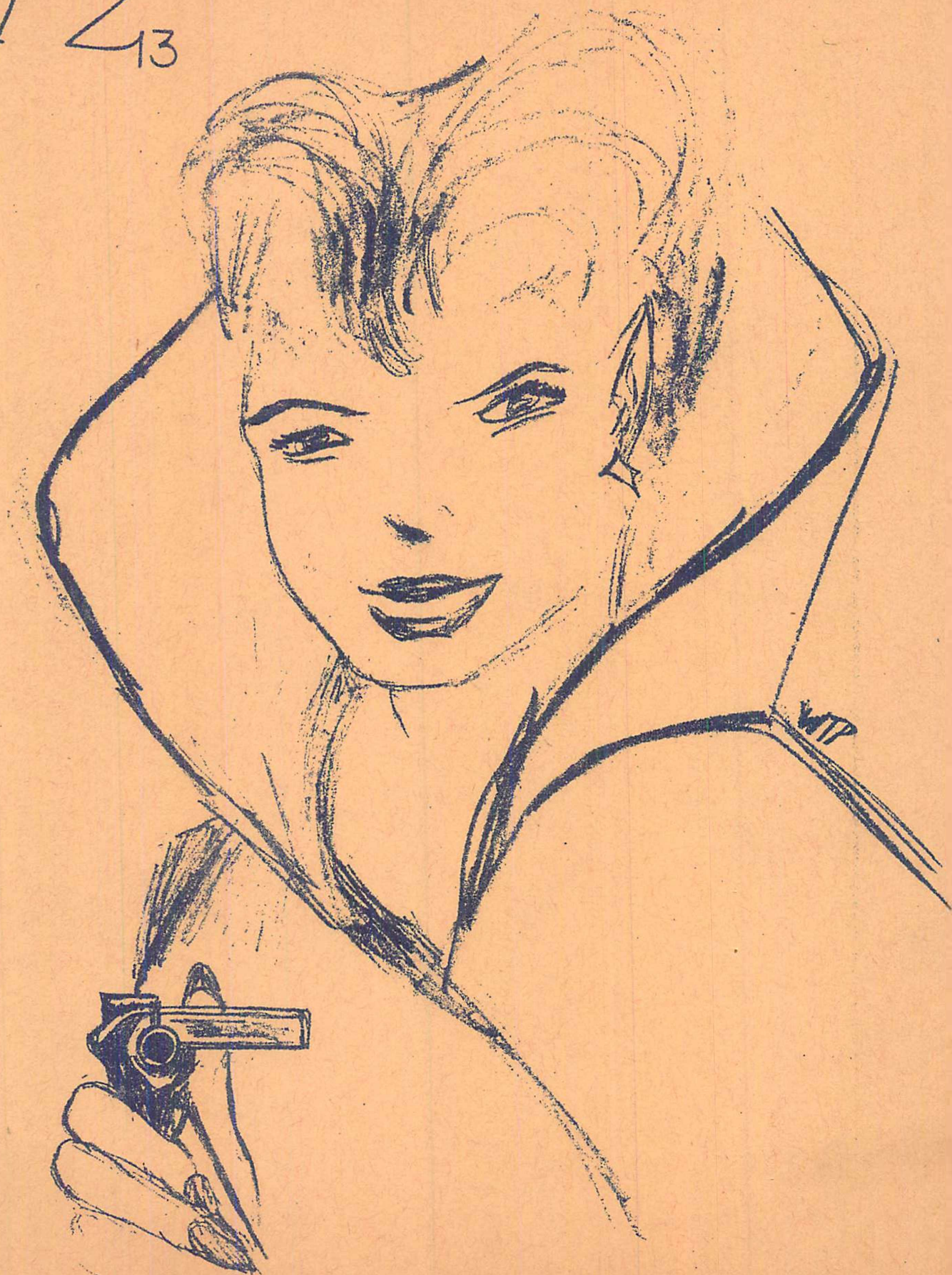


1 Aug JUL 65
ΣNT-T&F

TZ₁₃



TWILIGHT ZINE

tz/3

CONTENTS

IDLE BUMS

From the Mouth of DAVE-----	editorial-----	2
The Case of the Paradoxical Pachyderm-----		4
	Doug Hoylman	
The McNastiad-----		7
	E. Fra. Jacobus	
Cordwainer Smith --Who is He?-----		13
	Richard Harter	
	ARLewis	
California, There I Went-----	conreport-----	15
	Doug Hoylman	
Crud and Craftsmanship-----	diatribe-----	18
	Bob Coulson	
Dissident-----	fiction-----	20
	Mike Shupp	
Isomorphism-----	letters-----	24

AT CREDITS:

Cover by Bill Park
Chez Dorr--3, 7, 10, Inside Back Cover

EDITOR

DAVe Vanderwerf

TYPISTS

Don Cochran
DAVe Vanderwerf

PARODISTS

Mike Ward
Dennis Guthrie

ARTIST(?)

DAVe Vanderwerf

COMPLAINTS

The Society

EVERYTHING ELSE

DAVe Vanderwerf

THE TWILIGHT ZINE should be published quarterly (aw, c'mon, no hissing) by the MIT Science Fiction Society. This is number 13 (read the editorial to find out about number 14), published April 30, 1965 (yes, that is over a year). Subscriptions go to: members of the Society, contributors, people who trade, write useable LoC's, or, if you're desperate, pay 25¢ (no more--money is used for the editor's social life). Paid subscriptions will be promptly lost by the editor. All mail should be sent to: THE TWILIGHT ZINE

MIT SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

Room 50-020 (After July 1, Room W20-404A)

MIT, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts

Material sent to the editor at any known address may or may not be (a) forwarded, (b) sent to the right address (c) acknowledged (d) received. For that matter, he may not be editor by that time (see editorial). This makes using the above address much more sensible.

We're just fans; we don't read the stuff.

This has been a BeaverBarf Press production, in association with ReSoN Press. The SFS is a farce in weekly acts (I'm grinding one).

Reproduction this issue is very spotty, due to spastic typing, ink problems with the beautiful 360, and sundry other things. Thanks muchly to Don Cochran, who did some of the better typing, Filthy Pierre, who helped run it off, Randy Brack, who showed us how to work the infernal machine, and the nameless others who will be collating.

Regular dump on Bernie Morris Issue...

FROM THE MOUTH OF DAVE

The name of the new (and maybe by now former) editor of TZ may be familiar to some of you out there in fandom. This could be because at one time I was a neofan with the usual great plans for Doing Things. Then something happend. It was called the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This can also be spelled F-A-F-I-A. MIT does not allow much time for fanning. Well, all of this was solved a while ago when the aforementioned school decided that my grades were not all that could be desired (I agreed--I didn't want them, either). Thus I am now known technically as a "busted beaver." Does this mean I now have infinite time to fan? If you think so, you are somewhat naive.

However, pubbing Tz is a different thing. The Society has many members, at least a few of whom are willing to work. The Society has money to spend on the Zine. The Society has the money, does the work, and generously gives the editor the credit.

Sure it does.

In theory, this is the case. What happend is this:
EDITOR (at crowded Society meeting): How many of you would like to do some typing for the zine? (To three people not crouched behind chairs): Can you type? (To one person left): Have you ever typed a mimeo stencil? (To self): Oh, well, maybe next week.

Let's face it, friends, I don't like to cut stencils. I have--most of those for this issue. But this doesn't mean that I like it. Besides that, I don't at this time have a typer. This is the reason for the five different types used in this. I have a definite tendency to put off things, especially when I don't especially care for the work involved, and also when I have running the society, acting as a consultant to the MIT engineering magazine, being features editor of the MIT paper, and trying to earn enough money to stay alive (occupying my time (several of these have now disappeared, but keeping a female happy has been added)). This has resulted in my putting off until next month what I should have done last week. I'm sorry, but that doesn't change the situation.

* * * * *

Mimeography on these pages, for those of you interested, is done with the Gestetner 360 thoughtfully provided to one of the MIT dorms. Artwork is gestefaxed, and paper is random, and cheap.

* * * * *

Cleverly concealed in this issue is a little form which establishes your status on our mailing list. If your status is shaky, you can endear yourselves to us again by contributing, or by trading, or by writing us a letter of comment. You can even gain our grudging approval (if the perversion moves you) by sending us the munificent sum of \$0.2500. It's not that we don't get an altruistic thrill when we see the joyous smile on your face as TZ appears in your mailbox, it's just that we're desperate for material. So look for your status symbol, in the form of a check mark. If nothing is checked, it means either that a) we goofed or b) we love you so much we couldn't think of a reason to stop sending you the rag.

* * * * *

As of last week, Yed is no longer responsible for the mass of confusion known as MIT-SFS. Officers elected last week: Skinner, Mike Ward; Vice, Filthy Pierre (sometimes mistaken for Erwin Strauss, whom he closely resembles); Secretary, Mike Shupp; and Treasurer, Henry Baran. These ~~unfortunate suckers~~ lucky people will run the Society ~~into the ground~~ for the next year. Long may ~~they reign~~!!!!

TZ parodies are a way of life--Ward and Ruthrie

Last year's officers included Malcolm Skerry(better know as Y)as Vice; Richard Spehn(right now taking an extended California vacation)as Secretary(Susan Hereford, Cliffie and fan, replaced him; Wayne B'Rells(of Room 50-020 fame) as Treasurer.

*

*

*

*

*

*

The Society has a large number of readers of pulps, and a reasonably large collection of same. One of the readers approached me some time ago with a copy of Planet Stories, Volume 1, Number 16. Included in this collection was a story entitled "The Black Friar of the Flame." Those who have read it claim that rarely have they seen a pot so thoroughly boiled. So, we award this year's most versatile writer award to a man we all know and respect as a serious, original, inventive writer. Hello, there, Good Doctor.

