

THE TWILIGHT ZINE

TZ

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Thish is being published Nov 28, 1962, and no we're not getting ahead of schedule since quarterly is interpreted as bi-monthly during the school year.

A BeaverBarf Press production

Science-fiction is the law abiding citizen of imaginative literature, obeying the rules, be they physical, social, or psychological, keeping regular hours, eating punctual meals; predictable, certain, sure.

Fantasy, on the other hand, is criminal. Each fantasy assaults and breaks a particular law; the crime being hidden by the author's felicitous thought and style which cover the body before the blood is seen.

Science-fiction works hand-in-glove with the universe.

Fantasy cracks it down the middle, turns it wrong-side-out, dissolves it into invisibility, walks men through its walls, and fetches incredible circuses to town with sea-serpent, medusa, and chimera displacing zebra, ape, and armidillo.

Scienc-fiction balances you on a cliff.

Fantasy shoves you off.

From Bradbury's introduction to The Circus of Dr. Lao

Fit The First

an editorial by yed

The Xanadu library

"Stories of worlds that never were, worlds that might have been, and worlds that still might be", according to the publisher's cover blurb. The series contains;

Jurgen-J.B. Cabell, Kai Lung's Golden Hours-Ernest Bramah, Revolt of the Angels-Anatole France (at \$1.45 ea.), Om, The secret of Abhor Valley-T. Mundy (\$1.65), The Lost Continent of Mu-J. Churchward, The Worm Ouroboros-E.R. Eddison (\$1.95 ea.).

As I have not read any of these except the Worm (of course) I cannot answer for their value, but for the Worm, get it. In hc, when available, it is about five bux. The pb is certainly worth the two. Order from; Crown Publishers, 419 Park Ave. South, New York 16, N.Y. Do it now.

Records

Lovecraft and Bradbury buffs

Here's your chance. For those of you too lazy to read, your favorites are now on record; "Roddy McDowall reads HPL" containing The Outsider and The Hound & "Burgess Meredith reads Ray Bradbury" with There will be Soft Rains and Marionettes Inc. At \$4.98 ea. you may order from Lively Arts Recording Corp. 203 South Washington Ave. Bergenfield, N.J.

The Realist rides again

Although it is not entirely unknown in fandom, more publicity can't hurt. Few would really appreciate it, since it has a half million libel suits on its hands from the humorless editor of The Minority of One, M.S. Arnone. It is a magazine of life (as opposed to Luce living), of Jeffersonian democracy, and of personal integrity. It is also funny as hell, which is really the only reason I prefer it to dryer, if as informative, magazines such as The Californian.

While many would froth at the mouth upon reading The Realist (hi there, GMC), I recommend it as protection against General Motors, General Electric, (ex)General Walker and any other group or individual whose actions (I don't care about words) are opposed to mine (and everyone else's) liberty.

For the Unenlightened that's The Realist, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N.Y. Subs are 10/\$3 or 20/\$5. Fly in the ointment, though a commercially sold zine, their publication schedule is on a par with that of most fanzines, awful. It is also available at the Harvard Square newstand.

The New Astronomy

The "Science in science fiction has been largely astronomy. The quotation marks are necessary because, with the exception of Clement and a few others, the ideas of space given to the layman are sheer nonsense. For instance, on Mars there is about 1/100 of the oxygen in earth's air, the mean temperature is well below freezing, and there is no chance for any of the space operas of Nourse & ect. to ever occur there.

All of which has nothing to do with this book. I like it because it is interesting. It is the only book on the subject which is neither simple minded nor horribly complex with equations spouting out of every page. Published in 1954, it is a collection of articles from The Scientific American on a variety of things, including; The galaxy, stars, the sun and the solar system, and recent developments in radio astronomy. Light reading while actually learning something, a rare combination indeed.

Published by Simon & Schuster @ \$1.45.

