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(What do you think the  
ink-blots mean? Clean  
replies will be printed)

Front cover; Shades of Freud

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Scratch a Russian and you get a Tartar,

Scratch a Tartar and you'd better run.

# FIT THE FIRST

by ye editor

## A BERGMAN FESTIVAL

was shown at the Brattle theatre this summer, It gave me chance to see the two (Smiles of a Summer Night, The Magician) pictures of his that I wanted to see, but had never had the chance. Altogether fifteen different films were shown from July 29 to September 1, they were run in chronological order, starting with Three Strange Loves (which I thought was awful), and ending with his latest, Through a Glass, Darkly. This last tries to do what The Seventh Seal did without using any of the cinemactical techniques of that greatest of films. For all its lack of action it almost succeeded. But not quite. "Smiles of a Sexy Nite" is a bedroom farce a la Bergman. I was amazed at how much "philosophy" could be put into such a lighthearted comedy. In the words of the publicity blurb, it is "an almost mystical comedy of love." The Magician was a let-down. By showing a battle of wills between Science, as represented by a sceptical doctor, and the Unknown, as personified by the magician, Bergman was attempting to show something, but whatever it was is lost to me. At times both parties are victorious, the doctor proves that magic is phony, but at the same time he is bested by certain things he cannot explain. In the end Magic wins a hollow, deus ex machina, victory. The Seventh Seal remains the best film I have ever seen. I only wish that there was another Virginia Bligh to review it and the others for me, a task whose sheer magnitude I would cringe at.

For all the analysis of his work, Bergman's own words are few. Here is his succinct statement on what is wrong with the world, or at least with art, today; "The individual has become the highest form and greatest bane of artistic creation. Creative unity and humble anonymity are forgotten and buried relics without significance or meaning. The smallest cuts and moral pains of the ego are examined under the microscope as if they were of eternal importance. Thus we finally gather in one large pen, where we stand and bleat about our loneliness without listening to each other and without realizing that we are smothering each other to death. The individualists stare into each other's eyes and yet deny the existence of each other, and cry out into the darkness without once receiving the healing power of communal happiness. We are so affected by our own walking in circles, so limited by our own anxiety that we can no longer distinguish between the true and the false, between the gangsters' ideas and pure ideals."

## BOSTON vs. BOOKS

One of Boston's better attractions is, or rather was, its used bookshops. Most of them are located in or near Scollay Square, the red-light and burlesque area, and in general a combination of Times Square and the Bowery. Very colorful (especially at night)! Adjoining the square are the main Mass. State government buildings (where a bookie was recently caught in the State House). I wonder if there is any connection. So anyway the governor and his boys (for our Governor is an honorable man, so are they all, all honorable men) decided to do a little redevelopment and tear down all the buildings in the area to make way for a beautiful new (graft ridden) something-or-other. (Pardon these frequent interjections but with each of the last three major projects in Boston, the underground garage, the Prudential Center, and the turnpike extension, there have been scandals and graft and corruption that makes New York's (ex) deSappio look almost honest by comparison). So, the book-shops must go. The fact that it would be financially if not physically impossible for these shops to move to another location (The Brattle Bookshop has half a million volumes, all he, lots of old fantasy and stuff) does not seem to bother our Good Governor or his Able Assistants (hereafter referred to as Ass.) at all, though he has recently made an effort to spare an historic old MDC station (a police station). I guess this shows the relative importance of cops and learning in his eyes. This is the state that elects US senators on the basis of their sex appeal (Hi, there JFK, and you, too, Teddy). I'm sick of the whole f - ing mess.

## Le Morte de Silverlock

The creation of a wholly new and different world in a fantasy is something to be admired. It is impossible (for me at least) to imagine how anyone could have the patience to create characters, history, customs, and most important, the internal logic that makes a purely imaginary world seem believable. The obvious examples of this are that-best-of-all-possible-fantasies, Lord of the Rings and the somewhat slower Simavian series of Eddison.

Next to creation comes transformation. It can result in a poor satire or in a masterpiece like Three Hearts & Three Lions. If there is less creative work needed here the research involved makes it even. (As a (ha) student of "the Epic" I can appreciate Poul Anderson's wonderful blend of historical "fact" and fiction.)

Then there is Pot Pourri (not you, John). This ranks with the, pardon the expression, pun, as the lowest form of fantasy. It requires neither the imagination nor the scholarship needed for the other types. It is able to enjoy the best of both of these types without the travail of either, for it has the ultimate deus ex machina. The hero(s) can escape any danger by switching into a different fantasy/literary world. This ploy is also used if the story is getting too dull. Thus while it is possible for this kind of story to be enjoyable (The Incomplete Enchanter), I would never consider it to be really great. And then there are some...

I first heard of Silverlock via the "rave reviews" in Shaggy. It took me almost a year to find a copy, and when the Great Day arrived I eagerly jumped into a chair and started reading. UGH!! I wuz robbed. At least Shay had the nerve to stay in one world until the going got too hot for comfort, but Silverlock...The damndest thing about him was his starting out as an Ordinary Guy



and finishing as an Ordinary Guy, sadder and wiser perhaps, but still very Ordinary. He is merely an excuse for showing how much Meyers has read, things that happen to him slide off his ego like water off the much hackneyed duck's back. But my main objection is not to this colorless character, it is directed rather at the rapidity with which Meyers takes us through the Commonwealth. Just as I was getting interested in the Norsemen's fight, wham, off we go into the woods to meet, among others; Robin Hood, the Pathfinder, the Mad Hatter & Co., Beowulf, de la Mancha, Job, and why continue. These characters have nothing to do with each other or Silverlock, who merely shows dumb amazement at each of them. The fun of guessing whom we will meet next soon evaporates into boredom. But the final straw is the parody of the Inferno with characters from every mythological complex thrown in for good measure. The name dropping rivals Amis' in "The book that made science fiction throw up," New Maps of Hell. And the moral philosophy,retch.

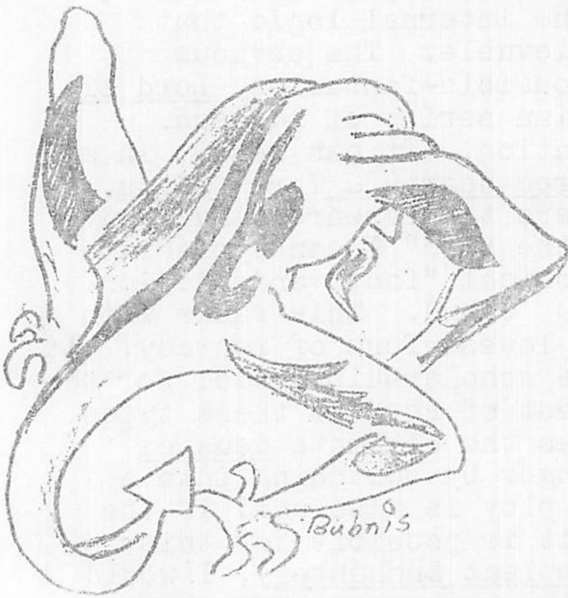
To add insult to injury, I didn't even like the songs, except possibly the Feudalized version of the fall of the Alamo.

#### A Noted Quote

The following is from the New York Herald-Trib.; "Mary N. Scherbatskoy, 20, of Tulsa, Okla., accused of stealing three gravestones to decorate her college dormitory room, was fined \$150 and costs Monday. Miss Scherbatskoy, a Reed College (Oregon) coed was charged in the theft of the headstones from a Putney cemetery." A fanne?

#### Folk Music

'Specially folk music around Boston. This is primarily for the furtherance of the MITkey mice's culture (ha!) and for anyone else in the area. One can usually find real folk music (before going any further let's define real, I mean like it's ethnic or phony or what. The hell with all that nonsense. I'll be liberal and call any group or individual folk artist real as long as they are not frankly commercial. This lets out the you-know-who trio and others of their kind, all rock & roll ~~screaming~~ singers, and Tom Lehar types. You don't have to be born in Viper, Kentucky, to be real, though it can't hurt.) as I was saying one can find real folk music in three places; concerts, coffee houses, and records. Concerts are given every so often in most big cities. In Boston we are lucky



to have an active folk song club and a number of promoters who are motivated by other than the usual \$\$\$ and we thusly get some good talent. Lately I've seen in sundry spots: Theo Bikel, Pete Seegar, Richard Dyer-Bennett, Joan Baez, and the Weavers. There were many, many more but time is limited. The theater section in most papers will list all concerts coming to your area. Why not look? Coffee houses (as opposed to Night Clubs and jazz spots) are rare.