*

*

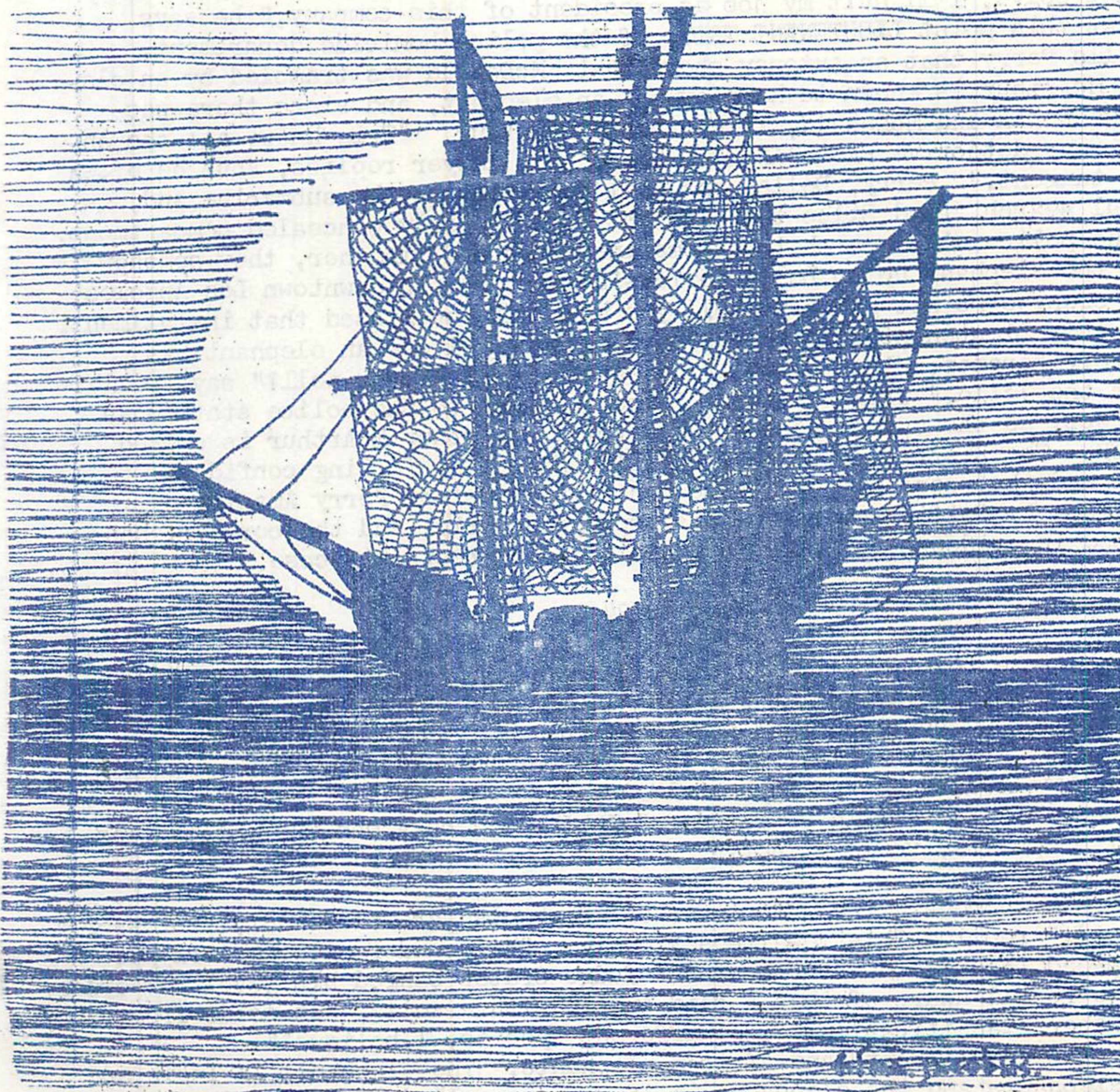
*

*

*

*

For many reasons, this issue and this editorial have been cut short. We hope to re-appear in the summer with TZ # 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ (TZ 14, a very good parody, is included with this issue). The editor may be anyone, or, again, it may be me. We shall see.



4 THE CASE OF THE PARADOXICAL PACHYDERM

By Doug Hoylman

CONCLUSION

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST 23 INSTALLMENTS: PERRY AMAZIN has been hired by ARTHUR McARTHUR to defend him in a suit being brought against him by McArthur's neighbor and fellow employee, DONALD McDONALD. McDonald claims that McArthur's pet elephant, BILBO, has been eating McDonald's prize begonias. Both McArthur and McDonald are employees of Thomas Swift Enterprises, Inc., an engineering design firm. Perry and his secretary, DELLA TERIOUS, go out to visit McDonald on the job: he is testing a new submarine designed by Swift Enterprises. When the submarine is brought up, McDonald is found in it, dead. He has apparently been crushed to death by some heavy object. Amazin asks THOMAS SWIFT if he has any ideas as to what killed McDonald. "I don't know, but I'll figure it out," says Tom calculatingly. "The day I find a problem I can't solve, I'll quit my job as president of this company," he says resignedly. At this point LIEUTENANT TRIG, of the police homicide department, enters and tells Perry that an autopsy shows that McDonald was trampled by an elephant. Since McArthur is known to have owned an elephant, and since there was bad blood between him and McDonald, Trig arrests McArthur. "Trig knows all the angles, Perry," says detective PAUL GANDER. "Yes," the lawyer replies, "but he often goes off on a tangent." Perry, Della, and Paul sneak out to the submarine and, after a careful search, find Bilbo the elephant in a cleverly concealed compartment. Afraid that the police will search the submarine again and find her, they somehow manage to get the elephant up to Della Terious's apartment in downtown Los Angeles without being seen (We're not going to tell you how. If you missed that installment, tough.) Just then Lieutenant Trig knocks on the door. "I see an elephant has been in your refrigerator, Miss Terious," he says. "How can you tell?" says Della. "Footprints in the Jello," Trig replies. Bilbo is taken to the police station as evidence--in fact, as the murder weapon. The trial of Arthur McArthur is opened by JUDGE CRATER. The District Attorney, HAMILTON SANDWICH, feeling confident he has an open-and-shut case with which he can finally defeat Perry Amazin, presents testimony by Swift, several of his employees, Trig, and the coroner, has Bilbo introduced in evidence as People's exhibit B, and rests his case.

Chapter 24

Perry Amazin rose to his feet. "I call as my first witness Professor Thaddeus Thistlewaite." A tall, heavily-built individual with a beard and horn-rimmed glasses came to the front of the courtroom and was sworn in.

"Now, Professor," Amazin said, "what is your profession?"

The witness replied, "I am an elephantologist."

"An elephantologist," Amazin repeated. "That would be a man who specializes in the study of elephants, would it not?"

"It would."

"Now I believe there are two main types of elephants, are there not, Professor?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Thistlewaite seriously. "Male and female." A ripple of amusement spread through the courtroom and Judge Crater banged his gavel for order.

"I think we're all aware of that," said Amazin with a smile, "but aside from that, isn't there another classification? Two different species, I believe?"

"Ah, yes. Indian elephants and African elephants. The elephants in India are called Indian elephants and the elephants in Africa are called African elephants."

Perry Amazin looked around the courtroom. Judge Crater was amused, Hamilton Sandwich looked baffled, and his client appeared calm and confident. Amazin turned back to the witness. "Did you observe the elephant which was in this courtroom a short while ago, and which has been labeled People's Exhibit B?"

"Elephants are not easily overlooked, Mr. Amazin," the witness replied.

Judge Crater looked at him sternly. "The witness will please answer the question."

"Yes, I observed the elephant."

"And," Amazin continued, "could you determine from that examination whether People's Exhibit B was an African elephant or an Indian Elephant?"

Hamilton Sandwich rose to his feet. "Your honor, I fail to see where this line of questioning is leading."

"Mr. Amazin, do you have some particular objective in mind?" asked Judge Crater, frowning.

"Yes, I do, your honor, and I think my next question will tie this in."

"Very well, proceed," said Judge Crater, leaning back in his seat.

"It was an Indian elephant," the witness announced.

Amazin produced a set of photographs. "Professor Thistlewaite, I show you the prosecution's photographs of the body of the decedent. As an elephantologist, do you agree with the examining physician's verdict that the decedent was trampled by an elephant?"

"Quite definitely," Thistlewaite said with confidence.

Amazin leaned close to the witness. "What kind of elephant, Professor?"

Thistlewaite sat up and exhibited one of the photographs. "This man was unquestionably trampled to death by an African elephant." A startled buzz arose from the spectators.

"That's all," said Amazin as he sat down.

Hamilton Sandwich approached the witness. "Professor Thistlewaite, do you mean to tell the jury that simply by looking at those photographs, you can tell whether it was an Indian or an African elephant that trampled Donald McDonald?" There was a note of incredulity in his voice.

"Any elephantologist worth his salt can tell you that," replied the witness scornfully.

"May I ask how you can tell?"

"The shape of the feet, the difference in body weight, various minor factors make the marks quite distinctive. I have here," he added, reaching inside his coat, "a photograph of a man trampled to death by an Indian elephant. As you see, the difference is quite obvious."

Hamilton Sandwich studied the two photographs side by side for a few minutes, then sat down, shaking his head. "No further questions," he muttered.

"Now, if the court please," said Amazin, "I would like to recall Thomas Swift to the stand for a few further questions based on what the professor has just said."

"Any objections, Mr. Sandwich?" asked Judge Crater, turning toward the district attorney, who mumbled something incoherent as he stared at the photographs. Thomas Swift walked to the witness stand and sat down.

Amazin exhibited a large map. "Mr. Swift, I show you this map marked People's Exhibit D, which you testified earlier showed the layout of Swift Enterprises. This building over here--" Amazin pointed to a square marked "Barn"--"May I ask what it is used for?"

"We once used it for assembling aircraft," said Tom plainly.

"Yes, but is it in use presently?" Amazin pressed.

"There is hay stored in the upper part," said Tom loftily.

"And the rest of it?"

"Nothing but atmosphere," said Tom airily.

"Oh, really," said Amazin, frowning. "Are you sure you don't use that hay to feed an alaphant which you keep in there--an African elephant?" The buzz from the spectators grew louder.

"Mr. Amazin, if you persist in making such libelous statements, I shall sue you," said Tom plaintively.

"Do you mean that this is not your elephant, Mr. Swift?" Amazin said, and gave a shrill whistle. Into the courtroom burst a huge African elephant, with Della Terious astride its back. Spectators fled in all directions. The elephant came up to Swift and put its trunk affectionately around his neck.

"Right on scheduld, Chief," Della Terious smiled.

"Is it not true, Mr. Swift," Amazin said, shouting to be heard above the uproar, "that there was a secret airlock in the side of the submarine..."

Judge Grater pounded the gavel with all his might. "Order in the court!"

"Let go of me, dammit! I'm not an elephant," Tom trumpeted.

"...and that while Donald McDonald was testing the new model submarine, you came down in another submarine which you connected to McDonald's..."

Sandwich thundered, "I object on the grounds that this is incompetent, irrelephant, immaterial, illegal, immoral, and gattening, and besides that elephant stepped on my foot!"

"Look out!" came a shout from the back of the courtroom. "People's Exhibit B has escaped!" Bilbo galloped through the crowd toward the African elephant.

"...and released this trained African elephant, which trampled McDonald, and then congealed McArthur's elephant in the submarine to frome McArthur, and that the reason you killed McDonald..."

"Oh, my God!" McArthur shouted. "Bilbo's female and the other one's male."

"Order in the court!" Judge Grater had broken his gavel and was pounding on the bench with his fist.

"...is because your wife, Mary Nestor Swift, recently divorced you, and you blamed McDonald for it?"

"Hey, chief!" shouted Della Terious. "How do you get down off an elephant?"

"Della, this is no time for riddles!"

"Riddles, schmiddles. Get me off this beast!"

"Order in the court!"

Hamilton Sandwich sat with his head in his hands, crying softly.

Chapter 25

Professor Thaddaus Thistlewaite knocked on the door of Amazin's private office. "Come in, Paul," said Della Terious.

The elephantologist removed his glasses, beard, and wig to reveal the face of Gander. "Perry, do you realize what the penalty for perjury is?"

"Nothing, if you don't get caught," the lawyer replied. "Not even Trig spotted you, and he's pretty acute."

"You're kinda acute yourself," said Lieutenant Trig, as he entered. "Come along, Paul, old buddy. I bet even Amazin can't get you out of this rap."

