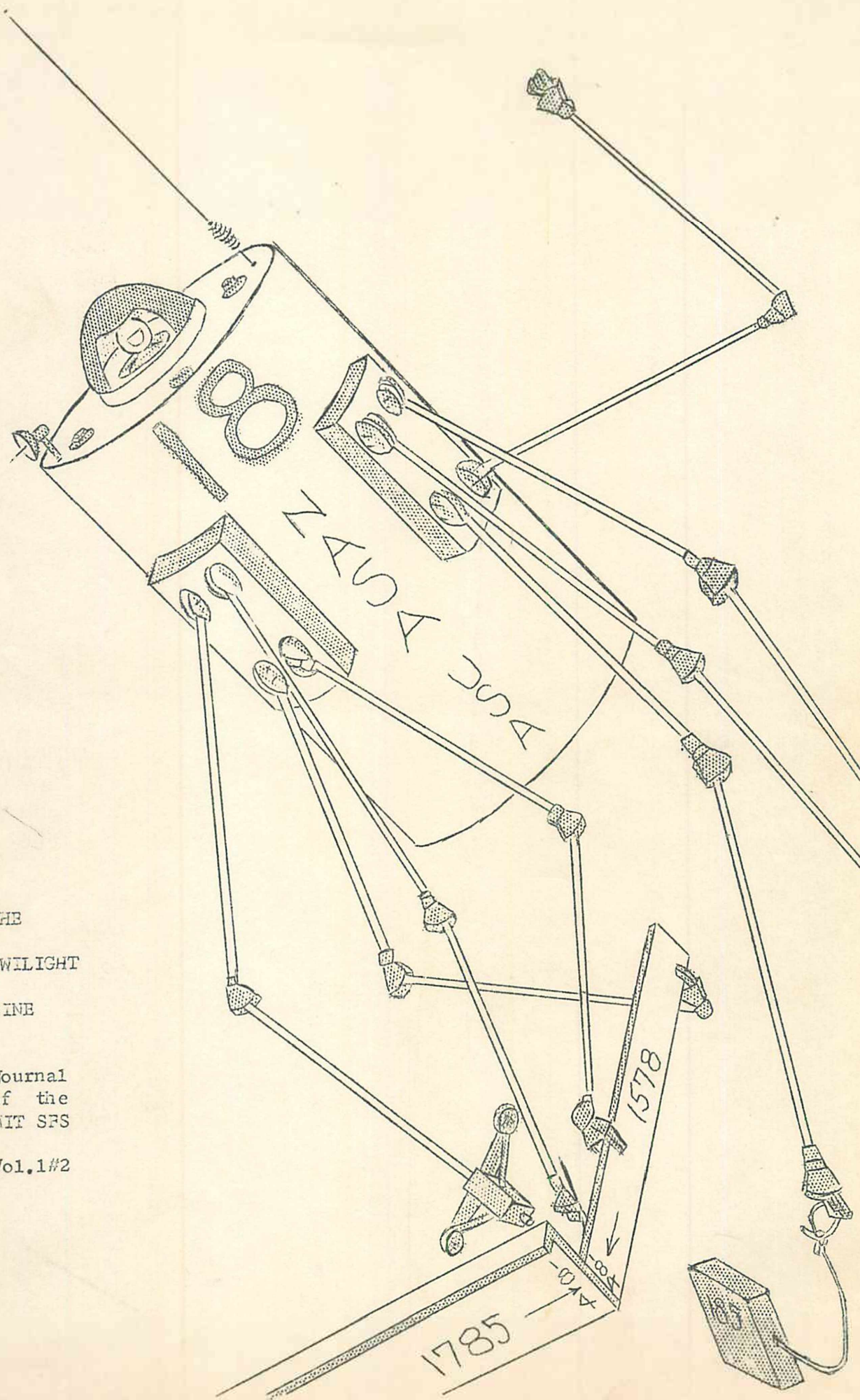


THE
TWILIGHT
ZINE

Journal
of the
MIT SFS

Vol.1#2



THE TWILIGHT ZINE

WE'RE NOT fans, we just read the stuff.

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Meetings of the Society are held every Friday school is in session in room 1-236. You are all welcome at any meeting; they're open to the public. Drop around, if you're in the Boston area.

STARK

A

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MAD

TERRA
DELEND A [ST
FOOD

THE EDITOR SPEAKS (TO)
ALL WHO ARE FOOL ENOUGH
TO LISTEN - BY JON KAVIN

FOR MEMBERS

Dolts!
Clods!
Fools!

You wanted a Journal. That's what you said, anyway. You said you wanted to follow up Uncle Hugo's suggestion and publish a magazine. Fine! Wonderful! Well, then, why the Hell don't you write for your magazine?

For the first issue 8 members gave me material, and 5 had their stuff used. That's pretty good for the first time around. But for this--the only person to submit anything was Lewis, and that was unusable. It seems that Tony suffers from the same fault as me--lack of talent. But at least he tried; and that's the important thing. I had to dun Jim Beetem for the cover, which he did, and he is not even a member, because the members would not do anything. Why don't some of you try harder in the future?

Most of you will have plenty of time over vacation.

You don't have to write sf stories, you know, you could write on whatever interests you. See AJ Budrys' 2nd letter in the let-

FOR NON-MEMBERS:

First, a short ~~threax~~ notice: the Society can't afford to mail out an ∞ number of TZ's. Therefore, I am sorry to say, anyone who receives a copy of this and fails to (at the very minimum) send me a short note letting me know that he still exists will be removed from our mailing list. I'm sorry about this, but, as many of you do not have to be told, the paper and postage for a zine can run into quite a lot of \$, and the Society is not THAT rich.

I would, of course, prefer contributions, L O C's, and trades, in that order of preference.

One of the cards I received in the mail was from Don Wollheim. Among his comments was the following: "An interesting, though overly sober fanzine..." From what I've seen of other fmz, this is true. The reason, of course, is the make-up of the Society--out of 50 members, only two (Sarill & Norwood) are fans, and about 5 others (including me) are at all familiar with the idea. (My first contact was Sarill, and then Fancy II.) The rest of the SFS are mostly readers, some of whom arch their backs and claw for the eyes whenever fandom is mentioned. These are, as you

FOR MEMBERS (CONT.)	FOR NON-MEMBERS (CONT.)
<p>ter section, wherein he talks about fanzines.</p> <p>Try won't you? You know, you might be surprised to see what you could write.</p> <p>Pretty please?</p>	<p>might guess, not interested in fan-nish things. I hope Bill's article will help educate them a bit, so I can run some fannish pieces; after all, I edit <u>TZ</u> for the Science Fiction Society of the Most Glorious M. I. of T., and NOT for myself.</p>

Whew! I'm glad that's over. Now that I've got all that off my chest, I can turn to various other things.

Out of the five fmz I received in trade for TZ #1, Speculative Review (Dick Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, W.Va., --3 for 25¢) would probably be of most interest to SFS members. Spec Review is just that--reviews of current mags and books. The issue I have on hand (Vol. 3 #1) is 17 pages, divided into three parts. The first is entitled "Conversation Piece 5" and is an imaginary (I hope) conversation about sf, psi and Campbell. Need I say more? The second part (or part, as they say in Bahstin) is Bill Evans' "By the Dim and Flaring Lamps", an 8 page review of four recent issues of William, four of the Astounding-Analog complex (He still likes ASF&F, by the way. I do, too. I think we're all alone out here in the cold and gloom.). He then spends some two pages on Galaxy (mostly Drunkard's Walk), Amazing and Fantastic. The issue is closed out with a good-sized lettercol.

The Pasadena branch of the Institute of Technology, Caltech, also has fans. (Aww...the poor thing.) At least three of them. Lyn Hardy, Larry McCombs and Steve Tolliver sent me something called Gaul. (Their address is Lloyd House, Caltech, Pasadena, Calif.) This, too, is a first issue. I wonder how they heard of us? I didn't send them a copy of TZ. Psi, maybe? Oh, well....

The best part of this was the account of rocketeering in the long, heavily waxed, reinforced concrete halls of Lloyd House, which seems to be a Fourth Floor Conner on wheels. It seems that their furniture has those little metal tips on the ends of the legs...

Oh, you guessed! Well, to make a long story short, they are now working on multiple stage vehicles with tandem first stages, and they're getting 100 feet or better range. Sounds like a lot of fun. We'll have to try it sometime. That is, unless we hold the David Wakeman Memorial Riot this spring.

Bright and early one mid-February morning, I dragged myself down to my mailbox to see whether my parents had sent me a good (\$100) or a poor (\$50) letter. Was I surprised to see a copy of dubious in my box instead! (I'll say. I was expecting the \$100.) This was sent me by someone who calls himself "A. J. Budrys... a churl". A very entertaining and humorous 16 pages. I wish I could write half as well as this guy. (See the lettercol for A.J.'s address.) That's about all I can say about this, except to quote the last line: "What a lousy way to run a railroad." Lots of fun.

Another zine I received in trade for TZ was a copy of Void.

(Ted White; 107 Christopher St., N.Y.C. 14, N.Y.) This, the 23rd issue, was a special issue--theWillish--33 pages devoted to one Walter A. Willis. Walt, from Northern Ireland, is one of the biggest of the Big Name Fans (reputationwise, not girthwise), and a talented writer, judging from the samples of his work in this zine. He writes in a relaxed, off-beat style that is very witty and humorous. A warning, however: he leans towards horrid puns! But they're good horrid puns.

And now we come to what I can only call a monsterzine--Habakkuk. (Bill Donaho, 1441-8th St., Berkeley 10, Calif.-50¢ each, and well worth it.) I got a copy of #5 from Bill--115 pages! I feel pretty good about this four-for-one trade--my 28 pages for his 115.

The reactionary group in the Society would no doubt abhor Habakkuk, for the only mention of sf in this is a cartoon: "It--it's all over between us. He's turned square, gone back to God, his motner, his country and science fiction." There's no doubt in my mind, however, that this is the best of the fmz I've received to date; it's certainly the most arguable.

Habakkuk is devoted mostly to social commentary and the contemporary scene. Ray Nelson's article, "War Baby", touches on a good many topics--WWII; its comic book characters, i.e. Wonder Woman, the Claw, and others; Mickey Spillane; etc. "The Code of Juvie", by Dick Ellington, is a piece showing the "chivalry" and "honor" of JD's in a certain area of NYC. Frankly, I don't believe some of the statements he makes, but then I don't know that much about the subject. "A Fable", by Rich Brown, and "I Want to Make This Clear", by Jerry DeMuth, are sharp commentary on the present social and political scenes, respectively, and are well done. There are many other short pieces in this, but I'll be damned if I'm going to tell you about all of them--we can't afford to tack on another 352 pages.

The major piece in this is a 28 page (!) article by Art Castillo, who displays that well-known natural phenomenon, 20-20 hindsight. "The Theory and Practice of Doublethink" displays much obvious intellect; it's a shame it was wasted on such a sick person.

All in all, a most interesting zine.

RANDOM NOTES:

For all the criticism we've been giving Tablecomm the past few months, we must admit that they get things done, no?

