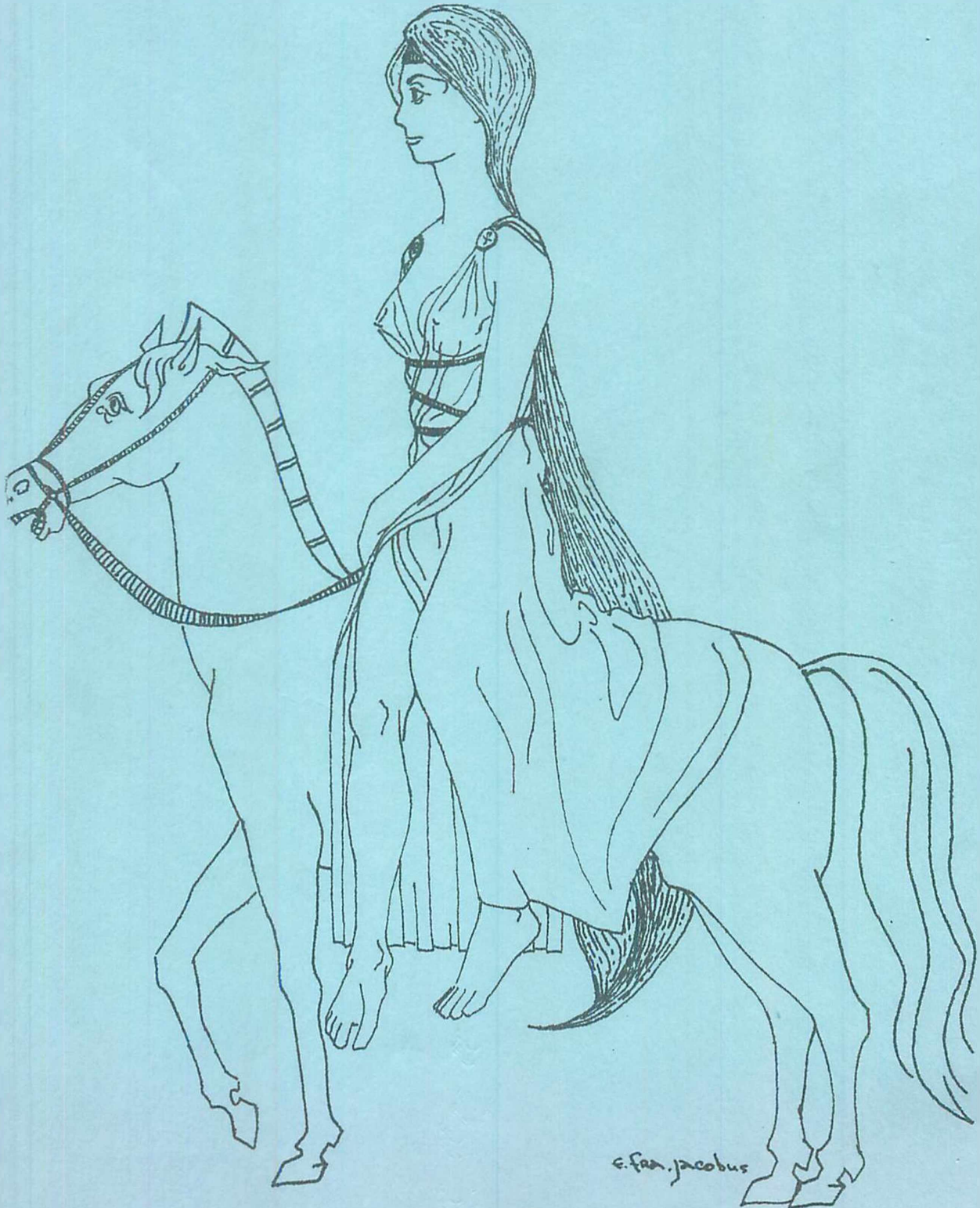


23 Apr 64

# THE TWILIGHT ZONE

12





# TZ

Number 12

Fandom is an in-group joke

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Cover by Chez Dorr, "Knimpfo in Classical Dress"  
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Dick Schultz: 12  
Bjo Trimble: 14  
Art Thompson: 25  
Chez Dorr: everything else

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## Special Dump on Bernie Morris Issue

THE TWILIGHT ZINE should be published quarterly but isn't by the MIT Science Fiction Society. This issue is maybe being printed April 9, 1964. To obtain a copy of this rag, you may: join the MITSFS, send us usable articles or artwork, trade for another fanzine, write an interesting letter of comment, or, if you're desperate, pay 25¢, but this is discouraged. No paid subscriptions, please. Next issue we may have a temporarily permanent address, but for now, pick the one you like best:

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(yep, they're the same)

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## Sterco, Ergo Sun

Produced by the BeaverBarf Press in association with Observer Productions, Unltd.

# 2

# ACCORDING TO HOYLMAN

an editorial

The astute observer will by now have noticed that this issue of TZ is not being edited by our old friend Bernie Morris, but by Doug Hoylman, the guy who types stencils and writes bad fan fiction. He may also have noticed that the last issue of this "quarterly" publication came out in October, and it's been one heck of a long quarter. I shall here attempt to explain these two occurrences.

Since December, members of the SFS have been asking Bernie, "When is the next issue of the Zine coming out?" His replies went from "When I get enough material" through "When I have the time" to "Bite the bag!" Now, this is in some degree understandable, since all seniors here at MIT except those in math (I'm a senior in math) must do theses, and theses have a way of demanding 200 hours a week of your time. Bernie is a senior. So finally, on April 2 (a day late!), Bernie accosted me and said, "Would you like to be editor of TZ?" As I recall, I never answered the question, but that same evening he used his girl friend to lure me up to his room, where I was laden down with the damndest collection of stuff: manuscripts, illos, file cards, ink, lettering guides, and bottles full of evil-smelling fluids, plus a couple things I haven't identified yet. I staggered back to my room and began to try to assemble something resembling a fanzine. You may judge for yourself whether I was successful.

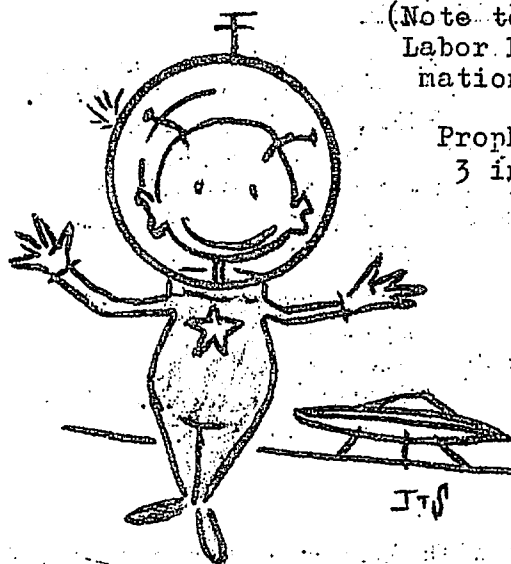
As I said, I am a senior, and I will not be at the Institute this fall. I will most probably be at the University of Arizona. I have no intention of trying to put out another issue this spring. Therefore, TZ#13, when it comes out this fall, will have yet another editor, who will have been appointed by the new skinner elected in May. I will not predict who it will be, though I could make a pretty good guess. As indicated on the contents page, you have a choice of addresses for to send things to.

For those of you out there in the real world who wonder just who I am, I will probably be at the Pacificon this fall. (Note to members: This is the World SF Convention, Labor Day weekend in Oakland, California. Information available in our library.)

Prophet and Loss Dept.: See the bottom of page 3 in the last issue.

## COMPLAINT

My favorite part of any sf magazine is the features: editorial, letters, book review, science or pseudo-science articles. This is the main reason why I like Analog, even though their stories are mediocre and the artwork downright sickening--there are lots of features. So I have been dismayed recently by various magazines' omitting their once-regular features. I especially miss Ferdinand Peghott, who has not been seen in E&SF





for three issues now. Either "Briarton" ran out of bad puns or he was run out of town. Also, I haven't seen Galaxy's once-excellent Five Star Shelf book reviews for a while. The last one that I remember was by Sturgeon. What happened to Floyd C. Gale? The Ziff-Davis pair have been not having letter columns now and then, and once recently even Analog had no Brass Tacks. Of course, this is probably the fault of the fans more than the editors. But it's irritating.

### BULLSEYE

It all started during intersession when Armin Moths brought some darts down to the SFS library looking for something to throw then at. So some ingenuous individual turned the Egg around and tacked a crude drawing of T.S. to it. (Note: The Egg is a painting of either a sunrise or a fried egg done on a huge piece of fibreboard. Nobody knows who painted it or why we have it. Until now it was not considered an objet d'art. T.S. is a freshman who cannot be described on paper--at least not this kind of paper.) Then somebody came down with a map of MIT, and we aimed for the Great Dome (which proved to have a force field around it) and the President's house. This was supplanted by newspaper maps, and you could aim for your unfavorite state or country.

All this seemed to me eerily reminiscent of nuclear warfare, or at least the popular conception of it: a general sits in front of a map, pushes a button marked "Pinsk", and boom goes Pinsk. So then I thought, why not war by sympathetic magic? It would be just as simple, and infinitely cheaper, than the other kind. Such a war could quite well start by accident, when a secretary bumps into a map of the Ukraine and causes an earthquake. The Soviets retaliate by building a scale model of the Pentagon and stepping on it. The U.S. places a map of Byelorussia next to a fan and causes a hurricane. Russia drops a map of Colorado into a goldfish bowl. America tears Leningrad out of a map and burns it. They turn Chicago upside down. We put Moscow on a phonograph turntable. Finally, the Soviet Premier, in agony because all the while pins have been jabbed in his voodoo doll, struggles to a safe, opens it, removes with quaking fingers a balloon which has a map of the world drawn on it, blows it up with what breath he can muster, fumblingly ties a knot in it, removes a pin from the President's doll, and punctures the balloon. (Hey! Maybe that's what happened to the fifth planet!)

Question. If you need some body cells from a person to work sympathetic magic on him, what do you need from a country? And how do you enforce disarmament?

### AFFAIRS AND HONOR

MITSES and LASFS (the Los Angeles fen) now share a member. She is Sue Herford, now at Radcliffe. Sueford has only been in the Society a few weeks, but she has already sparked a duel between Jim Dorr and Tony Lewis. The time and place have not yet been set. Weapons will be claymores if they can get them. (I had an offer to be Dorr's second, but, having read Mark Twain's "The Great French Duel", I declined.) Attending physician will be Franny Dyro. Motion picture rights have been granted to John Eulenberg.

-----  
What do you get when you cross a grape and an elephant?

(grape)(elephant)sin 9

What do you call two men who love each other?

Christians.

--VooDoo

# THE VORPAL SWORD

by K.K.K. Blatherton, F.W.S.  
retold for modern readers by Chez Dorr

((Due to an underwhelming number of requests, we are presenting further excerpts from Blatherton's immortal nondecalogy. We are also proud to present the first publication anywhere of a biographical sketch of Prof. Blatherton by the notorious fantasy biographer, Sol Lostizwitz.))

