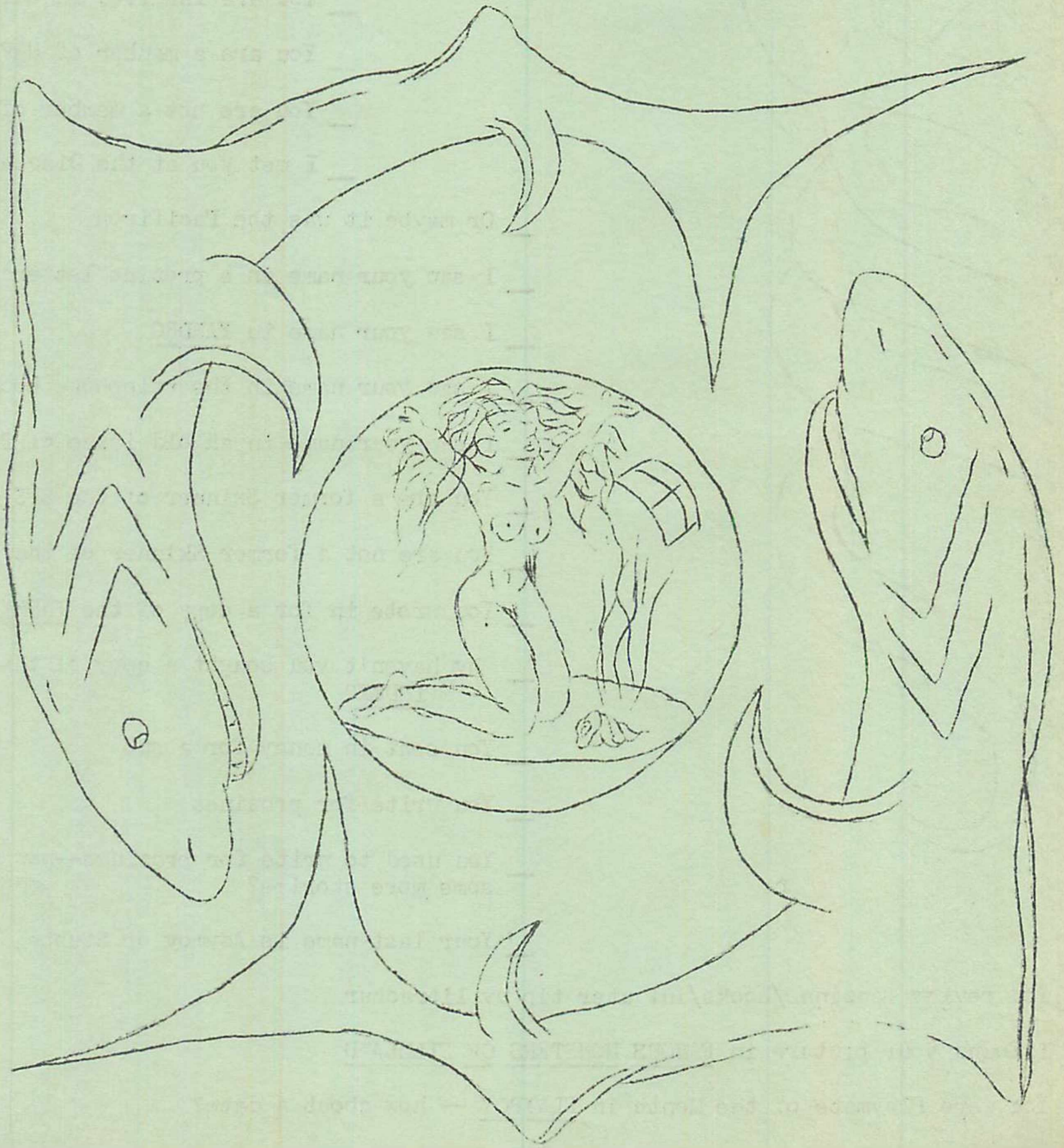


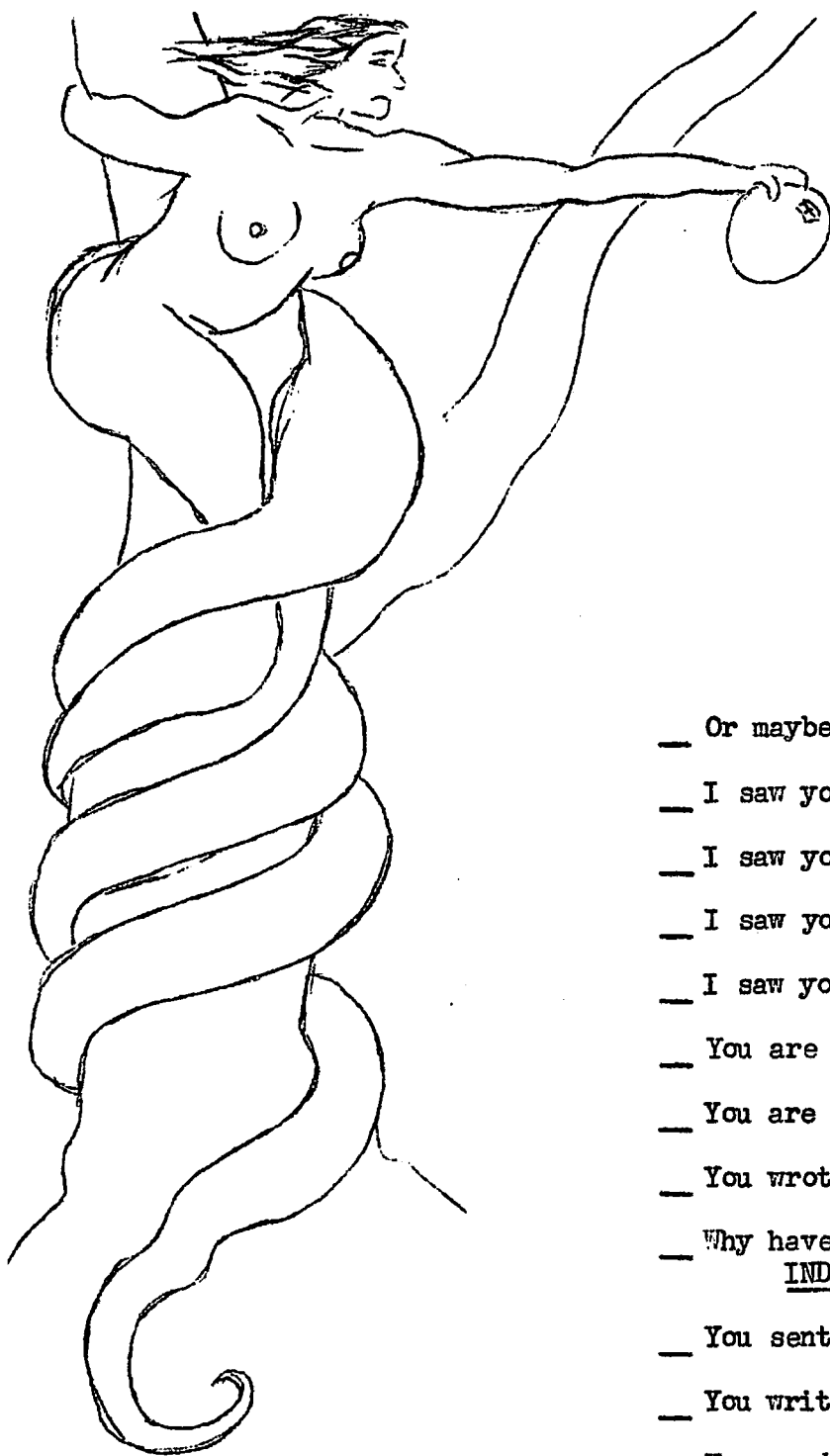
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ENTER

