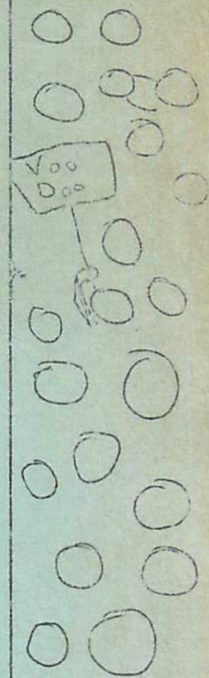
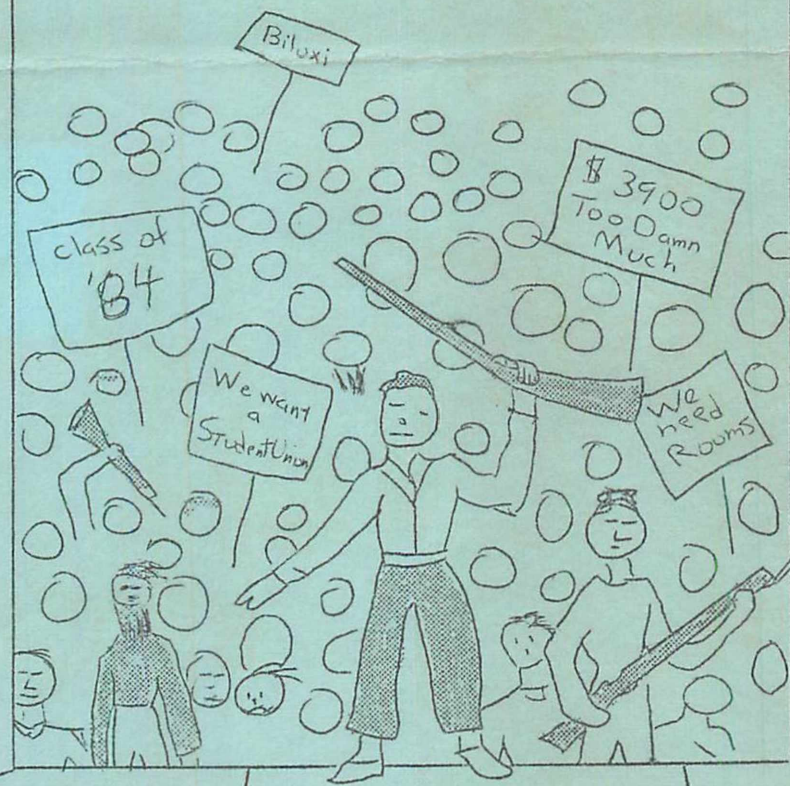
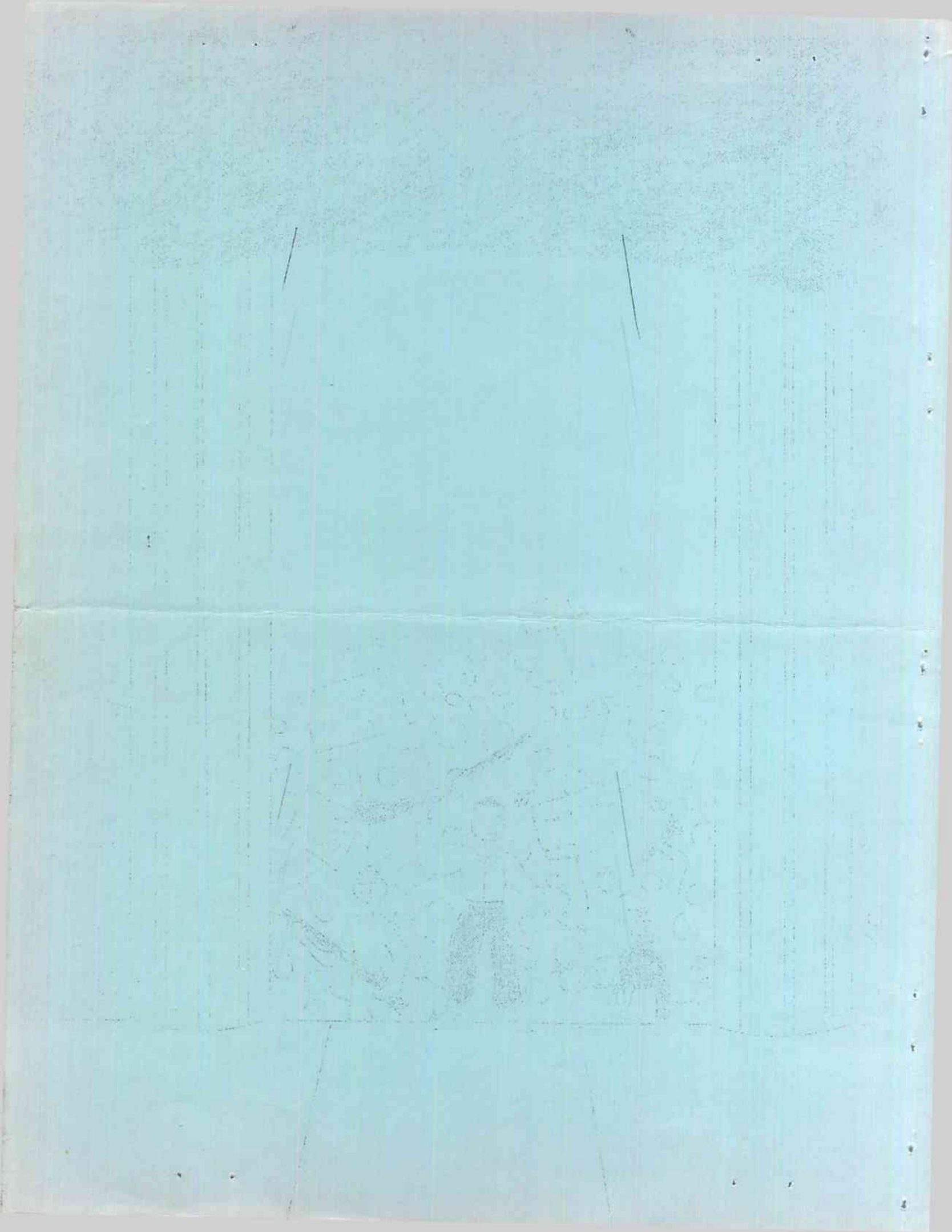


30 Mar '63
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THE TWILIGHT ZINE

number five

CONTENTS:

Fit the First-----	BLM-----	2
Folk Songs of MIT-----	misc.-----	4
Tomorrow's History----	Doug Hoylman----	11
Some Random Facts-----	the Ravin-----	17
Logic-----	Edwin L. Pragla--	19
A New Name for SF-----	Doug Hoylman----	22

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Steve Portnoy
ARL "the Thing"

Alas! No cookies
this time.

(Scratch a Blue and you get a Pink)

The Twilight Zine is published at random intervals by the MIT Science Fiction Society. It's free to members of said organization, and to others for trades, letters, contribs, or just because we feel like it. NOT FOR SALE. The bird is defunct so send everything to me. That's Bernard Morris, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass.