I vaguely know of some in NYC, but I've never really looked. (Could some kind NYFan tell me where they are?) There are four around here that have regularly scheduled performances. I may as well list them now:

Club Mt. Auburn 47  
47 Mt. Auburn St.  
Cambridge

The Unicorn  
825 Boylston St.  
Boston

Cafe Yana  
50 Brookline Ave.  
Boston

and last (and least for that matter) The Loft, 43 Charles St., Boston. The Club 47 is easily the best of the lot. Over the summer they have had; Jackie Washington, Bonnie Dobson, Charles River Valley Boys, Dayle Stanley, Mike Seegar, and others. If you don't frequent the coffee houses you have probably never heard of some of them, Joan Baez started at the Club 47. The cover charge is onebuck and well worth it. Physically it is also the best, though there's none of this candle-light stuff. The Unicorn is also a pretty nice place. There is a 75¢ cover which is usually worth it, lots of room and a fairly good schedule. The Yana and the Loft have no covers, the coffee is ridiculously priced but if you like their programs you pay. The Yana just moved as it stood in the path of the ~~graffyay~~ turnpike extension that will be completed Real Soon Now. They are not very large and the Loft has real folk music only one night a week.

An offshoot of the coffee houses is a biweekly newszine called The Broadside. It can be picked up free for nothing at all of the places mentioned and at most good (ie. no 45's) record shops in town. It has programs, news, advts, and occasionally an interesting folksy article. If you want a copy, though for non-Bostonians it is rather useless, you can write to them at 250 Newberry Street; Boston, Mass. Then there are hoots. These are fun things where anyone can get up and make a fool of himself. Sometimes some extraordinary talent turns up at these things, but not usually.

Like I mentioned before, for those who can't get to concerts and who ~~are afraid~~ won't go the coffee houses, records offer the only means of hearing the real thing. I wouldn't dream of showing off (everyone knows of the innate modesty of fans) but my collection contains; Pete Seeger, Joan Baez, Theo Bikel, Burl Ives, Odetta, Glenn Yarbrough, Belafonte, Bennett, Ewan MacColl, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, Bonnie Dobson, Paul Robeson, Jackie Washington, Dave Gude, Leon Bibb, Josh White, Heddie West, the Weavers, the Gateway Singers, the Limelighters, the (ugh) Kingston Trio, and some samplers. This is certainly not final as I spend most of my ill gotten gains of records and books. Most of them are on labels; Vanguard, Prestige, Folkways, and Electra, and some little ones like Washington and Dyer-Bennett. If "folk music" is sold on Columbia, Capital, etc., you can be sure it's not real by the standards I mentioned before. These big companies are out strictly for profit and do not know much about good folk music. They cater to the masses, as it were. Some public libraries have a good folk music selection, but beware of the really ethnic stuff, Zuni rain dances may not be commercial, but they are not very good either.

I find that the ones who sneer at folk music the most are the R&R fiends. As R&R is a bastard (using the term in the literal sense) offspring of jazz and folk music (especially blues, which both jazz and folk music claim as their own) they are being neither logical nor kind, but anyone who knows those

people can tell you that.

### TRUE CONFESSIONS DEPT.

Many of you have wondered how we went from an illegible, ink-smeared mess (TZ #3) to the, if I say so myself, fine reproduction jobs on the latest few issues. Here's our secret. It is not slipsheeting, it is not the superior mechanical ability of the sliderule boys. Much simpler than that, it's money. Not ours though. The Institute, bless its black little heart, has bestowed upon Burton House a Gestetner 360. This \$750 beauty which does everything but write editorials is available to all Burtnites, that means me. Nice, huh? (Does this disqualify us from trufandom?). We also use their electric stapler.

### NEW CHARACTERS

In TZ #1, among the Great & Glorious traditions of the Most Noble SFS there was a list of official "characters." This list is sort of like the mundane Hall of Fame, all characters in it must be deceased. Anyone who is no longer an undergraduate is officially dead, so two more names may now be added to the list.

L. Court Skinner III, Glorious president for the past two years. He was so popular that we no longer have the office of president, it is now called "The Skinner". Remember Court sitting in the Yoga position on the table playing his recorder and trying to bring some order to the meetings? He has now ~~been~~ ~~kicked upstairs~~ entered our Grad school and is equal in status to ARLewis.

Fred Norwood, boy faaan. The only N3Fer ever in the MITSFS. He died the hard way, flunking out in a blaze of glory. Living in a ~~shabby~~ colorful closet in Beaver House, piled waist high in moldy comics, with a sterno stove burning merrily in the middle of the whole mess. With the fragrant odor of peanut butter spread on the moldier comics, a delicious snack. Hopefully passing around Round Robins, some of which actually got published. So tell me Rick, what ever happened to that still? Without a few brave nuts like him we would all be drowned in a sea of serconnish horror, and here I'm talking about both fandom and MIT.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$ WE'RE NOT FANS \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

I am a man of truth (whatefer that is). When the last ish came out Norm Humer, (that is his real name) arch anti-fan, blew a gut. He demanded a printed retraction of the "We're Fans". So here it is. I could have been real nasty about it but it's really not worth the trouble. Speaking for myself though, I am a fan, or at least fannishly inclined.

### OH SCORROW, SCORROW

Of all the perils awaiting one who seeks the Enchanted Duplicator, I find the Desert of Indifference to be worst of all. To combat this fearful horror I am undertaking for the first, and I hope for the last time, a new policy; Voila! a little box ~~✕~~. I hope yours is empty, for if it is not I am sa.d to say that this is the last ish of TZ you will ever see. If it is not, and



you wish to relieve your soul from this threat of being cast into Gehenna, why don't you follow one of the suggestions on the first page. Or else. Even if you are (temporarily) safe it might be a good idea to let me know you still exist. If this box is checked ☒ it means that you will probably never get off our mailing list until Judgement Day\*, and maybe not even then.

\*starring Bridgett Bardot and Audie Murphy, with a cast of billions. In glorious Superduperscope. First show at Los Alamos a huge success. World Premier expected any day now.

## CRABGRASS GROWING

### SUBURBIA THAT MIGHT NOW BE...

We are suburbia

We are those who live in an area defined as a tract within a metropolitan area in which two thirds of the families own their homes and in which both the income and the number of children are above the national average.

We are also more:

a state of mind;

a way of life.

We are the place to own one's home, to sink roots -- after pulling up stakes to get here.

We are the place to raise a family.

We are the ones who enjoy life.

We find togetherness with people of like mind.

Here we can be social beings.

We are on committees - we attend meetings with others.

Oh no, not us.

We're different.

We are those who grow crabgrass.

We have left the dirty, smelly city.

We are here close to the soil, weeding, planting,

making lawns,

and gardens of greenstuffs,

tomatoes,

peas.

We plant shrubs, trees,

We make natural the artificiality of the clay

beneath the missing topsoil.

We restore natural beauty to the good earth, after

paying money for having it desecrated to make room for the

homes we own, to raise a family, to live a good life.

We grow crabgrass.

Oh no, not us.

We're different.

We have found the fellowship with companions whom we  
 didn't find in the dirty, smelly city.  
 We find it in voting together  
 We find it in committee meetings - with one another  
 We find it shopping with each other.  
 We find it worshipping together.  
 We find it in clubs which we mostly all join.  
 We find it around patios, and barbecues, and bridge tables, and  
 square dance squares.  
 We have learned how to use time.

Time is for leisure.  
 Time is for going to and from work,  
     for hauling children here and there,  
     for spending in classes, or discussions,  
     for "career improvement", for improving social status,  
 Time is for scheduling, and using.  
 Time is to be mastered by the schedule.  
 We mastered time by being endlessly active,  
     harassing it,  
     hurrying everywhere,  
         endlessly active,  
         in events of our own making.

We think.  
 We have mastered time, beaten it, strangled it, killed it.  
 Time no longer hangs heavy.  
 But what happened to leisure?  
     Oh no, not us.  
     We're different.

We are the commuters.  
 We are travelers--  
     50 miles a day, 250 miles a week, 12,500 miles a year!  
     seven cents a mile, \$875.00 each year! To earn money  
     to buy machines for commuting and other things.  
 Trains, autos, all at our command.  
 Hundreds of horses all working for us.  
 We clog the highways, commandeer expressways in the city where  
     we don't pay taxes,  
 We swear at those stupid others who get in the way and use -  
     -- our roads.  
 It's worth it, though, for we are suburbia, away from the dirty  
     smelly city, owning our homes, raising our families,  
     living the good life.  
     Oh no, not us.  
     We're different.

We are the rootless ones.  
 We have traveled and moved, and been transferred, and  
     been promoted, and changed jobs  
         and bought homes.  
 We have our roots in the soil of suburbia  
     with the crabgrass.  
     Oh no, not us.  
     We're different.

We are those of the inexhaustible income

We are the flexible pocketbook which stretches and buys needs,  
and a few other things, like golf clubs,  
pepper grinders, coffee mills, patio furniture,  
two cars, subscriptions and book clubs and wine,  
and whiskey and cigarettes and hats and jewelry  
and split levels and crabgrass killer.

We have grown beyond the savings account.

We are those of the monthly payment,  
With only 6 percent interest --  
if you figure it one way -- may be 12 percent another  
way. But the payment is manageable.

We are the finalce company, and the bank loan  
and the half-owned car -- and washer and hi-fi set.

We are the ones in need of one raise and another and another and another.

Oh no, not us.  
We're different.

We are the home-owners.

We own the ambiguous home, that of the split level  
(a very functional design) that looks like all the other homes  
except for our own personal elm and dogwood and petunia  
and spruce and  
crabgrass.

We are the do-it-yourselfers.

