

# TZ 16





# TZ

## SIXTEENTH ISSUE

Fandom is a rotten grapefruit

Fit the First-----	Mike Ward-----	2
Words Worth Wasting		
Time With-----	Doug Hoylman-----	5
Early History of the		
SFS of the MIT-----	Rudy Preisendorfer---	7
Filk Songs, LXIX-----	Misc. Filk-----	12
Glorious Traditions of		
the SFS of the MIT-----	ARLewis-----	18
The Tool III/2-----	Erwin Strauss-----	21
The Tool III/5-----	Erwin Strauss-----	23
The Crossbows of Ratishof---	Chez Dorr-----	25
Reaction-----	ARLewis-----	33
Childhood's End-----	Charles Obler-----	35
We Try Harder-----	Richard Harter-----	37

ART: Stolen-cover  
 Dorr--26,27,31  
 Pierre (gasp!)--22  
 ??????--4  
 Joe Staton--13  
 Chell (?)--Bacover

Special Issue: BRITISH REPRINT  
 EDITION

EDITOR

Mike Ward

ART EDITOR

Nobody

COOLIES

Filthy Pierre  
 George Phillies  
 Charlie Obler  
 Randy Brack  
 Dave Cunningham

COPYSMITH, \* CLASS

David Cunningham

CONVENTIONS

Boskone '66

The Twilight Zine is published at irregular intervals by the MIT SF Society. TZ is edited for the MITSFS, and not primarily for fandom; however, copies are available to the general public for trade, letter of comment, contribution, artwork (please! we have lots of space to electrostencil really good artwork) or, if you must, for 25¢ (no more at one time, please). There is no lettercol this issue because no one has written any letters to us. Write. This issue is being printed on Wed., 9 March 1966; most of the repro is due to the T.C.A. A.B. Dick 455, with the colored illos done on the Burton House Gestetner 360. Please send all bombs, contribs, letters, etc. to

Mike Ward  
 c/o MITSFS, Room W20-443,  
 MIT, Cambridge, Mass.  
 02139

The antifans may have taken over, but this is still a Beaverbarf Press Production.  
 Yahoo!



# FIT THE FIRST

YUP.

AN EDITORIAL.

You may have noticed that this issue was subtitled "British Reprint Edition". We call it that because it reprints an article from the first issue of TZ; the article was put in because few of the current readers have ever seen it, and many have expressed an interest in some of the older in-jokes of the Society. We are now working on updating it, since six years and a generation and a half have passed since it was current.

While we were collecting information for the Index to SF Magazines we became aware of the large amount of recently published (last 15 years) British science fiction. (For a good, comprehensive study of British SF, check into Collectors' Bulletin #3, published by Ned Brooks. Ned has a fine article by Bob Coulson there, and it is well worth joining the N3F just to get this magazine, which is put out by Ned for the N3F Collector's Bureau. Members can look it up in the file cabinet in the Library.) There are two classes of British SF magazines: the original-story magazines, and the British Reprint Editions. The original-story magazines vary in quality from the old John Carnell issues of New Worlds, to the John Spencer/Badger crudzines and far beyond. The best of the British is as good as the best of the American, but the British crud is several orders of magnitude worse than anything published in the U.S. since Black Friar of the Flame. The British Reprint Editions are generally reprints of recent or current American stories, although Amazing Science Stories consisted of reprints from Thrills, Inc., the only Australian original-story magazine.

Since the main functions of the Society are the Library and the Index, we decided it would be a good to obtain as much of the information we needed for the Index as possible by buying the British magazines since 1950. This was sure to be easy; "after all, there have only been two or three SF magazines published in Great Britain..." Well, not quite; After you finish with New Worlds, Science Fantasy, SF Adventures, and Nebula, you have an incredible number of magazines that went two or three issues (or ten or twenty) and then folded. In addition, we had to deal with Authentic, which changed its name completely three different times, and the Badger trash, the SF Series and Supernatural Stories, which look like paperbacks and are published like magazines. Complicating the matter was the British love of secrecy--the really awful magazines give as little publishing information as possible (I assume this is because they are afraid that someone will organize a lynch mob in front of their editorial offices if they ever find out where they are.) In some of the half-decent magazines, such as Authentic, the printer often put in his own dates of printing (usually one or two months behind the date labeled on the cover; but, then, this isn't exactly a blue-chip business). On the other hand, some of the Australian magazines don't give any indication at all of their date of publication. The Australian index is content with listing the dates they appeared on sale in one of their larger cities. While I was working with Donald Miller's collection in Wheaton, Md. this summer, we

came across this small pamphlet entitled "The Horror Club". It seemed to be one of the ghost/vampire/murder/sadism ~~magazines~~ you run across every once in a while, sort of like a written Brundage cover. There were several stories in it, only one of which had an author listed. Nor can I really blame the other authors for not ~~signing~~ signing their work. This had no publishing information at all: no date, no place of printing, no editorial staff, no copyright, no nothing else. The Society would be very interested if someone could give us some info on this thing.

Someone is bound to ask why we didn't include the Australian SF magazines in the Index, when we went to such trouble to get the information. The problem is exactly that--it was too much trouble to get the info on them. Very few people seem to have Australian SF magazines in their collections, and the dealers just don't stock very many of them (maybe one or two issues of one magazine). After eight months of trying, we were able to find copies of about half the issues of Thrills, Inc., and one or two of each of the other, reprint magazines. It was at this time that we found out that an Australian group had prepared a complete index to all the SF ever published in the country. If anyone has a collection of Australian SF that he feels is worth indexing, I suggest he buy this booklet. I think it is available from the dealers.

#### OF BOSKONE AND OTHER SUCH MATTERS

This is being written the week before Boskone '67, and DAVE has finally given us some info on the program, that I'd like to pass on to you. The Guest of Honor and main speaker will be Fred Pohl, editor of the three best SF magazines, and well-known author in his own right. (And, I might add, an honorary member of the MITSFS.) Speakers will include Lester del Rey on the Humanities in SF. (This must be some sort of joke; having del Rey speak on the role of the Humanities in SF is like having Campbell speak on the great benefits the Conspiracy of Scientists Against Backyard Inventors has given Mankind in the last hundred years.) The theme of the convention is again The Science in Science Fiction, and speakers such as Jerry Lettvin and Ben Bova, Hal Clement and Oliver Selfridge, and Wayne Batteau and Igor Paul are scheduled. The Con begins Friday, March 11, and ends Sunday evening, March 13. There will be miscellaneous folk-singing sessions, panel discussions, and at least one drunken brawl, so don't miss it. Price, for admission to all the events, is \$2, and it will be held, as before, at the Hotel Statler Hilton. Further information is posted on the Library door.

#### A SPECIAL SECTION FOR OUR READERS IN EXILE (Outside Boston)

There seems to be some confusion as to what part, if any, the MITSFS is playing in the conception and operation of the Boskones. Now, while it is true that the idea of the Boston in '67 Worldcon bid originated during a bull session in the old MITSFS Library, the idea of the Regional Cons (Boskones) is a product of the Boston fan. One of the strange mysteries of recent years has been the lack of a fan organization in the Boston area, which has been without representation since the Strangers Club folded, many many moons ago. There have always been fans in Boston; the N3F was founded in the suburbs, some 25 years ago (but again, in large part by the Stranger's Club). Other fan of varying degrees of fame or notoriety have based their operations in the Boston area. Yet, until the MITSFS was organized in late 1949, there were no local organizations devoted to SF.

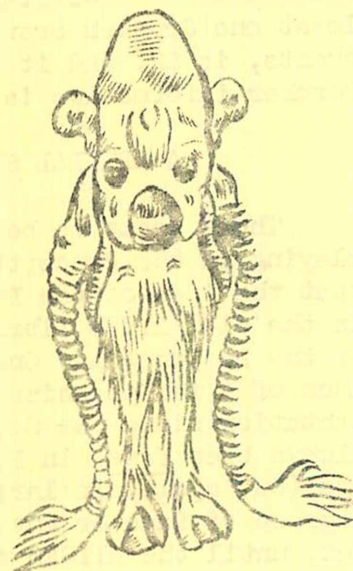


The Society itself, in its early years, was only a small discussion group of dedicated sercon addicts, whose contacts with Fandom were small. The Society itself remained small, until an effective library was set up, and a permanent room found in Walker (originally 50-024.) Under some inspired leaders, the Society began to publish the Journal of the MIT SFS, the Twilight Zine. Most outside fan are convinced the Society began in 1961, with TZ, but of course this is not the case. For many years, membership was open only to MIT undergraduate and graduate students; this requirement was increasingly ignored as time went on, however, and by 1964 membership was open to anyone who could sign his name on the roster. Unfortunately, this situation came to the attention of the Institute when a non-student was appointed Skinner. In the wake of the resulting crackdown we began the associate member program. At this time, however, the 'Tute is looking over our shoulders again, and it is just possible we may have to cut out all non-student members by the end of the year.

The real originator of the Boston in '67 movement, I believe, was Dennis Guthrie. In early 1965 Dennis and I put together a fake issue of Twilight Zine (#14) devoted to dumping on DAVanderwerf for the lateness and current non-existence of TZ 13. Dennis wrote an editorial, signing it with DAVE's name; in it he mentioned that the '67 Worldcon would be held in DAVE's apartment at 13 (actually 11) Bristol Street. At this time neither of us were sure what part of the country the Worldcon rotation plan would take the con to in 1967, so Dennis was merely guessing when he picked the East Coast as the site. It was some months later that a random bunch of MITSFS and Boston people were discussing random topics in the totally random book collection in 50-020, and someone brought up the idea of Boskone in '67. For some unfathomable reason DAVE agreed to be chairman of the con committee--as long as he didn't have to do any of the work. A little publicity on our part, and a lot of hunting on DAVE's, turned up a large number of interested fans that few of us had ever heard of before. For every familiar name, for every Ben Bova, Alma Hill, or Hal Clement, or Ike Asimov, some strange and exotic figures crawled out of the woodwork.

It is my hope that the Boston SF Society, the local organization, can take on the task of organizing Boston fandom into an active, vocal unit. I have at least two reasons for this desire. First, I would like to see Boston take its rightful place in fan circles, its place as a hotbed of fan activity. Also, and more important, the MITSFS was never meant to be a city-wide organization; the people outside have had no other place to go, so we have taken them in. But the introduction of outside members, non-students, has brought with it many problems and few benefits, and it would be nice if there were some local organization, working with both the MITSFS and the Boston fans. I hope DAVE can build the BosSFS into a permanent, worthwhile group.

--Mike Ward



# WORDS WORTH WASTING TIME WITH

-Doug Hoylman

The first game is one introduced recently by Time Magazine, called Barrendipity. This is (so they say) the opposite of serendipity, and means not finding something in a place where, from its name, you would expect to find it. For example, you will have trouble finding French fried potatoes in France, English muffins in England, Danish pastry in Denmark, or Eskimo Pies in Alaska. The reports aren't in from the Virgin Islands yet. Two items from my own experience: I never heard of a Western sandwich until I went East, although we do have something roughly similar called a Denver sandwich (and I wouldn't be at all surprised to find it called something else in Denver). On the other hand, in Montana I once had something called a Boston shake, consisting of a sundae on top of a thick milkshake; but in Boston you can't even get a thick milkshake.

We have all heard of clergymen being unfrocked and lawyers being disbarred. But what happens to members of other professions? Well, sorcerers are disenchanting (or dispelled), calculus teachers are disintegrated\*, cabinet makers are unhinged, farmers are distilled, realtors are distracted, longshoremen are disported, bookies are unabatted, civil engineers are unabridged, musicians are disconcerted, tax consultants are deformed, cowboys and cooks are deranged, fishermen are debated, chiropodists are defeated, traffic cops are defined. The list can go on and on--just open a dictionary to de-, dis-, or un-.

The next game is making up multiple-choice tests. Like the others, it is best explained by illustrations.

- A copperhead is:
- a) Abraham Lincoln
  - b) J. Edgar Hoover
  - c) A henchman of Goldfinger
  - d) A metal plumbing fixture
  - e) The ultimate prosthetic

- Who said, "Reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated"?
- a) Sherlock Holmes
  - b) Fu Manchu
  - c) Lazarus
  - d) Adolf Hitler

Inclusion of the correct answer is optional, but is considered to be a sign of weakness. Answer (c) to the first question can be expanded into a whole new game. Other possible members of Goldfinger's gang include Brassnuckle, Ironlung, and Leadbelly.

---

\*I once knew a calculus teacher who was hung in  $f(g)$ .



Thus began the Society. Its first stirrings in official activity touched upon one of its most outstanding achievements even to this day. In the Fall of 1949, and into the Spring of 1950, the discussion group held forth a correspondence with Joel Hammil, Program Director of the National Broadcasting Company in New York City. Frank Maher and R. Preisendorfer compiled a list of Science Fiction short stories from the complete file of Astounding Science Fiction in Preisendorfer's library. These stories were submitted to NBC as material for the forthcoming radio dramatizations known as "Dimension-X". The Society received official thanks for its efforts in compiling these stories and for suggesting possible sources of magazines in New York for the use of the research staff in the NBC script-writing office.

As those early months went by, a small, stable nucleus of interested men held together the discussion group. In the Spring of 1950 the group invited Isaac Asimov, the famous science fiction writer, to attend one of its meetings. Accordingly, on Friday, 12 May 1950, Isaac Asimov was the guest of the discussion group, which held its meeting in the Student-Faculty Lounge. In addition, the meeting was enriched by the presence of Hal Clement (Harry Stubbs, in real life). This meeting was the first successful guest gathering.