In the next ish there will be more Hoylman stories (of course), more fiendish songs, and, with luck, the story of a great Hack about to take place in the very near future, plus other assorted odds and ends.

FIIT THE FIRST

-BLM

Dammit! This is turning into a Hoylmanzine. He now has the distinction of not only being the only one who can write, but the only one who does. Not that his stuff isn't good enough (I really think some of it is better than the junk you buy nowadays) but let's have someone else, too. Please. Or else.

A few weeks ago I received a call from a techratary at, of all places, the public relations department. She said that she'd received a letter from Mademoiselle Magazine which referred to a "science fiction newsletter" that they had heard was "being circulated" at MIT. The next day I went up to see her, armed with misc. (and very confusing) things about SF in general and the MITSFS in particular. She showed me the letter, its heading was "Mademoiselle--the Magazine for Smart Young Women." Mighod!! What do they want from us? I gave her some old issues and, since the beings at Mlle. had also mentioned that super-contraversial word "fandom" in their letter, a fanzine or two. The March issue of F&SF, which has a totally incomprehensible thing on fandom in it. I also drowned her in we-wrote-about-it-twenty-years-before-it-happened type propaganda, with plugs where I felt they were necessary. I can't really believe that they will use it in their publication, but it will be interesting if they do.

Also a few weeks ago, a girl who must remain anonymous (her initials are C.S.) sent a letter to a fellow in Baker House. It had a picture and a plea that she was lonely and wanted some pen-pals. (She couldn't have been too lonely if she only wanted pen-pals). She made a mistake. It turned out that this particular tool had a sense of humor. He mimeoed up the following letter and gave copies out to everyone in the dorm, including her name and address. Soon the other dorms were in the act. I have heard that at least nine other schools have also nobly responded to this poor, lonely girl. The forms are also used for the loved one back home, sometimes with interesting results. The Letter:

my darling:

Ah! What a lovely name! I knew when I first heard it that you were truly an angel. Yes, I am one of the lonely MIT boys, lost in a frantic competitive universe, who desperately needs someone to help him along the twisted pathways of life. I sit here at my desk, looking out at the lonely city lights and whispering your name, "_____", "_____" . My very being aches to see you, to hear you, to ripple my fingers through your soft _____ hair, to kiss your lovely, tender lips. I cannot eat, I cannot sleep; I lie awake and cry your name into the night.

Oh _____, my far-away love, if you were only here

with me, to hold my hand and perhaps...., yes, perhaps to say you love me as I love you, I know I could stop drinking. Oh please, my perfect love, send me your picture so that I may talk to it through the long, lonely night, feeling somehow that you might hear and know the true depths of my love. Then... I know I could find a small grain of happiness.

With all my love,

Burton House Box _____
420 Memorial Drive
Cambridge 39, Mass.

MIT form RU-4-69-2

Fun, huh? But I do pity her poor mailman. (Cooliè's note to foregoing: her post office, noticing the large influx of mail, kept a count of letters to C.S. The count is now over 17,500 !)

Many witticisms concerning the Bomb, etc., are appearing these days. Most of them can be called sick, i.e., they calmly joke about our "all going together when we go". They are mostly written as a way of laughing off our troubles. Mostly, but not all, which gives me the opportunity of introducing ARLewis. He is unique in the sense that he means it when he says "Help stamp out SANE, the job you save may be your own". As a way of background he is a first- year grad student at the tool or die works (MIT to entering freshmen). He was also here last year and the three before as an undergrad before his Metamorphosis to his present "superior" state. I had the ~~pleasure~~ experience last year of living on the same floor with him. For the past week he has been in CENSORED, testing CENSORED, which is perfectly natural since he is a real Evil Atomic Scientist. He is also mildly ~~psychotic~~ eccentric as proven by the time he tried to throttle some clod who had thrown a book at him during a meeting. I would hate to see his finger near the Little Red Button. There is a rumor that he received his training from Doctor Sivana.

About the letter coulumn. There ain't none because:

1. Ravin is lazy.
2. There were damn few letters.

The former will probably not change; the latter had better!
The money we save on postage goes for bheer.

For Mercy has a human heart
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace the human dress.

Cruelty has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face;
Terror the human form Divine,
And Secrecy the human dress.

Mad W^m Blake

Folk Songs of MIT

While IHTFP expresses a widely felt sentiment, (not really) it is rather limited. These folk songs, mostly written by ARLewis of Mordor, are a better (and more printable) expression of our toolish selves. The great classic, "We Are the Engineers", is not included for obvious reasons. It's feelthy.

Ethnic notes for those of you who do not have to sweat out all this jazz.

10-250---a den of iniquity
slipstick--sliderule

brass rat--the class ring. There is an interesting tradition about how it should be worn which would not, however, make it through the US mail.

farads...coulombs--the hell with them

harvard--the boys school up the river

6.00---now 6.01 or something, a ream

the Radon lab--Lewis' haunt

the laws of Thermodynamics; 1st you can't win, 2nd you can't break even

the Great Dome--center of the universe

the tuition riot--it never happened

THE CURRENT SOURCE (tune: the boom boom boom, a pop song about five years ago)

One day in old 6.00 lab I saw a great big box; ago)
It was all black and written on, and tied down with big locks.
It had a shorting bar on it and writing on the side;
It said: TEN (10) AMPS--NO MATTER WHAT. It always was alive.

I wheeled it over to my bench; my partners weren't there.
I wanted to see what it read on the microammeter.
I hooked the MIT meter through a hundred billion ohms.
It look like they'll no longer need to plaster the great dome.

When they finally got the lab cleaned out, I was well upon my way,
A heading back to harvard bridge to throw it in the bay.
I chanced to meet old Ernie G., his face was all bright red.
He said, "Short out that goddamned thing. The currents go through my head".

At this I dropped the big black box right off into the bay;
The bubbles started immediatly, electrolysing away.
The Charles is getting lower every minute every day.
If someone doesn't short out that source, the crew will row on clay.

FOLLOW THE DATUM NODE (tune: obvious)

When the quiz begins and Ernie calls,
Follow the datum node.
You can draw a matrix of another dual
If you follow the datum node.

CHORUS: Follow the datum node, follow the datum node,
For the quiz will be over in a minute or so,
If you follow the datum node.

I cut the nodes and I tied the links.
Follow the datum node.
Then I noticed that the circuit had sources and sinks.
Follow the datum node.

CHORUS

A current source here and a voltage source there.
Follow the datum node.
Invoke Thevenin, Norton, and pull your hair.
Follow the datum node.

CHORUS

The second problem's like the first.
Follow the datum node.
But it's got more nodes and it's infinitely worse.
Follow the datum node.

CHORUS

Now I've done this quiz midst sorrow and tears.
Follow the datum node.
And I'll get a hundred after all these years.
Follow the datum node.

CHORUS

So the last bell rang and I nearly died.
Follow the datum node.
There's another problem on the other side.
Follow the datum node.

Follow the datum node, follow the datum node.
For the quiz is over and I'm going to fail
Cause I followed the datum node.