We paint, and plumb; and carpenter, and build and remodel, and change and rip out and replace.

We are the bruised thumb and the strained back.

We have individuality,  
finally.

We raise children.

That is, sometimes. But we need to eat, so we work, so this means meetings, and traveling, and evenings away.

And we need to grow, so we visit, and have kaffee-  
klatches, and play bridge; learn in classes and discuss.  
Children are for sending off to school.

School for three "R's"

For history and French and yearbooks and teams and dates  
and togetherness with one's peers.

Sunday school for morals and for learning about God and Jesus and how to live in group togetherness with one's peers.

Children are to worry about when they're late -- and where  
are they anyway?

And for sending away to school and for making one's way  
in the world.

We wonder sometimes what happened to childhood.

It came, it was there -- where did it go so suddenly?  
Who are these strangers in the house?

Oh no, not us.  
We're different.

We are suburbia.

We are the anxious ones like everyone else -- everybody's anxious.

We have complexes. Or we used to.

We don't hate any more -- that's neurotic.

We don't dislike anymore -- that's antisocial.

We don't argue or disagree -- that's controversial.

We don't impose on our children -- that's domineering.

We don't moralize -- that's old fashioned. (the greatest sin.)

We love -- and grow crabgrass.

We are suburbia.

We have roots,

in homes,

in children,

in towns,

in jobs,

in schools,

in the good life,

in the soil,

with the dogwood and petunia

And the crabgrass.

Oh Lord, be merciful to us!!

Admonition: Gentle reproof, as with a meat-axe.

Birth: The first and direst of all disasters.

Cynic: A blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are,  
not as they ought to be.

Liberty: One of imagination's most precious possessions.

Mammon: The god of the world's leading religion. His chief temple  
is in the holy city of New York.

Mausoleum: The final and funniest folly of the rich.

Millennium: The period of a thousand years when the lid is to be  
screwed down, with all the reformers on the under side.

Occident: The part of the world lying west (or east) of the Orient.  
It is largely inhabited by Christians, a powerful sub-tribe of  
the Hypocrites, whose principle industries are murder and cheat-  
ing, which they are pleased to call "war" and "commerce". These,  
also, are the principle industries of the Orient.

Optimist: A proponent of the doctrine that black is white.

Rubbish: Worthless matter, such as the religions, philosophies,  
literature, arts and sciences of the tribes infesting the re-  
gions lying due south of the Boreaplas.

Take: To acquire, frequently by force, but preferably by stealth.



# We Never Lost a War

Jake headed his Moonjeep back to Base. He hadn't heard from them in three days, and his radio seemed to be working properly, so he was worried. Surveying alone where you couldn't even see Earth hanging in the sky was pretty lonely, even with radio communications. When Jake arrived at Base, it wasn't there. Nothing remained to mark the site except a big radioactive crater.

"Goddamn Reds," he muttered. There had been rumblings of war on Earth when he last left Base, and it obviously had started. The Commies probably started it, he decided, by bombing the American moon-base. He turned the jeep around and headed for the Soviet base. "I'll kill every one of those lousy bastards," he snarled. But the Soviet base was also a radioactive hole. "Hey, we got 'em back. I knew we would! America hasn't lost a war yet." Then it hit him that chances were he was the only man still alive on the Moon.

There was one spaceship, he remembered, anchored miles away from either base. Probably for just such an eventuality. It was completely automatic and carried supplies for a dozen men. One man could return it to Earth easily.

As the ship blasted off, Jake got his first good look at Earth for some time. It was no longer so green as he was used to seeing it. There were big black patches on the land areas, and the dark spots he knew were cities had become even darker. Any war whose effects would show from the moon had to have been a hell of a big one.

The ship was programmed to return to Cape Canaveral, but the radioactivity there was so high it could be detected from space, so he altered the path to land in northern Georgia. Even there the radiation was fantastically high, but below the extreme danger point. Jake took the lifeboat, a vehicle as good as a helicopter for atmospheric travel, and started to look around. Everywhere the story was the same: much damage, high radiation, and no sign of human life. He had his radio receiver on continuously, but detected no transmission. Apparently all the bombs had been dropped so long ago that radiation and fires had killed all those not hit by the blasts. The only life he had seen was a fly that had somehow gotten into the lifeboat. As he watched now, the fly sputtered and died.

Jake was filled with misery and hate. He resolved to kill every one of those Russians, if there were any left. But, of course, we must have fought back. We never lost a war yet. Russia is probably as dead as America.

As he traveled he saw that not only the Soviet Union, but all of Europe, Asia, Africa and South America had suffered the same fate as the United States. He flew over Indonesia to Australia. They, too, were dead. He couldn't even find Hawaii or any other Pacific islands. The destruction had been complete.

On the way back to his ship, he suddenly heard a radio signal. When he got a fix on it, he found a helicopter flying less than a mile away. The radio signal broke up into Morse. He signaled back and both crafts landed on the scorched earth.

If Jake was happy to see the 'copter, he was overjoyed when its pilot stepped out. It was a woman! He shouted, "Hello there! Do you speak English?"

"Yes, I do," she replied, smiling, as they met. He felt like embracing and kissing this woman, the first human he'd seen in months, but contented himself with a simple handshake.

"Are there others?" Jake asked anxiously.

"No, I am the only one. I have been searching for three weeks and you are the first living person I have found." She had a slight accent which Jake couldn't identify. It wasn't German.

"I've been looking, too. I think we're the last ones."

"We need not be," she smiled. "Now that there are two of us, the human race does not have to die. The radiation level is almost safe now, there is plenty of food. You and I can start the new race."

Jake hesitated only briefly. His wife was dead along with all the rest, this was no time for morals, and he had, certainly, an obligation to keep humanity alive. "Of course we must," he replied. "By the way, I'm Jake O'Halloran, from what used to be Ohio. You?"

"Olga Vladimirovna Turgeneva, of Leningrad."

Jake's expression changed completely. "A goddamn Red!" he screamed. "You started this damn war! You killed the world and I'm killing you!" he grabbed her throat and started to choke her.

"Bozhe moi, nyet! Ya nichevo ne ubivala!" she gasped as they struggled.. From somewhere she pulled a knife and thrust it in his belly. Then his fingers tightened on her throat and she fell dead on the ground.

"Damn Commie," he coughed out between gasps. "But I guess we won now. They're all dead and I'm alive. The United States never yet lost a war." Then he, too, died, falling on top of Olga Turgeneva.

The only way to World Peace:

ARM EVERYONE!

End the Cold War

End the Arms Race

End civilization

# THROUGH A RING,

## DARKLY

Epics are a young man's game, and the greatest fault of Tolkien's Ring Trilogy lies in the tragic aging of the author over the twenty years he spent writing it. For me, the ending has always been the weakest part of the book, and the Cleansing of the Shire a downright failure. The overmodernization of "The Boss", the hint at social satire, the lack of any real action, and mainly the terrific comedown from the War to the small and mundane environment of the Shire. Toward the end, the slow description, the nostalgia, and the eventual passing of the Fellowship from Middle Earth are deeply moving and are great writing by any standards, but the vigor and the violence of the first book, and the youthful humanity of the Hobbits, is gone.

The same comedown is obvious in The Once and Future King, a comic epic if ever there was one. The later passages are moving and beautiful, as the migration of the geese, and the ending is full of nostalgia, but the humor and action of Wart and Lance are gone, and in their place is the same modernization and loss of wonder that characterize LoTR's closing pages. The tendency is to satirize rather than create.

Some old writers in the sf field, such as Murry Leinster and Edmund Hamilton, have managed to keep turning out tremendous stories year after year, but they are hacks...hacks in the best sense of the word, but they are better natural writers than they are creative artists. In mundane literature the decline of most poets with age has been a long established fact. Certainly the poetry in LoTR is better in the first volumes. The lines from The Hobbit:

Roads go ever ever on,  
Over rock and under tree,  
By caves where never sun has shone,  
By streams that never find the sea.

