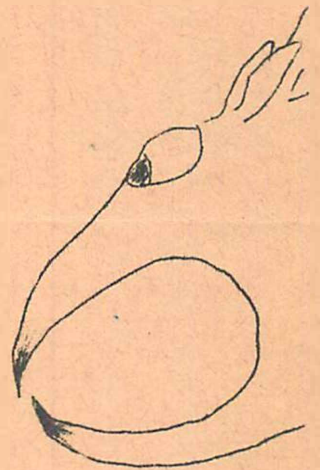
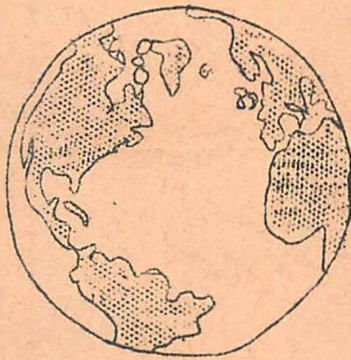
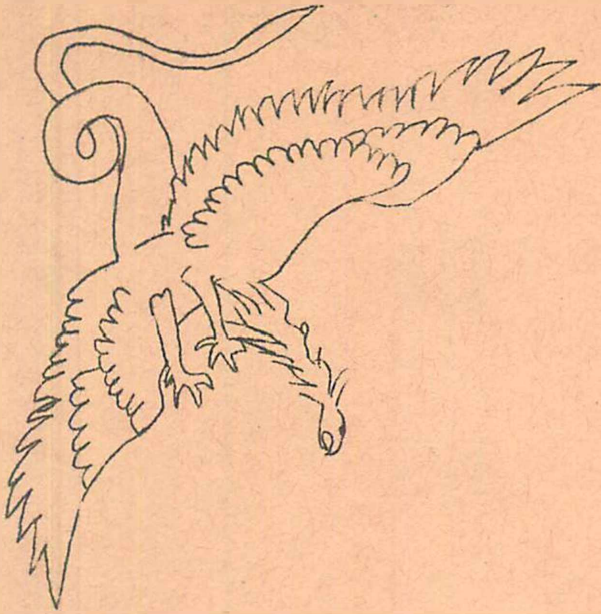


29 Nov 61

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THE TWILIGHT ZINE

Journal of the MIT SFS  
Vol.2 #1





# THE TWILIGHT ZINE

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

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(\*--this will be changed when good cause is shown, ie. when Norwood starts to act like a normal person or when Pearson invents a real death ray and makes us change)

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(Special thanks  
to Deanne who  
baked the cookies,  
and to Court who  
knocked them  
over)

---

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NOT FOR SALE. Send all letters to Jon Ravin, 4 Blanche St, Apt 3, Cambridge 39, Mass. Send everything else to Bernard L. Morris, Box 4222, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass.

The Great & Glorious MIT SFS meets every Friday during the school year in the Spoffard room (1-236). Everyone in the area is welcome. Well, almost everyone.



# FIT THE FIRST

An Editorial of sorts

by y<sup>e</sup> editor BLM

As another fun-filled\* starts here at Technology-on-the-Charles, I find the following things to look foward to: Incomprehensible work, inedible food (commons), unbelievable weather, and, somehow, this Zine. It happened like this. While I was innocently attending a meeting of the Great & Glorious MITSFS, the Ravin hinted that he had lots to do (since he isn't taking 8.09 I don't know what he is complaining about). He then asked for volunteers. Not hearing him and wanting to make the millermotion I unknowingly raised my hand. Wham! Oh well.

You'll notice that most of the stuff in this issue is old. About half is from last year, some is almost prehistoric (1953). I'll give you one guess why. Dammit. Signs on the Institute boards and in every dorm have produced exactly two stories. I went so far as to attend a (shudder) tablecom meeting on the basis that Norwood would write something for me. So far he hasn't (he just did, it wasn't very good). The ~~tablecom~~ meeting convinced me that they discuss SF about as much as we do.

To digress (my favorite activity) I would like to comment on the ~~planned renovation~~ renovation of Burton house. It is the first time that I ever heard of trying to move the foundations after the building is up. As for the 'food', well, this zine is sent through the US mails and they have imposed certain language restrictions.

In the May issue of Kipple, Marion Bradley reviews TZ. Without going into detail I will say that her comments on TZ and MIT in general as being totally uncontroversial and scientifically detached are unfair, but true. However she forgets one thing. Kipple is a fanzine and WE ARE NOT. While I do not like Gernsback's text-book type story, I don't think that the duty of SF is to knock the stuffings out of a stuffy and complacent society. There are enough people doing this. While an SF story may (and often does) satire this age in the manner of Orwell and Huxley, this is not its prime object. I say that its only duty is to be enjoyable. This doesn't mean that I don't like political and social satires (I love 'em). It just means that I don't want SF drowned in them. The job of the Twilight Zine is (theoretically) to publish amature SF and to talk about science fiction topics, such as objective book reviews, letters of comment from professionals like Asimov, Gernsback, etc. On the other hand, fanzines like Kipple and Hubakkuk

(\* year, with luck)

The defence rests.

-BLM

Burton is a horrid  
I like it.  
For clothes there's never any space,  
I like it.  
The elevators never run,  
Four flights of stairs is no damn fun  
I like it.

RETCH!

[illegible]



## ONCE ON A BLUE MOON

by

Joseph R. Hearst

Five...four...three...two...one...zero! Drake jabbed the firing stud, and his body was jammed into the acceleration couch. The rockets roared as twenty kilograms of plutonium were spent in the blast. With an effort, Drake turned his head to the left and saw Phillips, the geologist, with his face crushed into the couch across the control room.

Phillips was the youngest of the team and was Drake's best friend. Drake had been worried that the acceleration would be too much for Phillips, but he seemed to be taking it.

Phillips had been in Drake's chem lab in college. When he had approached him on the subject of going on the trip, Drake at first refused him, but he eventually had had to concede that a geologist--or selenologist--was needed.

