

A GENERAL MAP OF THE MOON

giving the names of the principal formations

CRATERS

1. HELMHOLTZ	47. SANTBECH	93. SACROBOSCO	139. CLAVIUS
2. PONTECOULANT	48. COLOMBO	94. CATHARINA	140. LONGOMONTANUS
3. HANNO	49. GODIN	95. CYRILLUS	141. WILHELM
4. BRISBANE	50. GUTENBERG	96. THEOPHILUS	142. GAURICUS
5. OKEN	51. MESSIER	97. ARAGO	143. WURZELBAUER
6. PHILIPS	52. TARUNTIUS	98. PLINY	144. PITATUS
7. NEPER	53. PICARD	99. POISSON	145. BOUILLAUD
8. PLUTARCH	54. PROCLUS	100. ALIACENSIS	146. LANDSBERG
9. HAHN	55. MACROBIUS	101. WERNER	147. REINHOLD
10. BEROSUS	56. BERZELIUS	102. APIANUS	148. COPERNICUS
11. GAUSS	57. ØRSTED	103. ALMANON	149. TIMOCHARIS
12. ENDYMION	58. ATLAS	104. ABULFEDA	150. LAMBERT
13. DE LA RUE	59. HERCULES	105. DELAMBRE	151. J. HERSCHEL
14. ARNOLD	60. DEMOCRITUS	106. MENELAUS	152. CONDAMINE
15. BORDA	61. KANE	107. LINNÉ	153. NEWTON
16. EUCTEMON	62. PETERS	108. ALEXANDER	154. BLANCANUS
17. BOUSSINGAULT	63. CH. MAYER	109. EUDOXES	155. SCHEINER
18. HAGECIUS	64. METON	110. ARISTOTELES	156. SCHILLER
19. BIELA	65. SCHOMBERGER	111. PARROT	157. HAINZEL
20. FURNERIUS	66. SIMPELIUS	112. ALBATEGNIUS	158. CAPUANUS
21. HASE	67. MANZINUS	113. HIPPARCHUS	159. MERCATOR
22. PETAVIUS	68. MUTUS	114. RHAETICUS	160. CAMPANUS
23. NELSON	69. BACO	115. AGRIPPA	161. GASSENDI
24. VENDELINIUS	70. PITISCUS	116. HYGINUS	162. ENCKE
25. LANGRENUS	71. NEANDER	117. MANILIUS	163. KEPLER
26. WEBB	72. PICCOLOMINI	118. BARROW	164. ARISTARCHUS
27. APOLLONIUS	73. FRACASTORIUS	119. CURTIUS	165. HERODOTUS
28. FIRMICUS	74. BEAUMONT	120. MAGINUS	166. SOUTH
29. AZOUT	75. MÄDLER	121. TYCHO	167. BABBAGE
30. CONDORCET	76. CAPELLA	122. MILLER	168. PYTHAGORAS
31. CLEOMEDES	77. ISIDORUS	123. WALTER	169. BAILLY
32. BURCKHARDT	78. MASKELYNE	124. REGIOMONTANUS	170. PHOCYLIDES
33. GEMINUS	79. JANSEN	125. PURBACH	171. SCHICKARD
34. MESSALA	80. VITRUVIUS	126. THEBIT	172. DOPPELMAYER
35. BOGUSLAWSKY	81. LE MONNIER	127. ARZACHEL	173. FOURIER
36. NEARCHUS	82. POSIDONIUS	128. ALPHONSUS	174. VIETA
37. ROSENBERGER	83. PLANA	129. PTOLEMY	175. MERSENIUS
38. VLACQ	84. BURG	130. MÖSTING	176. BILLY
39. JANNSEN	85. PENTLAND	131. ERATOSTHENES	177. MARIUS
40. FABRICIUS	86. CUVIER	132. ARCHIMEDES	178. LAGRANGE
41. METIUS	87. LICETUS	133. AUTOLYCUS	179. GRIMALDI
42. RHEITA	88. MAUROLYCUS	134. ARISTILLUS	180. RICCIOLI
43. FRAUNHOFER	89. STÖFLER	135. CASSINI	181. HEVELIUS
44. STEVINUS	90. LINDENAU	136. PLATO	182. OLBERS
45. SNELLIUS	91. ZAGUT	137. GOLDSCHMIDT	183. SELEUCUS
46. REICHENBACH	92. GEMMA FRISIUS	138. MORETUS	184. XENOPHANES

MARIA

A. MARE AUSTRALE	F. MARE NECTARIS	I. MARE VAPORUM	K'. SINUS IRIDUM
B. MARE SMYTHII	G. MARE TRANQUILLITATIS	I'. SINUS MEDII	L. MARE HUMORUM
C. MARE HUMBOLDTIANUM	G'. PALUS SOMNII	I''. SINUS AESTUUM	M. OCEANUS PROCELLARUM
D. MARE FOECUNDITATIS	H. MARE SERENITATIS	J. MARE NUBIUM	M'. SINUS RORIS
E. MARE CRISIUM	H'. LACUS SOMNIORUM	K. MARE IMBRIUM	N. MARE FRIGORIS

MOUNTAINS

a. LEIBNIZ AND DOERFELS	e. APENNINES	i. RIPHAEN MOUNTAINS	l. D'ALEMBERT
b. PYRENEES	f. CAUCASUS	j. ROOK MOUNTAINS	MOUNTAINS
c. ALTAI	g. ALPS	k. CORDILLERAS	m. HERCYNIAN
d. HAHMUS	h. CARPATHIANS		MOUNTAINS

THE TWILIGHT ZINE

NUMBER 6

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ADDRESS CHANGE During the summer (after June 3 or so) I will be here in Boston but I don't really know where yet. So send letters, fanzines, and bombs to me c/o our library. That's Bernard Morris, c/o MITSFS, room 50-020, Mass. Inst. of Tech, Cambridge 39, Mass.

The Twilight Zine is published ~~xxxx~~ (we've come out four times during the school year and hope to continue as such) by the MIT Science Fiction Society. Free to members of said club, and to others for letters, trades, or by my whim. Present address (until June 3) is Bernard Morris, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass. A BeaverBarf press production.

In case you haven't noticed, we need art, interior illos and covers (as this is being typed I still don't have a cover). Worthy illos will be Gestetfaxed.

THE FIRST

by y^e editor

F&SF at 3 A.D.

the A.D. being Anno Davidson. This was the title of a huge and wonderful article that I had planned to write for this. Things, however, being as they are (mainly 8.041 and a few other tortures) it wasn't written. But wait! All Is Not Lost. Some preliminary notes and the questionnaires that I handed out are at hand, and I can at least say something.

Something. Really, though, about two weeks ago I handed out a questionnaire on F&SF. It contained questions on opinion and fact, such as; who is the present editor? for how long has he been editor? etc. Asurprisingly large percentage actually knew. Then came questions like; are they printing too much fantasy? too much sf? are the stories too long? too short? And finally specific questions on certain stories/series. The general concensus of opinion was (more or less) what I had thought it would be. It was summed up by some Kind Soul: "Used to be the best mag, but has been degenerating since a few months before Davidson took over. Too much fantasy and too far out. I like fantasy by Sturgeon, Bradbury, etc. but this stuff is sickening." Amen to that, brother. When I think of fantasy I think of Tolkein, de Camp, THWhite, Sturgeon, Eddison, Bradbury, et.al. Good fantasy does not have to be, to silence one bunch of critics immediatly, sword and sorcery stuff, most of Sturgeon, Bradbury, and Matheson's works are not, but must it be

mindless, meaningless trash such as One of Those Days, The Einstein Brain (I have nothing against anti-science stories, Bradbury's are great, but this...), Hawk in the Dust, or The Kitt-Katt Klub. These have appeared in the last three issues, since Davidson took over. They are all fairly well written but they just don't make it. Many of them don't even tell a story, there is no real plot to these, merely a chaotic sequence of events which are supposed to have the magic quality of making the reader laugh and/or scratch his croggeled cranium. If it is handeled right, this idea can work wonders, if not, it creates an incomprehensible monstrosity. Lewis Carroll had the right method of using this "Absurd Situation" technique. Let the baby turn into a pig in Alice's arms, but only once, if this thing happened on every other line the effect would be lost. (I know many other wierd things happen constantly, but they are all inside of a self-consistant framework).