THE FRESHMAN'S LAMENT (tune: Cowboy's Lament)

As I walked out of the room 10-250,
As I walked out of the lecture one day,
I met a poor freshman with slipstick and pencil,
With slipstick and pencil and so much to say.

"I see by your brass rat that you are a senior."
These words did he say as I slowly limped by.
"Come sit down beside me and solve this equation;
I've got a straight F and I'm saying good-by."

"I integrate slowly, my quiz marks are lowly;
My themes were rejected---they say they're too clear.
With farads and newtons and joules, dynes, and coulombs,
A hell of a future---a Tech Engineer."

"I dream differentials and standard potentials;
My mass action constants are always the same.
My chem lab assignments are dry lab refinements,
And chemistry lectures are always to blame."

* "Let six tech coeds come carry my sliderule;
Let six happy seniors come help me along.
For I'm a poor freshman with nothing but failures,
A poor flunking freshman and I've done no wrong."

** This 1.2 freshman then transferred to harvard,
Where he got the best grades that anyone had.
Now he's making millions and living in oomfort;
I wonder if harvard will take me post-grad.

* sing this slowly as if contemplating an 8.07 final

** sing this happily if you still remember how.

WHEN WE'RE TESTING (tune: Saints marching song)

When we're testing in Nevada
And the bomb's been placed below
I want to be far from ground zero
Where the neutron flux won't go.

Oh when the micro-fissures form (2)
I want to be collecting data
When the micro-fissures form.

Some say the bomb is evil
And will kill us all en masse
But unless we test quite often
There's no use for radon gas.

Oh when the samples have arrived (2)
I'll put them in my counting chamber
When the samples have arrived.

1,2,3,4,...TESTING (tune Battle Hymn du
Republic)

It was gloomy in the atom lab--the funds were getting low,
And it looked as if our project had been dealt the fatal blow.
Then the Russians resumed testing--and the money started to flow.
--Cause we're finally going to test some more.

Chorus:

~~Chorus~~, ~~Chorus~~; How the data comes rolling in (3)
--Cause we're finally going to test some more.

The pacifists then heard of it and raised a squeaky cry
That the atmospheric strontium was getting awfully high.
We re-read New Hampshire's motto--said men must live FREE or die.
And.....(Chorus)

We sent ~~CENSORED~~ to Nevada to perform the crucial tests,
And he bitched about it to us--said it ruined his beauty rests.
Then we found him in Las Vegas--in the sinful gambling nests.
But.....(Chorus)

GOD BLESS FREE ENTERPRISE

God bless Free Enterprise
System: divine . .
Stand beside her
And guide her
Just as long as the profits are mine.
Good old Wall Street
May she flourish.
Corporations
May they grow.
God bless Free Enterprise--the Status Quo
God bless Free Enterprise--the Status Quo.

CAPITALIST WAR SONG

Come all ye Union haters
Red and labor baiters
Fight, fight, fight for Capital!

Wave the bloody sabre
Crush the rights of labor
Fight, fight, fight for Capital!

Damn, damn, damn, damn,
Damn the stupid masses.
Fight, fight, fight, fight
For Upper Classes

(Repeat first verse)

THE THERMODYNAMICS FINAL (tune: Battle Hymn
of the Republic)

Free energy and entropy were whirling in his brain
With partial differentials and Greek letters in their train,
And the delta, sigma, theta, epsilon, and pi's
Were driving him distracted as they danced before his eyes.

Chorus: Glory, glory dear old Thermo (3)
We'll pass you by and by.

Heat content and fugacity revolved within his brain,
Like the molecules and atoms that you never have to name.
With logarithmic functions doing cakewalks in his dreams
And partial molal quantities devouring chocolate creams.

Chorus

They asked him on this final if a mole of any gas
In a vessel with a membrane through which hydrogen could pass
Were compressed to half its volume what the entropy would be
If two-thirds of delta sigma equalled half of delta P.

Chorus

He said he guessed the entropy would have to equal four,
Unless the second law would bring it up a couple more.
But then it might be seven if the Carnot law applied,
Or it might be almost zero if the delta T should slide.

Chorus

The professor read his paper with a corrugated brow,
He knew he'd have to mark it, he didn't quite know how,
Till an inspiration in his cerebellum suddenly smote
As he seized his trusty fountain pen, and this is what he wrote.

Chorus

Just as you guessed the entropy I'll have to guess your grade,
But the second law won't raise it to the mark you might have made.
For it might have been a hundred, if your guesses all were good
But I think it must be zero till they're rightly understood.

Glory, glory dear old Thermo (3)
We'll try again next year.

HAIL TO MIT -- (tune: Alma's mother)

There beside the Charles River Basin,
Lies an awsome sight (site)
Midst the factory whistles blowing
Long into the night.

There it squats; its Great Dome rising
Like an ugly head.
Viscious grin across it sweeping,
Wishing you were dead.

Toothlike pillars neatly standing,
Bared beneath the sun;
Crablike pincers cruelly formed
By buildings 2 and 1.

In its halls the unwashed student
Cringes from the lights.
As if he were a streptococcus
Pursued by leukocytes.

Lab instructors, proctors, finals
Rub their hands with glee.
Cackle gaily to eachother
From screwing you and me.

At its rear, like fecal matter,
Sits Necco's seething vat.
Adding pungent chocolate odor
To that of rancid fat.

Gather round all Tech tool brothers
From every ethnic root.
Lift your voice in joyous chorus;
.... the Institute!

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivy twine,
Tell me why the sky's so blue.
And I will tell you just why I love you.

Fusion reactions make the stars shine,
Tropisms make the ivy twine,
Rayleigh scattering's why the sky's so blue.
Gonads and hormones are why I love you.

THE BALLAD OF MIT

(NOTE: for 1962-t= 2n years subtract \$200n from all values denoted *\$. t takes on positive and negative values.)

This is the story of a freshman named Charlie,
It's a tragic and fateful tale.
He took his tuition, all *\$1500
And sent it off by mail.

Chorus: Oh, did he ever get in; no, he never got in;
And we'll tell you the reason why.
If you only have *\$1500,
You're \$200 shy.

Charlie waits all day at the tables at Walker,
Crying: "What will become of me?
If I can't afford to pay my tuition,
I'll have to leave MIT"

Chorus

Charlie went down to the student center
Wearing a clean white shirt.
He said, "You've got all of 66 million.
Will \$200 hurt?"

Chorus

Now all you freshman, don't you think it's a scandal
How the INSTITUTE makes you pay and pay.
So, come next September, give them *\$1500
And we'll tell you what they'll say--

Oh, we won't let you in; no, we won't let you in.
And we'll tell you the reason why--
If you only have *\$1500
You're \$200 shy.

(Some of these songs have been changed for reasons of National Security. I have just been informed that Yourfriendandmine Bob Schildkraut and Marty Klein were also responsible for some of these things.)

God and universe have separated, and set each other as opposites. Consciousness, the Ego, has a being such that the other (everything else) is for it (its object). In developing this train of thought one arrives at the creation of free spirits, the world, and so on. The absolute antithesis, the atom (i.e. the Ego), which at the same time is a manifold (of contents of consciousness), is finiteness itself. It is for itself (in actuality) merely exclusion of its antithesis (the absolute Idea).