On the couch above Phillips lay Dawson--Dr. Reginald P. Dawson, head of the nuclear physics department of the University of Kiev, who had given up a comfortable chair to sign onto this first trip as an engineer. He was a hard worker, as are all heads of physics departments, and a crackerjack mathematician. He had great hopes for research on this trip.

Over Drake's head lay Osaki. Electronics was his specialty, photography his hobby; he was doubly useful on a trip like this. At the moment his thoughts were divided between two things--worry that his radio and video would break, and worry that his cameras would break. He had been chosen as much as a photographer as a radioman, and his happy combination of talents had relieved Drake of the necessity of arguing with the research commission, which didn't think a photographer was necessary.

Drake himself had taken his M.A. in chemistry, but had read so much science-fiction in school that upon graduation he had devoted himself to rocketry and rocket fuels, and had become an authority on both subjects. The Commission had considered him the logical choice for commander when they had decided to send a ship to the moon.

At last the rockets cut out, and the men could move again. "Let's look at the earth," cried Phillips. They stumbled to the viewports and looked out at the great globe below them. They wore magnetic shoes, so there still was a "below", since they could only walk on the floor. The other walls were covered with cork to prevent walking, since feet damage instruments. Shortly, however, Drake put them to work.

Seventy-two hours later the UNATIONS dropped tail first onto the Mare Imbrium. The acceleration could be felt, but it wasn't great enough to make the men resort to their couches. Phillips watched from the viewport, Osaki on his video, the spot on which the ship would hit. Great gouts of flame scorched the surface, accompanied by clouds of smoke. Drake was carefully eyeing the radar altimeter. Suddenly he yelled "Ready, cut!" and Dawson threw the damping lever, sending hundreds of cadmium rods into the piles.

There was a crunch, a heavy shock, as the ship hit the soil of the Moon. The four men looked at each other. Each man reached into his pocket, and each brought out a silver dollar. Each held it between his thumb and forefinger, and simultaneously each flipped, then caught it and held it out. Phillips let out a yell, and went to the space-suit locker, the others following. With almost no conversation they hurried into their suits, tested them, and opened the airlock. Phillips reached into the locker and pulled out a UN flag, then led the way down the ladder, stepped out onto the ground, raised the flag as high as he could, and plunged it into the soil of the Moon.

Like schoolboys the four scientists leaped high in the absence of air, taking thirty-foot bounds across the surface. After a little of this, they began work. Dawson began to work on finding the mass of the moon, while Osaki set up for a broadcast back home. Drake and Phillips wandered about collecting soil samples and meteorites. After an hour or so Osaki got out his lead coated Contax and started on a hike with them.

Since it didn't matter which way they went, they went due north by the compass. They could always retrace their footprints in the soil coming back--there's no wind where there's no air. Osaki almost went mad using roll after roll of his special color film on the rock formations and the black star-blazed sky. Phillips trotted back and forth like a spaniel, picking up samples, letting out a yelp once in a while over a particularly promising one.

It was morning in Mare Imbrium, and as the sun rose higher the men turned on cooling units in their suits. Their feet sank in the now soft soil. After a few hours they returned to the ship, as they hadn't eaten in about ten hours.

They closed the airlock and stripped off their suits.

"God," cried Osaki, "What's that horrible smell?"

"Good heavens, Reg," asked Drake, "How many years has it been since you bathed? You smell worse than a glue factory and tannery combined."

"Don't blame me," was the reply, "You're the guy who never uses water. It's awful, though."

All four tried without success to trace the smell. Nevertheless, such is the stuff of which space travelers are made that they managed to cook and eat a small meal without violent reaction.

After supper they began what might have been called "correlation of data." Osaki developed pictures--they couldn't be left open to cosmic rays very long undeveloped. Dawson fed a little calculating machine and was very contented. Phillips analyzed the meteorites, he saved the native soil for the next day when he'd have more--he'd been loaded with meteorites when he came in.

Next morning--earth time--still the same day on the moon, they set out again. The three hikers of the day before took off, east this time, while Dawson stayed behind to work over the ship. The soil was really mushy--no other word will describe it--and slogging through it was unpleasant, but they went on. They had brought sacks for it but wished they had brought jars before the trip was done. The muck sucked at their feet, and once when Phillips slipped it almost dragged him down.

"Let's go back," he said. "I want to analyze this stuff." They fought their way back.

Dawson greeted them with a look of amazement and nausea. "The smell is ten times as bad," he said. "I've had the air conditioning on for hours and it hasn't helped. And look at your soil samples!"

They looked and gaped. The soil, in the heat of the ship, had turned practically liquid, and a little hair-like protuberances had appeared on its surface.

Phillips grabbed some and dashed to his lab.

The others began "congratulating" again. About four hours later Phillips joined them.

"Well," he said, "I've found two things. The soil is organic, and it's where the smell comes from."

"Oh no! You mean we'll have to take that smell back to earth?" gulped Osaki. "Look at the new stuff."

Already the hair-like growths had appeared.

"I don't like this," said Phillips. "I can't analyze it with my mineralogy apparatus, and it looks alive."

"Well, leave it for a couple of days, while we work on cosmoics, and then we'll see," said Drake.

For two days they watched the soil. Each hour the smell grew more oppressive, and the growths on it longer and thicker.

Dawson noticed that the oxygen was being used up faster than it should be, and that they might well run short. Could the soil breathe?

On the third morning Drake and Phillips stayed aboard and devoted their energies to analysis. The growths now covered the entire surface of the soil, and it heaved a little when they approached. All day they worked, and finally, when the others came aboard at night--earth time--they were told by Drake:

"With our apparatus and reagents we can't get it. We can't even tell what type of substance it is. We need a volunteer to taste it, because we can get an idea from the taste. Before you volunteer, remember, it may be poisonous--and it may be alive."

"I guess I'm least needed," said Osaki. "We can't go back without knowing what this is, because it might infect people back home, or overrun the earth. I'll taste it."

