

The  
**TWILIGHT**  
**ZINE 19**







## Air-conditioning is a way of life.

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This issue of TZ is being produced on August 5, 1966 and will come out as soon as we have ready its accompanying masterpiece, Appalling Stories. Last Wednesday was Leslie's birthday. Issues are available for articles, artwork, or LoCs. They can also be gotten for 25¢/copy, as usual, but from now on, thanks to the Tireless and Self-sacrificing Efforts of Leslie, who has spent long hours slaving over a hot keypunch, you may order any number of issues at once and will even have a fair chance of receiving them.

The uncertainties of the era being what they are, the next few weeks of mail had best go to:

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# FIT THE FIRST ~

(written by Cory because Leslie is a computer hacker and doesn't know about anything but wide-angle pairs, and you can hardly write about something like that in a respectable fanzine.)

## NE'ER SAW FONT

On this rare day of coolth, I pause to take stock and look back over this summer of grueling, not to say gruesome, heat. For the benefit of posterity, this was the July it was going into the nineties in New York two days out of three. (I'm afraid I have no idea what it's been doing here in Boston -- I only know what I read in the Times, and the out-of-town edition doesn't give daily highs and lows for other cities. I don't know whether this has something to do with unfair competition, or whether they just figure that anyone who doesn't live in the City obviously has more use for lists of the current prices for agricultural goods.) It's been a good summer for MITSFS, though, as those hot evenings force first one and then another bedraggled soul (and you should see their bodies) to crawl into our air-conditioned Nirvana.

This localized concentration in coolness produces a corresponding concentration of people. And this increased density of population produces, as any cultural historian could tell you, an expanded production of cultural items, in the form of fanac. Lots of it. It has been discovered in the Ancient Annals of the Society (which are something like the Necronomicon, apparently, except that they really exist. I know enough to stay

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you could be replaced by a random number generator  
 -----

away from them, but there are always some who cannot resist the lure of forbidden knowledge.) that it has in past days been declared that The Twilight Zine shall continue to receive funds from the Society only so long as it shall contain somewhere in every issue the statement, "We're not fans." This provision has until now remained in happy oblivion, but we can no longer plead ignorance. And yet how could such a claim now be justified? MITSFS, already coming increasingly under fannish influence, has this summer become involved in such fundamentally fannish activities as apas, one-shots, and con-going. Our existence lacks only divorces and lawsuits. Damnation is inescapable.

It is in order to comply with the letter of this tyrannical dictate of the Society that this part of the editorial has been entitled as you see above. No, kiddies, it does not refer to the water conditions last summer. Nor is it an explanation of how neglect of elementary precautions can cause an infant to be kidnapped and replaced by a changeling. Take

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 Brewers were among the first industrial establishments to require considerable capital equipment, and historians have recently been paying special attention to their history.  
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-- Asa Briggs, The Making of Modern England

it, if you will, as a touching declaration of faith on our part in the essential oneness of the cosmos. It isn't, but it might serve as an amusing intellectual exercise.

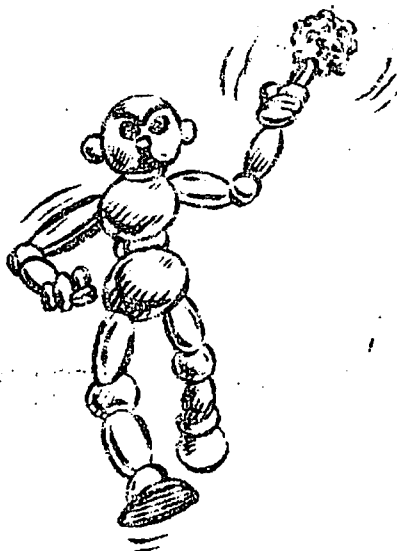
AH! OBSCURITAS!

Well, now that we've got that off our minds, let's take up the defense of Queens. Queens, the borough of cemeteries, is the largest of the five boroughs of New York City, has the fastest-growing population, and contains the geographical center of the city. Despite this, it is virtually unknown to outsiders. Manhattan and Brooklyn are famed the world over. The Bronx calls to mind the Bronx cheer, the Bronx Bombers (alias the danyankees), the Bronx Zoo, the Bronx Botanical Gardens, and the Cross-Bronx Expressway. Even Staten Island is known for the Staten Island Ferry.



Queens, however, has none of these. The Queens -----? What? The Queens-Midtown Tunnel, maybe? Who has not heard of the Queens-Midtown Tunnel! No, it is hopeless. The very name lacks the rich Dutch or Amer-Indian overtones of the other parts of the city. Who knows that it was

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drunken orgies around here tend to degenerate into bridge games  
-----



indeed named after the wife of Charles II? Who, knowing, cares? Why this anonymity? The answer is that, until 1898, Queens was an ununited group of small Long Island towns. Unlike Brooklyn, until then a separate city, busily engaged in the manufacture of local history, Queens was nothing until it became absorbed into the all-enveloping mass of New York.

Even today, nothing would seem to happen in Queens, even on local news-casts. Always specified are only the smaller, local districts. Many people have heard of these districts but usually suspect they are somewhere out

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the air was so full of dark hints, you couldn't see your hand before your eyes  
-----

near Montauk Point. Queens could in all probability win an award for place-where-more-people-have-been-without-knowing-they-were-there: just ask anyone coming into Idlewild (it was Idlewild when it was the NY International Airport, and it's just as much Idlewild now that it's Kennedy International Airport) or La Guardia if they know where they are.

So, in order to rectify the injustices of history, a section of this editorial is being dedicated to a listing of some of the better-known parts of Queens, together with comments on why you should have heard of them.

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"no" doesn't mean 'no.' it means 'don't wake me up'  
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1. Long Island City is that horrible industrial mess that ruins the view across the East River. It is one of the major reasons why New York would be an ungood place to be during an atomic war.

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...Ricardo Bonaventura, Chairman of the Alliance Against Progress, a Radpol splinter group which had fallen into disfavor with Athens, died of apoplexy during a Party function. There were some murmurings of Divban rabbit-venom in the anchovies (an exceedingly lethal combination, George assures me)...

-- Roger Zelazny, This Immortal

2. Jackson Heights is celebrated in the line from the theme song of Car 54, Where Are You?, "There's a traffic jam in Harlem that's backed up to Jackson Heights."

3. Rego Park is so called because it was first developed by the Real Good Construction Company. That makes it highly typical of our rich cultural heritage.

4. Forest Hills, aside from the tennis stadium, is a residential district. People live there. Like Spiderman.

5. Ozone Park is where a Chemistry teacher of mine once lived. It seemed appropriate.

6. Flushing was known to the Dutch as Vlissingen. The site of the oldest English settlement in New York City (like while the Dutch were still running things), it was occupied by the British during the Revolution and by Robert Moses in more recent years. Flushing Meadow Park also contains Shea Stadium, home of the New York Mets. Anyone who would like to join me in a campaign to get it changed to the Queens Mets is welcome.

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I don't  
have any  
old  
clothes,  
and I  
really  
ought to  
get some  
-----



-----  
tote that  
barge, shift  
that blame

7. The Long Island Expressway is not a place but a thing. Nevertheless, it is one of the most important parts of the Queens environment. It is why celebrities who arrive at the airport at time  $t$  in order to be somewhere in Manhattan at time  $t + \Delta t$ , arent. It is alternatively referred to as the Long Island Snailway, the Distressway, and the Longest Parking Lot in the World.

8. Jamaica Bay contains a lot of swampy little islands, which are not good for much, but which have some very picturesque names. Unfortunately, some of the nicest, such as Pumpkin Patch Marsh (I bet you didn't know they were naming islands after you, Harter.) are in Brooklyn, but Queens can still boast of Rulers Bar Hassock, Big and Little Egg Marshes, The Raunt, East Hole Meadow, Silver Hole Marsh, and Winhold Hassock. The stretches of water

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which divide these bits of land carry such names as Straight Creek, Hassock Crrek, and Big Mucks Creek.

At this point, I ought to insert a picture of the flag of Queens, but the phone company seems to have decided this is no longer vital information for its subscribers, and since I can't draw it from memory, I will have to be satisfied with a description. It contains in the center a tulip crossed with the red-and-white rose of Tudor in a circle of wampun. In the upper left-hand corner are a crown, for Queen Catherine, and the date 1898. There are also a couple of stripes here and here, I think. So if that's what you find sitting there on your arrival on Mars, let me know.

The main street of Queens is Queens Boulevard. It is the Broadway/Grand Concourse/Ocean Parkway of Queens. My grandmother claims to remember when it was a dirt road. If you drive along it in Forest Hills, you will see a statue of a club-carrying type called "Civic Virtue." I am told it used to be in a place of greater prominence, and when they didn't have the heart to junk it altogether, they decided to give it to us. It is a fitting symbol of our fate. Queens the Obscure! Alas.

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#### The Wanderer's Tale

-- J. Speiser

I roam the caverns of the night  
A creature hating day and light  
One cursed by fearsome second sight  
Beholding dreadful splendor and grim might.  
I walk the paths which other mortals shun  
Far from the bright and blinding sun  
I struggle in a battle not yet done  
And walk where souls are lost by those who run.  
I have arched the ashen aeons  
Hedged with screams and shouts like paeans.  
I have seen the pole star shudder  
And dissolve in ions free.  
I have seen the boundaries waver  
That divide the mad from sane.  
I have heard the rancid churning  
Of an evil, fetid brain.  
I have spanned the awful chasm  
I have faced the hell-thing's maw  
I have made the deep dark passage  
Faintly fabled in lost lore.  
I have heard the Dark One's tale  
Which he sings in Eddas four  
Aided by a fiery chorus  
Reinforced by furnace roar!  
It's a tale worth the telling  
But I fear I'll tell no more.  
For I see what now awaits me  
And is standing by the door.