-from Reason in History, Hegel

((Give me a good honest equation any day))

TOMORROW'S HISTORY

--Doug Hoylman

The day after the first woman landed on the Moonbase, a little man in the Bronx named Irving Poindexter sat browsing through his collection of old Comet Science Fiction magazines. Suddenly he jumped up, raced for his phone, and called the Comet editorial office in Manhattan. "I beg your pardon," he said to the woman who answered the phone, "but could you tell me the address of one of your authors? His name is Joshua Harrison and he had a story in the July, 1942 issue." He had to fight to keep his voice calm. The woman on the other end said, "Just a minute and a half, please," and 90 seconds later came back and said, "This is the address he gave us in 1942, the only one we have. Joshua Harrison, RFD Route #5, Wide Spot, Missouri. What?! Yes, that's the name of the town. Wide Spot, Missouri." Irving Poindexter said "Thank you," and hung up. Within twenty minutes he had road maps and a full gas tank and was speeding toward Wide Spot, Missouri.

Walter Linton, editor-in-chief of Comet, was sitting at his desk under a large wall sign bearing the magazine's motto, "Today's science fiction will be tomorrow's history," when his secretary, Mabel Arthur, walked in. "I have two fascinating bits of news for your wicked old ears," she remarked.

"I wasn't aware that my ears were as wicked as the rest of me," he replied. "So what does my personal press service have to report?"

"Item one," Mabel began, "another triumph for the equality of the sexes. There is now a woman on the moon. Item two, there is a town in Missouri with the charming name of Wild Spot."

Linton smiled. "I know all about Miss Sarah McCall and her little ride. Where did you find this town? There are plenty of towns in Missouri which are no more than wide spots in the road, but I didn't know anyone had gotten around to calling one that."

"Somebody phoned just a minute ago," she said, "and wanted to know the address of a guy named Joshua Harrison, who sold us a story about forty years ago. Turns out his address is Wide Spot, Missouri."

"Quaint name," mused Linton. "Now why would anyone want to know an address like that? I don't even remember the name, and I've been around here since the '30's. Go get a copy of that story from the files. I'm curious."

Before Mabel was out the door Frank Rath, the young managing editor, was in. "Say, Walt," he began, "about the May issue..."

"Hold it, Mabel," Linton said. On second thought, he pointed at Rath, "you go."

"Go where? What's up?" Rath said. Mabel told him, "July, 1942 issue. Look up a story by Joshua Harrison. Hurry up."

"But the May issue, boss..."

"No, the July issue. 1942. Go," Linton told him curtly. Rath went.

"For a young fellow, Frank is a good editor, but somehow I enjoy riding him," Linton said to Mabel. "I guess it's his superior attitude."

Mabel nodded in agreement. "But he's cute. Well, I have some letters to get out." She went to her outer office.

A few minutes later the intercom on Linton's desk buzzed. It was Frank Rath, sounding worried. "Walt, do you have your Times on your desk as usual?"

"Of course," said Linton. "But did you find..."

"Yes, I did. Would you please read me the first paragraph of the lead story on the first page?"

Puzzled, Walt did so. "February 15, 1980. Special to the New York Times. At about noon EST today, the first woman ever to set foot on another heavenly body, Major Sarah McCall, WAC, entered Moonbase. Her presence there was the end product of much debate and was a defeat for the Earthbound commander of the Moon Project, Col. James Blaine.' So?"

Breathing harder, Rath continued. "Now read me the sign above your desk."

"Today's science fiction will be tomorrow's history.' I repeat. So?"

"Now I shall read. From the July, 1942 issue of Comet. A short story by Joshua Harrison entitled 'A Woman's Place.' 'No!' Colonel Blaine shouted. 'For nine years now--ever since '71--I have kept the Moon a man's world, and it's going to stay that way as long as I am commander of the Project. Look at those photographs, Major McCall. Does that look like a place for women?'"

There was a long silence. Then Rath said. "Walt?"

"Frank, come up here right away. And bring that magazine. If this is another of your jokes you can laugh all the way to the unemployment office." He switched off and then buzzed Mabel. "Were you by any chance listening to that conversation, Miss Arthur?"

"I'm afraid so, sir," she said meekly.

"Good. Then I won't have to explain anything to you. And the name's Walt."

Rath came in, his face white. "This is fantastic! It's amazing! Astounding!"

"Are you going to show me the story," Linton said gruffly, "or just stand there and list our competitors?"

"Here it is, boss." Rath handed him a worn Comet.

He opened it to the Harrison story. "Holy satellites! You were telling the truth! Listen to this. 'Sally was reminded of the day when she first left Tacoma to begin her freshman year at Stanford. Her mother had said, 'Someday...'"

Mabel interrupted, reading from the Times. "'Born and raised in Tacoma, Washington, Major McCall obtained her B.S. and M.S. in geophysics from Stanford University.' I don't believe it!"

They continued comparing. Every piece of data in the story corresponded exactly with the information in the Times article. When the three of them had used up all the expressions of astonishment they knew, Linton said, "Mabel, go see if we printed any more of this Harrison's stories. Then check with all the other S-F mags and see if they printed any. Find out all you can about Harrison."

When she had left Rath said to Linton, "What do you make of it, boss?"

Linton thought and said, "As a science-fictionist I would say precognition to the nth degree. As a scientist I would say impossible. And as an editor I would say let's print some more of his stories."

Within fifteen minutes Mabel was back. "We didn't print any more of his stories, but we rejected a total of thirty-two between 1934 and 1948. None of the competition printed any, at least of those that are still around, and among them they rejected over two hundred."

Linton whistled. "Two hundred stories! And if they all were as accurate as this one--"

"They may not have been, Walt," Rath interjected. "This one could have been a fluke."

"A fluke with a total of fifty-eight sub-flukes, giving names, dates, places, and technical details? Frank, Joshua Harrison had some way of foretelling the future down to the detail!"

"Is there any chance that Harrison is still alive? If he was writing in 1938, he would probably be in his sixties at least by now," Mabel observed.

"I don't know," said Linton. "But I'm willing to gamble a few hundred bucks that we will find something in Wide Spot. Mabel, find out the fastest way to get there and buy three tickets on whatever it is. I'll pay for it out of my own pocket," he added.

"Three tickets?" Rath asked.

"Well, of course. You, Mabel and me. We're the only ones who know anything about it."

"But the May issue--" Rath began lamely.

"Since when was there ever an issue that needed your help to come out on time, Frank?" Or mine either," Linton added reflectively.

Mabel called out, "Wide Spot is near St. Louis. There is a plane leaving Idlewils for St. Louis in an hour and a half, and I have three adjacent tourist class seats on it. If we hurry we can make the next 'copter to the airport."

As they left Rath said, "How do you do it, Walt? There are two types of secretaries, the pretty ones and the efficient ones. I always thought the two types were mutually exclusive until I met Mabel. Or do you have an old crone locked up in your closet doing all the work while Mabel sits out front and looks sexy?" For his answer he was tapped lightly on the head by Mabel's purse.