On the more specific side of things, I asked for opinions on the following; The Hothouse series. There was a mixed reaction to this one, but I don't particularly care for it, it is too long and repetitious. The stories of "The People", (now out in a volume called Pilgrimage) also received a mixed amount of comment. At the risk of alienating some of you I state that I can't stand it. The Mauri

series of Poul Anderson. Most people have not heard of them (there have only been two so far). Too bad, I think that they are the best thing that F&SF has had in some time. The Froghoots, retch.

Please Avram, sf is enough trouble already. Don't turn F&SF into a cute little liberal arts magazine.

JWCjr and the THREE laws of motion

I don't know why I'm writing this, it's not really worth the effort. So he's done it again. Since he couldn't demonstrate in the lab that the Dean Drive does anything but shake itself apart, he comes on with a theoretical approach. With as much enthusiasm as he has shown for his other projects (I won't bother listing them) he comes up and says that Newton wasn't quite right. For shame. One of our members, a senior majoring in physics (the orthodox kind where F equals ma) wrote a very long and detailed letter explaining all the clever statements that Campbull and his ~~xxx~~ helper made as so much horse excretion. True John then sent a reply. It contained the usual imprecations and tsk-tsk's about Evil Close Minded Orthodox Science. Not a word defending the actual findings. Oh well, what did I expect. As I say, this is a waste of time.

We're Fans

(I hope I don't get shot for this) Those of you who received the first two or three issues of TZ may have noticed that our former masthead is (and has been for some time) missing. It was "We're not fans, we just read the stuff". It went for a number of reasons, the main one being that it's no longer true. Horrors. As proof of our degeneration, I went to see Norm Humor recently, he has been known to foam at the mouth when, in past times, fandom was mentioned. Half jokingly I asked him if he had any objections if We (the president in the name of the Society) joined the N3F. He didn't even stutter, much less get sick, in fact he said he wouldn't mind. A motion to buy a huge stack of fanzines went through with surprisingly little trouble. And what the hell is TZ if it isn't a fanzine? Probably the only reason that there was so much opposition to something which nobody knew anything about (fandom) was the fact that the only example of a fan that we had was Norwood. Now that he is gone ~~and the AIF is closed~~ and forgotten we are thinking that fandom might not be so bad. I don't know, though, the only two remaining members of tablecomm are not long for this world. Kuhfeld with his BLapa and Pearson with his TTA.

The stories by Preisendorfer are from old (1949) Tech Engineering News. He was our president for a number of years and did much to help the Society.

Au / H₂O = NR

Hate makes the world go round

ARL is a hoax

LIVING BACKWARDS

--Rudolph Preisendorfer

THE TIME TRAVEL THEME IN SCIENCE FICTION

"Living backwards!" Alice repeated in great astonishment.
 "I never heard of such a thing!"
 "-but there's one great advantage in it, that one's
 memory works both ways..."

"Grant me the possibility of some means to travel into the past and future," asks the Science Fiction writer, "and I will tell you a thousand tales." And to date, a thousand and more tales have been told. The Time Travel theme in Science Fiction is woven solidly into SF's past development. In the early, immature years of the field (the late twenties and early thirties) this immaturity was reflected in the plots of stories using this fascinating theme. The simplest and most immediate effects achieved in a temporal displacement were naively explored in such stories as: The Time

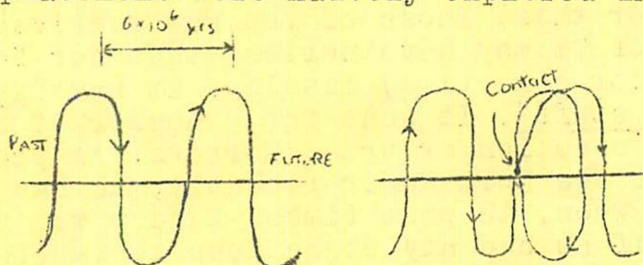


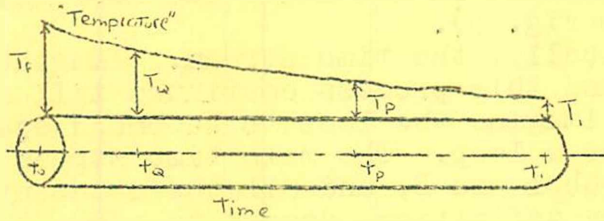
Figure 1. Illustrating the hypothesis from Sands of Time

Bender (Oliver Saari; Aug '37)*, The Time Contractor (Eando Binder; Dec '37) The Time Accelerator (A. Macfadyen July '36) and somewhat earlier: Tourmaline's Time Cheques (C. Anstey, about 1891). In the latter story, our hero Tourmaline rents out snatches of spare time for his customer's consumption.

The privilege granted an author of roaming about an infinitely extended temporal backdrop went to his brain and left him intoxicated with the richness of the possibilities. The Time Imposter (Nat Schachner; March '34) wrestled with the possibility of going back into the past and attempting to preserve the life of a genius. Time Haven (H.W. Graham; Sept '34) considered the possibility of obtaining a fortune by depositing real estate and money and then going ahead to clean up in the remote future. Later on, the writers started to cast around for working models for time machines and working hypotheses for time travel. Some very interesting concepts have been given us by these more searching writers. In The Sands of Time (P.S. Miller; April '37) and later in his Coils of Time (March '39), the concept of time being like a huge helix embedded in a four-dimensional matrix of space-time was developed and used as an important, integral portion of the plots. Miller hypothesized that the world-line of the universe was like a spiral. The "pitch" of the spiral was six million years. Hence in normal time the universe took six million years to travel along the curve of the helix, an angular distance of 2π radians. The scientist

(* These dates refer to Astounding Science Fiction (may it rest in peace-ed.) unless otherwise noted.)

in the story (an archaeologically oriented physicist) develops a machine that "electromagnetically compresses" the helix of time so that two adjacent portions of the coil are in contact, whereupon he bridges the time gap to the next coil and moves six million years into the past or the future. This is the only possible single time jump. The time machine allows only jumps into the past and future of multiples of six million years...not too much selectivity.



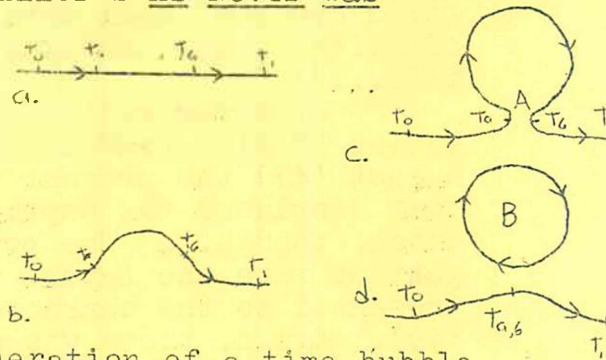
from: The Liners of Time

developed in Fearn's book, The Liners of Time (The World's Work Ltd., London, 1913). Fearn's time dimension was likened to an infinitely long bar of material which had a decreasing temperature distribution along its length. Fearn's universe moved along the bar from hot to cooler regions. The universe "cooled off" at a given, unalterable rate, thereby moving with a determined rate through time (along the bar) so that its temperature was always the same as the bar's. Fearn had his characters time travel by making a machine which would change the "temperature" of its contents and thereby precipitate the machine and contents to that portion of the universe's time track where the temperatures matched. Thus to go into the future, Fearn's machine was made to "cool" the contents, and to travel to the past, the contents had to be raised in "temperature."