"Thought he was in homicide," Amazin said as Trig and Gander left. "Now, where were we, Della?"

"Over on the couch," Della Terious replied. Just then there was another knock on the door. "Come in," said Amazin wearily.

Arthur McArthur entered with a middle-aged but quite attractive woman. "Miss Terious, Mr. Amazin, I'd like you to meet Mary Nestor Swift."

"Thomas Swift's ex-wife?" Amazin said, startled.

Mary Swift laughed. "That's right. Soon to be Mrs. McArthur. You see, it wasn't that McDonald creep that broke up our marriage. It was Artic."

"Congratulations," said Amazin.

"No," amended McArthur. "Congratulations to you for beating the rap. You make up the darndest evidence I've ever seen. Confused everybody so much they all thought the D. A. did it."

"Did he?" asked Amazin.

"Course not. I did. You know that. Well, how much do I owe you?"

"\$1000 a month in small bills. I'll send you my address as soon as we get to Brazil." Amazin held up two airplane tickets. "Della and I are skipping the country before the police catch up with us, and then blackmail you for the rest of your

(Continued on page 12)

This is, as far as I know, the first general publication of any part of the McNastiad of Frater Jacobus. As the work has hitherto been available only in scholarly circles (and rarely in translation) I feel that it would be desirable to present a brief introduction to the work as a whole.

The McNastiad is a group of tales describing the exploits of the Irish hero Sir Filthy McNasty. It comprises somewhat less than half of the Middle Gaelic Soiled Book of Connaught, the remainder being a more loosely knit collection of stories, folk tales, and jests revolving more or less about McNasty, his friends his ancestors, and his society. The tales of the McNastiad itself appear to have a common author who signed himself Frater Jacobus, Clerk. Other than his name the only fact we have about the author is that he was of the class of filiud or professional bards. He appears to have had a patron to whom the tales are addressed but we have no information as to who this patron was save that he was most probably from Connaught.

As said above the McNastiad has been known only to scholars, but portions of it have been used as a basis for more popular writings. The most notable of these, of course, is Prof. Blatherton's Vorpall Sword.
 Chez Dorr (editor)

My Lord! Doubtless you have heard rumours from the North. Permit me now this boldness to sing you a True & Accurate Account of the Tragical Defeat of the Tyrant MacBeth, King of Scotland, Murderer of the Good Duncan ('tho we did not know of it at the beginning).

My Lord Filthy, son to Mc Nasty, had taken it in mind to journey to the North to fight the Norwegian and so we found ourselves embroiled in the thick of it under the pennon of my Lord Duncan, then King. Know you well my Lord Mc Nasty distinguished himself an hundred times and more in battle-play and yet 'twas naught to his courage & and wit in the events to come.

Know then that that broil had carried us far to the north of the centre of battle and once victorious required us several weeks to return to news of court, living for the nonce as we could upon the land along our march. In time having come upon a churl in the midst of a kasha field by chance, we asked: How goes with the King? to which he countered: Has'tow nea gi'en e-r* tae the news Lord? The King is muredred guest tae my Lord MacBeth these several days and my Lord MacBeth would now be King. Tis news most greivous quoth my Lord McNasty crossing himself (as I did too) and then: We will to Scone to follow MacBeth and mayhap arrive in time to partake of the coronation banquet as in truth my belly hath withered and my gorge been afire these past weeks. Quoth the churl: I dinna advise it my Lord as the MacBeths are known as lousy hosts; its bringing the boss hame tae dinner that they'd be doing the last week and the first thing ye know he's getting himself scragged and the whole country flips. There's signs again it and I would nae advise dinner at the MacBeths tae any (and besides I've heard that their cook's giving notice). Quoth my brave McNasty: Faex Tauri,** my good man, (my Lord McNasty is a learned Knight as well as gentle) & we were soon on our way to the crowning as you may be sure.



* Maria per aurem impregnata est. (Anselm) -- CD

** trans. refuse, or dregs, of the bull -- CD

Ah my Lord let me tell you of the banquet that followed! What a feast it was---and yet what a shambles it became!

Know you that all was set at Scone and we awaited only on the arrival of my Lord Banquo (who as we discovered later had been most foully murdered). At last our Host gave word to begin and the brave Sir Filthy, veteran of many a battle at tooth-play as indeed were all assembled there that night, fell to anon and had quickly caused great inroads amongst the traditional Scottish fare of pizza pies & beer which hath from time immemorial been the customary repast at the crowning of Kings. It doth my heart good to think of the heroic service at those trestles and it is fact that Sir Filthy McNasty stood foremost amongst them all as he would in two bites demolish complete a full pizza pie replete with onions and peppers and with but one draught from his commodiodious* flagon would be shouting anon to the cupbearer: Harol by the Blessed SS. Brigid & Andrew la gorge m'art!*** 'Tis well said that in battle my Lord McNasty need but bare his well-ground teeth to send the enemy to panic.

The feast had but begun though when a curious event occurred which caused the entire company to fall into the most dire confusion as my Lord MacBeth having glanced toward the vacant place of absent Banquo started suddenly as if he'd seen a ghost. Which of ye have done this? he demanded as his Lady rose to give him comfort. Thou canst not say I did it! Never shake thy gory looks at me! Excusing her Lord before the company my Hostess made to return to her seat when my Lord MacBeth, doubtless seeing his invisible assailant again, gave a roar: Avaunt and quit my sight! and picking the pizza pie mearest him made to use it as a weapon against the creatures of his imagination. Thrown full at my Lord Banquo's empty place, the fateful missile coursed the air (for I swear my Lord there was nothing there) & struck my Hostess (who in regaining her seat had briefly turned her back) in the skirts. Sitting down upon her surprise more quickly than she'd planned she dumbly surveyed the damage about her and hearing my Lord McNasty's ill-timed laugh took him to be the culprit. Seeking to serve him in a like manner she made fly a similar missile (a large one with anchovy) which, my Knight ducking in time, continued in its course and narrowly missed my Lady Kirkmaiden who was also guesting at the feast that night.

Knimpfo my Lady Kirkmaiden who has always been somewhat pettish ('tho her beauty more than redeems her for it) could not let such a mortal insult go unanswered and shouting a war cry: Och thy mither come pregnant on a G. I. loan thou bum!*** she let fly at the dias. Alas in her indignation her aim was faulty and turning in its flight the dread missile fell into eight pieces and neatly struck my Lords Lennox, Ross, Menteith, Angus & Caithness as well as three captains. Guessing her intent these worthies let fly with their own and as chance would have it struck my Lord MacBeth on eight sides simultaneous. With a roar that man, by no means a coward, leapt into the melee and very Pandemonium reigned for the next hour or more.

Sir Filthy McNasty? With a cooler head than most he was soon barricaded amongst the trestles and catching missiles left and right continued in his feasting. Thus indirectly he lessened the disaster considerably in acting to limit severely the amount of available ammunition.

Thus it was, the carnage ending, that all these worthy guests quitted my Lord MacBeth's by reason of their great disgust save only my Lord McNasty (who proclaimed himself too full to move) and a few lesser men. And thus also to this very day it is a plain truth that in the memory of that ill-starred banquet pizza pies have never since been eaten in Scotland.

*'ie. of the capacity of two demijohns.' (Frater Jacobus)

This would appear to be a conundrum of some sort--CD

** trans. 'my throat's afire' ie. 'I am yet thirsty'. As he was at court he would be constrained to use the French despite the unlikelihood of the servants understanding it--CD

*** A traditional Scots curse of great antiquity--CD

You may be sure, my lord, that we realised the flavour of an omen in those dark doings and know you also that following the king MacBeth to Dunsinane we beheld a most awesome sight that put us in no doubt whatsoever that my Lord and Lady MacBeth had the blood of a King on their heads.

'Twas late on a stormy night that Sir Filthy and I were searching the cellars of Dunsinane Keep for as you well know my Lord McNasty is accustomed to a bedtime posset of heroic proportions and as my Lord MacBeth had been brooding of late the wine of Castle MacBeth was flowing little faster than glue. Thus it was we found ourselves braving the terrors of subterranean vaults when a mighty thunderbolt struck outside and, the very foundations of the castle reverberating with its force, we espied a thing the likes of which I devoutly wish never to witness again.

I must have started in my terror for anon I heard my Lord McNasty admonishment full in the porches of both my e-ers: Cose la boca par Diez!* (my Lord McNasty had once been to Cadiz) this new matter may be of no slight interest! In instant obedience I crouched behind the cask I had been sampling and by my Faith, my lord, he was fully right!

The wight before us proved to be the discomfited Lady MacBeth pacing in her sleep. And the words she spoke my Lord I cannot reproduce for their terror but wringing her hands as if to wash them she spoke of blood and dark deeds as well as the resemblance of a murdered man to her father.** Imagine then our utter horror as it instantly struck us her speech concerned the murdered King (for it was but common knowledge, my Lord, that the Lady MacBeth was in truth the natural daughter of good Duncan 'tho she herself ever refused to admit it). By the Rood how that bastard must have hated the King! And how her hate seemed now turned gainst herself was more than mortal could bear to witness! You may be sure we crept most quickly from that spot and besought ourselves trembling to our beds.

The next morn I left for England where even then an army was forming to depose the monsters MacBeth while my brave Lord Sir Filthy McNasty swore to remain in the accurst fortress and bring it about that it would open to us once we came again it. His plan proved to be horrendous in its cunning as you shall see! Glad I am that I myself did not know of it til the end.

When you then that I joined the march under my Lords Malcolm & MacDuff and returned with them again Dunsinane. And but for my Lord McNasty's pledge our moral had been low to the extreme for as my Lord Siward had been first to admit we had but little hope of taking a castle so built to withstand siege. Only if my Knight made good his oath would the day be saved.

That next morn there happened a thing that caused our hearts to beat with joy. My Lord Malcolm had sent a handfull of yeomen into the Wood of Birnam to espy the enemy as best they could. We expected naught from their skulking about (& in actual fact we wished chiefly to provide some easy task to keep them busy for despite your tales of the power & effect of the footman with his Welsh Bow it is the armed horse that wins battles) but upon their return they reported a most marvelous sign. Castle Dunsinane was (as was only to be expected as the tyrant still retained some of his courtesy) tricked out in all the trappings of war: flags and pennons and all else flying bravely in the wind. But lo from a slot in the highermost top of the keep itself hung a banner that was not of MacBeth! It appeared as best we tell a common bedsheet save blazoned upon it was the legend: LET'S GO METS! a device understook by none save my Lady Kirkmaiden who had come up from Luce (where she had been on retreat as was her custom on occasion) to audit the battle.