At one of the very early meetings in the life of the Society, the concept of microfilming the entire collection of the Astounding SCIENCE FICTION magazines was born. This project was destined to weave its influence into the Society's activities for many years. The idea of preserving forever on microfilm the pages of this pioneer magazine in the field of Science Fiction met with great enthusiasm among the members of the group. Besides the inherently powerful motivation for the preservation of the pages of ASF, there was the added drive for making available to a greater circle of interested readers the early and almost unobtainable issues of the magazine. Accordingly, ways and means to bring this idea into reality were explored. It was at this time that a great and lasting friend of the Society was found. After several months of incubation and exploratory efforts (such as the Kodak 35 films taken of the magazine, using a homemade prop for the souped-up camera in the home of an early member, Bill Mason) at operating the plan, Dr. Vernon Tate, Director of the Libraries at MIT, graciously offered the use of the microfilming facilities in the CSAL (Center of Scientific Aids to Learning) to the members of the discussion group. (This was in the Spring Term of 1950). Microfilming was thus begun on a small scale in the CSAL, in the basement of the Hayden Memorial Library. The program continued, slowly, but yet surely, during the summer of 1950, using the bound volumes of ASF from the collection of R. Preisendorfer.

On 24 June, 1950, yet another forward step in the out-going activities of the discussion group was taken. A list of thirty science fiction books recently published in hard covers was compiled, and submitted to the Hayden Library for consideration of purchase. This list was to be followed by two more scattered over another year and a half. All the recommended titles (sixty-four) were eventually purchased by the Library, in the Spring of 1952.

During the Summer recess of 1950, the Society was represented by Rudy Preisendorfer at the Science Fiction Conference and Dinner held on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of July, at the Henry Hudson Hotel, in New York City.

Also during this summer recess, a veritable galaxy of science fiction talent was clustered in the halls of MIT. An unscheduled meeting of the discussion group, held in July 1950 in the Jewett Moore Room, had Isaac Asimov, Hal Clement, and L. Sprague de Camp as guests. Unfortunately, most of the members of the group were away for the summer.



# WORDS WORTH WASTING TIME WITH

-Doug Hoylman

The first game is one introduced recently by Time Magazine, called Barrendipity. This is (so they say) the opposite of serendipity, and means not finding something in a place where, from its name, you would expect to find it. For example, you will have trouble finding French fried potatoes in France, English muffins in England, Danish pastry in Denmark, or Eskimo Pies in Alaska. The reports aren't in from the Virgin Islands yet. Two items from my own experience: I never heard of a Western sandwich until I went East, although we do have something roughly similar called a Denver sandwich (and I wouldn't be at all surprised to find it called something else in Denver). On the other hand, in Montana I once had something called a Boston shake, consisting of a sundae on top of a thick milkshake; but in Boston you can't even get a thick milkshake.

We have all heard of clergymen being unfrocked and lawyers being disbarred. But what happens to members of other professions? Well, sorcerers are disenchanting (or dispelled), calculus teachers are disintegrated\*, cabinet makers are unhinged, farmers are distilled, realtors are distracted, longshoremen are disported, bookies are unabatted, civil engineers are unabridged, musicians are disconcerted, tax consultants are deformed, cowboys and cooks are deranged, fishermen are debated, chiropodists are defeated, traffic cops are defined. The list can go on and on--just open a dictionary to de-, dis-, or un-.

The next game is making up multiple-choice tests. Like the others, it is best explained by illustrations.

- A copperhead is:
- a) Abraham Lincoln
  - b) J. Edgar Hoover
  - c) A henchman of Goldfinger
  - d) A metal plumbing fixture
  - e) The ultimate prosthetic

- Who said, "Reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated"?
- a) Sherlock Holmes
  - b) Fu Manchu
  - c) Lazarus
  - d) Adolf Hitler

Inclusion of the correct answer is optional, but is considered to be a sign of weakness. Answer (c) to the first question can be expanded into a whole new game. Other possible members of Goldfinger's gang include Brassnuckle, Ironlung, and Leadbelly.

---

\*I once knew a calculus teacher who was hung in  $f(g)$ .

Everyone has seen sentences in which the meaning is changed by a change of punctuation. What is the sentence (or, more properly, sequence of words) with the maximum number of different meanings? Although a little research will probably turn up better ones, my candidate is that familiar song title, "What is This Thing Called Love?" We have:

What is this thing called "love"?

What is this thing called, Love?

What! Is this thing called "love"?

"What is this thing?" called Love. (Edmund G. Love, American author)

What is this thing called? "Love"?

What is this thing, Called Love?

What? Is this thing Called Love?

What is this thing? Called Love?

"What is this?" "Thing called 'love'."

(Don't ask me what Called Love is. Something like a called strike in baseball, I guess.)

Parting challenge: find three letters such that all six permutations are English words. Familiar proper names and abbreviations will count if necessary. The best one I know of is ARE, with six if you count Rae, "a woman's name" (or "sailyard: Scot"), aer, "chalice veil", and rea, "turmeric", which are all pretty far out.

((A coolie's word in edgewise: you might remember that a Norse representative assembly was called a Thing, so that merely by capitalizing Thing you can almost double the number of sentences given.))

-mjw

A lynching party is being formed to draw and quarter Heinlein for the cold-blooded murder of Mike. Those interested in further details may obtain them by calling 692-7638.

On the first day of class, as Professor Quine stepped on the stage, Steffi Lewis leaned over and whispered reverently, "God has just walked on the stage." For those who are theologically inclined, I wish to report--God has a big red nose.

-R. Harter



# THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MIT SFS

--Rudy Preisendorfer

The germ of an idea which eventually blossomed into reality...into the beginnings of a Science Fiction Society at MIT...was born in the Spring Term of 1949. The Lecture Series Committee of MIT presented a lecture by John W. Campbell, Jr., editor of Astounding Science Fiction Magazine during that term. The precise date of that lecture is now lost from the memory cells of my mind. But the impression left by the lecture is still indelible. The overwhelmingly large audience, and its enthusiastic response to Campbell's lecture indicated clearly to me that MIT was ripe for some sort of organized student body whose activities would be dedicated to the pursuits of discussing Science Fiction, and of forming a medium for the expression of criticism to the authors, editors, and publishers of Science Fiction. On that evening in the Spring of 1949, in Room 10-250, was born the decision to form an informal discussion group, whose members were interested readers and collectors of Science Fiction.

The pressure of my work at MIT during the rest of that term prevented any efforts to start a group at that time. However, ~~when~~ the summer of 1949 had passed, and I returned again to MIT for the Fall Term, the idea once again came up in my mind. Before the pressure of another term could force any material plans from being realized, I drew up several posters at the Graphics Department, and on the afternoon of Tuesday, 27 September 1949, the posters were tacked on the bulletin boards of MIT. As simply as that, the first step was completed.

On Thursday morning, the 29th of September 1949, the first nibble was felt. It came in the form of a post card from a Course V student whose curiosity led him to answer the call of the message on the displayed posters. This card was from Frank X. Maher, who was destined to become one of the most active members in the forming group during its early months of existence. Post cards and personal contacts soon followed. Soon, through additional postal contacts and discussions in the halls with people who indicated their interest in the group, schedules of classes were analyzed to determine the best time for the first meeting of the group. On Friday the 21st of October 1949, the first meeting of the group was held in the ancient haunt of the Society...the Ware West Lounge. The members Present at that meeting were: C. Wilcox, Frank X. Maher, Karl Eklund, Dan Lundgren, and Rudy Preisendorfer. Further interest was shown by Clive Greenough, Don Woodward, Don Osgood, Jim Davidson, L.Dion, H. Lauson, and Jim Stockard. This group of men formed the earliest nucleus of the discussion group which was destined to become the MIT Science Fiction Society. Another outstanding member was Jim Waters, a friend of Frank Maher, who was destined to help lead the Society in its later years.

Thus began the Society. Its first stirrings in official activity touched upon one of its most outstanding achievements even to this day. In the Fall of 1949, and into the Spring of 1950, the discussion group held forth a correspondence with Joel Hammil, Program Director of the National Broadcasting Company in New York City. Frank Maher and R. Preisendorfer compiled a list of Science Fiction short stories from the complete file of Astounding Science Fiction in Preisendorfer's library. These stories were submitted to NBC as material for the forthcoming radio dramatizations known as "Dimension-X". The Society received official thanks for its efforts in compiling these stories and for suggesting possible sources of magazines in New York for the use of the research staff in the NBC script-writing office.

As those early months went by, a small, stable nucleus of interested men held together the discussion group. In the Spring of 1950 the group invited Isaac Asimov, the famous science fiction writer, to attend one of its meetings. Accordingly, on Friday, 12 May 1950, Isaac Asimov was the guest of the discussion group, which held its meeting in the Student-Faculty Lounge. In addition, the meeting was enriched by the presence of Hal Clement (Harry Stubbs, in real life). This meeting was the first successful guest gathering.

At one of the very early meetings in the life of the Society, the concept of microfilming the entire collection of the Astounding SCIENCE FICTION magazines was born. This project was destined to weave its influence into the Society's activities for many years. The idea of preserving forever on microfilm the pages of this pioneer magazine in the field of Science Fiction met with great enthusiasm among the members of the group. Besides the inherently powerful motivation for the preservation of the pages of ASF, there was the added drive for making available to a greater circle of interested readers the early and almost unobtainable issues of the magazine. Accordingly, ways and means to bring this idea into reality were explored. It was at this time that a great and lasting friend of the Society was found. After several months of incubation and exploratory efforts (such as the Kodak 35 films taken of the magazine, using a homemade prop for the souped-up camera in the home of an early member, Bill Mason) at operating the plan, Dr. Vernon Tate, Director of the Libraries at MIT, graciously offered the use of the microfilming facilities in the CSAL (Center of Scientific Aids to Learning) to the members of the discussion group. (This was in the Spring Term of 1950). Microfilming was thus begun on a small scale in the CSAL, in the basement of the Hayden Memorial Library. The program continued, slowly, but yet surely, during the summer of 1950, using the bound volumes of ASF from the collection of R. Preisendorfer.

On 24 June, 1950, yet another forward step in the out-going activities of the discussion group was taken. A list of thirty science fiction books recently published in hard covers was compiled, and submitted to the Hayden Library for consideration of purchase. This list was to be followed by two more scattered over another year and a half. All the recommended titles (sixty-four) were eventually purchased by the Library, in the Spring of 1952.

During the Summer recess of 1950, the Society was represented by Rudy Preisendorfer at the Science Fiction Conference and Dinner held on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of July, at the Henry Hudson Hotel, in New York City.

Also during this summer recess, a veritable galaxy of science fiction talent was clustered in the halls of MIT. An unscheduled meeting of the discussion group, held in July 1950 in the Jewett Moore Room, had Isaac Asimov, Hal Clement, and L. Sprague de Camp as guests. Unfortunately, most of the members of the group were away for the summer.



The following fall term, on September 20, 1950, R. Preisendorfer wrote to John W. Campbell, Editor of ASF, requesting permission to microfilm the complete file of the magazine between the years 1950 and 1930. A letter was received soon after from Street and Smith, granting permission for the group to record and make copies for the members. Also at this time, a decision was reached to start a Journal for the Society. (ed. note: the Journal did not actually appear until some ten years after it was first decided upon.) Through this medium, the members of the group could express their ideas in the form of science-fictional literature: stories, poems, articles, etc. The first meeting of the term, 3 November 1950, saw the decision to consolidate the Society's aims and organization in a written constitution, to gain full activity recognition from the Institute.

The life of the early discussion group was not always limited to the confines of a formal discussion. Many were the times that informal bull sessions were originated in the midst of the bustling corridors of MIT. The social organization of the group was extended beyond the walls of the meeting room and the limits of the meeting hour. One very memorable occasion occurred on the evening of 28 November 1950, when the members of the group attended the LSC presentation of the movie version of H.G. Wells' Things to Come in 10-250. That evening a dream was born, a dream that was to become reality eighteen months later, when the Society presented its own SF movie to raise funds and notify the Institute of its presence on campus.

The Society lived on, and grew in strength and membership. At the meeting of 16 February 1951, Raymond Pohl read his first draft of the constitution. The following Monday, the constitution was submitted to the old Walker Memorial Committee. The Committee demanded further proof of the activities and accomplishments of the Society; a statement was drawn up by R. Preisendorfer, and Ray Pohl and Dick Hayman further polished the constitution. The Constitution was accepted by the Committee on the 28th of February, 1951, and the Society officially became a class B MIT activity. Dr. Vernon Tate, who had so generously aided the Society in its early formative days, became Faculty Advisor.

Feverish activity marked the following weeks. Letters were sent to Isaac Asimov and Hal Clement, and a poster display was set up March 12, in the lobby of Building 10. This display showed the constitution of the Society, letters to and from Street and Smith, and communications with NBC on the Dimension-X project. The following day, a display was erected in the blue halls of the Hayden Library. We received permission from Dr. Tate to use the glass show cases, which we filled with early issues of ASF, British SF magazines, and several books, including a rare copy of Slan, and a book contributed by Dr. Tate, called Phra, the Phoenician.

During all these months, the microfilming project was never idle. Dr. Tate took a great interest in the project, and did all he could to encourage the activity. Dr. Tate even offered to help finance the construction of a microfilm reader for the Society, and it was only the unremitting pressure on the students that forced them to sadly turn down this most generous offer.