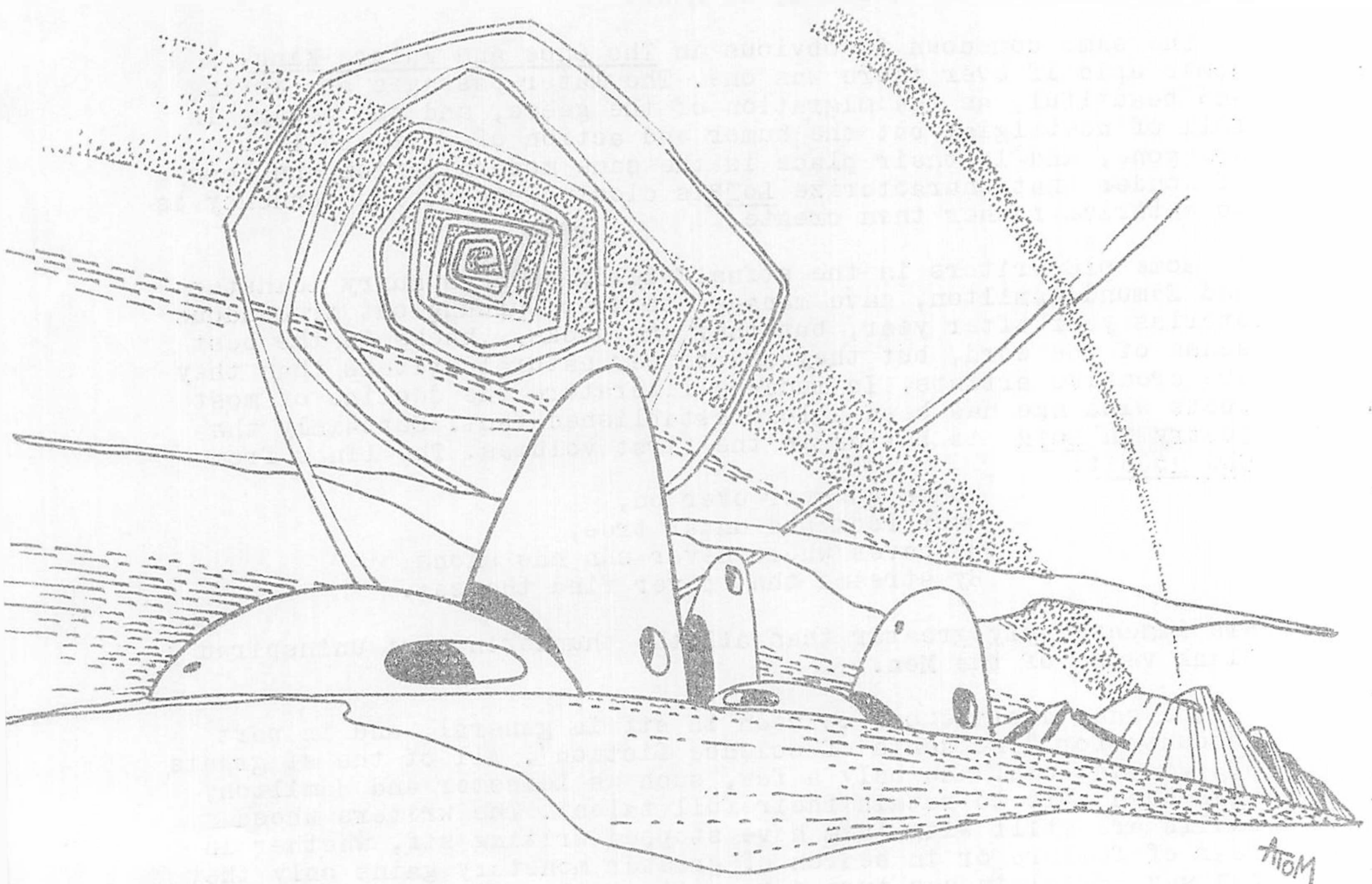
are immeasurably greater than all the thundering but uninspired blank verse of the Men.

The same decline can be seen in sf in general, and in part accounts for "The death of science fiction". All of the sf greats are growing old, and only a few, such as Leinster and Hamilton, have been able to retain their full talent. The writers whose skills are still with them have stopped writing sf, whether in fear of failure or in search of greater monetary gains only they can say. Heinlein has turned to satire, with the disastrous results of Stranger. EESmith still has the same scope and skill, but his sense of wonder is failing to inspire the younger readers. Van Vogt is compiling old short stories into novels, when he writes

at all. Certainly, as Campbell says, the mechanical writing of stf is better now than it ever was, but the spark of brilliance which gathered fandom around it like a moth around a flame has died, and fans are beginning to wonder why they ever read the stuff in the first place.

Science Fiction needs new writers, and only Britain, with Aldis, Bulmer, White and their group is supplying them, because British fandom is still young and entering its golden era, while ours is behind us. Poul Anderson, Algis Budrys, James Blish, Keith Laumer, Galouye, and Fritz Leiber are practically holding down the field by themselves. Garrat is writing Analog practically single handed, and doing the miserable job you might expect.

Where is the new stf coming from? From fandom? From the new found fan of the MITSFS? Ghu have mercy on our sensitive fannish soul.





# FILK SONGS III

It seems as if we're still at it. At one point it looked as if the filk song dept. would take over all of TZ, but it has been squeezed into a few pages and will not recover.

Also, due to lack of communication between Engineers and mere slans, it has been decided to drop the technical songs in favor of socio-politico ones which the most benighted creature can understand. Too bad really, such creations as The Ballad of Liquid Helium bring joy to this cold heart.

And various post office regulations still keep us from printing some of the best (raunchiest) ones.

## Dark as a Dungeon

Come all you young fellows so young and so fine,  
Seek not transportation on the BMT line.  
It will form as a habit and will seep in your brain  
Till the stream of your blood runs as slow as the train.

Chorus: It's dark as a dungeon, and damp as the dew;  
The fares they have doubled, the trains they are few.  
Where the rain always drips and the sun never shines-  
It's dark as a dungeon on the BMT lines.

There's many a man I've known in my day  
Who lived just to travel his whole life away;  
Like a drunk for his booze and a fiend his cocaine,  
A man must have lust for a BMT train.

Chorus

I hope when I die and the ages do reel,  
My body will harden and turn into steel;  
I'll look down from the door of my heavenly home  
And pity commuters a-riding my bones.

Chorus

---

"Look!" cried Ned. "Those hunters and natives will be killed!"  
"I'm afraid so!" shouted Tom, as he continued to focus his camera  
on the wonderful sight.

Thom Swift & His Wizard Camera, p.102

Nikkie and Mao (tune: Frankie and Johnnie)

Nikkie and Mao were allies, each swore the other to save  
 From War Mongering Capitalists, they swore on Lenin's grave.  
 They were allies, but not very long.

They went to the Party Congress, there the'd planned a tryst,  
 But said Mao to Nikkie, "You're a deviationist."  
 They were allies, but not very long.

Nikkie's spies looked over Mongolia, and there, to his alarm,  
 They saw his ally Mao a-working on the Bomb.  
 They were allies, but not very long.

Nikkie flew to the U.S.A., he gasped, "Let's take an oath  
 To defend eachother from Mao, if we don't he'll bury us both.  
 We were allies, but not very long."

This story has no moral, this story has no end.  
 This story only goes to show there ain't no good in men.  
 They'll be allies, but not very long.

-----  
 Alliance: In international politics, the union of two theives  
 who have their hands so deeply inserted in eachother's pockets  
 that they cannot seperatley plunder a third.  
 -----

Make Up Your Mind, Nkruhma (tune: Tom Dooley)

Chorus: Make up your mind, Nkruhma  
 Make up your mind and choose  
 Though it't too late now, Nkruhma  
 Either way you lose.

I asked Khrushchev for money  
 And what did he give me,  
 Five hundred million ruples  
 And a watch of NKVD.

Chorus

Then I went to Jackie,  
 The man that I like best,  
 And hinted that, for a billion  
 I would join the West.

Chorus

Sitting here in a Peiping jail  
 Thinking o' what I've done.  
 It wasn't just the money,  
 The game was so much fun

-----  
 Among the other evils which being unarmed brings you, it causes  
 you to be despised. Machiavelli; The Prince, chap 14

Educating the Techman (Tune: Jubilation T. Cornpone)

When a Techman flunks a quiz he thinks he ought to have passed  
And his advisor tells him that the next time will be the last,  
Well, he's just,  
Educatin' the Techman, your grades are a wreck, man,  
Educatin' the Techman, apply to BU fast.

When a Techman visits Harvard, he's got to act like a sis,  
He's got to watch his English, and drink his coffee like this.  
Cause they're just,  
Educatin' the Techman, a real social wreck man,  
Educatin' the Techman, ignorance is bliss.

When a Techman dates a coed, there's no love in his heart,  
He just wants a problem solver, an intellectual tart.  
But we're just,  
Educatin' the Techman, the giant intellect man,  
Educatin' the Techman, well give him a head start.

When a Techman wants to park along Memorial Drive,  
And his date from Wellesley says, he'll never take her alive,  
Well she's just,  
Educatin' the Techman, a real pain in the neck man,  
Educatin' the Techman, the wedding starts at five.

(In case you didn't know, and you probably didn't, these two  
are from the coed's Psongs of Psience)

I Prefer the Techman

(tune: I'm goin' to run for sherriff just to stay  
out of jail)

Chorus:

There are ten thousand boys at Harvard, ten thousand man at Yale,  
A million in the army, and quite a few in jail.  
But when I came to MIT I finally saw the light,  
I prefer the Techman, cause he can read and write.

I know a bhoys at Harvard, he was twenty three last year,  
He went down to Jim Cronin's to buy a glass of bheer.  
Jim Cronin wouldn't serve him, "you're twelve years old I think,  
I only serve to Techman, cause they know how to drink."

Chorus

I know a guy at Princeton. he's as tweedy as they come,  
He wears a beard and patches, just like a seedy bum,  
There's no one who can put him on the straight and narrow path,  
I prefer the Techman, at least he takes a bath.

Chorus.

I know a guy at Dartmouth, he's cut off from all the world,  
five hundred mi-les from the nearest girl.  
He sometimes comes to Boston, just to satisfy his soul,  
But I prefer the Techman, cause he has self-control.

-----  
Four out of five agree: It's MIT two to one.

