

## THE TUILIBHT ZINE

#### NUMBER 4

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to Court and Lewis
for the added class)

Special thanks to Voo Doo, the Royal Letter, and even to So What for some of the stuff we used (not that these papers had anything to do about it, but--)

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We (the MITSFS) meet every Friday during the school year, at five in the afternoon, in the Spoffard room (1-236). Anyone foolish enough to come has been warned.

# FITHE FIRST an editorial by ye editor

Well now, here we are again, slightly more experienced, knowing among other things; how to work a mimeo, what a shading plate is, and why to use a stylus in place of a ball point pen. Thanks to Norwood who, as I was running off the last few stencils, showed me what that little gadget on the slde was for (it was the ink regulator)

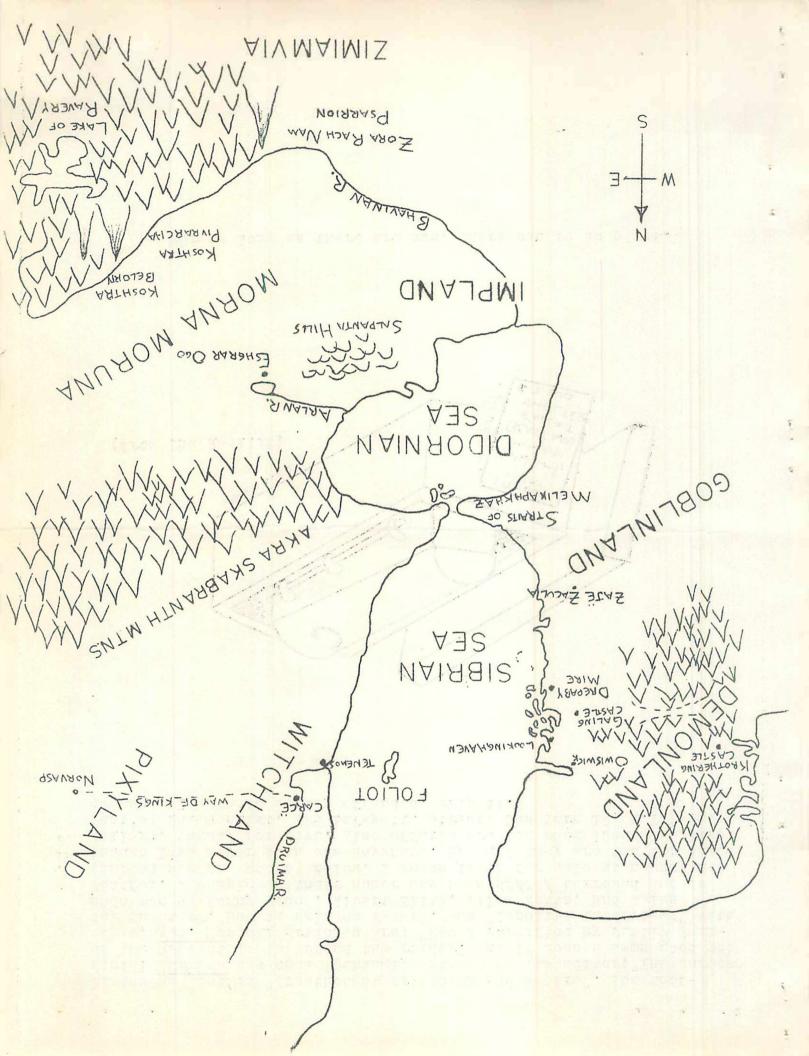
As I was packing, ready for the mad rush home at Xmas vacation, someone asked me if I were me. Yes, I'm me. He was John Harrison, ex-MIT man, or, as he so poetically puts it, a busted beaver. Handing me misc. stories and some copies of The Royal Letter, a sort of Tangent, Voo Doo, TEN all lumped together in one mimeozine, he told me he was an ex-member of tablecom who had heard of TZ and who wanted to contribute to the Cause. Later as I was looking through a copy of The Royal Letter, I came upon some interesting columns, BBC and Beaver Droppings. The Busted Beaver club (about 30% of the College of Advanced Science) sounds like the Outing Club, the SFS, and the Tangent bunches put together. There is a rumor (only a rumor) that CAS gets first crack at all the MITmen who don't make it. Hmmm.

Speaking of the Institute (salaam), one day I picked up the paper and on the front page was, in large letters, "Stratton Enters Race for Governor". (Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?) Later I found out it was not our Jay. Sigh.

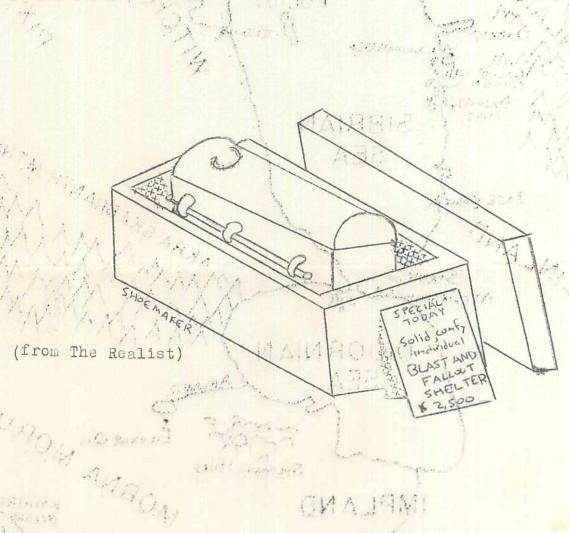
During vacation I managed to get a copy of The Worm Ouroboros. (I knew that it was in the reserve book room, but I could never find it. Seems that Norwood had it out for about three months.) It was great, (almost) as good as Lord of the Rings. A main difficulty I had was the lack of a map. Almost all the other saga type novels come with a map. The one in Lord of the Rings was a great help in understanding the travels of Frodo & Co. Anyway, perfectionest (ha) that I am, I decided to make my own map. By keeping note of all geographical descriptions, I managed to make one, of sorts. If anyone has, or knows of, another map of this "land", I would appreciate it if he could send me a copy, or at least notify me of any glaring mistakes in this one.

Also mentioned in passing is our un-Asimov meeting of a while back. The not-so-good doctor should realize that a body (even his) cannot occupy two places at one time (sic. Baltimore and Cambridge)

One day I saw a magazine called the Realist. Its sub heading was PRAY FOR WAR. Intrigued, I sent for a copy. The "official" purpose



of the Realist is "freethought criticism and satire". The unofficial purpose was once (jokingly) stated by its editor; "The purpose of the Realist is to offend the reader". And it does a damn good job of it, too. Typical articles are; "How I Fortified My Family Fallout Shelter", "How to Walk on Water", and "Impolite Interviews" with such men as Lenny Bruce, Albert Ellis, Allan Watts, and Jules Feiffer. A sample of their humor has been stolen borrowed and is (unless someone goofs) below. I guess it is for sale at newsstands though I've never seen one anywhere. By mail they are ten for three dollars, twenty for five. Also offered are ten back issues for two. That's The Realist, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N.Y. (same as Mad). If you're easily offended, skip it.