Next issue will feature (I hope) a long article by Isaac Asimov, and a near infinite one by Hal Clement. The Clement piece will be a transcription of a tape of the meeting of April 14, which Mr. Clement will attend as the Society's guest.

If you can't make it to the meeting, why not send me any questions you'd like to have put to him, and I'll try to work them in. Last ye ar, a similar meeting lasted more than three hours, and was immensely enjoyed by all.

CONCRETE SCIENCE FICTION

AN ADDRESS BY

HUGO GERNSBACK

Before the

Eastern Science Fiction Association

March 12, 1961

Once upon a space-time--long before the Atomic and the Sputnik Ages--when life was serene and, according to Einstein, relatively uncomplex--there was only one kind of Science Fiction. Just the ordinary garden variety of scientific Science Fiction. Then, like atomic fission, science fiction began to proliferate into a chain reaction and we witnessed such mutations as (to name only a few): Pseudo-Science Fiction, Fantasy-Science Fiction, Sexy Science Fiction, Fairytale Science Fiction, and, lately--believe it or not--even Computer (i.e., Analog) Science Fiction.

All this grieves me no end and, frankly, it makes me intensely jealous. Because I, too, am responsible for a rather unpublicized branch of offshoot science fiction, and I am not exactly a Johnny-come-lately, either! Indeed, I started it all in 1908, secretly or, if you wish, under cover. Fearing ridicule or, worse, exposure, I imported a young emigrant from Mars whom I christened Fips. In exchange he allowed me to write under the pseudonym of Fips, office boy in my first publication, MODERN ELECTRICS. Here Fips presided as the know-it-all, brash editor of "The Wireless Screech." The name Fips, incidentally, was borrowed from the then hilarious cartoon personality, featured in German books, newspapers and magazines as "Fips, der Affe" (Fips, the Monkey).

As its German counterpart, the American Fips soon became famous, too, for his scientific exploits and monkeyshines.

In the December 1908 issue of the "Screech," Fips had a lengthy dispatch entitled: "Wireless on Saturn" (the word Radio was then unknown). In the February 1909 issue, he had an elaborate story: "Wireless on Mars" and the latest inventions from there, such as: The Interplanetarian Remembering Co.; the Telewhirtransport (Energy via Radio); the Interplanetarian Wireless Food Co., which supplies you with sandwiches and other food via radio, while you walk down the street. Fips also reported the Company's early troubles, as when "a subscriber got hot under the collar upon receiving coffee mixed with chopped pickles, or buckwheat cakes soaked in Worcestershire sauce."

In the June 1910 issue of MODERN ELECTRICS, Fips came up with his now celebrated "Ultra Electronicity," a reversed electricity, where you wrap wire around cotton thread, ultra-insulating the thread. If you now make an electromagnet by such unorthodox means, it repels iron instead of attracting it and instead of heating the coil, it freezes! This caused the staid radio amateur magazine, Q.S.T., to label Fips' invention as "Contrapolar Electricity," some years later.

In his more mature years, Fips graduated into his notorious April Fool exploits, his first appearing in the May 1933 issue of RADIO-CRAFT magazine. Fips had taken on for the occasion a new appendage: his full name then read Ulysses Fips.

His first concrete venture was the 1933 7-tube Superhetero-ultradyn Westing-Mouse Vest-pocket Receiver! Now you must understand that in 1933 there could not possibly have existed a vest-pocket radio, because a single radio tube then was bigger than today's vest-pocket transistor radio.

But Fips wanted to show how the future vest-pocket radio would look. So he built an actual mock-up and gave all the technical details, too. Instead of the non-existing miniature radio tubes, he used existing tiny electric pilot lights less than an inch high. There was a miniature loudspeaker, too. The entire radio was as high as a small pocket watch and the mock-up, held in the hollow of the hand, looked highly realistic, although another photograph showing the miniature tube between thumb and forefinger even had a clear label marked APR1!

When the magazine hit the newsstands and reached the subscribers, the fun began. The Westinghouse people received hundreds of orders for the non-existing vestpocket radio--even cable orders from abroad. They wrote us an irate letter and forbade us to use a parody of their corporate name thereafter--or else!

Did the readers of that article see the often repeated word Westing-Mouse? No. If they did, they thought it was a misprint. Did they read the last paragraph of the story, which explain that the whole thing was an April Fool joke? No. Such unfortunately, is the mistaken power of the printed word. Too many readers skip over the contents of an article or story and retain only what they are interested in.

Many, often hundreds, of the hoaxed readers write in for more information on our April Fool articles year after year. We patiently point out to them that the article is a relative hoax only in time, that the whole project was conceived purely as a realistic forecast showing what is ahead and coming in the art.

A goodly percentage of Mohammed Ulysses Fips'--his full name nowadays--April Fool forecasts are no longer foolish. Indeed they are prosaically commonplace.

The April 1946 "Radio Pen," hilarious at the time, has long since been realized. At the time it was a sensation, being reported as a reality even by several European technical radio magazines. A Communist newspaper of Grenoble(France) even chided America for its "decadence" in producing such silly capitalistic gadgets.

Later in 1946, General David Sarnoff, head of RCA, sitting next to me at a speaker's table at an affair in New York, had a double take when I pulled the mock-up from my pocket and showed it to him. Much surprised, he asked: "Does it work?" "No," I winked at him, "not yet!" He laughed and quipped: "It's much too big, anyway!" That prophetic remark is certainly true today. A very efficient transistor radio has been made less than half as big as a fountain pen! It was made by the Radio Corporation of America in 1958 as a demonstration model for its stockholders.

In his April 1947 hoax, Fips described in great detail as well as actual mock-up his Crystron Perpetual Label Radio. In this exploit he was only a short year ahead of the revolutionary transistor, which made its world debut in 1948. The crystron, which used a "Columbite" crystal, had, like its successor, the transistor, three connections, but went one step further by featuring a radio isotope on its catwhisker end that energized the crystron. Thus it became perpetual in a way, because it used no batteries or other outside electric power.

Fips had a close shave with his 1952 RADIO-ELECTRONICS April Fool exploit, the "Noise Neutralizer." He explained the "dead-beat" heterodyning principle and then proceeded to show how noise, i.e., sound waves, could be neutralized so that offices and factories could be free from all noise. His mock-ups, complete with resonance tubes and amplifiers, explained how the noise-killer worked.

This one became an actuality within some 14 months. The Radio Corporation of America announced its electronic Noise Eliminator to be installed near commercial lathes. The project was conducted by Dr. Harry F. Olson, who also made use of the heterodyning principle. Needless to say, Fips knew nothing of Dr. Olson's research at the time. He had never met him.

There was also, in the April 1951 issue of RADIO-ELECTRONICS, "The Hypnotron," which put you to sleep electronically. This one was realized in 1960 by Dr. Lee Salk, who is also the brother of Dr. Jonas Salk of polio vaccine fame.

Dr. Salk's Securitone works on a principle similar to that of Fips' Hypnotron. It is used chiefly with newborn infants who are put to sleep listening to a simulated sound of their mothers' heartbeat.

If you are still interested in what is ahead, here is a short catalog of other Fips April forecasts that have yet to be realized: 1954: Cosmic Generator; 1955: Silent Sound; 1956: Cordless Radio Iron; 1957: The Lumistron; 1958: The Transistom; 1959: Ultra Steered Stereo; 1960: Paperthin Radio; and 1961: 30 Day LP Record--this one incidentally will be on the newsstands on March 16th.

You will have noted from the examples of Concrete Science Fiction which I have related, that we have here to do with a distinct branch of science fiction which is most unusual because it is technically planned ahead with an almost certain future, not just the written word, but with the addition of concrete, solid structures, or, if you will, three-dimensional technical designs. Fiction, yes, but fiction with a purpose, which in all probability will become reality one day.

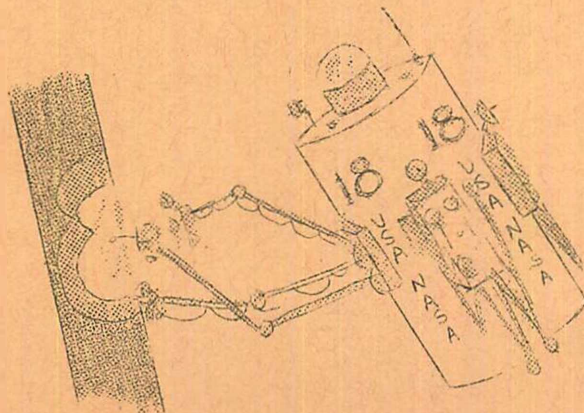
That is not all, by any means. There are a number of other features which I consider most important. Is there any good reason why authors of future concrete Science Fiction should not make mock-ups of their new ideas and sell the models to their publishers? This certainly would enhance the value of their stories and make them far more acceptable, if the idea or ideas outlined in them are practical and of future use. Far more important, however, is a proposal I made some years ago.

Let the science fiction interests organize and petition Congress in enacting a new law whereby the Patent Office would patent practical technical ideas. Often such ideas are most valuable to our country, even if they are ahead of the times. Take Jules Verne's submarine. It could have been patented when Verne conceived it and might have been realized sooner, had technicians all over the world known about it.

The thought of patenting scientific and technical ideas is not too far-fetched, if we consider that we have design-patents and that not too many years ago the Patent Office began awarding patents on new varieties of plants, flowers and fruits.

While it is true that any science fiction story can be copy-right, this, however, gives the author no protection whatsoever if later someone manufactures the device as outlined in his story.