# A NEW NAME FOR SCIENCE FICTION?

... In 1960, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Science Fiction Society invited me to speak before them, I urged the members at the end of my talk to bring out their own science fiction magazine. I was much gratified when subsequently, in 1961, the society brought out THE TWILIGHT ZINE. The MIT students are doing a very creditable job and I feel certain that in time science fiction will be much benefited by their efforts.

In THE TWILIGHT ZINE No. 5 (April 1962), Doug Hoylman, one of the students, has a rather provocative piece entitled "A New Name for SCIENCE FICTION."

Says Doug in his introduction: "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 imposed, and is still trying to impose, on the medium. The word 'science' is no longer applicable." (For science fiction buffs interested in the full genealogy of the terminology, I suggest they read the February 1957 issue of Fantasy & Science Fiction magazine: "How Science Fiction Got Its Name" by illustrious SF chronicler and biographer, Sam Moskowitz. Or if you haven't seen it, you can get a reprint from me, free.)

Doug Hoylman's piece, as he says himself, is controversial: it should be read by all SF fans. Unfortunately, he does not give us a new term to supplant the old one: "science fiction."

Instead he says: "And the first person who shouts 'Scientific-tion' gets a punch in the nose!"

Touche! It so happens that I am that first person, dammit, and I coined it--much to my regret--in 1925. That horror, "Scientifiction," was but a "logical" contraction of the term SCIENCE FICTION which I began using on the front cover of the 1922 issue of my former magazine, Science and Invention.

It probably was caused by the excruciating growing pains of the genre. Let's draw a merciful literary curtain of oblivion over that unfortunate episode and step into the progressive light of the future.

May I say here emphatically that I completely agree with Doug that a new terminology is needed. The term Science fiction, unfortunately, is not outmoded, but has come into universal use much too early. It probably will come into its own around the 25th century or thereabouts. I am quite serious about this. Quite.

All my life I have tried to cram the word "science", through my many magazines, down the throats of millions of unwilling individuals who were not ready for it--and who still are not.

Unfortunately, only a small percentage of people today are really interested in science--scientists, technicians, engineers, and so forth. The public at large still thinks of science as a subject far too esoteric and avant garde. Certainly the average



man or woman does not wish to read SCIENCE fiction during his leisure hours--the name is too forbidding. If this were not so, the few science fiction magazines now in existence would each have a circulation in the millions, instead of a paltry average of less than 100,000.

Something more attractive, stimulating and popular is needed--in this I certainly agree with Doug.

I have worked on the problem for years, unsuccessfully so far, I admit. And you must believe me if I state now that if I had to do it all over again at this late date--knowing what experience has taught me--I should not have originated the term science fiction in the 20th century that was not and is not now ready for it in a universal manner.

I coined the term Science Fiction in an editorial I wrote for my former publication, SCIENCE WONDER STORIES, in the June 1929 issue. Here, for the record, is the evidence:

"SCIENCE WONDER STORIES supplies this need for scientific fiction and supplies it better than any other magazine.

"I started the movement of science fiction in America in 1908 through my first magazine, 'MODERN ELECTRICS.' At that time it was an experiment. Science fiction authors were scarce. There were not a dozen worth mentioning in the entire world."

In 1929 I had a forlorn hope that there finally had been a breakthrough of science into the consciousness of the world's population. Alas--it was not to be--nor will it be in this or the next century.

The average man--or woman--in the street still looks on science with deep suspicion as a vicious ogre that constantly upsets and disarranges his life and habits, that periodically causes technical revolutions, throwing millions out of their jobs, as it is now doing, temporarily, through automation.

Yet people know, too, that they must live with the ogre if they are to exist. But their deep unreasoning antagonism against science has become fixed and they have become conditioned through years of Pavlovian science-induced shocks of a hundred kinds--economic shocks, social shocks, bewilderment shocks of the "what's-next-in-our-future," etc.

And that is the real reason why only a few of their elite will read science stories for leisure or amusement. Even the denatured, sugar-coated genre, science fiction fantasy--grown-up fairy tales--have so far never become widely popular.

Therefore a new term, I think, makes sense. At least it could, if adopted, smooth the way for adult science fiction in future centuries.

Now let us look into the elements of an acceptable substitute term.

For Vol. I No. 1 of SCIENCE WONDER STORIES in June 1929, I wrote this slogan: "Prophetic Fiction is the Mother of Science Fact." I think this still means what it says. Science fiction--under any term or name--must, in my opinion, deal first and foremost in futures.

It must, in story form, forecast the wonders of man's progress to come. That also means distant exploits and explorations of space and time.

As for a new term, I suggest a few, which may or may not be the best in "fittingness." But they in turn may generate other and better ones.

They probably will sound weird to you. Well, so did science fiction, when I first looked at it critically.

PREDIFICTION. Here the word prediction is fused with fiction.

FUTUFICTION. A weirdy, capitalizing on the future.

PROPHICTION. A contraction of prophetic fiction. A rather nifty term. Rather smooth, too. Propheessional to boot!

TELEFICTION. From the Greek tele--far off, distant. A euphonious term. The public could assimilate it readily as it has long been indoctrinated into similar terms such as tele-scope, telegraph, telephone, television, etc. I like it particularly because it could sneak into the language, catching the public unaware, so to speak; who would never suspect that it was the unpopular disdained science fiction in new sheep's clothing!!

\*\*\*\*\*

As late as the beginning of the fourteenth century a ghou! was cornered in the crypt of the cathedral at Amiens and the whole populace surrounded the place. Twenty armed men with a priest at their head, bearing a crucifix, entered and captured the ghou!, which, thinking to escape by the stratagem, had transformed itself to the semblance of a well known citizen, but was nevertheless hanged, drawn and quartered in the midst of hideous popular orgies. The citizen whose shape the demon had assumed was so affected by the sinister occurrence that he never again showed himself in Amiens and his fate remained a mystery.

from The Devil's Dictionary, Bierce

A new Post jingle:

It' yummy in the tummy  
It' gooey and it's scummy  
Post  
Nasal  
Drip.

noisy office

clods

why

because

almost everybody is

-author unknown

The notion of the Universe having been created to make puns is no more far-fetched than that of certain highly respected theologians who claim that the purpose of our existence is to glorify Ghod...or in our terminology, for egoboo.

Willis in Warhoon 16

FIAWOL anyone?

## BREEZE

## FROM A DUSTY BEACH

"You are dying," the woman with dark hair and bright, flashing eyes, that could not remain long on one thing, told the man who sat curled up by the beach, idly sifting a pile of sand through his long, bony fingers.

"It's just as well." The words came through hollow and bitter, with no emotion or feeling. They were words that were spoken when words were needed, and nothing more.

"Don't joke about it," she admonished, "it's true."

"How do you know?"

"I saw it in the day. The sky was bleak and cloudless and when the sun shone it was like a meager candle many paces away. The wind crept over me and nudged my body and whispered many things."

"It told you I would die?"

She hesitated for a moment, uncertain of how to go on. "No, no, that I knew before."

"Then it confirmed your thoughts?"

She nodded her head.

He settled back and arched his sunburnt back. He scooped up another pile of the hot, gritty sand and let it trickle uncaring through his fingers.

"Will you miss me?" He did not want the answer but he had to ask it.

"What do you think?"

"I think nothing now. Someone who is near death has no need for thoughts."

"Then I shall miss you, very much."

"You won't be able to come to the beach again."

"I know." She spoke softly, tenderly, striving to keep her emotions in check.

"Is that why you will miss me--because when I die the beach will cease to be?"

"No." She spat out the word sharply, her temper flaring like a bonfire fanned by an errant breeze. Then she regained her composure again. "No, of course not. It's you I'll miss, not this beach."

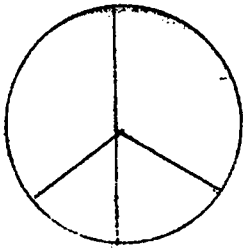
"Don't you like them?" He was toying with her now, plainly amused at her reaction.

"Sometimes they are chilly and cold. Big birds walk along the sand and fish swim to the edge and cough out their life where the sand and water meet. Sometimes it rains and the sky is filled with clouds and because of the water you can see the clouds better. Then other times it's very hot and I can feel the heat lap away at me and I seem to be ... reduced ... by it. Then I go into the water and let it play over me and sink to the bottom and watch the fish race about me, regarding me as a privileged intruder, unneeded, but there just the same."

"So you do like the beach after all?"

She considered the words. "Only when you're here."

"And were I not here?"



It's a said day when a phallic symbol  
needs flying butresses.

-ARLewis

"Then I would stay away and never come near it no matter what."  
He smiled weakly and the expression seemed totally alien to him.  
She could not remember the last time that he had smiled like that,  
yet secretly she was pleased.

"What will you do after I'm gone?"

She shook her head. "I haven't thought of it."

"You like painting, don't you?"

"I dabble in it," she admitted, "but only to fill my time when  
there is nothing else to do. The things I paint just remain on  
the canvas; they're unable to bear life."

"And this troubles you?"

"No ... no, merely makes painting something I avoid. Oh.. the  
sun ....."