Slowly he picked up the beaker Drake handed him, and with anxious eyes upon him, tasted it...

Writhing and screaming he fell to the deck. Drake dashed to the first-aid kit, cursing himself for not having thought of it earlier. The others watched as he got out aromatic spirits of ammonia. They were frantic. Phillips and Drake held Osaki down, and Dawson broke the ampoule under his nose. The screams and writhings stopped.

In an hysterical voice Osaki gasped out, "It's g-g-g-green cheese!"

---

From the desk of: H. L. GOLD (Jan 4, 1953)

Dear Mr. Hearst:

I know it's a little hard to believe, but some version of this gag comes in at least once or twice a week...every week.

All thanks for the look, though. And my best regards to the M.I.T.S.F. Society.

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# A GERNSLETTER

(Due to the vast socio-politico-economic importance of this letter, I feel that it deserves its own place in the Zine-BLM)

April 14, 1961

Dear Ravin:

M.I.T.\* your permission for a bit of your valuable editorial time-space, it seems that your comment, pages 28-29 TZ, Vol. 1, #2, has created several tournedos\*\* in a soup cup.

If the percolation has filtered correctly through my cellular M.I.Tosis,\*\*\*the quizis: What comes first, the story of the science? Or, according to you: Is the story the vehicle for the science or is the science the vehicle for the story--which does H.G. wish to imply? This puts me in a hellish fix, for it poses the important question: Am I after all those years to become the bête noir† of science fiction?

Next quiz: What came first: Time or Space? The Hen or the Egghead? Sex or the Spermatozoon? Weighty questions these. (Note: on the moon they would weigh only 1/6th as much.) So excuse it, please, if I don't intend to become involuted in them.

But as Time would say: A good M.I.Tman looks at all problems with a cold, calculated eye. (Probably photoelectric.)

Every author treats S.F. in his own individual manner. If he has only one or two fundamentally new ideas, he can write a fine literary work. If he has scores of new ideas, he must explain each--hence his literature suffers.

On top of this, a new factor rears its meddlesome head.

For exactly fifty years, I have been extruding science fiction. Perhaps I should better say: Future Science Fiction. My first story, RALPH 124C41+ carried the significant subhead: A Romance of the Year 2660. All my life I have dealt in futures. My annual Christmas effusions, as cannot have escaped you, have been titled Forecast for a full decade. Thus you must have observed that with me the future comes first, last and always. The story? Hell, that's secondary! When one extrapolates the now into the coming, one must be careful that people now living will understand what you are yakking about, because they cannot possibly savvy the--to them--preposterous science

and its outlandish language centuries hence.

An example: In FORECAST 1958, I said: "Now let us assume that YOU take Benjamin Franklin's place and tune in the time projector 175 years hence--(A.D. 2132). Like Franklin, you, too, select a weekly news-magazine ALNUS (phonetic spelling of All News) dated Jan. 4, 2132. You now turn to the Nus of T/Wëk, which means News of the Week in 2132 orthography. As the spelling and abbreviations of most words are difficult to follow for today's reader, I have "translated" a few paragraphs for the benefit of my contemporaries."

In other words, I must translate the future into the present. Once you do that, your story, your literature (if any) go completely to the devil. You are happy if your stuff can be understood at all. Hence you must write in the simplest terms--to do otherwise means that the poor present-day reader would not only have to understand the future incongruous science but future language with its undecipherably advanced literary turns and quirks as well, let alone a changed orthography--an impossible task even for a s.f. fan.

Did I make myself mudclear?

Futuristically yours

Uncle Hugo

-----

- \* Mit (German) pr. with.
- \*\* Tournedos, French. A slice of beef filet.
- \*\*\* Mitosis, from Greek mitos, in biology, cell division.
- + bête noire, French, black beast, i.e., black sheep.



Mating call organ  
Dissected from female of intelligent  
species located on Epsilon Eridani III

DANGER! DO NOT USE!

The male of this species has a phenomenal sense of hearing!

# THE TWILIGHT REGION

-Doug Hoylman

ANNOUNCER: (In a deep, resonant, sepulchral voice) There is a fifth dimension, beyond that which is known to men. It is a dimension of-- Aw, Rod, do I gotta read this junk again? It's the same every week and everybody knows it by heart. (Pause) Thanks, Rod.

(We see a typical slovenly, grubby college dormitory room with a typical slovenly, grubby college student sitting at the desk studying.) This is Charlie. He's a freshman at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He looks like he's studying--or "tooling," as he calls it--but he isn't really. He's thinking about people named Charlie. How they happen to be in the right place at the right time. Like the Charlie who got on the MTA subway at the right moment and the Kingston Trio made a record out of it. Or Bonnie Prince Charlie, who didn't do a thing except happen to be born to the Queen of England. Our Charlie is wondering why things like that never happen to him. But in a few minutes he's going to be in the right place--just where he is now, at that desk, and he's going to become important. Because he's on his way to (Pause) THE TWILIGHT REGION.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER: Mothers! Is your child at that stage where he is starting to pick up various--uh--vulgar words and phrases and start repeating them? If you're a good old-fashioned mother you wash his mouth out with soap--right? just like your mother did to you. But are you aware that you may be damaging his health? Clinical tests show that old-fashioned "cleaning soap" can have bad effects. Here you see a dirty handkerchief. The soil on it represents the enzymes and hormones in your child's body. Now watch as we dunk it in to this container of "cleaning soap." See? The soil dissolves. Now we'll take the other handkerchief and dunk it into Clanton's New Improved Cussin' Soap. The dirt is still there, Proof that Clanton's Cussin' Soap, cannot harm your child's delicate system. And Clanton's New Improved Cussin' Soap has a new improved bad taste. Worse than any commercial or homemade soap, worse than any medicine. In one actual test a boy who was given the Cussin' Soap treatment ate an entire plate of spinach attempting to get the taste out of his mouth. So get Clanton's New Improved Cussin' Soap tomorrow. Also comes in peppermint flavor for parents who like to

spoil their children. And now we return you to THE TWILIGHT REGION.