For as long as there are men, there can be no peace.

1981 1981 a 198

dame Y

## MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

-WHosmer

"Subleutenant Knangscorth to see you, sir."
"Send him in, send him in. Heil Karth!"
"Heil Karth!"

"Hi, Kng. I hear that you really got a beauty! Proto-atomic culture, with considerable resoruces of radioactives, wasn't it? And in record time too--I'll see that you get a commendation for this."

"Yes, sir. System 351.02-274.81-2007.95-III, local solar name sol, plane; earth. Controlled fission, uncontrolled fusion, close to controlled fusion and space flight. High-density planet, considerable stocks of refined radioactives and synthetic radioactives—enough to fuel all our operations against the Re'em for several deci-solards."

"Excellent, excellent. But how did you manage to get the psyco-drug despersors in operation so quickly? Besides the several days to set up the equipment (since we stopped supplying you scouts with fuel for the dispersors because of our shortages) it has normally taken several weeks to extract the necessary radioactives from the local ores."

"I used some of the radioactives that they has so nicely extracted, sir. And a very nice job of isotope separation they do, too..."

"All the better, now that they will be working for us. But I still don't understand how you did it. Your scout ship is too small to move the assembled equipment, and doesn't carry enough shielding for you to be able to carry concentrated radioactives any distance. Those Proto-atomic cultures are all alike--before we control their minds with our pshco-drugs, they are much too suspicious and nosey for you to be able to set up the equipment anywhere near one of their radioactives stockpiles. Your side-arm wouldn't deaden the area more than a few hours--long enough to transfer the radioactives, perhaps, but certainly not long enough for you to set up your equipment..."

"That was just it sir. On the smaller continent of the planet's northern hemisphere—that map there, sir—in that large city near the base of that hook—like peninsilar, I found some sort of insitute of learning, which had a primitive fission reactor on its grounds. I disquised my ship to look like the tail section of one of their primitive rockets. I then put the ship on the roof of one of the institute main buildings—one which had a domed roof—so that it looked like it was sticking in, and painted lines to look like crackes around it!"

"You What !!!??"

"...the loca l authorities thought the ship was just some prank perpetrated by the students. They removed it and placed it in a dump beneath one of the buildings. There, concealed by rubbish and discarded equipment, I was able to set up the psyco-drug dispersor without interruption. As soon as it was finished, I deadened the area with my psyco-pistol, removed a couple of fuel elements from the reactor, fueled the dispersor, and moved it into the open. Thats all there was to it..."

#### FROGHOOT LXIX

In the 30th century criminals were no longer sent to the salt mines, but to the spice mines. Yes, unbelievably, on the planet of New Indie there were located deposits of nutmeg, cinnamon, and all the common spices, which were supplied to the rest of the

galaxy by the labors of the prisoners there.

These prisoners were treated cruelly and their lives were made miserable by the guards. One day one of the inmates organized a revolt against these conditions. His stratagem was to, on a signal, throw large quantities of spice at the guards, until they were buried. After the riot, the prisoners were in control of the planet. Their leader got up and spoke.

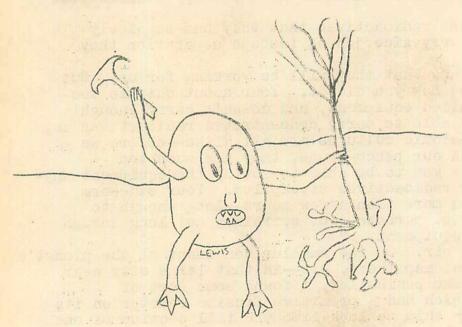
"None of you know this," he said, "but I am one of the most important and famous men in the universe. Tales of my doings have been appearing regularly in a magazine for the last thousand years. Therefore, I think you should remember exactly what it is that you

have done here today."

"What'd we do?" growled a prisoner in front.

"What did you do gentlemen?" he replied. "Threw thyme and spic with Ferdinand Froghoot."

-- Doug Hoylman



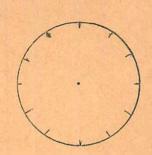
"Always a godfather, never a God"

Beware of Albanians who eat with chopsticks

Little Tin Gods
on wheels
(Judcom?)

EARTHMANI DIEI

## THE CORRECT THE



-Doug Hoylman (who has done it again)

A crowd was gathering, as it does so often in the big city. Wilbur loved crowds, and made it his business to be in the middle of them. He didn't really have to know why a crowd formed, but he usually tried to find out. He had just a little too much curiosity for one in his profession. Wilbur's profession was,

currently, picking pockets.

He hurried over and joined the crowd. It was evident that someone had fallen, or jumped, from the tall building there, even though Wilbur could not see the body. Policemen were pushing people back, as usual, and a girl was screaming. With all the excitement, Wilbur lifted a fat wallet with ease. (Summer was his favorite season, since so few people wore coats. Heisting a wallet is so much safer when you don't have to lift up the coattail. Try it sometime.) He was ready for another try when he saw the watch on the sidewalk.

It was an elegant watch, and Wilbur picked it up eagerly. He had lost his own watch some weeks ago, and he was a habitual clock-watcher from his days as an ostensibly honest clerk. It seemed to be in fine condition, except that the strap was broken, and it was running. Forgetting the accident and the next wallet, he walked to the nearest jewelry store to purchase a new strap. He selected a leather band exactly like the one on the watch, which appealed to him somehow, and paid for it out of the wallet he had just acquired. The wallet's thickness had been mostly credit cards, and Wilbur had just a nickel left after buying the watchband. He dropped the nickel into his pocket and the wallet into a trash can.

The crowd had dissipated with the removal of the body, and Wilbur, having nothing better to do, sat down on a park bench to study the watch. The brand name was one he had never heard of, "Chron-Time," and an inscription on the back read, "This watch unconditionally guaranteed by the Chron-Time corporation to keep perfect time," followed by something in an unfamiliar script. Wilbur whistled with surprise. He'd never seen such a guarantee on a watch before. Perfect time! Why, if it lost one second a year--what? There was no "money back" clause, just that guarantee. Wilbur looked up at the clock on a nearby tower and chuck-led. The watch was an hour behind. In fact, the watch read 2:37 and the tower read 3:37. Could be, Wilbur thought, it belonged to one of those cranks who refuse to recognize daylight saving time. He pulled out the knob and moved the hands ahead an hour, then looked back up at the clock. It said 4:37! Wilbur cursed

himself for reading it wrong, and adjusted the watch again. He noted idly that the air had cooled off somewhat. Just then a policeman approached him and said, "You going to sit there all afternoon, buddy? Nove along before you get run in for vagrancy." Wilbur left, not desiring to go to the station and have his unpleasant past dredged up, but he wondered how the cop could kick about the two or three minutes he'd been sitting there. He checked the clock on the tower again.

It now read 5:38.

Some idiot playing with the controls, he muttered or somebody working on it. He walked on and forgot about the watch. He lifted another wallet to buy supper with, then retired to

his "penthouse apartment," above a saloon.