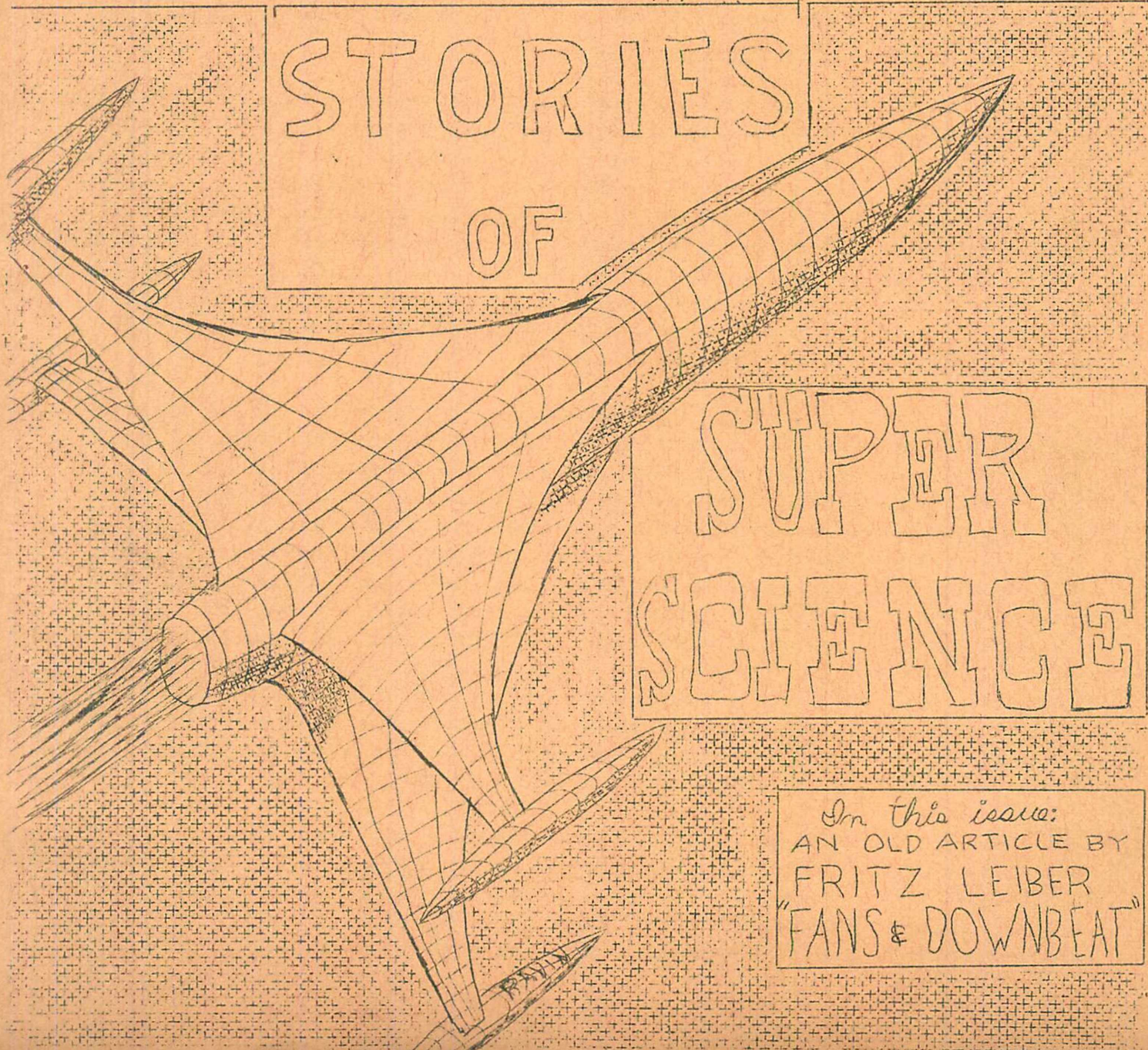
Concrete science fiction projects should be patented. The U.S. should protect its writer-inventors.



DOWN BEAT

STORIES
OF

SUPER
SCIENCE



In this issue:
AN OLD ARTICLE BY
FRITZ LEIBER
"FANS & DOWNBEAT"

FANS AND DOWNBEAT

by

FRITZ LEIBER

c 1960 by F. Leiber, Reprinted
from Shaggy #43 by permission
of F. Leiber, Al Lewis, and
Bill Sarill

I'm going to reveal a great idea for a chain of magazines to have the theme word downbeat. This is for the sake of the authors. You know authors are always being told to write upbeat and uplift stories and they really want to write these morbid, dreadful, psychoanalytic, psychiatric, downbeat stories. I think it would be nice, for the authors if no one else, to have Downbeat Science Fiction, Downbeat Mystery, Downbeat Sex....

Now, incidently, while we are on this downbeat theme, I want to tell you that I've been looking at you all very carefully wherever I go, studying you for signs of morbidity, (I don't mean just an interest in monsters, but more the moribund kind of morbidity.) to see if you look sort of greenish or poisoned. Now the reason for this is that according to some prognostications, science fiction is half dead, magazines cut in half, practically, in the last year, and we hear people asking, "Is this the end of science fiction?" I figure if it is, the practitioners and enthusiasts ought to be showing the signs of it, and I don't see any, and I don't expect to see any, because I think that this whole question of the possibility of the death of science fiction is just ridiculous.

Every once in a while I think all of us get the feeling that all of the ideas have been worked over and on and up; maybe this is the finish; maybe the space ships have made their last trip, and robots their last manipulation and so on. But I was thinking over the whole question, and I began to review stories that were printed twenty and thirty years ago, and some of these stories went so far, actually, that they seemed like the ultimate stories. I remember one by Campbell, writing under the name of Don Stuart, called "Invaders from the Infinite", I think in Amazing Stories Quarterly, around 1930. In this it was nothing for the villain to travel at several times the speed of light between galaxies, and in the end the three heroes have arrived at such a state of control over nature that they can create new universes just by putting on a special kind of headpiece and thinking the universe, and then it just appears next door. In fact, at the end one of these guys creates a universe by accident and immediately destroys it in a kind of sort of embarrassment of, "Gee, folks, I didn't intend to do that."

Or we think of Campbell's interest in Psionics right now and the feeling that sometimes comes to a person is that this is something new. Well, bosh! Psionics has been in science fiction ever since it started, just under different names. I remember some of the early Campbell stories like "Cloak of Aesir", where the villains, villainess, the chief opposition, the Sarn Mother is defeated by broadcasting

telepathically the thoughts of a melancholy schizophrenic. The idea of Psionics just thirty years ago was mental telepathy; fifteen or twenty years ago it became extra-sensory perception and all its varieties of telekinesis and so on. Now it's Psi and Psionics. The name is changed, but the sphere of interest is there and I think at any time, no matter how far back you go, you'll find authors trying to plumb the infinite, and this is going to go on.

We'll do it in cycles. I remember in his novel, Last and First Men, Stapleton looked at an infinitely superior, more advanced culture than our own, that of the fifth men, and he showed how, over the course of millions of years, their interests keep going in cycles, working in cycles with a hundred thousand years or so between the psychic or spiritual emphasis, say, and the material emphasis, and so on. I think the same thing obviously goes on in science fiction. You can go back to the great source books, as, say, the essay novels of Stapleton, or the books of Charles Fort, and find materials that are just as fresh and just as ready to be worked and reworked today as they ever were.

I think this is true of monsters, even. Perhaps it occurred to me that everything changes in science fiction except the girl and the monsters. I mean there we seem to like the same old models on and on, but even there I think there is a chance of working in cycles. I think that the accurate but humorous interpretation of that history of film monsters that Forry is bringing out may, among other things, lead to a revival of the serious monster story.

I just happened to see "The Phantom of the Opera" over again, the Lon Chaney version, at the silent movie, and I was, and I think anyone seeing that would realize that there was a possibility there. It was very strange to see a monster film in which the monster didn't appear for the first half of the picture, and they just spent that part of the picture building up to the first appearance of the monster, and they really took him seriously. It was quite amazing to see this treatment and to feel the way the audience fell under the spell, even the ones who had come prepared to kid the monster in the best style of modern movie viewers.

I remember another example of this cycle business from the middle 1930's. I was in a newstand with a friend of mine, and we had picked up an odd thing, a comic magazine. They hardly had names then, for these were among the first ones. Now this was about a character called "Superman", and we scanned it and we talked about it: well, obviously this is going to die at once, because if there is one idea that has been overworked, it's the superman. We know that Doc Savage is on his last legs, and the Shadow is practically dead, and nobody is going to start anything. We said this looking at the first Superman and the first Bat Man, and how wrong we were! If we can be wrong about a rather trifling thing like that, why I am sure it is easy to be wrong for the same general reasons about science fiction as a whole.

Now that I've got that off my chest, and rescued science fiction from this abyss into which it was about to drop except that I reached out my hand and pulled it back, I can't think of anything better to do than to give you a few recollections of personalities and events as they come to me. These are mostly of the east coast, because, after all, we are at the west coast, and we know ourselves, and

its so easy to talk about people a couple of thousand miles away.

Isaac Asimov occurs to me. You always think of him as the "A" name, I guess, the ultimate in productive energy and also in compassion; a man who is always laughing, crying, working, and playing. A man who sometimes gives the impression that he is doing them all at once. Speaking of his general field and also recalling the movie Marty, I'd say that Isaac is a Marty with brains.

Then Heinlein. I first heard of Heinlein as along with being a science fiction writer as being the enthusiast for political education. This is a factor of Heinlein that has become stronger and stronger with the years. Now, after he has turned out these eight or ten juveniles, he has become an enthusiast for education, period. For instance, I have always thought about Heinlein and the man who will die happy if he sees them teaching tensor calculus in the second grade and semantics and epistemology before the alphabet and the first ten numbers.

Next Phil Klass--who also writes under the name of William Tenn, one of the fabulous New York characters. Now saying "fabulous New York characters" is not to imply that other cities I could have mentioned but won't have fabulous characters, but Phil Klass is a man waging a perpetual battle against writers' block. Writers' block being an obscure psychological malady that is sometimes known as the Galaxy disease.

Another New York character is Dave Mason, an author (stories in Infinity and Galaxy) of a special interest because he is the chief figure in a movement that he calls "Fanarchy", a combination of science fiction fandom and anarchy. He is trying to teach anarchists to respect science fiction on the one hand, and on the other to interest the science fiction fans in anarchy. Now as far as I can make out, anarchy, according to Dave Mason, consists chiefly in getting as many people as possible to live together--unrelated people, except for an interest in science fiction and such--to live together in large apartment dwellings, large lofts, basements, warehouses, tugboats, ... any sort of space available--and to call themselves and places names like Riverside Dive and The Nunnery--all of these derivatives from the original Slan Shack movement which is something that is not strange to Los Angeles, either.

I have specially affectionate memories for Dave Mason and his shack because one time in my life when I was having trouble sleeping, I stayed with Mason for a month or two and I learned to sleep all over again--the hard way. Now, the hard way to sleep is the way they taught the Janissaries to sleep. (These were a special order of Turkish soldiers who were largely recruited from the children of Christian captives. They were orphans; in their childhood they were apprenticed to soldiering. You might say the idea back of this and other military castes was to create a military caste that didn't have family ties. If the lieutenant didn't have a bunch of aunts and uncles and so on that he was trying to get jobs for, carve out kingdoms for, why he was a better soldier and easier to control. It never works out in the long run.) Well, at any rate, the only reason I brought this up is that the way they taught the Janissaries to sleep under all circumstances was to have a couple of guys going around the dormitory all night beating on a tin pan, see, walk-

ing down between the sleeping forms, beating on a tin pan. Now I acheived this in Dave Mason's apartment.

He was typing for three days straight. I slept in the same room, on the couch. He was typing, listening to the radio and at about ten minute intervals, the two cats would run from one end of the apartment to the other and they always took the shortcut across my chuch. Meanwhile from the kitchen came the click! click! click! of the footsteps of the gigantic cockroaches. This is the way to learn to sleep. I learned to sleep perfectly, just like a Janissary.

I will mention two other persons--editors. Hugo Gernsback. It just occurred to me that there was a special reason to think of Hugo Gernsback, grand old man of science fiction, and a remarkable man, and I will give you this reason for what it is worth. Here is a man who for a couple of decades has been editing Sexology magazine, and yet he was not the man to put sex into science fiction. Now I think this shows remarkable restraint. He held back and left this to other people. I think back to the early copies of Amazing Storics and those remarkable color covers, those covers with 24 karat, 18jewel iridium robots, and thm princesses with the radium bracelets and the selenium tiaras wallowing in four colors--and there was not a bit of sex in it. I mean the robots knew their places in those days. Now the formula for the story is more apt to be android meets boy; robot loses girls; and-roid gets robot. There is a good working formula to take in most everything, in- cidentally.