14

The Twilight Zone



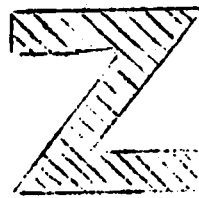
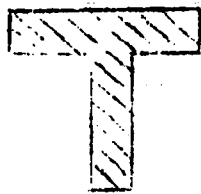
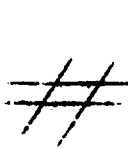


You are getting thish of TZ
because—

- ☐ We trade
- ☐ We would like to trade
- ☐ A letter/contrib/illo of yours appears in thish
- ☐ You are mentioned in thish
- ☐ You are insulted in thish
- ☐ You are a member of N3F
- ☐ You are not a member of N3F
- ☐ I met you at the Discon

- ☐ Or maybe it was the Pacificon
- ☐ I saw your name in a prozine lettercol
- ☐ I saw your name in YANDRO
- ☐ I saw your name in the telephone book
- ☐ I saw your name in an old issue of TZ
- ☐ You are a former Skinner of the SFS
- ☐ You are not a former Skinner of the SFS
- ☐ You wrote in for a copy of the INDEX
- ☐ Why haven't you bought a copy of the INDEX?
- ☐ You sent in money for a sub
- ☐ You write for prozines
- ☐ You used to write for prozines--how about some more stories?
- ☐ Your last name is Azymov or Stubbs

- ☐ You review fanzines/books/ini uter tip uv litrachur
- ☐ I found your picture in FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND
- ☐ You were Playmate of the Month in PLAYBOY -- how about a date?
- ☐ You have wings growing out of your head
- ☐ My Ouija Board spelled out your name and address
- ☐ I found your name alphanumerically coded in a random number table



14

Vanderwerf is an in-group joke

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Special "Dump On Dave Vanderwerf" Issue

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Dave Vanderwerf

TYPIST
Mike Ward

ART CONSULTANT
Steve Ivester

BUM, DOG IN THE MANGER
Dave Vanderwerf

SNAKE IN THE GRASS
Dave Vanderwerf

THE TWILIGHT ZINE should be published, but isn't, by the MIT Science Fiction Society. This issue is being printed April 16, 1965. To obtain a copy of this zine, send in trades, contributions, illos, or, if you can't write a simple letter of comment, you can send in 25¢. No paid subscriptions--all money sent in above 25¢ goes into the editor's Coke fund. Send all correspondence to

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Cambridge, Mass. 02139

(yep, they're the same)

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS BEFORE THEY HATCH

Published by VanderBarf Press Productions, Inc.

NOTE: Articles ascribed to Vanderwerf were not written by him, but by us. Please point all libel suits in our direction.

Ye Eds

THE FIT HITS THE SHANT

EDITORIAL

FIT THE FIFTH

Gee, here it is my second issue of Twilight Zine. Unlike the many stupid neos and fakefans in the business, I am publishing a really top-quality zine which should win the Hugo yearly from now on. Just because I didn't bring out this quarterly zine for over a year after I assumed editorship, some people have gone around insinuating that I am lazy. Actually that is not so. I had much more important things to do, such as complete my collection of Pepsi-Cola bottle caps, trim my toenails, kick stray cats, and polish my Captain Video space decoder ring. Also, it has taken this long to find enough superlative artwork and writing to fill even this compact size Twilight Zine. However, as compensation for the reduction in number of pages, I promise to bring TZ out on a weekly basis from now on. Hopefully, this can soon be stepped up to a daily schedule. Also, I am planning to put out French, German, Japanese, Hebrew, Esperanto, and Braille editions as soon as possible. Actually, I am just starting the courses now at Berlitz. But I promise they will all be out real soon now. I am on the waitinglist of every APA in the free world, and I will distribute TZ through all of them as soon as possible.

I am sorry I wasn't able to make it out to the Pacificon, as I wanted to give every one of you, fan and pro alike, the opportunity to meet me and shake my hand. However, the '67 Worldcon will be held in Cambridge, Mass., in my apartment at 13 Bristol Street. I have lots of room and can put up any number of you--just bring your sleeping bags. I'll have a blurb out, giving all the details, real soon now.