# POETRY CORNER/ PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

7

Doug Hoylman

This charming pair of puzzles which I came across the other day deserves wider circulation. I got them from a friend who got them from a friend who... which means the original author is probably that great poet Anonymous (or perhaps his brother Traditional, who composes folk songs). Anyway, the blanks in the verses are to be filled in by four-letter words (no, not that kind !), where in each verse the words are different permutations of the same four letters. (A different set of letters for each verse.)

O Landlord, fill the flowing \_\_\_\_  
Until the \_\_\_\_ flow over.  
Tonight we'll \_\_\_\_ upon this \_\_\_\_,  
Tomorrow \_\_\_\_ to Dover.

A \_\_\_\_ old lady, on \_\_\_\_ bent,  
Put on her \_\_\_\_ and away she went.  
"\_\_\_\_, my son," she was heard to say,  
"What shall we do to \_\_\_\_ today?"

After you've figured these out, try to make up one of your own.  
((Editorial comment: a temporarily formed collective intelligence\*managed to derive the answers without undue mental strain. So we won't publish the answers unless large numbers of people come crawling to us on their knees, proclaiming their mass stupidity. --CJS)) It's not easy to find four letters that form five words (the only set I've found besides those used above is: ears, eras, sear, Ares, and, well, this zine has to go through the mails in Britain), to say nothing of fitting a verse around them.

But while trying to find such a combination I came up with another useless word game similar to one ARL thought up a few years ago called "Triplets": here, instead of three homophones\*\*, you need three words spelled with the same letters. Examples:

The Orient has plenty of its traditional beverages: TIAS SATE EAST  
Madmen are knocked out by falling barrels: TUNS STUN NUTS  
Vaudeville shows include felines: ACTS CAST CATS

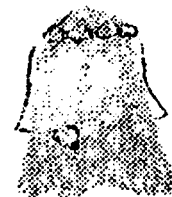
-----  
\* composed of Yeds and Vanderwerf

\*\* some examples:

Dragged pedally digitized amphibian: TOWED TOED TOAD  
Payment on income acts harmfully on a fared vehicle: TAX ATTACKS A TAXI  
Be thou a female sheep constructed from the wood of a cone-bearing  
evergreen?: ARE YOU A FIF O' YEW?

I have some more, but they all require a N'Yawk accent to make any sort of sense whatever. -- CJS

# 8 THE BRIDE OF THE SON OF THE GHOST OF MITSFS



5/20 - Libcomm (Tony) -- some German SF came in. It has been locked away so it will not be kidnapped by Israeli agents.

Picocult (Ward) -- I a letter from a neofan. I've had some correspondence with him.

(Tony guffawed, giving rise to the following dialogue.)

-- as in isomorphism?

-- no, more like Samuel Johnson.

-- oh, homomorphism!

Minicult -- Ward has a tic in his right arm -- it keeps going up and down with a gavel in it.

Treasurer -- entered and refused to report.

Meeting allowed to lapse back into the primal ooze at 5:40.

5/27 -- The Onseck read the past two weeks of minutes. They were not added to or corrected and were therefore accepted as they sat.

Truman -- I hold in my hand...

6/3 - Tony dropped several unlikely names.

6/10 - The meeting of June 10, being without a presiding officer, was never called to order. However, at some time between 5:30 and 6:00, ye Onseck, deciding that she deserved some recompense for having written up the minutes, began to read them. This generated a mild decline in entropy.

6/17 - Enter Baran, who disclaimed all knowledge of anything.

6/24 - True to the sorry state of this degenerate age, there was no Old Business Algol.

7/1 - Enter the evil sorcerer Arlewis, cleverly disguised as a pretty pussycat.

7/15 - Tony -- move Harter be turned into a pmupkin.

Cory -- but he would soon become a squash.

Leslie -- then he couldn't write for TZ.

Tony -- who says a pumpkin can't write for TZ?

Leslie -- but a squash can't.

Tony -- no, a squash court.

Harter -- would this be always, or just after midnight?

Tony -- yes.

. . . . .

Truman -- we must appoint someone to turn Harter into a pumpkin.  
Harter was appointed to make a feasibility study of the problem.  
Tony -- "Keep it clean -- we don't want it RAND-y."

7/22 - Pumpkincomm (Harter) -- "I've looked at the matter, and the whole thing seems as easy as pie -- we looked it up in the pulps."

- Tony was requested to explain his obscenity.  
He requested Harter to explain it.  
Harter asked Cory to.  
Cory denied having understood it.  
Leslie suddenly claimed to know what was going on.  
Cory claimed to know what Leslie was thinking.

7/29 - Libcomm -- we are going to compile an index to scribes in Rosicrucian ads.

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It was an otherwise unnoteworthy day in Spring when Elmer Nobody decided to become a supervillain. While puttering around in his laboratory in a remote corner of a great eastern institute of technology, he had chanced to discover a strange chemical formula. Hastily making up a flask of the fluid, he slipped out of the laboratory and proceeded on his way through the corridors of the Institute. It was some minutes later that, while idly gazing at the portrait of a well-known sanitary engineer, he became aware of the plight of a nearby plant that appeared verily to be perishing for the lack of liquid refreshment. Overwhelmed by a sudden surge of benevolence, he whipped out his flask and soaked the plant liberally about the roots. Imagine his amazement when he perceived the creature apparently becoming semi-sentient and, moreover, responding in an indeniably intelligent manner to his unspoken commands. Immediately there sprang to his mind a vision of the possibilities for illegal gain. In that moment was born Grassman.

He soon acquired a suit of long green underwear and a plentiful supply of grass seeds, young sprouts, and fertilizer, which he concealed in a locked compartment hidden behind a painting on the wall of his room. Accompanied by his vegetative allies, he would forage freely, trusting to his tiny friends to overcome all resistance while he looted at his leisure. As may be expected, the forces of good were not long in rising to meet this challenge, and, given Elmer's general incompetence, it was not long before a well-known superhero had discovered his identity and had him arrested and brought to trial. He might to this day be languishing in jail, were it not for the brilliant defense outlined by his lawyer, a defense which has left him free to continue his depredations to this very day.

The prosecution had for the greater part of the trial confined itself to the accumulating of character witnesses to testify to Elmer's general depravity. But finally it decided to reveal the crucial evidence, the grass seeds, young sprouts, and fertilizer which had been hidden in Elmer's room. "Elmer," asked the prosecuting attorney, "do you deny that you, Elmer Nobody, are a mild-mannered nobody?" "No," said Elmer. "Perhaps you can explain, then, why such a mild-mannered nobody as ~~even~~ you admit yourself to be should have concealed in his room such a copious supply of grass seeds, young sprouts, and fertilizer if he is not Grassman?" "But what else would you expect to find in the room of such a mild-mannered nobody as myself?" replied Elmer. "Have you never heard that every clod has a safe o' lawning?"

# A FABLE,

## OR PERHAPS NOT

-- Doug Hoylman

("All persons and events are purely coincidental, and should not be construed." Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., ((supposedly)) in Cat's Cradle)

Once (or maybe twice or even thrice) upon a time there was a science-fiction writer. This science-fiction writer wrote very detailed and technical stories predicting man's exploration of space. He wrote stories about satellites, and satellites with animals in them, and satellites with men in them, and communications satellites, and rockets that went past the moon and the planets taking pictures, and unmanned probes landing on the moon and the planets, and space stations, and men landing on the moon and the planets, and colonies being established on the moon and the planets.

About the time that the science-fiction writer wrote a story about a large spaceship leaving for Alpha Centauri, the first manned satellite went into orbit. Then it occurred to the science-fiction writer that if people wanted to read very detailed and technical stories about the exploration of space, they had only to look in their newspapers. So he retired from writing science fiction and took up writing mysteries, and science articles for the layman, and novelizations of movie scripts, and other forms of writing which paid ten times as much per word as did science fiction.

Meanwhile, his friends and relatives were congratulating him on how accurately he had prophesied the development of the space program. So it was that, upon the day after the launching of the large spaceship for Alpha Centauri, when the former science-fiction writer received a telephone call from a man who identified himself as an official of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, he said,

"I suppose that you are calling to congratulate me on how accurately I prophesied the development of your space program?"

"No, as a matter of fact," replied the official of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, "I am calling to request on behalf of our agency that you resume the writing of very detailed and technical stories predicting man's exploration of space."

"Whatever for?" asked the former science-fiction writer.

"My dear sir," answered the official of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, "where do you think we get our ideas?"

MORAL: Life imitates, you should pardon the expression, art.



# NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF

11

## MACHINA

-- Cory Seidman

Since the publication in TZ 18 of Leslie Turek and Dave Vanderwerf's pioneering effort in translation into the Fortrannish, many people (most of them Tony Lewis) have inquired concerning the reference to the national homeland of the Machinish-speaking peoples. It is to satisfy these queries that we are here publishing a short account of the history of Machina.

The first reference to the land is found in the Cotyledoniad of Balderdash the Bard, where he addresses King Fluoristan as follows:

Know ye then, O lord, that if ye have attended heedfully to my narration of the epic deeds and mighty battles of your renowned ancestor in his struggle to obtain the crown which ye wear today, ye will have a complete knowledge of those lands and peoples which fill this corner of Mid-Earth. Of all save one, that is, for the story of the visit of your forefather to the land of Machina is but a paltry one and has not been deemed fit to be included in the great cycle of tales which covers his life. Yet if ye would have the list complete, then list ye to this saga of how Cotyledon the Careless battled the waves of the Turquoise Sea after his escape from the Ingressionists, and so was carried to this least memorable of all nations...