Finally, I have to mention one more person, and that is John W. Campbell Jr., also the father-in-law, you might say, of science fiction ...the assistant grand old man, who somehow stays sane in the midst of Psionics, Dianetics, and Sciantology. I don't know how he does it, but he does. I know the reason, I think. I can't work it out though. The reason is that John Campbell is really a great gene- ticist. He is really a geneticist of the future who is trying to mate the ultimate pure-grade crackpot and the General Electric company man. When he gets the ultimate mutation from those two, why, I think that maybe he'll die happy, just as I'll die happy when they get a downbeat magazine, and I won't have to worry for two or three years where to sell downbeat stories.

.....!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!((00)))(())(())()JJJJ,.....
???//.....Iridium-juvenile-East Coast-West Coast-Stapledon-Batman

The typist wishes to explain the above two lines which were typed when he lost control of the machine. The typist was told to copy the article word for word and was able to do so with a minimum of emotional trauma. The electric typewriter, how- ever, was unable to restrain itself and after leaving the room and returning I found these two lines. In the future this machine will not be used.

Robert Schildkraut

etaoin shrdlu IBM

SERIAL

BY WAYNE BATTEAU

UNIVERSES

An old idea in science fiction is that of a universe similar to ours somehow displaced or ordinarily inaccessible to us. The nature of the displacement or lack of access is frequently obscure. There is a model of the universe, however, which can provide the proper conditions. This model of the universe stems from a conjecture I made regarding linearity: if the universe is linear, then it can be described in an orthogonal basis. Each element (by definition of orthogonality). Thus any subspace is unobservable from another subspace of different basis. Such a universe would "come apart at the orthogonal seams." Thus our universe is nonlinear throughout.

In an unlimited idea of the universe, let us assume that some subspaces are almost-but-not-quite-orthogonal. In each subspace an observer of limited perception would be unaware of the other subspaces. As perception improves, or as concentration on "what-is-left-over" increases, the very weak coupling would come into view. Since it is assumed that in the universe all things are coupled to all things, removing the familiar frame would realize the weakly coupled frame and a "transition" from sub-universe one to sub-universe two could be possible.

It is also possible to conjecture, as did Eddington, that the physical nature of a universe is a consequence of its logical structure. If there were then fundamentals of logic, there may be indefinitely many identical sub-universe of one limited logical form, coupled weakly by a higher order of logic. It is not necessary that the details of structural relationship be invariant from subunit to subunit,

but only the rules for structure. The rules include the derivation of the natural constants, such as the velocity of light, the mass of the electron, and the constant of gravitational attraction.

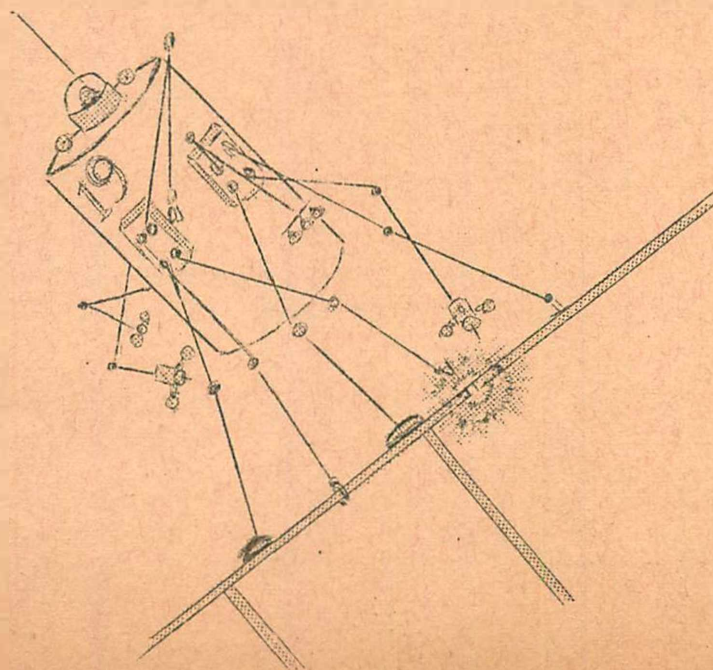
The question of the existence of the logical structure may be posed. Perhaps its abstract structure is sufficient initially, and the realization lies in the observer. If this is the case, the matter of clairvoyance can be introduced, where an undesirable situation is viewed in the future and avoided. The avoidance consisting of a shift by the observer from one logical sub-universe to another of similar logic but different structural arrangement. In these observational serial universes perhaps the works of William Shakespeare are written by other men of the same name.

So far as ESP in general is concerned, access to information in sub-universe one is not time bound nor space bound in sub-universe two, so that extra-sensory-perception may be only extra-universe perception with the same sensory mechanism. (It may be stated in general that access to n -dimensional information requires observation from an $n+1$ dimensional space, since the common points, or boundary points must share qualities in order to belong to both sets (the observed and the observer).)

It seems likely that any higher logical universe would provide lower logical universes without number, as the statement "and so on" leads addition to infinity. This is not necessarily true when spaces of points which are not rules are considered. Where there is a scale of values rule, however, infinitely many subspaces are generated, as a cube contains infinitely many squares - not to mention the rectangles, triangles, and so on, which it also contains by simple choice of two dimensional planar subjects.

Perhaps some interesting and consistent stories could be written from these conjectures. If the rules for serial universes are specified, the transition, the trade, the manipulation of event systems, ESP, et al, become systematic.

And then there is Faerie Logic.



A NONFAN'S GUIDE TO FANDOM

BY BILL SARILL

It is generally conceded (by Sam Moskowitz, that is) that fandom had its origin in the "Discussions" column of Gernsback's Amazing. The mechanism was simple enough: science fiction readers found that it was a bit easier (and perhaps more fun) to correspond directly with other readers, rather than through the slow medium of Gernsback's column. "...since reader's letters to the editor were accompanied by the writers' full addresses, communication between interested fans was greatly facilitated," says Moskowitz in The Immortal Storm. Letters between fans grew longer and more involved, and some ultimately evolved into duplicated "letter-zines" which were circulated among small groups of friends. At the same time, fans who met through Amazing or through the letterzines began forming clubs which published their own bulletins or fanzines.

The dubious distinction of being the first fanzine is claimed by a number of different zines, and Moskowitz lists three as the chief contenders: Cosmic Stories and Cosmic Stories Quaterly, carbon-copied publications of Jerome Siegal and Joseph Shuster (who, incidentally, later created that magnificent example of adult science fiction, er... Superman); The Comet (later known as Cosmology), put out by the Science Correspondence Club and edited by Raymond A Palmer; and The Planet, which paved the way for the first printed fanzine (one might even call it the first true fanzine), The Time Traveller, put out by the Scienceeers and edited by Allen Glasser. I'm not sure about the first one(s), but The Comet and The Planet both appeared almost exactly four years after the first issue of Amazing.

I have neither the space, time nor inclination to go into the history of fandom from Then to Now, except perhaps for a few random comments; if you're really interested, see me.

It is interesting to note that science fiction fandom is unique; there is no parallel to it involving any other sort of literature. The closest you could come to a fan group outside the field of SF would be the Baker Street Irregulars, I suppose, who, as you may intuitively suspect, are Sherlock Holmes-fans. If anyone is looking for a subject for a thesis in sociology, here is something ideal -- a small, in-groupish clan of people, bound together by ties of related interests

and thirty years of slowly-evolving customs and traditions. Fandom also has an international aspect; British fandom started a few years after American fandom did, and at present there are large active groups in Germany and Sweden as well (French fandom is still relatively small).

Perhaps the most interesting (and certainly the most confusing) aspect of fandom to the outsider, is the fannish jargon or FanSpeak. At this point, a few words and definitions might be in order;

ACTIFAN -- just pronounce the word.
ANGLOFAN -- sometimes known as a Britifan; a fan residing in the U.K.
APA -- Amateur Press Association; members publish zines and send them to an official editor, who periodically makes up bundles of them and distributes one to each member.
BEANIE -- the helicopter beanie; the traditional fannish headgear, but worn rather infrequently (except at conventions).
B(H)EER -- a fannish as well as mundane beverage, produced by fermenting -- no, the hell with that; occasionally worshipped as a fannish ghod (the 'h' in 'bheer' and 'ghod' is -- if you'll forgive the expression -- a hangover from the Ghuist religion).
BNF -- a Big Name Fan; also, Eric Needham's Brass Nude Figure.
CON -- (1) a convention, generally a large affair, like the annual Worldcon; (2) a conference or conclave, a small local fannish gathering.
CORFLU -- correction fluid for mimeograph stencils; occasionally known as Obliterine.
DNQ -- Do Not Quote.
EBOBOO -- praise; that which boosts the ego.
EYETRACKS -- what you get all over a mint book when you read it.
FAKE FAN -- a fringe- or semi-fan.
FAN -- generally, any individual who reads SF; more particularly, a member of fandom; the plural is either FEN or FANS.
FANAC -- fan activity; also, fandom's leading newszine.
FANDOL -- the Microcosm, the class of all fans.
FANSPEAK -- the fannish "language"; what you're reading now.
FANZINE -- a fan magazine or fanmag; an amateur publication like the Twilight Zine.
FEMEFAN -- female fan, obviously (yes, there really are some).
FOO -- another in the list of fannish ghods; GHU's chief rival.
GAFIA -- Getting Away From It All, related to FAFIA (Forced Away From It All).
GHU -- first of the strictly fannish ghods; he was preceded by Klono and one or two other stfnal deities.
HUGO -- the International Fantasy Award, presented at each year's World SFCon for the best sf novel, short story, artist, etc., by analogy with the Oscar and Emmy.
ILLO -- an illustration.
LETTERHACK -- a fan who seeks egoboo by hacking out countless letters of comment to the prozines, e.g. Fred Norwood.
LIKO -- an interlineation, generally a humorous comment set off by underlining; see below.

"Pardon me, sir, are you a trufan?"

-- ARLewis

"No, I'm a cultural anthropologist impersonating a fake fan."

MIMEO -- short for mimeograph; the most commonly used form of fannish reproduction -- er, that is, reproduction of fanzines.

NEOFAN-- a neophyte fan.

PRO -- a professional author; the word is generally used (by fans) in conjunction with various adjectives, e.g. 'vile pro', 'dirty pro', 'filthy pro', etc.

PROZINE -- professional magazine, as contrasted with a fanzine.

ROSCOE -- last of the Ghreat Fannish Ghods (the others are Ghu and Foo), He is incarnated in the form of a beaver (which has special religious significance for Techmen, anyway).

ROUND ROBIN -- a story, fannish or otherwise, in which successive chapters are written by different authors; fannish round robins tend to be interminable, like the one Fred Norwood has started circulating among the MITkey Mice.