The nest morning, after eating a rare breakfast--last night's wallet had been well-padded and less deceptive -- Wilbur stopped by a news-stand to see if there was any news on the previous day's suicide. There was, and he bought a paper, another unusual extravagance, because he felt a strange interest in this case. Also, he wondered if anyone was missing the watch. The article was on the front page.

#### UNIDENTIFIED MAN LEAPS FROM BUILDING

At 3:30 p.m. yesterday afternoon, a man jumped or fell, from one of the upper stories of the Dossman Building. Police have, as yet, been unable to identify the body,

extensively mutilated by the head-on impact.

A great deal of mystery surrounds the case. Not only is the identity of the victim unknown, but police have as yet been unable to discover even which floor of the 35-story building the man leaped from. Apparently no one noticed him until he screamed near the bottom of his fall, and none of the workers in the building recalled seeing him just beforehand. Police are now questioning all occupants of the upper stories.

Miss Carole Delaplace, 28, of 1322 State Ave., has told reporters that she conversed with the victim just before the accident. "He had the same kind of clothes, the same build, everything," she told reporters. "I was talking to him over here, then all of a sudder he left, and then that scream, and splat." Miss Delaplace is

being held for further questioning.

It bothered Wilbur that they couldn't identify the fellow. Then, he realized that nobody would recognize him, in all pro-bability, if he chose to jump off the Dossman building. Maybe the guy was someone like him. Except that Wilbur wasn't the type who jumped off buildings for the hell of it.

There was more of the article on a later page, but he didn't bother to read it. There was also a picture of the body, face down, and one of Carole Delaplace. The latter was reasonably attractive. Well, at least if the watch had belonged to the

dead man, nobody was looking for it.

This reminded Wilbur that he hadn't set the watch yet. A nearby clock on a jewelry store read 9:04, and his watch was still one hour behind. Wilbur corrected it, and then gasped.

THE JEWELER'S CLOCK NOW READ 10:04!

Wilbur, sweating, adjusted his watch to 8:30. The jeweler's clock read 9:30. To 12 o'clock. Somewhere in the distance a clock struck one. Regardless of where he set the watch, the jeweler's clock was an hour ahead.

If Wilbur had had any imagination at all--well, he wouldn't be picking pockets. But if he'd had some more imagination right then, he would have found the answer much sooner. Perhaps he wouldn't even have fallen off the bench when he reached it.

His conclusion was: When they said that this watch keeps

perfect time, brother, they meant it!
This cleared up a lot of things, but it still left some loose ends dangling. Why not daylight time? What is "correct time," anyway? And, mainly, where did it come from and HOW THE HELL DOES IT WORK?

But Wilbu: was no philosopher. It worket, and that was enough for him. It could do all sorts of delightful things. For example:

Wilbur walked into a jewelry store wearing a newly-purchased jacket, with curiously bulging pockets, which made him look almost presentable. "Can I help you, sir?" droned a clerk.

"No, thank you," replied Wilbur in his most cultured voice.
"I just came in to set y watch by your clock." He noted the exact reading of his watch, then turned the knob. When he stopped, the salesman was gone, the store was closed, and it was dark outside. Wilbur opened a few display cases, removed the newspapers from his pockets, replaced them with jewelry, and returned the watch to its original setting. The clerk reappeared, and Wilbur smiled at him and walked out

He continued the same sort of thing all day, keeping mostly to jewelry stores since he had grown rather fond of them recently. By nine that evening Wilbur had acquired a new apartment, a car, some decent clothes, and he had lived thirty-eight hours since that morning. He was justifiably tired, so he fell asleep almost at once,

When he awoke it was still dark outside, and strangely quiet. He switched on a light and looked at his watch. It read 10:41-and it had stopped. He looked outside. No wonder it had been so quiet: Everything was stopped, like a stereo photograph. People walking were stopped in positions that could not possibly be held without falling; cars stood with frozen smoke emerging from their exhausts; a woman had dropped a package and it was hanging in mid-air without support. Wilbur shuddered convulsively. He feared briefly that something was srong with the watch, but he wound it several times and the people outside started moving again. He laughed. Somehow he hadn't expected the watch to need winding.

He wound the watch all the way, set it ahead about twelve hours, and stepped out to greet the new day. Then he kicked himself mentally; first, because he'd forgotten to put any pants on, and second, because he'd just realized all the possibilities of time standing still as it had. No need to judge times so carefully, no chance of getting caught. Just go help yourself, come back home, and wind the watch. You were here all the time, Officer: Oh, well, it'd run down again sometime. When? No

matter. Wilbur had all the time he needed. All the time in the world.

That day Wilbur started branching out. He made bets on

horse races, elections, anything -- knowing the result in advance, of course, having visited the following day. He even played the stock market: Why be dishonest when you can make just as much

honestly and not worry about getting caught?

He invested money in banks, collected it years later with all its compound interest. ("Old bills, if you please, miss. Oh, I have my reasons.") He bought books when they were common and sold them when they were rare. He was rich beyond his wildest dreams. (But then, a small-time dip soes not have very wild dreams.)

Now, having all the wealth he could ever use, Wilbur decided to explore history, and the first history he wanted to study was

that of his miraculous watch.

He headed for the Dossman building at 2:30, by the watch, of the day it all happened. He noted immediately, with a start, that there was no watch on the sidewalk, nor was there a suicidal maniac on a ledge. Could be have the date wrong? No, the newspaper clipping was in his pocket, and it was dated one day later than the papers on the stand. He scratched his head.

"Little things affect men's lives." That's a cliche, but, like all statements hardy enough to become cliches, it's very often applicable. The little thing in this case was a feminine voice in Wilbur's ear saying, "I beg your pardon, but do you have the time, please?" He was used to this, for after all, the watch was rather conspicuous. He recognized the girl as Carole Whatshername in the news story, although her speech was certainly more sophisticated now. Putting up a false front, thought Wilbur, not noting the double meaning of is thought. He twisted the watch to show the girl the time.

Another cliche, if you don't mind. "We are all slaves to habit." Thank you. Wilbur's habit was twisting his watch every time he used it. This in itself was harmless, except from the viewpoint of the leather band. When Wilbur twisted the watch again, the strap gave up and broke. The watch fell on the side-walk. It made an odd clicking noise as it hit.

Then all was silent except for Wilbur's breathing.

He picked up the watch. It had stopped, obviously. He tried winding it, then shaking it, then winding it some more. It wouldn't go. He couldn't setthehands, either. Something vital was out of place.

This was thechance he had been waiting for! That time he'd resolved to let it run down and then be forgotten. He could go help himself to allthe money --

You call this living? No people!
Wilbur had always been a loner and a pragmatist. He'd never had love or companionship, never felt the need for it. Wilbur had never been a romantic.

Now he was getting so romantic he was making himself sick. For the first time in his solitary life he wanted a woman to love. He impulsively kissed the statue of Carole Whatsername, then shuddered. That wasn't impulsive, it was repulsive. Necrophilia:

He was stuck, stuck forever at 2:30 on this hot summer afternoon, surronded by corpses and frozen smoke, unless--

Unless he could get the watch fixed.