The important meeting of 16 March 1951 saw three significant events:

- (a) Isaac Asimov and Hal Clement attended the large meeting held in Jewett Moore Lounge. Their presence stimulated interesting discussions on matters of Astronomy, as applied to the field of Science Fiction. (Clement holds a Master's degree in Astronomy from harvard.)
- (b) Professor Arnold of the Mechanical Engineering Department explained his proposed course in Engineering Education, designed to acquaint engineering students with the problems of machine and tool design in radically different environments. He imagined a planet in the Arcturus system populated by beings of a technical level comparable with that which was extant on Earth in the early Twenties. Where he thought the Society could help him was in the formulation of a new and sufficiently different physical environment for this culture, so that the Earth engineers could design machines and work out the problems encountered in constructing trade materials for the inhabitants of this planet. The Society's part in the Arcturus Project became the design of the chemistry and physics of the planet, to be used as engineering data by the students in Arnold's course.
- (c) And last, but not least, elections were held at this meeting. Dick Hayman was elected the first President under the new constitution; Rudy Preisendorfer was elected Vice President, D. Woodward was made Treasurer, and G. Lutz became the Secretary.

On Friday, the 20th of April, the Society was again honored by the presence of Hal Clement at a meeting. Dr. Tate was guest speaker at the meeting of 4 May 1951, the regular election meeting under the new constitution. At this meeting, the officers were reshuffled; R. Preisendorfer was elected President, Raymond Pohl Vice President, Frank Maher Secretary, and Jim Waters Treasurer.

And so, the Spring term drifted into the past. Before the members left for the summer, however, they managed to erect a huge display in the Hayden Library, near the Circulation Desk and the old Director's Office. The display consisted of a huge salmon-colored rocket on a jet black, star-studded background, behind an open bookcase displaying some of the Society's latest acquisitions. Although the display was meant for the Homecoming Week, June 10-17, it remained up for over a year, and was still standing in June of 1952, when the author left the Institute. And the Microfilming Project went on.

When Rudy Preisendorfer returned to Cambridge in the Fall of 1951, he found a letter from Mr. Alec Moss, of 20th Century Fox, advertising their new movie, "The Day the Earth Stood Still". Mr. Moss, in return for the Society's offer of aid in publicizing the movie, invited the members as a group to the Boston Premiere of the Movie on the 10th of October. This was a poor time, and the MITSFS went to see the movie free, with special arrangements with the manager of the theater, on the 16th. The Society later drew up a critique of the movie, and gave it to the theater manager, to be forwarded to Mr. Moss.



In late 1951 funds for the microfilming project were running dangerously low, and the idea of discontinuing or reducing the size of the plan was considered. The major consideration was the extremely high cost of the films, and whether the money might be put to better use. (Two weeks later, an anonymous donor donated \$25 to the Society, for the purpose of retiring the microfilming debt. -- ed.)

The Society was now well established, and at this time was invited by Technique, the MIT yearbook, to write a brief history of the Society, its aims, and its goals. At the same meeting, the members posed (8 Feb. 1952) for its first picture in the Technique.

At the momentous meeting of 14 February 1952, plans were made to:

- (a) Write Gold and Campbell, asking for the names and addresses of the SF writers in the Boston area.
- (b) A list of SF movies was to be analyzed for possibilities, for showing an SF film by the MITSFS. The film would be in 10-250, and open to the public for 40¢. The Society eventually arranged with the LSC to co-sponsor the film, "Flesh and Fantasy", with a 50-50 split of the take.

On Thursday, 6 April 1952, the film was shown to a capacity audience in 10-250. The take was \$40.00, but after paying expenses and splitting the take, the Society came up with a profit of \$1.00. The members didn't care--the real purpose of the evening was accomplished: the MITSFS became firmly entrenched in the public's eye.

The closing of the first great cycle of the existence of the MITSFS came on the 18th of April, 1952, when Mr. John W. Campbell was guest at a banquet dinner. Three years before, Mr. Campbell's visit to MIT had started the germ of an idea, which had grown into the MIT Science Fiction Society. Prof. Arnold attended this meeting and was introduced to Campbell; when Campbell saw how successful the course had been, he persuaded Arnold to write an article on the course, which later appeared as a cover article in aSF. Afterward, Campbell and the members of the Society enjoyed a pleasant dinner and after-dinner discussion at the Red Coach Grill in Boston.

The meeting of 9 May 1952 saw the election of a new President, Ray Pohl, who had been one of the most loyal and steadfast members of the Society all through its early years. Jim Waters, another steadfast and faithful member, became the Vice President of the Society. Les Irish, an energetic new-comer to the fold was elected Secretary; and Brian Parker, (the new member of the Society, who had distinguished himself by having his first story published in aSF) became the Society's Treasurer. Also at this meeting, Dr. Harris of the MIT Medical Department, attended in his capacity as Staff Psychiatrist; Dr. Harris observed and recorded the discussion of SF in progress for the purpose of determining the relation of Science Fiction as a field of human literature of the imagination, to the individuals who read and write that literature.

((Editor's note: Dr. Harris eventually finished his study, and presented his conclusions to the Society. Those interested may see a transcription of his talk in TZ #2. Twilight Zine would be very interested in printing additional histories of periods of Society operations, if any of you readers might be talked into writing of the times when you were members.))

## FILK SONGS — LXIX

## SONGS OF THE INSTITUTE

## PART I:

SONGS OF THE DORMATT SINGERS--courtesy of radio station WTBS  
written by Dan Murphy and Matt Fichtenbaum

## The Institute Screw

to the tune of "Captain  
Woodstock's Courtship"

As I walked out one May morning, along the shady route,  
I met with Julie Stratton, the keeper of the 'Tute;  
He said unto Dean Wadleigh, "I decree it now the law,  
Before those kids get out of here, they'll be screwed right to the wall."

"Tell me of the nitrate ring, and what's in this unknown?  
Integrate  $\log x dx$ , find the volume of this cone.  
Prove momentum is conserved, now answer my questions all;  
And be sure and pass that final quiz, or be screwed right to the wall."

My test tube broke; I've got no ring, 'cause it spilled in my unknown.  
My C.R.C. book is not here; my slide rule is at home.  
The pucks don't bounce, the trains don't stop, my cum is gonna fall;  
If I don't pass that final quiz I'll be screwed right to the wall.

"What is Avogadro's number, tell me if you will;  
How much ice cream would it take, a one-inch cube to fill?  
Who are the daughters of King Lear? Now answer my questions all;  
And be sure and pass that final quiz, or be screwed right to the wall."

Don't know Avogadro's number, he don't have no phone;  
You don't put ice cream in a cube, you put it in a cone.  
The King's girls I'd like to meet, if they're not from McCormick Hall,  
But one more date and I just might be screwed right to the wall.

"It's on tomorrow you must bring me problems one through nine.  
Write a theme on Odyssey, ten pages would be fine.  
Do this lab and read this book; now tool, one and all--  
And be sure and pass that final quiz or be screwed right to the wall."

My friend's a genius--he will give me problems one through nine.  
The bible of a sophomore will have the needed lines.  
The lab's not done, the book's not read; there's a party down the hall--  
I think I'll join them, though I might be screwed right to the wall.

"Now the year is over, Frosh; you've passed not one lone course.  
You've squandered all your tooling time; you leave me no recourse.  
Seventeen hundred down the drain--I hope you've had a ball;  
Tech is Hell, I'm sure you know, you're screwed right to the wall."



## Talking McCormick Blues

Some two years ago, or maybe more, a coed from the class of 'four  
Decided she was overly rich, so she gave some away, the old  
Philanthropist.

Gave it to MIT, her old alma mater.

Oh well, it's better than giving it to Internal Revenue.

In order for to get this loot, the people of the Institute  
Agreed to build a great gray hall, for housing coeds one and all--  
Moved 'em out of other dorms--and apartments--and the Boston Common.

So they tore up half of Danforth Street, and commenced pourin' much concrete.  
Well, they got the whole first story poured, and then found out they  
couldn't afford

The rest of it.

Not enough money--

Had to make the rest of the building smaller--

Tough luck.

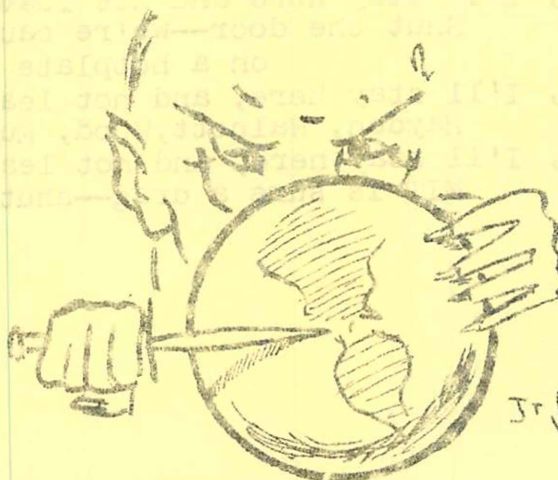
The outer shell was soon completed, with pieces of the top deleted:  
A two-story blockhouse, cold, aloof, with a six-story silo on the roof.  
Looks like a two-stage rocket--take off any day now--watch out for  
those coeds from Mars!

And then along the problem came of what should be the building's name.  
Mrs. McCormick thought it'd be nice to honor the memory  
Of her husband. What a fine name for a building--think of it now--  
Stanley.

Then Jay Marden said, "Hear! Hear! What to feed our coeds dear?  
Balanced meals are sure a must, and only Stouffer's can we trust."  
Low quantity, low quality. High prices, high profits.  
Yeah, that's bal'nced all right.

Now, just west of the old Great Dome stands this lovely coed home.  
Utopia, now and here--all for eleven-fifty each year.

You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people  
all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.  
Abraham Lincoln said that.  
What would MIT do with real girls?  
I said that.



## OLD EAST CAMPUS

Now, there's a little rule, says that hotplates cannot be,  
 And you know we all observe it, so if you wish to see,  
 You can search our rooms all over, and I'm sure none will be found,  
 If you'll just give us fair warning, when you're gonna come around.

No, you can't keep your hotplates here in old East Campus,  
 Dean Fassettt does not think that it's a joke;  
 The contract says Stouffer's serves all food on campus--  
 With hotplate competition they'd go broke.

Now the guys at old East Campus like to have a little fun,  
 But the Institute has told us that it's got to end by one--  
 Now maybe you can stretch it, but you better be discreet,  
 Or it just might hit page one of Boston's little scandal sheet.

No, you can't keep your mistress here in old East Campus--  
 Judcomm is alert and stands on guard.  
 She can't come to live with you in old East Campus,  
 Unless, of course, you sign the little card.

There's an annual event that we call old East Campus Day--  
 Just a peaceful celebration that Spring is on its way.  
 Now there may just be some racket, and some water tumbling down,  
 So I think I'll play it safe, and maybe just be out of town.

Yes, it gets kind of noisy, here in old East Campus--  
 Strange but true, I swear, so do not scoff;  
 An H-Bomb could fall on top of old East Campus,  
 And no one here would hear when it went off.

Now, don't let me mislead you, I am not dissatisfied,  
 And I know that loud objectors sometimes take a little ride.  
 Old East Campus may not be the best in all the Universe,  
 But you could be stuck in Burton, and you know that's ten times worse.

Yes, I'll stay here and not leave old East Campus,  
 With roaches, bugs, and now and then a mouse--  
 Though things are not perfect here in old East Campus,  
 It's a damn sight better than old Burton House.

Yes, I'll stay here and not leave old East Campus--  
     Shut the door--we're caught in a lurch--here comes Freddy  
     on a hotplate search--

Yes, I'll stay here, and not leave old East Campus--  
     Hayden, Walcott, Wood, Munroe--strike a match and watch 'em go--

Yes, I'll stay here, and not leave old East Campus--  
     MIT is sure a drag--shut the door and bite the bag.



## PART 2: SONGS OF THE INSTITUTE

15

### CHANCE IN A MILLION

(tune: Renfro Valley Trail)

Would you like to see your name at MIT,  
Engraved upon a door, or inscribed upon a floor?  
Your neighbors will be jealous, your kinfolk will be stunned;  
Just give your second million to the Second Century Fund.

#### CHORUS:

It's the chance in a million, leave your money to Jim Killian,  
for the Second Century Fund;  
Or just give it all to Stratton: do your part and help to fatten  
up the Second Century Fund.  
Just you listen to me, brother, cause you'll never have another  
such an opportunity,  
To give so many dollars to so many worthy scholars, for a better MIT.

If you'd like to procrastinate, cause you don't care to donate,  
We think it would be prudent to remain a lowly student.  
For the day of graduation is the first day you'll be dunned  
By the friendly strong-arm agents of the Second Century Fund.

#### Chorus

If you're broke, don't worry; Tech is in no hurry--  
Sign away your wages, to be bled in gentle stages.  
And should you need assistance in making out your will,  
MIT will gladly stick its grubby fingers in the till.

#### Chorus

### THE COOP

(tune: I want to be loved by you)

Where do you pay an extra twenty percent,  
Just to get back a measly ten percent?  
Where is your money unwisely spent?  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, at the Coop, Coop, the Coop.

Mmm, Mmm,  
The haircuts there are all taboo;  
Record prices are doubled for you.  
Uncle Scrooge is the Chairman of the Board there too;  
Where-ere-ere? At the Coop, Coop, the Coop.

