm not very familiar with gaming of any kind, be it board, simulation, video, or any combination of the three. It's a good idea to do a little map-making as you're going through some of these games; otherwise, it's nearly impossible to figure and remember what progress you've made along the way.

Re Book Reviews: MacAvoy fans were able to meet Bertie at Ad Astra 8 in June. I also noticed that the worst book out of the bunch got the longest review. The bad ones seem to be the most memorable, I guess.

Re Club Minutes: Ah, it's fun to be insane. These minutes prove it. Once again, the enigmatic MALT makes an appearance. Now I know where he moved before Edmonton and Memphis.

Re The Priestess and the Poacher: Getting all the benefits of lanolin as described in this little tale is a common fantasy for many engineering students at many universities. The University of Toronto has a large engineering faculty...how big is MIT's (loaded question #183). [Ed. Are you kidding?]

Re letter from Marc Ortlieb: I received the final *Trigger*...a real shame, Marc. A shame. A libellous editorial, followed by sad fanfic. I hope something new will be coming from you real soon. Perhaps a revival of *Q36*?

Enough comment for now...a tough one to loc, especially for a non-Misfit [Ed. Please, it's MITSFS'er.] I'll look forward to the next one. Bye for now.

Ruth Berman  
2809 Drew Avenue South  
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55416

Dear Twilighters,

I enjoyed #39, with Joan Hanke-Woods' cover Disneyfying the hardboiled detective. It reminds me a bit of the recent episode of the "New Generation" Star Trek, *The Big Goodbye*, with Captain Picard, relaxing in a computer simulation (with the predictable troubles of simulations that get too real always to be found when fictional characters play any form of Dungeons and Dragons) of a *Maltese Falcon* style detective story, complete with replicas of Sidney Greenstreet and the young Peter Lorre.

I've been having fun of late working on an updated bibliography of Ruth Plumly Thompson, who wrote a good many of the Oz books (Del Rey Books reprinted most of them recently). A large part of what I've been doing has been going through a children's page she wrote for 7 years (!) for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, to check for the original publication dates of items that were later reprinted in collections of her work, and to look for other things she wrote for the paper that hadn't been located before. Along the way, I've been finding interesting tidbits such as the first appearance of the art of "Marge" (of Little Lulu fame — she also illustrated some of Thompson's own work). At age 11, Marjorie Henderson wrote to Thompson to say that she planned to be an artist when she grew up; she included drawings of herself and one of her sisters. Thompson printed the letter and drawings, (and other letters from the youngster over the next few years), and sure enough, her protegee turned out to be an artist, and a friend, too. The most amusing tidbit, I think, is finding a comment in 1916 on the election — the speaker in a verse, "Election", apparently speaks for Thompson in saying, "And say, I'm all for Hughes." I suspect she wrote it between November 8, when the paper announced that Hughes had won the election and the 10th (when the paper admitted that it was probably Wilson — Hughes didn't actually concede until some weeks later); the verse appeared on the 12th. I suspect that Thompson felt freer to admit her own preference (albeit after the election), when she couldn't vote anyway. In 1920, when women got the vote, she did not make any comments on the election in her children's page!

Terry Jeeves  
56 Red Scar Drive  
Scarborough  
N. Yorkshire YO12 5RQ

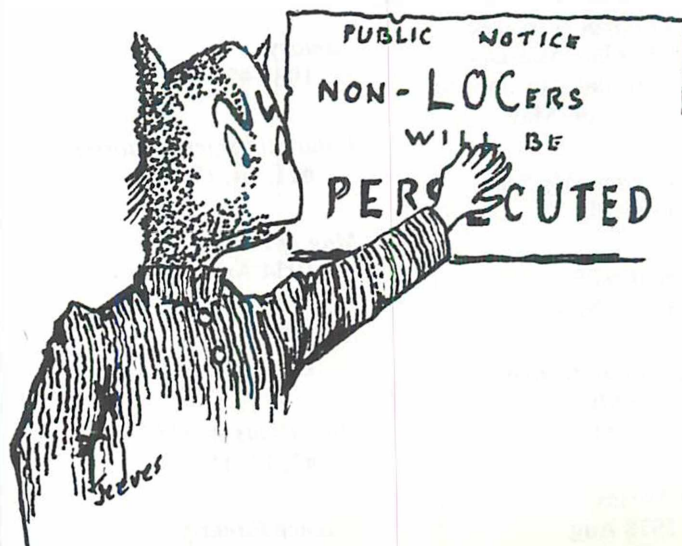
Dear MITers,

Many thanks, for the latest (and superlatively produced) issue of TZ. It fair makes me go green with envy. I was tickled to see in "Contributors" that I was listed as "still in Britain" even though I'm not sure just what that might imply. However, I have moved a bit... see new address above.