Still later, some of the masters of Science Fiction tried their hands at exploring the more fundamental paradoxes arising from travel through time. As a result, we were given such fundamental classics as: By His Bootstraps (Anson Macdonald, alias of Robert Heinlein, October '41). After the plot unfolds, the hero of the story has been multiplied fourfold, so that there are several of his images bumbling about all trying desperately to get all the rest back at the starting point of the nightmare. The only way to keep track of what's going on is to take a few days off to read the story and to plot a graph of all the alter-persons of the main character, and their movements in time and space. Another fundamental brain-twister came from P. Schuyler Miller's As Never Was (January '44). It deals with a

knife that an archaeologist found in a time-jault into the future. Nobody could analyze the knife's structure. It remained an enigma until the scientist's death, and then was placed on his sarcophagus in his honor. But it turns out that in his earlier trip, this was where he found the knife. Now the mystery

comes from the following facts: During the time that the knife was being analyzed after the scientist had brought it back from the future, some metallurgists had succeeded in taking a sliver from the almost infinitely hard substance for analysis. When the knife was laid on the scientist's coffin after he died, it still had the nick. Problem: Precisely when did the nick disappear, and How?



Generation of a time bubble

The concept of a time bubble (for want of a more descriptive phrase) was developed by A.E. van Vogt in Not the First (April '41) and by Charles Harness in Time Trap (August '48). It was displayed in all its fascinating complexity by Harness. The best way to describe a time bubble (as exhibited in the above two stories) is to draw a series of diagrams (see Fig. 3).

In (a) we have, symbolically, the time stream. Imagine the stream to be bent as in (b), and this process continued till a loop is generated as in (c). Then imagine the loop to become disjoint at A, so that it becomes a closed loop. The main time stream "heals" as in (d). The time bubble is B, and all the occupants in that part of space-time are, by definition, doomed to cycle through the same incidents over and over again. For example, in Not the First, the crew of a space ship is trying to get out of the region of an unstable star before it explodes. They force their atomic engines beyond their limits, and "disrupt" space-time in their vicinity, generating a bubble. They are doomed to try to escape from the bursting star for "all time." In Time Trap, an entire civilization is ensnared in a bubble by an almost omniscient galactic being who is fleeing from even greater galactic beings. In its attempt to hide, the being generates a bubble, and carries an unwitting civilization along with it. The unnerving fact about being in a time bubble is that the occupants are incapable of detecting the phenomenon.

If you had a chance to live your life over again, say from the time you were twelve years old, what would you do in the new live, especially if you retained all the knowledge of your future existence? A fascinating answer to this question was given in Time and Time Again (H.B. Piper; April '47). An equivalent situation would exist if you were suddenly in possession of a limited, but adequate pipeline to the future, as happened in Lewis Padgett's Line to Tomorrow, wherein a telephone suddenly becomes "hooked" up with the future fifteen years hence. A roughly similar situation arises when, as in Ross Rocklynne's Time Wants a Skeleton (June '41) a half a dozen people are confronted with a skeleton, which they know must belong to one of the six...!

Novel situations can arise in legal circles if the time travel hypothesis is granted. Lewis Padgett explores such possibilities in his Time Locker (January '43), and in Private Eye (January '49). In the latter story, the law enforcement authorities can look back into a given individual's life for a "distance" of fifty years...nothing is barred from view in that interval of time...

Of never-ending interest to writers is the practical application of time travel to everyday life. In Rat Race (G.O. Smith, August '47) the present was rid of the scourge of rats by a trap that displaced the captured rodents into the past. There was a catch, though... The power to heal human ills by sending the patient into the future where the cure has been developed was presented to the characters in Time Heals (Paul Anderson, October '49). Again, there was a pessimistic hitch. Historians and other scholars had a field day in E for Effort (T.L. Sherred; May '47), until the Army stepped in and applied the time scanner to more "immediate" problems. Archaeology made great strides in Taine's Before the Dawn (Novels of Science; D. Wollheim, editor, Viking Press, N.Y.).

Moving merely backward and forward in time began to weary some writers who felt that plus and minus infinity in time was a bit of a cramped situation. Accordingly, Murray Leinster, in his

Sidewise in Time (Shasta Publishing Co.) developed a concept of parallel existences. More was done in this line by H. Beam Piper in his "paratime series," starting with Police Operation (July '48). The Earth was hypothesized to have five parallel, coexisting worlds. Each of the five was supposed to have started in the remote past of the Earth's history, when the planet was populated by interstellar visitors. Several crucial events occurred during that time which offered five diverging, possible histories of mankind. In Police Operation the adventures take place in this kind of space-time structure.

Of never-ending fascination are the plots which toy with the idea of anachronisms. What effect can a genuine anachronism have upon a series of events? Some specific instances would be found in Isaac Asimov's The Red Queen's Race (January '49). A professor in modern times sends back to the Greeks a translation of a modern chemistry text, with a surprising result. An hilarious situation arises when a fully armed infantryman of the Italian Occupation forces during the past war is accidentally precipitated into the time of Mero, and is doomed to combat in the arena. He is armed with a bazooka, hand grenades, pistol, and carbine. The elephants and assorted beasts don't have a chance...and another visitor from the future complicates things. This action takes place in L. Ron Hubbard's The Obsolete Weapon (May '48). More unsettling and thought-provoking situations arise in Padgett's Mimsy Were the Borogroves (February '43). What would modern-day children do with the toys of the remote future? Another example would be found in Child's Play (William Tenn; March '47).

Why haven't we ever had evidences of time travelers? "Surely that would give us plenty of proof that no such beings ever existed, or will exist," would be the comments of some. The concept of the intrinsically elusive time traveller is developed in Vintage Season (Lawrence O'Donnell; September '46). They might be around us right now for all we know, and one possible reason for our not detecting them or recognizing them is given in the speculative account, The Helping Hand (Burt Macfadyen; January '48). Or then again, there really might not be any time travellers in the present, and for a non-trivial and most unusual reason, Anthony Boucher's The Barrier (September '42) beats them all. Then again, there are some very unusual disappearances in real life that would lend very nicely to some sort of time travelling hypothesis. He Walked Around the Horses was H. Beam Piper's (April '48) attempt to rationalize a documented disappearance of a very suspicious nature.

To round out this small list of time travel themes, we recall Anthony Boucher's The Chronokinesis of Jonathan Hull (June '46). Here a detailed and logical account of living backwards in time is presented. Another example of a reversed world-line was detailed in M. C. Pease's Reversion (December '49). In the latter story, a worker in an atomic project is brought in after an accidental explosion. His muscular coordination, and his environmental orientation seem to have been completely destroyed. He is a hopeless puzzle until a doctor thinks of reversing a tape recording of his seemingly unintelligible babbling. The unfortunate plight of the individual is then discovered. There are infinitely more unpleasant things arising from backwards travel in time than from the normal course; and the advantage of having one's memory work both ways, as the Red Queen put it, is a solitary and decidedly unwanted advantage.

And finally we have the harbingers of world doom as only time travel can portray the end of the world. Edward Grendon's The Figure (July '47) packs a big wallop for its two and a half pages

of story. In it, the groping time machine brings back from the future a statuette of a beetle...the dominant species on the Earth at the time. In D. W. Meredith's story, the time machine brings back indisputable evidence that the world will be utterly annihilated Next Friday Morning (February '49). And last, but not at all least, is H. G. Wells' cheerless and melancholy painting of the ultimate moment...the heat death of the sun in his Time Machine.

There are more stories than we have time to catalog here. This has been a foot-top skimming over the field of SF's stories that have time travel themes. The choice of representative samples has been deliberately kept to the recent past, so that interested readers may more easily procure the copies of the issues involved. Even some recent issues are very difficult to obtain. Now, if we had a Time Machine...

(Note: this article was written in May, '52)

DAY, THE EIGHTH

By: Rudolph Preisendorfer, '52

"...And the earth and her heavens shall take a new start
amongst My habitable worlds."

Oahspe, Synopsis of Sixteen Cycles. Chapter III, 30.

No searing, tearing, thundering atomic blasts of warring Earthmen.
No malevolent, terrifying, crawling beetle horde.
No returning ice age.
No Nova.
Just...

A mild, rippling clap of thunder, and the teeming thousands that had occupied the metropolis were no more.