He had been a fool. At first, at the visible rays, the  
sprouts of steam twisting up from the water's edge. The sand became  
hotter and he dropped the handful he held. He closed his eyes and  
let the heat and sunlight bathe him, tanning his lean body into a  
dark flexible husk. She watched him, eyes half-lidded because of  
the bright radiance that hung in the air.

"It's never been like this," she said after a minute.

"Once," he told her weakly, "once I remember a day such as this.  
It was so long ago that you were not even a thought in my mind  
and I was asleep on the beach when the sun flared up like this. At  
first I was frightened, but when I saw it meant no harm I relaxed  
and after a while I felt much better. It was almost as if I was  
being prepared for something."

"For what?" she asked languidly, striving to maintain the  
conversation.

"I don't know. It was all so sudden. Ah," he shifted over  
to his side, stretching his taut body more, "that feels good.  
What a pity there will no longer be a beach like this and a sun  
like this for others to enjoy."

"It bothers you?"

"A little, I suppose. The smallest things always bother me.  
It's the large things I have no trouble ignoring."

"I wish it were as easy for me."

"Someday perhaps it will be. It takes time, you know."

She sighed. "Everything takes time."

"Like my dying."

She turned to him in shock, mixed emotions registering on her  
pretty young face. "No, not at all. Why must you talk like that."

He shrugged. "Why not. It will not change anything."

"How do you know?"

"If it did I would be aware of it."

For a long time neither of them spoke a word. Then he turned  
to her and grasped her shoulders, staring deep into the dim haze  
of her eyes. He nodded slightly and she shuddered, doing her  
best to conceal the involuntary motion. He got to his feet and  
marched to the water's edge, shading his eyes from the sun. He  
did not look back at her, but continued on into the swirling,

steaming surf. The water washed around him, slowly creeping up his body, cooling his burnt flesh. He continued going, farther and farther. His head broke the surf in the distance, till a mighty wave washed over him and he disappeared from sight. She shrank back against a rock, struggling to hold back the tears that threatened to break loose at any moment. For the barest instant she caught a glimpse of him floundering in the pounding waves, and then he disappeared.

The waves raced through the air and hurtled onto the sand, dissipating into the grimy wetness of the beach. She was far enough away to miss being struck by the water as it pounded against the rocks. Slowly, the image before her began to shift. It was like a mirage on a hot day, being replaced by something else that was still not reality, but closer to it. The sand and the sky and the sea and jagged rocks outlining the shore were becoming hazy. She blinked once, not really afraid, for she had known all along that this was the way it would be.

A new scene began to form, a scene of desolation, of snow-clad mountains thrusting jagged finers to the sky, almost supporting the clouds. A row of long, flat, hills stretched from one end of the horizon to the other. The ground under her feet became rocky and uneven. The sky was bleak and chilly. Hard, fast winds dashed about her.

She turned away from it all, retaining for a last instant the memory of the beach and the water, which were now irretrievably lost.

She looked at her land and a shudder ran through her.

"It's all mine," she uttered, in a voice stiff and gaunt, like a grave.

----- the end -----

"O God, put away justice and truth for we cannot understand them and do not want them. Eternity would bore us dreadfully. Leave Thy heavens and come down to our earth of waterclocks and hedges. Become our uncle. Look after the baby, amuse Grandfather, escort Madam to the opera, help Willy with his homework, introduce Muriel to a handsome naval officer. Be interesting and weak like us, and we will love you as we love ourselves."

W.H. Auden in For the Time Being

"Though the West is still nominally Christian, we have come to be governed, in practice, by the unholy triumvirate of Pluto god of wealth, Apollo god of science, and Mercury god of thieves. To make matters worse, dissension and jealousy rage openly between these three, with Mercury and Pluto blackguarding each other, while Apollo wields the atomic bomb as if it were a thunderbolt; for since the Age of Reason was heralded by his eighteenth-century philosophers, he has seated himself on the vacant throne on Zeus (temporarily indisposed) as Triumviral Regent.

Robert Graves, from The White Goddess

# CAN WE CATCH UP WITH SCIENCE FICTION?

In the past few years a type of reading matter dubbed science fiction has been handled by critics with more respect and polish. Before sf was considered "trash" literature which consisted mainly of a hero, a heroine in distress and a gory Bem that always lost in the end as the good looking hero strutted away from the horrid scene firmly clutching his girl in one arm and a piece of the monster in the other.

Yes, we all felt proud that our hobby was now considered on the same level as mysteries and other such forms of writing. Everything was now A-O except for one little thing. When science fiction came of age it forgot to take along its readers.

People can never get over the fact that I read science fiction.

"Stupid little bitch for his age, isn't he?" is but a mere sample of what my friends say about me. Then there was the time I was on the Long Island Railroad trying in vain to reach New York.

I pushed my way past young children, little old ladies and conductors to get to a seat in the front of the train. A form of luck seemed to be following me this time. I got a seat next to a young broad who looked like everything but a sf fan. No matter-I took out a copy of Amazing and began to page through it. I heard her begin to giggle. Little by little it gradually turned into a bellowing horse laugh that I would have credited to a long shoreman. I looked at her hazily then said,

"That's so funny?"

"You mean they still publish that trash? Wasn't there some sort of law passed against it?"

"Not as far as I know."

"Well, they should have."

By this time the front half of the car was mumbling about "that nut" reading a science fiction magazine. Finally a heavy set monster pushed his way up to my seat and roared,

"Look, pal, if you're bothering this lady . . ."

I pushed my glasses farther up on my nose and interrupted,

"But."

"A wise guy, huh? Well, there's a way of dealing with your kind. Anyone back there got a rope?"

After concentrating for about a second on the situation I arose from my seat, excused myself, pushed open the door, and jumped off. I heard feverish cries of anguish fading quickly behind me as my head firmly hit the Southern State Parkway.

Then there was that book dealer. . .

I found this nice little book shop somewhere in New York. I casually walked in and tried to find something that resembled an owner. Arising from behind a stack of old magazines I saw a small little man with a dark black mustach. After he tripped over a book case that somehow got in his way he asked what I was looking for. With a kind expression across my face I said in

my best "ally cox voice,

"Science fiction, sir. Good and gory and . . ."

He looked bewildered for a moment then replied,

"Science fiction? Hmumam, now don't help me," he said in the best Jewish accent he could put on, "I'll figure out what it means by myself. O yes..... you mean the Astounding thing."

He led me down stairs through a long passageway. I nervously brushed off the spiders as I crawled tensly along the bank of one of the 6 lagoons we passed. We passed someone who I took to be a sf fan. It seems the poor devil couldn't find his way out. We quietly watched his head sink below the yellow quick sand. The old man soverly said,

"Third one this month."

Finally we reached a cavern chock filled with sf magazines. I ran in and marveled at his large collection. I looked back and I saw a smile come across his mean little face. His eyes opened widely and he screamed while he ran back to the upper surface,

"Damn foolish fan! Stupid little..."

Torry Ackerman showed me the way out. Said somethin about this being his basement

Yes, science fiction has taken a giant step forward in the eyes of literary critics and the ordinary man, but these two classes just can't seem to beleive that there are people who enjoy this stuff. We, the fans, have helped sf achieve its goal. Now if we are lucky science fiction will help us to achieve our goal to be considere just as human as mystery fans.

**DEATH**  
rides again!



Watch 100 cars traveling at high speeds deliberately CRASHING, SMASHING AND WRECKING each other. Can death be cheated? 100 drivers think so! With no holds barred, they will CRASH, SMASH & WRECK each other in the world's only

**100 CAR DEMOLITION DERBY**  
**NO. WOOD ARENA**  
**7 P.M. (THURS.), AUG. 30, 8:30 P.M.**

This wonderful commentary on human nature is from the Boston Record-American, a sheet which is comparable to the New York Daily News.

The fact that such activities have the sanction and in many cases the support of the local government is, perhaps, one of the chief reasons I believe that our bloody race will never have world peace. You see, we don't really want it.

-BLM

**Idiot:** A member of a large and powerful tribe whose influence in human affairs has always been dominant and controlling.

(All of the definitions in thish are from Ambrose Bierce's The Devil's Dictionary.)



## LIFE

## IS A LOUSY DRAG

"A beatnik means... someone who feels there is more to life than just slaving away eight hours a day, five days a week, in the Big Garbage Factory in order to get a little hunk of the garbage for himself."

Ray Nelson in Habakkuk 6

"The Beat Generation are a bunch of clods who are terribly uninteresting."

Steve Tolliver in Mimsy 2

The Despisers

-Bernie Morris

Howling of Yage and gray flannel men  
     (with their gray flannel wives)  
 The Despisers deplore and despair and, of course, despise:

"False values rule all, corporations hold sway.  
 Let us creep into holes  
 Let us hide from the day.

Let us hide in our pads (and from soap let's be free).  
 We shall live as we please  
 But we won't hide our glee

That the gone squares outside in their Westchester cars  
 Are trapped by the system.  
 We shall pick our guitars

Getting Zennishly high on the juice and on pot.  
 So the bigbomb goes off,  
 Does it matter just what

Is the cause of the end of the end of the day?  
 Let the world go to hell,  
 If it does I can say

There will be no great change, except for the smell."