Freshmen can get a real bargain, too:  
The tenth preliminary of a book by Uno who.  
And other assorted goodies, one for the price of two.  
Where-ere-ere? At the Coop, Coop, the Coop.

## A Madrigal Menagerie

(Sung by the AWS at the All-Tech Sing, 1962)

to the tune of "Gee,  
Officer Krupke"

Director of Admissions, my Ma's an engineer;  
My sister's a computer; my brother is a gear.  
My Father is a robot; my Grandpa's also queer;  
Leaping logic, naturally I'm here!

Dear Roland B. Greeley, according to you  
I ought to study History at Smith or B.U.  
I ain't husband-hunting, that's ill-gotten gains,  
Deep down inside me I got brains. I got brains!

We got brains! We got brains! We got hairy brains!  
Like, inside the least of us is brains!

Dear fascinating Techman, you gotta understand,  
That when I'm doing Physics, I cannot hold your hand;  
It's not I'm anti-social, it's flunking out I fear,  
Creeping Cambridge, that's how I'm still here!

Dear lifeless coed, it's really a shame,  
You're lacking social polish and you're training's to blame.  
You look more like oysters than ravishing pearls,  
But deep inside you you are girls. You are girls!

You are girls! We are girls! We are female girls!  
Like, we're biologically girls!

Dear philanthropic Fassett, we're socially deprived;  
I'm lacking proper culture; I never have arrived;  
You think your dormitory is gonna cure those ills--  
Okay, Freddie, who will pay the bills?

Yea verily, coed, it's for your own good--  
This way we can be sure that you will live as you should.  
Financial arrangements are easily made:  
All five-oh students will get aid. You'll get aid!

We got aid! We got aid! We got student aid!  
Like, the best of us got student aid!

The trouble is we're lazy, the trouble is we're slob;  
The trouble is we're crazy, the trouble is we're snobs;  
The trouble is we're learning, the trouble is we've learned--  
Five-ohs aren't so casually earned.

Dear Kenneth R. Wadleigh, we're down on our knees;  
We have all been told about the birds and the bees.  
Dear Kenneth R. Wadleigh, what are we to do?  
Gee, Kenneth R. Wadleigh, ....



Gamble's Boys as sung by the Alchemy Five,  
 whoever they were, to the  
 tune of "Barry's Boys"

We're the bright young men, who want to go back to 1810, we're Gamble's boys;  
 We're the kids with a couse, yes, chemistry like grandpapa's,  
 we're Gamble's boys.

We're the new kind of youth at your alma mater,  
 Back to old Phlogiston, earth, air, fire, and water;  
 Back to when class average never meant a thing,  
 And you always felt secure about the nitrate ring.

We're the new kind of thing, we're logical without reasoning;  
 It's analysis by chance, where old John Dalton wore the pants--  
 Now he's too advanced;  
 So if you don't recognize any photoelectricity, quantum mechanics, or  
 Xenon complexicity,  
 You too can join the crew, Tippecanoe and 5.02,  
 Back with Gamble's--where chemistry's a shambles--back with Gamble's boys.

Why did the chicken cross the road? To try to drop 5.02.  
 Roses are red, violets are blue; Linus Pauling's a finko, too.  
 Aba kanee, kanaw, kanay--let's investigate Lavoisier.  
 Freshman, Freshman, don't complain, or you'll have to take the course again.  
 Hold the presses--stop the mail--the chemistry final is up for sale!  
 Gamble, Gamble, make your bid; I love Bob Boyle, but Oh You Kid!  
 Heard the latest new statistic? Chemistry is unrealistic.  
 Shut the door; wail and moan--here comes Gamble with a new unknown.  
 Back with Eddie--not Julie, Ken, or Freddy--back with Gamble's boys!

The Beaver easily leads the mammals of the world in mechanical and engineering skill, and also in habits of industry. Being chiefly nocturnal in its habits, it sleeps by day, and after nightfall carries on its work unmolested. It is seldom that anyone sees a live Beaver in its haunts during the middle of the day, but it is possible to do so during the hour before sunset.

...the persistence and success of this animal in avoiding observation is very disappointing to visitors, and exasperating to directors and keepers.

The Beaver's efforts are directed toward its own preservation and comfort.

-- W. T. Hornady  
The American Natural History  
 pp. 80-82

# GLORIOUS TRADITIONS OF THE MOST NOBLE SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY OF THE MIT

BY ANTHONY R. LEWIS

Hon. Librarian of the MITSFS

**Minutes:** The Minutes of the Society are a priceless treasure trove of trivial details. They have been written and filed away by a long line of Honourable Secretaries of unquestionable integrity. Only minor compromises with the truth have ever been permitted; we regard these as Artistic License, rather than rewriting of History. The Minutes must be humorous. This is an unwritten law. It is unwritten because no Secretary ever took the trouble to write it down.

**Committees:** We have many various committees as we have found them the least effective method of getting work done. Also, having a number of committees gives everyone a chance to be a realo-trulo committee chairman. This will bolster an ego badly in need of bolstering (see Institute). At present there are five badly functioning committees.

**Theftcomm:** This is the publicity committee; it was originally set up to steal the Bonestell murals at Science Park. It has not yet done so. This committee was called FWeekomm by J. Martin Graetz; no one listened to him. Theftcomm has slowly grown in power taking over the functions of Compost (formerly Poster Committee), Feecomm (the ex-Feeler Committee) and the old old Publicity Committee. Someday the Science Fiction Society will be a subsidiary of Theftcomm. Such is life.

**Libcomm:** The Library Committee takes care of our sacred books and magazines; mainly it stamps them Science Fiction Society of MIT and the forgets about them. This committee developed from the Keppel Committee; Keppel was Registrar of Literature—more about Mr. Keppel later.

**Moocomm:** The Movie Committee shows all the good stf movies ever made, such as: The Day the Earth Stood Still, The Day the Earth Stood Still, and the Day the Earth Stood Still. The origins of this nefarious organization are hidden in the mists of time. It is better for our sanity that we do ~~not~~ know more about it.

**War Council:** This Noble Organization was originally set up to contend with the Fountainhead of Evil on Campus Here (Fech) known to the uninitiated as Inscomm. More recently it has expanded its activities to Fighting the Good Fight against our own journalistic parody--the Tech. It also gets bookcases for the Library.



Jourcomm: is the Journal of the MITSFS Committee. It tries to publish a magazine. This committee was set up in response to an idea of Mr. H. Gernsback. The Ravin gave up Theftcomm to become Editor. (Talk about ancient history--ed.)

Dormant Committees: Banquom, formerly Bankomm, plans how to waste the Society's ill-gotten gains on food. Every year we revive it in time for the annual MITSFS Banquet.

Pilecomm: the Compilation Committee is supposed to compile lists of the best stf books or to keep a record of the stuff in our Library--I forget which one is the real job.

Flushed Committees: Knockcomm: was assigned to procure a gavel for the Society. It did. Actually, it also got a sounding board.

Carnalcomm: handled the SFS booth at the APO Carnival over the strenuous objections of Theftcomm. A Hieronymous Machine was exhibited and disbelieved in by the sometime President of the defunct Psychic Research Society. We managed to lose money on the deal. Flush Carnalcomm.

Whooshcomm: the Rocket Committee did extremely little even for a committee of the Noble Society. It was flushed.

Farcecomm: a large committee convened to write a letter to John W. Campbell, Jr. of repute. It did. He finally answered it. Too bad!

Various other defunct committees such as card, correspondence, convention, program, executive, microfilming, publications, and literary once existed. They are one with the snows of yesteryear.

The Newpeak method of nomenclaturing committees was adopted on 22 November 1957. There is one other organization worthy of note: the Vergeltungsflotte. This Secret Organization, striking terror into the hearts of evildoers, seeks to recover books taken from our Library and placed in Unofficial Library Annex One (Bob Brodsky's room). During normal times Vergeltungsflotte is under the command of Libcomm; in times of trouble, when the Forces of Evil gather, the War Council assumes command.

Characters: the number of characters in the Society is large and only the most important are listed below.

Crober T. Keppel: the most famous character of them all. Crober was Lord High Impotentate of the Society among his other titles. A full biography is included in the Minutes of 21 May 1954 for those who are nosy. He is one of the only members of the Society allowed to place a pediment above his door. He once paid his dues with a silver dollar frozen in a block of ice. He sometimes attends banquets wearing a kilt and accompanied by his wife, who has been having a long and running feud with Isaac Azimov.

Jerry Wenker: was awarded a crest consisting of an or and sable monad by the Society for his Outstanding Work.

William J. Sarill: the only pseudomember the Society has ever had. He never quite made it to quasi-member. Bill is a real fan(atic) about stf. He is at ~~Waltham Falls~~ B.U.

Miller: established the famous millermotion. This has been the basis of the Society's ethical code for 18,000 years.

William: an arbitrary name assigned by the erudite Society to the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction.

A.Robert Brodsky (ARB): keeper of the Library Annex. Subject of the Second Attempt to Upset the Hearst Precedent. National Science Foundation Fellow.

Anthony R. Lewis: the only officer who ran against a plant for the office of Secretary. (Not any more--ed.) Almost defeated.

We have a Faculty Advisor, Professor Norman Holland. You will probably probably never see him. This was the condition he insisted upon before becoming our Faculty Advisor.

We once had by-laws as well as a constitution, but they have all been repealed.

Rubber-rimmed wheels are tyres not tires.

Richardson Motion: All members of the Society shall be called Richardson.

Joe Hearst Precedent: The Chair cannot entertain a motion to flush members of the Society.

Galbraith Motion:  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the Society's treasury shall be set aside for the purpose of taking pictures of real spaceships on distant planets.

Shinnick Motion: That Alan Robert Brodsky shall be drawn and quartered in a suitable science-fictional manner. Note that this is not a contradiction of the Joe Hearst Precedent.

Millermotion: The most famous motion of them all. Only Miller is allowed to move that the meeting be adjourned. There have been some attempts to circumvent this in the past, but the Forces of Good will Triumph in the End.

We had once considered publishing a fanzine called Once in a Blue Moon. Nothing was ever done about it.

The Treasury should contain one (1) Canadian Nickel (1947) as a memento of the first stf film shown on campus. On second thought, it might be in the Archives, or it might have been lost. The Treasury once had as much as 5¢ by anonymous donation, but it was sent as part of the price for a set of H. P. Lovecraft books that have not yet arrived.

We have microfilms of aSF from 1930 to 1939 or thereabouts. Unfortunately, no one seems to know where they are at the present time. There are many theories and rumours about it. We hope to solve the problem this year. Success!!! We found them.

This trash written by ARLewis  
26 September 1959 and fixed up  
13 January 1960

(Reprinted from Twilight Zine #1 for the benefit of the newer members)

On the subject of MIT vs. the Inner Belt, Mike Rodburg of the Tech had this interesting note:

(from the Tech, 86/8, 4 March 66)

"Robert Samuelson, president of the Harvard Crimson, came up with what he euphemistically entitled 'A Critical Analysis: MIT vs. the Inner Belt'. He complimented MIT's reaction to the proposed railroad route as 'a brilliant demonstration of precision public relations' and commenced blasting the Institute for its move.

"Asserting that the proposed damage was exaggerated, he informed us that MIT viewed the highway as 'an impediment to MIT's expansion westward.' (Toward Harvard? Perhaps with intentions of gobbling it up?) He said, 'In fact, what MIT's presentation did--and did very well--was to obscure the basic issues by raising fears that are either unfounded, exaggerated, or at least poorly explained. The tone of their defense often bordered upon the demagogic.' This last remark was aimed at Attorney Hanifee's speech before the Cambridge City Council.

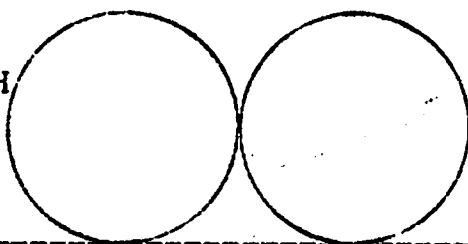
"Samuelson concluded that land was no problem to the Institute: 'What about the 25 acres of open athletic fields conveniently adjacent to the main campus?' He goes further; 'One wonders how the importance of the athletic fields stack up against the moes (sic) of the 3000-5000 people who would be displaced by the Brookline-Elm St. route.' We wonder why he has not suggested donating Harvard Stadium for the same Purpose."



THE  
WEEKLY



RUTH



JSA III

THE ORGAN OF HACKLASH

Volume III, Number 2

February 18, 1966

# J.S.A. SLATES FREE MOVIE

J. Stanhope Alderson III, candidate for UAP, in co-operation with Hacklash and the MIT Science Fiction Society, announced today that a free movie will be shown next Friday, the 25th. The name of the film is "Sex Kittens Go To College," and it stars Tuesday Weld, Mijanou Bardot, and Marie VanDoren. It will be shown at the big "All the Way with JSA" rally to be held in room 54-100, the Green Earth Sciences Building 1st floor lecture hall. The feature starts at 5:00 pm, 7:00 pm, 9:00 pm, and 11:00 pm. Admission is free to the MIT community. The film is 16mm. Why not come and bring a date (if you dare)?