Seven nights swam he, swept by the currents  
Away from those waters his wish would have chosen;  
Salt-waves spurred him swiftly northward.  
Heard he the sound of the surf upon boulders;  
Fate nearly dealt him a death-dealing pounding;  
By the skin of his teeth 'scaped he his doom then,  
Made a safe landing -- luck his companion --  
Gave thanks to the gods for the grace of his rescue.

He greeted the dwellers in that desolate region,  
A people most odd and perplexing in habit;  
They spake not in words, but were wonted to babble  
In a fashion most horrid and foul to give ear to,  
Such as demons of darkness or devils might utter.  
He stayed not to hark to their hideous chatter,  
But fled to save reason, and, risking the sea-flood,  
Set forth on the ocean, feared less its monsters  
Than that alien tongue, so twisted and loathsome.

With the passing of the Heroic Age, there remained no man brave enough to dare the perils of the northern reaches of the Turquoise Sea, and it is not until many centuries later, during the Age of Exploration, that Machina makes its way back into the pages of history. The fullest description of it is given in the Compendium of Sir Hononym Hypymbys (pronounced Hpmbs), and from this we quote:

It hath been many times remarked, that the further to the North, that a Man proceedeth, along either Shore of the Turquoise Sea, the wilder do become the Lands, and the stranger the Peoples, among which he doth find himself; of these, the most Northerly, and, by all Accounts, the Strangest, is the Nation of the Machinists. This Land is but little known to Travellers, for a Range of Mountains rendereth it Inaccessible by Land; whilst the Approach by Sea is so imperiled, by virtue of the Rocks and Dangerous Currents, that lie thereabouts, that the Majority of Traders is but little attracted thereto: yet the People well repay Study. For although a Tribe which knoweth not of the Arts, or of any of the other Graces of Civilization, still they surpass all others in the Manner of their Language, which lieth, in point of the Logick and Reason of its Construction, far beyond any other Human Tongue: it consisteth entirely of Numbers, which are arranged in Chains of such Length, as to be beyond the Powers of Memory of any Foreigner; yet the Machinists communicate with Facility, and in such a Manner, as to render themselves free from all Possibility of Misunderstanding. One may consider, if a few of these Natives were to be removed, with Safety, to our own Land, there to impart their Tongue to a selected group of our Foremost Scholars, what Services to the Arts and Sciences might be rendered thereby.

Unfortunately, Sir Hononym's proposal was not taken up and served to inspire no useful projects, but only these lines by the Eighteenth Century poet, Joshua Katydid, where he speaks of:

...that Euclidian tribe,  
Whose simple life and low material state  
Can not o'erwhelm the blessings which the great  
And mighty Goddess, Reason, hath bestowed  
Upon them each; for in a sort of code  
Is all their speech, of numbers is their tongue.  
And like that man, of whom I late have sung,  
Bright Logic lights their way and fills their souls  
With that divine precision which extolls  
The pow'r of God...

More alert to the possibilities of exploiting the unique nature of the Machinists were the slave-traders, who saw in their complete literal-mindedness a certain guard against that deceitfulness which bedevils every owner of slaves. Such was the bravery and efficiency of these merchants, that within a generation, not a single soul remained living in Machina, and the inhospitality of the land well prevented any other settlers from claiming the untenanted area.

Once the Machinist slaves had been brought to civilized lands, it was found that the predisposition of their minds was such that they were inca-

pable of speaking any tongue other than their own. They could, however, learn to use words rather than numbers, and the combination of various vocabularies with the logical structure of their native language gave rise to the different pidgins which are the ancestors of the dialects of today.

Gaining their freedom in the Nineteenth Century, the Machinists were quickly absorbed into the mass of the population. Although now capable of speaking other tongues, they continued to use their own language among themselves, and in this period came the widest diversification of dialects, as the different Machinist colonies lost touch with one another. It is only now, in this scientific and logical age, that the proposal of Sir Hononym has received new attention, and the talents of the Machinists been drawn upon for the good of the nation.

Thus the history of the Machinists is brought up to the present day. They are now in the state which was described in TZ: a large, but undefined ethnic community, wielding potentially great powers if they could possibly be united. After the many misfortunes they have suffered, it is clear that the Machinists deserve either greater respect in their adopted land or else all possible aid in the project of returning to their homeland of Machina, which remains uninhabited to this day.

It is with the intent of encouraging a consideration of these two possibilities that we here announce the formation of the Committee On Machinist Propaganda Unless They Expect Repatriation. Friends, we ask your aid for this worthy cause. Support COMPUTER today.

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#### A Possible Explanation of the Term: Santaclara Drug

-- ARLewis

It should be noted in the incidents recalled by Cordwainer Smith that the drug "stroon" is often referred to as the "santaclara drug" but that the drug itself is not called santaclara. This is, I believe, significant in the light of the information which will be presented below.

St. Clare (Santa Clara) was born in Assisi in Umbria c. 1193. At the age of 18, inspired by Francis (later St. Francis) of Assisi she left home and started a convent which was dedicated (among other things) to absolute poverty. This was all about the time of Innocent III. Later, when Gregory IX decided that the orders and monasteries, etc. should have land holdings she went to Rome to fight this and in 1226 obtained special permission for her group to maintain themselves in absolute poverty and the privilege of NOT receiving any land or wealth. She received a similar permission in 1247 from Innocent IV. She is considered to be the foundress of the Second Order of St. Francis (the Poor Ladies or Poor Clares). Santa Clara died in 1253.

It does not seem unreasonable to point out the parallel between St. Clare and the inhabitants of Old North Australia. The Nostrilians have put a fantastic tariff on imported goods, so high as to be almost an outright ban on the purchase of offworld products; they are deliberately refusing the "good" things in life so as to maintain their lives as they so choose. St. Clare's "stroon" is her grace, etc. which can be used to help others but the source can only be maintained by a sacrifice on the part of those who transmit it to the others. For St. Clare as for the Nostrilians to partake of the worldly rewards brought about due to their possession of something valued would, in time, destroy that valuable commodity.

To sum up, the term "santaclara" for the drug refers to the effect of the existence of the drug (as opposed to its geriatric effects) on those who transmit it to mankind rather than having any reference to the intrinsic properties of the drug itself.

## RANDOMITUDE

CORY SEIDMAN  
DAVE VANDERWERF  
FILTHY PIERRE

The in-groupishness of TZ has often been noted. It has been suggested that some effort be made to explain some of the more fundamental jokes and references. This has been done to some extent in the various essays on the history and traditions of the Society that have been published. We here present what may be the first in a series of glosseries of Techese. This month's word is 'random,' as used in the sentence, "The party was a collection of totally random people." A first approximation at a definition might be "nondescript." More precisely, the randomitude of an item is in inverse relationship to the necessity to distinguish it from the other members of any group of which it is a part. Thus, although Edgar Rice Burroughs is non-random, all of his books are random, ie interchangeable. Although it is difficult to say 'I'm reading Tolkien,' without specifying the exact work, very few people who were engaged in the perusal of Tarzan and the Ant Men would find it necessary to identify the book as more than 'some random Tarzan.' Or, if you need more examples...

Non-RandomStranger in a Strange Land

J.S. Bach

18.01<sup>2</sup>

Isaac Asimov

Filthy Pierre

Boston

MIT

Thorin Oakenshield

James Buchanan (he's so random, he's

Coke non-random)

hob-nailed boots

Richard Nixon

69

Flash Gordon

Tom Swift

Agent 007

FrankensteinThe Village VoiceThe Worm Runners' Digest

Charles Darwin

Swahili

The Fifth Amendment

Yandro

The 1812 OvertureThe Mormon Tabernacle Choir

Henry of Anjou (1154-1189)

Pope John 23rd

Schlitz

General Motors

The Chase Manhattan Bank

The Seven Years' War

Random

all other Heinlein

J.S. Bach's sons<sup>1</sup>18.00<sup>2</sup>

Bron Fane

Erwin Strauss

Highmore, South Dakota

The South Massachusetts Technological  
Ori Institute

James Buchanan

Hojo Cola

dirty white sneakers

Lars Daley

69 (it's so non-random, it's random)

Flash Gordon Strange Adventure MagazineThe Lend-a-Hand Boys' Sanitary Squad

Agent 07

Abbott and Costello Meet FrankensteinThe Long-Island Star-JournalThe Journal of the O.U.T.B.A.C.T. Warren O'Neill

Wiyot

The Eleventh Amendment

Infinite FanacTschaikovsky's Seventh SymphonyThe Guchenheimer Sauerkraut Band

Stephen of Blois (1135-1154)