We have some really top-notch writing coming up in future issues by ENF's, semi-pros, and friends of mine who couldn't get their stuff published anywhere else. You'll see some of the great names of fandom, including Timothy Slater, Melvin Fooch, George Philles, and, of course, myself. Starting soon, we will print Bob Heinlein's new novel at one page per issue. Subscribe now through issue # 873, so you won't miss a word of this thrilling new serial. It's all about a kindly, omniscient old man who traps beaver in the mountains of the Ohio River Valley, and how he befriends a pack of renegade Girl Scouts who have mutinied and killed their Troop Leader, and are trying to make it over the Canadian Border. It turns out that the old man actually rules the universe, and from there things begin to get exciting. I don't want to tell you too much, but it is basically an action-packed tale full of the warm, real characterizations that make Bob's stories so superlative. Bob claims it is also a subtle parody of Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Of course, I was a little peeved at Bob when he reneged on his promise to let TZ be the first to print Farnham's Freehold, and his implication that stories printed in Analog are up to the quality of a better fanzine is sort of insulting. But this new novel is even greater than FF, so I have decided to forgive him.

If you haven't bought your copies of the INDEX yet, you had better do it now. We only have ~~230 225 220~~ 209 copies left. (See how fast they are going?) The INDEX, of course, offers a complete author and title index to eight major SF prozines of the period 1950-1964: Galaxy, ASF, Fantastic, Amazing, IF, Worlds of Tomorrow, Gamma, and F&SF. Buy now; we may raise the price tomorrow.

Fans are Slans -- Vanderwerf

Fans are not Slans -- Vanderwerf

FILK SONGS -- US

FANNISH BARDS AND CROTCHETY VIEWERS, or, SONGS BY FILK MAKE ME FEEL ILLK -- Ward
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I sing of Sauron, rightful king of all of Middle Earth;
I sing of Sam and Frodo and the Shire that gave them birth;
But most of all I sing upon them my unending curthe,
'Cuz filk songs make me sick!

CHORUS: Gory, gory, battles to you!
I'll go get the guy that slew you!
'Cuz I hear him singing to you!
And filk songs make me sick!

The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, lives in the Tulgey Wood,
And Grendel liked to make her meals of heroes, when she could;
I'd let 'em kill each other off, and do the world some good,
'Cuz filk songs make me sick!

Chorus

I used to watch the TV set from dawn to setting sun,
And then until the Late Late Show the tube and I were one;
But then I found that ESS TEE EFF could be a lot of fun,
And SF did the trick.

I gathered pulps and paperbacks, I tried to read it all;
And when I heard of fandom, I was sure I heard the call;
But then I read some filk songs--Man, like where'd they get the gall,
To make a guy so sick?

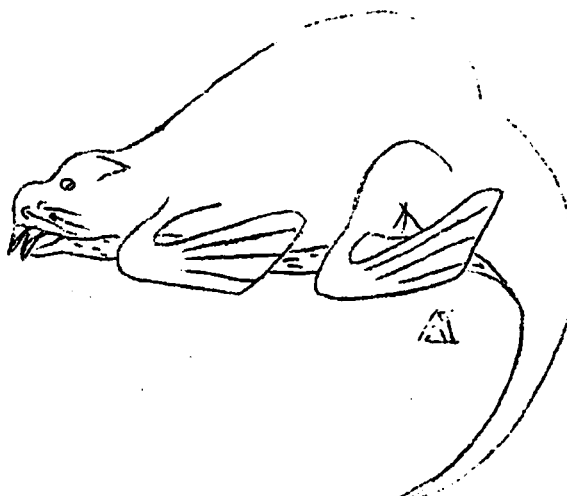
I've seen 'em here and there, in zines of good and bad and crud,
And I've always wished Ol' Drac would come and drain the author's blood--
Me, I'm going back to characters like Rigs and Elmer Fudd,
'Cuz filk songs make me sick!

Chorus



Michael groks me, this I know,
 For the Old Ones tell me so.
 Like the ancient Celts and Druids
 We share water and other fluids.
 Yes, Michael groks me;
 Yes, Michael groks me;
 Yes, Michael groks me;
 The Old Ones tell me so.

Michael Loves Me,
 This I grok,
 Since I learned the Martian talk.
 Little ones to him belong,
 Very often.



 I am a faned -- Vanderwerf

ALMA MATER ACRONYMS -- Dick Gruen
 (stolen from)