## MECHANICAL BEAVER APPEARS TO CAMPAIGN FOR UAP

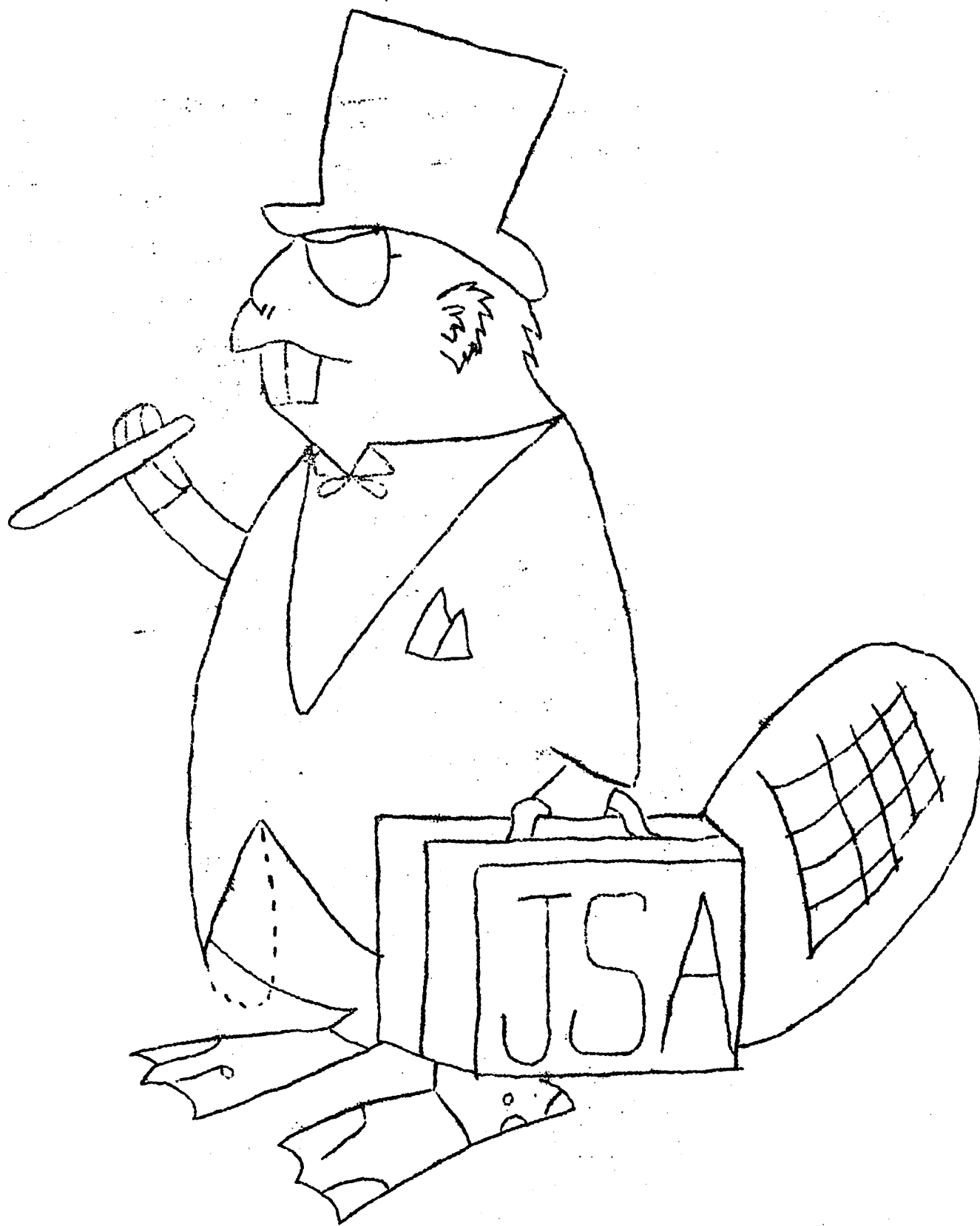
A mechanical beaver, J. Stanhope Alderson III, has appeared on campus to campaign in the homestretch. Driven by two toy boat motors, and battery-powered, the candidate has been plagued by charges of being a "puppet" of behind-the-scenes "button pushers" and "wire pullers." He is scheduled to appear wherever UAP candidates gather.

## "FILTHY PIERRE" SCHEDULED TO APPEAR IN A COAT AND TIE???

Reliable sources indicated today that Erwin S. ("Filthy Pierre") Strauss, campaign manager for J. Stanhope Alderson III, the mechanical beaver running for UAP, would appear, with the candidate, in building ten or thereabouts, in a COAT AND TIE. This unprecedented event will probably be the only chance anyone on campus will ever have to see The Filth so attired, and is therefore not to be missed. March 1, Election Day

## VOTE FOR JSA FIRST, YOUR FAVORITE HUMAN CANDIDATE SECOND

The balloting for UAP will be on a preferential basis. On the first ballot, each candidate will be assigned the votes of those persons listing the candidate as his first choice. On each succeeding ballot, the candidate with the smallest number of votes on the preceding ballot is eliminated, and his votes go to the candidate listed in order of preference by the voter. When the last candidate on a person's ballot is eliminated, his ballot is declared void. This procedure continues until one candidate has a majority of the votes still valid. The procedure used in 1959, when a cat, Albert Blythe Gasser, ran for UAP, was to hold a "zeroth" ballot, during which he was considered a candidate, totals being announced for all candidates (on this ballot, Al Gasser was the leader). Then the animal was declared ineligible, and the official "first" ballot was held, with Gasser's votes going to the person listed next on his ballots. If this precedent is followed, you can vote for JSA first, and your favorite human candidate second, and the outcome of the official vote count will be the same as it would have been if you had voted for your candidate first. Or, if you don't like any of the human candidates, you can "bullet" for JSA (put JSA first, nobody second).



all the way with J.S.A.



# ELECTION VIOLENCE FLARES

## DEAN WADLEIGH INTERVENES IN FRACAS

March 2, 1966

Violence erupted yesterday at the site of the MIT Undergraduate Association elections. Mr. Erwin S. Strauss arrived on the scene at about nine o'clock in the morning and set up signs advocating the writing-in of J. Stanhope Alderson III, a mechanical beaver, as President of the Undergraduate Association(UAP), the highest office in student government at the Institute. Mr. Strauss remained on the spot to operate the beaver's controls. Shortly thereafter, Mr. Richard Cunningham, another candidate for UAP (in addition to being a Republican candidate for the Massachusetts state legislature), left some campaign literature nearby to be picked up by interested members of the electorate. The literature voiced Mr. Cunningham's support of the President's policy in Vietnam, and attacked Mr. Glen Theodore Nygreen's opposition of current U.S. policy, calling it unrepresentative of MIT students (Mr. Nygreen was also a candidate for UAP). After a while, someone wearing a sticker on his jacket reading "I'm for Ted" came along, looked at Mr. Cunningham's literature, and, without further ado, scooped up the material, placed it in his briefcase, and started to leave. Mr. Strauss called out "Hey, come back!" at the individual, but he merely picked up his pace and ran up the nearest stairway. Since Mr. Strauss had nothing to do with the literature, he did not pursue the thief. Later, Mr. Strauss retrieved two copies of the literature from a wastebasket, and placed them where the literature had been, one copy of the one-page blurb with each side up. As Mr. Strauss was reading the blurb with another person standing beside him, the other person ripped one copy from where it was attached. When Mr. Strauss asked him what he was doing, he glared at Mr. Strauss, and crumpled the page up, calling it a "slander sheet." The copy contained a notice that the other copies had been stolen by a person with an "I'm for Ted" sticker.

Shortly after this, Mr. Cunningham returned, with more copies, and once again left them at the same place, after having been told by Mr. Strauss what had happened. Once again, someone came, scooped up the literature, and ran. This time, Mr. Strauss gave serious pursuit, caught up with the thief as he fled down the basement hall, and grappled briefly, as the thief shouted, "You'll never get them back." However, in the struggle, he lost his watch. Mr. Strauss took the watch upstairs, and when the thief returned asking for his watch, Mr. Strauss asked for his name and address. When the thief refused, the member of the MIT Campus Patrol on duty outside the nearby bursar's office was called over, and the thief was persuaded to produce a driver's license stating that its owner was Mr. William Arthur Steves. A check of the student directory showed Mr. Steves to be a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon and thus a fraternity brother of Mr. Nygreen. Mr. Strauss, feeling the information relevant to the election, posted a sign at the point announcing that the literature of Mr. Cunningham attacking Mr. Nygreen had been stolen by Mr. William Arthur Steves of SAE.

At this point, a member of the Secretariat (the student government body charged with running elections) which had all morning done nothing to disturb Mr. Strauss, suddenly felt constrained to question the legality of Mr. Strauss' display. Mr. Strauss expressed willingness to move if the proper authority so requested. After reporting verbally that Dean of Student Affairs Kenneth R. Wadleigh

wished the display removed, Mr. Strauss asked for proof of the fact, perhaps in the form of a note from the Dean. Shortly after, the Secretariat man in charge of the election returned, not with a note, but with Dean Wadleigh in person, who then asked Mr. Strauss to leave. When Mr. Strauss asked if he could have a small note, Dean Wadleigh replied, "No," and left. Mr. Strauss and some friends then removed the display as requested.

Shortly thereafter, a graduate student passed out a sheet of hectographed material repeating the statement concerning the theft of the literature that Mr. Strauss' sign had borne, attributing it (correctly) to Mr. Strauss.

The preceding Friday, "The Tech," the MIT student newspaper, printed an editorial supporting Mr. Nygreen's candidacy, and stating certain things about Mr. Giorgio Piccagli that have been alleged to be false. Full details of that are not now available. Throughout the campaign, Mr. Nygreen's supporters had been, in violation of the rules, placing gummed stickers reading "I'm for Ted" on doors, walls, and most other surfaces in sight.

#### EDITORIAL--A CALL FOR NEW ELECTIONS

It can scarcely be denied that a new election, held after the actions of Mr. Nygreen's supporters have become known to the voters, would result in Mr. Nygreen's receiving fewer votes than he did. Such votes might well go to Mr. Kimball Thurston, the only other fraternity man besides Mr. Nygreen seeking the office of UAP, or to Mr. Cunningham, against whom the violence was directed, or to Mr. Piccagli, who was pictured as opposed to Mr. Nygreen more than the other candidates were, particularly more than Mr. Frank March, the eventual winner, was. If there are any retractions to be made by "The Tech" in the wake of its editorial (delayed until it was too late for effective rebuttal), this could further transfer votes towards Mr. Piccagli, perhaps even to the point of affecting the outcome.

But this is not the issue. The low morals displayed by some campaigners, culminated by the intervention of the Dean, have made a mockery of everything considered desirable in an undergraduate election--honesty, fair play, and, above all, the ability to run an honest, fair election independently, without the intervention of the Dean. It is for these reasons of principle that a new election should be held.

MIT's image has undergone serious enough damage in the recent Inner Belt controversy. Let us at least set an example of honesty and ethical behavior in elections to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which, as we all know, could so well use such an example. [This is "The Tool," Volume III, Number 5. Published by E. S. Strauss]

(P.S.: J. Stanhope Alderson received 81 votes for UAP, 4th out of six.)



# THE CROSSBOWS OF RATISHOF

from the McNastiad of Frater Jacobus

( In Twilight Zine 13 we were able to present one of the spurious sections of The McNastiad of Frater Jacobus: an extraneous account of the fall of MacBeth which had been grafted onto the McNasty tradition. Here we present a part of the true cancr: the report of an adventure in which the Irish hero actually took part. The time is early autumn of the year 1141; the place Ratishof near the present town of Braunau in what is now northern Austria. --CD.)

## I

The land about the juncture of the rivers Inn and Salzach is quite pleasantly situated. It is served by a number of churches and its inhabitants, for the most part free peasants, have been reasonably prosperous. This was before Modthryth came to Ratishof.

The lady Modthryth had been of fair birth in the kingdom of Northumbria. Her temper, however, did not befit her station and even the Norman conquerers who so oft were willing to find employment for the Saxons women (& here one must forgive them for to a soldier, miles from his home and kinsmen so many a month, even a Sassenach may seem fair to look upon) would have nothing to do with her. This situation souring, if possible, her disposition even more, her father resolved to get rid of her once and for all by shutting her into a Socttish cloister.

Three weeks later her abbess returned her with the recommendation that she take up Islam. The old man then began to cast about for foreign proposals.

There was not long to wait for at that very moment one Karl von ~~Lices~~ fremd, master of a small barony in the Bayernöstmark, had decided the time had come to provide his land with legitimate heirs. Hearing then of the maid of Northumbria, he sent a somewhat myopic legate over sea to report on her at first hand. Somewhat later he was delighted to hear that she was to be considered truly reizend.\*

And then were there made great preparations for the wedding! Her father, silently thanking God for this deliverance, sent his Modthryth over sea whence she made her way, with all her finery, through the lands of the king of the Franks to the empire of the

---

\* Ger. charming. --CD.