He found a jewelery store. Jewelery stores had been good to him all through this crazy buisness. He almost handed the watch to the man behind the counter, then checked himself. That man was frozen, as frozen as that girl out there, always looking at his

watch which wasn't there to see at the time which it always will be--

If Wilbur, back in his pre-watch days, had caught himself thinking in such poetic terms, he would have had a few stiff drinks and gone to bed. But now, it seemed to be the only way to

think in this madman's dream.

Wilbur found the watch repair manual which elementry enough, and opened the back of the watch clumsily. Then he gasped. The pictures in the manual looked nothing like the parts of the watch. The watch had no gears and no springs except the mainspring, which didn't resemble the mainspring in the book. It had parts which Wilbur had no names for and could not guess the function of. He threw the book down in disgust and reassembled the watch for no apparent reason. He knew it would do no good to look for another manual.

He ran out into the street, first shouting all the swear words he knew, then sobbing hysterically. If nobody else in this accursed (not the word he used) world was going to live, then, by God, neither was he! He'd jump off the Dossman building, just like that other fellow he came to--what other fellow? That was him! The thought sent him into hysterical laughter, which became grumbling as he realized that the elevator operators were frozen, too. Still clutching his watch, Wilbur climbed the stairs while insanely cursing the conditions that made it so inconvenient for him to kill himself,

By the twentieth story he decided that if he climbed another flight, he'd die of exhaustion. This set him off laughing again, and he kept laughing as he walked into an office, pushed over a motionless secretary, and climbed out onto the window ledge. He threw the watch down toward the street in disgust and jumped after it.

The watch hit the ground with a click, knocking back into place whatever mysterious part had been knocked loose. The sudden resurgence of city noises into Wilbur's ears was soon drowned out for him by the sound of his screams.

A crowd was gathering, as it does so often in the big city. Wilbur loved crowds, and made it his business to be in the middle of them....

Conversation inspired by our recent movie:

VIII Man: You know, I think I will be a quantum mechanic.

XVIII Man: That's not bad. I'm planning to be a del operator, lots of money in operating dels.

misc. people

"F equals ma, pV equals nRT,"-that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Keats?



-Floyd Stecker

Ron Cooper was quite upset lately. Life was just a grind. But then again, this was not unusual. Haybe that's the way it is with you. It was then, at this time in his life, that the unusual thing happened to Ron. He had a strange caller waiting for him when he returned to his flat.

"I believe you are Cooper," muttered the shadowy figure in a tone of voice that made it difficult to distinguish his words. Ron didn't have to hear him. Somehow he knew that the man had come for him. The room had become blanketed in utter silence. The nearby furniture, cluttered and disordered with random pieces of scrap, seemed to grow dim in his sight. The whole room darkened. It was like plunging down into a huge abyss of nothingness. As black as things were, they seemed to grow blacker. The stranger had faded into the background. Only his voice could be heard.

"You know you must aid the cause," said the dark voice in a commanding tone. Faint though they were, his words seemed so loud as to pierce his skull and destroy any other thought. The voice seemed so familiar and at the same time, so foreign. In one way it seemed so comforting, and yet in another, so strange and terrifying.

"The cause is all important. The cause is in danger. You

must fight for the cause. Nothing else matters."

After a while, things seemed to grow lighter again. Ron found himself on a street corner. The new brightness that Ron experienced was more of a dull gray, the kind one sees painted on an old abandoned freightcar. Everything was covered with a thick mist.

It was impossible to see very far.

Ron looked around. At the streetcorner, there were signs on each concrete road. One roadsign said, "This way home." It was dusty and weatherbeaten and the words were quite hard to read. On this road, weeds were springing up between the cracks in the concrete. It seemed as if fragments of pavement were ready to crumble away beneath the pressure of the slightest footstep. It was obvious that nobody had used the road for some time.

The other road was quite different. It was a smooth, eightlane highway. The sign above it read, "The cause." It was in glowing neon. A little way down the road was a hugh billboard. It kept lighting up at different intervals in large block letters,

CAUSE, CAUSEWAY, CAUSE, CAUSEMAY, CAUSE, ...

Billboards never impressed Ron. He decided to take the road marked "This way home." Then Ron's stomach turned and he broke out in a cold sweat. He was walking very quickly with determination down that other road. There seemed nothing he could do to stop himself.

"Halt. Cooper, take these."

There, in front of him was an obese and fatuous looking slob dressed in old World War II fatigues. He looked like he was just missing an apple in his mouth. The whole situation seemed an utter farce. But for some reason or other, Ron couldn't bring himself entirely to that conclusion. There was something ominous and frightening about this beast who had just shoved him a similar pair of fatigues. Ron still felt that he must bring himself to grin. If he just grinned a little, maybe the pig would go away. With all his courage, he squeezed out a grin. A large fat fist smashed into his jaw.

"Cooper get up. It's your turn to go in. Remember the cause.

This battle is the big one."

There, in front of him was what looked like the entrance to a huge palace. The pillars must have been a hundred feet high. The building could have been a palace, but then again, it might have been a courthouse, or a barbaric sacrificial temple. Ron didn't know why he had thought of a sacrificial temple. Perhaps he would be lying on the alter at any minute. Ron slowly walked up the sterile, marble stairs leading to the doorway. When he approached the door, it opened without his touching it and he walked right through. Inside was a long narrow hallway which began with a high dome-type structure. Above the inner hall was a hugh gold clock with the la rge letters printed on it, "TIME IS RUNNING OUT."

The hugh lobby was dead of sound. Ron felt that his presence was known, even to the extent that thousands of eyes were watching him. He wanted to run but he knew he had to fight. After all, it was for the cause...He had to somehow fight his way through that seemingly endless corridor which waited for him under the clock. Ron huddled to the walls and crawled on the floor to the hallway, dragging his M-l with him. Still, not a shot was fired. The waiting was driving him out of his mind. Why doesn't somebody shoot. Somebody shoot. What kind of a war is this.

The corridor was covered with drying blood and pieces of human flesh. The stench was almost unbearable. They must be playing with him. They're just waiting out there, playing with him

There was only one thing to do. He had to kill them, kill them all before they got him. That was his only chance. He made a mad plunge down the corridor. Sweat was dripping down his face and had saturated his fatiques. They had to be waiting for him in the alcoves that lined the carridor. One by one, he would have to get past them. The line of alcoves seemed endless. Suddenly, a figure leaped out from the shadows. He was tall and well built, dressed in the olive green of a WW II German officer. Everything about his uniform was as one would picture it except for two large, black lightening shaped letters SS on the front of his shirt. He had a hideous grin which seemed to distory his whole face as the two men rushed at each other, the sound of their steps echoing in the halls.

So they came, one by one. Ron wondered why they only came singly to meet him and why they always fell instead of him. When would they stop coming? Where were the others on his side? What ever happened to the cause? What was the cause? With each of the enemy he killed, Ron began more and more to hope that his chest would be ripped open by a spray of bullets. Anything to end this. Was this life or hell? There was no cause, just one lone soldier fighting an endless battle, running through an endless corridor, killing and killing the hateful things that ca me at him one by

one. What was he doing here?