At the antipode of the Earth where another teeming city lay in sleeping repose, the rippling clap of thunder was muffled; its component reports issued mostly from within the walls of the soaring towers, where dwellers lay in unsuspecting slumber. The resounding sharp staccato cracks of sound here and there on the deserted streets were few in number, and told the listening walls of the annihilation of some nocturnal prowlers.

On the other side of the Earth, in still another huge metropolis, a huge, sun-bathed bowl was filled with cheering thousands, who had gathered to witness a favorite sport attraction. At the instant of doom, the echoes of the sounds from the throats of the multitude mingled briefly with the sharp report of imploding air. A tiny flurry of peanut shells and popcorn boxes and dust settled in the wake of the slightly disturbed atmosphere; settled into an empty grandstand.

A milli-light second away, a sleek, silver transcontinental jet transport was preparing to land on the runway of the seacoast jet-port. Its whistling jets were just above idling, and the craft was angling into a shallow glide. Inside, the pilot hat switched to automatic, and the ground-air control was guiding the machine to the ground. The pilot turned to his...

The report was sharp, short, and mild. The descending craft was pilotless. It whistled and breathed out a vapor trail as it glided closer to the earth. The landing tracks extended

themselves below the swept-back, clipped wings...the machine hovered over the strip...the tracks touched...perfect landing. The ship braked itself, and came to a smooth halt. It shut its jets off, and then perched silent and immobile on the sun-bathed runway.

The whirring of many wings in the crisp, clear autumn morning air told the farmer that the birds were flying south again. He glanced upward at the morning blue, and beheld that it was dense with innumerable sets of ragged, trailing vees. The sun was just rising and the farmer was preparing to start another day. He ambled slowly toward his big red barn which was redder still in the early morning glow, to turn out his livestock. He pulled back the huge, weather-beaten door, took one last glance at this beautiful autumn sky...

When the tiny shreds of hay and flakes of manure settled, there was no more farmer, no more livestock, and the autumn morning sky was just as blue and clear and empty as could be.

So it went around the world. The annihilation swept across the surface with the speed of light. The only indications of this total destruction of fauna were the impotent sounds of the atmosphere rushing into the vacuum left by the departed bits of flesh, and a local flurry of resettling matter that was carried along by the inrushing air, and that was all.

The works of Man went next.

The towering, silent, empty metropolis stood in all its majesty at the bank of the wide, blue river which emptied into the ocean a mile or two away. Its tall, graceful towers were bathed in brilliant white from the noonday sun. Its deserted streets resounded with no sounds of bustling life. All was silent. Here and there, the picture of absolute immobility was disturbed by the random weavings of light rubbish and yesterday's newspapers which were carried along the empty boulevards by the fresh sea-breeze.

The sound reverberated for fully five minutes. It started way up in the scale, but before long the deep rumbling roar reached its crescendo. The dust kicked up was a little more than the manure flurry in the farmer's barn, or the rustle of peanut shells and paper boxes in the stadium; as a matter of fact, it was quite impressive...but there was no one on Earth that could have been impressed at the moment.

The multitude of gaping holes left by the departed towers were rapidly being filled in from the muddy torrent sent by the disturbed river, or by the collapsing, unsupported earth walls of the holes themselves.

The airport, the deserted jet-job, the stadium, the barn, all were gone. Now the Earth floated in all her bare splendor, clothed in its forests, mantled by its meadows, bathed by its seas, and armored by its mountain ranges.

The works of Nature went next.

The grasslands of the Earth disappeared in a full-throated, long-drawn-out, rumbling ping.

The seas gave valiant battle. They fumed and steamed, and gasped, and roared, and made the phonic demise of Man's greatest works sound like a muted whisper. Then, they too were gone, leaving parched, black sockets gaping darkly into the turbulent atmosphere.

What was left?

A rotating ball revolving about its glowing primary, which gazed down upon its nude daughter with utter unconcern.

That is not all.

The atmosphere went next.

It just went.

The bright, unwinking diamonds of the skies shone unseeing upon the dark brown ball of clay. Its skin began to crawl. In complete silence, the unsightly rashes that were the mountain ranges of the Earth disappeared, sinking into the yielding magma. The readjusting crust strained and complained in silence. The parched, black sockets grew less defined...filled. Slowly, but surely, depression met elevation, and merged. Isostatic equilibrium was reached, and the Earth assumed its geoid of minimum stress.

Now it revolved as a completely barren spheroid around the sun. Its flanks so smooth that the brilliant celestial points of light were almost mirrored on its convex surface.

Twice about the sun it went. An intricate lattice of fine, hairlike furrows were etched upon its surface...etched with geometrical precision.

The atmosphere came first.

It just came.

It shone with a bright orange hue beneath the watching eye of the sun. The lattice network upon the face of the Earth was filled with a clear, orange liquid. Between the hair-thin furrows appeared arrays of gleaming silver hemispheres, filling the smoothened surface in rectangular order. Within the bubbles appeared towering structures. Within the structures appeared living beings.

Life went on.

A shimmering silver sphere hung above the brightly colored gaseous shell of the renovated Earth. Within it, moving in the artificially lighted orange atmosphere, was the crew, inspecting its handiwork on the world below. It saw that its work was good, and so it turned in a graceful arc and sped into the depths of space toward the glowing spark that was its mother star.

...as simple as that.



The Wonder of the Worm

--Fritz Leiber

One reason I rate E. R. Eddison's The Worm Ouroboros the greatest of modern romances (and certainly of sword-and-sorcery tales) is its great theatrical quality--which ties in, for me, with the two seasons I played Shakespeare and the years I spent watching my father's company operate, or hearing about it.

Actors would lick their chops at parts as fat, say, as Brandoch Daha or Corund, Goryce or Gro, Prezmyra, Spitfire, Corinius, Corsus or Gaslark.

Designers would be inspired by the settings--both the detail-edly described ones, such as the presence chamber in Caling, the banquet hall at Carce and the conjuring chamber in the Iron Tower, and also the shadowy but none-the-less effective ones, such as Corund's tent in the lines around Eshgro Ogo or the little groves at Neverdale and Throstlegarth, or the spy fortalice at Salapanta Hills.

For a book that many readers consider slowmoving, there is a surprising amount of dialogue in The Worm: the banquet for La Fireez, the hawking scene, the many colloquies of Gro and Prezmyra, Gro and Corund, Jus and Brandoch Daha. And most of the speeches are good meaty ones that would be delivered with a flourish; or they are witty and make points.

Drama aside, one of the things the dialogue does is help diversify battle descriptions. Eddison is ingenious at avoiding a repetitiousness of devices here. Grunda and Crossby Outsikes are described by Corsus in a letter, the Rapes of Brima by Gro speaking to Goryce in his bath, Thremnir's Heugh from the viewpoint of Spitfire and his men, Aurwath and Switchwater as reported by Astar of Rettray to Mevrian, Krothering Side as described by a simple country fighter to his family, Carce from a pretty much dispassionate third-person viewpoint.

Getting back to drama, most of the scenes in the book are well blocked out: you can visualize where the characters are sitting or standing (or course it's an extremely visual book), how they face each other and move about. And there are many pieces of good stage business: Corund putting his cloak over Gro after their quarrel, Spitfire tearing at his bandages, the King Corsus giving wine, the glass of spiders in the banquet scene, Goryce entering the banquet hall with naked sword to give to Corinius--truly, these bits of business (and many more) provide most effective openings and, especially, closes for vital scenes.

One obvious reason for these "good theater" qualities of The Worm is the deal of inspiration the author got from Shakespeare, Webster, Marlowe, Tourneur, and other Elizabethan playwrights.

Actually the book is very much like a play. There is little subjective material, and when such material does come in we tend to find it in the minds of the lesser and more humanly fallible characters--Gro, Mivarsh, the Red Foliot, Sriva, Heming--rather than in the demigods and demigoddesses who are the heroes and villains of the book.

The sympathetic treatment of the villains is one of the things that sets The Worm above most other sword-and-sorcery. By comparison, the villains of The Lord of the Rings seem to me to be simply black evil, two-dimensional and unexplored.