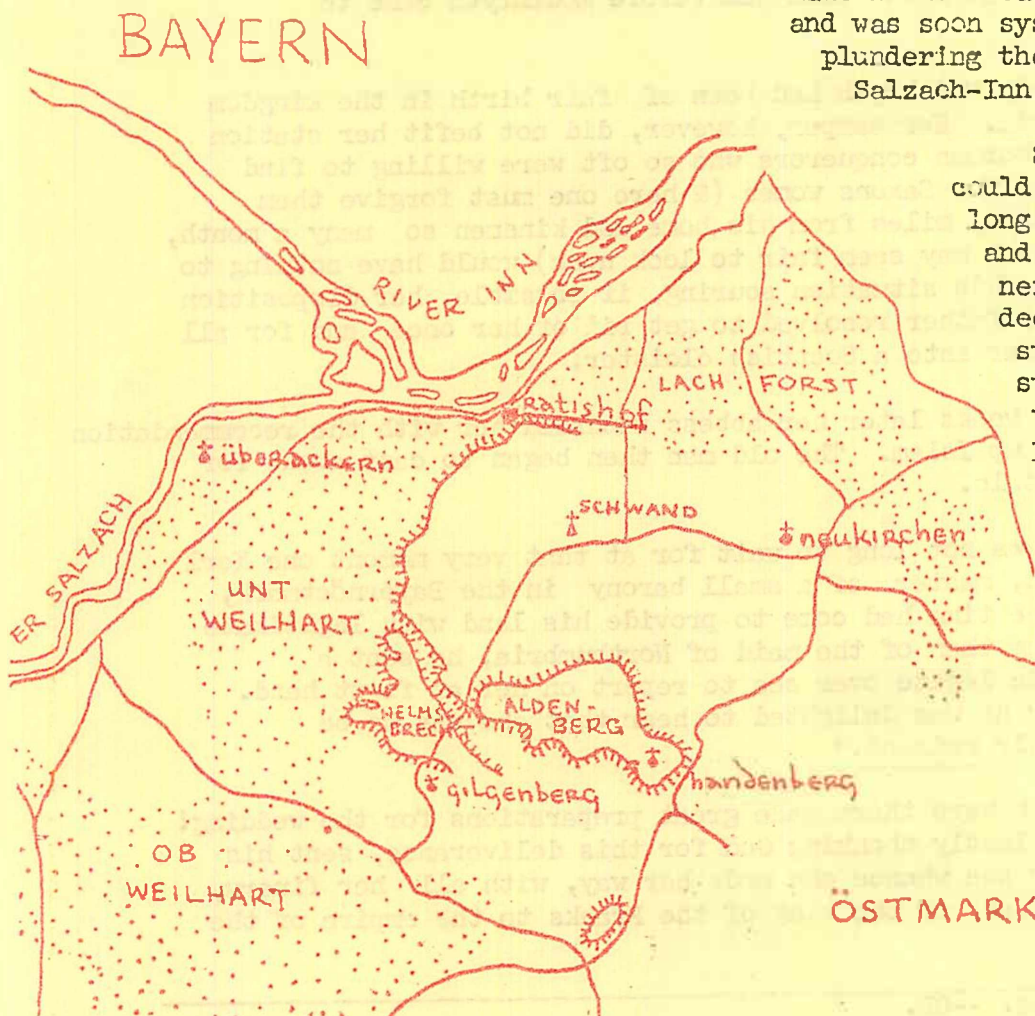
Germanies and thence to the archepiscopal see of Salzburg where her husband-to-be eagerly awaited her.

And what excitement there was in Salzburg when the party came into view. For look! cried von Liebesfremd pointing from the walls: see how richly attired even that ugly old hag (doubtless the least of the lady's servants) is; and imagine the richness and glory we shall see when Modthryth herself (no doubt with the main party still hidden by the hills) appears!

As no main party did appear, the baron slowly came aware of the true situation. Thanking the Lord as he had no lunch that day, he slowly descended the courtyard to greet his future bride. In the days to come he found her reigned\* indeed!

Within the year Liebesfremd died (some say 'twas of disgust) and Modthryth had free rein to pursue her crimes--of which it would be too long to tell even a tenth part. Know, then, only that she set her proud mind\*\* upon the rich country to west of her and had soon made herself mistress of the lands we have before described.

Fortifying the market center at Ratishof she made it her seat of operation and was soon systematically plundering the landsmen of Salzach-Inn.



Such rapine could not, however, long pass unnoticed and at length the neighbouring barons decided to put a stop to this strong minded vixen and so made plans to rise up in arms against her. It was at this point that my lord Sir Filthy McNasty and I, came to the Continent to pay a social call \*Ger. irritating. --CD. \*\*Mod-thryth literally means strong, or proud; mind in Anglo-Saxon. The author is fond of making

(cont.)



on one Sir Frank Foulmouth (a distant Gallic cousin of my lord Sir Filthy, so named for his great prowess which allowed him to speak as he pleased with impunity), were informed of the situation and, ever pledged to the fight for truth, justice & the Mediaeval way of life, the three of us essayed to join in the broil against Ratishof.

Alas cruel Modthryth had not lain idle this time and, adding to her fortifications, had made Ratishof near impregnable. Further, wisely mistrusting the love of her own subjects, she sent to foreign lands and had it filled with devils and evil men and whoever else could be obtained for gold. So prepared she shut herself in her fortress and awaited our attack: an attack which would have been hopeless, my lord, had not help arrived from a most unexpected quarter.

## II

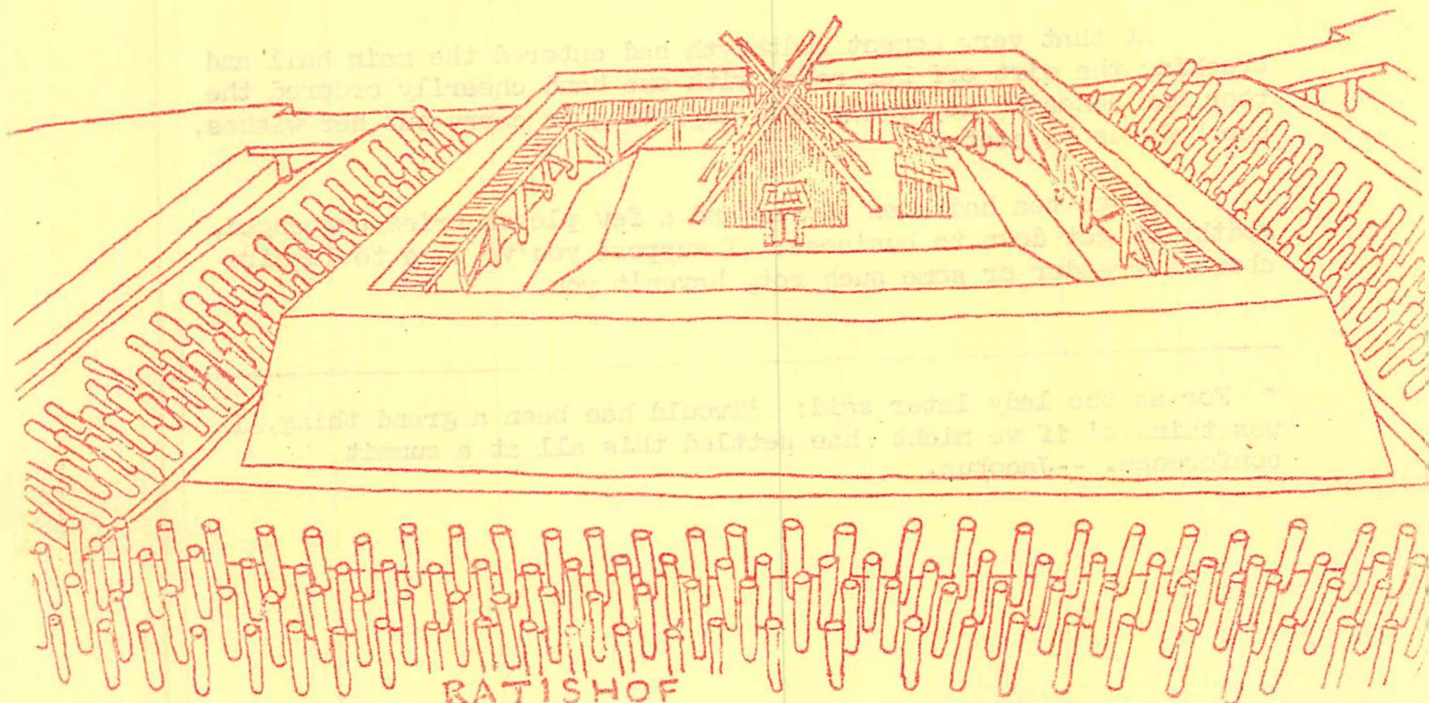
It was upon the second month of our unsuccessful siege, when our armies would soon have had to be disbanded to return to their lands, that we had word that Knimpfo, Lady of Kirkmaiden, who having been on pilgrimage to Outremer had decided to do the Grand Tour following the Donau up from Byzantium, was now stopped at the palace of the Bishop of Passau, scarcely a day's ride to north of us.\* Dispatching a messenger we soon induced the lady (whose wit had helped us out of many a scrape in the past) to join our force and so on the third day she arrived with her retinue before the walls of Ratishof.

As she gazed from the hill where we had made our camp, the lady was soon acquainted with our problem. The hill itself, while

---

references to foreign language double meanings. cf. reizend-reizend above. --CD.

\*I am told that the lady's adventures on her famous pilgrimage are recorded in detail by Ebenezer Wyman, one of her retainers, in the Annals at Luce. I hope to look into these in the near future. --CB.



excellent as an observation post, was too far away for the effective use of artillery and the fortress, while it consisted only of a single bailey without angles or keep, was made inaccessible to engines by the massive chevaux de frise which protected it on all but the river side. A direct assault, without support, could be the only possibility. . . But Modthryth's hirelings, a troop of dread Magyar crossbowmen whose reputation might strike fear into the heart of Christian and paynim alike, would make that course suicidal.

My lady Kirkmaiden decided thus to try diplomacy and, although she had hoped to draw the enemy to our hill,\* was at length able to obtain an invitation for tea at the castle. It was decided that I should accompany her as observed (as I a cleric, and she in her palmers robes, would both be protected by the Peace of God should our negotiation come to ruin) and, as it proved, there was quite a scene to observe indeed!

### III

The first thing to impress us, as we entered into those grim walls, was the extreme ugliness of the guards conducting us: short squat and muscular, with clumsy hands and broad, stupid faces, they much resembled the demons they were oft said to be by those who had had to fight them. Yet despite their bestiality the lady Kirkmaiden was amusing herself by teasing one of the worst of them ere the time we had entered the squalid wooden pile, raised on its mound of earth, that Modthryth used for her great hall. Questioning him about his doxy, his brats, his favorite means for torturing serfs and other domestic matters dear to his heart she had soon even persuaded him to let her hold his fierce crossbow, braced and ready for firing, when, as she playfully aimed the weapon toward the drapery through which Modthryth was expected to enter at any moment, our guide sensed something amiss. Hastily recovering his bow from the gentle Knimpfo, he accidentally caused the cord to be released and sent its mighty iron quarrel coursing erratically toward the rude ceiling dislodging a shower of clods and turf.

At that very moment Modthryth had entered the main hall and brushing the dirt off her robes with one hand cheerily ordered the poor man beheaded as, the guards departing to carry out her wishes, she bade us be seated.

After tea had been poured and a few pleasantries exchanged, Modthryth got down to business: I suppose you've come to inquire about surrender or some such rot, haven't you.

---

\* For as the lady later said: 'Twould hae been a grand thing, I was thinkin' if we micht hae settled this all at a summit conference. --Jacobus.



Och nu, said my lady: I'll nae deny the thocht has passed through mi heif. . .

'Och nu' yourself lady, surrender then and be off with you before you find cold iron passing through your pretty head.

The lady Knimpfo bristled at this; it was obvious the negotiation was not going as she had planned. So then mi braw hussy, she answered sweetly: it's tae be me 'ats surrendering tae you is it? Then I should be glad if ye'd be showing me but twa smal' favours beforehand in manner of proof of yer great power tae mak' suich an offer. . .

And what might they be? bellowed Modthryth. Speak up!

'Tis only the first that ye'd be showin' me a fine braw rowan bush growin' up high in the midst of the Lowlands sea and the second a whale walkin' on dry land 'twixt Handenberg and Neukirchen, a land ye've stripped sae bare that not even a field mouse can gain an honest living in the neighbourhood.

With that the monster was speechless with rage. Glowering at the peerless Knimpfo she looked a scene from the Inferno itself with her gat teeth and contorted visage: a fit companion for her Magyar troops! Recovering her voice she shouted an oath and made to lunge across the table as Kirkmaiden, defending herself with a fork, picked up a small fruit pie in her other hand and flung it smartly in her assailant's face. Hae that, ye Sassenach tart! she shouted as we hastily made our escape: I think that even our cloth would have been no protection if that creature had caught up with us!

Och, sighed my lady as we safely reached our own camp: at least I now know why she has been called 'Die Ratte des Ratishofes'.

#### IV

Now committed to continuing the war, the lady Knimpfo called a meeting of our joined chiefs that very night to plan a strategy for the attack which had to be realized soon. No helpful suggestions were forthcoming, however, until one of our Germans, his tongue loosened by the excellent wine Lady Kirkmaiden had brought with her from Passau as a gift from the Bishop, ventured to mention that, if she were indeed a witch as he had oft been told, Knimpfo might easily bring the castle to submission and save the rest of us the trouble.

An' how might that be? she asked.

Well. . . er. . . you could simply kill them off or turn them

to frogs or something & then we could all go home. . .

Nae laddie, she sighed: that but goes tae show th' effect of bad publicity. Know thou that thy suggestions pertain to sorcery (for which I've no taste) & science (for which I've more sense) & other black arts which should not be mentioned in mixed company. Mi field is in natural magic for which there are rules and rituals which must be obeyed: your sorcerer can call devils tae his bidding and your scientist, too proud tae believe in devils nor ony saving hi'self (holdin' other scientists tae be but an experimental error), also disbelievix in the Lord and holds him unbound tae morality, but the magician must be held tae a strict discipline. The acts thou hast thocht of are evil in themsel' and must be avoided nae matter what the good that might be drawn out frae them: an act of min' must be morally neutral at the least.