SENSE OF WONDER -- that feeling you get when you look at the trash they're publishing in prozines today, and you start reminiscing about the Good Old Days, the Golden Era of SF. There are a number of old guard fen today whose Senses of Wonder are working overtime, and about whom Isaac Asimov says, "They just want their youth back."

SERIOUS CONSTRUCTIVE -- self-explanatory; often abbreviated as SERCON or, in Britain, SERICON.

TABTA -- the characteristic theme of Eric Frank Russell stories, i.e. Terrans Are Better Than Aliens, or alternatively, Terrans Are Better Than Anybody.

TAFF -- Transatlantic Fan Fund, which on alternate years sends an Amerifan to Britain's Kettering Convention, and foreign fans (generally Anglofen) to the American Worldcons.

TOWER OF SHEER CANS TO THE MOON -- a product of some industrious Califen, Dave Rike and Terry Carr, it was never quite completed; Poul Anderson pointed out that when the tower got high enough (Roche's limit, I believe), it would break up and form a ring around the earth, which has already been done (like, with Saturn).

TRUE FAN -- the fan who enjoys fanac above everything (except femmefans, of course).

TYPO -- a typographical error, like thws.

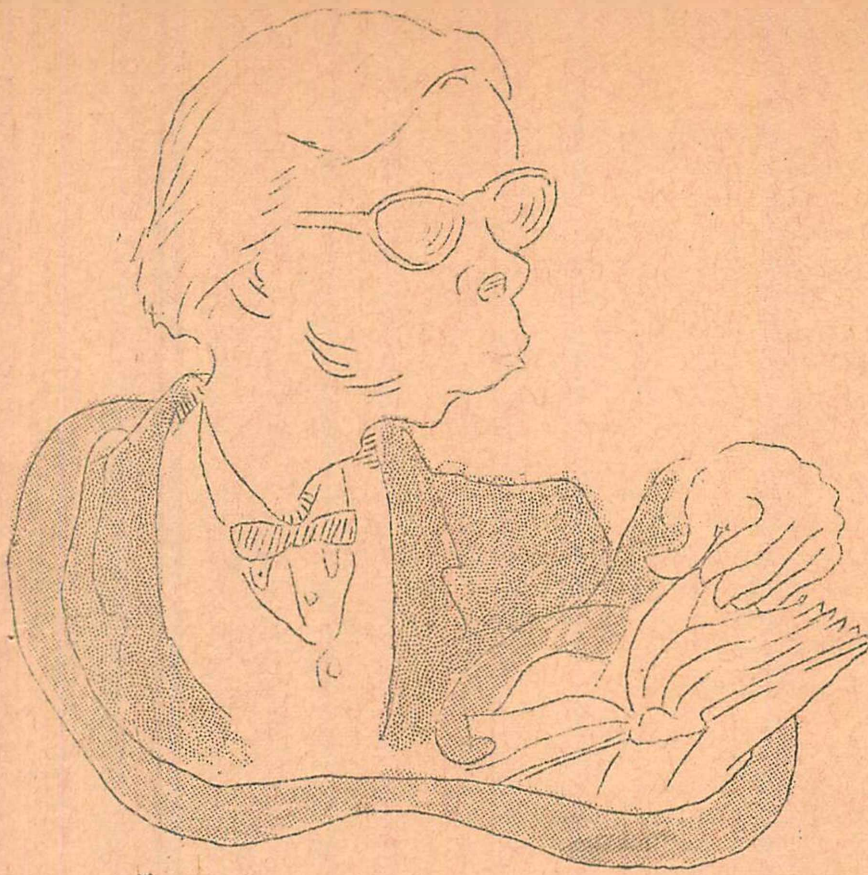
YNGVI -- is a louse.

ZAP -- the sound made when a ray gun is fired; a zap-gun, tho, is a fannish water pistol.

Please note that by the general definition, you MITkey Mice are fans (I can practically hear Norm Humer screaming in the background). There are many varieties of fans: the ones, like you, who just read SF; the collectors; the convention attendees; the fringe fans; and the true, or publishing, fans. Occasionally, people belong to several groups, like Jon Ravin, my eminent colleague and collaborator.

By the same token, there are groups of fanzines: fanzines that comment on the fiction in the current prozines; zines for collectors listing book advertisements and nothing else; convention reports; and "fannish" fanzines. I suppose the Twilight Zine would come under the "all for science fiction" category -- it's not veryfannish in the usual sense, if you know what I mean.

-- yhos, Bill Sarill



A
PSYCHIATRIST
LOOKS
AT
SCIENCE
FICTION

ANCIENT HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

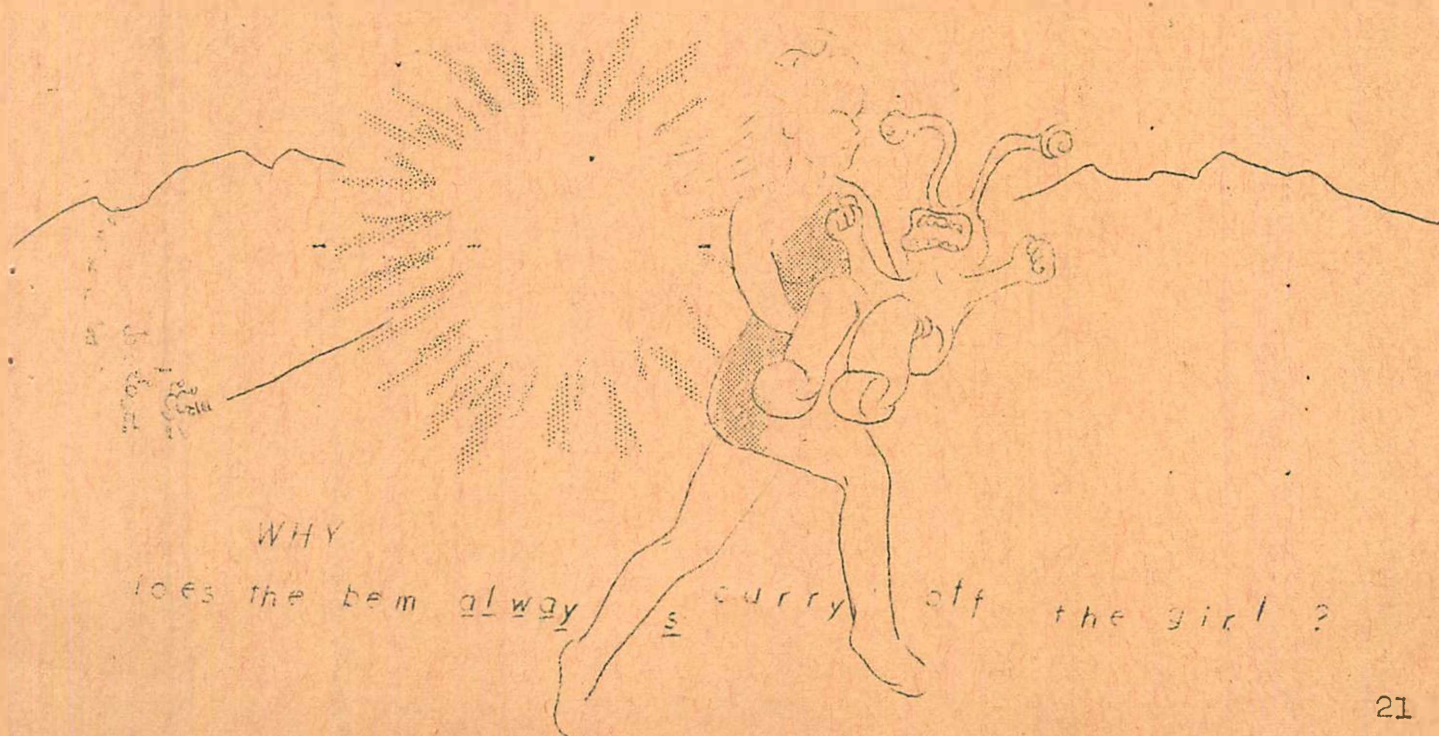
This article is the speaking notes Dr. Harris used in a talk given before the Society on May 9, 1952. (Year 3 S.E.) Although the notes are somewhat incoherent, his general views show through. The minutes say: "...the talk was followed by a long debate, which became rather heated at times."

This is practically completely off the cuff because I've had no time to prepare anything at all, except to jot down a few notions I had in connection with the whole area of science fiction and to see whether from this standpoint, (I might add in addition to being a psychiatrist I am a psycho-analyst, so that I add the hypotheses and theories of psycho-analysis to my whole approach to science fiction) we can arrive at anything. Now, naturally, I don't expect you people to accept any of this theoretical material that I propose because in the first place, a lot of it will certainly sound far-fetched, and a lot of it might be hitting too close to home with some of us so we would automatically reject it the way we tend to reject all kinds of unpleasant things about ourselves. Some of it is pretty highly theoretical and so I don't know whether it will strain your credulity or not. But I suppose that to science fiction people nothing could be too incredulous to encompass in your thinking. Well, that's the first thing that I thought of; I wondered what are the impulses within any given individual to attract him to science fiction, to the highly imaginative (overdrawn in many cases) fictions about fictional characters (usually) and give him pleasure in it.

I think that in this environment, in an environment of a school like Tech, unquestionably one of the attractions about science fiction is that it is practically all about science and all of you people are scientifically oriented, and probably all of you have thought or dreamt, as when you were youngsters (and still may do) of being a great inventor or a creator of some kind in some field of science. I think probably everyone with a little extra increment of intellect dreams of vying with Einstein and all the big minds of the world because those peaks of attainment represent to us, at least in one sense, a satisfaction of power, because physically we're all relatively weak. We're not Charles Atlases or great powerful primitive people by any means, and it seems almost that our whole civilization develops that we tend to go from the physical to increasing emphasis on the mental, with a decrease in physical prowess and so on. So this whole attraction to science fiction may represent to one extent the satisfaction that you would derive from the sense of power you have in identifying with the characters in the stories you read.

Now this whole process of identification is one that permeates our lives. We start identifying from the time we're children. Every boy goes through a period of hero-worship which is the peak of his identification activity, but we never lose this pattern, evidently (at least most of us don't) and keep it throughout our lives so that when we go to a movie or go to a play, we tend (depending upon what our particular personality structure is, what our emotional leanings and inner pressures are) to identify with one or another character in the movie we see and in that way we become enthralled with it. We are, what we say, carried out of ourselves and have a period during the performance of release from our own inner tensions because we are transported into this other situation and have a little rest from tensions within ourselves, and this may well be one of the appeals of the movies, the plays, and baseball games. We identify with various members of the team, and certainly we all run around the bases when someone smacks a homerun and get a vicarious satisfaction out of seeing the ball go over the back fence, and so on. These all involve our identification and the pleasures we get from them so it seems to me fairly reasonable to suppose that the science fiction people get pleasure out of identifying with these usually (it seems to me) superhuman characters in the plays and in the fiction, and so living out this wonderfully imaginative and impulsive role. I think it is a good word because you can do all this thing without any suffering at all, I mean it's perfectly easy, all you have to do is to follow the words on the page. And this brings me to the effortlessness of this whole thing which I think, if carried to far, can represent something of an obstacle to your real development as an individual. That is, we know that one of the functions of the daydream or fantasy, (and of course this is what science fiction or a movie or a play is), is a form of more formal, well-constructed daydreams. Well, we all daydream. I doubt if there is anyone in this room, if he is honest, who hasn't daydreamed at one time or another in his life, and here in science fiction it seems to me that we are presented with these daydreams; some of them made much rosier and much better than we can produce ourselves. It is often an activity which we use to escape from situations or pressures of any story that are painful or unpleasant to us. Now this thing can go too far.