I don't really mean this. I like eecummings &etc. but I do get annoyed at the beats who have only, after all, performed a kind of social self-castration which is somehow supposed to give them the divine wisdom to tell the rest of the hard working world what is wrong with its values.

A Little Story

-Jon Ravin

There are about a dozen people sitting on an infinite gray plain. They are all talking: talking about Square things, defecating verbally on all that is Square, for they are Beat. They make a point of being Beat: they are so Beat, in fact, that they even bathe in front of one another to prove that they have Cast Off Inhibitions of Civilization, and discovered the Way of Truth...No, they are not Rosicrucians, just Beat. The odor pervading some of them is no doubt the smell of Omniscience, for the Beat is the One Who Knows All.

Suddenly, their Daily Condemnation is disturbed: someone is approaching them.

"Who is he?" one of the Grubby Ones wonders aloud.

"A Square; no doubt," answers a second, "For he is clean."

"I wonder what he did in the Square World, before he came Here?" queries a third.

Says a fourth, "What is more important, how could he get Here, the Land of the Beat, home of the Unshaven? He is obviously UnBeat for he looks Purposeful."

The figure approaches. Suddenly they see a symbol emblazoned on the chest of his black shirt:

e/m

"Aha", they cry out together, "he is an Engineer, or worse, a Scientist. A Doer-of-things. A maker of evil in the form of a machine. Let us destroy him in the name of our Ungods!"

"No!" cries out the Scientist/Engineer. "You cannot destroy me, for you are Nothing, by the very essence of your philosophy of Nothingness." He keeps on walking; he is less than 150 feet away.

Cry out the Beats: "Society is Evil, Science is Evil, we are the only ones who know the Truth..."

"Silence!" roars the Scientist/Engineer. "You are nothing. I, and those like me, are responsible for your very existence. You must have more respect.

"We realize that Science has made many bad mistakes: why else would I wear black, the color of mourning? We mourn the giving of the Bomb to the Politicians. We are sincerely sorry. We do not, however, crawl away from our problems as you do: we recognize their existence. We try to face them as adults, not as children."

"We shall solve the problem we have been given, the Universe. This is our goal. We are not afraid of the world, it is our challenge. We earn the right to exist, you sponge off our byproducts; you are the wasteproductions of mankind, the reject pile in the great Factory which produces all living things, Earth. You are worthless.

"You worship worthless poets such as Ginsberg. Our computers can write better, more meaningful poetry."

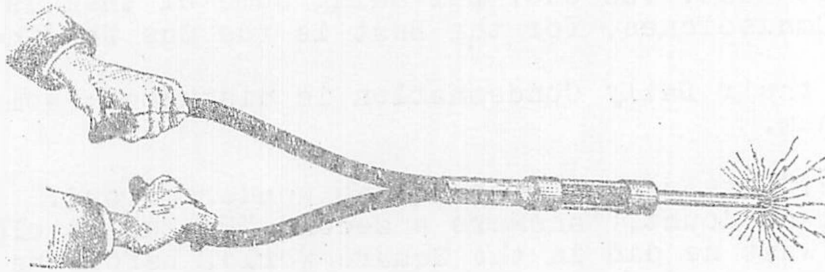
He walks off towards Infinity.

The Beat Ones gaze upon his back for a while, then look at each other quizzically.

"What is he," one asks, "some sort of nut?"

"Do not worry," answers another, "he is a Square."

And they went back to sleep, and slept happily ever after.



## DIRECTIONS FOR USING HALL'S MINERAL ROD.

See cut how to hold it. Grasp the handles tight as possible, hold very steady, now face in the supposed direction of deposit, see if the point of Rod tips in the least in any direction until it points to the ground. The Rod will not operate for everyone, owing to lack of magnetism in the operator. Keep the Rod warm and dry.

This little gem is from the "Handbook of Mineralogy" copyright 1886. The author, a Ph.D., seems to believe in the thing, so maybe every orthodox scientist isn't persecuting JWCjr as he seems to think. Oh well, remember Kepler's "music of the spheres"...

At first Tarzan had been inclined to adopt the role of Jad-ben-Otho himself but it occurred to him that it might prove embarrassing and considerable of a bore to be compelled constantly to portray the character of a god, but with the growing success of his scheme it had suddenly occurred to him that the authority of the son of Jad-ben-Otho would be far greater than that of an ordinary messenger of a god, while at the same time giving him some leeway in the manner of his acts and demeanor, the ape-man reasoning that a young god would not be held so strictly accountable in the manner of his dignity and bearing as an older and greater god.

from Tarzan the Terrible

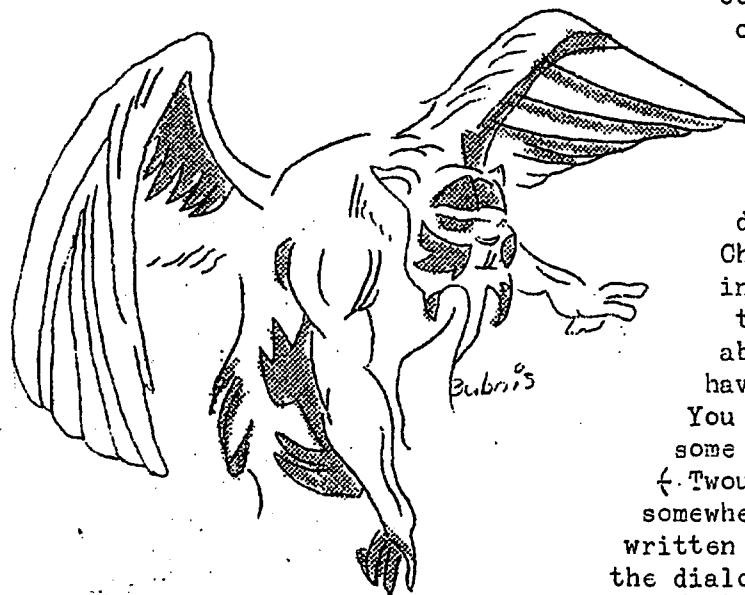
# Laevrotation

Where once again the Readers sound forth. Editorial comments will be made {like this} at outrageously high frequency.

Avram Davidson      You would like stuff by Sturgeon, Tolkein, deCamp, THWhite, New York, N.Y.      Eddison, Bradbury, etc. So would I. Sturgeon has promised us a new story for our special (Sept., on sale August) Sturgeon issue. Tolkein, I wrote to, a week ago, before seeing your fanzine. TH White; a good idea: I'll try & remember to write to him, though I don't know if he or Prof. T. Will be interested. I wrote to Bradbury and he promised us first crack at any f/sf which other, ie. higher-paying editors might turn down. Eddison, I believe, is dead (on second thought I don't like his stuff after all). DeCamp hasn't been doing short pieces for a few years, but he is now doing an article for us and says he may do some stories. You mention Matheson, too; I bought one by him and have asked for a re-write on another. One of Those Days, The Einstein Brain, Hawk in the Dust, were bought by Mills. Kitt-Katt Klub I bought myself; I think it is delightful--de gustibus, etc. The People stories were rather put down among fans, as was the hothouse series--didn't care too much for either myself--but the general reaction among readers to both has been very favorable. We left Feghoot out of a few issues; result; many protests, one letter of approbation. Poul Anderson? I asked him for a cover story, and he promised me he would do one sometime after September. The question of fantasy vs. sf is a constant one. The sad facts, sad stfwise, that is, are that there seems to be less good stf coming our way than fantasy. Why that should be I don't know, and could spend a day guessing, but haven't a day to spare. Many of the old-time Great Names are still writing, but they are writing novels instead of short stories; in some cases not even writing sf at all. If we buy novels, even cut, they will have to be serialized. About the only serials we've done were 3 by Heinlein and a come-back to him by Dickenson. Heinlein's latest novel came here, at my request, despite his warning that it wasn't for us, and he was right--the protagonist is a twelve-year-old girl. We didn't take it. We're tentatively trying more serials: first one in Oct.-Nov. is a novel by Robert Sheckley. I just got in a MS of one by Simak, haven't read it yet. You boys know what you like, but you don't know how hard it is at present for us to get it. If we raise our rates we have to pay out prices, too. And even a 1/2 p.w. increase won't drag Bradbury, Matheson, etc., away from doing movie scripts, where the rate increases are counted in thousands of dollars. The answer is New Blood, and I'm trying to encourage any sign of talent I see. But it's slow going. For every Aandahl and Carr-Brandon there are literally hundreds of duds.

{ Yes, indeed, if I take the trouble I have trying to get MITkey mice to write, and multiply it by a thousand, I can see where you have a Problem. I lament as much as you that the Big Names are going Hollywood on us, even unto Sturgeon; but let me clarify my position. As much as I would like to see Tolkein, deCamp, etc., I realize that this is almost impossible. What I wanted was their type of story as opposed to the flighty sort of thing that has been making up the bulk of F&SF lately. Tho the latest issues are a great improvement over the last of the Mills stuff. }

Ron Ellik Many thanks for the sixth issue of TZ which was thoroughly  
 LA, Calif. interesting--you have a breakthrough in cover illustrations there,  
 and if you can keep things like that going there's no need to  
 complain about lack of art. Why not maps



of all the planets? Astronomical photos? Link a shot of the Pleiades with an article on the mythology behind the seven sisters and you please everybody.