Tak' for example these crossbows again' us lad, an' thou'lt see what I mean. The Welsh longbow and the Turkish bow are instruments of art; their use, graceful in itself, promotes strength and skill of body and nobility of mind. The fact that they may be used tae stop a knight in full array is not essential tae their being: they are in themselves neutral weapons tae be operated at the discretion of their wielders.

This crossbow (which I borrowed frae the castle durin' the confusion of this afternoon) is, on th' ither hand, an evil itself, its only purpose bein' tae allow unlearned men tae destroy their betters and it is thus 'tis mortal sin tae use them again' good Christian folk. In place of skill acquired through birth and training ye hae a stock tha' allows the basest slave tae aim a quarrel tolerably weel; in place of a noble strength tae pull the Welsh bow ye hae a stirrup through which the churl may place his foot and a gaffle which, havin' bent his legs like those of a toad, he fixes fae the cord and hooks tae his belt so that when he straightens himsel' up like a man he's automatically braced his weapon. . .

Here the lady fell silent and a look of deep thought passed over her beauteous countenance. At length she again made speech: Gentlemen, I hae a spell that might be of some use tae our cause. But ye must promise me first that, if I can help ye over the bailey, ye will slaughter every defender wi'out mercy & second that, if Modthryth should survive, ye will bring her before me for some certain pleasure that I would hae o' her afore she die.

I made myself bold then to question the harshness of this request for, as I entreated, if we be more merciful, some of our enemy might yet repent and thereby escape eternal damnation. . .

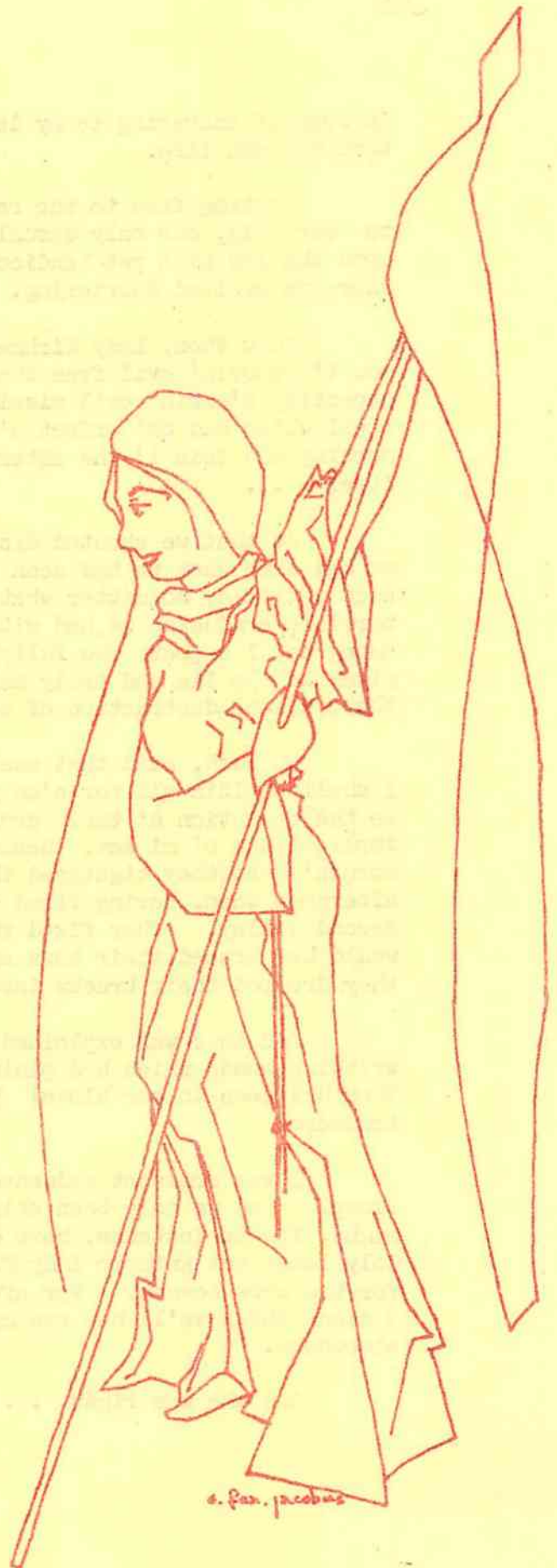
Hast thou nae been listening? replied the gentle Knimpfo. Their weapons are under interdict by the second Lateran Council. They are damned already!



## V

The next day, following Lady Kirkmaiden's battle plan, we made ready several curaghs shortly after lunch which, when the time came, we filled with our best men and, leaving the others to make their way through the chevaux de frise to the landward sides, rowed out on the Inn to attack from the river. Now came our challenge, for which my lord Sir Frank Foulmouth had volunteered, which resounded to the hills about for full twenty minutes, the knight so well showing himself worthy his name that, as we were later told, all the milk in the province was curdled at the moment he began. The enemy responded with a single volley which we easily warded off with the broad shields we had provided ourselves and then, seeing Kirkmaiden's signal from the hill behind, we made all speed to the enemy's rampart where, using our curaghs as scaling ladders, we quickly gained the top.

And then, my lord, we beheld a most wonderful sight! Instead of meeting our attack with braced weapons, our foe was vainly struggling with a problem of his own, for every man of them had fallen to the banquette, his legs entangled in a most curious twisting of brightly coloured cloths which seemed to writhe themselves about the more closely the more he tried to extricate himself. Apprehensive at our Scottish ally's great magic we were glad to make short work of them and descend into the fort which, opening the gates to our other troops, we made quickly ours. Only Modthryth herself was able to retreat to the hall wherein, realizing the futility of defence and perhaps



in fear of answering to my lady's 'pleasure', she doubtless took her own life.

Setting fire to the remains of the fort then we returned to our hill, our only casualty a pikeman who had been bitten upon the leg by a pet bandicoot kept by one of the enemy guardsmen, where we awaited debriefing.

# VI

Know then, Lady Kirkmaiden explained: that I hae aided you i' removin' evil frae the world, as I promised, wi'out the necessity o' doin' evil misel'; for mi only magic was a minor spell which had th' effect o' makin' our enemy fat i' the morning and thin i' the afternoon: an act morally neutral in itsel'. . .

At that we shouted disbelief! For, begging the lady's pardon, we had seen what we had seen and would fain have knowledge how such a trifle, no matter what her skill, could bring about the terrible confusion we had witnessed. Ah, my lord, there were some among us, I expect, who fully thought the peerless Knimpfo had given us the lie and truly made traffic with Satan to accomplish the complete destruction of so proud an army.

Nu hush, said that most gentle lady: and hae more faith. I shall explain all for e'en your doubtin' hearts. For remember ye the operation o' their crossbows and reflect upon the implications o' mi act. Realize your foes were fat i' the mornin' when they tightened their belts, but were thin i' th' afternoon when, having fired once, they made tae prepare for a second volley. They fixed their gaffles and, but for their girth, would hae braced their bows as they were accustomed: bein' thin they dropped their breeks instead.

And thus was explained the fall of Ratishof! And the terrible writhing bands which had pinioned our assailants' ankles and rendered them helpless to our blows! They had been trapped by their own trousers.

I was somewhat saddened, however, at the loss of so brave a troop. Had we only been able to make them good Christians they might, for an instance, have done much against the Infidel in the Holy Land; but Knimpfo Lady Kirkmaiden did not share my regret for the crossbowmen. For after all, she said with a faint smile: I dinna think we'll hae sae great a trouble finding quarrels elsewhere.

And she was right. . .

-James S. Dorr



# REAC $\Rightarrow$ TION

-A. R. Lewis

I noticed that Doug wants sentences with many meanings. We had some lovely ones when I was taking Structural Linguistics as an undergraduate (e.g., He rolled up the rug.) But by far the best was:

She was upset by his cocking.

There are at least eighteen different interpretations of this, requiring no changes whatsoever.

The Northeast is delighted.  
A manure-spreader is deterred.  
A lunatic is uncommitted.  
The Grande Armee is denied.  
An alcoholic is delivered.

A monk is disordered.  
A corporation is unconcerned.  
A lingerie salesman is debriefed.  
A prostitute is detailed. (delayed)  
(ecch)

There are worse, Hoylman.

## NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Being somewhat enamored of rapid transit systems\* I took it upon myself to write to various agencies around the country (and Canada) to obtain reports, maps, etc. I was somewhat astonished by the fact that most of the companies and agencies queried sent prompt responses containing the requested info. For the benefit of those kindred nuts reading this, I will append a list of the agencies with which I corresponded. (a = in front means did not reply)

### Boston Area

=Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority

### New York City Area

Port Authority--Trans Hudson  
New York City Transit Authority  
Staten Island Rapid Transit Railway Co.  
Public Service Coordinated Transport  
Tri-State Transportation Committee  
Regional Plan Association  
Metropolitan Commuter Transportation Authority

### Philadelphia Area

Philadelphia Transportation Co.  
=Philadelphia Suburban Trans. Co.  
Southeastern Pennsylvania Transportation Authority  
Delaware River Port Authority  
Passenger Service Improvement Corp.

---

\*There was an embryonic Rapid Transit Club at MIT this last year but it failed to get official status due to its exclusionist membership philosophy.

Washington Area  
National Capital Transportation Agency

The West

Cleveland Transit System  
 Shaker Heights Rapid Transit  
 Chicago Transit Authority  
 Bay Area Rapid Transit District  
 San Francisco Municipal Railway  
 Port Authority of Allegheny County

Canada

Toronto Transit Commission  
 Commission de Transport de Montréal

This is all much fun--especially if you don't normally get much mail other than bills and importunings from the alumni assn.

In addition I went through the stacks of the Engineering Library, and came across some wonderful old books on the IRT, the first elevated railways in New York City, and the tunnels of New York. From this one learns many interesting facts. The original company building the Ninth Avenue Elevated was granted a franchise by the State for 999 years to build the elevated into Yonkers if it so desired. The City, through the purchase of the IRT which bought this company (through a few others) still has the franchise, whether it knows it or not. It would be interesting to see the reaction of Westchester County if the City were to commence construction. It is also revealed that there is a spur from the PATH station at 9th St. and 6th Ave., running along 9th St. to Lexington, which has not been used for about fifty years. Unfortunately it is a junction at grade rather than a flying junction, which limits its usefulness in rapid transit.

AND ON THE OTHER SIDE

The Society has recently inaugurated a program of swapping U.S. for foreign language SF magazines. It is not that we have a plethora of polyglots, but that we feel that we have an archival function as well as our other functions. To date we are actively trading with one fellow in Italy and have entered into correspondence with another in Austria. We hope to expand this program as much as possible. Preliminary data permits the following general conclusions about Italian vis-a-vis British mags. Italian mags generally have superior artwork (as a matter of fact at least as good ((generally better--mjlw)) as most U.S. mags), and they do not seem to be ashamed of dating issues, giving cover credits, etc. Who knows--someday we may be able to compile a checklist of Urdu and Tagalog SF magazines.

-----  
 Twilight Zine isn't a fanzine--it only looks like one.  
 If TZ isn't a fanzine, then why does it stink so much?  
 -----

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Forget the Institute for two and a half glorious days of hobnobbing with the greats and the fans of science fiction. Attend Boskone '66, the Northeast regional convention. You can join right at the door of the Hotel Statler-Hilton, or give your money to DAVanderwerf if you can find him before the Con. Be there this weekend--March 11, 12, and 13. A cast of many, more fully described elsewhere in this issue.

-----  
 Do you consider yourself a Fan? ~~Forget that!~~ Then send your name, address, age, place of birth, fanac, color eyes, Coop number and everything else you can think of to Richard Mann, 249-B South Nevada, Grand Forks AFB, North Dakota, to get in the 1966 edition of "Who's Who in Fandom". Better yet, write him and get a form. (deadline is April 15)



# CHILDHOOD'S END

-Charles Obler

The same grey-purple mountains had been in the distance when Seth had been young. The panorama was still familiar to his heart though he was now forty-five. The same nimbuses floated over the horizon promising the rain that never came. The same river still flowed through the valley past the village, though recent arid years had reduced it to a maddy rill.

He was struck most by how much everything had aged. The same trees he had known so long ago were dead brown leafless structures now. No longer did the happy village children trample the green grass of the valley; no longer was there any green grass.

But no one had ever cared.

Not even the villagers had cared. All the old had died, and all the young, like Seth, had deserted, had gone on. That left no one; and so it was impossible that the buildings should not collapse,-- all the buildings, even the one that had been his home. There was too much death here. Not human death, but something perhaps worse, the death of a whole culture, of a race; everything about Seth spoke silently about the loss, the waste of all the songs, dances, and stories, the legends, the feelings and traditions, that had been told and remembered by the people for so long. His race, a messenger carrying a culture down the path of time, had died, its mission uncompleted, and its message, after having been carried faithfully for so long, now lost. Like shimmering dreams, memories of that life long ago swam before his eyes. But Seth knew they were just dreams, and they seemed unpleasant now before the stark reality (or was it the other way around). After a while even Seth left.

And now the village lay again, all alone in the valley, as it had for thirty years. Dying. Time was patient; eventually all traces of the villages and lands, and villagers, would pass. And years would come and go. And then perhaps one spring the clouds would come up from the South again, and drench the land with happy showers. And fresh green shoots would appear where once the village had stood, and flowers would bloom, and a new race would come and settle in the pleasant vale, by the brimming river. Then they too would pass on. Only time remained, watching impartially the birth and death and rebirth.