In very sick, emotionally sick, people, when they become so sick that they are unable to do any work at all, they live oftentimes in a constant state of daydreams and it's only after the whole ego, as it is called, which keeps us in touch with reality, more or less falls apart (which you get in the psychosis) that the more horrible aspects of the daydream begin to come from the deeper levels of the personality. And in these very, very sick individuals that we see in the hospitals: these people are oftentimes full of terror and fright from the primitive and savage impulses that are rising within them and being formulated into terrifying forms of daydreams which are repeated. So a little bit of this is a good thing but too much of it is not, I think, emotionally healthy. So we have then the possibility that science fiction is an escape from the harshnesses and unpleasantnesses of reality which we all do and all like to do to varying degrees, and is also a means, as many of our daydreams are when we dream about being the great football hero or the most popular man at the prom, winning the most lovely woman and carrying her off with us and all that sort of thing, that these are dreams of power. And, of course, you all are probably familiar with Hoff's cartoons in the New Yorker, The "dreams of glory" cartoons, when this little kid brings in the serum and does all these wonderful things. Well this is all part of it and those are very true to life and I think that (at least from my point of view) we have to classify the movies and the plays and science fiction in this same category. Now, this need we have for power, for a sense of power, seems to come not from an adult level of emotional development but from a very, very early level of development of our personality. That is (we theorize, we postulate) that the new-born infant, new-born enough (say three months, while he's still being completely taken care of) and it may be possible that these feelings or what-all are actually experienced by us before we are born because the latest



development in that field shows that we can get brain waves, electroencephalograms, from a seven-month-old fetus, and that also the fetus from the time of six months on, responds with a startle reaction which is this business of throwing the arms and legs wide at a loud noise. When a loud noise is made near the mother she doesn't jump because she can see it being made. They can get a definite startle pattern from a six-month infant, showing that the cortex of the brain must be working in the fetus at that time. And so we might say from the seven-to-eight-month on, we are enclosed in a warm, protective covering which is our universe. We are floating in a fluid which prevents us from having all sorts of shocks, it is quiet, we are fed from the blood stream of the mother and life is completely effortless and we are in complete control of that particular situation; in other words, we are all-powerful, and the new-born baby is also all-powerful if it's born to good parents who really take care of it. Because the minute it opens its mouth, the nervous mother is rushing over to take care of it and it only has to show any signs of discomfort or what-all and immediately its commands are obeyed. And so there is a great sense of power that occurs at that time, too, and we postulate that very often when we are feeling weak or inadequate or powerless that we are prompted from time to time to turn back in our memories to recollections of those times when we felt all-powerful; and this sense of power; this cosmic powerfulness, is called in psycho-analysis "narcissism," or self-love (as derived from that business of the poet and the pool, who looked at his reflection in the pool and fell so in love with himself that he was turned into a Narcissus). But this narcissism may well be one of the things that we are satisfying in the reading science fiction when we get a sense of tremendous power by identifying with these superhuman creatures, and so, in a way, we may be satisfying old infantile needs at the same time we satisfy our adult pleasures in thinking of these things; that we some day may contribute to the achievement of science.

Now, another thing that occurs to me about science fiction is the possible contribution that it can make to the development of creative thinking and this is my own idea. (I guess you can call it a hypothesis), but I don't know; it has probably been supposed before, certainly a lot of people have thought of it, but I haven't read enough to know how many have. The nature of creative thinking, or inventiveness (it seems to me) lies in the ability of an individual who has a wide enough background in which he may have a tremendous number of not-immediately-closely-related facts, and as a result of this tremendous background he is able to take two apparently widely dissimilar facts, bring them into just the right position and discover a new relationship between them. And when he accomplishes and discovers this new relationship, he has discovered, created or invented a new idea, and I think this is one of the ways at least in which creative thinking works. Now, in your reading of science fiction it seems to me that you are introducing into your mental experience a whole lot of fantastic ideas which are not based in many cases on any reality whatsoever but which has been elaborated by the imagination of the writer, and so you decorate your mind with these various, what we can call, wild ideas and at some later time when you have mastered the material which you are studying now it may so be that in some one of the wild relationships you come across in some reading of sci-

once fiction, you may have the opportunity to take and discover actual relationships in the field that you're working in. So to my mind it may have this constructive aspect of perhaps encouraging creative imagination and thinking.

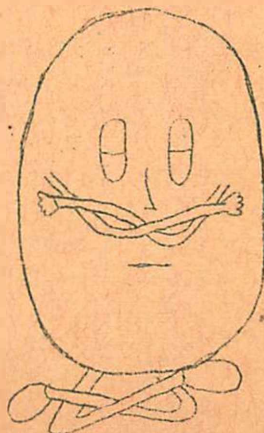
Now, there is one other factor through which I think possibly is a deleterious one. I don't think it's too good from my point of view, but this is from a psychiatrist's point of view. The trouble with all the people that come to me upset is very simply put: the fact that they have never been able to put into spoken words a great many of the emotional conflicts and turn-ofs of

their lives. With the result that instead of being able to externalize these various pressures and tensions and conflicts, or whatever you want to call it, these things remain bottled-up inside them and periodically produce feelings of baying anxiety or depression or unrest or all sorts of things like that. Now, the thing that I have to do in working with people who are emotionally upset is to help them to get these unformulated, chaotic but yet powerful feelings that they repressed within themselves into their own simple words of feeling.

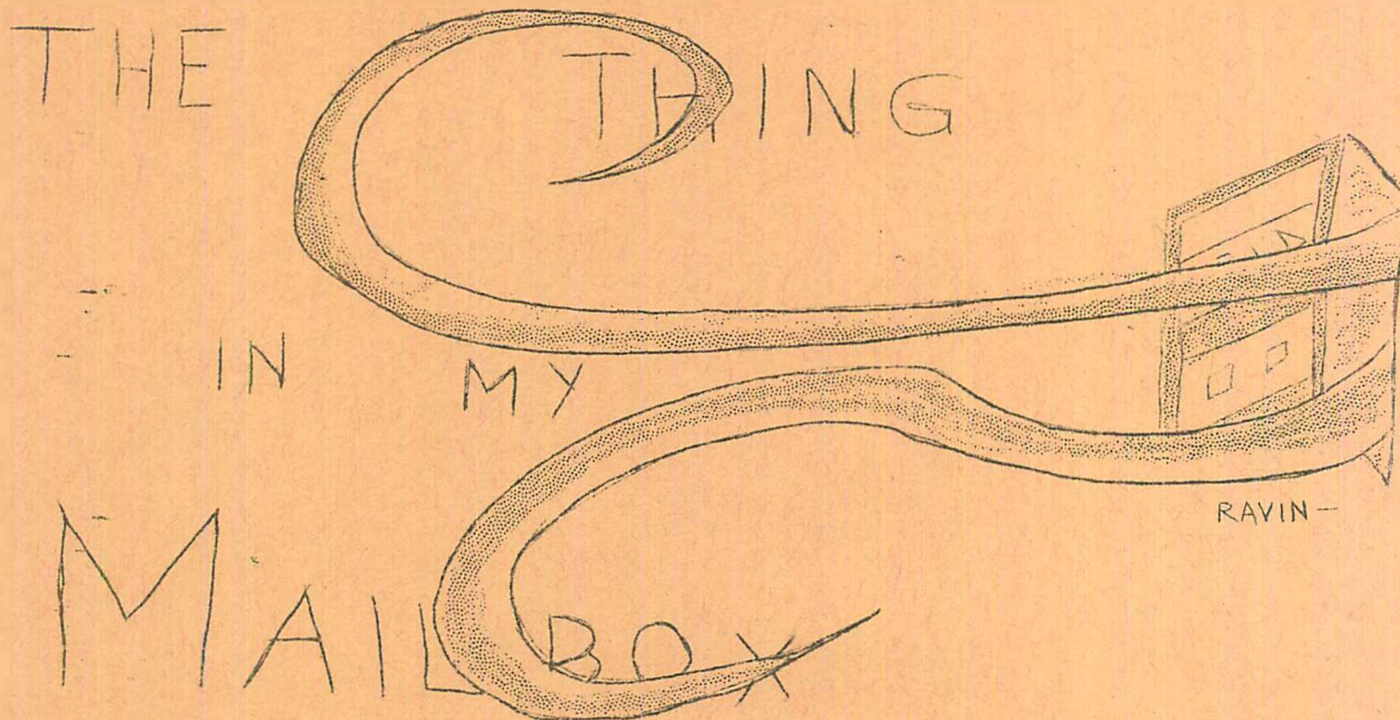
And if they can use one of the defences that many of the people use to avoid really facing these very painful emotional areas within themselves (to use big, long, intellectual words that have no emotional impact at all). They are practically like mathematical formulae; they have so little emotional import to the person who listens: Greek and Latin words of all kinds (and our language is full of them) and these people will use them, one of the things I have to do is to say, "Well, now, let's drop the fifty-cent words and start talking with the little simple words of everyday life." And as soon as a person can do that and start talking about their upset feelings in those simple words, then things begin to happen. It's like poetry. I mean good poetry is good poetry because the words used in it have a tremendous valence of feeling in them and the feelings awaken comparable feelings within ourselves. And in a sense that is why this whole business of psychotherapy, and so on, is apart from science as a whole, because you're really trying to make your patients poets, their own poets of their own feelings. This poetry is not always very attractive and very well formed, but it works for them because it gives them release.

Now, that represents pretty much my thinking about science fiction, and what I'd like to do now is have you all start taking that apart, and if you have any additional suggestions to make, I'd love to hear them because this is about the limit of what I've thought about it.

I am the
embodiment of



supreme
the macrocosmic All



- a letter column of sorts
by Ravin

ALGIS BUDRYS 631 Second Ave. Long Branch, N. J.

Feb. 6, 1961

Dear Jon:

TeeZee's a good, solid fanzine, or whatever it is. Parts of it croggle me, but then I've been croggled before, occasionally by the same people. Offhand, I would stay away from professional fiction; professionals always Know What Is Needed. On the other hand, an article like Hal Clement's is always interesting, particularly when it's by Hal Clement.

What's your middle name? It would be interesting to have someone in fandom named, say, Jon Nebs Ravin. But I suppose it's actually Adalbert, or some other polysyllabification.