A Thousand Words

are worth a picture or the inverse or the converse or something. Here are some of my favorites, which will probably give you an idea of what goes on in my sick little mind.

Destruction - Thomas Cole

This one of a series called "Course of Empire". It shows the fall of a city; Rome, Babylon, Carcè sacked by fire and sword with all the trimmings. Cole has managed to combine sweeping grandeur with small details, a burning city is both the main subject and a background for the fighting and looting.

Poor Room - Ivan Albright

A surrealistic scene of Lovecraftian horror, with the stench of decay enveloping the room and its occupant. Makes you sick.

Knight, Death, and Devil - Albrecht Dürer

Grotesque monsters are defied by a knight who is obviously Pure at heart. (Pure, like hell. Read the Iliad or the Nibelungenleid and see what the morality of the Knights really was.)

Garden of Worldly Delights - Jerome Bosch

One of three panels which take up an entire wall. This panel shows all the earthly sins. Hoo-haa. Every possible perversion and some that aren't possible. Men, women, and Things engaged in, hmmm, I don't want to give anyone ideas. The detail is infinite. Another interesting panel is on the tortures of Hell. It sort of brings out the sadist in everyone.

Swamp Angel - Max Ernst

A beautifully conceived and executed idea, the fauna and flora of a swamp combine to form monsters. The style reminds me of ink blotches. Sorry, no Pogo.

Triumph of Death - Pieter Bruegel

Something like Bosch. Skeletons lording it over semi-realistic gorp, carnage, and other interesting things.

Saturn - Goya

A horrible giant eating a man, like a sandwich.

The Naming of Names

When I have nothing else to do, I revise certain well known lines from stf stories/novels.

Have you ever dreamed of murder---ing stf authors who write impossibly complicated paradoxes? (As Never Was)

Earth isn't a place, it's---just a goddamn hobby. (Earthman Come Home)

Overhead, without any fuss, the stars---of science fiction were not-so-slowly going to Hollywood. (9 Billion Names of God)

When Ted was 36 they found him writing something disgusting under the bleachers. (Dreaming Jewels)

Men come and men go, but---novels about the Big Freeze, Big Drought, Atomigarden, Final Disease, Flood, &etc., abide. (Earth Abides)

Much to

my distress I looked at Certain Pages of #7 and realized that something was Wrong. Like a coolie forgot to switch the ribbon off. For shame. Even worse, Fuzzy Pink (the coolie in question) made a horrible typo in Hugo Gernsback's article. Where it should have read "That horror, 'Scientifiction', was but a logical contradiction of the term SCIENCE FICTION..." it says contraction instead of contradiction, a 180° phase shift. Fuzzy has been beaten with a blunt instrument and it won't happen again, I hope.

Blindness

"There are none so blind as those who will not see", John W. Campbell Jr. Amen to that, brother. In the November Analog, the magazine of science fiction and science fiction, he once more does what I always thought was physiologically impossible. In a really beautiful exhibition he accuses scientists of kidding themselves with these phony particles, like the neutrino, meson, &etc.

We couldn't stand it any longer. Two Orthodox Physicists wrote a long letter to him, pointing out his mistakes and blunders, and, by Great Newtons Beard, he wrote a reply. Among his other remarks was the really beautiful "if a theory is very difficult, it's wrong", and "the only reason scientists accept quantum mechanics is that it works". Good grief. On the second comment I will say that since physics is a purely empirical science, the only reason anything is accepted is that it works, and on the first comment, everything new is hard at first. If we all took his attitude there would be no progress at all, since all new, hard ideas would be "wrong". The rest I won't go into.

By the way Johnnie bhoy, when did you graduate from MIT?

It is dangerous to be sincere unless you are also stupid.