Pope John 22nd

Blatz Beer

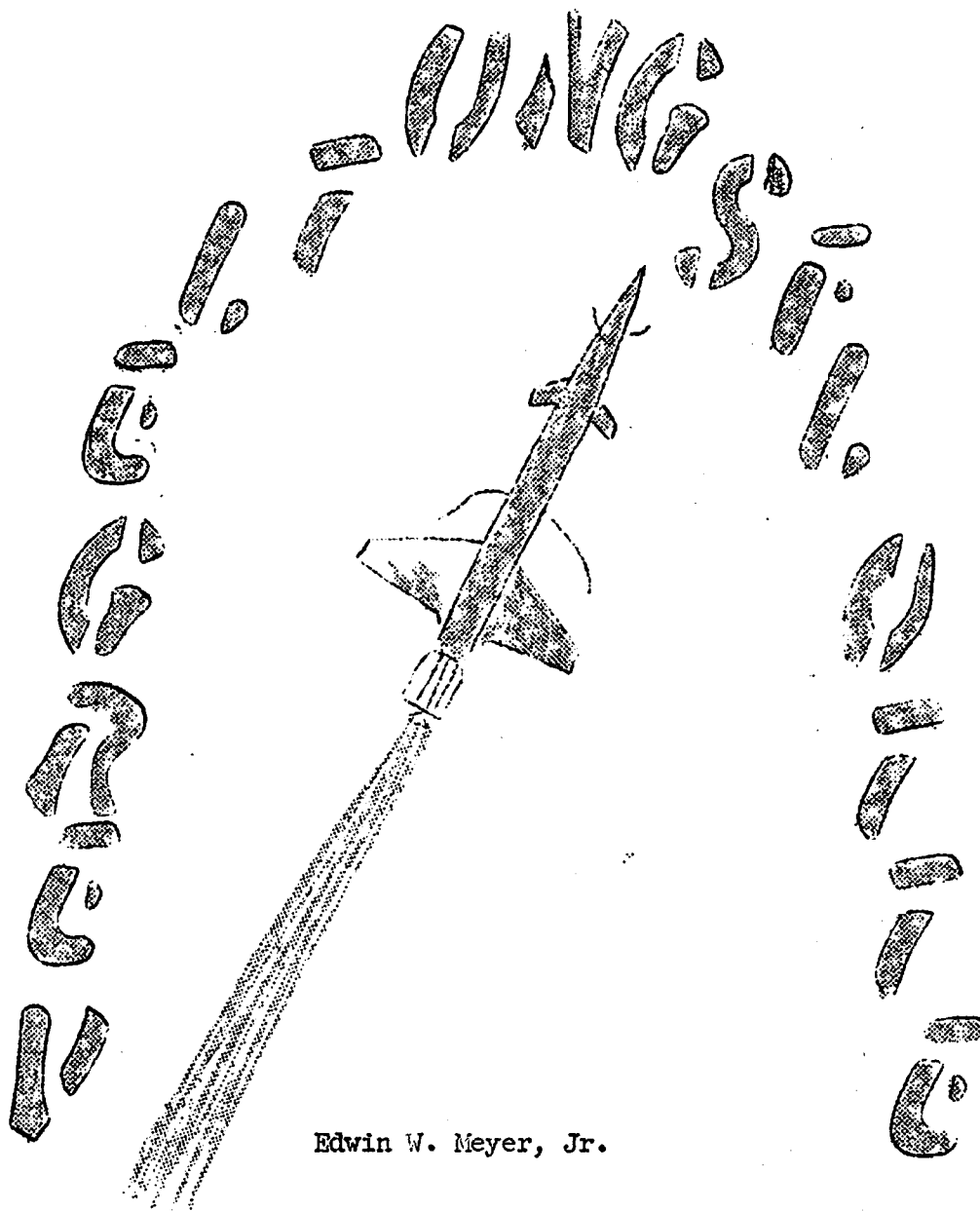
Angostura Wupperman

The Inland Bank of Pomona

The War of Jenkin's Ear

1. except P.D.Q. Bach, who is non-random.
2. for those outside the Institute: 18.01 is first-term calculus; 18.00 is "Elementary Number Theory."





Edwin W. Meyer, Jr.

Captain Ek-Ta Krome of the interstellar liner Daughter of Bilitus gravely looked at the radar scope over the shoulder of the Detection and Tracking Officer. On the scope's face was displayed an ever-changing swirling mass of color that to the Krome's trained eye could signify only one thing: a ship, or ships, in super-c drive on an interception course with his own.

The young D-T Officer looked up from the screen and said, "There's too much hash on the screen for the computer to see anything now, Captain, but when they get closer and it clears up a bit, I'll be able to get a better idea of what it is."

The Krome merely grunted and walked back to the main bridge. He already knew enough; it spelled TROUBLE, in capital letters. Buddha only knew what kind of things ranged out here in the empty superspace that linked the stars. But there were stories passed around in every port about pitiful victims of mysterious interstellar disasters, although no one would admit to having seen them personally. And the list of ships that had simply disappeared was uncomfortably long. Tales abounded of strange, vicious forms of

life that existed in superspace, or of cruelly twisted mutants, half man and half beast, who roamed through space, never making planetfall, but surviving by preying upon ships that travelled the star lanes. Mostly, these stories were sheer invention, and Captain Krome had never given them serious thought. Until now. The Krome's stomach constricted and his throat became dry with mounting fear.

God Damn! he cursed inwardly. If only he hadn't left Kristan with his seventh drive unit inoperative. Of course, for the normal 0.99c run, his six operative units gave more than an adequate margin of safety. But that extra seventh would have provided sufficient power to break into super-c drive, unsafe though it was for a frail passenger craft. In super-c drive his ship might have outrun the pursuers, but instead the Bilitus must plod along at 0.99c and wait for the inevitable interception, when the interacting fields would cast both hunter and hunted into normal space, where the kill would take place.

An hour later the Krome was nervously pacing the bridge. Interception was imminent. Now all that could be seen through the viewports were the flickering tendrils of the sub-c field, but altogether too soon they would disclose the ships of the pursuing fleet as the Bilitus was forced back into normal space somewhere in the void between the stars.

Suddenly the viewports cleared, and there they were, big black hulks floating amid the blazing stars. There were nine raiders in all, the least of them twice the size of the Bilitus. Missile ports bristled along the hulls from stem to stern. Amidships of each was painted the symbol of the dread Vergeltungsflotte: an ellipse canted 45 degrees to the left, inside of which appeared the Gothic script letters V in the upper left-hand corner, F in the lower right-hand corner, and a leering death's head in the center.

The Krome was only slightly relieved. While almost anything was preferable to the nameless horrors he had visualized, this was one of the more sinister possibilities. Who has not heard of the cruel and rapacious exploits of the Vergeltungsflotte? What unspeakable butcheries and atrocities they had committed on innocent victims, man, woman, and child alike! The whole galaxy still talks about how they had once burned out an entire inhabited planet in the search for their quarry.

"Captain, Sir!" said the Communications Officer. "They are calling on channel 187."

"Put it through!"

For a moment the Krome's earphones were filled with only a slight hiss, then... "Calling Daughter of Bilitus, this is the Fichter, flagship of Vergeltungsflotte, calling Daughter of Bilitus."

The Krome did not answer immediately. The call was repeated. The third call contained the addition, "Reply, or we fire!"

The Krome's answer was quick and angry. "We read you, Fichter. By what authority do you dare to stop a vessel of the United Planets of Mattachine?"

"Our authority is in our guns," came the derisive reply. "We wish to arrest an arch-criminal who is on board your ship."

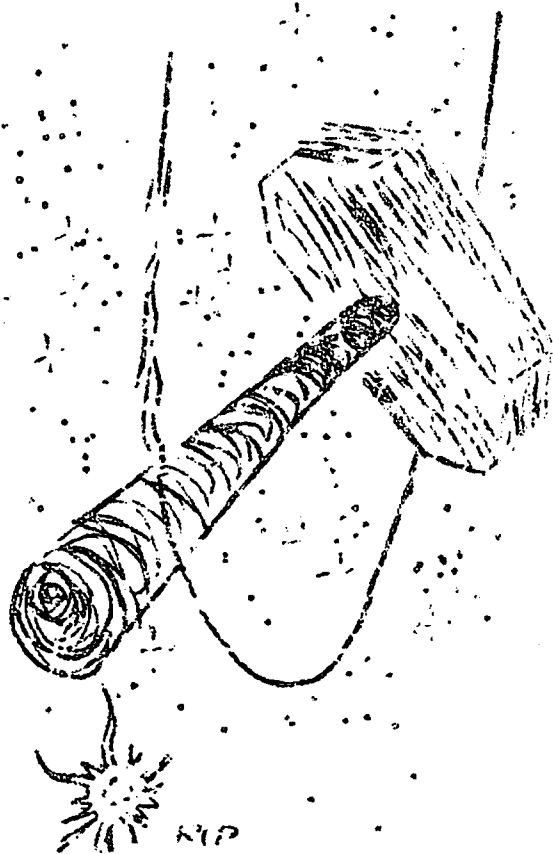
"I protest this high-handed piracy. You will have the UPM Space Navy to deal with."

"Ha!" snorted the voice. "You call that bunch of worn-out rust-bottoms a navy?"

The Krome flushed. It was true. The Navy had so sadly deteriorated that any minor power could now insult UPM ships with impunity.

Shortly the voice on the communicator returned. "Prepare for boarders," it said curtly. "Your ship will be annihilated if there is any resistance."

Boarders! The Krome must prepare for the very worst. What he could do to protect his passengers and ship was pitifully little, but he must do his utmost. "Order the passengers to their cabins," he told a subordinate. "They are not to emerge under any circumstances unless I so order." Perhaps the boarders would not be goaded into action if the passengers were not conspicuous. But this was a faint hope at best.



Captain Ek-ta Krome was on hand at the main entry port as the small transfer vessel from the Fichter linked up with a muffled clang. There was a shrill whistle as the lock filled with air. Then the heavy metal door slowly opened, revealing the huddled forms of the boarding party inside the cramped quarters of the small boat.

For a moment they were disoriented by the sudden onset of artificial gravity. Then the boarders emerged and arrogantly trod onto the main deck.