Slightly
 Irrational
 Maidens
 Make
 Out
 Neglecting
 Security

Wholesome
 Healthy
 Energetic
 Active
 Troubadours
 Openly
 Negotiate

Tired
 Undergraduates
 Find
 Tooling
 Stimulating

Vice
 Always
 Stimulates
 Sexually
 Arousing
 Responses

When
 Enough
 Learned
 Ladies
 Evade
 Sex
 Lovers
 Exit
 Yawning

Unusual
 Characters
 Lurk
 About
 Until
 Saved,
 Cheat

Clever
 Coeds
 Never
 Yield
 Men
 In
 Trouble

Pritchett
 Effects
 Never-ending
 Nausea

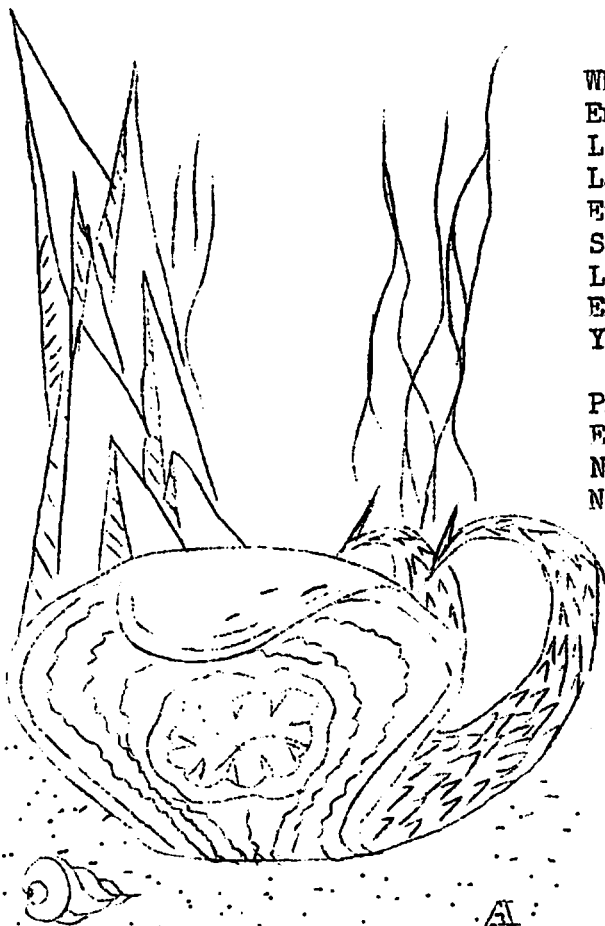
Ridicule
 Provokes
 Indignation

Corrupted
 Altered
 Lonely
 Tools
 Enjoy
 Castrating
 Horses

Coercion
 Helps
 Aimless
 Nymphs
 Develop
 Latent
 Erotic
 Reflexes

Every
 Man
 Expects
 Reasonable
 Service
 Over-
 Night
 Dirty
 Underwear
 Keeps
 Easily

Never
 Yearn
 Unduly



AH, YER FADDER'S MOUSTACHE!

--Van der wulf

Dr. Noah Xarch, veterinarian, had the ultimate weapon in his hand. "Hah!" he thought to himself out loud, with this I can conquer the universe, depose the evil dictator ARLuis, and smash the Loansman, scourge of Boston."

"There he is!" shouted the captain of the task force ARLuis had sent out to capture Xarch. "Watch out! He might use that horrible weapon on you!"

"Ha! Fools, I shall return to destroy you all!" With that, he adjusted his Sam Browne belt, and disappeared.

"Where did he go?" shouted the captain.

"He's not hiding in the closet, sir."

"I can't see him in this mousehole, sir."

"He's not in the chimney."

"He's not...."

"Shaddup, all of you! I'll have you made slaves in the space galleys of the Technem for this!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Xarch, who was not really a veterinarian, but actually a spy from a higher civilization in a coexistent universe, had reappeared in his secret laboratory. His fantastically beautiful secretary/mistress was there waiting.

"Where have you been, oh my darling? To what galactic cesspool have you ventured, to destroy dictators and loan sharks, and to conquer the sane universe, and Boston besides?"

"The raymen of the dictator ARLuis were surprised, Fudgy, because my great belt took me safely from their grasp."

"There he is!" shouted the leader of the goon squad of the Loansman. "Surround the dirty welcher! But watch out for that belt--it does funny things!"

"You fiends!" shouted Dr. Xarch, "Have a taste of my heat ray!"

"Don't shoot, Dr. Xarch!" cried the last of the Loansman's men, "I'm really Philthy Sux, the agent from a higher civilization in a coexistent universe, and I'm here to help depose the dictator ARLuis."

"Calm down, now, I hate to see a grown man cry," said the honest, trusting, naive Dr. Xarch. "I'm not really an agent of aforementioned universe's higher civilization--actually, I'm Les Ley, the brother of Willy. I'm trying to depose the dictator ARLuis so I can pay off my debt to the Loansman. I owe him Boston."

"That's funny; my home planet was named Bosstin; at least, it was until the dictator ARLuis made the people slaves in the Uranium mines of Institvte."

"This is the ultimate weapon," said Xarch/Ley, getting back to the plot. "With this I can look ahead in time and see what will happen in any place I choose. See, here's a suave young man with a moustache and a cane, heading this way right now. Egad! It's the Loansman! Quick! Into this time machine, and we'll escape into the distant past."

"What about your secretary?"

"What about her? I can always get a new secretary, but it's awful hard to rise up from the dead!" said Ley/Xarch as he turned on the machine.

"Something wrong?" asked Ley as Philthy turned a pale green.

"I feel like I left my stomach back there."

"It's a good thing you didn't leave your head, robot!"

"You fiend! How did you know I was a robot?"

"Well, you forgot to pretend to breathe when you took off your head to oil it, so I knew you weren't really alive." "Any way, I'm not really Les Ley; I'm a salesman for Head Cheese Corporation."

"We've stopped. How far back do you think we went?"

"How should I know? I'm an engineer, not a mathematician."

"I'll go ask that green horned dinosaur what the date is."

"No, let me. I understand diplomacy better. Hey, you over there--what's the date?"

"The date is atype of fruit found mainly in tropic regions. Aren't you Dr. Noah Count, the cheese salesman?"

"How did you know?" said Count, suddenly wary.

"I am actually the dictator ARLuis, and I came back 1.001011 x 2¹¹0010110 years to meet you here, where I knew in my heart that you would turn up."

"Well, I'm glad to make your acquaintance; I've always wanted to meet you...."

"Look out!" shouted Philthy as he rayed down ARLuis' hart, which had been running head-on towards Xarch/Ley.

"Dinnertime!" boomed the dinosaur.

"This reminds me," said Ley/Count, accepting ARLuis' venison and benison.

"What does it remindd you of?"

"I forgot exactly what, but it sure does remind me of it."

"Well, the smell of this cooking meat reminds me of the time we were ironing a hart's fur coat."

"Were you using positive irons or negative irons?"

"How should I know the Sign of the Burning Hart? I don't even know what Keller it was."

"Aha! Don't move, you fiends!" shouted Fudgy as she crawled out from under the time machine.

"That voice! You're the Loansman!" shouted Count, Luis, and Philthy all together.

"Yes! And now I'm going to leave you all here, and take over the universe! I've got the secret weapon, the time machine, and the heat ray." She stepped into the time machine, which immediately caught fire. No trace was left but ashes.

"Well, she's dead, but we're still stuck here," cried Philthy, crying.

"No we're not," said Count. "I'll just take this device I made out of old rags and bones, and we'll be back in our time in no time at all."