Enjoyed the book reviews (enjoyed the boot job on *Strangers From The Sky*) even though it will no doubt be a lengthy moon or three before most of 'em make it over here. Also enjoyed Bill Starr's car anecdotes, and feel tempted to give you a few of my own.. such as when Val parked the car in a sloping carpark and forgot one little detail — the parking brake.

I'll have to keep this brief as I'm trying to clear the decks for a further hospital visit and another operation (yes, after the five in 1986/87 they still haven't got it right).

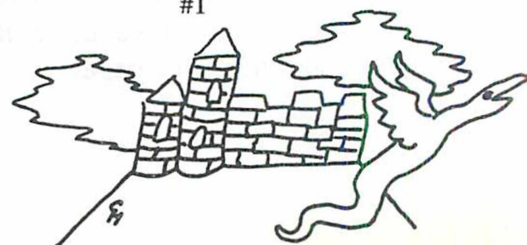
However, since the tick box faunches for "contribution", I'll try and enclose an illo or two... and also a short item "One Small Steppe" which will be appearing in the next *Erg*, but since that doesn't circulate that widely in the USA, maybe you can use it?



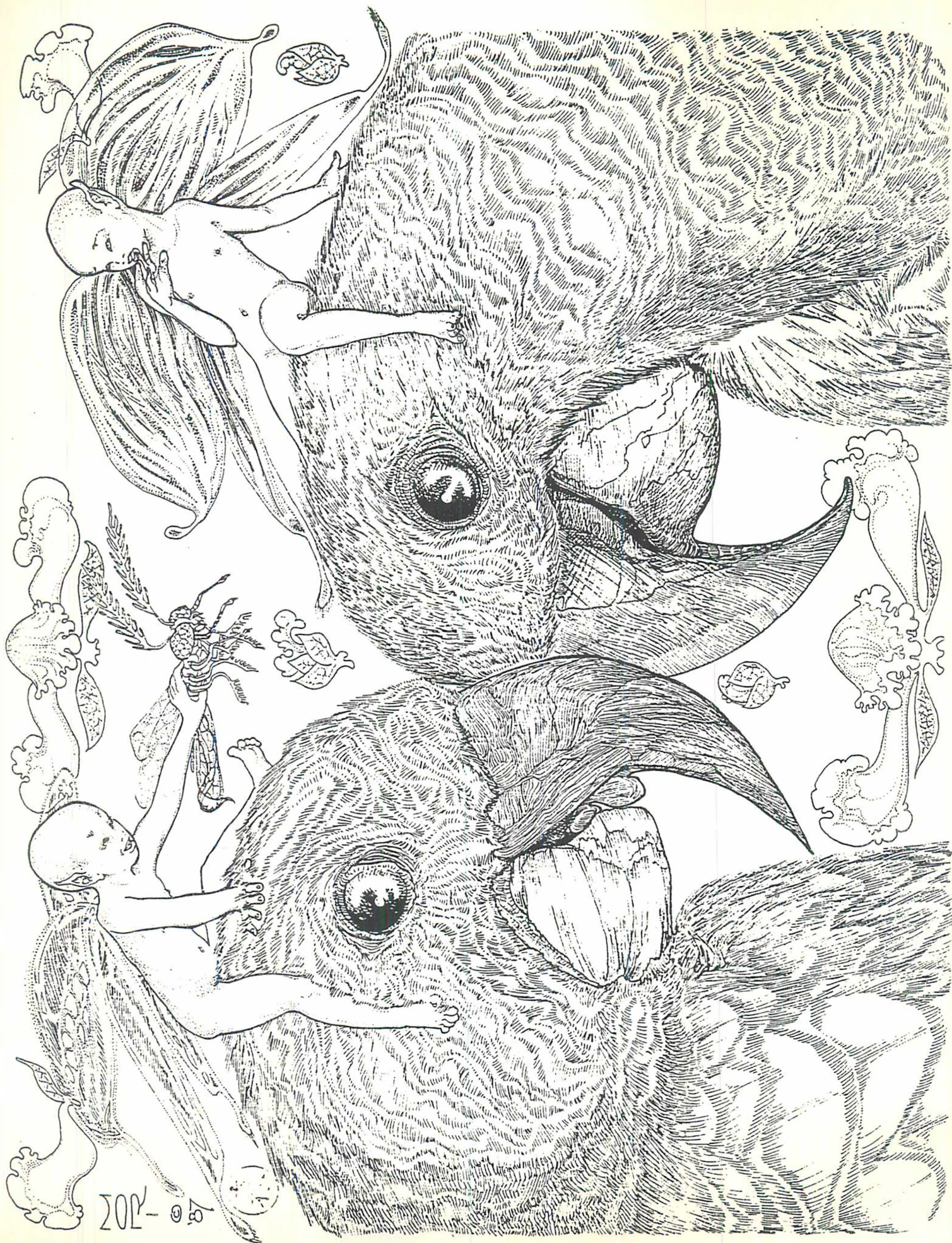
# The MITSFS Want List

Compiled by Ken Johnson

<b>American Magazines</b>	<b>Startling Mystery Stories</b> 1967 Winter(#7)	<b>Science Fiction Adventures</b> 1958 Jul(#3)	<b>Super Science Stories</b> 1945 Apr, Jun
<i>Adventures in Horror/Horror Stories</i> 1970/71 all	<i>Thriller</i> 1962 all	<i>Scoops</i> 1934 #2-20	<i>Uncanny Tales</i> 1940 all 1941 Jan-Nov 1942 Jan, Mar, May-Dec 1943 all
<i>Amazing Detective Tales</i> 1930 Jun, Aug, Sep, Oct	<i>Weird Tales</i> 1923 Apr-Nov 1924 all 1925 Jan-Oct, Dec 1926 Jan, Mar, Apr, Jun-Sep, Dec	<i>Supernatural Stories</i> #9-12, 16, 20, 21, 30, 31, 33, 34, 37-39, 41, 45, 101	<b>Semi-Professional Magazines</b>