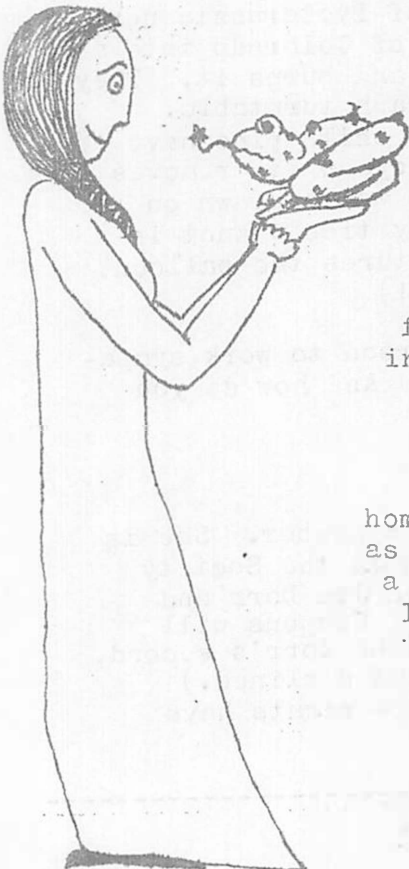
## Volume I, Book 32

In farthest fen there burbled fortune's cry:  
The news of note to noblekind and churl  
That risen fair from frog was Nasty's son  
That one  
Whom Knimpfo's curse laid low,  
But now restor'd and gone;  
The spell had failed to show  
The bat was underdone.

(The Lay of Knimpfo, end verse XIV)

"I've had enough of sorceresses, by Crom."

(The McNastiad)\*



Indeed Sir Filthy McNasty, the Irish hero, would do well to seek company other than that of sorceresses in the future. It was only the improper preparation of Knimpfo's french-fried bat which, added to the frogs' prayers to be rid of their new companion who was verily eating them out of house and home, caused it to be that a somewhat addled wench was taking a turn by the pondside where she espied a frog sunning itself and catching flies. Deciding to gamble, she took the reptile up in her hands and kissed it strongly on the lips.

It was Sir Filthy.

Not sure whether she had won or lost, she took him home where you may be sure that she had good use of him as they sported and played as happily as two carp in a pool until it was time for him to return to his fair Ireland to his wives, mistresses, lemons, clouts, bastards, and children. Brave Sir Filthy, may your name live long on the tongues of men!

End Book 32

\*- The McNastiad, a recently uncovered sequence from the Ulster Cycle, is presently undergoing translation. Although rather fragmentary at this point, we hope to have a few sequences ready for publication in the near future. -C.D.

Volume I, Book 33

Fe, Fe, Figh, Figh, Fo, Fo, Fum,  
 Arcanen things have happened in the auditorium.  
 I bet it's Merv,  
 I bet it's Merv,  
 I bet it's Merv,  
 (He's sure got nerve)  
 He's a really cool clerk, just you look and see.  
 (Why won't everybody just shut up and leave me be?)

(Popular folk song)

Mervin was waiting with his leman, a coed named LeFay (and she often was), for the M.T.A. As usual, it was late. They had nearly frozen to the sidewalk when they espied a strange vision approaching from the north. It appeared as a knight in rusty armour astride a white steed with a maiden (who was using most unmaidenly language at the moment) on pillion behind.

"What is yon strange pile with the corroded domes?" the knight marvelled.

"Shut up and steer," quoth his beauteous companion, "you're drivin' on the bleeding sidewalk as it is!"

"Could she too be a coed?" thought LeFay, "she speaks as a coed, albeit with a border accent."

It was not a coed. It was the sometimes pettish Knimpfo who, with her companion Sievied of the Thicksome Skull, had ridden for many days only to find that they had taken the wrong turn at Framingham and were now driving toward greater Boston. "Ugh" thought\* Knimpfo.

Just then they were halted by a bank of red and yellow symbols. Herein they dismounted and hailed the two by the curb.

End Book 33

Volume I, Book 34

When trav'lers arrive, one must tell them a tale,  
 (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)  
 And offer them tankards of beer or of ale.  
 (And don't you get sick from such ballads as these?)

(Traditional)

"We've no beer," quoth LeFay, "but you may drink of my flask," and Knimpfo disported herself to do just that as they retired to speak of women's matters. Sievied remained to seek directions of Mervin.

"Which way does yon high road run?" he inquired.

"But one way," quoth Merv, "as do most streets hereabout--and that usually the wrong way."

"Oh," replied Sievied of the Thicksome Skull.

End Book 34

\*- And when she thought something, the "gh" was pronounced. -CD

"The high road beckons, and I must away."  
 "Oh stay awhile, stay; feed your horse some good hay!"  
 "My horse he is full; he don't want your good hay."  
 "But stay anyhow, love. Please stay if you may."

"I'd stay if I could, love, but I must away."  
 "Oh stay anyhow and we'll sport and we'll play!"  
 "I've a quiz in an hour, and two the next day!"  
 "In that case, my love, you'd best be on your way."

(Restroom graffiti, Merton Institute of  
 Technology, Oxenford)\*

At this point the maidens  
 returned, somewhat drunken.

"What, pray, is the signif-  
 icance of yon bleak pile?" asked  
 our knight. "And what manner  
 of folk dwell within?"

"That, said LeFay, "I shall  
 answer as you shall hear."

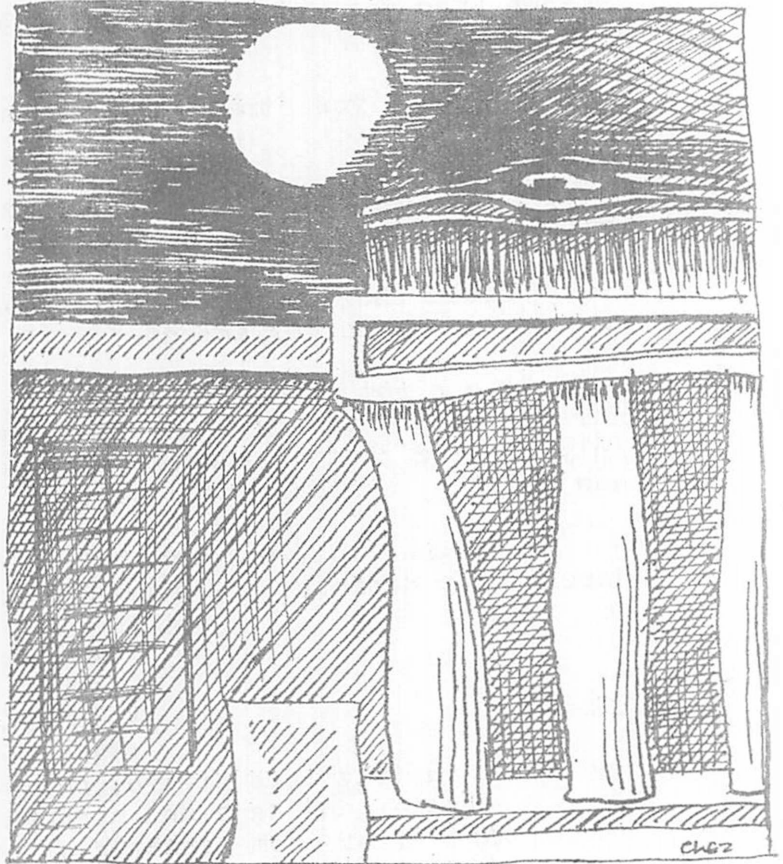
AND HERE FOLLOWETH A DIVER-  
 SIONARY TALE OF THE GREAT  
 TEMPLE ON THE CHARLES AND THE  
 STRANGE CUSTOM OF THOSE WITHIN.

"There was a clerk who had  
 striven for years to gain mas-  
 tery of all natural philosophy.  
 Attaining too much knowledge  
 he found he had little joy of  
 it, 'For what profiteth it  
 me,' quoth he, 'if I gain all  
 knowledge in the world if I  
 cannot know if it be good?'  
 And yet he continued in his  
 study.

"It came to pass that he  
 studied necromancy, having found  
 other learnings inadequate to  
 his desires. At length he  
 conceived of a plan to raise a  
 temple to the black arts and calling up his spirits he caused it to be  
 built. And he had it inscribed with the mystic letters 'M' and 'I' and  
 'T' and further inscribed the names of many past masters of grammarie  
 upon its walls. But he forgot the name of Our Lord in his work.

"And it came to pass that the work was finished and it needed only  
 to be peopled. And so he gathered many masters and clerks of philosophy  
 and brought them to this place and they were happy for a time. But they  
 learned much that is not fitting for men to know.

And it is said that even the black Arluis was here at one time.  
 And there are yet many of us, as even Merv and myself, who must brave the  
 dangers of its black altars.





"And upon the roof are two great teats which parody nature as they are of copper and give no milk but only sweat. And at its entrances are jagged columns in the form of great teeth. And its arms wrap themselves around a court-like enclosure to draw the weak into such iniquity from which they may never return. And only the strongest may survive its rigors.

"Yet what," said its builder, 'is the use of so much knowledge if it cannot be tested?' And so he devised many tests for those within. And he, with his fellows, was the first to essay such tests. And he flunked and was never seen on Middle Earth again. For it is written:

The wages of sin is death, but that of technology  
hell. And many are called but few will pass.

"Yet every new year many are sent, as Merv and I, to try the custom of that place."

THUS ENDETH A DIVERSIONARY TALE OF TERROR AND OF WOE.

"A terrible tale of terror and of woe," exclaimed Sievied, clapping his hands, "but tell me, fair maid, what is the name by which you call their execreable testing?"

"It is a quiz," quoth LeFay.

"A most quizzical name," quoth the knight.

"And a quixotic tale," quoth bright Mervin.

"Bite the bag," quoth Knimpfo.

AND HERE ENDETH THE 35TH BOOK OF THE VORPAL SWORD. CAVEAT LECTOR.

\*- (preceding page) This is apparently an error on the part of the author. Although there is a Merton College at Oxford, the "M.I.T." mentioned appears, from interior evidence, to have been located just north of Boston, Lincolnshire. -CD

Sol Lostizwitz (see following article) tells me that Blatherton insisted that, since Oxford consisted of several colleges, it should be referred to in the plural, i.e., Oxenford. -DJH

-----  
E S S O # I D E A # A T L A S  
M A N U # O R A L # C H O R E  
I X A T # # A R G # T E R S E  
T E R R A # B L O G # D E E D  
# # L E N S # S L A V E # # #  
K F # E D D A # # S O V I E T  
A R A # E A R T H # N I T R E  
R O B E R T A H E I N L E I N  
I V A N S # B E L L E # M C S  
G O R G O N # # P O G O # H E  
# # # I N T E R # N U L L # #  
S L E N # H A I R # T I E R S  
K E Y E S # N E E # # V E A L  
I N R E S # D N A S # E T N A  
S T E R E # O S L O # R E I N

Puzzle on page 22

"The Twilight Zinc, put out by the Science Fiction Society, is probably the best 25¢ with of reading around...It's almost entirely devoid of the usual mind-rotting obfuscation generally found in science fiction fanzines and we get the general impression that they don't even care whether the baboon on the twenty-seventh page of some obscure Edgar Rice Burroughs book is right or left handed."

From VooDoo, the MIT humor magazine, November 1963. In repayment for this unsolicited (honest!) testimonial, we'd like to say that VD has improved this year to become one of the better college humor magazines. Some of their best jokes may be found as fillers in this issue.

# SF PROFILE KKK BLATHERTON: THROUGH THE TULGEY WOOD

--Sol Lostizwitz

Rare indeed is it that a writer who, having in his lifetime produced only a single work, is well remembered and loved for generations. This is why nobody has ever heard of K.K.K. Blather-ton.