James Stephens says quite enough about the wonderful sweep and color of Eddison's prose in his introduction to the book--which is as generous and outspoken as Cabell's letter of half-recommendation is niggling.

I almost overlooked one more, very obvious theatric quality--the rich and detailedly described costuming. This being a quality (to finish on an offbeat note) which The Worm shares with a notable modern-setting fantasy-mystery, The So Blue Marble by Dorothy Hughes.

A new novel by Jules Romain, As It Is On Earth. I haven't actually read it, only a review in Time (the book and movie reviews in Time are about the only things worth reading). This is about an alien visitor who comes to earth and, through 'objective' eyes, he views our customs and beliefs. Sound familiar? Heinlein tried, of course, to do exactly this in Stranger in a Strange Land which, one must admit, is a great book. However I agree with a review of it that I saw which said in so many words that he bit off more than he could chew. Knowing Romain by reputation I think that he probably came closer. Some quotes from the book; "Morality seems to be a product--and a precarious one--of civilized life, and corresponds to no profound needs within the individual". On religion, another topic that Heinlein, to my mind at least, treated rather poorly by not really saying anything on the subject, "its prayers, rites and ceremonies suffice in the eyes of many, particularly women, to excuse other aspects of behavior." Now I'm not saying that this book is science fiction. In fact it most definitely is not. However for those of you who like to see conclusions reached, I recommend it.

--a public service by your editor

There's a new dance out now. It was inspired by such things as the Twist and the Mess. It's called the Thrust. I've never seen it but my Freudian imagination is hard at work.

The only way to have peace is to kill all the warmongers

ARL

NO SENSE OF HUMOR

--Doug Hoylman

(Note: Now that the terrible war with the Galactic Federation is finished, and Earth is on peaceful terms with them, the story of their first attempt to contact the human race can be told. Yes, there were two attempts, the one you all know about in September of 1973, and the first, unsuccessful, one in August. We are presenting here the story of the first attempt in documentary form. --The Editors.)

(From the July, 1973, issue of Cornball magazine.)

CORNBALL

"The magazine with more yaks than Tibet"

Presents: In the September issue, the greatest collection of Martian, robot, and space jokes ever assembled in one mag!!! Every "Take me to your leader" joke since the leader was Caesar!!! Cartoons, poems, and gags, gags, gags!!! Get the "Take me to your leader" issue of CORNBALL!!! On sale August 3.

(A letter from Sam Arkins, proprietor of Sam's Tobacco Nook in Boston, to Mrs. Thelma Williams, dated August 7, 1973.)

Dear Mrs. Williams,

I know this isn't none of my business, but when your husband come into my shop yesterday, he was acting awfully funny. He come in at about 5:10, like usual after work. But instead of getting his usual pack of Camels and matches, he goes over to the magazine racks without as much as noticing me, looks at it for a while, then picks out the worst crummy magazine in the whole shop, a thing called "Cornball", and walks over to me, still acting like he don't know me, tosses me a quarter and walks out like he was going someplace in a hurry but didn't know just where. Not like himself at all. Now I know Jeff wouldn't read that Cornball. Nobody hardly ever buys it. Well, anyway, after leaving, he usually goes down to the subway right in front of the shop, but this time he gets on a bus going the other way. Then, to top the whole funny business off, about 6:30 he come back on the bus, walks into the shop acting his usual old self, and says, "Hi, Sam, the usual," just like nothing had happened, and he's his old self again. Then he goes to the subway like usual. Now like I said, this probably isn't none of my business, and maybe you know what's going on. But it looks to me like Jeff is either seeing another woman or is boozing it up or is headed for the funny farm, or maybe all three. In my opinion he ought to see a headshrinker, but like I say, it's none of my business.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) Sam Arkins

(From the case history file of Phillip Wittenski, M.D., psychiatrist.)
WILLIAMS, GEOFFREY TIMOTHY. Age 28.

Tuesday, August 7, 1973. First visit. Claims suffered total amnesia for 1½ hours last night. Felt odd sensation in front of tobacco store, then went home as usual, found time was 1½ hours later than thought. Missing 65¢ from pocket. Claims no alcohol or drugs. Today seemed completely normal, well-adjusted family man. No previous record of such attacks. Told him perfectly normal, go home and rest, call if more. Am liar. Is not normal but what to do?

(From the log of Galactic Federation contact vessel E643-9026FQ, dated Day 91 of 458302 P.C., which is equivalent to August 7, 1973.)

First part of contact mission to Sol III appears satisfactory. Vlap succeeded in controlling one of the intelligent life-forms for a sufficient period of time to acquire the needed guidebook and simultaneously to learn the correlation between the two forms of their language, which is highly irregular, and to absorb some images, from the native's brain, of what the creatures described in this book should look like. The standard contact program, that of doing exactly what the species has anticipated as a form of contact from another planet, is being carried out. Vlap apparently had remarkable luck, as the book he obtained--in exchange for a disk of common silver; imagine that!--seems to list many, if not all, of the accepted means of contact. He is now translating it into the other form of their language, which is an ingenious method of causing regular vibrations in the atmosphere. The gods know how they receive it, but they do. The rest of the crew is at work constructing robots, of all things. Since the book gives no obvious preference to the means of contact, we shall try all of them, and since local customs may differ, we shall use the same area in which Vlap's subject was found. It appears to be one of their largest cities.

(From the Boston (Morning) Globe, p. 2, Friday, August 10, 1973. This item appeared in the first edition only.)

MARTIANS SEEM TO HAVE POOR SENSE OF HUMOR

If more than two dozen people who phoned the Globe last night are to be believed, Boston and environs were invaded yesterday by a flying saucerload of little green men and/or robots from Mars, who have nothing better to do than tell jokes out of somebody's nightclub routine.

We frequently receive such calls, but Thursday night there seemed to be an epidemic of 'sauceritis'. Following are actual calls we received, minus their opening and closing remarks, which were generally, "You won't believe this, but..." and, "I know it's an old joke, but it happened!" respectively.

"I was walking along the street when I saw these two robots. Yes, just like out of the science fiction movies. Really! And they were standing beside a fire hydrant, and one of them said to the hydrant, in perfect English, 'Take me to your leader.' Just like that. And then the other one said, 'Don't be silly! Can't you see it's only a kid?'"

"I was playing a pinball machine, and these machines came through the door. Just like something out of a bad science fiction movie. They had flashing lights and the works. And then one of them asks the pinball next to mine for a date!"

And the punch lines from a few others:

"...little green man about six inches tall. And he looked at me and whistled. I'm used to being whistled at, with a figure like mine, but not by things like that! And then he said, 'Take me to your ladder.'"

"...and it said to the traffic light, 'You better go home and get some rest, old man.'..."

"...mouse came in my grocery store and said, 'Take me to your liederkranz.'..."

"...said to my peedle, 'Take me to your litter.'..."

We have no idea what caused this rash of puns, but we observe that the new Reader's Digest is out.

(From Time magazine, August 17, 1973, Press section)

MAGAZINES

Take Me to Your Liederkranz

In these days when there are more humor magazines of all types than you can shake a slapstick at, there is one bimonthly which stands feet and ankles below all the rest, and admits it. This is a magazine called Cornball, which boasts "More Yaks Than Tibet" and "More Corn Than Iowa." It pays \$1 for a joke and \$5 for a cartoon, and most of its jokes come from college humor magazines which got the jokes from Cornball originally, which got them from the same college humor magazines, etc. Funniest "yak" in the July issue, according to its editors: "Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?"

In a frantic effort to boost sagging sales, Cornball's September number featured a special "Take me to your leader" issue, which featured all the standard spaceman jokes which antedate Jules Verne, such as the mouse who says, "Take me to your liederkranz," or the cartoon of the spaceship landing on an alien planet with a sign on the planet, "Yankee, Go Home."

But Cornball was well aware that a mere "special issue" (or should it be "spatial issue"?) would not help. They decided to pull off a grandiose publicity stunt. Boston, a city with enough troubles already in its local politics (see THE NATION), was chosen as the site. On the evening of August 9, fearsome-looking metal monsters, no doubt with Cornball employees inside, stalked the historic streets of Boston and its suburbs, conversing with gasoline pumps and bicycles, and committing every possible pun on the ancient and respected phrase, "Take me to your leader." Every one of the jokes used, of course, appeared in the September Cornball.