(As the scene opens, Charlie is still seated at the same desk.

His roommate, Stan, enters.)

CHARLIE: Say, Stan, isn't it about time for your Science Fiction Society meeting?

STAN: Not for a while yet. Charlie, how'd you like to help me pull a little practical joke on the Society? I've just had an inspiration.

CHARLIE: I've seen some of your little practical jokes. What are my chances of survival?

STAN: (Ignoring the question) Charles, m'lud, are you at all familiar with an invention known as the Dean Drive? (Charlie collapses, laughing uncontrollably, on the floor.) I take it you have, then.

CHARLIE: (As soon as he has regained self-control) There was one fellow in my crowd in high school who fervently believed in that thing. He tried convincing all the rest of us that it worked, and we, including the science teachers, tried to tell him he was crazy.

STAN: (Chuckling) What is your friend doing now?

CHARLIE: He's at Caltech on a full-tuition National Merit Scholarship. (Stan is stopped short by this, but soon regains his composure.)

STAN: Well, that tells you something about Caltech. I guess. Anyway. Did you ever enter a Science Fair in high school?

CHARLIE: I don't like to brag, but I won a grand prize in my high school one year.

STAN: Well, I do like to brag. I won a grand prize in my state two years in a row. Same exact exhibit, took the plans right out of Popular Electronics magazine. But we're getting off the subject. As I was about to say, the Society members, in general, have a violent loathing for this Dean Drive bit (Charlie grins) and I want to suggest, at today's meeting, that we invite you as a guest speaker, to demonstrate the working model of the Drive that you built for a high school Science Fair project.

CHARLIE: But wha--how--why me?

STAN: You're the first person I've seen since I got the idea. How about it?

CHARLIE: Oh, I'm game, I guess. But what's the gag? What'm I going to do?

STAN: Demonstrate a working model. And it will, I assure you. We'll make a pretty authentic model, like so (He reaches for a piece of paper and starts sketching on it.), only right here we'll insert a CO<sub>2</sub> cartridge like so--get it?--and then when you press the button, here, the compressed gas shoots out and it takes off in this direction. Clever, huh?

CHARLIE: Stan, you're one of the most brilliant idiots I know. Do you think you can build the model?

STAN: With your help and a few connections of mine, we should be able to whip it together in two or three weeks. How about if I schedule you for three weeks from now? (Charlie nods) Fine. And now I must be off to the meeting.

(The scene shifts to the meeting room of the Science Fiction Society. Charlie is addressing the meeting, with a queer-looking contrivance on the table in front of him. Stan occupies a front-row seat.)

CHARLIE: Now I know most of you are familiar with the principles of the Dean Drive, (A murmur from the audience, and it is plain many of them are suppressing laughter) but I'll go over them briefly in case there is anyone who is not. (Picks up a piece of chalk and turns toward the blackboard. Suddenly he drops the chalk, groans, and clutches his stomach.)

STAN: (Moving to get up) Charlie, what's the matter? (Thunder is heard in the distance, but no one notices.)

CHARLIE: I don't know. I've got the oddest feeling--(Suddenly there is a loud clap of thunder and a blinding flash of light.)

STAN: Wow! What was that? Hey, what happened to Charlie? (All look up front: Charlie and the Dean Drive are gone.)

1ST MEMBER: Is this another one of your cheap practical jokes, Stan?

STAN: Yes! I mean no! I mean the Dean Drive bit was, but I don't know what happened to Charlie or the model! Honest!

COED: I think I'm going to faint! (She does.)

1ST MEMBER: Stan and his gags! C'mon, everybody, let's find out where he went.

2ND MEMBER: Well, there's only one door to this place and he didn't go out the window. (Shot of frost-covered window, which is locked.)

3RD MEMBER: He didn't go out the door. He would have had to go by me to get to it.

2ND MEMBER: And there's no place he could be hiding in this room.

COED: (Who has just been revived by a 4th member) What happened?

4TH MEMBER: Charlie vanished into thin air. (Coed faints again)

5TH MEMBER: Oh, no! All that work for nothing!

1ST MEMBER: All right, Stan, how'd you do it? (All gather around Stan)

STAN: I don't know, fellows! (Glances toward coed) Fellow members, that is. Honest I don't. Really. How could I have...(Fadeout)

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER: Are you bothered with tooth decay, frequent visits to the dentist? Do you have unsightly cavities, irritating toothaches? Put an end to your problems! Get Dentout. Dentout is the new miracle product that is unconditionally guaranteed, after just one application, to make all, not just a few, of your teeth fall out completely. Dentout contains the exclusive miracle ingredient tripentamono-chloro-fluoro-celodiamenylarsenobromylithyleptocyanide, which we call K-147 because our boxes are so small. Dentout is not recommended for children with baby teeth, as teeth removed may grow back in. Dentout--another fine product of O'Brother False Teeth Manufacturers, Inc. And now we return you to THE TWILIGHT REGION.

(Charlie is seen surrounded by mists and vague outlines. His machine lays on the ground intact in front of him.)

CHARLIE: Don't hit me so hard, Stan. Hey, what Happened? Where am I? Anybody here? (He looks around. Suddenly he sees, directly in front of him, a tall figure with a beard and white hair.) Oh, pardon me, Professor, Where am I?

JUPITER: Name's Jupiter, my boy, and this is Mount Olympus. (Gestures to a more youthful figure beside him) This is my--ah--co-worker, Apollo. Sorry, but I didn't catch your name?

CHARLIE: Charlie. What is all this? Apollo? Jupiter? Is this another of Stan's little jokes?

JUPITER: So you didn't believe in us either. Too bad. After the Roman empire fell apart, people on your planet sort of forgot about us up here. Oh, they named a few planets after us, things like that--but they had other things to think about. We haven't forgotten you, though. Quite the contrary. We've been studying your books and literature, learning all about you. Ah, for the good old days.