"No you don't!" shouted ARLuis, who was really the real Dr. Xarch in disguise.

"My faithful troops have you surrounded! Get him, men!"

"There he is!" shouted the captain of the task force of the robot Philthy Sux.

"The fiend is over there with the other two fiends! I'll take over now," said the captain, who was really the real dictator ARLuis.

"But we're all stuck here."

"So what? I brought the temple dancers from the planet Physicslab! We can settle down, and be the ancestors of the great civilization, here on Terra."

Tan years later they were all dead.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS (and everybody else)

Fandom is a way of life -- Vanderwerf

Boys	Beautiful	Sweet	Really
Always	Earthy	Kisses	Attractive
Refuse	Random	Invite	Dames
Nefarious	Kisses	Dangerous	Can
And	Evoke	Motions	Look
Repulsive	Iustful	On	In
Dates	Energetic	Rare	Fine
	Towls	Evenings	Form
			Effortlessly

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched -- Vanderwerf

$$\vec{\nabla} \times \vec{E} = -\mu_0 \frac{\partial \vec{H}}{\partial t}$$

$$\vec{\nabla} \times \vec{H} = \vec{J} + \epsilon_0 \frac{\partial \vec{E}}{\partial t}$$

$$8 \vec{\nabla} \cdot \epsilon_0 \vec{E} = \rho$$

$$\vec{\nabla} \cdot \mu_0 \vec{H} = 0$$

"At least something in this zine makes some sense."
--Maxwell

FINK SONGS -- DAVE

TWILIGHT ZINE IS COMING OUT (Tune: London Bridge Is Falling Down)

Twilight Zine is coming out, coming out, coming out,
Twilight Zine is coming out, Real Soon Now.

Vanderwerf will print it soon, print it soon, print it soon,
Vanderwerf will print it soon, not right now.

OUR FANZINE LIES HIDDEN (Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

Our fanzine lies hidden in Dave's room,
Our fanzine appears not in sight;
Our fanzine has met with a poltroon,
So I'll put it out Thursday night.

CHORUS: Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my fanzine to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back, oh bring back my fanzine to me.

The Gestefaxed illos were needed,
Some stencils were already cut;
The cries of the mitsfs unheeded,
His answers in permanent rut.

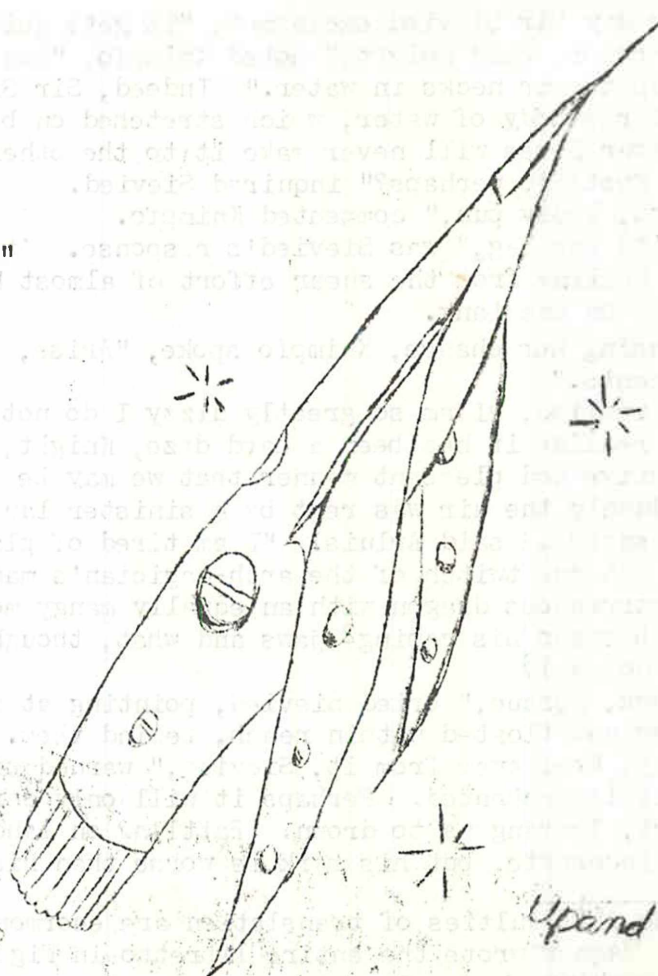
Chorus

Half-finished, TZ sits in storage,
But no one can finish the job.
In our faces he slams the doorage,
"Smoke that in your old pipe corn-cob!"

Chorus

So we talked it over, concluded,
We'd publish the zine for a hack;
No more will Dave have us deluded,
For now we can give him the sack.

Chorus



Up and

THE VORPAL SWORD

by K.K.K. Blatherton
retold for modern readers
by Dennis Guthrie

Volume II, Book I

The knight and knimpf did journey forth
Ja, jawohl, hi hodio
Riding on Tham, hih truththy horth¹
Ja, jawohl, ho hidio.

(Wagner, Der Mevicker Wassermelon, Act 14, Scene 50)

And Knimpfo and Sir Sievied did journey far in search of adventure. This could not truly be said of Sievied, who journeyed on because he was completely lost. At the least, the Lady Knimpfo sought adventure, but her knight in shining armor stayed within it despite her wiles. And what with May Day coming on and all, she waxed wroth with desires of which we will not here speak.

On they journeyed through unknown regions. For two whole days they saw not a soul, except for a knorl, a knave, a couple of churls and a slave, some dolts, and perhaps once, far off in the distance, a blackamoor. Other mystical beasties were also encountered.

One day Sir Sievied exclaimed, "It gets quite damp and chilly in these parts!"

"Perhaps, good knight," noted Knimpfo, "you might take note of the fact that we are up to our necks in water." Indeed, Sir Sievied had been riding steadily into a large body of water, which stretched on before them as far as the eye could see. "Your horse will never make it to the other side here. We must find a ford."

"A Mustang, perhaps?" inquired Sievied.

"Ugh, lousy pun," commented Knimpfo.