As a result of the appearance of these robots, there were at least six automobile accidents, plus one motorcycle wreck; three persons suffered heart attacks and are now hospitalized; a window washer became distracted, fell and broke his leg; at least ten other people were injured. In addition, the first edition of the Boston Globe the following morning carried an article about the stunt, which was withdrawn when someone brought a copy of Cornball into the Globe office, and the evening Traveler carried pictures that night.

So, as a result of Cornball's publicity stunt, the magazine with more yaks than Tibet now has more suits than Brooks Brothers (including the two papers, which demand that the space they devoted to the stunt be paid for as advertising), and more hot water than Yellowstone Park. The editors of the magazine are claiming complete innocence and no connection with the robots.

The increase in sales of the September Cornball over July's has, so far, been negligible.

(From the log of Galactic Federation contact vessel E643-9026FQ, dated Day 103 of 458302 P.C., or August 24, 1973.)

F'kok, the ship's alien psychologist, has concluded that the book used for first contact was not representative enough of the population of Sol III, and that a different type of approach would be more successful, or at the least more noticeable. Blet is in favor of forgetting this planet entirely, but he was voted down. Most of the crew has little doubt that relations with Sol III would benefit both groups.

So Vlap is going to try again. He insists on using the same native again, and I suppose it will do no harm to indulge him. The attempt will be made today.

(Another letter from Sam Arkins to Mrs. Thelma Williams. Dated August 25, 1973.)

Dear Mrs. Williams,

You told me to let you know if Jeff did anything funny again. Well, last night he came in and acted exactly just like he did the other time, bus ride and all. Only this time instead of a magazine he bought one of them little paperback books. I writ the title down cause it might be important. It's War of the Worlds, by H. G. Wells. It looks like science fiction or something. Let me know how Jeff is doing because I sure am worried.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) Sam Arkins

REACTION

((This being a sort of column by ARLewis. It came into being because the interlinos that he was writing got too long and felt that they deserved their own space in the zine.))

"What ho," said Bob Simon. Bob Simon really doesn't speak like this, but he should. Lewis, why don't you put your fertile mind to work and devise a defence against missile attack. Well, it was about two in the morning and we were sitting at a table staring at each other only half awake. Hmmm. Mumble. Click, click whirrr quoth I. Using quantum theory I have solved your problem. The answer is intuitively obvious. We shall construct a large number of expensive and complicated machines which we shall hide in inaccessible spots all over the earth. These machines will be tied in electronically to our radar detection network. If radar spots a missile heading towards the United States a signal will flash instantly to these machines. Ka chugga ka chugga ka chugg. They shall start to work measuring the momentum of the United States with great accuracy. More and more precisely will we know the momentum. Finally we will know the momentum within an accuracy of ten to the minus thirty seven cgs units. It is now left as an exercise to the reader to shaw that the wave packet representing the United States cannot be localized in space upon the surface of the earth. The missile, therefore, will be unable to interact with the United States and we shall be saved. However, it seems to me that we should put timers on these machines that will turn them off after a specified lenth of time. Otherwise we shall not be able to redertimine our position and would float as a sort of probability wave throughout time. This is probably what happened to Atlantis, Bob. The lack of spatial location allowed the waters to occupy that space where Atlantis had been. The laymen, of course, interpreted this as a flood, but we know better.

Lewis: China has the largest food supply on earth, six hundred million of them.

Bernie: I won't print that, it's tasteless.

Lewis: Nonsense, it's salty.

ENOUGH OF THIS EDITORIAL PERSECUTION

(GOD FORBID)

--Isaac Asimov

This parody (assuming you are an illiterate heathen who knows not G & S) is a rather imperfect one of the ballad in Act I of "Ruddigore" which begins "If somebody there chanced to be/ Who loved me in a manner true."

An all-star issue you have planned
 And write that you have naught by me.
 "No Asimov," you say, "on hand,
 "A most appalling vacancy.
 "And this our readers won't allow
 "So you must turn it out somehow.
 "You must somehow,
 "You will somehow,
 "You'll turn it out right now somehow."

To which I answer, with a sigh,
 "I only need some positrons,
 "A metal frame, a photo-eye,
 "A heart of steel, an arm of bronze,
 "And then robotic-wise I'd work
 "Both day and night and never shirk.
 "It is because
 "Of those Three Laws,
 "Yes, yes
 "It's not a robot quirk to shirk."

"But this," you say, "will never do.
 "I want it done with human soul,
 "A robot cannot push this through
 "It takes a man to see the whole.
 "So drive yourself and find the time,
 "If prose won't work, then try a rhyme.
 "A simple rhyme,
 "A clever rhyme,
 "Just let your fancy climb to rhyme."

And so, although I'm pressed with cares,
 I yield to all the grim-faced Fates,
 And climb, with solemn tread, the stairs.
 (Up there the pen and paper waits.)
 So now I cogitate and sit
 In hopes I'll find some tiny bit---
 But what is here?
 It seems most clear---
 "Yes, yes---
 I think this is it, this bit.

FOLK SONGS

of MIT

PART 2

The responses to the filk songs in the last ish were so overwhelming that we decided to push a good thing to its limit. So in thish there are more MIT-type songs, a few songs in favor of ~~WAP~~ testing, and almost a few others. These 'almost' ones would have probably caused us to lose our security clearance.

ARL (tune: Clementine)

In the Institute's dark basement
Midst the grease and junk and slime
A Radon Lab both grim and evil
Helps make bombs for World War Nine.

In this hall of fearful horrors
Coolies work all through the night,
Tooling long and cackling wierdly
They help build atomic might.

In this dingy labrotory
Counting photons from five to nine
Lurks the dark and fearsome monster
Who ionized my Clementine.

Put her in his counting chamber.
Said breathing radon was just fine.
Oh you monster, A.R.Lewis,
Give me back my Clementine.

We Wish...

We wish we could all get hundreds (3)
How happy we'd be.

The grades are done by average (3)
And it's always a C.

The fact you know the work well (3)
Has no bearing on the grades.

The Institute has its standards (3)
And we get it in spades.

Haitech Nu

(Tune: Men of Harlech)

All black-body radiations;
 All the spectrum's variations,
 All atomic oscillations
 Vary as $h\nu$.

Chorus:

Here's the right relation!
 Govern's radiation!
 Here's the new
 And only true
 Electrody-a-nam-ical equation!
 (Never mind your d/dt^2)
 V_e or $\frac{1}{2}mv^2$
 (If you watch the factor c^2)
 Is equal to $h\nu$.

Ultraviolet vibrations,
 X and gamma ray puleations,
 Ordinary light sensations,
 All obey $h\nu$.

Chorus

In all questions energetic,
 Whether static or kinetic,
 Or electric, or magnetic,
 You must use $h\nu$.

Chorus

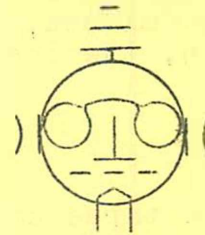
And in matters calorific,
 Such things as the heat specific
 Yield to treatments scientific,
 If you use $h\nu$.

Chorus

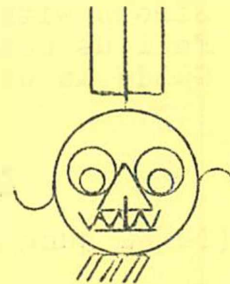
There would be a mighty clearence,
 We should ALL be Planck's adherents,
 Were it not that interference
 Still defies $h\nu$.

Final chorus:

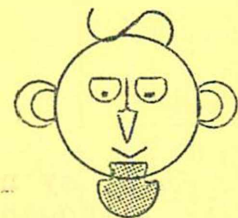
But we've got the unction
 That the proper function
 Still remains
 In all domains
 Whenever you're considering motion.
 (Never mind your d/dt^2)
 V_e or $\frac{1}{2}mv^2$
 (If you watch the factor c^2)
 Is equal to $h\nu$.