The Lieber article shines, though it seems to be brief and merely a surface discussion. Let's produce The Worm at Chicago; we should be able to squeeze it into the program somewhere. I think a thorough treatment of it would give you about an eight-hour drama, since we'd have to shorten the time-sequence a little.

You get the two hippogriff eggs, I'll bring some martlets and a mantichore or two.

← Would be a great idea to produce The Worm somewhere, really. It might have to be re-written with a few scenes cut out entirely, and the dialogue will give lots of trouble, but it could be done. I think we need all the art we

can get, though the cover last time was rather nice. It was a Gestefax of a photostat of a picture of a painting. I'm surprised it came out as well as it did.}

Fred Norwood So finally you are a big name fanzine. Preisendorfer,  
 Franklin, La. Preisendorfer, Lieber, Hoylman, Asimov, Hoylman. What a line-up. Imagine being able to get material from Preisendorfer and Hoylman.

"Living Backwards" was too much of an unordered summary, and was completely outdated. ← If you will take another look at it you will find it was written in '52} Also it didn't go into the hundreds of stories about a man who goes back and kills his grandfather. It neglected Chad Oliver's anthropological time travel, as well as his ingenious solution for a group of people who could do almost anything but time travel when time travel was the one thing they had to do. They proceeded to prove time travel impossible and then go and do it anyway. How he succeeded in missing Van Vogt's weapons shop series I cannot understand, since it contained some of the best time travel concepts ever presented. Time travel is far from dead as an sf theme, there are unlimited concepts left to explore by science's neglect of the field. When is Lewis going to whip up a real working model time machine for us? Then he can scatter his bombs from ancient Rome to WWII London just for the fun of it, instead of being limited to the 3.2 minutes between bomb #1 and the End.

Day the Eighth was much better. The writing was even good in places.

The Wonder of the Worm sounds like an introduction to a new superhero, Wonderworm. Ya see, this worm would have gained the wisdom of the ancients by devouring their bodies, and would go around digging holes under criminals so they would fall in. But by Fritz Leiber? So I read it, but since I haven't read the Worm yet I can't really comment.

The filk songs weren't nearly as good as the Asimov, but everything else in the issue was just good enough to keep me from complaining, and if I can't complain what is the use of writing letters of comment anyway?

Don Fitch TZ number five was well duplicated, but number six was impeccably Covina, Cal. so--you're slipsheeting, maybe? { No. See confession in editorial } The most astonishing thing about this issue was the discovery that you're fans. Everyone has known it for months (well, fans who read TZ knew it) ie. you are a group of people who read and enjoy sf, who meet fairly often and talk with each other, sometimes about sf, sometimes about any number of other things, and who publish an amateur journal filled with in-group references. You were trying to create your own select group, and have discovered that there are actually quite a few people "with like tastes--"it's comforting to know that there are other people in the same ward," as someone put it. { Yes, but fandom and the MITSFS are sort of like the Republican party in the South. The people don't like the miserable Democratic machine, but they won't vote Republican on principle. If the GOP changed its name it would win. The only contact the MITSFS had with trufans was Norwood and a certain unmentionable one, and these two have not left us with the best impression of what Joe Phan is like. }

I don't think I'll comment on "Living Backwards." It suffered slightly from excessive brevity--I'm vaguely familiar with about 2/3 of the stories mentioned, but my memory isn't adequate enough to fill in the details omitted. Hoylman's fiction has improved since the last thing by him that I read--or else I'm getting used to it--I enjoyed it more than ever this time.

I don't think you need art--or at least the decoration that passes for art in most fanzines. { I do think we need art. YOU, yes you out there, if you can draw a straight line you can do some illos for us. }

Betty Kujawa Thanks for putting some of our real estate holdings on the cover S. Bend, Ind. of TZ # 6. Too lazy to look up the deeds in my file, but Gene and I each own one crater on the moon. Yes, really. At Chicon of '52 each member was given title to a mooncrater and deed to prove same. I've kept the papers, too, going to take it to the World Court if the Russians try to homestead on OUR property, but golly. Buncha claim jumpers.

I'm the last to toss rocks at this point but I wish you would learn to spell. For an MITman this is not right. { I wish I could spell, too. But we get very little practice here. Really, most of the writing we do is in the universal language, math, not love. }

This announcement that you are a fan..and asking Norm Homor (his real name, Humor?) { Actually it's Humer, as you say I can't spell } if he'd object if you joined the N3F..maybe he wouldn't object, but I know how I'd react if you asked me.

Comment on Roy Tackett's letter--seems I remember Bradbury getting an early fiction piece published in Madmoiselle, back about the late-late '40's. And now Mitchell Wilson's "Journey to the Far Meridian" is being filmed by a joint Russian-American movie production starring Kim Novak, well it MAY turn out OK. Jesus, though, they may some day do "The Green Hills of Earth" with Troy (ugh) Donahue as the Blind Singer, no, no!! They'll film that with Elvis Presley, oh, I can see it now, with a R&R beat, excuse me for a moment, I feel ill.

Be sure to include me in the next issue if you are gonna be giving us the Quantum Mechanics of Sex. Will it be illustrated?

{ As I am writing this I don't know if it is in or not. Lewis said it would be based on the spin theory, males have a positive spin and females a negative, these two attract, but when two oppositely "spun" electrons meet, all hell breaks loose, sort of like real life. }

Harry Warner I assume that wending me TZ was the final consumation in the Hagerstown, Md. gruesome process of its change from a science fiction fan magazine into a fan magazine. But I hope you MIT people realize that fans aren't quite as uninterested in stf as they are made out to be. As far as I can determine, a fan is accused of lacking an interest in stf when



he finally reaches a stage in the development of his literary tastes that prohibits him from digesting the contents of the magazines any longer. I haven't read a prozine for a year but I've probably read as much stf in the past 12 months as when I was buying all the magazines, ( Agreed. The only prozine I read regularly is F&SF, which is improving. I now mostly go through our collection of hc's and pb's with some browsing of Golden Age ASF's.)

Of course there are a few fellow travelers in fandom who have never had any interest in fantasy or stf. Most of them got into fandom fandom by being drinking partners of fans. But you don't criticize the janitors at MIT for failing to learn any physics or engineering, do you? TZ impresses me as an excellent fanzine and you'd be foolish to feel guilty about the fact that it's not as serious and one-track as it used to be. "No Sense of Humor" was pretty good. I would like to see the same thing told as a real

story, not just as a series of quotations from magazines and papers, an antique device that somehow removes suspense from any story for me, as if it were all something that has come and gone long enough ago to be a historical matter, not a living episode which I am experiencing. I had the same feeling about this in a famous example, "Address Unknown," where it would have been impossible to work out the same punch-line except by using this method.

The Folk Songs of MIT were much more entertaining than the Asimov item, but I'm afraid the girls at BI, whatever that may be ( it is a ~~hospital~~ hospital and school for nurses), have both of you whopped. Rockabye Baby is something that I must remember to tell the wife of the man who rents my garage. She works in the maternity ward at the hospital and keeps having babies in person and I imagine this would make her most happy.

"The Final" sounds a trifle like a bad dream on a May night by an MIT undergraduate. I don't understand the logic in the way the story develops: the drunks were passed through to heaven because they had found the secret of the purpose of life in the form of intoxication? (My philosophy has always been best expressed by a line I once read; the greatest benefit one can receive is to be born with the gift of laughter and the sense that the world is mad.) The hero didn't like the idea of this final and yet he went ahead with plans to set up conditions that would bring him into the same test again? ( Like I said, the world is mad.)

On the letter column worry over a proper name for the stuff: I've always preferred to think of all non-mundane fiction as fantasy. Then the individual story can be classified as some sub-division like wierd or science fiction or just plain future fiction in the case of stories which occur some decades ahead but treat of sociological changes or adventures with invading BE's but have nothing to do with science. Of course there's the other theory that all fiction is fantasy, except for some stories written about historical persons and events that simply fill in details which aren't known but could be true to actuality. If this theory is followed some stories are just more fantasy than others.

WAFH: Janie Lamb, who thinks the best way to change the name of stf is to marry it off, Art Hayes, who says we are holding up the Engineering Tradition ( what is that?), Mike Deckinger, Hugo Gernsback, Dannie Eubnis, Jr., and Atom, who sent in stories/articles/illos, and Colin Freeman, who says that wet yogurt does have poetic sensibility.

Oh, the wonder of being ~~dis~~organized. I just got some old letters that were sent to Skinner and/or Ravin. They were probably filed and forgotten by these worthies on receipt. To avoid this sort of thing, please send all mail to me at the address on the first page. The fact is that I/we have been living all around Cambridge is probably responsible for the error. Anyway, lots of egoboo to: Gordon Eklund, Lawrence Grilly, Lenny Kaye, Don Franson, Art Hayes, Bruce Robins, John Wanderer, Don Wollheim, and to any others whose missives are still floating around in N-space.