Just then Ron saw a man dressed in a uniform similar to his. He was wearing eyeglasses and they were drenched with tears. Quickly he brushed by, running in the opposite direction screaming, "There is no cause, save yourself! Just then, a gush of bullets spurted out and splattered this poor creature all over the walls. From they way he was hit, it was obvious that the bullets had come from behind. He was destroyed by his own army, probably to help the cause.

Now it was clear. He couldn't go back. He didn't have to go on. What if he just stopped and waited for them to destroy him. Surely they would keep coming. Ron tassed his M-l down the corridor and watched it slide over the slippery marble floors. Now he would

just wait.

After all, waiting didn't bother him anymore. He had heard the bullets. He had seem the bodies. He had fought long enough so that the horrors of battle had become commonplace to him. All he wanted was to rest. He streached out and the corners of his mouth curled up slightly. His eyelids closed. After all, there was no cause. He knew that the man who had come for him was now dead. He knew that those who made him fight would never return. He would wait until he was destroyed. He would wait.

The Germans stopped coming. When it didn't seem to matter if they came or not, they didn't come. They were gone. They were even hard to remember. Things grew dark. The blackness was

returning.

Finally light came. It was also a different kind of light. It was the peaceful golden glow of sunset. All around were the ruins of what looked like an ancient sacrificial temple. Fragments of pillars stuck out between the busnes and weeds. Ron was lying by a dusty beaten road. There was a sign above him which was barely readable. It said, "This way home."

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## DEFINARE TO

-Norwood (shudder)

The utter strangeness of the place struck Phill before the danger. He stood trying to shake off the off the vision as the tall thin plaster walls fell around him, slab by slab, one after the other. It took pain to convince him that this was reality; the pain of flying shards and the vision of a tilting universe of solid matter looming over him. He ran, almost flew the last few inches on the blast of air from the falling wall. He crashed into the deep pile of rubble as the wall thuded down behind him. Slowly he scrambled to his feet, coughing and shaking his arms which were caked with dust and blood. Suddenly his stomach and shaking his arms which were caked with dust and blood. Suddenly his stomach knoted at the thought of what might happen at any moment. He ran blindly forward then looked back. The shattered mass that had almost mashed him lay still under athin cloud of pale yellow dust. There he would be safe. He rushed back, still coughing and stumbling--almost blinded. Where one wall had falled no more would fall. He smiled because he had not paniced. Even in this impossible situation he had thought his way out. Then he looked around him.

The walls were scattered randomly in a sort of a maze, but each more distant wall was taller than the one in front. His eyes followed the walls into the distance until he was twisting his neck to stare almost straight up at the most distant wall. Then the noon sun caught his eyes and he crumpled to the ground and huddled

there, able to see only a painful purple.

Could this be a dream? It was very like a dream, but he had never felt pain in a dream before. Besides, he could remember his normal life up to the exact moment it had happened...whatever "it" was. He had been standing on his front lawn, yelling at the neighbors' children to keep out of his hedge. Then, as though his eyes had suddenly played him false, he was here. He shook himself as if to be rid of this vision, but even before he opened his eyes, he knew that his memory of home had not brought him to what he had always considered the only possible reality. Always he could hear the dissonent, irregular crashes as the universe fell down. At least he could see, though everything blured and he had to force his eyes to remain open. He longed for water but as far as he could tell there was nothing but dust and sun and walls.

For a moment a huge, steady wind rushed past him, clearing his vision a bit. He looked around for the cause. Again fear paralyzed him as he saw that a wall had fallen nearer than the one before. Those huge distant walls were large enough to reach him

as they fell. He wasn't safe here. In fact, nowhere was safe. The two walls were huge enough to fall across the world, and they were in all directions. They were too tall to even think of climbing -- too far to run past. They would stop. They had to stop falling. But no, the shock of each wall that fell was enough to topple another. The wave of distruction spread out further and faster. The crashing rumble was almost continuous. He was at the center of an embankment of fallen walls, and more and more rapidly chunks of plaster and clouds of dust flowed over the rim towards him. Now the walls fell so that their edge just touched the peak of the pile, mashing it flat.

He could only search the beginning, the very moment it had started, for a way out. He somehow felt that in that instant there lay an answer. He traced back, back. The walls could not have always been falling. They must have started as he arrived. The nearer walls were smaller, the smaller walls were nearer. Then he had w vivid picture of his foot, wedged between two minute and delicate membranes. He had twisted his foot and stepped upon them and the weird tracery of razor thin slivers had started to crumble outwards. Then he had looked up at the walls and forgotten. He had started it all, then. But all these memories seemed so useless.

DO N! The thought came suddenly and he was on his knees pawing at the plaster. He came to his senses and stepped back, saw where a slab had completely cracked away and inserted his fingers in the crack. He heaved and it lifted, cracked wasy and inserted his fingers in the crack. He heaved and it lifted, revealing fine powder beneath. This he pawed at until it hurt his hands like salt and slowly a hole began to form. He could no longer stand so much pain. He closed his eyes and crouched in his ritifully inadequate shelter. He then felt the difference in the bottom. He stood up and looked. He had dug through the sand and below was a smooth, almost crystalline layer. He grabbed a wedge of plaster and smashed at it. It cracked and broke through and he stood back in horror. Below the ground there was nothing, nothing but air. As far as be could see the space dropped a may as the small inverted cone of dust flowed out. No. Better to stay here and be mashed than to fall. He feared falling. But he had no longer a choice. The shaking ground widened the crack he had made and as more and more dust flowed down he fell and was cast into space just as the last wall began to crack. He got out the briefest of glimpses of what lay behind that last wall and he was falling free. He screamed.

Falling free. The air cleared his eyes and his head. There was nothing to fear but the bottom, and there was no bottom. He fell in the ray of sunlight which shown through the hole he had broken, fell surrounded by larger and larger pieces of wall. Fell free from being crushed. 'hy, he could fall forever without ever worrying.

It was several years before he began to really realize what

"forever" was.

President Kennedy says: Drink milk. Its enriched with strontium-90 for that radiant look. You'll glow with health. The three-man exploratory spaceship "DIMVIT" careened wildly through space. Warning gongs went unheeded and meteors clanged on its impervistee! hull as the sleek vehicle yawed, veered and looped-the-loop. Was this one of those dreaded death-derelicts that prowl the spaceways - their crews dead, no handat their helms to guide them in their mad careers through the ether? No; this ship was the latest command of that dashing and intrepid astronaut, Crash Gordon. At the moment, however, he attended to concerns more important than the piloting of his craft - concerns so important, in fact, that he had, for the nonce, utterly deserted the control room, allowing the ship to take the bit in its chromium teeth.

Crash Gordon was eating breakfast.

Dr. Gamaliel Xarkov, the distinguished Soviet astrophysicist, watched with undisguised disgust as Crash poured a liter of milk over his bowl of Crunchy Munchies, the delicious his protien algae derivative guaranteed to make children grow at a rate exceeding dV/dt.

Miss Dale Ardent, the undistinguished paramour of Crash Gordon, watched with maternal indulgence as he proceeded to consume, with ostentatious enjoy-

ment, the sodden mess that resulted.