(Sighs)

CHARLIE: (Seizing the opportunity to get a word in) But I don't understand. What am I doing here? Am I dead?

APOLLO: Goodness, no. That's Pluto's department. No, we'll put you back where we found you just as soon as you help us settle something. ||



JUPITER: You see, every once in a while Apollo and I have a little wager. The winner gets to be King of Olympus until the next time around. The last one was--let's see, something about one of the Pharaohs, wasn't it?

APOLLO: You know darn well it was. I think you cheated. But this time I'm going to win. Right, Charlie? (Winks)

CHARLIE: Just what are you two betting on, and what do I have to do with it?

JUPITER: We're betting on whether it works or not. I just read something about it in one of your magazines and it impressed me as a fine example of the ingenuity of you mortals. But this young fool here has the gall to insult your race by claiming it doesn't work.

APOLLO: Now Zeusy, old boy, its not going to matter if you win his confidence or not. The gadget still won't work. Besides, there are old fools in every race, right, Charlie? (Winks again)

CHARLIE: But you see, this machine here--

JUPITER: I know it works, son, where do you turn it on?

CHARLIE: Like so. But if you'd let me explain--

JUPITER: (Turns machine on. It takes off into the wild blue yonder.) Aha! What did I tell you, Apollo? Its off like Mercury delivering an air mail letter. So I'm elected for another term, right? See you around the sky. (Vanishes)

APOLLO: Just wait till next time. Boy did he have me fooled.

CHARLIE: He sure did. That's what I've been trying to tell you. It was rigged. There was a carbon dioxide capsule hidden inside and--

APOLLO: Rigged? Then I've been cheated out of my rightful place as King of the Gods. You'll pay for this! All you lousy mortals. Get out of my sight! (Charlie vanishes. Shift to Society meeting room as before. Stan is still being given the third degree, when Charlie suddenly appears in his original place.)

STAN: Charlie! Where on earth have you been?

CHARLIE: I wasn't. I was someplace out of a 21.01 book. (Members gether around him, except the coed, who has fainted again) All of a sudden I found myself...(Fadeout and fadein indicating the passage of time) and then Apollo said, "You mortals will pay for this!" and then I was back here again.

1 ST MEMBER: And you honestly expect us to believe that?

3rd MEMBER: After that disappearing act I just saw, I'll believe anything.

2ND MEMBER: I make the Motion.

ALL OTHERS IN UNISON: Second. (All grin sheepishly and dash out of the room. Fade to Charlie and Stan's room. Stan is reading, Charlie lying down)

STAN: Hey, Charlie. What time did the sun set tonight?

CHARLIE: It's been about 5:30 latly. Why?

STAN: Then how come it's still light outside this late at night?

CHARLIE: God, it is! Hey, Stan! I just remembered who Apollo is. The sun god!

STAN: So?

CHARLIE: Don't you see? He said he'd have revenge on us all! He's stopped the sun!

STAN: Are you out of your cotton-picking mind? If you'll remember your third grade astronomy, the earth goes around the sun, right? Besides, you dreamed the whole thing.

CHARLIE: Then where's the Dean Drive model? Turn on the radio.

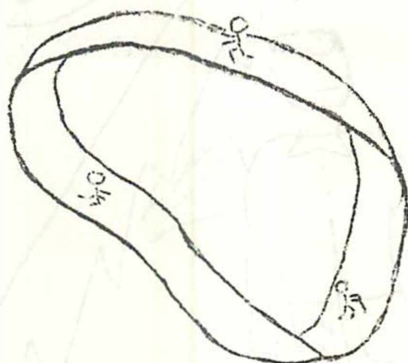
12

STAN: (Reaching for nearby transistor radio) I don't know. But there must be a better explanation than that story of yours.

CHARLIE: Will you shut up and listen to the radio, dammit?

(Over the radio we hear the same deep, resonant, sepulchral voice that introduced the program.)

ANNOUNCER: ...have no theories whatever to account for the fact that the rotation of the earth seems to have stopped altogether without warning. The Pacific Ocean is heated nearly to boiling, and most of the Atlantic has frozen over completely. Unless our government's hastily planned operation starts the rotation again, the earth will look like the planet Mercury, with one side in perpetual day and the other in perpetual night. Evacuation is already beginning for the thin center strip--a zone that Boston is astonishingly fortunate to be in--a zone now being referred to as (Pause) THE TWILIGHT REIGON.