What the beauteous Knimpfo explained was this: the emblem was one once shown her by a great aunt which had been used by the soldiery of Wales when fighting at unfavourable odds against the Saxon. 'Twas said that the virtue of the device had enabled them to win

* trans. 'Sew up thy mouth, by ten!'--CD

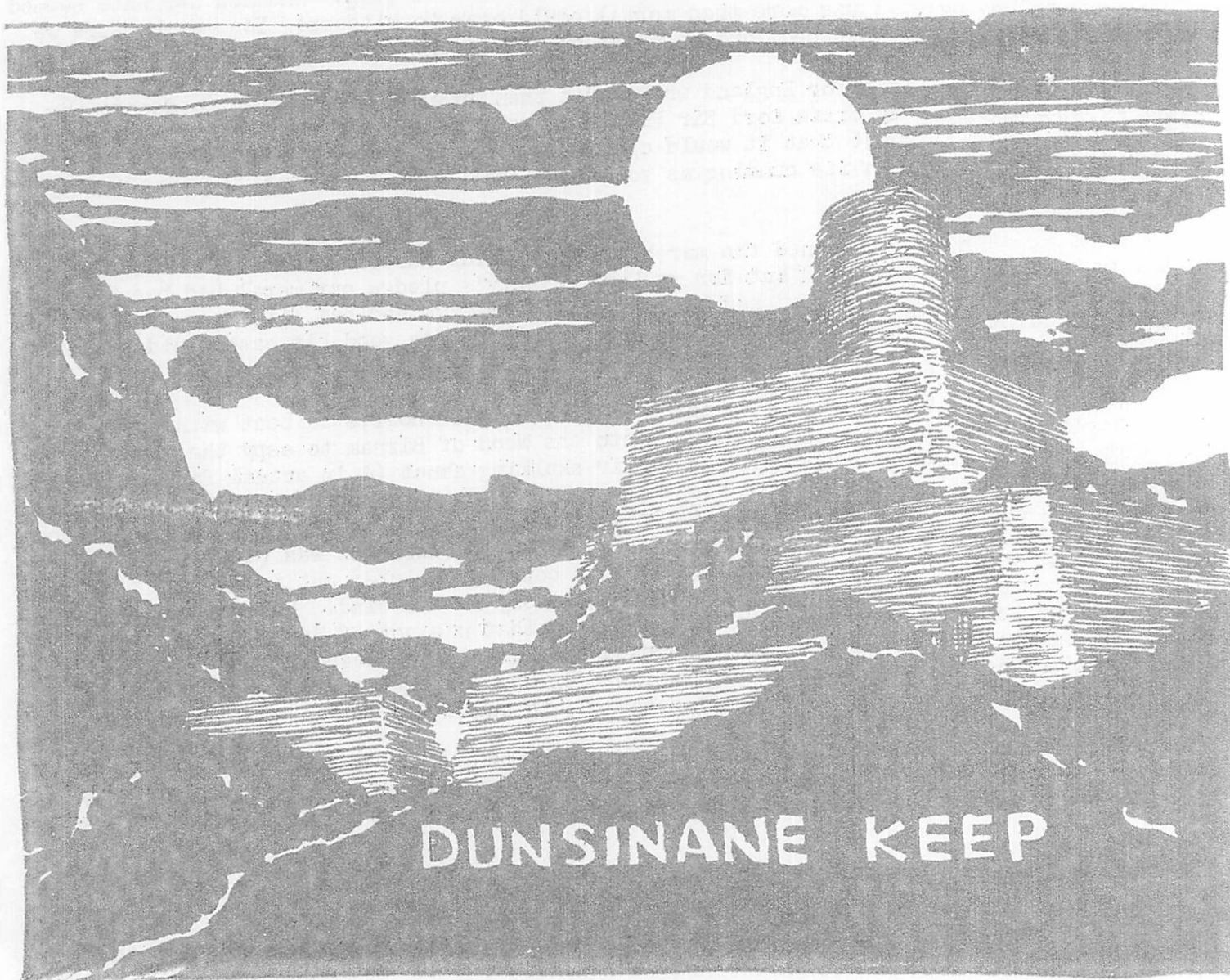
** Shakespeare, in his adaptation of this work, commits a grave error in assigning this last to an earlier scene--CD

several contests where all might have expected them to lose (tho I myself believe it was only that they were fighting for their homeland). What is to the point is that the heroine Knimpfo had one night communicated this tale to my Lord McNasty! Its secret then was that my Knight had completed his work--the keep was ready to be taken by the meanest of our Saxon troops!

So counseling the valiant Lady showed herself armed* and girded with a most curious sword (whose name she said was Claidheamh-mhora: I think there was magic in it)** and joined us as with our new cry: For SS. Anthony & George and lets go Mets! we formed our lines.

* ie. Knimpfo, having come directly from Luce, would still be wearing her pilgrim's robes. Opening her robes she showed that she was wearing armor underneath. It was odd, but not unprecedented, for a lady to bear arms: Knimpfo is reported to have done so on other occasions and, in later centuries, there are the examples of the Lady Bradimente and Jehenne D'Arc.--CD

** The Lady Knimpfo of Kirkmaiden was considered a witch by some of her contemporaries. Although Scottish, her mother was a Britain, and it was said that her great aunt was none other than Morgan le Fay. Here, though, the poet is using irony: the sword's name is simply the Middle Gaelic for "Claymore", a type of two-handed sword native to Scotland (see illustration in Lostizwitz's article in "The Twilight Zine" for spring 1964).---CD



11
Then followed a most curious thing. One would expect the enemy to man his banquettes & defend from the castle but mad MacBeth opened & came out upon us with his entire force to attack us on the plain. If such a sally was designed to surprise us it nearly proved successful save my Lord MacDuff's proclamation: That par Diez is the most stupid stunt I have ever seen and I have been soldier for a long time! I've half a mind to ride up to MacBeth and tell him just what I think of him. So saying he did just that & meseemed that he and the King had words (tho I did not catch what they said) for they had drawn swords anon & in half a trice my Lord MacDuff was riding back with the monster's head. Leaderless the rest turned easily to rout & the day was ours.

And then we witnessed a most extraordinary phenomenon. The hithertofore unconquerable Fortress Dunsinane (as if turned suicidal rather than to admit to defeat) was crumbling to dust. And yet another marvel as we turned--a most beauteous demoiselle rushed from the castle & fell at my feet. Claspings my knees she spake: thou'rt friend to the Irish Knight? He needs thy help.

My Lord, if the demoiselle spake truth, Sir Filthy McNasty Black Prince of Ulster was within that doomed keep which at this very moment would be falling about his ears. I will not speak of the terrible dangers as that demoiselle and I went to McNasty--of the many times we were nearly crushed under falling brick & stone. Know only that we found my Lord McNasty in a chamber of the castle sick abed & unable to save himself. By the Holy Grace of God we somehow managed to drag him out, groaning and belching, from the accurst spot & set him down safely outside. Finding horses and fixing a litter for my wounded Knight the three of us were able to escape to the South.

Behind it seemed as if the Earth herself was opening to receive the once great keep. A storm was in the West & drawing near--amidst a great thunderclap the ground rumbled & with a sound much like that of a great belch what was once the proudest fortress in all Scotland now stood but a heap of brick & rubble.

As I made to cross myself I heard my lord with his beauteous companion laugh. Know this my valiant friend, quoth my Lord McNasty: there are rational explanations for all you have seen and I shall now instruct you. As you know Castle Dunsinane was impregnable and had moreover stores enow to withstand siege for two years. Ha! that was before Sir Filthy McNasty came into its gates (for as you know I am blessed with a veritable sousaphone of an appetite). Ere you could return with your Saxon armies those two years stores had been reduced to nothing. What choice had MacBeth but to attack--the castle could not possibly have withstood siege! Did I not promise that the gate would open?

Alas I outdid myself these last few days. Haro I finished off every crumb! My ailment?--call it a most acute surfeit. I discovered a new celler last night--that was the cause of my near downfall. By the Blessed Foutin I am fortunate that this damsel was there to minister to my distress!

The castle's own downfall I did not plan, tho I should have foreseen it. I told you I ate every crumb and by the Rood I never lie (a surly porter once claimed that drink had given me to lie and I knocked his head for it tho I was somewhat embarrassed after when his widow explained that he had only meant to make a bad pun). Last night the castle mice and rats were starving and where were they to go to eat? Doubtless they found ease by gnawing at the mortar of the fortress walls.

Worry not for my disease tho. I will be quite fit ere we make the mearest Ale House. I assure thee.

So my Lord you have heard the end from my Lord McNasty's own lips. Doubtless you had been filled with rumours of witchery--such rumours spread fast in the North. Bah! Such tales are for the singers of penny-dreadful ballads in the company of tapsters & whores. My Lord McNasty & I have oft seen witches in our cups, & divers other creatures besides, & we have known witches in the flesh as well. And we can tell the difference between real sorcery & a surfeit of stale mead which is more than some of these Northerners can do.

2 You have heard a tale of witches on the heath? We ourselves met the crones on the rode to Dunsinane & they grinned at us & said: All hail McNasty, may your bread be never bitter! And thou, filli, may your songs be ever sweet--all hail! And we said: Thank you Mothers! & tossed them a groat. So much for your three witches--witchery may oft be potent but potent also is Sir Filthy McNasty.

And the demoiselle that rescued my Knight? Few know that tyrant MacBeth had a daughter--until recently a maid. But that my Lord is a tale for my Lord McNasty to describe.

THE CASE OF THE PARADOXICAL PACHYDERM (Continued):

life. We've got all sorts of evidence that you killed McDonald, which we'll release unless we get that grand every month."

"Wanna bet?" grinned McArthur. He whistled shrilly.

When Bilbo had finished, McArthur picked up the airplane tickets and said, "We might as well use these. Come, dear."

FILTHDEX

(Note: this was stencilled much earlier, and refers to the nearly-gone first edition.

A few copies of this edition are still left, and a second edition is planned)

THE MIT SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY INDEX OF THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES 1951-1964,
AS COMPILED BY FILTHY PIERRE

Yes, friends, here it is at last. An index to all of the major science fiction zines from '51 on. Works are indexed by title and by author, and it's all mimeoed on a convenient 8½ x 11 format. Present plans are to include complete listings for Astounding/Analog, Amazing, Fantastic, Fantasy and Science Fiction, Galaxy, Gamma, If, and Worlds of Tomorrow. We're also trying to include as many more listings as we can get our grubby mitts on. We go to press at the end of January, but if you act now you can reserve your copy at the same price it normally sells at, namely \$2.00. Just send cash, check, or money order made out to MIT Science Fiction Society to Index, MITSFS, Room 50-020, MIT, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts. The sooner we get money, the sooner you get the index. So hurry!!!!

wanted

TWILIGHT ZINES # 1 and 11; will pay reasonable price. Donald Cochran, Box 2470, Baker House, MIT, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts.

Selections from The Devil's Dictionary, by Ambrose Bierce

Boundary: In political geography, an imaginary line separating the imaginary rights of one from the imaginary rights of the other.

Conservative: A statesman enamoured with existing evils, as distinguished from a Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others.

Felon: Apperson of greater engerprise than discretion.

Immoral: Inexpedient. Whatever in the long run and with regard to the greater number of instances men find to be generally inexpedient comes to be considered wrong, wicked, immoral.

Legacy: A gift from one who is legging it out of this vale of tears.

CORDWAINER SMITH -

13

who is he?

By Rinhard Harter and A. R. Lewis

They will tell you that he is a professor, or a high government official, who writes for his own amusement in his spare time. Don't you believe it! They will tell you that he is a talented science fiction writer with his own unique style. It isn't so!