"Crash," said Dr. Xarkov, valiantly quelling the revolt of his stomach, "do you really like that stuff?"

Crash turned his diminutive blond head from side to side as if searching for hidden microphones, then answered, "No, but I gotta eat it 'cause I'm the company's contact man in the Space Corps. You see, my father owns 51 percent of Consolidated Seaweed, the company that produces Crunchy Wunchies."

Suddenly the ship yawed heavily, upsetting the breakfast table. Dr. Xarkov picked himself up from the floor, removed Crash's still-damp cereal bowl from his head and said, with great restraint, "Crash, I think you should maybe ought to go to the control room and see what happened."

Crash sped to the navigation cockpit, followed by his two fellow crewmembers. He bustled about, punching keys on the computer and taking sextant

readings,

Dale and the Doctor waited in suspense as he scribbled rapidly on a sheet of paper and fumbled with a large slide rule. "The way I figure it," he said at length, "we're now within the gravitational field of Saturn, and are being pulled toward the planet at great speed. Unless someone pilots us in, we'll crash." Dale and Xarkov stood thunderstruck; Crash looked at them expertantly. "Well," he said, "isn't someone gonna take the wheel?"

"But Crash, dear, you're the pilot," lisped Dale sexily,

"Cartwheeling comets!" exclaimed Crash as he dived for the controls. Hurriedly, he examined the guages. "Couldn't be better!" he said. "The terrain is favorable, and atmospheric turbulence is negligible. Conditions are just right for a perfect landing."

The "DIMVIT" came down in a screaming dive and piled up on a grassy plain. After the dust had settled, Xarkov and Dale crawled from the wreckage, dragging with them the muscle-bound form of Crash Gordon. "Now," growled the Doctor, "I know why you're still a third-class pilot."

"Gotta live up to my name, Doc," Crash muttered groggily. He looked around. "Hey, this don't look at all like Saturn. What happened to all the

Ice IV and frozen methane I read about in National Astrographic?"

"Oh look at the darling little town," trilled Dale suddenly.
"And all the darling little giant ants," added Xarkov morosely.

The gleaming towers of an archaic-looking walled city rose from a nearby hill; and advancing toward it with patently hostile intent was a horde of enormous insects.

"Jumping jets!" Crash exclaimed. "Iknow the ads claim Crunchy Junchies aid growth, but this is ridiculous!"

Xarkov looked dubious. "How could Saturnian ants get hold of an American breakfast cereal?"

"The company drops parachute loads of the stuff onto backward planets and deducts it from the income tax as charity. Actually, they hope to open new markets that way."

"More likely start an interplanetary war," growled Xarkov, and continued to mutter something about "warmongering capitalists."

"Speaking of war," mused Crash as the giant ants swarmed up the city's silver walls to attack the sentries, "I think it would be a nice gesture for us to help these people here...especially since we seem to be stranded here: without friends or food."

"All right," said Xarkov without enthusiasm, "let's help them."

"Fortunately, I came prepared," said Crash. He took from his pocket a six-foot broadsword. "You can get one of these for just ten cents and 50 Crunchy Wunchies boxtops. Forward!" He charged toward the fray, followed by Dale. Dr. Xarkov folded his arms and remarked to no one in particular, "As I was about to say, I will remain behind and defend the home front."

It was well he did so, for, just as he was lighting up a cigar, Crash and Dale returned, traveling rather faster than before. Three or four giant ants pursued them.

"These ants..." puffed the red-faced space hero, "these ants have no respect for the Space Corps and Consolidated Seaweed!" Regretfully, Dr. Xarkov discarded his cigar.

"Consider the home front," said he, "abandoned."

At that moment, however, the monstrous crustaceans stopped and appeared to confer for a moment. Then they, followed by all those who had attacked the city, rapidly retreated toward a nearby desert whose flat, sandy surface was adorned with several curious-looking mounds of a large size. "Roaring rockets!" cried Crash. "I cared 'em off!"

Dr. Xarkov retrieved h is cigar and brushed it off carefully. "No doubt they were discouraged by your phenomenal speed."

The grateful city guards approached just then and arrested the astronauts as undesirable aliens. The three were marched through the jeweled streets of the city and thrown into a cell beneath the stands of a huge arena.

"Maybe", soliloquized Crash wistfully, "maybe if we got rid of those giant ants, these people would be grateful enough to let us go. If we could whip up a few tons of DDT..."

"Or if we could find some giant uncles to step on the ants," sneered Karkov. "Say, don't I recognize that fellow?"

That fellow was a spaceman named Page, who had been imprisoned for four months. "You three are in for it," he confided to Xarkov. "You and Crash will have to fight the champion gladiator of the city out in that arena-"

"Hey, Doc!" called Crash, who was peering through the bars of the door leading out. "This arena looks familiar somehow." Xarkov joined him, and saw th floor of the gigantic stadium was patterned in huge black and red squares

like a chessboard. "Of course," said Xarkov. "It's the one they used in that new movie, Chessman of Jupiter. They must have shot it on location here and then left the arena for the city to use."

"But this is Saturn," protested Crash.

Karkov shrugged. "Maybe the producer thought it looked more like Jupiter

than Jupiter does." He returned to Page.

"You've got to fight," continued the spaceman. "If you win -- ha! -- you go free. If you don't, your girl friend is sacrificed by being thrown to an octopoidal beast." Page explained to his horrified compatriots that the beast, imported from Earth, had, quite literally, eight arms. It consisted of four slaveringly lecherous MIT juniors who, when the girl was thrown to them, would tear her limb from limb in their mad desire each to get hold of her first. Crash shuddered. "Listen, Page," he said. "You've got to help us in this fight."

"Not me!" said Page. "Just look for me in the phone book."
"I guess he means that he's a yellow Page," deduced Xarkov.

At last the great day came, Frenzied thousands cheered as Crash, brandishing his Crunchy Wunchies broadsword, stalked slowly out onto the "Board." Frenzied thousands booed as Crash, catching sight for the first time of his eight foot tall opponent, turned on his heel and stalked rapidly back toward the dungeon gate. Unfortunately, the guards had already closed it after ejecting the reluctant Xarkov. The good Doctor was leaning against the arena wall, puffing on a cigar and regarding the champion gladiator with a baleful but resigned glare that reflected the semi-Oriental fatalism of a true Russian nihilist.

Finding his only retreat irrevocably cut off, Crash moved foward warily to meet the attack of the gladiator, whose name, as it happened, was Gladiolous. The two heroes engaged their blades; immediately, Crash's snapped off at the hilt. "Shoddy mail-order goods," growled Xarkov, just as chaos broke loose in the arena. Giant ants swarmed over the walls and onto the board. Before they could realize what had transpired, Crash and Xarkov found themselves being carried out of the city by the great insects. Looking back, they saw that one of their grotesque benefactors had broken into the dungeons to rescue Dale also.