Kenneth Kenneth Kanneth Blather-ton was born on March 27, 1867, in the small dandelion-farming town of Doar, Herefordshire, England. His grandfather, Kenneth Blather-ton, enjoyed a small local fame as the inventor of the turnip (though in fact he really wasn't). His father, Kenneth Kenneth Blather-ton, was in 1865 tried for sodomy by a judge, who found him unsatisfactory and had him hanged.<sup>1</sup> The young Blather-ton was an infant prodigy, becoming thirteen years old by 1876. He attended Oxford University, from which he graduated in 1888 with a degree in Erudition.

It was at Oxford that Blather-ton first met Charles Dodgson, better known to fantasy fans as Lewis Carroll, and became interested in his writings. He was particularly struck by the poem "Jabberwocky", which

to most readers seems just an amusing piece of nonsense, but which Blather-ton visualized as the framework for a heroic epic. After softening up Dodgson by introducing him to his eight-year-old cousin Dolores Haze,<sup>2</sup> Blather-ton asked permission to use "Jabberwocky" as the foundation of a novel. Dodgson, fondling Dolores and reciting a chapter from "Sylvie and Bruno", appeared not to hear him. Undaunted, Blather-ton returned to his dormitory and began to outline a story, which he first planned to be of short novel length.

By the time he graduated, Blather-ton still had only an outline.<sup>3</sup> He writes in his diary about this time, "I began to realize that the polite English society I knew had nothing in common with the cluture I was attempting to portray. I wanted to go where chivalry still reigned and men defended their honor in personal combat--the American West." So, with high hopes but low funds, Blather-ton sailed for Boston.

<sup>1</sup>His mother was an elephant.

<sup>2</sup>This episode is related at length in Lewd Lew Carroll: Biography of a Dirty Old Man, by Liddell and Chataway.

<sup>3</sup>Blather-ton told no one about the existence of this diary, and burned it shortly before his death. Don't ask me how I got these quotations. We biographers have our sources.



Sir Filthy McNasty, Black Prince of Ulster

Arriving virtually penniless, Blatherton soon obtained a job at the relatively new college of Boston Tech, teaching a course in the second and third declensions of Latin. During this time he shared a cold-water flat (It was under the Charles River) with a fourteenth-year graduate student in physics, specializing in Ex-Lax. This roommate, a Mongolian Jew who spent his spare time kicking puppies and plotting to take over the world, may have, according to a remark<sup>4</sup> in Blatherton's diary, served as the model for the evil sorcerer Arluis. Boston Tech itself was the inspiration for one of his settings.

After three years in Boston, Blatherton headed westward, carrying a sizable saving from his teaching job and the manuscript for the first volume of The Vornal Sword, which he had decided to expand into a trilogy. In Chicago, he sold some poems which he had fished out of Dodgson's wastebasket to a magazine publisher. This money he used to purchase some Western-style clothing--"so," the salesclerk told him, "they won't think you're just a dude from England." The clerk was right. They thought he was a dude from Chicago.

Throughout the West he avidly made notes on the social structure and compared it with England in the Middle Ages. In Moo, Nebraska, he noted the analogous roles of cattle ranching and sheepherding, later revising his opinion (at gunpoint) to a comparison with feuding Scottish clans. In Polecat Falls, Colorado, he saw a gun battle and observed its resemblance to a tilting match. In Desolation, Arizona, he saw a Gila monster and observed its resemblance to a dragon (this was just after he had discovered tequila). In Dullest, Texas, he saw an accused murderer shot in the sheriff's office. Then he came to Northwest Nowhere, Idaho.

The town of Northwest Nowhere (which was, in actual fact, thirty miles from Nowhere) had at that time a population of, as the editor of the local newspaper phrased it, "under seven thousand. Way under. In fact, more like two hundred and twelve."<sup>5</sup> It had a general store, a blacksmith shop, and eleven saloons. It had several large dandelion farms just outside of town. And it had Llewellyn Wagner.

Llewellyn T. Wagner had been a saxophone player in New York.

<sup>4</sup>No record of this roommate after 1892, when Blatherton left Boston, has been found, and for all I know he is still at Boston Tech.

<sup>5</sup>William Gandalf Wertz, My Forty-One Years As Editor of the Northwest Nowhere (Ida.) Dandelion. This book is a "must" for the collector who wants a copy of every book ever published.

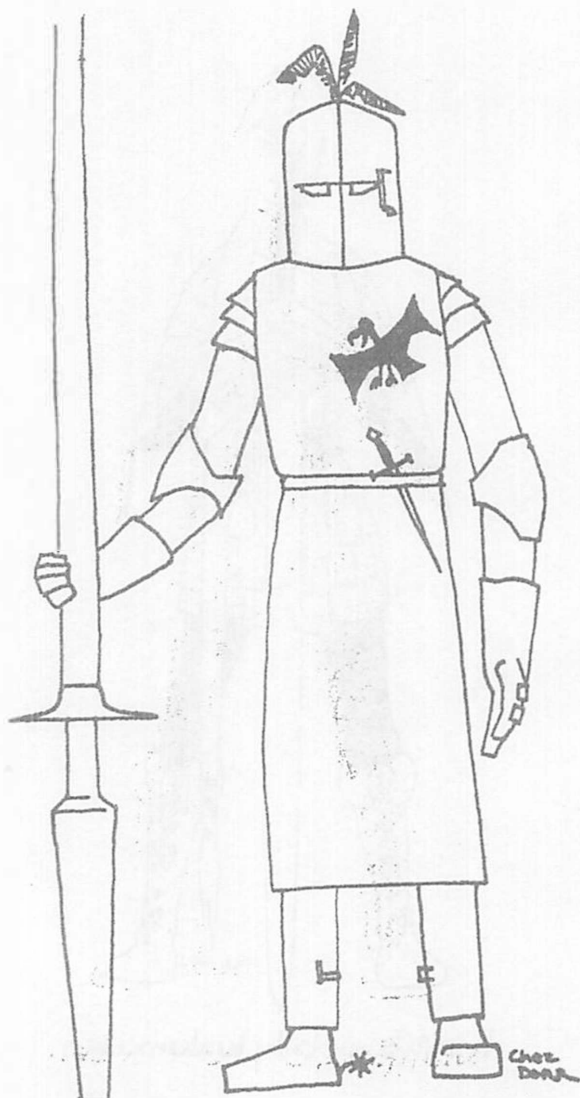


kniffo my lady kirkmaiden

There he married Donna Prima, an opera singer and harpist.<sup>6</sup> On their honeymoon they passed through Northwest Nowhere by mistake and liked it so well that they stayed, buying a small dandelion farm and taking in boarders. Wagner, like all musicians, wanted to be a composer, and his main ambition was to write an opera whose orchestra consisted of nothing but saxophones. His neighbors thought he was crazy. So did his wife. So do I.

Blatherton met Wagner in one of Northwest Nowhere's saloons and accepted his offer of a room. The arrangement proved satisfactory all around. When Wagner read the first part of The Vorpall Sword, he said (according to Blatherton's diary), "This story is ridiculous. It's the sort of thing a college student would make up for a humor magazine. The plot is impossible and inconsistent. It's just what I've been looking for for my opera!" As for Blatherton, "The dandelion farm reminds me of my home in Doar, and it will be a quiet place to complete the last two of the seven volumes. Also, Llewie Wagner is an interesting chap, and may be the source of a character." (He had already modeled his heroine, Knimpfo, to a great extent after a prostitute in Lonely, Utah, and the villain of Volume Four, The Orange-and-Tan Knight, after a man with long sideburns in Mutton, Montana.) "Besides, I'm in love with his wife."

Blatherton and Wagner lived together for nine years, cooperating on the book, the opera, the dandelion farm, and Donna Wagner. Blatherton convinced Wagner that an orchestra of one hundred and twenty-five saxophones was a bit unbalanced (but then, so was Wagner), finally persuaded him to add a harp. Wagner, in turn, suggested that Blatherton expand The Vorpall Sword to twenty-one volumes.<sup>7</sup> Frequently the two of them would stay up all night discussing such questions as whether to have the intermission on Tuesday or Wednesday. They were devoted to each other. One snowy evening when Wagner decided to put the libretto of Der Magicker Wassermelon in Pig Latin, Blatherton walked the thirteen miles to North Nowhere to buy him a Pig Latin rhyming dictionary. When Blatherton was concentrating on his writing, Wagner would tend the dandelions by himself.



SIR SIEVED OF THE THICKSOME SKULL

<sup>6</sup> Nobody ever went near the place on purpose.

<sup>7</sup> As you know, in its published form the Sword was only nineteen volumes, and there was much scholarly conjecture about the two "missing volumes" until a research team, surveying the outbuildings of the Wagner farm, dug up the answer. Apparently the farm was snowed in one winter, and Wagner had neglected to stock up on certain supplies. However, such is Blatherton's style—that no one has yet determined just where in the sequence the missing volumes belong.

Then one day in 1909 Blatherton received a telegram informing him that an uncle of his had left him half a million pounds. Wagner exclaimed, "By golly! That's pretty heavy!" Blatherton patiently explained to him that this was money, not weight, and departed for England with fourteen volumes of manuscript and Wagner's wife. Upon arriving, he discovered that Wagner had been right--it was, in fact, half a million pounds of fertilizer.

Blatherton returned to Oxford, where he obtained a position lecturing in the philosophy of metaphysics, and continued writing. In 1919 Blatherton was made a Fellow of the Woopgaroo Society.<sup>10</sup> Finally, in 1921, The Vorpai Sword was finished and Blatherton was ready to mail the manuscript to a publisher. Postage for the massive volumes cost nearly a hundred pounds in stamps, and, as Blatherton was carrying the package to a mailbox, he suffered a heart attack. He died a few days later, on April 2, 1921.

Publication of The Vorpai Sword touched off a great discussion among the critics. Did it deserve to be ranked with such great epics as the Iliad, Beowulf, Gilgamesh, and Lassie Come-Home? Was it an allegory of the World War? Did it symbolize man's search for the Infinite, the Unknowable, the Northwest Passage? Was the author trying to point out the folly of humanity's inhumanity to humanity, or did he care? Before long, the critics decided that the book wasn't worth the trouble anyway, and all went out together and had a few beers.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Llewie Wagner was still working on the operatic version of Blatherton's epic. In 1928 he completed it and began rehearsals with the Northwest Nowhere Opera Group, which he had just founded. They are still rehearsing.

In 1962, The Vorpai Sword was included in a list of the ten longest fiction works ever printed--a fitting tribute to this great fantasy author whose name will be remembered as long as there are copies of this article around.

---

<sup>8</sup> Named, of course, after the object of Sievied's quest, the magic watermelon guarded by the Jabberwock. Since neither Wagner nor Blatherton knew German, they had to fake it.

<sup>9</sup> The entire town of North Nowhere, along with ten miles of the Chicago, Dirty River, & Nowhere Railway, was eaten by squirrels in 1947. No satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon has yet been given.

<sup>10</sup> This strange fraternal organization is thought to be connected with a mysterious voodoo cult in Cambridge. The word Woopgaroo may be a corruption of the French "loup-garou", werewolf.

---

Some old Russian proverbs  
(collected by ARL from an old Russian pro)

No love so hot but marriage cools it.

The shortage will be divided among the peasants.

It is a sin to go to a wedding and come home sober.

A full stomach makes a poor student.

If you go to war, pray; if you go to sea, pray twice; and pray three times if you go to wed.

The more you beat your wife, the better the borscht tastes.