Read his stories. Read them again. Ask yourself--is this clever and entertaining science fiction--or is it popular history? You have been told that his stories are science fiction. But do they not have that air of convincing reality, that worn familiar tone of many-times-told tales that form the substance of popular myth?

Look at his universe. Is it a universe that anyone would imagine? But is it not also a universe that sounds very possible? Does he not write like a man who is writing history?

How can this be? Suppose that Vomacht¹ (or, to use his pseudonym, Cordwainer Smith) got misplaced in time to our era. We know it could happen--we know the technology existed--he told us so. Is it not reasonable to assume that he would become a writer? Is it not further reasonable to assume that he would discover after a few attempts at writing typical fantasy how easy it was to write popular history and ballads and pass them off as science fiction?

If this is the case, it behooves us to study the history of man as he portrays it. Following is a bibliography of his stories. In future issues we will discuss his future history in detail. We would also appreciate any information on stories missing from this list.²

The following stories are probably not from the future history:

ANGERHELM

FIFE OF BODIDHARMA

WESTERN SCIENCE IS SO WONDERFUL

The following stories are minor efforts which probably belong but cannot be placed:

NANCY ROUTINE, THE

GOOD FRIENDS, THE

The following stories are in the main sequence and are in approximate chronological order³:

NO, NO, NOT ROGOV

LADY WHO SAILED THE SOUL

THINK BLUE, COUNT TWO

SCANNERS LIVE IN VAIN

WHEN THE PEOPLE FELL

FROM GUSTIBLE'S PLANET

MARK XI

THE GAME OF RAT AND DRAGON

THE BURNING OF THE BRAIN

GOLDEN THE SHIP WAS, OH, OH, OH

THE CRIME AND GLORY OF CAPTAIN SUZDAHL

THE DEAD LADY OF CLOWN TOWN

A PLANET NAMED SHAYOL³

ALPHA RALPHA BOULEVARD³

THE BALLAD OF LOST C'MELL³

THE BOY WHO BOUGHT OLD EARTH³

THE STORE OF HEART'S DESIRE³

MECHER, HITTON'S LITTUL KITTENS

ON THE GEM PLANET

DRUNK BOAT

1. We may suppose that he is a Vomacht from his deep interest in and his intimate knowledge of the Vomacht family history. We may also suppose that he is, or that his family was, intimately connected with the cat people, probably during the underpeople crisis.

2. This ordering is only approximate, and some of these stories may be slightly out of order. A more detailed analysis will follow in future issues.

3. These stories occur in the immediate vicinity of the Rediscovery of Man (approx. 17000 AD)

CORDWAINER SMITH BIBLIOGRAPHY

(Second set of page numbers is list of illustrations)

Alpha Ralpa Boulevard: Fantasy and Science Fiction, June, 1961, pp. 5-29
 YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME; Smith, Cordwainer; Regency(RB-309)

Angerhelm:

STAR SCIENCE FICTION # 6; Pohl, Frederick; Ballantine(308K), New York, 1959, pp. 77-98

Ballad of Lost C'Mell, The: Galaxy, October, 1962, pp. 8-28; cover, pp. 9, 24-25
 TWELVE GREAT CLASSICS OF SCIENCE FICTION; Conklin, Groff; Gold Medal dl366

Boy Who Bought Old Earth, The: Galaxy, April, 1964, pp. 7-101; pp. 9, 24-25, 49, 83

Burning of the Brain, The: If, October, 1958, pp. 84-91; p. 84
 YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME; Smith, Cordwainer; Regency (RB-309)

Chimera and Cry of Commander Suzdahl, The: Amazing, May, 1964; pp. 18-34; pp. 18-19

Dead Lady of Clown Town, The: Galaxy, August, 1964; pp. 6-80; pp. 7, 30-31, 45, 61

Drunkboat: Amazing, October, 1963; pp. 6-24; cover, pp. 6-7

Fife of Bodidharma: Fantastic, June, 1959; pp. 85-92; p. 85

From Gustible's Planet: If, July, 1962, pp. 25-30
 BEST SCIENCE FICTION FROM IF, # 1, May, 1964; pp. 13-18

Game of Rat and Dragon, The: Galaxy, October, 1955; pp. 126-142; pp. 126-127, 132-133.
 BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES AND NOVELS, 1956; Dikty, T.E.; Frederick Fell, New York, 1956, pp. 49-60
 SIX FROM WORLDS BEYOND; Dikty, T. E.; Fawcett(Crest s258), Greenwich, 1958, pp. 31-46
 THIRD GALAXY READER; Gold, H.L.; Doubleday, New York, 1958, pp. 242-262
 Permabook(M4172), New York, 1960, pp. 218-235
 YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME; Smith, Cordwainer; Regency (RB-309)

Golden the Ship Was Oh, Oh, Oh: Amazing, April, 1959, pp. 23-28
 YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME; Smith, Cordwainer; Regency(RB-309)

Good Friends, The: Worlds of Tomorrow, Oct., 1963; pp. 60-63

Lady Who Sailed the Soul, The: Galaxy, April, 1960; pp. 58-81; pp. 58-9, 67, 78-9
 MIND PARTNER AND 8 OTHER NOVELS FROM GALAXY; Gold, H.L.; Permabooks M4287, New York, 1963, pp. 38-63.
 YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME; Smith, Cordwainer; Regency(RB-309)

Mark XI(Elf): Saturn, May, 1957; pp. 62-75
 YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME; Smith, Cordwainer; Regency (RB-309)

Nother Hitton's Littul Kittons: Galaxy, June, 1961; pp. 98-120; pp. 98, 111

Nancy Routine, The: Satellite, March, 1959, Vol. 3, No. 4; pp. 25-29

No, No, Not Rogov: If, February, 1959; pp. 106-120; pp. 106-7
 YEAR'S BEST S-F, 5TH ANNUAL EDITION; Merril, Judith; Dell(F118), New York, 1960, pp. 48-66
 YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME; Smith, Cordwainer; Regency(RB-309)

On the Gem Planet: Galaxy, October, 1963; pp. 92-118; p. 105
 SEVENTH GALAXY READER; Pohl, Frederick; Doubleday, 1964, pp. 122-153

(Continued on page 23)

CALIFORNIA,

THERE I WENT

Doug Hoylman

Few will deny that to be an active science fiction fan, you need a fair amount of money and nothing better to do with it. Not only must you collect an sf library and publish a fanzine (unless you belong to an organization like MITSFS which will do these for you), but you must attend the World Conventions, which are held all over the country and occasionally in London (and there is talk of future Worldcons in Tokyo and Sydney). I being a poor college student, had never had the opportunity to attend one until this year, when I discovered that the Con was being held in Oakland, California, at just about the time I would be passing through there on my way from my home in Montana to the U. of Arizona grad school. So, in April, I sent in my two dollars.

I fully expected that I would get some reply by the time I left MIT, but I didn't. When I reached home I wrote again to Bill Donaho, treasurer of the Pacificon, asking what had happened to my stuff. This time I got an answer. It seems the original package of materials had been sent third class to my MIT address after I'd left. Third class mail, in my opinion, is the silliest thing the post office has yet dreamed up. Even if you leave a forwarding address and agree to pay postage on anything forwarded, they won't forward it third class, although they will return it to the sender with the forwarding address marked on it. Oh, well. Anyway, I eventually got my membership card, progress report, and hotel reservation card, but I didn't get a Hugo ballot, since by the time everything was straightened out it was past July 31, which was the deadline for voting. Strike one. In the progress report was an announcement of a performance during the con of San Francisco's Gilbert and Sullivan company, write Ed Meskys for details. I wrote Ed Meskys and was informed that the G & S group had changed their schedule and wouldn't be performing during the con. Strike two. I wrote to the Leamington Hotel, where the con was held, requesting reservations for four nights, Friday through Monday. After this was confirmed, I discovered that the con started on Friday afternoon and that the only train I could take reached Oakland at midnight. I wrote again to the hotel, asking them to start my reservation on Thursday, and enclosing a deposit. The slip I received this time acknowledged my deposit, but still had me starting Friday night. Strike three.

I arrived at the hotel about 1 am Friday morning, Sept. 4, and got a room with no trouble. At 10:00 I went down to register. Each person registering got a name badge, a 72-page mimeographed program book, and copies of two Regency paperbacks which came out more than a year ago, and which I had already read. They were Avram Davidson's non-fiction Crimes and Chaos and Cordwainer Smith's first collection, You Will Never Be the Same, a couple of darned good books. Since the program didn't begin until noon, I sat down and studied the program book. Only four pages of it was program, the rest being mostly advertisements. There were ads by publishers of sf books and magazines, and by fan groups promoting convention sites, soliciting membership, or simply taking up space. There were also articles about guests of honor Edmund Hamilton, Leigh Brackett, Forrest J. Ackerman, and Art "ATom" Thompson, and an article on the Hugo nominations.

-18- "Did you say you were studying astronomy?"

"No, I said I was taking up space."

Members of the convention whom I observed seemed to fall into two categories: fifteen-year-old nerdy neofens, or old-timers who had been to every Worldcon since 1953. The former were openly contemptuous of everything, and thought the con would be a good place to pick up a girl (It wasn't. Nearly all femmefans are married.) The latter come just to see the old friends which they know will be there, for these people will go to a Worldcon if it is in Tierra del Fuego or Lower Slobbovia.

While waiting for things to get moving, I visited two of the three rooms which were open throughout the convention, the book room and the NFFF hospitality room. (The third, the art show, wasn't set up yet.) The book room offered for sale a bewildering variety of science fiction, including new books published by Advent, Canaveral, Avalon, and a number of British pb firms, and piles of used hardcovers, paperbacks, magazines, and pulps, plus such oddities as old Dick Tracy comic strips. I managed to get away with buying only four paperbacks. The NFFF room had a long table littered with chess sets, go sets, decks of cards, boxes of cookies and crackers, sf magazines, and NFFF publications. Another table dispensed free coffee, and on one wall were posted a map of Oakland and various announcements. The art show included sculpture, photography, and mobiles, as well as paintings and drawings. Some items were on sale at a fixed price, some were up for bids, and some were not for sale. I have no artistic taste, but I enjoyed the show anyway. My favorite was an ATOM cartoon (which later won the first prize for cartooning) called "First Contact." It shows a spaceship on an alien planet, its hatch beginning to open. Alongside the ship is a column of aliens standing on one another's shoulders. The top one is just at the level of the hatch, and he holds a large club poised to swing.

At 12:00 the Pacificon II was officially opened by Al Halevy, who introduced the other members of the convention committee (Ben Stark, Bill Donaho, and Alva Rogers), then introduced Anthony Boucher and Ron Ellik, who took turns introducing the more prominent figures present. Boucher introduced the pros and Ellik the ENFs. Some of the well-known writers there (not all of whom were present Friday) were Fred Pohl, John Brunner, Harlan Ellison, Clifford Simak, Robert Silverberg, Frank Herbert, Don Wollheim, Cele Goldsmith, Lalli, Judith Merrill, Fritz Leiber, Miriam Allen DeFord, Poul Anderson, Jeff Sutton, and probably more I've forgotten, and of course Edmond Hamilton and Leigh Brackett. Scheduled to appear on the program were E.E. Smith and James Blish, but both were ill and couldn't make it.