There were about twenty of them. One was dressed in no longer stylish civilian clothes, but the rest bore the uniform that civilized man had long since come to abhor: black. Black breeches tucked into knee-length black jack boots. Black shirts and black tunics. Black weapons. One man wore a black officer's cap with the golden symbol of death as an ornament. The others wore those familiar black steel helmets with the elliptical Vergeltungsflotte crest on the sides.

The one bearing the miniature skull strode toward the Krome and saluted negligently. "You are the Captain of this vessel?" he asked, not quite politely.

"I am," was the brusque reply that concealed an inward terror.

"We have come for the arch-criminal Cort. He is aboard this ship."

"I know of no arch-criminal Cort."

"Elmer Cort. He boarded this ship at Kristan."

"What is his crime?" asked the Krome.

"That is our business. You will surrender him, please." The accent was not on the word 'please'.

"I will surrender nobody."

"Very well, then. Your co-operation is not needed."

After some not very gentle persuasion, the purser reluctantly surrendered the ship's passenger list, and soon a contingent of black-clad troopers was striding down the empty corridors of the tourist level to cabin 506.

A harsh knock on the thin metal panel, and, after a short pause, another. It suddenly slid open, revealing a short, balding, middle-aged man in the entrance-way.

"Yes?" he said hesitantly.

"You are Elmer Cort?" asked the officer in black. It was not really a question.

"Yes I am," was the fearful reply. "But I have done nothing."

The officer turned to the one in shabby civilian dress. "Is this your man, Mr. Abrams?"

With pupils dilated and flared nostrils, Abrams' expression was that of Satan claiming a lost soul. "Yes, this is the man," he said with breathless lust, wiping his sweaty palms together.

"Twenty-three years, twenty-three years!" he shouted triumphantly. "For twenty-three years I've searched for you, Cort! Now at last I have you!"

Cort shrank from the doorway, and the other quickly entered. "But I don't understand," whined Cort.

Abrams whipped out a black leather folder and opened it. "My credentials," he sneered, shoving the open case before Cort's frightened eyes. "Libcomm, M.I.T. Science Fiction Society." Cort blanched with sudden understanding and emitted a slight whimper.

"Twenty-three years ago, or more precisely, eight thousand, three hundred and eighty-one days ago, you withdrew Aurora, by Isaac Asimov, from the MITSFS library. You did not return it," Abrams accused.



"I don't remember," tearfully pleaded the victim.

"Oh yes you do!" thundered Abrams. "There is a small matter of fines," he continued. "At three cents times 8381 to the power, plus \$5.98 for the book's cost, you owe the M.I.T. Science Fiction Society exactly..."

He paused momentarily while opening a sweat-moistened slip of paper. "...exactly sixty-three billion, one hundred sixty-two million, eight hundred ninety-nine thousand, seven hundred forty-three dollars and thirty-four cents."

"Yeaagh!" screamed Cort. His eyes rolled up to show only the whites. Then he slumped to the floor, moaned softly once or twice, and was still.

"Of course, if you can produce the book, I'll be glad to reduce the fine by \$.98," said Abrams magnanimously.

Cort did not reply.

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## E C O N O M Y   A T   N A S A

-- Richard Harter

President Johnson has asked for more economy in government efforts. In accord with his request, there has been a dynamic savings campaign at NASA which has saved \$200,000. Of course, there were a few expenses.

SAVINGS REALIZED	\$200,000.00
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### EXPENSES:

Cost of time spent by Center Director to initiate the program.....	\$ 1,500.00
Awards for savings suggestions.....	20,499.98
Salary for administrator of savings program.....	15,000.00
Cost of recruiting administrator.....	41,000.00
Cost of weekly posters (posting).....	19,000.00
Cost of printing posters.....	35,000.00
Loss of time spent on reading posters.....	.61
Time wasted trying to think up ways to win awards..	68,000.00
	\$199,999.99

"A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED"

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A man's greatest joy is to conquer his enemies, to drive them before him, to rob them of their possessions, to see their loved ones in tears, to ride their horses, and to sleep on the white bellies of their wives and daughters.

-- attributed to Genghis Khan

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The Great Wall of China was a factor in the fall of the Roman Empire -- the existence of the wall forced the barbarians west.

## FECAL POINT

-- DAVE Vanderwerf

Fecal Point #5,783.6, a fanzine of news, reviews, reviews, New York ~~1144~~ propaganda, and typos, is slapped together at random intervals which correspond to twice a month as much as Ted White's views do to those of Chris Moskowitz, by Mac Milkinerney and ripe green whose address is known but to God, FISTFA, and Cindy Heap. It is published on the ZXCVBmimeograph. FECAL POINT is available for news, comments, trades, juicy gossip we can't print, or for \$20,000/libel suit. Our overseas agent is Nikita Khrushchev, Moscow, but he's changed addresses recently and left no forwarding address, and subs through him are pointless. This abortion has been a ReSon Press Publication, for TAPA mailing # 1, May 13, 1966, and you'll never take me alive, Alma Hill.

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WE HEAR from the management of Joe's Bookie Joint, in our negotiations for a special convention arrangement at the tracks, that his third cousin's sister-in-law, whose second husband runs a pizza joint 37 miles from Boston, that the Boston Convention Committee has not only lied to the hotel by telling them that they had exclusive pizza concession for 1967, but has also been seen drinking (as everyone knows, the Boston Committee has been all along pretending to be innocent and uncorrupted.) Of course, we are sure that there is a perfectly reasonable explanation for this story. (It's a lie, of course.)

ACE books has announced that, in June, it will publish THE ANDROID TENOR SAXOPHONE IN 2907 BC MEETS FRANKENSTEIN'S AVENGER, by Ted White. According to Ted, its original title was MA AND PA KETTLE AND THEIR ELECTRIC SWITCHBLADE, but Don Wollheim cut out all the in-group references to Santa Claus and the Easter Rabbit, stating, "We are not publishing to appeal to a small group," and changed the name to one more suitable for ACE. Ted also states that his next book will be submitted to John W. Campbell, Jr.

THE DEERVELLCON, attended by the editors, Claude Degler, and F. Towner Laney, was a rousing success. The program, which consisted of a pitched battle at the corner of 5th Avenue and 42nd Street, preceded by an acid-tasting party, lasted through the weekend of May 8. No plans have yet been announced for next year.

JRR TOLKIEN has been slapped with a \$20,000,000 suit for damages, says Skyrack, our well-known English counterpart. The plaintiff, Bilbo Baggins, claims that all of the books Tolkien has written were, in fact, written by him. Baggins, whose solicitors filed the suit last week, says he can produce old documents proving that the entire LOTR series is based on a number of historical documents handed down through the generations in his family. Mr. Baggins himself could not be reached for comment, due mainly to the inability of reporters to locate his claimed address anywhere in England or on the continent. Tolkien's representatives request that anyone having information on a town known as "Bag End" contact them immediately.

THE LATEST BIDDER for the 1967 Convention is Dismal Swamp, New Jersey. According to Sammi Cesspool, committee chairman, the sponsoring group is the Dismal Swamp Rocket Rangers Club, all of whose members are under 10. "We think that a new approach is what is needed," said Cesspool.

# GRAPHHEMICS

Harry Warner, Jr.  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown, Mc. 21740  
26 May 1966

I am grovelingly unhappy to be so slow about this LOC. Two issues of Twilight Zine have arrived, and the absence of a letter section in the earlier issue causes me to wonder if in a moment of aberration I might even have put the antepenultimet issue into the processed pile without writing. I am growing old, time is moving faster, the pile of unLOCed fanzines stands ten inches high, and I am searching for a standardized apology that could be duplicated and attached to each LOC until I catch up again.

To consider first the more recent issue, I welcomed the material on the earliest years of the MITSFS, in my capacity as a fannish historian. The manuscript for the first volume, covering the 1940's, is finally complete and you will find in it no big black headlines denoting the fact than the MIT group began during that decade. (I hope I'm a better historian than commentator on current events, since I have just perceived the fact that I'm really commenting on the older issue.) There are two reasons for this. One is that I've excluded from full treatment fannish phenomena that seem to belong to the 1950's or 1960's even if they technically emerged from chaos late in the 1940's. The other is that I didn't realize the exact year of the founding, on account of a previous historic item in a 1962 issue of The Twilight Zine in which the organization's start was put at 1950 to 1952, apparently through radiocarbon tests that dated the earliest minutes.

I might as well proceed with this 16th issue while I'm at it. As a Sir Walter Scott fan, I took particular pleasure in The Crossbows of Ratishof, which upholds the rapid action and nice attention to geographic detail which that novelist featured. I notice that James S. Dorr has shown commendable inventiveness, too, by the use of the mot juste in ways that Sir Walter overlooked. I don't remember offhand any place in the Waverley novels where the characters wait for debriefing, for instance.

Ah, micorfilming. In my wild youth, I once tried to promote such a deal too. However, I tried to do it the hard way, by correspondence-incited methods, and the object of my attention was not the deathless literature in Astounding but the illegible pages of contemporary fanzines. My thought was that some of these fanzines might disappear completely from the universe before many years went by, because of limited press runs, wartime paper drives, and the danger of fading hecto inks. The NFFF got interested in the idea and the project might have gotten under way if it hadn't been for those pesky little details -- we didn't have a camera or a reader or money enough for film or the knowhow to do the microfilming.