Click, click-
 Whirr



To George
 in Memoriam



God Rest Ye...

God rest ye weary course () tool
 You fret to no avail.
 The next time that we give a quiz
 It's sure that you will fail.
 It isn't that we're after you;
 It's just that we are pissed.
 Cause the last time we tried it
 We missed, we missed,
 Oh, the last time we tried it we missed.

We Three Strobes

We three strobes of MIT are;
 Flashing bright, the darkness we mar.
 Ionizing, oft surprising,
 Photos we take afar.

Chorus:

O-strobe of xenon, strobe of might.
 Strobe with spectral beauty bright
 Fail us never, flash forever.
 Guide us with coherent light.

The Vacuum Pump (tune: Listen to the Mockingbird)

(To be sung with a background of chugging)

Listen to the vacuum pump, listen to the vacuum pump,
 The vacuum pump is pumping night and day.
 Listen to the vacuum pump, listen to the vacuum pump.
 It's pumping all the a t m o s p h e r e a w a y.

The Spanish Inquisition (tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Torquemada; I'm the leader of this band.
 Although we're few in numbers, we are feared throughout the land.
 We work on Jews and Protestants; we kick them as they fall.
 But when we work on heretics, we work the best of all.

Oh, the racks go creak and the thumbscrews squeak
 And the whips, they flail away.
 The Jesuit slams the Iron Maiden shut
 While I sit in the corner and pray.
 Oh, the auto-da-fe is God's chosen way
 And the screams of the victims are grand.
 Another soul to heaven from Torquemada's band.

The New Science (tune: The Marines
Hymn)

From the cyclotrons of Berkeley
To the labs of MIT.
We're the scientists you can count upon
To keep our nation strong and free.
We will test our bombs far underground,
In the air and in the sea.
We will have a large expense account--
God bless the A.E.C.

Our labs are spread from north to south
And from sea to saline sea.
We will solve our nation's problems
And we'll get cost-plus-fixed-fee.
We will send out technical reports
Off to Washington, D.C.
Where they'll all be stamped TOP SECRET
By the good old D.O.D.

At Arguello and Canaveral
Rockets leave the earth each day.
Some return in microseconds
Others wend their fiery way
Into space to gather data;
Help us make this racket pay.
Get five billion more from Congress,
Lobby for N.A.S.A.

The Whiffenspoof Song

From the Engineering Library to the place where Brodrick dwells
Lies a room called 10-250 we know so well.
Uncle Ernie stands before us with his microphone in hand
And he's writing hair all over the board.

We are poor engineers who have lost our nodes.
Bauch and Lomb.
We are course VI students till we corrode.
Bauch and Lomb.

Gone are the carefree days of school,
Gone are the nights we used to tool.
We'll miss out instructors and all that gruel.
Ohms! Ohms! Ohms!

Abolish prejudice through materialism dept.

We don't care what religion a man professes as long as
he worships money.

~~Blah~~ Credit for these next three songs goes to the girls at BI, a sub-dept of course VII.

A Tiny Scratch (tune: O, Tannenbaum)

It started with a tiny scratch,
 Arsphenamine, arsphenamine.
 It grew into a mucous patch,
 Arsphenamine, arsphenamine.
 The spiroketes were numerous,
 The Wasserman came back; four plus.
 The verdict was unanimous;
 Secondary Syphilis.

Rockabye Baby

Rockabye baby up in mid-plane
 Down will come baby with each labor pain,
 Membranes will rupture, water will fall,
 And down will come baby, placenta and all.

Cruising Down the Liver

Cruising down the liver
 On a bloody artery.
 The monocytes, the leukocytes, the lymphocytes, and me.
 The four of us together, will raise a family.
 Cruising down the liver
 On a bloody artery.

Cheer

$e^x du/dx$ $e^x dx$
 cosine, tangent, secant, sine
 3.14159

$\int u dv$

slipstick, sliderule

M.I.T.

 The essential nature of a good and healthy aristocracy is that it does not feel it is a function (whether of royalty or of the community) but its meaning, its highest justification (lies in itself). Therefore it accepts with a clear conscience the sacrifice of an enormous number of men who must for the sake of the aristocracy be suppressed and reduced to incomplete human beings, to slaves, to tools.

from, Beyond Good and Evil

((My but Inscomm looks 'good and healthy'))

THE FINAL

--Doug Hoylman



This should be a great vacation, if I get home alive, thought Lester silently. The other three boys in the car, all, like Lester, juniors at State U., were passing a bottle around, and his roommate, who was driving, was the drunkest of all. Lester didn't drink, not because he was a prude, but because he just couldn't stand the stuff. Right now he was almost wishing he could drink. It might be better than sitting in the back seat sober and too scared to tell his roommate that he was driving in the breakdown lane on the left side of the road.

"You're over the speed limit," Lester finally cried.

His roommate turned around and Lester's heart went into double time. "No, I'm not, Lesh. Y'see, we're on the wrong shide a the road, so we're actshurly doin' minus a hunned 'n twenty. 'N the shpeed--"

"WATCH IT!" Lester screamed. Then they hit the truck.

Lester felt pain that must have been that of a hundred broken bones, then blacked out. He came to gradually, as though out of a dream. When he woke, he was standing up and feeling normal. He had the sensation that he shouldn't be feeling normal right now, but it passed. Then he noticed that he was standing in line. The other three fellows were in front of him. Now why was he standing in line? Oh, yes, today was the final exam. What final? He shook his head.

Then the line moved forward. He was handed two pieces of paper and a voice said, "Take a seat". He entered a room that looked like one of his testing rooms at college. He sat down and looked at the papers. One was blank. The other said:

Final Examination

No time limit

What is the purpose of life? What have you gotten out of it?
Be accurate and concise.

NOTE: A passing grade on this examination is prerequisite for all higher subjects in this sequence.

Awareness finally struck him. A final in life! To decide whether he would go on to--what? or else to--what? Well, he would get the answer to at least one of those mysteries. He put his name on the paper and began to write. The proctors--of course, there had to be proctors!--shook their heads when he asked for more paper, but supplied it reluctantly. Finally he finished and walked to the door. He handed his papers to the man at the door, who looked them over quickly and said,

"Totally inadequate. Insufficient understanding of the subject. You'll have to repeat it."

Lester sighed and said, "Before I go, could you tell me how my friends did?" He named them.

"They passed. They all were in good condition for the exam.

Drunk? Lester wondered and stepped out. Two steps from the door the floor ended abruptly and Lester fell down--down--

He opened his eyes in a hospital bed. His left arm and left leg were in casts and the rest of his body was heavily bandaged. "He's waking up," a feminine voice said. Then a nurse bent over him. "You'll be all right," she whispered. "You've just been in a terrible wreck."

What to say? he wondered and only then realized he was in pain all over. "How are the other fellows?" he gasped.

"Shall I tell him, doctor?" the nurse said as a man in a white coat entered his field of vision.

The doctor nodded and said, "They were all killed. The ambulance driver says it's a miracle you lived through it. Better thank God, son."

Thank a God who gives tests? Tests with proctors who smoke filter cigarettes and don't have wings? Lester didn't pray. He just thought about what the rest of the curriculum must be like, and what the answers to the test were. Then he decided what he was going to do as soon as he was out of the hospital.

He was going to get stone drunk. He could disguise the taste of booze enough to do it. Then he was going for a drive on the freeway.



(Cupid)

Dearest Gerry:

Just a note to express my deepest sincere sympathy over the sudden loss of your back tire.

I know that this tire meant an awful lot to you, but you must face reality and go out and buy another one.

So Gerry, cry no more for the worse is yet to come, you may lose your front tire, too.

Laevorotation

No this is not some new kick of Campbell. It is a letter column. It's like this. Trying to think of a good fannish sounding name for a letter column, I couldn't. In desperation I reached for my dictionary, opened it at a random spot and plunked my finger down on a page. It landed on Laevorotation. For those of you who are curious it means left handed rotation of light, in optics. By a strange coincidence (Really, it is a coincidence) I am currently taking optics (rather its taking me) and at the last lecture rotation of light was the major topic. Are there any explanations for this strange occurrence? (Any from JWCjr will not be accepted).