<i>Amazing Stories</i> 1927 Jan	<i>Wonder Stories</i> 1930 Aug 1931 Jul, Oct 1933 Dec	<i>Tales of Tomorrow</i> #8, 9, 10	<i>Agronaut</i> #7
<i>Amazing Stories Annual</i> 1927		<i>Tales of Wonder</i> #1, 3	<i>Dark Messenger Reader</i> #1
<i>Doctor Death</i> 1935 Feb	<b>British Magazines</b>	<i>Vargo Statten SF Mag</i> Vol 1 #5	<i>Etchings and Odysseys</i> #1
<i>Dusty Ayres and His Battle Birds</i> 1934 all 1935 Mar, Apr, May/Jun, Jul/Aug	<i>Amazing Science Stories</i> #1	<i>Vortex</i> 1977 all	<i>Fantasy Macabre</i> #1, 2
<i>Ghost Stories</i> 1926 all 1927 all 1928 Jan, Feb, Apr, Jun-Sep, Nov, Dec 1929 Jan, Mar-Dec 1930 Jan-Apr, Jun, Jul 1931 Apr, May	<i>British Space SF</i> Vol 2 #1, 3, 4	<i>Wonders of the Spaceways</i> #8	<i>Horror Show</i> 1983 Winter, Fall 1984 Winter
<i>Mind Magic/My Self</i> 1931 all	<i>Extro</i> 1980 #1, #2	<i>Worlds of the Universe</i> #1	<i>Marvel Tales</i> 1934 #1
<i>Other Worlds</i> 1957 vMay	<i>Fantasy</i> 1939 #2	<b>Australian Magazines</b>	<i>Oracle</i> #1
<i>Scientific Detective Monthly</i> 1930 Mar	<i>Futuristic Science Stories</i> #11, 14, 15	<i>Futuristic Tales</i> all	<i>2AM</i> #1
<i>Sky Worlds</i> 1978 Aug	<i>Mag of F &amp; SF</i> 1954 Apr	<i>Thrills, Inc.</i> #3, 11, 14, 22	<i>Void (Australia)</i> #1
	<i>New Worlds</i> 1960 Jul(#96)	<b>Canadian Magazines</b>	<i>Whispers</i> #1
	<i>Out of This World</i> #2, 13, 15, 17	<i>Astonishing Stories</i> 1942 Jan, Mar	
	<i>Science Fantasy</i> 1964 Feb(#63), Apr(#64)		









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