--GBShaw

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr

---Doug Hoylman

Fred Norwood, in the October '62 TZ (or, if you understand only language, TZ #7) voiced the complaint that there are too few new good sf authors kicking about. He's right. My only criticism is that he omitted, from his list of good young writers, the chap whom I consider to be the best young writer in the field for one hell of one long time, and a man who to me has shown once again that science fiction/fantasy is not just the hobby of a few cultists, or a field for hack writers and tasteless readers, but an honest-to-God branch of LITERATURE. (Don't laugh. John Steinbeck thinks Li'l Abner is LITERATURE, and he should know. So why not sf?)

The guy's name? It's at the top of the page, stupid.

I will be the first to admit that this is not the opinion of an expert. (That is, I am not an expert. There may be an expert who agrees with me.) I regularly go on kicks insisting that someone or other is the greatest sf (or otherwise) author who ever lived. Previous members of this list have included Sheckley, Heinlein and Clarke. I may have a new one by the time this issue comes out. But I still think this guy is good. So much for me. Let's discuss Vonnegut.

Kurt Vonnegut is not nearly so prolific as any of Norwood's hacks. His total output to date, to the best of my meager knowledge, is only four books, 2½ of which are science fiction. But I consider two of these books to qualify him for top status as a contemporary writer. I'll list the paperback editions of these books for anyone who's interested. (I don't even know if hardbound editions of the last three exist.) All are 35¢.

UTOPIA 14, Bantam. (Originally published as PLAYER PIANO by Scribner's.)
 THE SIRENS OF TITAN, Dell.
 CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE, Gold Medal.
 MOTHER NIGHT, Gold Medal.

PLAYER PIANO (I loathe that other title, and I despise all paper-backers who retitle books) is an above-average sf novel in the Brave New World category. This BNW is one in which machines have taken over most of man's present jobs (hence the symbolism of the title, which actually runs much deeper) and working people fall into two main categories: those with intelligence and ability, who have executive positions, mainly running the machines and designing new ones; and those without, for whom there is only the Army, with 25-year hitches, or the Reeks and Wrecks, an updated CCC or WPA. Naturally, there is large enmity between these two groups. The main character is one of the former, the manager of the Ilium Works (i.e., the machines that run Ilium, N.Y.). As he sees things and talks to people, he becomes disillusioned, then disgusted, with this world of his, and ends up

heading an underground movement to overthrow the system. Naturally this sounds corny as I have given it (Hoylman's theorem: Any synopsis of a novel in less than two hundred words sounds corny. Unproven, but no counterexample has yet been shown.), but the plot is actually well worked out, and the characterization (one of Vonnegut's strong points) is excellent. This is his first novel, and it shows the beginnings of a first-rank writer adept at symbolism, allegory, and irony.