## FILK SONGS

ROOM 3-440  
(Parody on "Lonely Willow Tree")

There was a prof, a cruel prof,  
who taught at MIT  
A thousand students he had failed there  
in Room 3-440

One day he spied young Herman Brown,  
a student at MIT  
An evil thought there came to him  
in Room 3-440

Now take this exam, young Herman Brown,  
now take this exam, said he;  
A thousand students I have failed here  
and you the next one shall be.

But first, give me your stout slipstick;  
give me your sliderule, said he,  
for though I am going to fail you here  
I can use your K & E

Then turn around, you false old man,  
then turn you round, said he,  
for it is not fitting that such a prof  
a naked tech-man should see.

He turned around, that false old man,  
the round about turned he,  
Herman then told him to integrate  
 $\phi^3 \cosh^2 \phi \, d\phi$

You can't, you can't, you false old man,  
you can't integrate, said he,  
a thousand students you have failed here,  
now keep them company.

He sank down on the concrete floor,  
down on the floor sank he,  
and not a soul wept a tear for him  
in Room 3-440



$$\frac{\phi^4}{4} + \left(\frac{\phi^3}{2} + \frac{6\phi}{8}\right) \sinh 2\phi - \left(\frac{3\phi^2}{4} + \frac{6}{16}\right) \cosh 2\phi$$

Note: This song was found written on the paper of Ronald Jensen, an MIT student who was reputed to have jumped out of the window of Room 3-440 during a physics exam. On his paper were the words: "F doesn't equal ma, it doesn't, it doesn't, it doesn't!!!!!"

# I WISH I WAS A GENERALIZED MACHINE

Oh, I wish I was a generalized machine.  
 Wish I was a generalized machine.  
 If I were a generalized machine  
 I'd turn those Course VI students green.  
 I wish I were a generalized machine.

Oh, I wish we had a perfect current source.  
 Wish we had a perfect current source.  
 If we had a perfect current source  
 Some of the students could pass this course.  
 I wish we had a perfect current source.

I wish I was a voltage on a tree.  
 Wish I was a voltage on a tree.  
 If I were a voltage on a tree  
 Old Ernie'd come and open me  
 To get the cut set of my tree.

-Schildkraut and Klein

## QUALITATIVE (1907)

To the aqueous solution you must add some HCl;  
 You will find that this precipitates the silver pretty well.  
 Addition of some  $H_2S$  will give a brownish-looking mess;  
 For the metals of the second group are knocked down by the smell.

You will usually find it well to filter this, I think,  
 Adding nitrate to the filtrate and then driving off the stink;  
 Ammonia now in slight excess will bring down reddish "flocks," I guess  
 The filtrate should be colorless or very slightly pink.

By the use of little labels, such as "This is very hot,"  
 You will save your stock of beakers and profanity a lot--  
 A drop of  $(NH_4)_2S$  will change the color more or less,  
 Which will vary with the nature of the substances you've got.

To the filtrate which is boiling- add ammonium carbonate  
 And the calcium, etcetera, will at once precipitate.  
 Analysis will now progress with only limited success;  
 I have found the only thing to do is just to speculate.

Just report a little sodium; it's almost always there;  
 If it wasn't in the sample it'll get in from the air.  
 The alkalies, I must confess, Are largely matters of finesse,  
 And you needn't really test for them -unless you've time to spare.

## HARVARD'S APPEALING

Harvard's appealing, Harvard's appealing, Harvard's appealing  
 When exams are near  
 Harvard's appealing, Harvard's appealing, Harvard's appealing  
 When you shake with fear  
 Go down to Harvard Square,,  
 See all the beatniks there.  
 No one ever gives a care  
 How long they grow their hair.

Go see a Brattle flick;  
 Pick up a Radcliffe chick.  
 If MIT makes you sick  
 Go to Harvard Quick.

If--you--feel--blue  
 Hop on a Mass Ave Trolley  
 Now that they have ruined Scollay  
 Just one place for Boston Charlie.  
 Follow your star  
 It's not too far  
 Bring your guitar.

Harvard's appealing, Harvard's appealing, Harvard's appealing  
 When you're felling low  
 Harvard's appealing, Harvard's appealing, Harvard's appealing  
 It's the place to go.  
 Just cause you don't belong  
 Don't think you're doing wrong  
 Just let your hair grow long  
 And learn a Baez song.

No one knows you're from Tech  
 You could be Chiang Kai  
 -Shek

They wouldn't give a heck  
 Just show your dirty neck.

It's--your--sure--cure.  
 Sure cure for techtoolitis  
 Mixing with the Civil Rightists  
 Go to where the lights are brightest,  
 Have your fun  
 And when you're done  
 Come back to Tech and be a tool.

-1963 Senior House-All Tech Sing  
 John Bryson Eulenberg

(Sung to the tune of "Harvey and  
 Shiela", which in turn is sung to  
 the tune of "Hava Nagila".)





# REACTION

--ARLewis



"uotha!" said Bernie. "Write me a column for the Twilight Zine."

What sort of a column shall I write for you?

"Write me a Doric column."<sup>1</sup>

Alas, that I cannot do as I am not Dorr yclept Chez by the cognoscenti and the illiterati.

"Then an Ionic column will suffice."

I would do just that save I have taken a vow to remain neutral in my writings.

"A Corinthian column then."

Verily, I might write a Corinthian column as I am an amateur but if you will look at the top of the page you will note the veritable lack of formalized acanthis leaves.<sup>2</sup> The lack thereof necessitates the abandoning of such an idea. Since a column is clearly impossible I will write a compost heap instead.

<sup>1</sup> Actually Bernie did not say this as he is not versed in the finer things of life.

<sup>2</sup> There is an interesting tale relating to the invention and/or discovery of the Corinthian column. It seems that one fair summer day a brevet journeyman architect whose name is unknown but whom we shall call Huticles was going through the woods with a basket of goodies to take to his grandmother. However, owing to the length of his journey, the heat of the day, and the quantity of rtsina consumed, he tired. Having once tired, he retired, having first placed his basket on the ground. Unbeknownst to him, the seed of an acanthis tree was buried in the rich soil below the aforementioned basket. As is the custom in such tales, the tree grew with utmost rapidity. Lo, when Huticles awoke, there loomed before him a large acanthis tree. Gazing up at the basket, now out of reach, he was struck by a thought. If this trunk were a column, then those leaves would make capital decorations. So saying, he rushed home to carve such a column which he, for reasons unknown, called Corinthian. The critics came from all the schools and academies and found it to be in remarkably poor taste. HISTORIA HELLENICÆ (trans. Chez Dorr)

And now, the typist having overestimated the footnote, we shall resume compost.

We shall begin with a discussion of a possibly new word game called triplets (or n-tuplets). They can best be explained by examples.

- 1) An unemployed god's vacation is: an idle idol idyll
- 2) Two dispense with the epidermis of a succulent pome: pair pare pear
- 3) Husband and wife also will play the flute: two, too, to toot

People out there who think up more of these atrocities are invited to send them in and we will publish them in the next issue. ((If they are good--and printable. -DJH))

In keeping with our present policy of enlightening the masses we bring the latest development in the field of philosophiae gustatoriae. By the use of a handy item found around the house (id est, an hard-boiled egg), we shall elucidate and make clear the differences between meaning and reference and in addition illustrate the "Humpty-Dumpty Lapse" (as it is called by semanticists and others of their ilk).

Simplicius: I am hungry.

Sigma: Have an hard-boiled egg.

Simp: Ugh! I don't want an hard-boiled egg. Ugh!

Sig: But, I thought you said you were hungry.

Simp: Yes, learned sage, I concede that I did say that I was hungry; but I didn't mean that I wanted an hard-boiled egg. I hate (sic) hard-boiled eggs. Ugh! Hard-boiled eggs! Ugh!

Sig: I don't care what you meant, you referred to a physical situation which an hard-boiled egg would improve and would assuage your hunger.

Simp: Bite the bag!

Sig: Go eat an hard-boiled egg!

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A True Story

Once upon a time, there was an itinerant steam engine mechanic yclept Ludwig who was sore dismayed. Therefore, he betook himself to Cambridge to avail himself of the wisdom of the sages assembled there at the University.<sup>3</sup>

Whilst walking across the Quad he observed an old man staring at a sycamore tree.<sup>4</sup> "Hey, old man!" said Wittgenstein, "I want to speak to a philosopher."

"Wal, sonny," said the old man, "I am Bertrand Russell (not to be confused with the Pope)<sup>5</sup>, will that do?"

"Yes, oh learned Archimage; I crave a boon."

"Speak up, sonny, speak up."

"Tell me, master, am I a fool or a wise man?"

"How is this germane to, for instance, our knowledge of the external world?"

"If I am a wise man, I will become a philosopher, if a fool, I will remain a steam engine mechanic."<sup>6</sup>

"Write me a paper and I will decide."

And so it came to pass that such a dissertation was written and that Russell, upon reading the first line exclaimed: You must become a philosopher. And thus, students in the philosophy of mathematics have been beaten brown and blue ever since. THE END.

<sup>3</sup>There was a sage glut at Cambridge at that time, not to be confused with a polyglut who can speak more than one language at the same time, par exempla English and German on facing pages.

<sup>4</sup>Otherwise it would cease to be.

<sup>5</sup>Insofar as  $2 + 2 \neq 5$ .

<sup>6</sup>Or vice versa.

<sup>7</sup>Thereby begging the question.



# THE VORPAL SWORD

by K.K.K. Blatherton, F.W.S.  
in a new up-to-date edition edited by Chez Dorr

((Fooled you, didn't we? You thought it was all over. Cheer up-- this installment ends Volume I. Only eighteen more to go. -DJH))

## Volume I, Book 36

Angus MacX,\* elder of Kirkmaiden, once remarked, as he gazed at the battlements one quarter mile to the west, "The Lady of the Castle ain't a bad sort, really, but I'll confess that I like it better when she's not at home."

(Town annals, Township of Kirkmaiden, County Wigtown, Scotland)

Having spent several days in Boston, Sievied and his party at last found themselves on the high road to Oxenford ("the high road to ruin, 'tis more likely," Knimpfo was heard to murmur, but Sievied ignored her). Stopping, then, at Oxenford, whom should they meet but Angus MacX and Ebenezer Wyman, elders at Knimpfo's home town of Kirkmaiden, to which they were returning after an unfruitful session with the firm of Rowley, Powley, Gammon, and Spinach, attorneys at law, in London Township.

Angus MacX and Ebenezer Wyman had stopped over a pint of Penny Dreadful (for there was no good Scotch to be had at Oxenford at that time) to sadly discuss their case when in came Knimpfo and her companions.

"Ho good men!" quoth Knimpfo, "What do ye sae far frae home, I would ken."

"Oh no," groaned MacX, "this makes our day complete, does it not."

"An' things were so quiet before," added the stout Wyman, "notwithstanding our legal difficulties."

"The truth is, your Ladyship, that your foreign policy has involved us in a lawsuit with the kingdom of Leinster in Ireland..."

"Chiefly the County Kilkenny," added the stout Wyman.

"Which our lawyers in London see no way go get clear of."

"Is that all?" asked Knimpfo. "Then finish your ale. We leave for the Severn within the hour and we may have need for the famous bottomless MacX purse into which silver oft enters and now, mayhap, some may have a chance to leave."

"'Tis against my principles..." began MacX.