And then one century man grew sophisticated.. But Time did not fear.

Once again the vale was lush with softest grass, and new trees were virecent with healthy green leaves and white blossoms. A new proud town had sprung up, a ninth Troy, along the peaceful river. Everywhere there was growth and excitement.

But then one day the terrible invader finally came. The black line entered through a pass in the purple-grey mountains, and marched like a giant centipede down the distant slopes. The villagers knew that it was coming, and did feel some fear and some alarm, although not the terror of the unexpected. There was no flight; the approach of the ogre was inevitable.

The insect resolved itself into a bunch of humans, after it had crawled over the last little hill before the town. The villagers of course totally lost, to the chuckle of happy machine guns.

No more rain came; nor would it come again. The grass died for lack of water, and the river dried up completely, never to flow anymore. The grim grey peaks seemed to loom closer now, as if, like buzzards, they marched in at the stink of death.

But the humans did not care if the damn grass died, because all along they had planned to cover it with deader monoliths anyway. The grasses death in fact, was, yes, convenient.

But Time did not fear

Once, now many centuries ago, there had been songs and dances in a pretty little village. Now though the bunch of humans mated, divorced, addicted, protested, murdered, died, rotted.

There indeed could be no more showers, no more flowers; the rain had become extinct, just like the happy villagers. But the City ended up making a nice looking desert. Eventually even the purple hills wore away, and all the Earth was geometrically flat and perfectly barren. And there was no more death. And there was no more life.

# I N D E X

NOW ON SALE! THE REVISED, UPDATED, CORRECTED, EXPANDED EDITION OF  
THE MITSFS INDEX TO THE SF MAGAZINES, 1951-1965!

OVER 2400 MAGAZINE ISSUES INDEXED. (3 TIMES AS MANY AS THE  
FIRST EDITION)

50,000 ENTRIES! 50,000 IBM CARDS USED IN THE MAKING! IT TOOK  
THE IBM PERIPHERAL EQUIPMENT OVER SIX HOURS JUST TO TYPE OUT  
THE ORIGINALS!

THIS IS NOT JUST ANOTHER PRELIMINARY EDITION, LIKE THE FIRST MITSFS  
INDEX--THIS IS A FULL-SCALE BOOK, AND ONE WE FEEL IS A WORTHY SUCCESSOR  
TO THE DAY INDICES.

THE MITSFS INDEX TO THE SF MAGAZINES, 1951-1965, IS A HARD-COVER,  
PHOTO-OFFSET BOOK--210 PAGES, REDUCED BY  $\frac{1}{2}$ , ON 50-POUND PAPER.  
INDEXED BY AUTHOR, TITLE, AND CONTENTS PAGE/CHECKLIST! INCLUDES ALL  
PUBLISHER'S INFORMATION, DATE, # OF PAGES AND SIZE, COVER ARTISTS.

THE NEW MITSFS INDEX TO THE SF MAGAZINES INDEXES ALL U.S.  
PROFESSIONAL AND SEMI-PRO SF MAGAZINES, AND ALMOST ALL OF  
THE BRITISH SF MAGAZINES, PUBLISHED BETWEEN 1951 and 1965.

PRICE IS \$6.50 BETWEEN NOW AND MAY FIRST. (AFTER MAY FIRST  
THE PRICE GOES TO \$8) ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER, OR YOU MAY  
ORDER THE INDEX FROM US AND WE WILL PAY POSTAGE. SEND YOUR  
CASH, CHEQUE, OR MONEY ORDER FOR \$6.50 TO

TREASURER, MIT SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY  
ROOM W20-443, MIT -- 77 MASSACHUSETTS AVE.  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, 02139

(a discount of \$1.00 is available to those who bought the first index. send  
us the number of your copy of the first index, along with your order)



# WE TRY HARDER

-Richard Harter

The Library • has been moved from its previous quarters, and, like all entrenched reactionaries, I disapprove. The new place is clean, and the bookcases retrieved from the light bulb farm have been replaced in part by new metal ones. This, in the eyes of the unenlightened, is progress. Alas! Gone is the proper atmosphere of the MITSFS Library. Secure in its grundgy squalor in the basement of Walker Memorial, the Library provided a transient home for numerous freshmen destined to flunk out. The traditions have been violated and we must endure the shock of the transition. Noisy discussions we still have, but in muted form. No longer are coke bottles scattered about. No longer do moldy freshmen have to be scraped from the wall. No longer is the library a place to avoid when showing sheltered parents around.

Gone is the profusion of specialists in obnoxiousness (which is not to say there are none left). Gone is the great confusion of grundgy clutter. Gone are ((most of)) the dilapidated bookcases which had to be treated with great respect. Gone is the furniture which acquired a unique finish from generations of cokestains. Gone is the MITSFS of yesteryear, and I mourn it. But I take heart in the great dream--the Immortal Crud Will Rise Again.

\* \* \*

Dr. Asimov has not, as we had hoped, seen fit to provide a Lije Baley story for TZ. Nor has he consented to let us reprint a certain story (which is better left unnamed). In revenge for this disgusting display of greed, we note that Boston University has, among its Board of Governors, many rather conservative New England ministers, to whom indecent exposure means not wearing a vest. Consequently, when a certain professor of biochemistry (whom we shall call Dr. A. for short) gave one of his lectures in Bermuda shorts (and quite good ones, too, I understand) there was difficulty finding a good way to explain the matter to the board. Academic freedom, I fear, does not extend to professorial Bermuda shorts.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do you read THAT TRASH ? Does anyone read THAT TRASH ? Can anyone read THAT TRASH ? To find out, take out a subscription to THAT TRASH, a companion magazine to THATCRAZYBUCKROGERESTUFF MAGAZINE.

---

## BOOK REVIEW CORNER

An Introductory Treatise on the Anchovy Pizza, by Nathan Childers; 1023 pages; Burning Cross Publications.

Reviewed by Richard Harter

In the inner circles of the East two schools of pizza eaters have arisen: those of the Anchovy school, and those of the Anti-Anchovy school. Those of the latter tend to regard the former as low-down, scurvy, decadent, simple-minded degenerates. Those of the former tend to regard the latter as arrogant, conceited, boorish, eccentric asses. Despite this, relations between the two schools remain unfriendly.

Therefore it is welcome to see, in an area fraught with bitterness and controversy, a book with a clear unbiased presentation of the history, morality, philology, economics, and metaphysics of the Anchovy Pizza. It is easy to see that Mr. Childers knows and loves his subject; that he has, so to speak, immersed himself in his subject (which, perhaps, accounts for the unusual binding of the book).

Chapters I and II discuss the history of Anchovy Pizza at length. First discovered by a natural child of Atilla, it enjoyed a brief popularity in the Imperial court until the fall of Rome. It then lapsed into obscurity, the secret of its manufacture kept only by itinerant thout herders of the Albanian hinterland, until it was revived by the troops of Tamerlane. The Anchovy Pizza has been popular with many noted men; as, for example, Atilla, Tamerlane, Benedict Arnold, and Adolf Hitler.

Chapter III is a brief but brilliant investigation of the source of the name. Mr. Childers shows that, contrary to oppular belief, the name Anchovy Pizza does not derive from the Urdu expression for Cow Dung. Instead he traces it back to the Orkish "best food".

It is to be regretted that the rest of the book is not as thorough. In particular the chapter on religion makes no mention of the role of the Anchovy Pizza in the Black Mass. Similarly the chapter on the Existential versus the Freudian interpretation of Anchovy Pizza eating is presented only from the Marxist viewpoint. Despite these flaws, the book is a monumental effort which stands well above most current scholarly effort and may be highly recommended to those who will enjoy it.

((Mr. Harter is a free-lance writer, who often does reviews for the Twilight Zine. His reviews have also appeared in the Byrd Station Times, the Brookings (S.D.) Shepherd, and the Tech.))

+++++

Listen; they're playing our song...

Who's the leader of the school that's known as MIT?  
 It's Julius Stratton, known to fans as J-U-L-I-E.  
 Julie Stratton (Jimmy Killian) Julie Stratton (Jimmy Killian)  
 Forever he will keep tuition high, High, HIGH, HIGH!  
 I've been around, and I have found the best in life is free;  
 But it takes ten grand to put in your hand an MIT S. B.

-----

The bird that coyotes pursue with the expectation of catching, in treeless regions, is the roadrunner, on the border fittingly called paisano, which means "fellow countryman". A ground cuckoo, the paisano can fly, or volplane, only a short distance. In a tree, it is safe enough; but in a region where the trees are all bushes, coyotes can leap near enough to grab it or to make it fly again, and, by repeated assaults, wear it down.



# KOMMENS BRAND FUD\*

by

## STUFFER'S

"Animal Feed for Fifty Years"

Yes, KOMMENS is here! Look for it on your grocer's shelf!

ONLY KOMMENS GIVES YOU THREE TIMES THE U.S. CERTIFIED MINIMUM DAILY ADULT REQUIREMENT OF STARCH!

Choose from TWENTY-EIGHT delicious flavors, including,

Chas. River Whitefish  
French Fried Scrub  
Turkey Tetrachloride  
Spinach Soufflé  
Chocolate Mouse  
Chile con Cyanide  
Pot Ghost of Beef  
Apple Gunkie

and MANY, MANY OTHERS!

## STUFFER'S

Feed Specialist for Fifty Years, now also offers, in many areas, the exciting new --

## KUMPULSRY KOMMENS

® Trade Mark

ONLY \$500 PER YEAR!

\*Frozen Crud

Stuffer's, Inc. Cambridge, Mass.

"Brewed on the Shores of the Chas. River Basin"

NEWS OF THE WORLD OF BUSINESS  
(contd. fm. pg. 27)

Cambridge, Mass. March 4 (NINA).

Stuffer's, Inc., long proud of its modern waste-treatment methods, has just contracted with three more major cities to dispose of their garbage. In a surprise move, they announced two new and unusual flavors of Fud; housewives and students across the country were speech-

(contd. on pg. 93)

(NAVIATION, contd.)

for fifty years. Thus this move by Nocturnal Aviation to purchase all outstanding shares of Stuffer's, Inc. came as a complete surprise to the members of the Industry.

Jonas C. Stuffer, when contacted by this newspaper, replied, "As

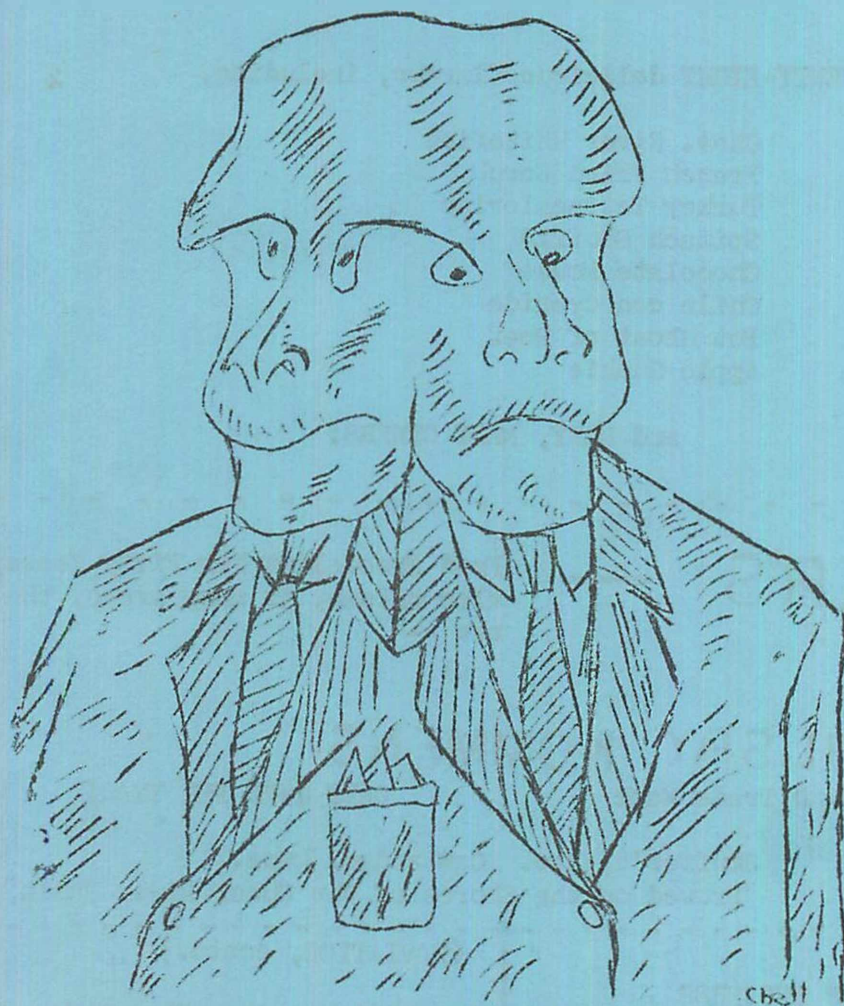
(contd. on pg. 69)

PSYCHOLOGISTS contd.

Dr. H-L Tuber, well-known psychologist at an Eastern Institution, yesterday announced that just as the Beaver is the Engineer of the animal

THIS WAS

# TWILIGHT ZINE 16



People are staring, Joe. I told  
you three-point handkerchiefs  
were out of style.