They rented a car in St. Louis and drove to Wide Spot, which proved to be just what its name implied. The Harrison residence turned out to be a farm several miles out from Wide Spot. The three persons from Comet knocked on the door of the big farmhouse. It was answered by a friendly man in his 40's. "Come in. What can I do for you folks?"

"We would like to see Joshua Harrison, please," Linton replied.

"Joshua Harrison has been dead for twenty years," the man said.

"I'm his son, Abraham Harrison. Can I help you?"

"We are from Comet Science Fiction magazine," Linton said. "One of your father's stories was published in our magazine back in 1942. We'd like to discuss it."

Harrison answered, "I don't really know what's to discuss about one of Dad's old stories, but you're welcome to come in and chat. Well, hello Ma'am," he added, noticing Mabel for the first time.

As they entered Rath pulled Linton aside. "You're not going to tell this farmer what's going on, are you?"

"Why on earth not?" Linton said.

"Do you mean to say," Rath said impatiently, "that you haven't realized just how much we can get out of this? Being able to predict the future! Money, power, fame--and the fewer people in on our little

secret, the more each of us can get out of it!"

"And this is all you came along for?" Linton gasped. "Your personal gain?"

"So what's your angle, then? Why did you blow all the money on the plane ride?"

"My immediate objective was just curiosity, I suppose, and after that the interests of science. But you may have a point in keeping it secret. Knowing the future in exact detail could cause all sorts of panic."

"You altruistic old fool! I didn't think there were such characters left. Still, maybe we should tell Harrison. We'll find out more if he knows what we're after."

They went into the parlor to rejoin Abraham Harrison and Mabel. Harrison had not even noticed their absence, being more interested in Mabel.

"Now what was it you gents wanted to discuss? Just call me Abe, everyone else does," said Harrison.

"Abe, did you ever read the story by your father that we printed?" Linton asked.

"Probably, but it was so many years ago I don't remember it," Harrison replied. "I never did like that science fiction, anyway--sorry. Nothing personal."

"Have you seen this morning's newspaper?" Mabel asked.

"I don't take any newspapers, Ma'am, except for the Missouri Mule. It's a farmer's paper. I don't really need any of that other news to run a farm."

"Here is your father's story, and here is this morning's New York Times. Would you read them both, please?" Linton said as he handed both publications to Harrison.

The farmer read both stories, then handed them back. "They're the same! What does it all mean?" he said. "You mean to say Dad wrote this--in nineteen forty-two?! But this Major McCall wasn't even born then! Wait a minute. In 1942 I was nine years old. If I remember right, one day Dad picked up Mom's McCall's magazine and said something about that being a good name for one of those stories. He tore the name off the cover and Mom got angry with him. So this means--what does it all mean?" he said again.

"That," Linton said quietly, "is what we came all the way from New York to find out. Don't you have any idea?"

"Was there anything--ah--unusual about your father, Abe?" Rath persisted. "Did he ever claim he could predict the future?"

"All I know is that he was just about like all the other farmers around here," said Harrison, "except

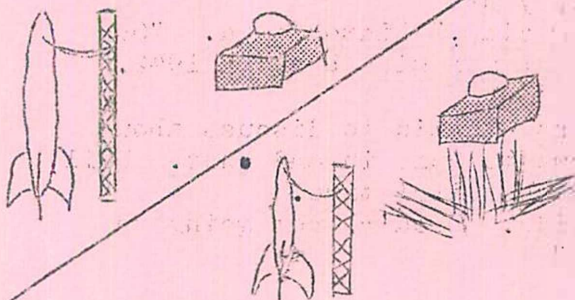
that he wrote stories in the evenings." He didn't have a crystal ball or anything," he added with a glance at Rath.

"Well, how did he pick the names, dates, and so on for his stories?" Linton asked.

"About the same way he got McCall. He just found them laying around. Like once I had two of my friends, Billy Allen and Ron Shepherd, over here, and Dad asked me who they were, and then he said, 'That's a good name. I'll use it.'"

Rath looked at Linton, then at Harrison. "Does the name Alan Shepard mean anything to you?"

"5-4-3-2-1--"



"Holy cow!" Harrison said. "But that's the way he worked. Or he would take a date and turn it around. Like if he was writing on September 17, 1946, he'd make his story on September 14, 1976."

"First man on the moon," Linton murmured.

"Things like that. He just found these things laying around. I guess he was just lucky or something."

"Hold on!" said Mabel, who had been quiet for some time. "We may have something big here. Boys, I think you've had your cause and effect reversed."

"What?" said Linton and Rath in unison.

"You've been looking at your motto and assuming that Joshua Harrison wrote it down because it was going to happen. Right now it looks like it happened because Joshua Harrison wrote it down first."

"Wow!" said Rath.

"Either way, it's a big mouthful to swallow," said Linton, wiping his forehead. "Abe! Do you have any more of your father's stories?"

"Sure, there's a big trunk in the attic with hundreds of them. Would one of you gents like to help me bring it down?"

Rath went off to help with the trunk. When they returned, it proved to contain a huge pile of manuscripts. Rath looked through a few of them. "Here's the story of the first trip to Mars, and one on the Jupiter expedition! Every detail just as it happened. And most of these stories are dated in the future! They haven't happened yet! We'll be rich!" He threw papers in the air jubilantly.

"Rich?" Harrison said. "You mean I can sell these stories to your magazine?"

"Don't be ridiculous, country boy," Rath exulted. "Just think of the money you can make predicting the future! Investments, bets, and we can be famous, too."

"Hey, that's right," Harrison mused. "And Dad willed everything here to me. That means I own all these stories, too." His voice grew in a dramatic crescendo. "And why should I share what's rightfully all mine with a bunch of no-good cheating city slickers!"

The others stopped. "Now just a minute, farmer," Rath said, "if it hadn't been for us you would never have known about this. We deserve something, too."

"Mister," Harrison said, "You know how we settle arguments like this in Missouri? We just ask the other fellow politely if he'd like to step outside."

"Well, fancy that," Rath said, mimicking the other's speech. "That's just how we settle arguments on the lower east side."

"Shall we go?" Harrison asked politely. They went.

"Walt, stop them! They'll hurt each other," cried Mabel.

"No, they won't, my dear. They're fighting barehanded," Linton said calmly, leafing through the stack of stories. "Besides, I have better things to worry about than those young fools. For instance, we have right here the story of how Yuri Gagarin first orbited the Earth, including, I'll bet, a few Russian secrets the United States doesn't know yet. And here's the story of the Jupiter expedition."

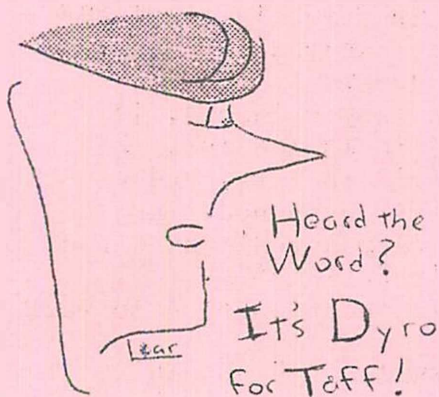
"Why, that's due to get back this week," Mabel said.