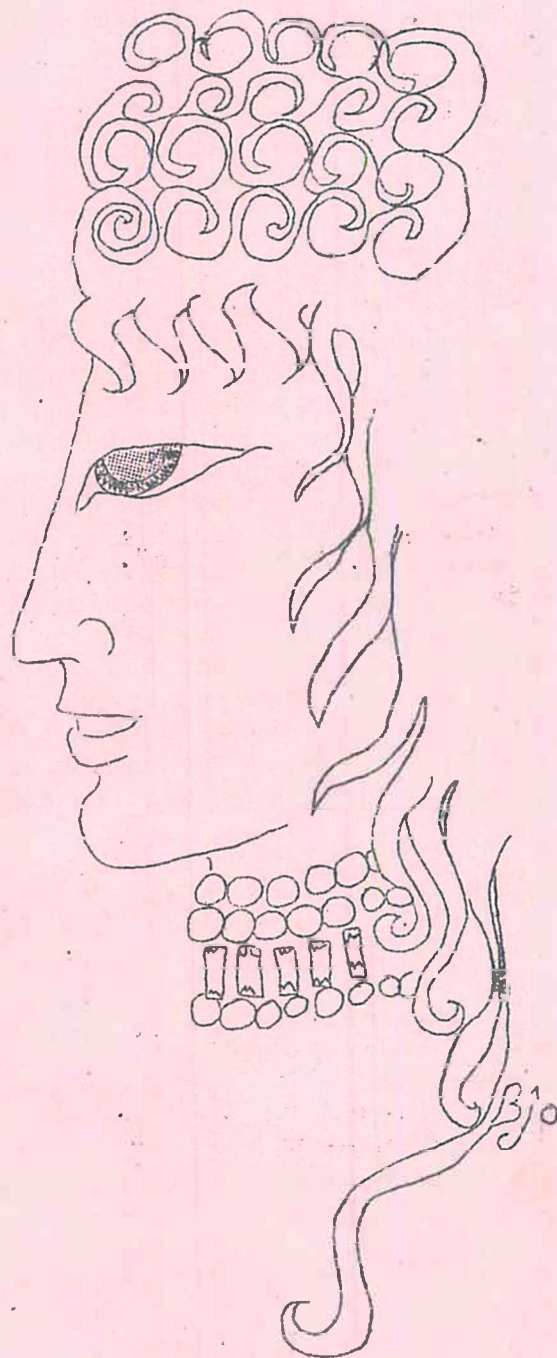
If Vonnegut is remembered at all fifty years from now, it will be for THE SIRENS OF TITAN. If he is not remembered, it will be for the horrible things Dell Publishing Company did to the book. I always thought Dell was a good outfit and above such tricks, but the cover of this book is designed to attract the jerk who reads for sex and violence, and repel the type of person it was written for. For instance, the back cover reads, "The Time: Somewhere in the near future. The Place: Beyond the limits of space. (It all takes place within the solar system.) Where the beauty of women is beyond compare...but man is without a memory of woman's delights..." and on in this same varicose vein. I don't know what book this was written for (I don't want to read it), but it was sure as hell not the one it's glued to. And the front cover and the inside front ("The Sirens of Titan...beckoning him on, with their unearthly, irresistible beauty...") are just as nauseatingly irrelevant. Why do publishers do such unspeakable things?

Enough of my pet peeves. We were discussing Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

This book was described by one reviewer that I read as a "parody of science fiction". Well, maybe, but that's sort of a narrow-minded approach. This book lampoons all sorts of things: human sex habits, religion, the rich, war, children's books, Wall Street, and all of human history, among other things. Also science fiction. The plot is even more complicated than that list makes it look, and no sane person would even attempt to summarize it, but here goes. (I may regret this.)

Winston Niles Rumfoord, descendant of America's elite, millionaire, and all-around genius, has, before the story opens, gone off in a space ship with his mastiff Kazak, and has landed in a chrono-synclastic infundibulum (sic), which causes him to materialize on each body in the solar system at regular (but astronomically indefensible) intervals. His wife Beatrice, also upper crust, writes poetry and can't stand her husband. Malachi Constant, richest American and Hollywood playboy, is invited to the Rumfoord mansion in Newport, R.I. to witness a materialization, a rare privilege. Rumfoord, who can now see into the future and read minds, tells Constant that he and Beatrice are to be Married on Mars and have a son, and from Mars Constant will go to Mercury, back to Earth, and then to Titan. (No one but Rumfoord has yet reached any place but the moon.) Constant is also shown a photograph of three amazingly beautiful women--the Sirens of Titan. In the ensuing two months, Constant and Beatrice do all they can to thwart Rumfoord's prediction of marriage (it was hate at first sight between them), and both of them suffer complete financial ruin. They are both desperate enough to go along with recruiters for the Army of Mars. The Army of Mars has been secretly formed by Rumfoord on Mars for the alleged purpose of attacking and conquering Earth. Each member, except for a select few, has had his memory wiped out, and an antenna installed in his skull which gives him orders and pains him when he does not obey.