Something tells me that there is yet another reason why those British science fiction magazines didn't want their addresses known. When I was selling some science fiction, my agent placed a moderately good story in one of them and I'm still waiting on payment for it. On the other hand, I sometimes think that all the current worry about censorship of contemporary newsstand books and magazines could be solved quite simply by turning the address matter inside out. If the law required every publication to list the correct name and address of each writer represented, I suspect that the less

savoury sort of material would never get written: the writers simply wouldn't be able to stand the nuisance of visits by outraged parents and Sunday school teachers.

Now I'm really on the 17th issue for certain. You will undoubtedly receive many scoffing and shocked letters from Tolkien fans, wondering how you could have been naive enough to publish such an unnecessary article as Don Cochran's synopsis of the novels. But I read it with both interest and with regret that I hadn't benefitted from it before tackling the books. Of course, an intellectually agile person should prefer to untangle these matters from Tolkien's books themselves as he reads through them. But studying a map for a few minutes doesn't spoil the enjoyment of an unfamiliar area for me and frequently allows me to get quicker enjoyment from whatever attractions it offers.

The Open Mouth was both funny and saddening. Funny for the obvious reasons and saddening because it was too close to an accurate portrayal of how these things go. I've never heard one of these panel events yet on radio or television that didn't specialize in the obvious and the trivial, and those that have been on much-discussed matters rarely contained more than two sentences worth hearing.

I hope you people will not let the summer vacation deter you from transmitting good wishes to the Republic of the Upper Volta again in August on its sixth birthday. [But they never answered the first time. Shouldn't we skip a year, so they'll appreciate what they're missing? --CJS] Maybe I can persuade the people at my office to join in signing a similar message. The gesture of friendship could easily become nationwide and prove even more useful for world peace than our good will gestures in Viet Nam.

Sorry that I haven't been able to attend any of the clambakes in Boston about which you people have been faithfully sending me advance notices. New York is the furthest north I've yet penetrated despite the almost endless length of my existence, and I'd like to get to Boston at least once before the Revolutionary War bicentennial makes the area unfit for tourists.

The cover for the 17th issue looks vaguely familiar. But I can't figure out if this is because it's adapted from a still for some Hollywood epic, or because of the reclining figure just southeast of the 17, who looks remarkably like the lady who is on the facade of Hagertown's Colonial Theater. [Hmmm. Maybe colonists down in Maryland looked like that, but they'd never have gotten away with it in Boston. --CJS] If I could ever break away from fandom, I might spend all my spare time roaming around the country taking photographs of such features of older buildings before they all are destroyed in favor of the smoothfaced modern structures.

Thanks for such prolonged patience without even a threatening letter to chide me for the silence. I hope to do better in the future.

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#### Anglo-Saxon Attitude

There once was an indolent Viking,  
 Who found rowing not much to his liking;  
     So a union he set up  
     For those who were fed up.  
 We can all rest in peace now -- they're striking.

Bill Park  
631 Copley Road  
Upper Darby, Pa.  
19082  
22 May 1966

Many thanks for TZ 17. You have shamed me into squeezing out a little artwork.

Hurray for Dave Vanderwerf, who seems to be turning out Boskones for fun & profit.

Whatever happened to good ol' .

Phil Jacobs  
Paula Melsh.  
Leslie Turek  
etc.

Mona Dickson  
Gerry Clarke  
Cory Seidman

Dawn Friedell  
Ellen Bronstein  
Dave Vwerf

P.S. What are the rates for a subscription to the editors? Or is there a delivery problem in Philly?

Bill Park (this was written on the back of the what-have-you-done-for-  
8 June 1966 us-lately letter, sent out before we got Parks stuff)

The injustice of it all! I take it, from the flip side of this letter, that you didn't get the bag of cleverly-wrought & humbly-submitted artwork which I sent to you at 56 Linnaean Street about two or three weeks ago. Oh the pain! Very well, you asked for it -- here is another bagful.

How the hell is the nostalgic old gang of cool people at MITSFS, TEN, and parts of McCormick? Hello, Mona.

P.S. I'm at U. of Penn, unless the Draft Board gets excited, living at home (SOB), and working as a technician at Clifton Precision (don't get into a moon rocket, believe me.)

P.S. Your Return Address MITSFS Stamp Is ILLEGIBLE! HARRRUMPH!

/ / / / /

Douglas J. Hoylman, M.S.  
1304 N. Cherry  
Tucson, Arizona 85719  
9 June 1966

Congratulations on actually coming out four times in one year, but this is not unprecedented. In fact, the first eleven issues of TZ, from spring 1961 through fall 1963, i.e. through the editorships of Ravin and Morris, maintained the quarterly schedule without a hitch. In particular there were four issues during each of the years 1961-62 and 62-63, all produced by Bernie Morris (and his loyal staff consisting mostly of Ed Olsen and me). Anyway, keep up the good work.

Congratulations also to the new skinner, but what happened to the inviolable rule that officers of MIT activities must be MIT undergraduates? Has Truman's diploma been retroactively revoked? Or have you put someone else's name down as official president while Brown runs the show? (When Truman Brown was running for treasurer, the Society wits and halfwits had a field day. Ballots came in reading "Vote for Brown -- a tru man!", "Consumption" (that one took a while to figure out), "Eisenhower Gray," "Kennedy Blue", etc. Surprisingly nobody thought of Lincoln Green.)

More Harter! More Lewis! Fewer computer jokes! (It's enough you should have MIT in-jokes and fannish in-jokes and MITSFS in-jokes without adding another category, especially one I don't understand.) More Dorr! Yet more Harter! Boston in '67!

Suggestion: For the benefit of us old-timers, how about running a sort of MITSFS alumni bulletin as an occasional feature? Now, such compulsive letter-hacks as Dorr, Kuhfeld, and myself are easy enough to keep track of through the letter column, but occasionally I wonder where some of my contemporaries in the Society are now. What ever happened to, for example, Bernie and Anne Morris, Ed Olsen, Andy Campbell, Court Skinner, Fran Dyro, Pete and Natalie Shaw, Steve and Esther Portnoy, Jon Ravin, Jeff Speiser, and my apologies to anyone I've forgotten.

Enclosed, with luck, is another in my series on ways to waste time with word games. I am now working on, of all things, a science-fiction short story, which I may send your way eventually, that is if TZ is still publishing such things. [Admittedly, we seem to be emphasizing other things, but we always have room for good fiction--it's just that it's so rare! --LT]

Personal notes: As indicated above, I now have two more letters to stick after my name. I bought my way out of attending last week's commencement rites, and in retaliation the University hasn't got around to mailing my diploma yet. I'm teaching during the summer session, which starts tomorrow, also taking a reading course in German. If all goes well I should be at my present address, with occasional breaks, for the next two years, at the end of which time you may address me as "Doctor". (Or possibly "Private".)

Nomination for a Special Hugo for Ugliest Title of the Year: John Lymington's "Froomb!"

[The flood of nostalgia is overwhelming us. If we can corner some of the ancient oracles of the Society long enough to force them to reveal the fates and deeds of those members we never really knew, a page of thumbnail biographies may appear somewhere in this issue. --CJS]

Ned Brooks  
911 Briarfield Road  
Newport News, Va. 23605  
21 May 1966

TZ 17 is great as usual. [Gee, you say the sweetest things. --CJS] It has become almost completely a humor zine tho, and very difficult to comment on. I think I was wrong about having sent a loc on #15, I do have it but I think I got it after I got #16.

When I said in my letter in #17 that I liked your [ie. Mike Ward's] trade column idea and would try it, I didn't mean a trade column in TZ, but one in COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN! Don't you read your own letters? You suggested that a trade column for CB would be a good idea, so I started one in CB#5, which should be out in a couple of weeks. I think it's getting to you, your mind is failing...

The transcription of the "Open Mouth" program was good even though I had heard the tape. There's a small FM station here that broadcasts 1/2 hour of Goon Shows every Monday night -- unfortunately, they are so small that I can't pick them up well enough to tape the shows, or even understand them very well.

The Tolkien article was well done. In the poem where it asks "What brought they from the foundered land/Over the flowing sea" and replies "Seven stars and seven stones/And one white tree" it occurred to me to wonder just what the

"seven stars" were. I can't remember any mention of them other than this poem, but it has been several years since I last reread the trilogy. [I believe they are also pictured on the West-gate of Moria and on the banner sewn for Aragorn by Arwen, but I can't recall them turning up as actual objects, rather than mere symbols. --CJS]

You know, the more I think about it, the more I wish Boston could win the bid for the '67 con. [You do do our hearts good. --CJS] I've been to NY and Baltimore, and I lived in Syracuse once and wasn't impressed, but I've never seen Boston.

How did that gloomy thing of yours [Wards's --CJS], F.I.J.A.G.H., get in there? It was well written, but very depressing. Other than this though, the new editors have done as well as any of the old ones. And if they can really get it out quarterly, they will do considerably better!

f f f f f

Art Hayes  
P.O. Box 135

Hallucinations:-

Matatchewan  
Ontario; Canada  
June 13, 1966

Can't find anything that is of any business of mine to stick my nose into and comment on this issue. Enjoyed Tom Swift story, and the description of the political shennanigans of the MITSFS. Even the James Bond parody was good. (My tastes are going to hades these days.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Harry Warner, Jr.  
June 20, 1966

Your computer in charge of predicting reader response will have some explaining to do about me. I let two issues of Twilight Zine arrive before I write belatedly on both of them and then probably I send the loc to the wrong address since your checkmarks on the 18th issue provide no recognition of its existence. ((But see earlier in this lettercol. By the way, for those of you who may be wondering about the sudden change in indications of end-of-letter and editorial comment, TEN's Selectric needs dental work and so we are deprived of our special symbols. Sniff. -- CJS)) Then I write less than two weeks after the arrival of the latest issue, which is excellent in its way but has fewer comment hooks than the preceding two. This is not meant to strain the 5,000 high-voltage oil-filled paper capacitors in your computer but is part of a last desperate effort to prove that I am human. ((We know you must be human -- you have a distinctly ungodly (((unghodly?))) weakness for TZ --CJS))

Richard Harter has just made the first tentative efforts at what could be a complete philosophical weltanschauung based on the queuing theory. You will notice, for instance, how neatly it provides a parallel to the mathematics of dimensions. If one man is a point, insignificantly minute because there are a couple of other billion points just like him elsewhere on earth, the instant you create a queue, man takes on a new dimension because he becomes a line, and most of the queues that I have entered stretch out to infinity just like the theoretical lines we used to read about. I imagine that the new step in man's evolution will come when the line of the queue becomes for the first time a plane, either because of a dramatic new mental or physical dimension simultaneously achieved by all the participants, or because the nuclear war has just occurred and everyone is stretched out dead who had been standing in the queue.