The three were taken to the largest of the gigantic anthills, where a benevolent-looking old queen greeted them cordially. Speaking with an ingratiating lisp, she explained that she had heard Crash make a remark indicating that he was associated with the Grunchy Wunchies people, which was the reason that they had ceased to pursue him initially and had rescued him and his companions subsequently. She hardly dared hope, she said, that what they had heard was true.

"Indubitably," said Crash. It was the only long impressive word he knew, and he a lways used upon such solemn occasions, whether it was appropriate or not. He produced his credentials

The old ant became quite excited at that. She wanted to know whether the nice young man could get some more of those delicious Crunchy Wunchies for her and her giant brood.

"I would be happy to, as a special favor to you;" replied Crash, diplomatic ally not mentioning his five percent commission; "If, that is, I could get back to Earth."

It so happened that the ants had a small spaceship which they had obtained in return for 25 cents and 5000 Crunchy Wunchies boxtops...

Dr. Karkov set the autopilot for Earth and then manipulated the keys of the astrocomputer for a moment. Slowly, he turned toward Crash.

"We've made the scientific discovery of the century," that worthy was boasting to Dale. "Saturn was heretofors considered uninhabitable --"

"Oh, no we haven't," said Xarkov grimly. "But not, at least, I know for sure why you're still a Pilot 3/c after fifteen years in the Space Corps."

"Why, Doc?" asked the bewildered youth.
"That planet wasn't Saturn; it was Venus."
"Galloping galaxies!" said Crash Gordon.

## editor's note

- John Harrison

"... As I hope that I have shown to all to be obvious, humanity has achieved the ability of self destruction. In the words of a popular song who's popularity perhaps reflects our diseased state of mind, "We will alk go together when we go". To recapitulate, we have reached the point where the slightest mistake could be fatal. Processes have been so improved that any well equiped machine shop could manufacture, at the cost of less than a thousand dollars, an effective centrifugal isotope seperator for uranium isotopes. And the world market is now becoming overstocked with uranium, due to the extensive uranium prospecting programs subsidized by the major powers. Even the lesser powers have developed nuclear weapons. With an excess of members in the "nuclear club", one member or another is sure to either mistakedly or purposely use her power. With the present, uneasy system of alliences, this can only result in everyone being dragged into a general holocast, An atomic war between two powers would by survivable, an atomic world war would not be. Even if any manage to find shelter, some of the participants are sure to deliberately use weapons that produce long lived isotopes, such as Cobolt-60, with a half life of sixty years, a time which none could escape, no matter how well equiped their shelter was.

The conclusion is obvious. There can, there must be no atomic war. How this is to be accomplished, I cannot say for sure. I have mentioned the various inspection systems and the arguments against them. As can be seen, none is foolproof, or maniac proof. Prehaps the result can only be achieved by a descision of the peoples of the world. But a descision must be soon, or the problem will be out of

our hands.

Editors Note: This manuscript is the 22nd in our series of translations of works from the antiquity of various cultures, put out by the Calactic History program. This book is unusual in that it is from a culture that no longer exists in any form. It is from the extinct race of planet 21003.55-1122.09-III, known to its (past) inhabitants as Terra. This book was written approxomately 2500 solards ago, about three solards before the race was destroyed, in the exact manner predicted by the author.

Pardon me Chancellor, are there any razis left in Germany?
No, und I tell you vhy. Ve haf organized special groups who vatch
all der people to make sure dat dey is not wazis. If dey tink dot
someone is a nazi dey break into his haus und drag him off to special
camps dot ve haf built. Den ve confinscate all his books und burn
dem so is no possibility to spread der propaganda. No, der is no
chance of nazism in Vest Chermany.

ARL

### INCIDENT

- John Harrison

It was in the fall of '08 I think, yes, it was 2408, when I met Jonathin Green. I was guns on the old Sirrus then, and he was assigned to my department as junior torps officer. He was just a kid, tall, blond, gangling, and possibly slightly space-sick...

... Anyway, early in the summer of 109, we were sent to the Deneb region on a scouting mission. This was quite close to the main concentration of Tark strongholds, and a rather unusual mission for a star-class cruiser, but the High Brass wanted the information in a hurry. Rather than scoding in something that would have to hide from every piece of space-junk, they thought it best to use a unit that could get in fast, get the info, and if necessary fight its way out. there were rumors that the Tarks were gathering most of De Kalb's squadron of Novas, and that they had even brought up an old Super-nova, and might risk it in a raid, although a Super-nova, for all its size and firepower, is strictly a line-of-battle ship. If they were collecting this much force, it could be dangerous, and so we had to find out if the rumors were accurate or not.

As it happened, there was no suspicious activity in the area, so we started home. Then it happened! As we came around the scramble-field of some fifth-rate sun, we almost ran into a heavy Tark destroyer! It was one of their flotilla-leaders, practically a light cruiser, and capable of a good fight, but no match for a star-class cruiser like the Sirrus.

The enemy commander realized the futility of trying to warp (although travel in warp is instantaneous, it takes a certain amount of time, depending on several factors, to get in and out of warp, and the star class was as nimble at warping as anything ever built—we could look on him when he warped, and be right on top of him when he came out).

Instead he took off on what offered him his best chance for safety—he lit out for home at sub-light velocity, and tried to shake us. He couldn't signal effectively, as radio wouldn't get back to his base much faster than he could, and he would have had to stop and go partly into warp to use the hyperphones of the time. We, on the other hand, did not want to use an a-torp of a high-energy radiation beam, as these weapons set up detectable sub-space vibrations, which naturally any warship or advanced position would be listening for. Therefore, we did not want to use the usual counter-move or warping after him and shooting at his retreating backside.

On board, we had a new and experienced weapon, a Conion ion-field. A considerably improved model of this with considerably more range is, in fact, now standard equipment. Our model, however, was so short-ranged that you practically had to climb up the enemy's tubes to use it. Although we had never tried it in combat, we knew how it worked— it overloaded the

enemy's force field and theoretically blew out all of his electrical equipment. We decided to use it now, as it produced no detectable subspace vibrations. We tried to put a tractor beam on the destroyer to pull it back toward us so that we could use the ion-field, but then the destroyer's commander showed a touch of genius. He gave his ship everything it had -- he must have ruined any of the crew who couldn't make it to the acceleration couches, as he would have overloaded the ship's gravity, not to mention risking blowing his engines under the emergency power -- but his velocity increased rapidly. We were so close to the speed of light that his mass went up enormously-- of course, he couln't reach the speed of light, but his velocity tended toward c as a limit, and of course his wass tended toward the infinite. Now a tractor beam has a certain pull-anchor ratio, that is, it will move a mass a certain percentage greater than the mass it is attached to, as the bear unit itself is braced against the fields of sub-space. However, if this ration is exceeded, the projector rather than the attracted mass moves. When the destroyer's mass approached infinity, it exceeded the p-a ratio of our tractor beam, and we were yanked along after him at a rate which rapidly approached his! Before we could let go the tractor beam, he clapped one on us! Then he really had us by the short hairs. We couln't decelerate and get away, we couln't warp, as the warp drive wouldn't work in the presence of a strong gravitational field, we were to close to the speed of light for any of our weapons to work effectively, and he only had to tow us for a few hours in the direction he was going to bring us within range of several Tark fortified planetary systems, which could destroy us easily with their heavy guns.