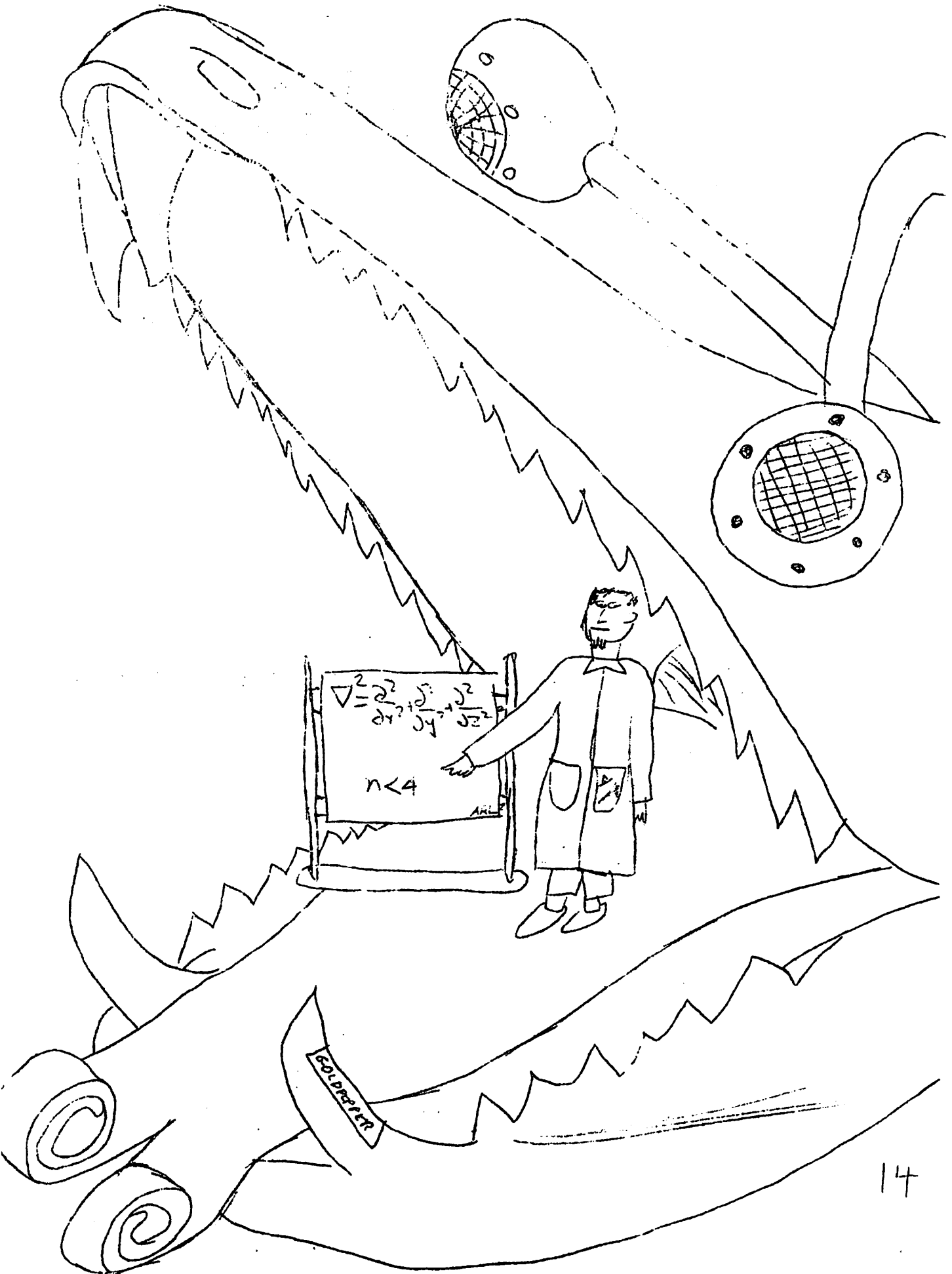
7<sup>th</sup>

LEVEL OF HELL

From The Vision of Sin

-Tennyson

At last I heard a voice upon the slope,  
Cry to the summit 'Is there any hope?'  
To which an answer pealed from that high land,  
But in a tongue no man could understand.



# THE MONSTER FROM THE FOURTH DIMENSION

-Doug Hoylman

"Gentlemen of the press," Professor McAllister rehearsed to his desk lamp, "I have demonstrated mathematically that, for all practical purposes there is no fourth dimension. My--question?" He paused, as if a reporter were asking him a question. He wanted to be prepared for all the obvious ones. "By 'for all practical purposes' I mean that, while such dimensions may exist, they are, according to my proof, inaccessible to us, as our three dimensions would be to any inhabitants of them. Yes?" Pause "Time? No, Einstein did not say time is the fourth dimension. He said a fourth dimension, and then only in a certain way. My proof takes time into account; what it says is that there is no fourth dimension of space. Yes?" The desk lamp asked another question. "No, it is not in any way experimental. It is a strict mathematical proof. Yes?" While he waited for another imaginary reporter to ask another imaginary question, his secretary opened the door to his inner office. "Yes, Miss Sanders?"

"Are you busy, Professor? There's a--uh--gentlemen to see you, and he says it's rather important." She looked slightly confused, and the professor had no idea why.

"Show him in, Miss Sanders," said the professor. Must be that fellow from Columbia to discuss the proof. Or the one from Ohio State--

In came a short, fat man in a sport shirt chewing a large cigar. He was most assuredly not that fellow from Columbia. He looks, Professor McAllister thought to himself, like the stereotype picture of a Hollywood producer. But that's ridiculous.

"Hello, Professor," the visitor said. "I'm Darryl B. DeMagnate, of Bee Films, Inc. Producer." McAllister started coughing. "Something the matter, Prof? Can I help?"

"No, I'm all right," said the professor. "Just a little surprised.

"Yeah, I bet you're wondering what I'm doing here, Huh?" said DeMagnate with a flash of insight. "Well, you see, I found out about your big new theory--oh, I know all kinds of people in this business, Prof-- and I want to ask you as a big colossal favor to hold off announcing it for a couple of years."

McAllister stood up. "But that's ridiculous! Two years--the progress of science--just why are you making this request?"

"Well, you see, Prof, we're working right now on this stupendous science-fiction-type horror movie, called 'The Monster from Four Dimensions.'"

"I've sunk a lot of work and money into this show and it oughta be a big hit, see? We got this scientist who makes a gadget that goes into the fourth dimension brings back stuff, and he has this gorgeous blonde daughter, see? and he explains to her how it's like we're on one page o

a book, and he's going over to the next pages and..."

"Excuse me," interrupted the professor, "But I don't see your problem. No offense intended, but all the films like this that I have seen don't seem to worry much about scientific accuracy. Why should my theorem, which is on a level so far above the layman anyway, hurt your picture? Why the exception?"

"Well, ordinarily we don't, Prof, but you just don't understand public relations. Now imagine. Our picture comes out right after your thing is announced. You just proved our basic premise impossible. See what I mean? The average guy sees our ad and says, 'Fourth dimension? Hah! That Professor McAllister just proved there ain't no such thing!' So if maybe you could wait a few years, until the picture has gone the rounds, and then make your big announcement."

"Yes, I see your problem, but you're asking me to hold up the progress of science for your movie. You don't understand what a breakthrough this is in mathematics and physics! Why, the effect on cosmology alone--I just can't do it!"