John Brunner gave the first talk at 1:00, replacing Doc Smith, on the topic of "How to write a story around an idea." He described how he wrote some of his own stories, and then led an audience discussion which was intended to produce a story. Quite a few ideas came out, for an ethnological-conflict story of a sword-and-sorcery culture meeting a 1984 culture; but there was really no story brought out. He was followed by Harlan Ellison, who described the differences between writing fiction and writing for television. He had planned to show films of two TV shows which he wrote, but ABC wouldn't release them. The two speakers gave a sharp contrast: Brunner was the suave, scholarly Englishman, while Ellison's talk was full of slang and metaphor, and acting out of occasional scenes. Then there was a panel discussion of fanzines, by Dick Lupoff, ATOM, Wally Weber, Ron Ellik, and Joe Gibson, which proved only that no two fans agree on the purpose of fanzines. This was followed by an auction, which I didn't stick around for, since at auctions I'm always afraid I'll cough or scratch my head at the wrong time. Besides, I've never been able to see the intrinsic value of an original typewritten manuscript.

That evening there was a party, sponsored by the Syracuse Committee. There is a fan group in Syracuse which wants to put on a convention in 1966. This

would be breaking the established rotation plan for Worldcons, since the '65 con will be in London, and hence the '66 con should be in the Midwest, but apparently no one in the Midwest wants it. These parties were held every night of the convention in a room about a third the size it should have been. Free liquor, beer, and pretzels were handed out to all comers, and if you could find a place to sit down it was a good party.

Saturday's program began at 1:00 with a talk by Fritz Leiber on his favorite monsters, followed by Anthony Boucher on the relation between crime and suspense fiction and sf, followed by a panel discussion on sword and sorcery by Poul and Karen Anderson and Bruce and Diane Pelz. Then another auction, which I skipped. At 6:00 there was something called a "winetasting," which I also skipped because I don't like wine. The most colorful event of the convention began at 8:00, the masquerade. Most of those in the room, like me, had no costume, but there were plenty of those who did. There were characters with blue skin, purple skin, green skin, red skin, white skin. There were two satyrs, several robots, some vampires, and a werewolf. Name badges proclaimed their wearers to be Charlie Brown, Judge Crater, or Ghod. There were also a number of individuals in American Indian costume, who turned out to be real Indians, and demonstrated native dances and archery. Prizes were awarded and photographs taken. A bar in the back of the room was selling drinks, but it did little business, for everyone knew there would be a party afterward with free drinks.

Sunday started off with a panel discussion of the relationship between writers and editors, featuring Fred Pohl and Don Wollheim, editors, vs. Harlan Ellison, Bob Silverberg, and Jeff Sutton, writers. Since there were no publishers taking part, everything was blamed on the publishers. Next came Frank Herbert, whose subject was announced as "How to Build a World," but turned out to be more like "Some interesting things I found out while researching Dune World." Then Dr. Joseph Nesvadba of Czechoslovakia, whose stories have been appearing in F&SF recently, talked on the state of science fiction in eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, since Czech there hasn't been much. Following this there was another auction, so I went out to eat, coming back to the business meeting at 5:00. The business meeting was conducted by Al Halevy, with Tony Boucher as parliamentarian. Since actually this was a double convention, the Worldcon and the Westercon, the first order of business was selecting the site for next year's Westercon, to be held over the 4th of July weekend. Bids were entered by Long Beach ("The hotel is two blocks from the beach") and San Diego ("The hotel is only six blocks from the zon"). Long Beach won handily. There then followed selection of the site for the 1965 Worldcon. The first nomination was made by Robert Silverberg for the Island of St. John in the Virgin Islands. He admitted that there would be several difficulties involved in holding a Johncon: for example, the "hotel" consists of a number of small huts, and there are no facilities for meeting rooms; the meetings could be held outdoors, but unfortunately Labor Day comes in the middle of the rainy season. However, he mentioned several good reasons for holding the convention there, none of which I can remember. A token bid was then entered by Syracuse, which was ineligible but which served to let everyone know that they want a convention sometime. Then the expected bid was entered for London by Art Thompson, and, of course, London won (I voted for St. John myself).

The next motion was a rather routine one to have some more Hugo trophies made, and it passed unanimously. Then things got interesting. Two motions were presented on changing the basis of Hugo nominations. The first, by Karen Anderson, was to establish a committee, to give a preliminary report next year and a final report, with recommendations for changing the nominating procedure, at the 1966 Worldcon. The second, by Harlan Ellison, proposed an immediate revision of the nominating structure, by appointing a committee consisting of an editor, a reviewer, two writers, and two fans, who would receive suggestions for nominations, read everything suggested, and draw up a list of nominees for the members to vote on as at present. There then followed half an hour of heated discussion, with one motion being amended to the other, amendments to amendments, calling of questions, points of order, and other parliamentary nuisances. When the smoke cleared away, Karen's motion was passed, and Harlan's defeated. The committee, appointed by Halevy, consisted of Dick Lupoff, Harlan Ellison, Ethel Lindsay, Dr. Nesvadba, and someone else whom I've forgotten.

1. Everyone agreed that some change was necessary, for there were just 164 nominating ballots, and as few as nine votes put some names on the final ballot. For such an important award (it sells quite a few copies of the winning novel) this is not much.

(Continued on page 23)

C R U D Craftsmanship



-Robert Coulson

I won't say that fan fiction has never been popular; I haven't been around long enough for that. In the ten years or so that I have been in fandom, fan fiction--that is, fan-written imitations of professional fiction, as opposed to faan fiction, or fiction about fans--has not been popular. Few experienced general fans will read it when it is published, and few experienced editors will publish it. Fan fiction has become aynonymous with neofannish first issues, uninspired writers, N3F-sponsored round robins, and other ideas which impart a marked lack of enthusiasm to the average fan.

The writers of fan fiction, and the editors who publish it, have never quite understood all of this. A few of the more emotional types have attributed all the apathy which greets their efforts to a vast conspiracy of well-known fans who oppose fiction in order to discourage talented newcomers (A vast conspiracy, indeed, when you consider that it includes better than 50% of today's fans). Mostly, however, they simply appear dazed and ask why? Why don't fans like fan-written science fiction?

Why indeed? Since this is a fiction fanzine (Ed. Note: this article was originally wirtten for f proposed fiction fanzine), I am now going to alienate about 75% of my audience. Fans who have been around any length of time don't like fan fiction because it is so miserably written. The only fans who can stomach the stuff are the neos, to whom all fandom is a vast wonderland, and a few veteran fans who have never been, and will never be, able to tell good writing from bad.

Let's look at a couple of stories from current (1962) fanzines. The opening sentences will be quite enough. "I have been selected to reveal certain things to some of you about our face so that a few of your deep thinkers might know just what it is, that is so surely and slowly destroying your people, and eventually will kill every living thing, including your planet earth!" The author of this sentence has obviously never been taught (or has never remembered the teaching of) a thing about sentence construction. It's far too long, it's clumsy, and the coupling of "what is, that is" is such a ridiculous fault that Andy Griffith used a version of it in the title of one of his comedy records. In addition, it states that the planet Earth--the planet, itself, not the creatures on it--is alive, which should be sufficiently indredible to anyone at all interested in the "science" part of "science-fantasy."

Same fanzine, next story. "My hand could move again! Soon, very soon now, I'll be free! I'll get out of this horror alive yet!" Oy, Abie, but you won't make a professional writer yet. You'd think that an author who is trying to build a mood of terror would stay away from sentence structure which is associated in the minds of his readers with Jewish comedy monologues but not this boy. He has his readers laughing by the third sentence.

Another fanzine, another story. "The man was an inventor. The man had invented a machine which would take him anywhere in time travel. But he was doomed to fail. The machine would go haywire." Uhuh. This remind you of anything? Like, perhaps, "Oh see Jack. Oh, see Jack run,?" Not to mention that the phrase "But he was doomed to fail" isn't a sentence at all, technically speaking.

Still another fanzine and story. A spaceman says "this high gee stuff really uses up energy" and "the inner man cries for further sustenance" in the same sentence? I certainly don't know anyone who mixes two different levels of literacy in quite such a hodge-podge.

In short, fans would think a lot more of fan fiction if the writers and publishers of fan fiction would take just a small amount of time to (a) acquaint themselves with the basics of English and writing and (b) pay a bit of attention to how people really talk, and think.

Not all fan-fiction is this bad, of course. Much of it is simply dull. It is written by amateurs who have no real talent for fiction except imagination, and who sometimes lack even that. There are stories which have original ideas which are either incompletely worked

To Wellman's left a bazooka fired and punched out a depression in the wall. Even before the rubble had begun to settle, mortar teams were at work enlarging that dent into a larger one. Wellman could hear the KRUMPF! sounds, but they meant nothing to him, and he seemed to watch both the clearing and himself from an enormous distance. He forgot the meaning behind the action, and for a time the shouting of the men behind and around him was as alien as the gabble arising from the bestirred Yeltar in their outpost. Another hand than his aimed his gun, as another eye than his sighted an outstretched gun barrel from the nearest window slit, and another finger than his pulled the firing stud. Wellman remained in his shell, and let his body react to the events as it would, automatically. He watched disinterestedly as a pencil-thin shimmer stretched between his flamer and the window, there to burst into silent blue tongues of flame to lick at the gun barrel and turn the metal frame to brick-red. The gun barrel withdrew, but whether this meant that the Yelto in back of it was dead, or merely holding his fire he did not know, nor did he care just then. At another window slits other guns were aimed, and silent grim flames melted other metal frames and shutters.

Now the mortars were through the walls, a two-inch hole became a foot in diameter, then several feet. One bazooka fired again through that hole. The shell exploded inside, and dust and rubble came through the slits, as did some less identifiable objects. The firing stopped, and the men stood waiting for a while, long enough for a cigarette for those lucky enough to find or steal one. Two men stood up and threw their shared cigarette but away, then picked their way through the snow and grass and down the slopes, cautiously fingering their weapons as they went. They reached the building safely, and worked under a slit to the gap. One peered in, then stepped through, gun clenched tightly. His comrade nodded, then signaled. The signal was clear enough.

No resistance left alive.
I'm lost!

Wellman helped sort the bodies. Not a pleasant task, but it had to be done, and he was, after all, a section leader, who had the responsibility for doing unpleasant tasks. All the bodies were there--five privates, their pentaro, and a squad leader. No one they had to worry about coming back to the outpost, and the supply transport was not due back for a week, as the Yelto relied on local time to simplify their local records.

Wellman prodded the Pentaro with his foot, more in duty than in interest. He was still feeling remote, as he always did during and after a raid. A man retched to the right of him, making a mess by the heater. Lt. Jackson, his brown face impassive, ordered the man who had thrown up and another man to stand sentry duty. The second man was a wiry little Japanese named Suramaki, who had once taught Judo at the Hold before the President transferred him at his own request to combat. Suramaki, as a small boy, had watched the Yelto torture his sister because she would not tell them where the local resistance leader lived. Then they had done worse, finally leaving her to die before the crying boy. He had never forgiven them for that. Killing Yelto was a passion for him, greater than life, or family, or love.