And, oh yes, I have a story to tell you:

Much excitement fluttered the ivy of the Galactic Archeological Centre, located at the centre of the Human Federation in the year 1,001,961 A.D. (Anno Deanus). In their search for the legendary First Planet whence the human race had sprung, the archeologists had for centuries left no stone unturned, and now, at last, positive results were about to be recorded. A decade earlier, a field expedition under

the renowned Vari Seldom had located a likely artifact on the third planet of the sun now designated on the charts as BiSoDol. Wedged between the bodies of two publishers in the ruins of Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, a pamphlet in what seemed to be the forgotten English code had been partially preserved through the millenia, and had been carefully taken back to the Centre. Its contents--or what remained of them, to be precise: one half page on one side of the paper--were fed into the massive Universal Nomenclative Rationalizing Encoded-Languages-Integrating And Buggerfactored Unifying Linguicisor for translation into Manspeak. It was clear from radiocarbon dating that this was the oldest known artifact in the Universe--should it prove to be of human origin, the planet where it was found was very likely the actual home of the human race.

After a suitable length of time, the translation appeared at the output end of the machine. Quivering with excitement, Vari Seldom plucked the data sheet out of the Interstellar Business Machines typewriter. He stared at it. "It is! It is, it is!" he cried in a transport of joy. "Is what?" asked a passing observer from the Physics Department. "A human artifact--an undoubted human artifact!" cried Seldom. "It's a page from a history describing the life and times of a peripatetic compulsive womanizer; now, if that isn't human, what is?"

"Bosh!" said the Physician. "How can you be sure of that from one little fragment?"

"The first line--just the first line is enough," Seldom gibbered, thrusting the translation under the other man's nose. "Read that--read what it says!" he concluded triumphantly: "Through spates intime with Ferdinand Feghoot!"

What do you mean, you don't like it? It's exactly what TeeZee needs, take it from me.

Fritz Leiber's letter prompts me to wonder what the dreams of sf really are, and whether they have indeed come true. The whole "science is catching up with science fiction" gambit--which I keep stubbing my toe on wherever I go--seems to be predicated on what we might as well call the Gernsback Assumption; that the important feature of science fiction is its technological content; that the popularity of science fiction is directly proportional to the difference between the technological level of science fiction stories and the technological level of the real world. But if this were true, it seems to me, then the most noteworthy proponent of this Assumption ought to have been able to make a go of it, nicht wahr? Yet the record shows Mr. Gernsback's magazines in rocky condition as far back as thirty years ago, while the type of sf he generally characterizes as "fantasy" not only gained in terms of circulation and titles published but, alas all thinking, dominating the very pages of the titles Mr. Gernsback launched but then had to sell. That this is the very broadest kind of generalization, I do not deny. But so is the statement that what is wrong now is that the differential in technologies has narrowed. If the basic assumption in the latter part of that argument were valid, it seems to me, the trouble should have occurred in the middle 1930's, when, instead, sf boomed, and the Golden Age of ASF began. I would say that whatever is wrong now is due to some other factor--or that perhaps the attraction of sf does lie in some feature that has either been lost or caught up with by the real world. But whatever is wrong, to return to Mr. Leiber's letter, it is wrong only in the magazines; the books go marching merrily on, and the proportion of chuckleheadedness to sercon sf in them seems

to me to be about the same as it always was in the magazines.

Keep up the good work,
whatever that means,
and best regards,
A.J. Budrys

(I would like to be able to tell you that my middle name is Phenackiterban, but unfortunately I am afflicted with a most prosaic and bourgeois middle name--Bruce.

I'd like not to have to use contributions from outside sources for TZ, but the Members seem to be rather lazy: with one or two exceptions, they refuse to write. I think this is because they think that fmz are in general imitation prozines, and fans, imitators of the pros, or just plain nuts. I hope Sarill's article will help set them straight. (As I type this, I haven't yet read Sarill's piece.)

As to your pun: Good God, how could anyone's mind be so warped as to think of that? Seriously, the reason I ran the FF was because it wasn't a pun.

Your remarks on Gernsback stuff are interesting. I agree with you.)

Feb. 14, 1961

Dear Jon:

Jon Bruce Ravin is great--just GREAT. You see, for years there's been an sf fan named George Nims Raybin, but he's been showing signs of strain, lately, and I suspect that soon enough he may vanish, leaving a hole in the matter/energy matrix of the Universe which would have to be filled if imbalances throughout the system were not to result. With your appearance, my fears are allayed. Of course, I don't know how you feel about being a spare tire, as it were. You wouldn't happen to have noticed whether you have a conventional or nubby tread, would you? That's very important, too. Oh yes-- and your outside diameter....

Well, hell with that.

SOMEBODY PUT
SAND IN MY
SLIDERULE



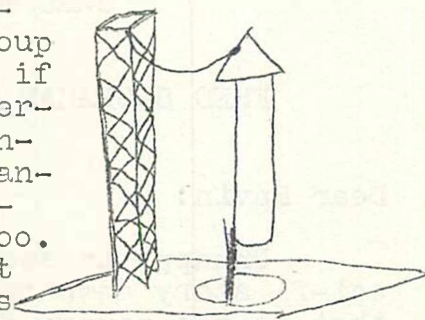
Serious constructive portion:

Listen, I don't want to go around giving you advice; advice tends to arrest motion. But I notice your impression that a fanzine ought naturally to serve as a vehicle for fiction. Or at least, I have the impression that you have the impression that a fanzine ought to be a sort of imitation prozine. Well; actually, there's no reason why not, but most fanzines aren't. Why they aren't, I don't know for sure--perhaps because it is so difficult to get material that reads professional, and an appearance that looks professional. But it seems to

me that a prozine's function differs from that of a fanzine, and that therefore it might be expected that there would be differences of form and content between the two. Why, for instance, should Institute students be interested in doing fiction, when their principle

interest in life is not with the liberal arts at all? It seems to me you might have much more luck getting material from them--good, interesting material--that has more to do with the things they themselves are doing. Most fanzines of my acquaintance deal with hundreds of topics having nothing to do with fiction, or science, or both, except occasionally as the subjects of informal essays. Most fans write about the things that interest them--music, cars, whether the U.S. should recognize Red China, sex, juvenile delinquency, fannish conclaves, other people's fanzines, etc.--and make these topics damned interesting to other people of similar outlook simply because the people doing the writing are describing things near and dear to them. So it seems to me that a fanzine--or rather, an amateur magazine--put out by a group of M.I.T. students, would proceed more smoothly if it dealt with matters of immediate personal interest to M.I.T. students. Your readers will certainly find it at least as rewarding as any other fanzine, and your contributors--or prospective contributors from your own group--probably would, too. Polhode may be a very good zine of its type, but I don't think it's a member of the most populous class of fanzines, by a long shot. Nor is dubious typical of the majority, because it's a one-man show, though it does wander about from one topic to another, and one mood to another, very much like the usual fanzine does. I think the function of amateur journalism, whether connected with sf at all or not, tends to form that sort of approach, and deal with material of that nature. Otherwise you find yourself bucking the sort of problems with contributions and contributor interest that TZ seems to be bucking.

----- ((Members please note-jr))



"IT'S THE LATEST
IN OUR SOLID
FUEL SERIES."

Whew, I'm glad that's over.

Well, it depends upon what you mean by pun, of course, but most people don't think of ovations as having much to do with eggs. As a matter of fact, my dictionary says the root word is the Latin ovare, to exult, whilst the operative root word connected with eggs is ovum. The proper word in a sentence having to do with the donation of eggs would likely be "ovulation", and therefore "ovation" is a pun. ((I cede to your higher order logic-jr))

Don't you just love to have humor explained to you? Anyhow, the difference between "ovation" and "spates intime" is purely one of quality, not of kind. The relationship between "ovulation" and "spates intime" is even closer, of course, but we needn't push this any further, need we? as the actress said to the bishop.

Anyhow, one of these days I'll get off my hunkers...and do an article on the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; I know a great deal about the subject, having once driven past it--on the other side of the river, of course--in a taxi. But I can't do it right now, because I have to turn back into a pumpkin for a few days. If you haven't gotten it by the time your impatience reaches ungovernable heights, slip me a reminder, will you?

And meanwhile, best regards, and lots of luck, as the actress

said to the bishop on another occasion.

(Actually, my tread is 750x20. If you want a real nice spare tire, however, one of the fellows in my suite has an extra one or two.

Thanks for the advice. I appreciate your taking the time to write me at such length. See my editorial for further comments. Actually, it will just refer you back here, thus creating an endless feedback loop:

CARD ONE: AAAAA TRA BBBB --at which point IBM stock
CARD TWO: BBBB TRA AAAAA --drops 500 points, and
and so on.) the 709 goes ape.

FRED SHUNAMAN 933 E.7 Street, Plainfield, New Jersey
Feb. 23, 1961

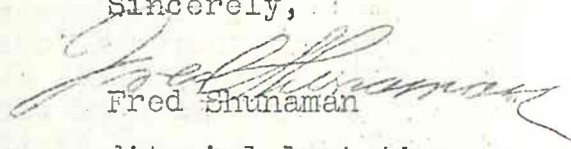
Dear Ravin:

Unhappy to see that you look on Gernsback as a text-book type sci-fi story advocate. Look at his own stuff--Ralph 124C41/. Or if that is too stuffy for you, hunt up some files of the Electrical Experimenter and try the Scientific Adventures of Baron Munchausen, by I. M. Alire. Or even "30-Day LP Phono Record" in the April 1961 issue of his own mag.

So far is H.G. from the character conflict stuff that he was used as an example by Sam Moskowitz, trying to make a group of psycho(logical or tic, whichever you like) authors see the error of their ways, at a vetcon in New York. Chiding them on their lack of success in convincing editors, he declaimed "And Gernsback, who goes in for the crudest narrative type of writing, has just sold two stories to Esquire." The bright green glow that suffused the auditorium proved he had made his point.

Your own desires in a sci-fi story might almost be a Gernsback Definition: "No scientific goofs, no deus ex the hero's (author's(?)) golden skullcap." One of the best ways to avoid the character conflictioneers is to read H.G.'s own favorite list of authors, as given in his address to the Society.

Sincerely,


Fred Shunaman

(I misstated my position in my editorial last time; it was written very hurriedly.

It seems to me that text-book sf is what HG is advocating, judging from his talk. The sf story he wrote for me is just that kind. I do like Clement, Asimov, et al, but in their stories, the science, while correct, is always subjugated by a good story, well told. Ralph is certainly nothing but a vehicle for wild ideas. Perhaps these ideas are good and valid, but that doesn't matter; they are the whole story. For Gernsback, the story is the vehicle for the

science; for the authors he named, the science is the vehicle for the story.

Which does HG wish to imply?)

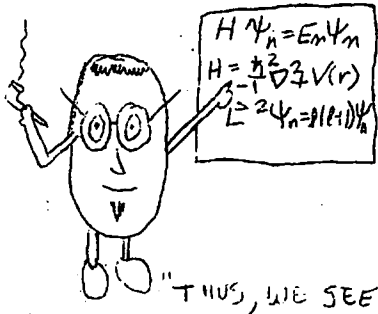
JANIE LAMB Route 1 Box 364 Heiskell Tennessee

Dear M.I.T.: , nope wait, that sounds all wrong.....
Dear S.F.S.: Nope, don't believe that's right, either.
Dear Jon: Uh,huh, that's it.