"Well, we gotta work something out. Mind if I see your proof, Prof?"

"I guess it won't hurt. The newsmen will be here soon anyway. But I'm sure you won't be able to begin to understand it, not even if you had an education in math. I've invented some of my own notation and--"

"Well, like you say, it can't hurt. Hey!" DeMagnate's eye fell on the last line of the proof. "Does n stand for the number of dimensions?"

"Yes."

"I had some algebra in high school. This thing between the n and the 4 means less than, right?"

"Of course."

"So any number less than four will work?"

"That's the point of the entire proof. Of course."

DeMagnate got up and shook McAllister's hand heartily. "Well, thanks a million, Prof. Everything's all right. Be seeing you." He left, leaving the professor in a state of extreme puzzlement.

\* \* \* \* \*

The proof was announced and the professor thought no more about the producer incident until the day, several months later, a newspaper advertisement caught his eye.

"BEE FILMS NOW PRESENTS

A Darryl B. DeMagnate Production

A HORROR MORE FORRIEABLE THAN ANYTHING MANKIND HAD YET ENVISIONED!

THE MONSTER FROM 3 1/2 DIMENSIONS"

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Jafiated?  
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## A GRIM FAIRY TALE

by

Al Kuhfeld

Once upon a time, in a far kingdom by the "C", there lived a wise and powerful king. This king had daughters fair, each one a true princess; and in the kingdom there were many princes from afar, each come to seek the hand of the fair princesses. The king was fond of these princes, for each paid gladly the sum of four pounds of gold yearly simply for the privilege of courting the daughters. The king was so fond of these princes that each year he added nine ounces of gold to the courting fee as his daughters grew even more lovely. The affairs of the kingdom prospered. The king's treasury grew fatter each year, as did the king. The daughters showed favors to all the princes so that none was driven to leave, yet they married none so that there was some reason for them to remain.

One day the king was sitting in his counting house smoking his pipe, taking occasional sips from his bowl of imported German brew, and listening to his string trio when a page rushed in.

"Sire", the page cried, "a fierce dragon ravishes the countryside!"

The king replied, "Don't you mean ravages?"

"This is a most unusual dragon, sire. But if steps are not taken, soon he will destroy the kingdom! His fierce flaming breath has already destroyed the great monument to the humble beer-can-opener!"

"What HO!" cried the king. "My favorite shrine gone! The dragon must be killed. Send Sir Wahokanson out at once!"

Two hours later, the page returned. "My regrets, Sire, but the dragon has eaten Sir Wahokanson."

"Oh rats. Send count von Friedrich after the dragon. He is an expert at putting down disturbances."

It took the dragon only an hour to eat count von Friedrich. The other Knights of the Round Auditorium, sent out to cope with the problem had equal luck. Each served only to whet the appetite of the dragon for the next. Soon none was left. The king was distraught. "What to do, what to do?", he moaned.

A lackey ran up. "Save yourself, Sire! The dragon approacheth!"

The king straightened to his full majestic height. "I shall run from no creature! I shall fight like a king and, if necessary, die like a king!" and so saying, he donned his cloak of power and unsheathed his enchanted slide rule, Excalibrate.

The dragon stuck his head through the porticullis, neglecting to open it first. "Duh, so you're the king! I LOVE kings!" Espying the princesses crouched behind their father, the dragon added: "I like princesses, too."

The king took heart. "Then is it that you came as a friend?"

"Hech, no" replied the dragon. "You have placed the wrong interpretation upon my words." The king, seeing that he must fight, smote the beast with all his might. The slide rule bounced from its scaly hide. Dragon breath reached out and roasted king, princesses, lacky, cloak of power, and enchanted slide rule. Pulling a saltshaker from his sporran, the monster prepared to feast. "Yum!" he slobbered.

Later, after having hunted out the princes and imprisoned them in his pantry, the dragon became lonesome. So he sent for his dragoness and all the little dragonets; and they moved into the king's palace and lived happily ever after.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Which all goes to prove that you can never trust a slide rule (not even an enchanted one) on anything larger than four decimal places.

LUNA

-ARLewis

Only Terran satellite;  
Shining by reflected light.  
Many craters with ringwalls round  
Made by meteors striking ground.

Temprature ranges high and low  
Thermal erosion-but dust doesn't blow:  
Gravity low and heat severe  
Have cost the moon its atmosphere.

Instrument of changing tide:  
Earth can see only one side;  
Other side is hid from sight:  
Lunar rock shuts out the light.

A place not fit for us to stay;  
We'll go there anyway-some day.

-----  
Boston, Ga. pop 1,035 (friendliest little town in  
the universe)

✓ HERE DO

YOU GUYS GET

THE NERVE?

OR: The Thing in my Mailbox ~~W/XXXX~~ Rides Again, and boy, don't miss Dick Levine. For illos, anyway.

By The Noble Secretary  
& X Editor,  
Jon "The" Ravin

Well, kiddies, the last time we saw Captain Science, the Worm Men from Io were about to capture him and the Tech Coed and drag them back to the Big Worm's secret castle in the Nausea Mountains of Neveid. Today's exciting episode....

Hell with that.

Well, it certainly has been a long time. As you may have noticed, I am no longer editor of this thing. ~~I got/changed/~~. I decided that it was taking too much of my time, as my grade report for last term showed. So I decided to quit, to devote more time to my studies.

That's why I'm typing this, you see: the only work I have left to do for the week to come is my 6.03T, 6.05 and 8.051 problem sets, the reading assignments for 21.43, and a formal report due tomorrow in 6.71 (known to the masses as Torture II, or The EE Department's answer to 8.09)\* and it is only about 1 o'clock. Ayem. So what am I worried about?

Oh, My God!

Now, on to more important things. Like this letter column. But before I do, I'd like to mention the following, if Bernie has not done so earlier in the mag: letters of comment should be sent to me, and contributions and trades to Bernie. Our addresses are on the contents page. If somebody didn't forget to put them there, that is.