Jonathin spoke up. "Why not shoot an A-torp ahead of him? It would be difficult to destroy him, as the torp would have to be right on top of him, but it hight damage him, and it would certainly deflect his course and make him decelerate, and then we finish him off or get away easily."

I replied, slightly disgustedly, for I thought he had learned how to handle the weapons well. "Unfortunately, that is impossible. If you want to put a torp into warp you have to do it as it leaves the ship, and we can't do that in this tractor beam. As for shooting it ahead, nothing can go much faster in normal space than we are going now, so it would take a hell of a long time to even catch up with him, never mind passing him, and we sure can't wait that long. In the time you've spent in my department, haven't you manage to learn a few simple things like that?"

"I didn't mean it to sound like that. We could load a torp in one of the lifeboats, shoot the boat close, and then someone could warp it shead, and push the torp out with a delayed proximity fuse on it. I volunteer to pilot the boat."

"I thought that this sounded like a good idea, so I took it up with the old man. He OK'd it, as we were in such a spot that we had to try something, anything. He added "you better get that lifeboat in pretty damn fast afterwards, as we are going to run like all the devils of Hell are after us."

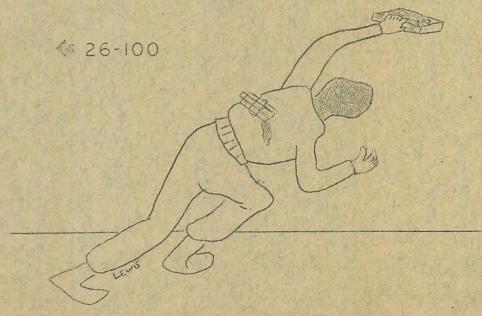
We had a warhead dishounted in about 15 minutes, but then we found that we had a bit of a problem—it was a very tight fit in the lifeboat's entry part! We had to get it all the way in for the boat to be able to warp, and we couldn't cut a larger hale because anything that we had that would go through Inpervite alloy in a reasonable amount of time would wreck the lifeboat in the process. At this point we had about three hours left until we would be within maximum range of the big guns on Barrell IV, and it took us an hour and a half of our precious time to get the warhead maneuvered into the lifeboat! We had plenty of men,

equipment, and room to work in; one man, working in the cramped quarters of the boat, could never get it out in time. I told Jonathin that he could never do it by himself, and that I was coming with him, but he answered "Sorry, sir, but this is my baby. Two men in the boat would just get in each other's way, and slow down the job. Besides, I'm a lot younger and more limber than you are—no insult meant sir—and after this goes off they're going to need you to handle the gums." Well, he was right, so I didn't say anything more. As he got in and closed the lock. We launched the boat and listened in on the radio. His voice cut off as he warped. At least forty minutes elapsed before it came on again. "I warped ahead all right, and tired to push this days warhead out, but it seems to be jammed, and while I was working, the destroyer passed me. I'll warp ahead and try again. I always wanted to see how one of these things worked."

We stared at the vision screen. Suddenly, such too quickly for him to have had time to unload the warhead, a light blossomed in front of the destroyer. As radiation static roared in the phones, the destroyer, buffeted by the fringes of the blast, and dataged by radiation shock, sheered off and decelerated, dragged back by the dead weight of the Sirrus on the other end of the tractor bear.

The rest of the trip was almost routine. We closed in on the destroyer before it could recover, and finished it off with an A-torp. Then we warped for home.

After we got back, we were contended for this and that, and Jonathin was awarded a medal nicely inscribed "for conspicuous bravery above and beyond the call of duty." The papers made his death sort of a symbol of the bravery of our fighting men, and there were statues dedicated to him, and a few parks and later one of the Yonrick Lysold class were named after him. I don't know what his feeling would have been about all the to-do, but we all new that we would have rather had him back with us on the old Sirrus.



AFTER THE FINAL

## where do you guys get the nerve?

#### -RAVIN RAVES

Well, we're back again. One of these days you people out there. will get awfully sick of this crud, and I can then stop this rambling because Twilight Zine will be no more. And then Morris will no more be able to stick me with this job. Sigh. Sigh-star.

I keep telling Bernie that we shouldn't run a letter column any more because we no longer get backpatting letters. But he wants a letter column. But I tell him that the letters we get aren't that interesting, and too few. But he says all fanzines have letter columns. And then I tell him ... but this is a family magazine. And then he says that we should have, or rather, he will, inject some controversial material into the Journal, sos we can attract some indignant or thoughtful or stupid letters. Hence, some controversial statements (courtesy ARLewis, who wishes to remain anonymous):

1) The only solution to the population problem is all out nu-

clear warfare.

2) Hitler was right.

3) The saxophone was sent by God to punish man for his sins. 4) Cigarettes cause cancer, but cancer is good for you.

5) Controversial statements are stupid.

6) It is better for Western civilisation that Germany remain divided.

Not that I wish to criticize those (few) who do send us letters. All four of you. Staunch souls all. Thank you Ann Chamberlain. And Lenny Kaye. And you, too, Harry R. Nelson; yes, Isaac Asimov DID mention the Dean Drive in a speech. He used it more or less as an example of an invention that organized science simply does not have the time to investigate, simply because there are not enough scientists around to investigate all "those wild ideas" and still have time to pursue orthodox, and I might add, highly valuable research. Asimov did NOT state that he thought that the Dean Drive was a hoax; rather, he said that he'd believe it when he sees it, but that he was inclined to think that it 'taint so. At least that's the way I remember it.

And now we will quote a postcard from Don Wollheim:

Dec. 12, 1961

Dear Jon Ravin:

So the MIT had MITtens again... This is a miracle of science---that a college stf club should survive one summer. The mag has improved, I'd say, and was quite delightful in fact. Uncle Hugo is obviously in his second childhood. Twilight Reigon (:) was very neatly done--I like, I like. Keep it up and soon you will successfully drag MIT down to the level of us non- sliderule types

Thanks
Yrs.
Don Wollheim

Now that's better!

Actually, Hoylman, who wrote Twilight Region (to spell it right), is perhaps the only person in the Society who can write.

But you is wrong with that crack about "...lasting one summer." The Noble Society is eleven or so years old. Nyah! Of course, we've never published before, so you've never heard of us. Also, what makes you thing Engineers are above ANYBODY? You've been listening to government propaganda.

Anyways, I think that's enough garbage for now. I'm sure you are all quite sick by now. Iam.

MARS

-ARLewis

Fourthmost planet from the sun, Most talked about of anyone, In color, red- a certain sign Of the presence of rust (an oxide of iron)

Its markings observed by Schiaparelli Who designated them 'Canali', Oft misconstrued by optimists Who think they prove Mars! life exists,

To date remain mysterious.
But noy so Phobos and Deimos
Made of rocks much like granite,
These small moons attend the planet.

We will use the planet Mars As a steppingstone to the stars.

A Russian pacifist: "I'd rather be blue than through"



Abolish prejudice through universal hatred.

(ARL)

Trade

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