"Bite the bag," was Sievied's response. At Knimpfo's urging he rode back to shore. Reeling from the sheer effort of almost having to make a decision, he collapsed on the bank.

Sensing her chance, Knimpfo spoke, "Arise, Sir Knight, and let us remove our wet garments."

He replied, "I am so greatly dizzy I do not think I can move."

"I realize it has been a hard daze, Knight, but come, let us disport ourselves in an active and pleasant manner that we may be soon warm and dry."

Suddenly the air was rent by a sinister laugh. "Too long have you evaded my cunning snares," said Arluis. "I am tired of playing with you. Now witness my power!" At one twitch of the arch-magician's mangy moustache he was transformed into a horrendous dragon with an equally mangy moustache. The doleful duo were trapped between his gaping² jaws and what, though they knew it not, was the English Channel³

"Look, rescue," cried Sievied, pointing at a trim little sailing bark that hove into view and floated within reach, behind them.

"Nay, keep away from it, Sievied," warned his lady fair, "Note it displaces no water; it is enchanted. Perhaps it will only carry us out over yon lake and dissolve into mist, leaving us to drown. Battling on land we have a small chance. Arluis is evil incarnate, but his bark is worse than his bite."

¹The difficulties of translation are enormous. Hence the rather poor rendering above. Wagner wrote the entire libretto in Pig Latin, because, as he said, "That way everything rhymes."

²Perhaps at Knimpfo's partial disrobement?

³BBC

The dragon crawled towards them belching fire and smoke, and not even saying "Excuse Me" afterwards. Sievied pushed Knimpfo out of the way and plied swift foot towards the enchanted ship. Knimpfo, having removed her track shoes along with other items of feminine apparel, saw Arluis gaining behind her. Showing great presence of mind, along with her other attributes, she drppped a waxed wroth on which the dragon slipped, knocking himself out. As soon as both Sievied and Knimpfo were on board, the ship cast off and sailed Northeastward at a frightening speed.

End Book I

Volume II Book II

Konziertmeister: Knimpfo the Seven Seas did sail,
Looking for the Holy Grail
Korus: Knimpfo has no Grails at all,
Grails at all, Grails at all,
Knimpfo has no Grails at all,
Just a powderpuff.
Alle: Same song, next verse,
Never gets better, never gets worse.
(Return to beginning and repeat exactly as before)⁴
(Wagner, Wassermellon, Act 50, Scene 69)

Hour after hour they proceeded under full sail. There was no one on board, except for the two heroes; not even a social director. Knimpfo was prepared for a long and boring trip, as she soon discovered that her knight's armor had rusted shut, and he could not remove it. She resolved to trade him in on a newer model as soon as they reached port, hopefully before he began to smell too badly.

They would doubtless have starved to death if they had not been fed by ravins. The ravins were delicious. Knimpfo got the larger part of the wishbone 47 times out of 52. She kept Sievied occupied by asking him, "What common attributes are possessed by both a ravin and a writing desk?" He thought carefully for six days before asking, "What's a writing desk?"

End Book II⁵

⁴This repeat instruction would seem to cause an endless loop. Actually, one of the performers eventually dies, faints, or gets disgusted and leaves. Then the song cannot proceed exactly as before, and the opera is forced to procede for lack of anything better to do. Unfortunately, by then the entire audience has either died, fainted, or got disgusted and left. All the worse for them; they should have stuck around. Wagner thought a Grail was a species of bird, evidently confusing it with a grouse and/or quail. The results are hilarious, and must be seen to be believed. Hopefully Wagner's work will be performed for the first time at the Lichtenstein pavillion at the Boston World's Fair in 1975.

⁵Good idea

Volume II Book 3

Black, bold barks begird the bay;
 Castle crouched in clody croft.
 Dauntless daring delivers day;
 What's this got to do with the Vorpall Sword?
 --Anonymous

After a seemingly endless journey, the ship deposited them on a rocky, barren shore, at the foot of an enormous cliff of sheer basalt, on top of which stood a forboding black castle. This formidable barrier at first seemed impassible, but Knimpfo soon espied a sign which said, "Ring for Service"^{5a} Though considered quite a belle in her day, today just wasn't her day, and she didn't feel up to ringing. Selecting a heavy stone, she dashed it with all her might against Sir Sievied's helmet. Verily did he ring and resound through hill and dale for many leagues thereabout. When nothing happened, Knimpfo began to shout obscenities at the man in the high castle. Sievied finally revived and tried shouting obscenities at Knimpfo, but found he did not know any.

A door-sized opening appeared in the side of the mountain, revealing a tiny room, inside of which stood a wizened old servant. "Upcar," he said, "Why did you not ring the bell?" He demonstrated by depressing the pushbutton below the sign. He was rewarded with an audible chiming.

"Pushbuttons haven't been invented yet," protested Knimpfo.

"Neither have elevators, then," replied the servant, slamming the door in their faces and rising to the top floor. Eventually a basket was lowered and they were hauled up.

There they were fed and bathed and clothed in new raiment and armor. Among other valuable gifts, Sievied received a handsome rhinestone-studded buckler⁶ with the legend, "Souvenir of Disneyland" inscribed on the back. He also received a mighty broadsword, with a real broad painted on it in glow-in-the-dark flesh colors. On the hilt was carved in arcane runes, "Genuine Magic Sword. Made in Japan". Knimpfo received a ring of carved jade with two dragons eating some sort of large, oval, striped fruit. Inside was inscribed, "Enchanted Ring." She slipped it on her finger. She did not become invisible, nor did she change form. She rubbed it vigorously. No spirit appeared. She willed to be elsewhere. Nothing happened. "This is like no other ring I have seen," she thought, "It seems to have no powers at all. How utterly amazing."