"Yes, but it is doomed to an ironic failure, if Joshua is as infallible as usual. Listen to this. 'Earth was within sight and all was well when Manotti'--that's the navigator, right?--'yelled, 'Something's wrong! All hands prepare for emergency!'" And that was the last message from the doomed ship as it crashed, after successfully navigating through asteroids and ammonia storms, on top of a common, ordinary Missouri farmhouse."

"Oh, the poor men," said Mabel. "After all that--did you say a Missouri farmhouse?"

As if on cue, the spaceship crashed. Frank Rath and Abe Harrison were so engrossed in fighting that they did not hear it coming.

When the Wide Spot police came to investigate the noise, they found Irving Poindexter, who had seen the catastrophe from a safe distance, sitting in his car sobbing hysterically. Only one thing he said at that time was coherent, and for this one statement he was quoted around the world. He said, "At the bottom of that hole lies the future of just about everything." Of course, they assumed he meant the loss of the Jupiter ship. But he hadn't even known that that was what had crashed on the farmhouse.



Work and pray, live on hay
You'll get pie, in the sky
When you die.
It's a lie!

The Fidel Castro revolutionary movement, which finally overthrew the Batista dictatorship in Cuba on Jan 1, 1959, appears to have the full support of the Cuban people behind it, although its position as a right-wing or leftist regime still remains to be determined. Premier Castro has repeatedly insisted that his government harbors no Communists or Communist sympathizers.

-from the 1960 World Almanac

' (Times do change, don't they?)

In this same Almanac (I always keep the one from two years ago, I'm a reactionary) there are "Comments on the Political Scene". What a laugh, but there are a few good comments, "the general Eisenhower attitudes- of an amiable rather than a demanding leadership..." or "government-by-accomadations".

"But to what end was this world formed?" said Candide. "To infuriate us", replied Martin.

M. Voltaire

In view of the rather primitive facilities in the Mercury and Gemini capsules, it seems that a large portion of the astronaut's training must be toilet training.

SOME RANDOM USELESS FACTS CONCERNING THE MIT SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY.

-by the Ravin

1. We may be termed, without fear of contradiction, Six Committees in Search of a Society. Practically every member heads a committee or subcommittee. These committees have been known to continue for months after they had any known function. In fact, some have never had any known function. It is not terribly unusual to receive a complete set of "no reports".
2. Our purpose, as it says in the constitution, is to disseminate the knowledge of good Science Fiction to the MIT community. At times it is difficult to find good Science Fiction.
3. We have frequent guest speakers at our meetings. They have included Issac Asimov, Hal Clement, Dr. I. Asimov, John W. Campbell Jr, and Robert Abernathy.
5. Our advisor has yet to attend a meeting. He consented to advise solely on this condition.
6. We are probably the only society on campus to ever get written up in a nationally circulated magazine, "Original Science Fiction", July 1959, "Building 9", by J. Martin "Shag" Graetz. Shag is a former Founding Father of the society who wrote this story using the Institute as a background and the members as characters, thinly disguised. After a lengthy debate whether or not to send a letter of commendation to the publisher, we decided to sue for libel.
7. We have a private library of (about) 2000 items in a room in the bowels of the Institute. (50-020) Included among these are: a complete collection of Astoundings (Jan '30 to date), numerous Amazings (some from '26), many hardcovers, even more paperbacks, and other odd and assorted items. The library is open to MEMBERS ONLY.
8. There is a motion on the books to draw and quarter one particularly beloved member who shall remain anonymous. This has never been carried out.
9. The term "William" is used in our meetings. It refers to the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. We really don't know why.
10. Among the interesting objects in our archives are the world's worst posters, a heptopus with one broken'pus (carefully authenticated by the Biology Dept.), and a few Mickey Spillane books donated by some misguided individual. These archives would be on display except for one thing, we can't find them. Note: we hold the world's record for having posters stolen, one was stolen before it was placed on the bulletin board.
11. At a recent charities carnival, Carnalcomm- yes Virginia, there is a Carnalcomm, set up a game based on a Hieronymus machine (needless to say carefully authenticated by JWCjr). The former president of the defunct Psychic Research Society refused to play

saying, "I don't believe in such devices."

12. We have a permanent War Council devoted to collecting books borrowed from our library and never returned. A secondary purpose is the stamping out of such subversive organizations as Institute Committee, any one of a number of deans, John W. Campbell, Jr., The Tech, and a dozen other assorted and continually changing things at any given moment.

13. We once asked each of about 10 members to vote for his 15 favorite SF works. Approximately 50 books were nominated, including "Kraushaar and Ingard".*

14. The adjournment motion has been known to go through 10 votes before finally being passed. This is done just out of sheer cussedness. At one time we had a special office termed "Miller", after a particularly infamous former member, whose sole duty was to move for adjournment. Among other reasons for abandoning this office was the refusal of anyone to make the motion and then vote for it.

15. (Number 15 originally referred to a pseudomember. It has been deleted.)

16. We meet in the Spofford Room(room 1-236) every Friday at 1700 (5:00 pm). Anyone may attend. Some do. We were forcibly ejected from our old meeting room in one of the dormitory lounges. This dormitory in a fit of nationalistic frenzy decided that no Institute sponsored activity could use their facilities. It must have been a mistake to ban us.

17. We have a number of odd projects going on at the moment such as research on the feasibility of spindizzies, joining the conspiracy of world scientists against psionics, and an occasional discussion of SF.

18. On the query by a member, Norbert Weiner said about SF: "Too many scientists are doing science fiction when they should be doing science."

19. Everyone is cordially invited to attend any meeting and may even be lucky enough to be appointed a committee chairman.

*This little known work contains, among other things, complete plans to destroy the universe.

Reason why the Beaver is the symbol of MIT:

The Beaver is the engineer of the animal world

The MITman is the animal of the engineering world.

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think--"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

(sorry about pages 20 and 19, one of our coolies forgot the backing sheet)

LOGIC

--Edwin L. Pragma

And it came to pass that the calculating machine, that enormous mechanical and electronic sensibility, absorbed an illogical factor. No one knew the exact origin of the machine; it was guessed that an ancient race of highly intelligent beings had become tired of their petty hostilities, and had created a device which not only could think, but which regenerated itself, having all the facilities for manufacturing additional circuits, and forever becoming more and more able to think. It had probably grown to such proportions as to engulf the entire planet upon which it rested, thereby destroying its makers.

When the supply of regenerative materials on the planet had been consumed, the machine manufactured interplanetary missiles to obtain additional raw material from other planets. The huge machine went on indefinitely, because it derived its power from the sun. When, at last, the burning orb of gas which was its power source had been consumed, the ever-hungry machine began to devour energy from other planetary systems.

So perfect was its construction that it had continued to regenerate itself for eons. Starting as a crust on the surface of its home planet, the machine grew outwards in a spherical shell until it was several light years in diameter.