---

\*- Angus MacX was one of a long line of MacX's among which is the celebrated Cantabrigian philosopher McX (sic) mentioned by Quine. -CD

"Shut up or I'll witch you into a spendthrift."

And MacX held his peace.

"But where are we going?" asked Wynan somewhat timidly, for he remembered that there was rarely a dull moment when Knimpfo was in command.

"To war with Leinster, of course," was the reply, "how else do civilized people get free frae lawsuits?"

End of Book 36

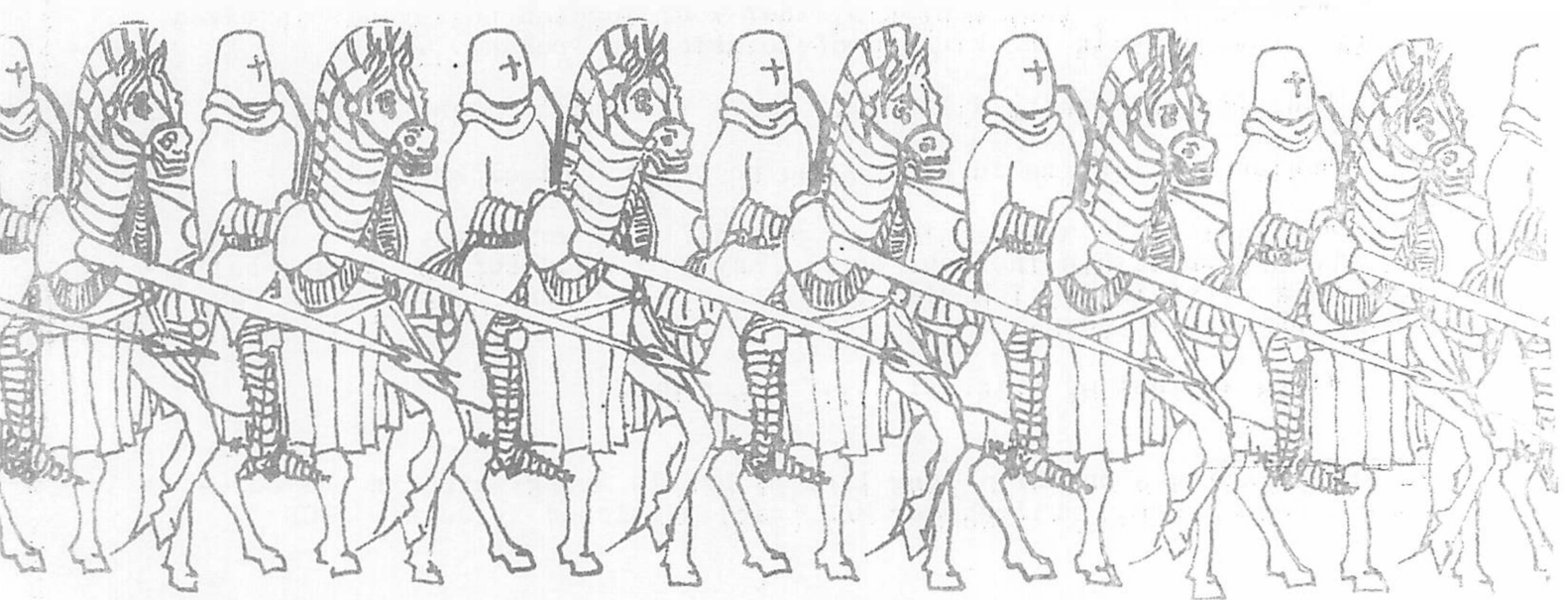
Volume I, Book 37

Taks mony a mickle tae nak' a nuckle.  
(Mediaeval Scots proverb)

After a perilous journey overland, upon which our knight got much opportunity for battle play, you may be sure, this band of heroes reached the wide Severn and soon made Gloucester. Immediately they took ship (or, as Knimpfo preferred to term it, borrowed ship), and, after a brief stop at Cardiff to take on stores, they quickly found themselves coasting South Wales.

As they were rounding Gore, where Knimpfo would have liked to stop the night as she had relatives there, but that they were in haste to make their crossing before the winter storms, Sievied had occasion to take Angus MacX aside and make some discreet inquiries as to Knimpfo's character as he had begun to suspect that this was no ordinary maiden fate had involved him with.

"I must say first that I would not care to cast disparagement upon the character of the Lady Knimpfo," MacX began, "but I could offer qualified maybe that if she were an ordinary town maiden, I would do me best to see her on the cutty stool every Sunday. She governs well, in her way, tho' there are some of us who feel she does so somewhat erratically. At any rate, there are a number of us who find life much simpler when she's frae home as ye yourself may have good reason to suspect. As for her governance of herself, on the other hand, I wouldn't venture to guess, but there are rumors that she is a Papist."



"What?" quoth Sievied.

By this time they were coasting St. George Channel and in half a trice had reached Holyhead where they began the crossing to Baile Atha Cliath on the vanguard of the winter storm.

End Book 37

Volume I, Book 38

Knimpfo, Knimpfo has come into town,  
(With a Hey, and a Hi, and a Ring-a-ding-ding!)  
Tomorrow at tea she'll be Kilkenny bound,  
(With a Hey, Ring-a-ding, sing alive, alive-o!)

McNasty, McNasty, is gang to the lake,  
(With a Hey, and a Hi, and a Ring-a-ding-ding!)  
To help at the singing of Leinsternen's wake,  
(With a Hey, Ring-a-ding, sing alive, alive-o!)

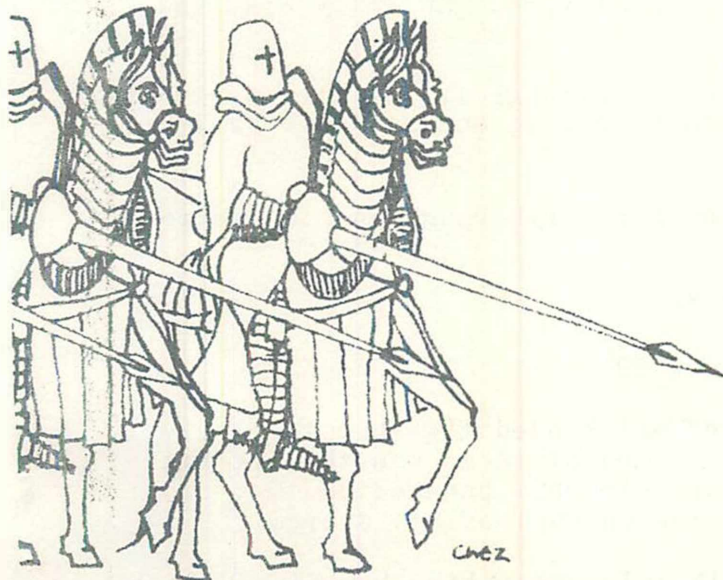
(Traditional ballad)

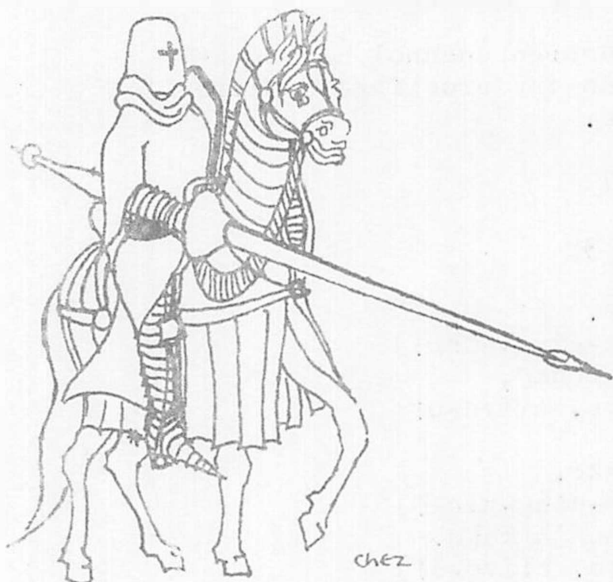
The ice was forming, the storms had come, and the forces of Leinster were mustering at Kilkenny. On the third day of the tempest, Knimpfo's barque made port in Baile Atha Cliath, and the weary travellers made for the sign of the Drunken Leprechaun (called Cluricaun in the south) where, peradventure, they met Sir Filthy McNasty in his cups.

Actually Knimpfo was the last one the Irish paladin had wished to meet that night, but soon the lady had won him to her cause.

"For after all, Sir Filthy," she said, "ye're an Ulsterman, I thicht, an' if I'm not mistaken, this places ye under a moral obligation tae beat up any Leinster laddies ye should have the opportunity to meet in a warlike way."

"'Tis true," the Ulster knight agreed, "but I like not the reports I hear from Kilkenny, for 'tis said the famous Bucket Brigade is stationed among the Fiana there an' besides it was a Leinster laddie, they say, what cashed in the mighty Cuchulain (tho' twas mainly by luck that he did





it). I would caution against too great a haste."

The Bucket Brigade! It was well that McNasty be cautious, for this fierce band of soldiers, so named because their armouring was not complete and they had made shift to use buckets in lieu of helmets, was known throughout the land as a band of fiana that (owing to the lack of visibility their headgear afforded and the difficulty thereby of ascertaining when they were licked) was practically without fear. 'Twas said the devil himself was only half so terrible.

"'Tis said that Cuchulain," quoth the gentle Knimpfo, "was most foully tricked by Mrs. McCoul and so the defeat  
"Don't count a fig," and as for the Bucket Brigade, ye may leave them  
tae me."

Knimpfo had noted a most quaint newspaper when they were in Boston which, along with divers scandals, had reported of a clever battle fought in the north by one Alexander Nevsky against the Order of Teutonic Knights in the suburbs of Novgorod. She bethought her at this shift that she might adapt Prince Nevsky's telling strategy to her own uses in the battle to come and indeed there was great sorrow in Leinster in time to come that she had done so!

At that the Ulsterman agreed heartily to join the proposed expedition and even to place himself under certain geasa which Knimpfo had felt it best to impose, the chief among them being that McNasty would bathe at least once a month whether he needed it or not. (This condition was to start that very night.)

Eighteen stankards of Penny Dreadful served to restore the knight's spirits, however, and soon he proposed a jolly conundrum to pass the time.

"Riddle a riddle," quoth he, "wherefore is a crossbow said to be cross?"

The rest knew better, but Sievied thought hard. Suddenly his face brightened! Knimpfo winced.

"Because it is quarrelsome!" he shouted with glee, for it was rare that he answered a riddle so aptly. There was no one to congratulate him, however, as they had all left.

The next day they were headed inland for Maryborough and thence to Ballyragget.

End Book 38

Volume I, Book 39

In olden days, the heroes of Ireland oft banded together to perform great public works projects. One of these was the digging of the vast canal between Britain and Hibernia connecting to the North Channel to the North and the Channel of St. George

\*- The reference here is to an Irish folk tale describing how Finn McCoul, at first in fear of Cuchulain, was able, with his wife's help, to drag him out, kicking and screaming, throw him down, and beat him to a bloody pulp. -CD

to the South. In the midst of the work, Finn McCoul was called home to his wife's side. Although some of those less kind connected it with the fact that mighty Cuchulain, who had threatened to beat McCoul up, down, sideways, inside, and outside, following the custom of the time, had been seen in the neighbourhood. This left the remaining heroes to complete the ditch which is today known as the Irish Sea since it was built by Irishmen. The dirt from the canal was heaped up into a pile which is now known as the Isle of Man as a reminder that it was constructed by men and not gods, and just to the south lies Chicken Rock commemorating Finn McCoul's untimely exit.