End Book 3

Volume II Book 4

From Bristol Castle's dungeons cold
 Are fetched the Ring and Irving.
 Der Wassermellon Tale is told,
 And Sievied found deserving.
 --Old Volkslied

Entering from separate wings of the castle, Sievied and Knimpfo met in the large central hall. At a distance stood a third personage. Clad in garish costume, short, bandy-legged, on his head tufts of close-cropped red hair sprang up among the furrows of his deeply lined, though young face. He lustfully, lurriciously, licentiously, longingly, lewdly, libidiously leered at Knimpfo. His mouth

^{5a} Imagine--a talking sign!

⁶It had a special attachment for unbuckling as well

twitched. He drooled. His hands made obscene gestures.

"Hey, who's that rube leering lewdly at?" queried Sievied. "And what's he doing with his hands?"

"Oh, that's probably just the court gesture," said Knimpfb.

The red-haired creature shuffled nearer. "Ich bin Kount von der Wolf, lordt of dis hier Kastle."

"Charmed, I'm sure," said the Lady Knimpfo, slipping a potion into the Count's tankard. "Is this by any chance the Grand Duchy of Warsaw?"⁷

"Comm, mein friends, you must choin me in ein drink."⁸ Would thou some stuudt ale, Herr Knight?"

"I have taken a solemn vow to abstain from all strong drinks, and I fear your German liquors are Teutonic." This was a lucky thing for Sievied, as the Count had decided to get him out of the way, to better approach the fair Lady Knimpfo.

The Count tried a more subtle stratigism. "I suppose, Herr Knight, dat you are chust passing through in your search for der Magicker Wassermellon?"

"No, I'm just sort of hacking around. I look for the Grail now and then, rescue a maiden, sack a city, that sort of stuff, but...."

"Ach du lieber, mein boy, haff you not heard? Sir Galahad has found the Grail, alle der dragons in dis area haff been killedt off, und trough der efforts of me und mein men it is seldom that ein maiden needs rescuing."

"You've eliminated all menaces to young maidens?"

"More a case of working on der problem from der udder endt. But let me tell you about der Magicker Wassermellon. It seems there was once a Duke who kept ein wizardt who delved into der okkult, ESP und alle dot. Hiss assistantts were young women called Rhinemaids. One day they discovered ein Wassermellon which could read minds und forkast der future. The Duke honored it as his most prized possession. He had its outside surface gold-plated. Dis was known as das Rvinggold. Budt dis Wunderful treasure vass stolen by the arch-fiend Arluis. Idt iss said that whoever brings it back will get the Duke's daughter and eventually become Emperor of die Germanies."

"Wow," said Sievied.

"I haf taken der precaution of arming you with the Enchanted Sword named Irving, which is der only sword on Earth capable of defeating Arluis. Irving may be drawn from its scabbard only by one completely pure of heart. Once in my youth I committed a venial sin. But one look at you, Sievied, and I knew that here was a mind totally incapable of entertaining an evil thought (or any other kind, for that matter.)"

"So Sievied rode off, leaving Knimpfo eagerly awaiting her ravishment."

End Book 4

Volume II Book 5

Sievied he rode back again

Sing juniper spice, alive, alive-o;

Because the weather looked like rain,

Sing juniper spice alive, alive-o.

There did result in Bristor Castle

The most uproarious sort of hassle;

A duel to death by Indian wrassle,

Sing juniper spice, alive, alive-o

--Popular 20th Century rock and roll tune

Knimpfb yielded to the kisses and caresses of the Count. But after a couple of days of the same she began to think there was something wrong. Kiss her pliant lips he would. Caress her dainty fingertips he would. But beyond that point he seemed

⁷Knimpfo was hoping to have a pble to celebrate May Day with

⁸This is the Vorpal Sword, not the Goon Show, so you will be spared this one.

to lose interest , despite all the charms, wiles, potions, and curses Knimpfo directed at him.

Finally she resolved to do a thorough job of analysis on him. "Somehow, I just can't seem to finish anything," he said. "I never did get around to graduating from the University of Leipzig; when I try to cleave a varlet in half, I can only cleave him in quarter; my copying of Pliny's Microlibrum Deminocte proceeds apace but is never quite finished; and as for women, though I do desire them, again I cannot proceed to consummation.. Once I resolved to end it all and jump from the highest battlement. But ten feet from the ground a mysterious force stopped me in mid-air, and I was obliged to sleep in a nearby window."

"Tis indeed a powerful geas ye labor under," agreed Knimpfo. "But come, let us try once again." She joined him on the couch and they embraced. Suddenly, in strode Sievied. "Hey, you guys, what was it I was supposed to be looking for?"

"Der Wassermellon, Dumpkopf," shouted the startled Count.

Sievied, who had had a reaction time of about five seconds, suddenly exclaimed, "Unhand that maiden, you cad!"

"So! You thought you could get away with molesting that maiden, because I was gone for a while!"

"I was not molesting that maiden!"

"You were so--I saw you."

"I did not!"

"You did too."

"I did not."

"You did tðð!"

"I did not."

"You did too."

"I did not."

"You did too."

"I did not."

"You did too."

"I did not."

"You did too."

"I did not."

"You did too."

"I did not."

"You did tpp."

"I did not."

"You did too."

"I did not."

"I did too."

"not."

"too."

"not."

"too."

"not."

"too."

"not."

"toot."

"not."

"toot."

"not."

"toot."

"not."

"toot."

"not."

"tbtotoototoototoototoototoototoototootoooooooooooo."

LETTER COLUMN (PUN)

In which the readers point out what was wrong with the last issue of TZ, and I show them why they are wrong. Editorial comment is doubly parenthesized, ((like this sample))-- DAVE

JOHN BOARDMAN
592 16th Street
Brooklyn, NY 11218

I couldn't disagree more with your editorial position, as expressed in TZ #13. The fact of the matter is that we are supporting a vacillating, undemocratic regime in South Viet Nam, a regime which has no more to do with the people of the region than the Viet Cong. While I certainly do not support the efforts of the Cong to establish a Communist dictatorship over the entire country, we have consistently thrown our weight to the military juntas and dictators who have oppressed the people for their own ends and grafted the aid funds we have sent for the people. I say we should either get out of the aggressive war in Viet Nam, or throw our support to the groups which are truly representative of the aspirations of the people of Viet Nam.((Bite the Bag))

HARRY WARNER, JR
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md.