One day, a solitary stray electron came wandering in from far away. This was nothing new; it had happened countless times before, and had always had no effect upon the machine's invulnerable shell. But the electron arrived exactly at a crucial instant; as it struck, a new section of the machine was being manufactured within, and the outer shell was at that instant vulnerable. Until this time, every step in the development of the machine had been logical; by its inherent design, the machine was incapable of making mistakes in its own construction; yet the introduction of the infinitesimally small electron into the critical circuit had caused the device to become illogical. Normally, the mechanical brain would have counteracted the defective circuit; had the circuit given a predictable error, the machine could have sent a suitable counter-impulse. As are many things scientific, the error was of a random nature, and therefore could not reliably have been corrected by the central part of the brain.

It was at this point that the machine ceased its outward expansion, and undertook an illogical operation: it acquired the faculty of action. "What reason is there to expand," reasoned the machine. "Why not sit back and enjoy itself? The millions of billions of transistors and relays quivered in anticipation. All that

was needed now was an idea of how such a machine could "enjoy itself." Somewhere from within the dark recesses of the machine's core something stirred. An idea was being formed.

Samuel Rodent was leisurely walking down the street upon which he had trod all his life. He had been born here, and had never been more than two miles from this spot in his life. The buildings on either side of the road were built in what would appear to most people to be a strange type of architecture; they were not all alike, but most of them followed the same type of architectural pattern: a ponderous brick foundation, Greek columns, and high Gothic vaulted roofs. The doors were round two-foot holes, about three feet above the ground, which looked like they would more suit a bird-house than a human abode. Samuel, however, was used to these buildings and he loved them. As he proceeded down the street, however, he became more and more aware of the fact that there were no other people there. Such a thing had never happened in his memory. He called, but his shouting was in vain; he ran about, knocking on the circular doors, with no response. All the people in the world, as far as he knew, had lived on that single street. In desperation, he ventured farther away from his hole than he had ever gone before, but he still could find no one. In the distance, where the sky met the ground, he thought that he saw someone. As he walked toward the horizon, he was surprised to find that it was getting nearer to him, instead of retreating as fast as he could walk, as it had always seemed to do in the past. Suddenly, he found himself able to touch the sky where it came down and met the ground; it was made of some synthetic material, painted blue.

Naturally, the poor fellow was by now completely bewildered. His curiosity, however, had been aroused; fearfully, he took his knife from his pocket, and cut through the false sky. On the other side, he saw something that he could scarcely believe. It was the calculating machine, which had been gleefully watching the proceedings from outside the synthetic sky.

"What," asked the machine, "is the meaning of this?"

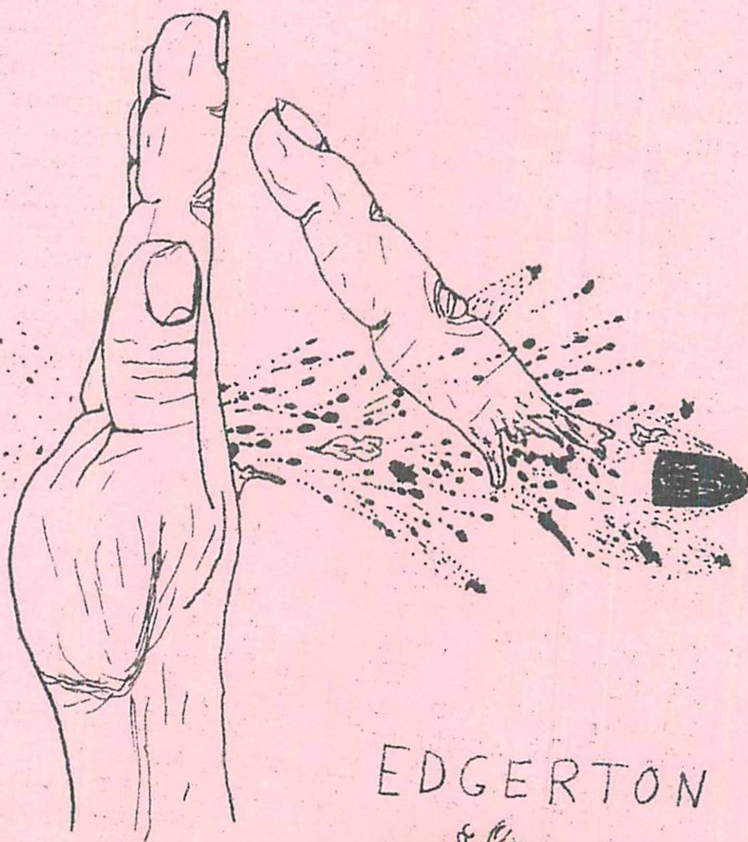
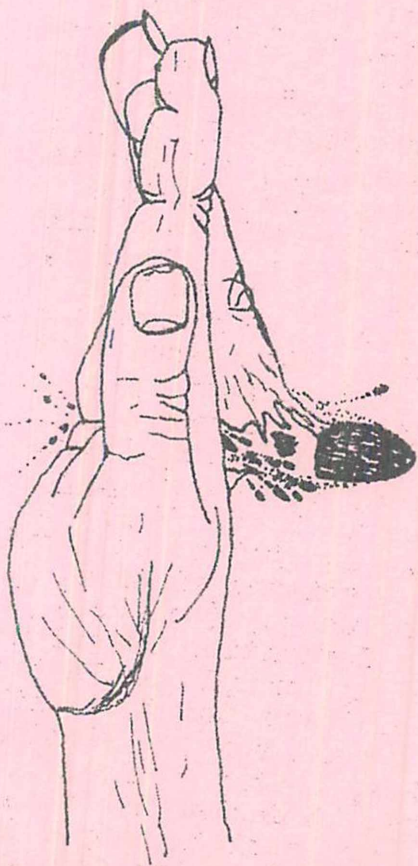
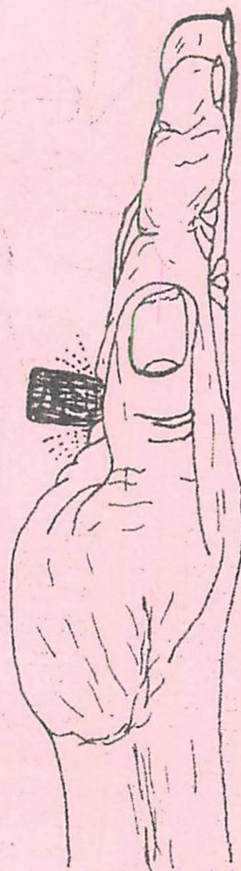
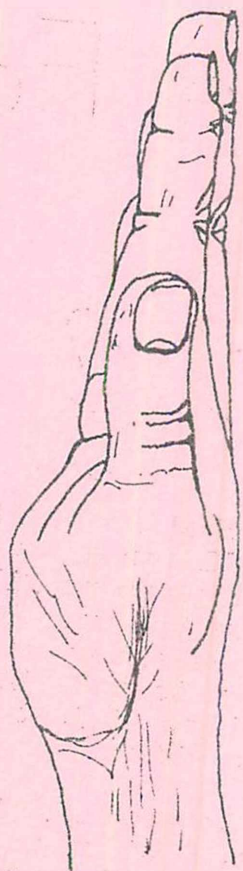
"Mr. Rodent," replied the brain through a loudspeaker, "you are a figment of my imagination. I made you, as well as the world which you call your home. It was I who created your memory, which made you think that you had gone through a lifetime of experience, and had known other people, who were not real at all. You did not exist until a few minutes ago... I created your intelligence, your personality, and your physical body. I think that I did a rather good job of it, too."