Historia Hibernica, V, vi, 18.

It was this canal which had caused the trouble between Kirkmaiden and Leinster. Knimpfo had wanted to get in on the ground floor\* and had accordingly placed a toll station at Port Logan on the North Channel and another at Luce Abbey for those ships coasting on the British side. The Hibernians had wanted a share in the take which she had refused and consequently the province of Leinster had initiated the lawsuit which she was now prepared to contest.

End Book 39

Volume I, Book 40

Knimpfo a call on a dragon has paid,  
(With a Hey, and a Hi, and a Ring-a-ding-ding!)  
And spelled out the ruin of the Bucket Brigade,  
(With a Hey, Ring-a-ding, sing alive, alive-o!)  
(traditional ballad)

Having weekended at Maryborough, Knimpfo and her party advanced to Ballyragget on the northern shore of Killarney Lake which, the winter being early, had iced over and afforded an ideal tilting ground. While the Leinstermen advanced from Kilkenny Township (County Kilkenny), Knimpfo, who had a way with dragons, paid a social call to the local payshta (as lakedragons were called in those days) in time for early tea (which at that time was served at ten in the morning). She returned in a bit to see the fiana of Leinster arrayed in ranks ten thousand strong on the other side of the lake.

On the side of the Britains there catalogued the following: Sir Filthy McNasty, an Ulsterman and therefore the match of five thousand of the enemy by himself. Sievied of the Thicksome Skull, professional hero. The Lady Knimpfo who, besides possessing wisdom could oft swing a claymoor herself when it suited her. Angus MacX and Ebenezer Wyman, elders of Kirkmaiden who, having been convinced by Knimpfo that Leinstermen were very nearly the same as Englishmen, made stout pikemen. In addition to these five there were Mervin and his leman Mervin LeFay who would suffice to guard the flanks. Yet still, as the dragon remained neutral, the British forces could be considered only slightly superior to the enemy. The lines having been drawn up, there remained only the challenge.

Knimpfo's lovely lip curled back: "Och, yaere faither's moustache!" she called. "Thou'rt bum, thou'rt!"

This mortal insult was too much for the Leinstermen and, with the fearsome Bucket Brigade at the fore, they began their charge! Onward, onward, across the lake they came, drawing ever closer to the Britain force, their banners waving and lances flashing in the sun! And then,

(Concluded on page 29)

\*- The Irish were willing to give her an opening on the first floor, but that is another story (one propaganda attributed to the British).



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14				15				16				
17				18				19				
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	25			26		27		28				
29	30		31			32		33		34	35	36
37		38		39			40	41		42		
43			44					45				
46						47				48		
49					50		51			52		53
			54			55	56		57		58	
59	60	61			62		63		64		65	66
67				68		69			70			
71						72		73		74		
75						76				77		

## ACROSS

Solution on page 7

1. Where you fill the car and drain the driver (brand name)
5. The start of a story
9. He had 39-across on his back all the time
14. Writer of Hindu laws
15. Out loud
16. Odd job
17. If you see this in your rear-view mirror, beware!
18. Where Patagonia is: abbr.
19. Short and sweet
20. Sol III
22. Unpopular beverage
24. What you do
25. Doc Smith's \_\_\_\_\_ man
27. Robot's social status
29. Military potato peeling: abbr.
31. Anthology of Norse myth
33. Union that we all wish would go out on strike
37. Southern constellation
39. The nearest planet
42.  $\text{KNO}_3$  (var. sp.)

43. The Master: 3 wds.
46. Generic Russians
47. Southern sexpot
48. Serling on TV and Bloch at the Con: abbr.
49. Creator of Greek statues
51. Long-tailed liberal
53. Companion to Haggard's "She"
54. "You do this after the funeral, as a matter of corpse"
57. The set that's not there
59. Plural of 66-Down
62. What some girls wear instead of a wig
64. Knotmakers
67. Author of "Flowers for Algernon"
69. Maiden name
70. Baby steak
71. With regard to's: Latin
72. Big organic molecules: abbr.
74. Mediterranean hot spot
75. Kiloliter
76. The only town in Norway you've heard of
77. What you hold your horses with

## DOWN

1. Give off
2. \_\_\_\_\_-Coburg-Gotha
3. What results when 64-Across get careless
4. Exotic: French, fem. sing.
5. One of the Jovian big four
6. Monotonous; plain; blah
7. Noblemen
8. Variable in Perseus
9. Piece of a play
10. Best-known fantasy (they say) character: 2 wds.
11. Legends and stuff
12. Derriere
13. "\_\_\_\_\_ of Light," by Cooper
21. Author of "Brain Wave"
23. Hot liquid
26. Backward children
28. Author of "Player Piano"
29. Author of "Zotz!"
30. Utah city
32. One of the principal arguments against Zionism
34. Newspaper article
35. German man's name
36. Past, present, or future
38. Gavagan's: 2 wds.
40. Most common word beginning sf book titles
41. Request for immediate assistance
44. "Cosmic \_\_\_\_\_s," by Simak
45. Feminine name
50. The ultimate (degree)
52. Author of "Shadows in the Sun"
55. Binder often found in sf libraries
56. French nothings
58. The Good Doctor in Bellamy's "Looking Backward"
59. Long wooden things used with snow or water
60. Time to give up
61. Brontë heroine
63. Mundane
65. Female raja
66. VanVogt superman
68. Damn near south: abbr.
73. Half mediocre

# A TREATISE ON THE THEORY OF THE INTERACTIONS AND PHYSICS OF CHICKENS FOR ALL LARGE CHICKENS GREATER THAN 17

- F. W. Stecker .

The purpose of this paper is to review briefly the recent attempts which have been made in the field of relativistic quantum chicken dynamics to explain various phenomena associated with aggregates of large chickens in a quantized Hilbert space such as the one observed in nature as the South Jersey degenerate chicken cluster region.

One may naturally begin with the relatively simple process of chicken formation. A beautiful theory using a relatively small number of parameters involving the preservation of the trace of the chicken operation under infinitesimal unitary rooster transformations known as "squawks" and "clucks" has been developed by Prof. I. M. Krankvonschnapps of the Wittlessburg Hochschule. Naturally, conservation under parity, time reversal, reflection, rotation, and featherplucking have been assumed in order to meet the requirements of standard fudged empirical data. In order to generalize the theory, Prof. K. has found it necessary to attribute to the chicken an intrinsic spin, which he calls the "chicken dizziness factor" (a mere number like 6, since we have lazily set  $\hbar = 1$ ). It can then be shown that the interaction of the rooster operator with the hen operator, integrated all over the place, will result in a quantized eigenvalue particle which Prof. K. has called the "Egg."

Since the only allowable shape for the particle wave function being conserved under reflection, rotation, etc., is a sphere, and since the hitherto observed shapes for eggs have been rather oblate, the theory seems to encounter a serious difficulty in the primary stages. However, we can preserve the all-important "isotropy of space" principle only if we take relativistic effects into consideration.

The key to the solution of the difficulty is, of course, the famous Lorentz contraction, which shows that spherical eggs traveling at velocities close to the speed of light will become egg-shaped eggs. We can therefore transform the observed shape distribution to a velocity distribution and come up with the first important conclusion of the theory:

**ALL EGGS IN CHICKEN SPACE ARE RELATIVISTIC!**

From this, combined with the conservation of linear momentum over the chicken field, we conclude:

**ALL CHICKENS IN CHICKEN SPACE ARE RELATIVISTIC!**

Sir Ignomimious Whitewash, of the Royal Society, has extended the theory to show that the interaction of a relativistic high energy egg with an infinite potential barrier will cause singularities and instabilities in the field, causing the egg to break up in a violent manner. This is of course the well-known "Chicken Egg Splatter Effect." This effect is inherently difficult to observe and the experiment often becomes very messy.

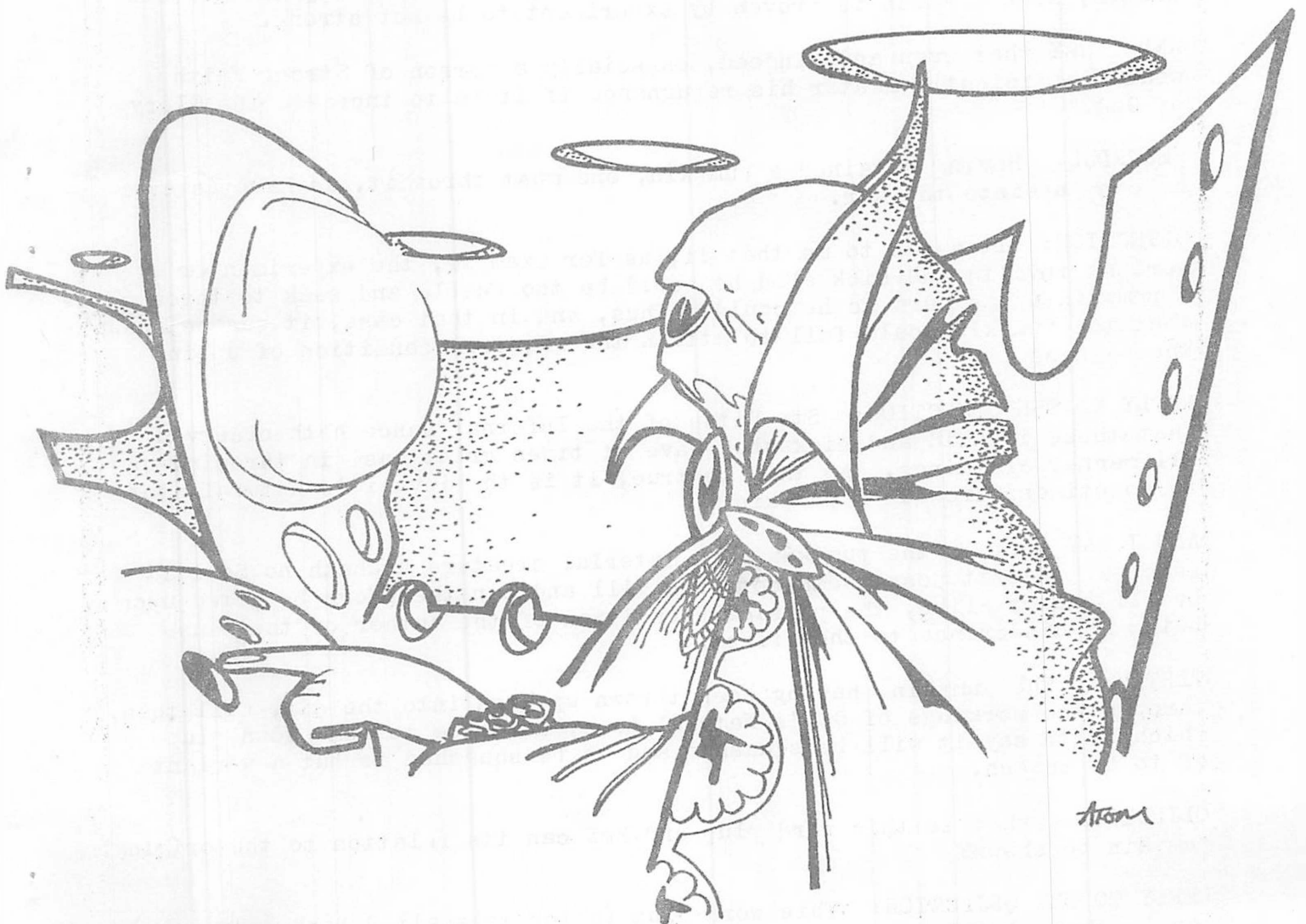
Finally, I will briefly mention one other effect which has just recently become understood. It has been shown, from the equations for the quantized chicken field, that if a chicken interacts with a chickenwire barrier by impinging on it enough times, there is a small but finite probability that the chicken

will suddenly find itself on the outside. However, the complications of the field equations in preserving the "dizzyness factor" show that in most cases, only part of the chicken will penetrate the barrier. The head is often left behind. The resulting Brownian motion effect causes the chicken without a head to wander around like a "chicken without a head." This is an important correspondence with the classical result! The French physicist, Pierre LaTrine, has shown that in rare cases, the chicken will emerge from the barrier whole. This is a purely quantum mechanical effect, as opposed to the classical one of the "chicken without a head." Prof. LaTrine has nicknamed the effect the "Chicken Coup."