Wellman bent over the bodies again. They had to be searched and all papers taken back to the Hold for decipherment. The papers never had anything of interest as far as he could see--letters from families, official orders, receipts for supplies and the like, but everything had to be taken back. Propaganda division was trying to find out what made a Yelt tick, but so far all they had found was that the invaders were pragmatic bureaucrats; a Yelt was expected to report everything in as many copies as possible, so long as it didn't interfere with his fighting.

The first body at the near window slit--now Wellman knew his shot had been true. The face was charred, for the very flesh had been boiled, and bone showed black here and there under the puffed skin. But Wellman knew the cast of alien features well, for at times it seemed that he and similar faces had been taking shots at each other all his life. Usually, though, the faces had better weapons. Wellman simply used his own weapons with more speed and more agility, which is why he had already earned himself twenty trophies. Twenty-one now--he would be eligible to vote in the coming elections. He pulled out his knife, and looked the alien over.

The Yelt was tall for his race, just a few inches below Wellman's own six feet. At a distance, and in the dark, he and Wellman might have passed for the same race. Close, there were differences. The alien had had blue hair before it had been burnt, exposing the pulpy projections of flesh that invariably reminded Wellman of horns. The dead Yelt's skin was a pasty white with a delicate tinge of green--copper had replaced the hemoglobin in his blood. His feet were roughly triangular, almost splayed. But beyond that, the Yeltar and human races were indeed very similar. However, the rumor that some of the Yeltar high-ups had earth women as mistresses was almost certainly propaganda.

Wellman made his decision. Those supple leather boots, too big for him in that shape, but they could be altered, leaving enough leather for a pair of matching knife sheaths. The alien's ID tag, of course, to add to the exhibit over his bed, and possibly the small tirfgib brazier in the alien's pocket. He felt for the alien's side, but someone had already taken the alien's personal blaster and put it in the pile of weapons in the center of the room.

Jackson was looking at his watch, and Wellman knew the signal to pull out would not be long in coming. Quickly, he searched a few bodies, gave the handful of papers and pictures--for even the invaders had families--to the lieutenant, and registered his claims of kill. Another raider confirmed the kill, and Wellman stuck the trophies in his shirt, to be formally registered back at the Hold.

Each man picked up his trophies, and one of the captured weapons and left the outpost behind Jackson. The sentries came at his whistle, and the party headed up the slope, leaving behind them seven hulks of once-living protoplasm.

They had just entered the forest when the sun rose, and by the time it had risen a handbreadth from the horizon, they had reached the stream. The guard at the hovercraft wheeled around and aimed at them, then relaxed. "Damned lousy day, isn't it? How you do today, Vikings?" He pulled a cigarette out of his pocket and asked, "Good raiding?" He took a drag on the cigarette, setting it alight.

"Maybe." Jackson would not commit himself to a more definite answer. "And maybe not." He went on, after some time. "None of us wounded, none killed. Seven dead Yelto, and we got their weapons." He spoke with a deep bass voice, with a touch of the South in his speech, although he had not been in Alabama since childhood.

"Painfully dead, no doubt?" asked the other, a smug-looking little man named Arenkov. Toward the end of the Resistance, through accident and some occasional intelligence, political allegiances ceased to have meaning and troops from all nations fought together until the collapse. Today, for example, the land mass once known as the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics had its thousands of Russian-speaking Jones and Smiths and Tsungs.

"Let us hope," Jackson replied shortly. Twenty years ago he had lain on a hill and watched the Yelto torture his family for helping dissidents escape to the mountains. Was Jackson saying so little to keep the quaver of that twelve-year-old boy's voice out of his own speech? Wellman didn't know, and didn't want to.

By this time the men had climbed into the ugly-looking craft, and Arenkov had begun to pilot them back to the field where they would transfer to ropes and pitons for climbing the crags back to the Hold, for there was not enough fuel for mountain climbing. The hovercraft kept them over the water, so that there would be no trail for the Yelto to follow, unless they came to the foot of the Hold itself. Wellman lay back, at peace with the world, and searched in his pocket for a cigarette, the one he always allowed himself after a successful raid. Someday he would have an unsuccessful raid, and he would be left lying in the dirt and snow himself, or even be captured and killed in the center of a city while the rabbits cheered and shouted, the way they did at Thompson's trial by torture. The cigarette kept him from thinking of that.

Around Wellman other men were sleeping or smoking. They would run away to the Hold and

live to fight another day.

Until either they or the Yeltar had left the earth...

Place: somewhere in the Siemra Nevadas in the area once known as California, United states of America, Terra of Sol, the Earth. The time: early morning.
Date: December 25, 2348. Christmas Day.

Merry Christmas, Paul Wellman...

Comment on the entire paper: An interesting effort, but science fiction is most difficult to write--that which is any good is written by scientists, e.g. A.C. Clarke, Asimov, etc. How much have you read? I like your title your tie whole together at end. Would like to see more from you. How about one on an adolescent growing up? The pain or joy--or both--of a first date. Try bringing to life some event, some emotion which you have experienced. ({ As others see us...})

CORDWAINER SMITH BIBLIOGRAPHY(Continued from page 14):

- Planet named Shaydl, A; Galaxy, October, 1961, pp. 8-46; pp. 8-9, 19, 32-3.
YEAR'S BEST S-F, 7TH ANNUAL EDITION; Merril, Judith; Dell(9773), New York 1962, pp. 331-371
- Scanners live in Vain: Fantasy Book no. 6, January, 1950, pp. 32-
BEYOND THE END OF TIME; Poh,, Frederick; Permabooks(p. 145), Garden City, 1953, pp. 210-255.
YOU WILL NEVER BE THE SAME; Smith, Cordwainer; Regency(RB-309)
- Store of Heart's Desires, The: If, May, 1964, pp. 77-127; cover, pp. 79, 87, 117
- Think Blue, Count Two: Galaxy, February, 1963, pp. 47-76; pp. 53, 67.
- Western Science is so Wonderful: If, December, 1958; pp. 79-89; pp. 79
- When the People Fell: Galaxy, April, 1959; pp. 147-158; p. 151.
FIFTH GALAXY READER; Gold, H.L.; Pocket Books (M4158); New York, 1962; pp. 228-241. Doubleday, New York, 1961, pp. 247-260.
-
- CALIFORNIA, THERE I WENT(Continued from page 17):

I didn't go to the banquet that evening, because I dislike formal banquets and I've found that five-dollar meals are usually pretty bad. I did, of course, go to the party afterward.

Monday was the final day, and the least interesting, featuring two quite dull panel discussions and the inevitable auction. That evening, however, a rather curious movie, "Baron Munchausen," was shown. This is a czechoslovakian film which was being shown for the second time in the U. S., the first time having been the 1962 San Francisco Film Festival. It was in color, with subtitles, and featured live actors with animated special effects. It starts out with an astronaut landing on the moon, and encountering--who else?--three Jules Verne characters, Cyrano de Bergerac, and Baron Munchausen. The Baron concludes that the astronaut is a Selenite, and flies him down in his winged-horse-drawn chariot to show him the earth. From there on it gets ridiculous.

End of convention. It was fun, but I don't think I'll start saving to go to London.

FEN< mutated plural form AS fann< L. vannus: originally a winnowing device(see winnow); hence any device that produces a wind as for separating chaff from grain. Reinforced fen = Gulbog< boggle = to hesitate(as if in disgust at the necessity of crossing a bog). Hence: fen = those who do not boggle at reading literary chaff, esp. windy novels as characterized by science fiction (a medium which generally pays authors by the word).

ISOMORPHISM

In which the readers demand to know where the hell TZ has been(see editorial), who the editor is(me, thish), and in which I cleverly(inside marks like this)evade the question, with my usual skill tact, wit, and humility.

DOUG HOYLMAN

921 N. First Avenue
Tucson, Arizona 85719

Some thoughts on conventions: A Worldcon would be the ideal place for Libcom to pick up books and magazines. On the last day, pulps and magazines in good condition were selling for 15-20¢, and hardcovers for a dollar. There were all sorts of old pulps. There were also

items that you can't hardly get anyplace else, such as Advent books, supplements to the Day Index, and British pbs. Also, what happened to the Boston in '67 movement(Well, what about it? What did happen to the Boston in '67 movement? At last report it had faltered for lack of movement to promote it--but then, see the editorial. Anyone out there interested?)? If it's serious, you'd better get it organized, and have some propaganda at London. Which reminds me: On a blackboard at the con: "Berkeley in '69, and vice versa."

JOIN THE BARRY GOLDWATER FOR AMBASSADOR TO RED CHINA CLUB(Who's Barry Goldwater?)

Whatever happened to the Sutton Hoo Harp(A proposed summer one-shot, which folded because of lack of money--mine--and copy--everybody else's)? Anyway, send me anything you publish. I'll be at this address all year unless I get a job and can afford something better. This place is a garage that's been converted into two apartments, but the other one probably won't get rented. I don't have hot water yet(there's a hot water heater, but it hasn't been turned on), but I do have cockroaches. Anyway, it's cheap and it's close to the University.

Coincidence department: I'll be taking(this letter is dated Sept. 13) a modern algebra course from the same instructor I had for 18.02 at MIT. Surely there aren't two college math teachers named Omo Hamara?