Naomi Stein Well I read Zine #5. How do you people manage Valley Stream, NY it? We took Zine #4 apart in Literary Club. Actually, Miss Klein, our advisor, liked it very much- particularly your editorial. ((Here I must explain. Naomi is my cousin and is the last one who thought that this letter would wind up in print. Surprised, eh? But I do need the egoboo.)) I should give you fair warning that my friend Carol and I have terrible crushes on two cookies. Aint that a shame? We like Doug Hoylman and Jon Ravin. (Funny to like someone you've never met, what are they like?)...Another question: is the MITSFS opened to MIT students only ((No, but we're rather careful who we accept, aint that right Fred?)) We have a sort of fan club here at South. Those songs were terrific.

Fred Norwood Tech is hell. Only what is going on there. Al Southwestern Kuhfeld is singularly uncommunicative. Is table-Memphis, Tenn. comm dead?((As a doornail)) It won't be for long, if I have to zap Sarill to death and animate his body, or otherwise carry on action at a distance.

But onward to comment on TZ5. You're really getting fanish, aren't you. Taff and Bheer and all. Apparently I'll have to stoop to stealing MADemoiselle from the newsstand for the next few issues.

I'm glad to see the filk songs gathered together..only you left out a few. Like, The Tablecomm song, the Blob ("It leaps, it creeps, it slides and glides, etc") and Glory How We Hate the Comics Code Authority. There are even parts of the Tech song which could have been easily used. You could have at least printed the

Then said Bailly to the robot with a grin
It was nice of you to live with me in sim

variation.

Son, there is a new and better name for science fiction. Haven't you heard? It is ANALOG! SCIENCE FACTION, subtitled croggeling tales of thom swift and his psionic dean drive. Naturally this is quite a mouthful to say every time you want to use the word s-f, but who ever talks about scientifiction anymore?

John Harrison Got the latest issue of TZ. It wasn't bad, but I Canaan, N.H. really hate to tell you, it is looking more and more like a faaanzine. (Despite my choice of friends, eg Fred Norwood, I do not consider myself a fan in that sense). First the We're not fans heading went, and now this... I fear that the mag is rapidly becoming more and more like unto Habbicuc (which I detest besides not being able to spell.)

Roy Tackett When the latest mail burro arrived from Albuquerque Alburquerque (yes; that's right; at the moment I'm in Yuma, Ariz-New Mexico ona, and will probable be there until the end of the month) I was somewhat surprised to find THE TWILIGHT ZINE among the stacks of ballots, polls, and overdue bills. "The Twilight Zine?" I muttered, "Oh yes, that is the ~~science fiction fan magazine~~ amature science fiction magazine put out by that group at Em Eye Tee who claim they aren't fans but just happen to like stf." For all your disclaimers you do have a fanish type magazine. ((I give up, already, WE'RE FANS)) Tsk, it appears that you may have been affected by the dread disease of fanishness to which very few of us are immune.

I shuddered at the bit of information that "Mademoiselle--the Magazine for Smart Young Women" (Mighod is right) had inquired about MIT, science fiction, newsletters, and fandom. For ghod's sake, how did anyone connected with MADEMOISELLE manage to stumble across science fiction? You indicate that they may possibly do some soet of article on the field. Oh, NO! The field is in bad shape as it is; getting something like MADEMOISELLE involved would likely be the death blow. You did us all a disservice by turning a copy of F&SF over to the public relations people. I didn't see the march issue but will readily accept your word that the item on fandom was incomprehensible. The whole damned magazine is incomprehensible. ((Don't you know it!))

I somewhat enjoyed the filksongs although two of them give me pause to wonder what MIT is coming to. I'm referring, of course, to "God Bless Free Enterprise" and "Capitalist War Song". Surely all those engineers and scientific type students who will be wooed by private industry with fabulous financial offers--some as high as \$3,000 per annum, aren't critical of the capitalisiic free enterprise system? ((Now what ever gave you that idea? We LOVE the capitalistic system, mainly because we love money. (\$3,000 hell, its way over that) Actually we have two more songs that were not, and will not be printed. They are a S.A.O. song (now out of date) and a song written by our Campus ~~Republ~~ Conservatives called "God Save America (from Kennedy)" We're all Anarchists here))

...No one who gets rid of Mickey Spillane books is misguided. "A New Name for Science Fiction". This has been kicked around for years and we've never found any satisfactory answer to it. As Hoylman points out most of what is written in the field is actually fantasy (science-fiction if you will) and the term science-fiction is applied to stories based on the extrapolation of the physical sciences although, as Hoylman also points out, various other "sciences" have also gotten into the act. It is, indeed a knotty problem. The novels of Mitchell Wilson, for example, such as "Live With Lightning" and "Journey to the Far Meridian" are based on physics but by no means can be considered science fiction.

In the mind of the general public "science fiction" has come to mean space fiction almost exclusively. I suppose that we could abandon the title to the space boys but what then have we for the

other segments of the field? A new name for science fiction? The genre (who?) has been called that for almost 40 years. It would be difficult to change now. Not impossible, since it was earlier known as scientific romances and simply as fantasy. I have no ideas at all. Whatever it turns out to be will have to live up to the description of the field, be identifiable to the present label, and be readily acceptable to readers, writers, and publishers alike. Know anyone in the advertising business--the Madison Avenue people--who might be able to come up with an answer. ((I don't associate with Mad Ave.types))

A couple things that I want to quibble with Hoylman about. He states that "science fiction themes are not quite so impossible" (to differentiate from fantasy) and then includes time travel as a legitimate theme. Aw, come on. No matter what kind of trimmings are put on it, time travel is pure fantasy. I'll pass over stf as an art form. After all if the Japanese can consider the western movie to be an art form, I guess we can accept stf as one. But I offer Hoylman a challenge: considering science fiction to be distinct from fantasy and within the rather narrow limits set forth for legitimate science fiction, name one science fiction story written by Ray Bradbury.

All of which has little to do with finding a new name for science fiction. Let's just call it fantasy and let it go at that.

We Also Heard From Dept: Betty Kujawa (we've joined your church, Betty) and Isaac Asimov and Fritz Leiber who (Blessings upon you) sent in articles/poems. In the future this letcol will be larger, or our mailing list smaller, as the case may be.

This is a continuation of Lewis' Reaction (in as much/anything that he does is ever continuous).

as
Bernie Morris says we are fans. Well, perhaps he is, but I'm not. I brush my teeth twice a day. Seriously, though, I don't know what a fan is, really, but I am now one. Therefore if we let Q be the set of all my qualities then the set of fannish qualities will be contained within the set Q. Doug Hoylman says that both sets are the null set which implies that the universe set under discussion is also a null set. Well it probably is, but I couldn't care less. I could care less, but it's too much effort. Bernie has been swinging a little too far left these days, but this isn't too serious as this is a democracy and every man has the right to think as I please. But when he dumps on Zenna Henderson's People stories ((I still think they're awful)) I feel the time has come to gird up my loins and go forth into battle against this apostate and vanquish him for the glory and honor of all that is right and just and true and beautiful within this four square universe of ours. To begin with, Mr. Morris has as much poetic sensitivity as apocketful of wet yogurt. To substantiate this point I bring forth the following evidence. He is a physicist, I too am a physicist, but that's different because I am an evil atomic scientist. He is a pinko ((I am not!)) and I am a warmonger, therefore I am better than he is. He is a hoax who claims to be real while I am real but claim to be a hoax.

Coming soon: the Quantum Mechanics of sex

Ah. Down to the bacover at last.
This last stencil is typed April 30, 1962 and I hope to mimeo up and mail out TZ #6 (What you're reading) by May 5.

ADDRESS CHANGE

As of June 3 I can be reached at our library. This is because I don't know where I am staying for the summer yet. That is:

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c/o MITSFS
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M.I.T.
Cambridge 39, Mass.

THE TWILIGHT ZINE

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