In the near future, we can look forward to extensions of the chicken physics theory based on the brilliant foundations of Profs. Krankvonschnapps, Whitewash, and LaTrine. A generalization of the problem to the weaker chicken farms, however, must be based on the principle of the conservation of farm perities.

Ever since man became curious, he began to wonder hungrily about chickens. Now, with the advent of modern physics, one can hope that in the near future all our problems with chickens will be solved.

---



ON TURNING ONE VEGETABLE (AS, FOR INSTANCE, A PUMPKIN) INTO A SECOND, AND WHOLLY DISTINCT, VEGETABLE (AS, FOR INSTANCE, A SQUASH.

The turning of one vegetable (as, for instance, a pumpkin) into a second, and wholly distinct, vegetable (as, for example, a squash) is brought about through steps of which there are three.

PRIMUS: To turn one vegetable (as, for instance, a pumpkin) into a second, and wholly distinct, vegetable (as, for example, a squash) one must first obtain a pumpkin.

OBJECTION: It seems to me that, as Saint Anthony of the Fearful Fire suggests, the obtaining of a pumpkin must be found to be morally repugnant to a person of Strong Faith.

REPLY TO THE OBJECTION: As the pumpkin under consideration is an hypothetical pumpkin, it followeth through reason that the Faith to be considered is but an hypothetical Faith and, as was said by the Blessed Foutin, such a Faith is proven by experiment to be not strong.

AND I SAY that even and, indeed, especially a person of Strong Faith would sufficiently master his repugnance if it be to increase the Glory of God.

SECUNDUS: Having obtained a pumpkin, one must throw it, as hard as ever he can, up into the air.

OBJECTION: It seems to me that if, as for example, the experimenter were an invalid and sick abed he would be too feeble and weak to throw a pumpkin up as hard as he could. Thus, and in that case, it can be shewn that the pumpkin would fail to attain the required condition of up in the airness.

REPLY TO THE OBJECTION: St. Vitus of the Infernal Dance hath observed that those invalid and sick abed have at times great ease in throwing up all manner of things. As this be true, it is the invalid's natural state to sometimes throw up a pumpkin.

AND I SAY that as the pumpkin is a material creature and hath no Soul it is clear that it possesseth not Free Will and can therefore be acted upon by all causes alike, the physical condition of the author of the cause being no hinderance to the effect.

TERTIUS: The pumpkin, having been thrown up high into the air, will then, through the workings of God's Natural Laws, commence to come down plup which is to say it will be squashed and to be squashed is but a variant of to be squash.

OBJECTION: What is this word plup and how can its relation to the original pumpkin be shewn?

REPLY TO THE OBJECTION: This word plup (which is spelled backwards pulp) can be shewn to be related to glup which is the natural interior matter

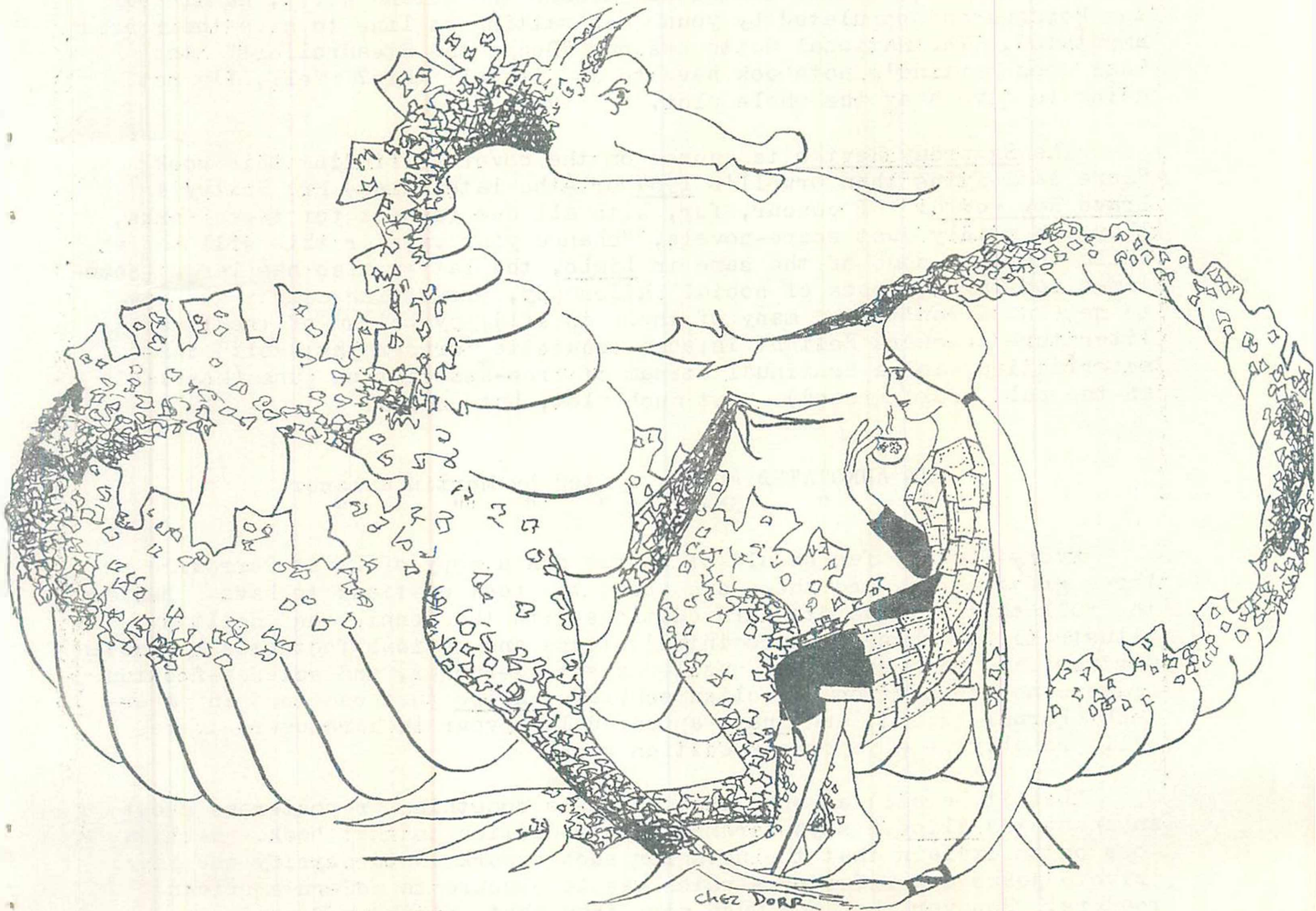


of a pumpkin and is thus related to the original pumpkin as it represents one of many accidents to the pumpkin.

AND I SAY that the botanical achievement of turning a vegetable (as even a pumpkin) into a squash which, it is evident, is a wholly different vegetable, goeth but to shew the wonder and order of Nature who, to the Glory of the Divine Author, is so willing to give up her secrets to men of learning.

Inscribed upon this seventh day of March anno Domini 1964 in full description of a discussion in Natural Science conducted that day between Jacobus C. Dorr, scholar, F.W.S. and Antonius R. Lewis, sceptic, as well as other philosophers of the Society Pertaining to the Fiction of Science.

HIC JACIT GLORIA SCIENTIÆ !



# BOOK REVIEWS

--Doug Hoylman

LIMBO, by Bernard Wolfe

"If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off," says Matthew ungrammatically, and in this post-World War III world, that's the thing to do; just one of the aspects of the preposterous yet terribly possible society depicted in Limbo, now out in an Ace paperback. The hero of Limbo and of Limbo is a surgeon, Dr. Martine, who defected in WWII, leaving a notebook filled with random ideas and private jokes. He flew his plane to "a previously uncharted island in the Indian Ocean" inhabited by a tribe which had achieved monotony through lobotomy, performed with rock and chisel on any tribesman who got out of line. Martine refined the ancient practice with modern surgical techniques and became part of the tribe for eighteen years. Then he yielded to the urge to return to the U.S. and see what it was now like, and in particular to find out about the recent visitors to the island and their odd arms and legs. He found that the United States had become the Inland Strip, huddled in the Rockies and populated by young men waiting in line to have their arms amputated. The national motto was now "Dodge the Steamroller!" And what does Martine's notebook have to do with all this? Well, I'm not going to give away the whole plot.

The Saturday Review is quoted on the cover as finding this book "more satisfying than Orwell's 1984 or (the late, alas) Mr. Huxley's Brave New World." I concur, for, with all due respect for those works, they are mainly just scare-novels, "change your ways or this will happen." While there is some of the same in Limbo, the latter also has large (sometimes too large) doses of social philosophy, presenting many ideas new to me (and I don't find many of those in sf!); symbolism of the type literature teachers delight in; some exquisite pornography; solid characterization; and a continual stream of free-association puns (Messiah's in the cold, cold ground). Not much plot, but enough.

THE ANNOTATED ALICE, edited by Martin Gardner  
" " " SNARK, " " " "

Every fantasy fan should of course own a copy of Lewis Carroll's three great works, and these are about the best editions to have. Besides the full texts of the standard editions with the Tenniel and Holliday illustrations, these feature introductions and copious footnotes by Martin Gardner, the mathematician, puzzle expert, debunker, and science-fiction writer, not to mention Carrollian scholar. Alice just came out in paperback (Forum; \$2.25), and Snark appeared last year in hardcover--there will probably be a paperback edition soon.

"Let it be said at once that there is something preposterous about an annotated Alice," says Gardner's introduction to that book. He then goes on to explain that the need for such a work is to clarify the many private jokes and references which may be obscure to modern American readers. However, he does much more than that, giving references to

other works by Carroll and to other people's commentaries, giving the original of every poem parodied, pointing out jokes which are subtle rather than obscure, quoting French and German translations of "Jabberwocky", etc. Most of this is interesting, such as Sam Loyd's answers to "Why is a raven like a writing desk?" or the theory that the lion and the unicorn represent Gladstone and Disraeli, but much is irrelevant, like who played what in the 1933 film version (though I'd like to see W.C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty), and some is tediously pedantic, for instance that in the original version the price of Father William's ointment was five shillings rather than one shilling. Fortunately Gardner shuns the frumious bandersnatch of Freudian analysis despite the many obvious temptations, for as he says in his introduction, "we do not have to be told what it means to tumble down a rabbit hole". For those who are interested in this sort of thing, he gives an extensive bibliography.