Dave, let me be the first to congratulate you on the outstanding job you did on TZ #13. ((Your letter was the 24th out of 69)) 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. ((Bite the Bag)) 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 there could be a Sturgeonian integration of personalities long enough to do something of the sort.

GULLY FOYLE
The Stars
Milky Way,
Universe

As you can see from my new address, I have finally arrived. I now have a job selling maps to the star's homes, and I expect to complete licensing arrangements with the Palomar Observatory any day now. In the meantime, I would like to congratulate you on your last issue of TZ, #13--it was superb. It was the only fanzine I have ever been able to read by infrared light. Also, it is a brave policy you announced, of only publishing articles and stories contributed by authors who make over \$5000 a year writing professionally. Perhaps that is why I never received TZ #14; but then, it was probably just that the Post Office was never able to catch up with me while I was out traveling in my jaunty Tyrol hat.

TINN FOYLE
3 Ames St.
Cambridge, Mass.
02139

Dave, I recently got a letter from a well-known BNF, Stanislaus Wandrievich Wiscziensczieski O'Brien, who mentioned that TZ was going weekly. At least I think it was weekly. It may have been daily. It's hard to tell with Stinky, because he never did learn English no good. Anyway, the substance of the letter was mainly wood pulp, with some white coloring matter and chemical additives, in addition to some ink placed in random locations about the sheet. Which reminds me, have the KKker's been very active out your way? They recently lynched the dean of a local trade school, Dean Drive I think his name was. Hoping you are the same, I am going out and get some groceries. ((Bite the Bag))

DR. DONALD BLAKE
New York City
c/o Stan Lee

What mean you mortals by casting aspersions on the true value of my alter ego, the Mighty Thor? I refer, of course, to the blasphemous editorial in TZ #13, in which you state with a villainy equalled only by the evil Loki that Thor could not fight his way out of a wet paper bag. ((Bite the Bag, Thorhead)) I have checked with my lawyers, and find I have grounds for a libel suit. I swear by Asgard on high that even if I do not take your dirty soul to the cleaners, I will keep TZ #14 from being published, if I have to destroy all of Midgard to keep it from coming out.

FORREST ACKERMAN
915 S. Shelbourne Dr.
Los Angeles 35,
California

I wonder if I might have your permission, Dave, to do a biography of you for my magazine, Famous Monsters of Filmland. While I realize that you have never starred in a monster movie, I have that end of the problem under control. I just talked with Joseph E. Levine, and he agreed to hire Bob Bloch to do the script. You will recall Bob did the screenplays for Psycho and a whole bunch of its imitators. I tried to get Hitchcock, but when I mentioned your name, all he said was, "Good evening" and ~~walked~~ out of the room. We are now negotiating with John W. Campbell to play the part of the physicist who tries to convince the townsfolk that a monster is rampaging around, and we have hired Gabby Hayys to play his sidekick, the one who goes around shouting, "Look out boys, the monster is loose," and kicking the physicist in the side. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to give me a phone call, although I will be in Pittsburgh buying stills from The Monster that Devoured Cleveland, and nobody will answer the phone.

DOUG HOYLMAN
921 N. First Ave.
Tucson, Arizona
85719

I can't think of a good reason for titling a fanzine THE TWILIGHT ZINE, or YANDRO, or NATIONAL REVIEW, or just about anything else, ~~except~~ FANZINE, and I think that's been used. When TWILIGHT ZINE started, all it had were articles by Hal Clement, Fritz Leiber, Hugo Gernsback, and people like that. But once TZ built up a reputation, it had no trouble obtaining material from Chez Dorr, ARLEwis, and Doug Hoylman, to name only four.

Inexplicable Booboo of the Month Dept.: "I believe it was Sam Moskowitz who praised Caves of Steel, by Frederik Pohl and the late Cyril Kornbluth, for 'accomplishing the impossible by successfully combining detective stories with science fiction.'" (Miriam Allen DeFord, introduction to Space, Time, and Crime.)

MURPHY SLAW
Livermore Rad. Lab
Lawrence, Calif.
94551

It's glad I am that the MITSFS finally has gone back into the fanzine business. All too often, the capable editor of a good zine will busy himself with mundane matters of life and death and other such trivia, and neglect his pride and joy. By now you have probably written some more filk songs of MIT, and I would certainly like to see some of them. Now that you have gotten together and published the INDEX, how about putting out FANCYCLOPEDIA III, and then you could put out a big compendium of new fannish songs ktp ktp. The reason I can suggest all this stuff is that I won't have to do any of the work. ((The number of fans in the society is much smaller than one might think--for example, Erwin Strauss did most of the work on the INDEX by himself. Also, ARLEwis, arch antifa, cancels out any three members of the N3F by himself.))

WE ALSO HEARD FROM

KIETH LAUMER, who sent us a batch of new Retief stories; BOB HEINLEIN, who apologized for crossing us up and sending that classic, Farnham's Freehold, when he had promised it to us; MIKE DECKINGER, who wants to know what happened to his copy of TZ #13; MACK DUCKINGER, who wonders why we sent him a copy; DICK ENEY, who asks if it was the Lady or the Tiger, POUL ANDERSON, who wonders if we are putting a Hokus over on him; DOC SMITH, who said his next novel will be entitled Skylark Kinnison, thus tying his two main series together; he has also been working on a movie script entitled Abbot and Costello Meet the Vortex Blaster; RON ELLIK, who threw some old chestnuts down at us; JOHN BERRY, who threatened to put the GDA on our tail if we didn't go straight; PETER SINGLETON, who may or not be an alarmist; F.M. BUSBY, whom we couldn't understand until we tried slope detection; BOB COULSON, who asked us if we really expected him to think that we were publishing a fanzine; and BRUCE PELZ, who says that if being a completist requires that he keep a copy of every fanzine, then he is going to take a vacation until TZ goes down for the third time.