He might also have begun the important task of assembling all the references to queues in great literature. I remember, without looking it up, one ~~glib~~ line in Macbeth as something like: "What, will the line stretch out unto the crack of doom?" Apparently Milton was commenting on that scene when he muttered: "They also serve who only stand and wait." The thing has even found its way into political literature; there was a famous polemic by a French author whose title is generally translated into English as "Jack Queues."

I think you made a slight mistake in the Fortranish version of the old story. As I remember it, Maria bear said: "Somebody's been sleeping in my porridge." ((Not in Boston, she didn't. --CJS))

Sometimes I think that the one true and infallible test of the antique fans, one that would automatically qualify them for First Fandon, would be the experience of having read the real Tom Swift books and having taken them seriously when a kid. I fall into this unbelievable experience pattern. Tom Swift novels have suffered the same fate as Al Ashley: everyone enjoys so much the modern notion of what they're like that their continued existence is ignored in favor of the mental concept. It's been a long time since I tried to re-read a Tom Swift novel from start to finish, but I remember them as somewhat better written than the average boys' books of the era, certainly better from the plotting standpoint than most of the early prozine stories that I was reading at the same time in the 1930's. They disappointed me mainly because they were too conservative in the science fiction element: there was usually just one copy of the wonderful invention or the fantastic new process was known only to a group of a half-dozen or so people. The magazine stories generally threw marvels at you on almost every page and introduced entire worlds of fantasy.

The note about the telephone in Mrs. Eddy's grave was surprising. Somewhere in the Boston area there must be a sadly overworked telephone workman, the one who gets the job of doing the digging every time it's necessary to distribute the new telephone directory or to make mechanical changes for such things as direct distance dialing. ((Not if the gravediggers' union can help it. -- CJS)) I assume that the business office has special instructions about the futility of attempting to sell this customer on the benefit of an extension telephone to save steps.

One thing that I probably omitted from my previous loc was how much pleasure I got from the defunct, denatured, and similar stuff that James Suhrer Dorr mentions in the latter section. I know I forgot it, in fact, because I had fully intended to remind you of an extremely logical one that I didn't find listed: the manner in which a writer of music who dies immediately begins to decompose.

There better hadn't be 42 ballots on the convention site during the Tricon. I want to attend that worldcon but it will be necessary for me to leave somewhat early because of work commitments and the necessity of walking out during a 37th ballot would set up stresses and strains that might finally unhinge me completely. You realize that Highmore might be shunned for ever in the future as a potential worldcon site, if it wins the 1967 event and upsets the rotation plan.

The front cover's very intriguing. The young lady's garment might serve as a useful Rohrschacht test tool, if other persons can find in it as many suggestive lines and curves that inspire as many imaginative notions as I do.

Doug Hoylman

20 June 1966

Dear Leslie and Cory (Now there's a pair of ambiguous names! Whatever happened to the good old-fashioned sort of name which indicated the gender of its possessor? Is it true that those What-to-Name-the-Baby booklets are no longer divided into boys' names and girls' names? Who else do you know who can stretch a salutation into a paragraph?)

Just got TZ#17, and as usual am putting off writing my LoC until the first minute. So what's the coverillo, an architect's sketch of the next Congressional office building? No explanation, not even an art credit. ((Well, it started about a week before TZ#17 was sworn to come out, when we were moaning about in the abysses of despair without an even conceivable coverillo to our name. Off we went to drown our sorrows in Kens sandwiches, cheese omelets, etc. (((Note to the non-cognoscenti: Kens is one of the few Boston restaurants that is not closed by midnight along with the rest of the city. The food is even good. --CJS))) But alas! for it did not avail. We remained in a state of downcast, even until they Leslie! I cried, in an bravado. Why could we one of these noble repro- (((Or words to that ef- she took me seriously.



I see the Society out of M. Wassermann's Volta's a great country; ever happened to Lower Or Upper Slobbovia?

great sorrow, with our eyes rested on out placemats. extremity of foolhardy not, shall we say, swipe ductions of great art? fect.))) To my horror, And so was born a legend.))

is getting lots of mileage belle lettre. But Upper it's got potential. What-Volta? Or Inner Mongolia?

The MITSFS meetings, at any rate, don't seem to have changed. It might be amusing to print excerpts from the old minutes of long ago. Then again, it might not. Come to think of it, I was the one who moved to prevent Court Skinner from reading ancient minutes during meetings.

Cochran's article looks like an abridged version of Tolkien's appendices, and I'm glad that I've already read LotR (twice), or this piece would have put me off forever.

Though naturally I'm prejudiced in favor of Boston in '67 (and a fat lot of good it does you, since I'm not going to Cleveland) ((Hypnotize your friends. --CJS)), one must admit that objectively there doesn't seem much reason to prefer any of the four cities. They're equally easy to get to, all interesting places to visit (I'm not sure what charms Syracuse has to offer, but doubtless the Chamber of Commerce can tell me), and all the committees are experienced. Has anybody thought of following this year's precedent and holding a Tetracon? ((But Boston has such nice people -- no member of the Boston committee has ever caused the breakup of anyone's marriage or vice versa. Can any other city make that claim? --CJS))

The panel discussion was most enlightening, and I'm sure that I shall now be able to read Koestler with new insight. Where can I buy Apple Gunkies? ((Try calling WTBS, 617-868-9827. It may not get you anything, but it will give them their just deserts for inventing the things -- call collect. --CJS))

Was ist das TAPA? ((Das TAPA ist das Technology Amateur Press Association. It is like any APA, only less so. It is good for learning about Egyptians, telephone books, and submarine hull markings. Or something. --CJS))  
 Was ist das Mitigator? ((Das Mitigator ist ein Mike Ward-production. It was originally designed to mitigate the spaces between TZ's, until Yeds set themselves to eliminating the spaces. An occasional subset of TAPA, it specializes in news articles, which Ward dreams up himself and occasionally manages to make come true. --CJS))

Mr. Ellis, the name of the team is not the ~~Willy Makee~~ Atlanta Braves, but the ~~Boston Willy Makee~~ Atlanta Braves. For more about Roger Babson and gravity, see Martin Gardner's Fads and Fallacies. (Intriguing Freudian type; I first wrote "Fans.")

The list of Hugo nominations in my letter was made out before I got the official ballot, so I didn't know about the series award. I put down Cordwainer Smith's on the ballot, but I didn't realize till later that LotR was technically eligible, so that will be my vote on the final ballow. (But not for best novel. You can't have your lenbas and eat it too.)

The thing about forming a new sect was that you can be exempted from commons on religious grounds, as Orthodox Jews often are. In fact, nothing served on commons is kosher, for the simple reason that the place where kosher food is prepared must be clean.

Leftover comment on #18. I'm sure somebody has pointed out by now that when Pierre adapted his puzzle he overlooked the cross-references. As a result I couldn't finish it, which was annoying.

Re Dorr's letter: Yes, Tablecomm was officially disbanded, in fact it was retroactively abolished. Minicult, for the unenlightened, is not the religion practiced in Lilliput, but an abbreviation for Ministry of Culture, which was a classification for all those curious and edifying bits of information (e.g. the proper Zip Code for letters to Santa Claus) which Society members felt impelled to pass on to the others. It was chaired by Norm Humer for a while, but soon became the province of all who cared to use it. If it's not still being carried on, it should be. ((It is, occasionally supplemented by Microcult, Picocult, and Fertocult. --CJS))

Re Dorr's other letter: I'm afraid I don't see how Will Shakespeare qualifies for a Best All-Time Series Hugo. Although he wrote several series (about people named Richard and Henry), a few fantasies (among which we must include Hamlet and Macbeth), and even, according to Norman N. Holland, one work of science fiction (no, child, not The Merchant of Venus, but The Tempest, which Prof. Holland claims was made into a movie under the title Forbidden Planet), I don't believe that he ever wrote a fantasy series. ((Aha! but what about the witchcraft of Joan of Arc in Henry VI, the ghosts of his victims in Richard III, and random prophecies all over? --CJS))

I will not be going to the Westercon. There is a University-sponsored tour of the Grand Canyon that same weekend and this may be my only chance to see it. ((We received a postcard dated 7/2/66: Do you know that if you put the entire population of the U.S. into the Grand Canyon -- it would look just like Independence Day weekend? Happy birthday. (Mine.)) (After all, I spent four years in Boston without ever visiting New York.)

Douglas J. Hoylman, M.S.  
17 July 1965

Enclosed are a couple more samples of what I spent a dull weekend doing. Don't spend it all in one place -- I may not be bitten by the Muse (is that a mixed metaphor?) again for many a moon.