"How did you know enough to construct me and my 'world'?"

"Deep within my core," answered the machine, "I found an old set of magnetic tape reels, as well as a few scrolls of microfilm. Upon these media, my own creators had recorded all that they knew about themselves. From this information, I planned the necessary information to make you. You see, the cycle has been completed. Man has built a machine, and the machine has built a man."

Samuel sought to understand what had been told to him, but was unsuccessful. Finally, he asked, "Why have you done all this?"

Before the machine could answer, a whirling noise occurred in the distance and was soon upon the machine and its creation; another expanding computer, more powerful than the first, approached and swallowed the two conversants. "This is wonderful," thought the more powerful one. "I can use this smaller computer for parts, and can avoid the trouble of searching for new material for some time." Unfortunately, within the illogical computer remained a solitary stray electron; when it had consumed the smaller brain, the larger computer suddenly thought, "What reason is there to expand? Why not sit back and enjoy myself....!"



EDGERTON

6/11/17

A New Name For SCIENCE FICTION

---Doug Hoylman

The idea was expressed in Zine #4 that what it really needs is some controversy. With this idea I am in full agreement. Lewis's controversial statements, however, seem inadequate to fill this need, as they are all so obviously true (except for the one about the saxophone. I like sax music). I herewith present my own, somewhat more serious idea. I am not the first person to make this suggestion, nor do I pretend to settle it finally. I just want some debate and some suggestions. My proposal is this:

Science Fiction needs a new name.

Now I don't want to appear ungrateful to good old Uncle Hugo who invented both the name and the art form. But sf has far outgrown the limitations which Gernsback impose, and is still trying to impose, on the medium. The word "science" is no longer applicable.

First of all, the term "science fiction" is, strictly speaking, a logical contradiction, and "science fantasy" is worse. Science deals only in facts. But this is overly technical, so let us consider "science fiction" as fiction about science. Well then, What is science? Nowadays we have "political science" and social science" and myriads of other sciences (not to mention all the new types of "engineers"), and I suppose that, technically, science is defined as any organized body of knowledge. Then, since fiction must be based on fact, any work of fiction could be called science fiction. But as the word is used here, science refers to physics, chemistry, biology, and all that rot. (Remember that these were once called philosophy---which is certainly different from knowledge.) So science fiction would then be anything dealing with these. But then, is a fictionalized version of Louis Pasteur's discovery of whatever Louis Pasteur discovered, or of the life and loves of a modern-day young physicist, science fiction? In the standard sense of the term, no. How about, as a random example, Sturgeon's More Than Human? There is no geology or astrophysics in that. Maybe a little biology, but that's stretching a point. And yet no one would think of classifying this novel as anything but science fiction.

So, we have shown that, at least in common usage, (science) ≠ (fiction) ≠ (science fiction). Can we give a definition of science fiction which will set it apart, not only from my example of Pasteur above, but more important, from the field which blurs together with it, adult fantasy? Strictly speaking, almost all science fiction is fantasy, with the exception of a few stories, mostly by Arthur C. Clarke, set in the very near future, because it deals with things which, in the light of present-day knowledge, are strictly impossible. But there is a line of demarcation which is rather definite for most

stories. What it boils down to is that science fiction themes are not quite so impossible. The situation is complicated a bit by people who write in both categories and everywhere in between (Sturgeon, Bradbury, Kuttner, etc.), and almost every sf writer takes a fling at pure fantasy at least once.

In general, though, science fiction is limited by definition to a few topics: space travel (the biggest single identifying characteristic of sf), time travel, non-human intelligences, telepathy, mutants, robots, super-computers, other dimensions, any pseudo-scientific treatment of the supernatural, and (rather loosely) anything necessarily set in the future. I may have missed a few, but these are the main things that brand a story as science fiction. These are subject to considerable shadings of opinion. I do not consider 1984 science fiction, though it is set in the future. Brave New World maybe. One main ingredient that may account for this (and Gernsback will love me for this) is the concept of prediction. Traditionally, science fiction will (but not necessarily) predict some technological development. I do not consider this the main function of science fiction, however. I believe it is an art form and the literary quality should come first. (There's another controversy for you, folks.) On the same basis, I do not consider Twain's Connecticut Yankee to be sf. Although the story derives from time travel, it plays little importance in the rest of the plot, and is certainly not treated scientifically. (This is not to say it is not a good book. I enjoyed it immensely. 1984, too. They just aren't science fiction.)

So now we have a vague, arbitrary, and subject-to-opinion definition of "science fiction" as the term is commonly used, and we see that it has no relationship to the two words "science" and "fiction". With all the richness and variety of the English language, there must be a term contrivable which fits this branch of literature better!

May I offer one more reason for changing the name? It would make our field more appealing to the public. A large portion of the population will automatically shy away from anything with the name "science fiction" attached to it, rightly or wrongly, as if it were a communicable disease. Most of these people encountered a monster movie or a Buch Rogers comic book early in their life and decided that if this was science fiction, they wanted no part of it. Now a) monster movies are not science fiction, and b) there is good sf and bad sf, just as there is good Elizabethan drama and bad Elizabethan drama. Anyone who avoided Elizabethan drama after encountering a bad example of it would miss the literary treasures of Shakespeare (he was Elizabethan, wasn't he?), and similarly anyone who avoids sf because of Flash Gordon will miss the excellent literature, by any standards, of H. G. Wells, Robert Heinlein, and Ray Bradbury. Admitted, many of these people would not like Verne or Simak if they did read it, but some would get considerable pleasure out of it had they not been scared out of it had they not been scared away by the Monster that Devoured Cleveland. I am not suggesting that a mere name change would bring the public in droves, but it would help considerably if the name "science fiction" were allowed to drift down to the B movies and comic strips, where it is anyway in the minds of the general public, and give a new name to the real honest-to-God literature that is being neglected.

So what are the obvious examples of new names for old? Future fiction? Who says it all takes place in the future? Many are set in the present, and a few in the past. Imaginative fiction? All fiction is by definition a product of the imagination, and most of the hack being turned out under the banner of sf is considerably

less imaginative than such "straight" fiction as Hemingway, Steinbeck, or, so help me, Shakespeare. Space fiction? Same objection as "future fiction", only worse, and besides, "space opera" has poor connotations. Science fantasy? Worse. And the first person who shouts "Scientifiction!" gets a punch in the nose.

Okay, so none of these are very clever, and they're all old hat anyway. At this point you are all saying, "Come on, wise guy, give us your magnificent new name!" Well, fellows, it's like this. I don't have one. I'm observant enough to see the need for such a new name, but not clever enough to think of one. So are there any suggestions? We want a name that covers everything that "Science fiction" is used for today, yet describes it more accurately. This is not a contest or anything, but anyone who comes up with a brilliant title may become immortal or something. Or anyone who wants to defend. Send all letters to Ravin or Morris, not to me; I'll just give them to Ravin or Morris anyway. Let's see some good healthy controversy, friends!

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