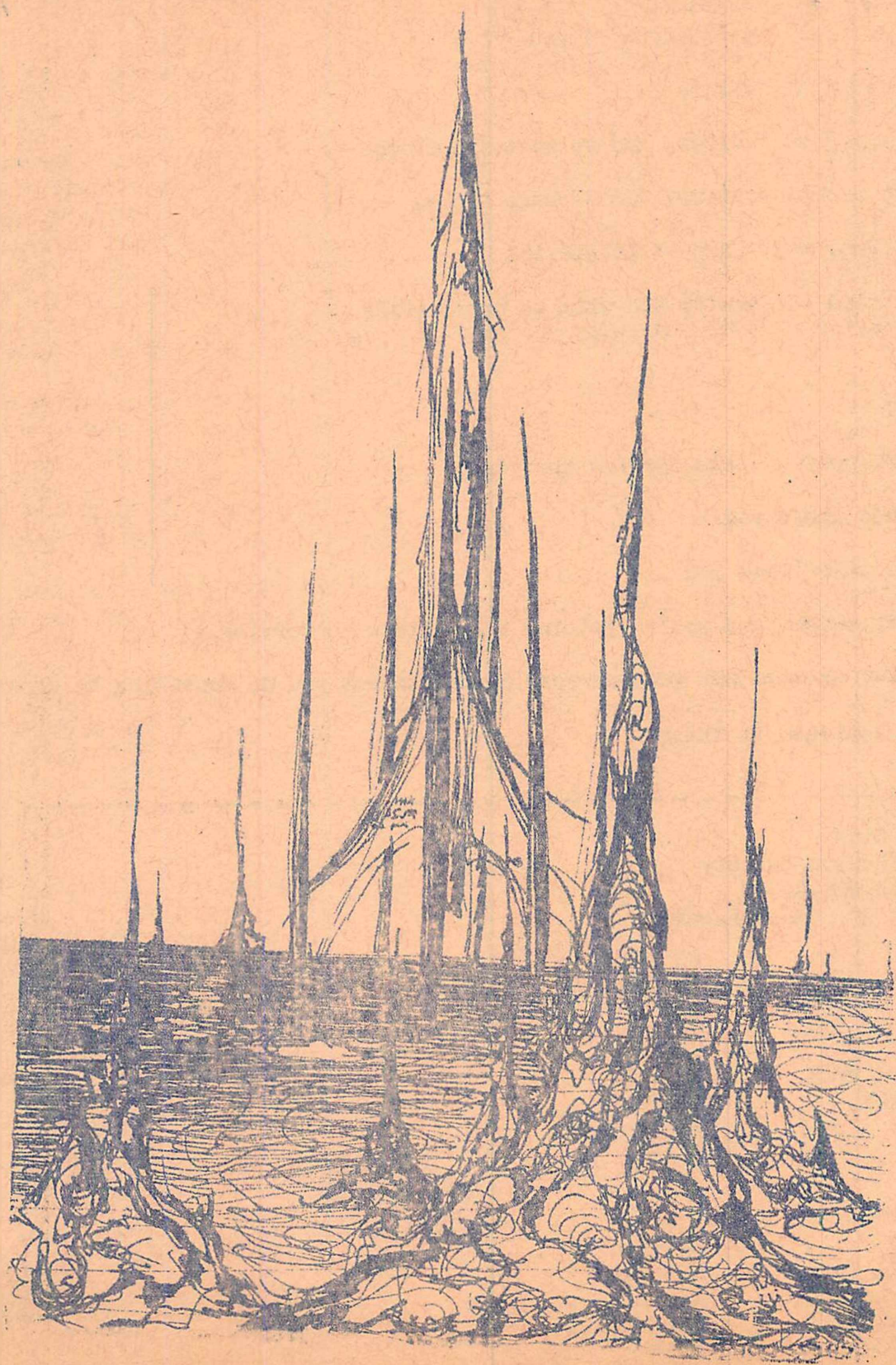
There are only two things wrong with this place. There's no science fiction society, and I'm being represented in the Senate by Barry Goldwater. The second problem will be over with in January, one way or another, and maybe I can do something about the first.

(As the months go on, Hoylman's letters take on an air of increasing desperation. The following was mailed March 15)

The Word "congratulations" is not nearly strong enough for what I want to say. Here all along I've been thinking that, just because I haven't gotten any Twilight Zines, acknowledgements for the material I sent last fall, nor any other communication from MITSFS, that that noble organization had fallen into a state of even greater than usual inactivity. (It had, but that's irrelevant) Then suddenly I open a copy of IF, and discover that the Society has not only done something useful for the first time in its history, but has succeeded in producing the work for which all of fandom has been waiting with bated breath for these many years: (flourish of trumpets and hautboys)the updating of the Day Index! !! Jolly good show.

By the way, April 9 will mark the first full year of non-publication of the Twilight Zine. How are you planning to celebrate(By not publishing it)?

1 Incidental intelligence Dept.: In Ian Fleming's Live and Let Die, James Bond encounters a company called the "Ourobouros Worm and Bait Shippers, Inc." (We would publish further letters, but for 1)time, 2)space, and 3)the fact that I've temporarily mislaid the folder of letters, and we're about to run this thing off. From memory, however, WAHF: Mike Shupp, who said he was coming to MIT(he's just finishing his first year here; John Boardman, Harry Warner, Joe Staten, who wanted to know how we got his illos; and a number of people who wanted to know what ever happened to TZ. This is their answer.



YOU ARE GETTING THIS ISSUE OF TWILIGHT ZINE BECAUSE:

- ☐ You contributed ☐ artwork ☐ articles
- ☐ You wrote a letter
- ☐ We love you just because you're you
- ☐ We hate you just because
- ☐ You give us good reviews, and we want the egoboo
- ☐ You give us bad reviews, and we keep hoping
- ☒ You're a fan, and might be interested
- ☐ You just read the stuff, and will be bored stiff
- ☒ We trade
- ☒ We trade?
- ☐ You (oh blasphemy) paid 25¢ for the rag
- ☐ My mistress likes you
- ☐ My ex-mistress likes you
- ☐ I'm a soft touch, and you're getting this without deserving it. %
- ☐ You absolutely will not get any more issues unless you do something to deserve them
- ☐ You are mentioned in this

The Twilight Zine
MIT Science Fiction Society
Room 50-02Q (or W20-404A)
MIT, Cambridge 39, Massachusetts

To:

MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER
THIRD CLASS MAIL

...or which are supported by gibberish instead of science. I'm not calling for any vast scientific knowledge; as a rule fan writers are young, and have had no opportunity to acquire any vast knowledge. I'm calling for the writers to recognize the areas in which they don't have any knowledge, and to avoid attempting explanations in these areas. It's better to keep quiet than to talk nonsense. Heinlein rarely gives detailed explanations of his science, but too many fan-writers feel that they aren't writing science-fiction unless they use--and generally misuse--a host of scientific and technical terms.

Then, of course, there are stories containing ideas which are obviously brand-new and exciting to the writer and perhaps to the publisher, but which are old and worn-out to the readers. There's no real cure for this, except a reminder that even in science fiction, it isn't original ideas which make good stories, it's careful writing. Few fans are going to be good enough to make an old idea fresh and interesting, but they can try. There is no excuse for thinking that a new idea will be good enough to "carry" the burden of sloppy writing, because you can be assured that it won't be a new idea to a large percentage of the readers.

Is there such a thing as good fan fiction? Certainly. It's rare, but it's there. I've been co-editing a fanzine for about eight(now ten)years now, and ~~in all~~ that time I've published two stories which I thought--and still think--were worthy of professional publication. There have been one or two others which were as good as some professional work, but which did not have the commercial slant required for a sale. The rest have ranged from almost professional to absolutely atrocious.

Other editors have been more fortunate. At least two stories from Walt Willis's SLANT were later published professionally, and I believe that one of them was, still later, anthologized. More recently, Terry Carr's first professional appearance, "Who Sups with the Devil," was a (completely rewritten) version of a story which first appeared in Terry's FAPAzine. I have even heard of authors having had stories rejected from fanzines and later selling these same stories to professional markets--but I consider that more of a tribute to the low quality of the professional mag than to the high quality of the fiction.

There is nothing wrong with fan fiction, per se. The faults lie in its practitioners and its publishers. There is an excuse for the writers. They are young, they're inexperienced, they are, by and large, doing the best they can. They need practice, which they usually get, and they need editorial criticism, which they usually don't get. If they even get reader criticisms, they're lucky. As they grow older, some of them will improve.

There is even less excuse for the editors. They're young and inexperienced, too, of course, but while a writer may have a pressing need to write, to express himself however inadequately, a fanzine editor's only excuse is a craving for adulation, or egoboo. He doesn't have any compelling drive to edit; he just wants fandom to recognize him, and in most cases he could gain his ends much more easily by writing for someone else's fanzine until he gained a little knowledge of what an editor is supposed to do. Certainly he has no business editing anything until he has at least a rudimentary knowledge of the English language, but I know of at least one fanzine editor and publisher whose English is at approximately the level of the average sixth-grader(Usually it is the incompetent editor who protests that he is "developing new talent"; actually, what he is doing is publishing the stories of writers who are too poor to make the grade in better-edited fanzines.. He isn't developing them, because this implies that he is helping them to improve, and improvement isn't possible without the constructive criticism that our fiction-editor is incapable of applying.)

Editors who were honestly interested in improving the lot of fan fiction and developing new talent would not publish 90% of the fan fiction which is published. They would criticize it, honestly and perhaps completely, and reject it. An editor who can and does point out the faults of a story, and possible remedies for those faults, is doing the writer a far greater service than the editor who publishes the story and in the next issue publishes the fannish reaction of "It stinks!" A writer who isn't told of his errors will keep right on making them; he can't improve until he finds out what he is doing wrong. Fan editors, however(and here I definitely include myself in the group) aren't interested in improving fan writing. They're interested in reaping egoboo and in keeping their contributors happy. Even when rejecting a story, it's easier to be polite and evasive than to be critical. Fan fiction can be enjoyable, but most of it won't be until fan editors become more critical of it.

DISSIDENT

-Mike Shupp

(Editor's note: The comments in script are reprinted from the original manuscript, which was entered in a high-school writing contest.)

Even Yelts could die, the man lying in the snow told himself. The wind blew over and around him, swirling the newly-fallen snow about him and down his back, to melt and run coldly along his spine. He could no longer feel the pain in his ears, and for that he was glad. But his feet he could feel, and though he tried to wiggle them, his toes would not move. His boots were too small and cramped them, but he had no other boots. He shifted position a bit and groped with his left hand for the pebble under his ribs, which had assumed boulder dimensions in the past half hour. *Merry Christmas*, Paul Wellman told himself wryly, and drummed his floveless fingers on the silvery sheen of the gun barrel. The right finger next to the small finger was missing--a Yelt trooper had once almost got Wellman with a flamer. Just before Wellman killed him.

Now Wellman, too, held a flamer, and several hundred feet away was a squad of Yelto sitting snug in their outpost, with their backs to the winter, drinking grepsih, the alien rotgut, and looted terran brandy, inhaling tirfigib vapors, and basking in the warmth thrown out by a small atomic heater. One of the Yelto was oiling his gun, and some were sleeping; three were over in a corner tossing a trio of distorted tetrahedrons with numbered faces over a pile of alien currency. Throughout eternity and the galaxy soldiers everywhere have always been much the same. None of the Yelto troopers troubled to look out the window slits, so none of them noticed the small party of raiders on the ridge.

Why should they? In the fifty years the Yelto had ruled the earth, little resistance had arisen, none of it of major proportions. Small groups of dissidents might waulay smaller groups of Yelto, and now and then someone might attempt to bury a crude bomb under a military highway and shake up an occasional troop transport, or brave men might shake a fist at a Yelt--when his back was safely turned. But large-scale rebellion--none. It is a matter of record that on the anniversary of the third year of the Yelto landing, one lone sniper assassinated the procura-or of Portland, Oregon. And it is a fact known to all Terrans over the age of five that on the next day an entire world watched the televised massacre of the million. Three hundred thousand people left alive in Portland, and the bombing and re-bombing of the city until northern Oregon became a searing fiery pit of hell. No more such lessons were needed. The Yelto made good teachers, and the people of earth were even better pupils. Naturally.

It is estimated that between one and one and a half billion people perished in the initial resistance to the Yelto landings. An estimate--for no means to take a census remained on earth. The flower of humanity had been plucked, and cast aside. All that was known to those left alive was that only the very young and the very old, the very ill and weak, and the very cowardly remained. And that henceforth they were to be ruled by the Yeltar. Why should this have been true?

The second generation of earthmen had grown up under Yelt domination, accustomed to oppression, and thinking of tyranny as natural. Seldom did an earthman escape to the hills and there join the few remaining free people of earth. And holed up there, making only sporadic forays on little towns, the dissidents were no more than minor nuisances to both the Yeltar and the majority of earth people.

Wellman shifted position again, and watched the outpost from a slightly better vantage point. The false dawn had come, and soon the clearing was even better lit as one of the few flares left to the Hold blazed aloft over the outpost. Others followed, and then the attack began.