The Snark does not have as extensive an internal annotation as Alice, but it does have an appendix giving a 7½th fit and a parodic analysis demonstrating that the Snark is the Hegelian absolute, the Bancker is Judaism, the Jubjub is Society, etc. I hesitate to say the latter is worth the price of the book, which after all is \$3.95, but it's quite amusing and is available nowhere else. Gardner is a little too concerned, in his footnotes, with showing that the Baker represents Carroll (as do the White Knight and the Dodo), but this is the sort of thing that literary scholars dote on, as is his note on the number 42.

If you're not especially interested in Carroll, then get any old edition. (Try the Modern Library Complete Works, which isn't really.) But for the student of humor, fantasy, logic, or the Victorian era, or for the Lewis Carroll fan, the Gardner editions are imperative.

## THE VORPAL SWORD

Continued from page 21

as they reached the middle of the lake, disaster struck.

Knimpfo, whose plan was fiendish to the extreme, had not wasted her time when she visited the dragon. Having learned from the worm the secret of Killarney's plumbing, she waited until the full force of the Leinstermen was on the ice, and at that very moment she flushed the lake.

Within the hour Leinster capitulated unconditionally. Thus was Knimpfo so successful in battle that the following year Leinster applied to her for foreign aid which, you may be sure, she denied.

As for Killarney Lake, the Leinstermen, much disgusted by their defeat, banished it to West Munster (County Keray) where it remains to this day as a memorial to the British victory at the Battle of Ballyraggett.



THUS ENDETH THE HISTORY OF THE WAR  
BETWEEN KIRKMAIDEN AND LEINSTER AND  
WITH IT THE FORTIETH BOOK AND FIRST  
VOLUME OF THE VORPAL SWORD.

# ISOMORPHISM

--the readers

The name of the letter column has been changed from Bernie's physical one to my mathematical one. For the laymen in the audience, isomorphism is a form of correspondence between groups. (Pun.) Editorial rebuttal will be ((doubly parenthized)) and held to a minimum. -DJH

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

You may have accomplished that breakthrough for the imagination that Campbell keeps looking for--something akin to E.E. Smith's taking interplanetary adventures out into the galaxies.

I refer to your subdued and parenthetical reference on page two that the MIT fan group now has nearly 100 members. I can't think of anything more productive of intellectual exercise than some thinking about the implications of that. Just think how many people would get hurt if the group broke into two violent factions, imagine the speed with which a new edition of the Fancyclopedia would emerge if there could be a Sturgeon integration of personalities long enough to do something of the sort, and this doesn't even touch on possibilities like taking over an entire restaurant for the meeting after the meeting. ((Membership hit a peak of 143 in February, but only 20-30 of those ever come to meetings.))

The Best Defense surprised me a trifle for I didn't foresee the way things would turn out. But I doubt that it's true to life. The offended person seeks to continue and renew the afflicting circumstance just as persistently as the person with a sore toe keeps wiggling it and prodding it with his fingers and putting the weight of his foot on it to see if it's hurting any worse than before. There are many persons who never do more than half-listen to anything you say to them, but call them bastards in the quietest tone and they'll ask you to repeat that epithet a couple of times before knocking you down, simply out of the sheer joy of being outraged.

I don't quite know why I enjoyed The Vorpall Sword because I'm not particularly fond of nor well acquainted with the stories that it seeks to emulate in a slightly warped manner. But there are nice moments and at least one spot of positive genius, the enumeration of the articles that Sievier brings near the top of page nine.

It was slightly heavier going in this second half of Mike Padlipsky's article. But I enjoyed it, and that's more than I can say for any other item intended for its purpose that I've ever encountered. At the same time, I was made more aware than ever that I admire Sturgeon's story very much despite a repulsion for his pet notion of one-in-many. Maybe I've read too many things about the nobility of the individual and the value of freedom and so on. But the greatest horror that I could imagine in my future (aside from natural repugnances like a desire to avoid torture or a talkative wife) would be to merge myself into a greater whole. I imagine that this is a primitive reaction and that some remote ancestor must have had the same dim view of any proposal that several families should live close to one another without bloodshed.

I possess a little less respect for the Hugo and its operating system every year. But I still have enough admiration for the award to feel as Mike Deckinger does about retroactive awards. Maybe the problem could

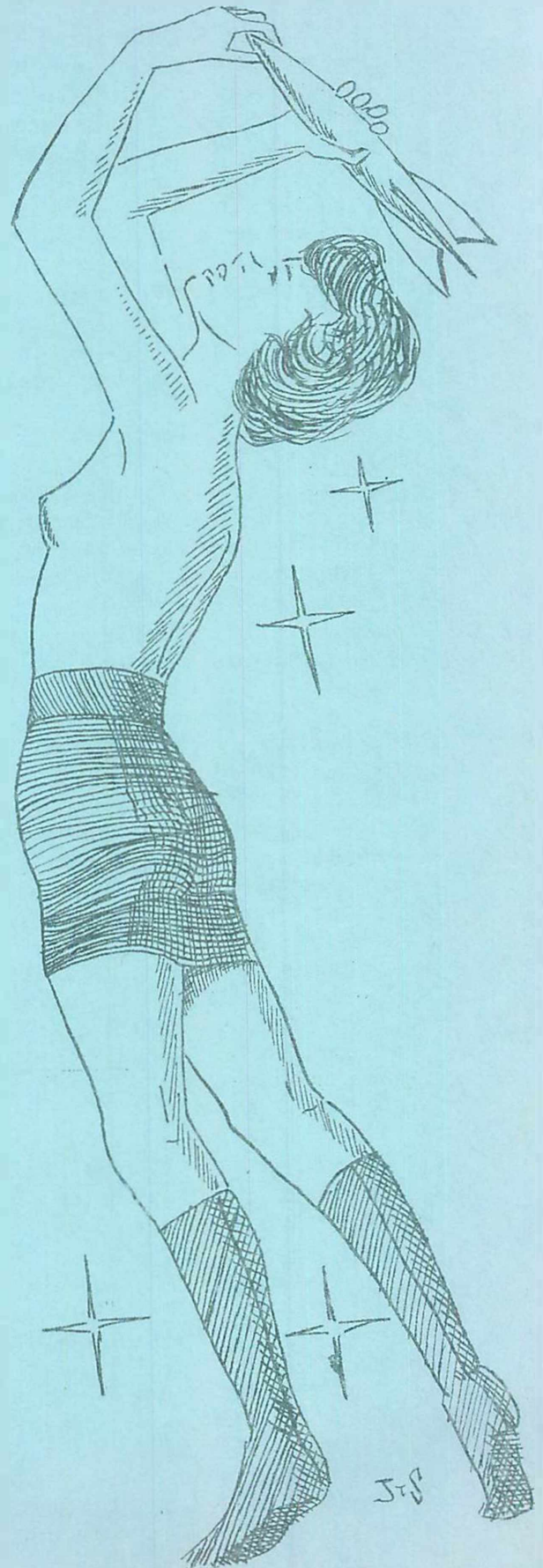


be avoided by committee decision to limit the candidates to fiction written within five years of its publication date. There are enough extra honors now available in fandom to pay respects to Burroughs: First Fandom will probably get around to him posthumously one of these years with its newly created trophy, for instance.

It was good to learn that another Mark Twain volume of previously unreleased material is available in a paperback edition. There was a time when I was extremely engrossed in Mark Twain. I bought a 24-volume set of his writings with newspaper coupons and 29¢ payments, and I read everything in the biography section of the local library relating to him. But I couldn't afford at the time the few collections of Twainiana that drew from unpublished sources and this hurt like fury, particularly in view of the fact that the local public library couldn't afford them, either. Somehow, I think of Bob Tucker when I think of Mark Twain, and vice versa. They should get along famously in the hereafter.

Peter Singleton	THE STOLEN HUGO.
Ward Two	If our friend
Whittingham Hospital	Mike Deckinger
Near Preston	has got his
Lancashire, England	facts straight
	(and offhand I

can think of no earthly reasons why otherwise should be the case) I am in complete agreement with his conclusions. These "splinter groups" loosely connected with SF fandom look like being a major problem due to a marked lack of inter-fandom comprehension. I think that our fandom can be relatively easily influenced by these others due to the fact that it has no definite clear-cut boundaries. Whereas (unless I've been grossly misinformed) comic fandom, monster fandom and ERB fandom etc., have clearly defined, comparatively limited interests and are more rigid and therefore far less likely to be influenced to a drastic extent (adversely or otherwise) by other groups, including SF fandom. Unless these various offshoots have also evolved to the stage where the main reason behind the group's existence has become a mere side issue as in our case: then



I can only assume that adverse influences are considered to be mutual. Rather like a conflict of ideologies on a small scale, in a way. (I'll have to watch myself--I'm turning into a blue-nosed sercon in my old age!)

BOOK REVIEWS. R.L. Fanthorpe is a British author who helps enormously in detracting from the otherwise fairly tolerant public image of SF in our fair country. He does this disservice to SF under the equally infamous British pb firm of Badger Books, Ltd., and has been doing so for quite some time, now. There should be a law against such scandalous behaviour!

STRANGE FISH. I was indeed looking forward to the conclusion of this stimulating article. If you still haven't received Theodore Sturgeon's address, how about sending it care of Uncle Avram? Avram should know Sturgeon's agent, if nothing else, because of "When You Care, When You Love" appearing in F&SF not so long ago. Anyway, I hope you do manage to get a copy of TZ 10 and 11 into Sturgeon's hands--it would be a shame if he never sees the thesis at all, to be sure.

THE BEST DEFENSE. I agree entirely with the author's footnote; mainly, it S-T-I-N-K-S! Ha--I should talk--my only published fan-fiction was endearingly titled THE BEM FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION. I'll leave the rest to your imagination except to convey to you the significant detail that the pubber of my opus was a young femmefan who, when it reached the feet of a breathless fandom--promptly gaffiated.

All illos I liked but nothing compares with last issue's coverillo! ((What do you expect? It was professional, and stolen.))

Kris Carey                      As to the purity test, I think most fen would find it  
1016 2nd Street                interesting if not novel. I'm sure most of us, being  
Wasco, California              broad minded, as fen are, would like to see one put  
   through. I'm likewise sure that it would go through  
the mails; egad, what with some of this really pure filth and pornography  
that crawls out of some persons' poboxes...I remember the one required  
for enrollment in the ANP some years ago. They say that was some test.  
I'm quite sure that other than normal people joined, though, and somehow  
falsified the test questions and answers in spite of all Rockwell did.  
In case you didn't know, the test was required for membership. ((What  
Bernie didn't mention was that two guys were damn near expelled from MIT  
for publishing the BurtonReflector purity thst. Since TZ is also in a  
sense published under MIT auspices, 'twould be courting sudden death to  
print it.))

Ah yes, the Vorpai Sword....hmmmmmm. Sounds more like a Bogravian  
fairy tale. In any case, it was funny and I enjoyed it, which is all  
that really matters.

Reaction: As Ron Ellik would paraphrase your phrase,  
   "When in trouble or in fear,  
   Stay thee calm and drink Rhoot Bheer."

The article on Twain's (new/old) book interested me. I have heard  
segments of the book discussed at length in various modes before but never  
gave the collection, as a whole, much thought. It bears investigation,  
in any case. The book certainly puts Twain's philosophy into the easily  
evident forefront. It sometimes seems strange to me that we don't have  
more of this biting sarcasm in the world today.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: MIKE DECKINGER, who is interested in seeing what the  
Burroughs faction thinks of his article, and DICK LUPOFF, who told us.