Just read the Twilight Zine, and I must say y'all did a right remarkable job this time. Should at least get a "B", but then you know these profs. ((What do you mean B? I'd be lucky to get a C with some of the instructors who've bled in red pencil all over my papers.)) But anyhow, I enjoyed it, thanks.

First zine I've seen in a coons age that had readable poetry, or is it poetry? I liked "Mercury" by Lewis, and the one by Chefitz. You know, the one on next page to "Mercury", yeah, that's it.

Now just who in thunder is this Asimov? ((I think he is a pseudonym of somebody named Paul French. At least, I've heard rumors to this effect.)) Seems as I've heard of Leiber, believe he is the German guy who sometimes plays in the little dramas, etc., at the world stf conventions... anyway, he is a purty good actor.



THAT A ROOM WILL
ANNIHILATE AN
ANTE ROOM."

I heard Hugo Gernsback joined the NFFF; know anything about it? ((No.)) As poppy of stf he seems to worry about his offspring passing on or turning into something else. A changeling, maybe.

Thanks for the zine and I'll be looking for another one soon.

Respectfully (ha)

Janie
The
Lamb

FREDERICK NORWOOD 3 Ames St., Cambridge 39, Mass.

Dear Ravin,

Since the least I could do after not giving you all those stories I promissed you is to write you a letter of comment, in spite of the fact that it would be easier to tell you personally, I will. Besides, I might see my name in print if you print this. Also besides, I will be so severely critical that I don't dare.

Aside from the fact that the title was illegible and the picture was out of proportion, I liked the cover. I really did.

Since page two has my name on it it wouldn't be right to disagree with anything on it, Unfortunately I disagree with almost

everything on it...except the spelling of Savill's name. I like a space opera, too, occasionally. I certainly have enough things to want to escape from. But in general I want at least one character and even like the science in small doses.((Like 8.01?))

As you know, I liked Bok's poem in the Journal of the I.E.S. ...and intend to print your review of it myself; but calling your poem a review gives a rather warped view of the Journal as a whole. Both of them. You should have at least mentioned that the poem wasn't typical. You should look to the poem and or poems immediately following yours to have an example of true Art.

"Too Late" was all right as a story, I guess... for a neofan, that is. Which Forecast was it reprinted from?

I liked "I Write for Strangers" but don't understand how Fritz Leiber feels. I wish the reaction to "So What" had been from a boy working in a cemetery so I wouldn't have to believe it. Ah, well, maybe when I become a pro...-sigh-

Lewis should have stuck to religion. I don't like the poems nearly as well when he writes about the planets.((???)) He seems the type to be a humanitarian rather than a scientist. I can picture him now... tall, thin, ascetic, ((Lewis? Tall and thin? You're nuts!)) wandering moodily by the banks of a pond at sunset, gazing out at the swans.

The Ballad of West and East was truly inspired. The Masstek destims the Caltek.((But the Caltek is croggled by Tablecomm.))

The following articles and stories were typical of any fanzine, with the Snowball as the high point and The Colors as the low. In fact, some parts approached readability as far as the mimeo work went.

Methinks, I liked the traditions better before they were changed so much. And they forgot to mention (censored, no doubt) among the committees.

So now the travail is over and I can quietly file the Twilight Zine away in between my copies of Forecast and IES Journal. (Halfway between science and superstition. There's the signpost up ahead. It says...NESCAFE. Damn sponsor.)

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY Box 158 Rochester, Texas

March 4, 1961

Dear Jon Ravin -

I have a vague sort of memory of meeting somebody with your name at the Con in Detroit (and if that isn't a heck of a way to start a letter, but I was blurry with fatigue much of the Detention weekend; what I mean to say is; the name "Jon Ravin" brings up a sudden, abrupt mental picture in my mind of a big, emphatic, dark man whom I met there; but being blurry with fatigue all that week end, it may not have been you and I may be all wet in assuming that the man in my mental filing-cabinet is YOU.)

Be that as it may (and will), thanks many and much for sending me THE TWILIGHT ZINE. I approve MOST emphatically of what you put on your masthead;

WE'RE NOT FANS, WE JUST READ THE STUFF.

Would there were more such!

I assumed, of course, that this was a review copy, and sent to me as fanzine reviewer for KIPPLE: but on the offchance that I might be excluded from the next issue unless I did something more specific to deserve it, I hasten to write also what might serve for a letter of comment; having nothing o trade except a couple of random FAPazines, and not sure yet whether I could contribute anything intelligent enough for this setup here. With Clement, Leiber and Gernsback on your titlepage, it's enough to give any reader/fan/writer an acute case of the Inferioritycomplex Blues. Which, of course, is no argument against printing such things when you can get 'em, but it's going to give you a problem in contributions, no?

I agree with your of the Journal of the I.E.S., by the way; also it strikes me as the sort of fuggheadzine which, by a few Big Names accepting the egoboo of the fawning hordes, will acquire a sort of spurious respectability. But the clay feet of the lumpen are showing through even the fine articles by Del Rey and Poul Anderson, when they start printing articles like Father Raible's. Santesson is the Ray Palmer of this era in s-f, and he lacks only the backing and the funds to be so on a big scale.

The Leiber article hit me amidships, but I don't altogether agree with it. Sure, any writer writes for strangers; he also writes for intimate friends; he also writes for himself. What he writes for strangers is simply what he is willing to say in public, and to have on record. But he does point out one danger; the danger of being typed. After THE CLIMBING WAVE it was taken for granted that I was/am anti-progress personally. I also seem to have a reputation for having a Thing about childbirth because it turns up as a crucial experience in a few of my published pieces / but after all, in this world, what other Crucial Experience can a woman contribute to a society - or to a story? /

I seem to be a sort of rarebird among writers anyhow, because I reread my old stories. (Some writers display the distaste for their old stories that they refuse even to read them in print.) I reread them to find out what I was thinking, after it's cooled off enough, and acquired distance and the filtering of print, so that I can find out what I meant by it. I am often very startled to see what I did at a distance. I am seldom satisfied with it, but I get a perspective on it which helps me avoid making the same mistake in my next. I don't have any exaggerated shame or distaste about it, though. When I am working, sweating and shedding tears and blood (the first literal, the second figurative) over a thing I consider hopeless, it helps to take out something I've had published and give it a good, sober, dispassionate look, and tell myself; "Okay, quit worrying, gal; there is something you wrote which seemed, to somebody, good enough to print. So it isn't as hopeless as it seems while you set there trying to cool your fevered brow on the typewriter-top."

The "Traditions" of the MITSFS" make me think, for no good reason, of the "rules" solemnly drawn up by a group of friends

including the composer Puccini; a few of these come to mind:

"The members of the Club La Boheme pledge themselves to eat well and drink better..."

The president is to function as conciliator, but must attempt to hinder the Treasurer in the collection of the monthly dues...

The Treasurer is empowered to abscond with the cash...

It is prohibited to play cards honestly...

Silence is prohibited...

Wisdom is not admitted, except in special cases... etc.

And stop groaning, it isn't one bit worse than your blasted Ferdinand Frogboot thing! (Without which I can do in almost unlimited quantities!)

Is this sufficient to keep
me on your mailing list?

Marion B

(It sure as Hell is!)

No, you couldn't have met me at a con--I've never been to one. If there's one in the New York area after the Season, maybe I'll be able to go.

You might have met George Nims Raybin and confused our last names.

Why, there's no problem at all with contributions--I'll take anything I can get. The TZ seems to be turning into another IES Journal--at least, that's the only kind of article I've been able to dig up.

I hardly think that the IES is trying to do that; aside from Bok's 'poem', it wasn't too bad; I doubt that they are insincere. Remember, Santesson has to print what he can get: take note of the fact that Campbell has had to write most of his recent articles, because material is not available.)

WILSON TUCKER Box 702 Bloomington Illinois

Feb. 5, 1961

Dear c/o Jon Ravin:

For that matter, dear all the MIT Science Fiction Society, especially the females (human). I am pleased, and count myself fortunate, to have received the first issue of THE TWILIGHT ZINE. You may take this to mean that I liked it -- muchly.

I would first suggest that you send (at once, mind you!) a hundred dollar bill to Uncle Hugo for that magnificent "short story" beginning on page four. ((I wish the SFS had \$100. So I could steal it and buy the ASF's I need for my collection.)) It was superb, I think. (I wonder how well acquainted he is with radio telescope installations?) Oh well, send him the hundred dollars anyway...

I wish there had been some printing on page 14 of my copy ((always complaining!)): I would like to read the opening of Hal Clement's article on Snowballing. The remainder of it was thoroughly engrossing, and easily the best in your issue. Hope you can wheedle or blackmail more of the same from Clement.

Do you know what you can do with Ferdinand Froghoot?((YES)) And the same goes for his many cousins.

Don't take Asimov literally. There is one other way you can get a contribution from him, but it won't work if you are of the male gender.

I hope to see the next issue, and thank youse kindly for this one.

Wilson Tucker

I also got letters from: GERNSEBACK, of course; Don WOLLHEIM, who liked the first ish; Walter BREEN, who didn't; Alma HILL, who sent another alternate Froghoot; Ray CUMMINGS, who liked it; Marijane JOHNSON, ditto.

ASSISTANT EDITORIAL

by y^e Assistant Editor

Well, the stencils are cut, the corflu bottle is empty (except for little gummy blue dregs at the bottom), the mimeoscope is unplugged, and the Gestetner (the machine, not the individual) is sitting in the corner of the room and staring balefully at me. Great Zot! I think to myself, we're finished. And you know something? We really are.

Altho this issue of TZ is a bit larger than the last issue, the work was quite a lot easier this time...partly because we weren't quite so rushed, but mainly because we've all been through this once before. I certainly had it easier this time -- in the first ish of TZ, the task of cutting headings and artwork devolved upon me; this time, tho, I was sick for part of the time (that's what I get for eating Commons food), and Jon cut some of the headings free-hand...he did a pretty good job, too. (You can easily tell which ones he did -- they're the ~~messy~~ interesting-looking ones.) All of which seems to prove that the Society can really get along without me. Hmmm? What's that, Jon? What? Oh. Well, the hell with that.

At this dramatic juncture in the narrative (as a certain Harvard math prof was once heard to say), A.R. Lewis wishes to note that the /y/ above in the byline represents a slit voiced dental fricative more commonly denoted by the thornletter δ and, as far as you're con-

cerned, pronounced th. So there.

Wayne Batteau is the Hero of this issue of TZ, for his fine article Serial Universes. Special thanks also go to Dick Levine for his composed-on-stencil artwork. Barrels of egoboo to both of you, postpaid.

A goof last issue: the credit squib for Fritz Leiber's I Write for Strangers should have read "by permission of Fritz Leiber" only. Our typist confused this issue's blurb with that of TZ 1.

"The trouble with Skinner is that he wants to be a cowboy, whereas I have always wanted to be a white rabbit with a waistcoat and a pocket watch." --- A.R. Lewis

And now we conclude. Good night, all.

--- Bill Sarill,
practically indispensable assistant editor



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