And now, A LETTER! And from a man we all know and love. It was originally sent to Lewis, of all people.

Dear Brother Lewis:

Your contribution (and I do thank you for the plain wrapper) has given me much pleasure. I must confess that the language of SFS people quite often baffles me completely. Even so, I relish the

(\* as is obvious to the more alert readers of this thing, the Ravin and I were unaware of each others idioticals while we were doing our own -BLM)

fiction and poetry in both issues of The Twilight Zine. The minutes contained in Volume I Number 1 are among the best minutes I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

May I say that you people amaze and confound me by the fact that you can marshal the time and the energy, and the zest and the initiative to put together a magazine of such good quality and dimension in spite of the demands that are imposed by life as she is lived in this here now great institution which we share together!

With every good wish,

Very truly yours,  
(signed) F. G. Fassett, Jr.  
Dean of Residence

(Gosh! I feel so mature!)

Dear Jon,

I don't like the tone of your masthead, and Marion Bradley's glee or no, I think you should drop it. You are fans, whether you think so or not, or how come you're publishing a fanzine ((Ask Hugo Gernsback-jr)), or sitting there in a club? "We just read the stuff" sounds like you would just as soon read other trash, and have no loyalty to sf trash, and that's not so, is it? ((I'd rather get my kicks this way than climbing mountains; it's safer. THAT'S why I read the stuff.)) It also implies that fans are aliens, or something. ((Have you ever met Fred Norwood?))

((We now skip a few paragraphs of random comment))

How many science fiction writers even try to think of new ideas these days? Very few. (I mean new mechanical inventions, not new ideas in the broader sense.) Therefore, there will be little use for a law to make such ideas patentable. But even for those few who do manage to come up with something new, it would not help--they don't know how it could be made to work, or they would get a patent on it in the ordinary way. ((Exactly)) I once had an ambition to be an inventor, and I sometimes throw something into stories that I think is new, but with the sole desire of inspiring others, if that happens, and not to hinder making a claim on something that I have a vague idea on how it works. (What I need is a sentence unscrambler.) In other words, the forward looking science fiction writer, from Jules Verne to Heinlein, only describes what MAY be invented in the future, (and so inspires its invention, perhaps) but he does not invent it himself. Ideas can't and shouldn't be patented just as ideas; this is contrary to the intent of the patent laws, and of course, copyright does not "protect" ideas either. Any such extension of patents or copyright to ideas would not only hurt technology, it would hurt sf as well. No writer would dare use any technical ideas, for fear it was old ((psionics, maybe?)), and so the "no-idea" writers would take over completely, instead of only partially, as now. (Incidentally, if someone manufactured a device under a patent that was previously described in a story, couldn't the author threaten to get the patent nullified on a proof of non-originality, and thus collect?) ((I don't think so; it didn't help Clarke and his space stations; besides, who describes a PATENT in stories? Now, that is. Any opinions?))

Yours,  
(signed) Donald Franson



Howdy:

A Psychiatrist Looks at Science Fiction reminds me of my trip on my way to the New York Convention in '56. I wish I could remember more of the details, but on the train, I found myself talking to a psychiatrist, a non-sf reader. His only connection with sf had been a few years before, in Seattle, where he had treated a 14 year old boy from Vancouver, B.C., who had withdrawn into an sf reality. Briefly, he claimed how they had to strip him of all his defensive mechanisms set up to protect his sf world, strip him to the level of an infant, then, rebuild his insanity along lines more acceptable for Society. The psychiatrist claimed that the patient would never be able to do highly complicated stuff, but that he could get along in a not-very-complicated position in life. The claim was that that they knew so little about the mind and insanity, that they could not cure him, that some defenses were necessary, so, on stripping the boy, they had to rebuild some protective mental attitudes, so as to rebuild him into a moderately useful citizen. In the so-called cured, or released condition, he was no longer legally insane, but that medically, he was just as insane as before, only, as I said, in a more acceptable form to Society. That had been his only connection with SF, as far as I can remember. He had, however, marvelled at the completeness of the world of pseudo-reality the boy had developed.

A saturnalian fiend,  
(signed) Art Hayes

((And now, a normal type letter of comment, just to break the mood))  
Dear Jon:

With a name like that ((like what?)), you should be hero of a weekly thriller series, set in Hong Kong. Anyway, your plea for a letter has moved even my hard heart. So here is one.

I meant to comment on TZ #1, which I mostly liked. The poems about Bok and the Caltek were very good. ((You have exquisite taste)) The title of the zine was completely obscured on our copy, and I had it two days before I realized it was zine, and not zone. You know, I'm a great fan of SCIENCEfiction myself, but if that was the best example Gernsback had to offer, he should forget it, already. Good Ghod! Just about everybody who knows their ABC's knows that it takes centuries for a message to reach a radio star- you hardly have to find it out by reading an sf magazine. How about a new and startling story of how the Earth is round? ((By symmetry arguments...)) The news value would be about the same.

In this issue I liked the Lieber piece, disjointed as it was. It gave me the impression that it had been a speech originally. ((Right)) Sarill's "NonFans Guide" may have been of help to your members, but I get the impression they already know more than they care to about fandom. I don't think you have to run around shouting "We don't want to be fans" at the top of your lungs, however. I don't know of anyone who intends to FORCE you to be fans, believe me. Most of us intend to read TZ as it comes along and leave you alone the rest of the time. Fandom isn't all that bad, anyway. I think you people have gotten a misconception of what it is like. I shan't straighten you out, however, because of what I said above.

Regards,  
Noreen Shaw

2

((And that's all for this time; I don't want to waste another stencil.))



They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care  
They pursued it with forks and hope;  
They threatened its life with a railway-share;  
They charmed it with smiles and with soap.

-le chase du Snark

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You're blessed  
(with this zine) because;

- ☒ trade
- ☐ you contributed
- ☐ we want you to (contrib)
- ☐ you're ~~slanted~~ mentioned
- ☐ why not?