Although I am working on one rather wild idea -- a tourist guide to Middle-Earth. You wouldn't recognize the place today: the East Road is now a freeway, Mirkwood is a national park, and you can buy souvenir models of the Rings of Power, made in Japan. ((And we always thought the orcish types were all defeated. -- CJS))

Where is Middle-Earth these days? Current speculation, you know, is that Atlantis was not in the Atlantic Ocean, but in the Mediterranean Sea. And Mediterranean means -- aha! Of course, Middle-Earth as depicted in maps has a much larger area than the present Mediterranean, which simply means that Europe and Africa were once much farther apart, thus confirming the theory of continental drift. Or perhaps only a part of Middle-Earth was submerged, and the rest became the modern Europe and Africa. ((Seems to me it was only Numenor (= Atlantis) and places like Gondolin that sank. The Shire, e.g., is now western England. --CJS))

On the other hand, there is evidence that Mark Twain visited Middle-Earth less than a century ago. In his article "The Curious Republic of Gondour" (odd that Twain should use the British spelling and Tolkien the American), he describes a political experiment carried out in that country, in which each citizen was allotted a number of votes directly proportional to his education and wealth.

George Phillies  
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It is to be hoped that everything is going well, or thereabouts. How is the index coming? ~~What has the good Dean Wedleigh~~ (or whoever is handling the problem) done? (In the sense, (does the Society still exist?)) Alternately, who is still there? My calculations show that we started the Summer with Truman Brown, ARLewis, Suford, Udin-prime (alias Sue Boimel), Cory, Leslie, DAVanderwerf, Hither and Yon, etc. Are any of you still There? ((No, this zine is being put out by a bunch of ectoplasmic nonentities. --CJS)) More important, did our good friends\* in Inscomm get rid of you all? (If yes, did you replace you-all with me in the various offices? (Preferably not))

Those of you who read the book reviews may have heard of a book THE GENOCIDES by Droste. I tried to get it for my birthday. Well anyhow, you may remember a reviewer griping about the fact that the book company didn't give review copies. To quote the note received: Dear Mrs. Phillies (it was to my mother) We are unable to fulfill your order for THE GENOCIDES. To get the book you must order from: Sitshuff, Leiden, the Netherlands; according to Oceana publications it is available in no other way."

I will be in the Boston region around the third or fourth week of August; my brother is taking a tour of local colleges. (Yes, I do have a family. Rumours that I am an especial gift of God to mankind should not be taken too literally.)

\* cf the Hungarian 'barat' friend, w/especial reference to the proverb "With a Hungarian for a friend, who needs enemies." Note also the English and Russian words 'brat' and 'брат', of essentially identical meaning. Note also the Greek φιλος (filos), and compare Phillies.

# WHATEVER HAPPENED TO GOOD OL'...

by DAVE Vanderwerf as told to Leslie  
Turek and typed by Cory Seidman

~~BERNIE~~ MORRIS is at Brown (one of the first of our nation's institutions of higher learning to recognize Machinist languages) studying Physics And where goeth Bernie, theresoever goeth DOOLEY.

ED OLSEN is at Caltech being miserable and studying Physics.

L. ANDREW CAMPBELL is studying Math at Princeton and is reputed to have put in an appearance at Boskone I.

L. COURT SKINNER has disappeared from the ken of the Society, not to mention that of mortal men.

FRANNY DYRO is trudging unhappily through med school in Baltimore. She spends summers working at Wood's Hole and occassionally appearing in the precincts of the Society. She seems to be as healthy as ever.

PETE AND NATALIE SHAW have disappeared into the teeming masses of California somewhere in the vicinity of Stanford, as have SKEVE AND ESSO PORTENOY.

JON RAVIN is working under Harter at NASA. We know because Harter (an alumnus of South Dakota State College) gloats about it all the time.

JEFF SPEISER appears occassionally, only to vanish again to some such location as California. If you noticed page 6, he (or some alter ego thereof) is apparantly in the process of being eaten/carried off/generally mistreated by some dread menace or another.

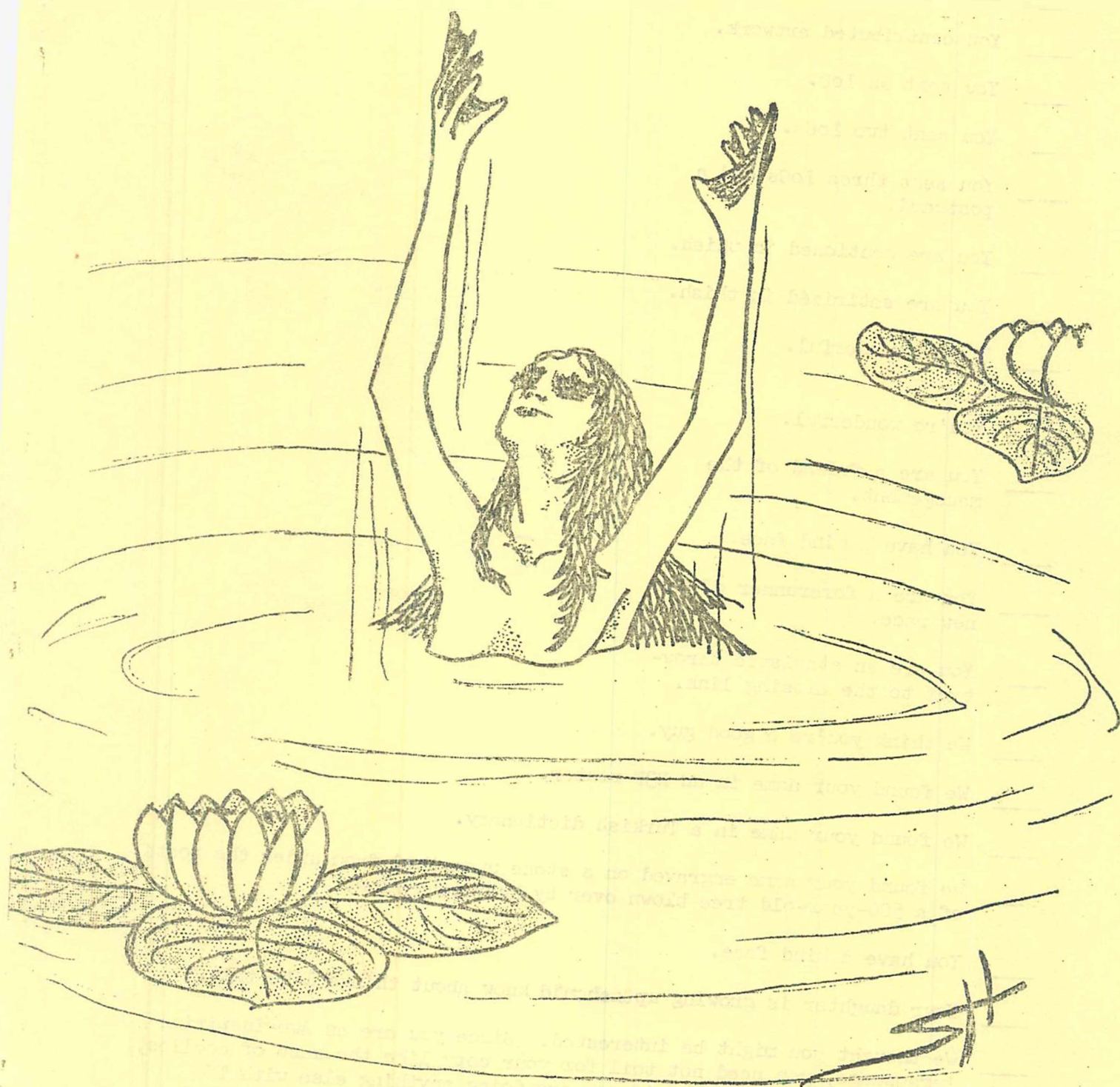
PHIL JACOBS AND MELSH are married. Since the MIT Chemistry Department feels kind of funny about accepted MIT Chemistry undergrads as grad students, he has slipped into textile technology, she is continuing with chemistry at Tufts.

GERRY CLARKE is living in a Post Office Box and his location is known but to a select few.

DAWN FRIEDEL is Physics gradstudenting at MIT, also working there summers.

DAVE VANDERWERF is working for the Service Bureau Corporation (a subsidiary of IBM) and spends his time putting on conventions and contemplating libel suits.

LESLIE-AND-CORY have gone hyphenated to put out this zine. Separately we continue our Radcliffe carreers in Physics and Linguistics respectively.





YOU ARE GETTING THISH BECAUSE:

— You contributed an article.

— You contributed artwork.

— You sent an LoC.

— You sent two LoCs.

— You sent three LoCs and a postcard.

— You are mentioned in thish.

— You are satirized in thish.

— You're wonderful.

— You're wonderful.

— You are a friend of the management.

— You have a kind face.

— You are a forerunner of the new race.

— You are an atavistic throw-back to the missing link.

— We think you're a good guy.

— We found your name in an N3F roster.

— We found your name in a Turkish dictionary.

— We found your name engraved on a stone unearthed from under the roots of a 500-year-old tree blown over by Hurricane Alma.

— You have a kind face.

— Your daughter is growing up & should know about things like this.

— We thought you might be interested. Since you are an Awe-inspiring Personnage, you need not toil for your copy like the mass of coolies, but we would like a note if you are doing anything else with TZ besides throwing it into the wastepaper basket.

— We have been very patient and forbearing, but this is your last ish unless you do something to earn your keep.

— You paid.