The few are the real commanders: not the apparent officers, but privates and corporals, who retain their memories and control the others. One of these is Boaz, a Negro who is Unk's closest friend. Unk (Constant) has suffered from repeated attacks of memory, and has had his mind cleaned out several times. After the last time, he was ordered to kill Stony Stevenson, real commander and former friend and confidant of Unk, who of course no longer knows him. Unk finds out that he has a mate and son, Bee and Chrono, on Mars. As the Army is loading up for the attack on Earth, Unk goes AWOL to find them. He does, but they do not know him (Bee, who is Beatrice, has had her memory cleaned out, too) and are indifferent to him. Unk is found by Rumfoord (he materializes on all the planets, remember?) and taken back. He and Boaz are to be the only passengers on the mother ship, which carries food and recreational supplies. The Martian war is a bloody farce, with the Martian attackers suffering almost 100% casualties, and Earth almost unscathed. The mother ship, carrying Unk and Boaz, lands, through Rumfoord's design, not on Earth but on Mercury. Boaz becomes entranced by the native life-forms, the harmoniums, who feed on mechanical energy and go into ecstasy over the music Boaz plays them on the tape-recorder; and he decides to stay on Mercury forever, having near-infinite supplies. But Unk wants to go to the Earth of which he has no memory, and after several years of hints from Rumfoord, figures how to get the ship out, and goes back to Earth. He lands in a Cape Cod churchyard--oops, I forgot. While he was away, Rumfoord has introduced a new religion on Earth which has by now completely supplanted Christianity: the Church of God the Utterly Indifferent. Why, it preaches, should an omnipotent, omniscient God give a damn about us feeble creatures? "God does not care" is its motto. Corollary: Luck is not the hand of God. Thus, its members handicap themselves against their good fortune--by carrying weights, wearing bad eyeglasses, etc.--and the chief villain of the religion is the vanished Malachi Constant, who took unfair advantage of his dumb luck. So Unk lands in a churchyard of this religion. Rumfoord had predicted that near this very church one day would land the "Space Wanderer", and a large ceremony had been planned for his arrival. Unk is whisked into Newport atop a fire engine to meet Rumfoord himself. At Newport are Bee and Chrono, who survived the war and are now concessionaires outside the mansion, selling Malachis, a doll which is



hung by the neck and is a religious symbol. Rumfoord announces to the crowd (the materializations have become public spectacles) that Unk is Chrono's father, that Bee is Beatrice Rumfoord, and that Unk is the hated Malachi Constant. Then, for the climax of the ceremony, Malachi, Beatrice and Chrono board a spaceship, which has been prepared in advance to take them to Titan. Titan (it says here) has atmosphere, climate, gravity, and vegetation just like Earth only nicer. Rumfoord is materialized permanently on Titan (Vonnegut likes to stretch your credulity to the breaking point), and has built there with Martian labor a replica of the Taj Mahal, in which he lives. Also on Titan is Salo, one of a race of machines on the planet Tralfamadore. Salo was chosen, half a million years ago, to deliver a message to a planet far across the Galaxy, but his ship broke down in the solar system. The Tralfamadorians are sending him a replacement part by their control of human actions. (They also send him an occasional message in the shape of an Earth building.) The replacement part is Chrono's good-luck piece, which he carries with him at all times. Salo spends his time observing Earthmen and making statues of them. One of these statues is the three Sirens of Titan, the only existence these lovelies ever had. Just as Constant and his family arrive, there is a solar explosion which throws Rumfoord and Kazak, in their chronō-synclastic infundibulum, out of the solar system. Salo has torn open his sealed message, against orders, to show Rumfoord, but he is too late. The message is, "Greetings". In despair, Salo commits suicide by tearing himself apart and scattering the parts in all directions. Years pass. Chrono has joined the Titanic bluebirds, large and graceful creatures. Beatrice lives in the Taj Mahal, writing an endless book, and finally dies there. Constant spends his time puttering with Salo and his ship, and finally gets them both put back together. Grateful, Salo offers to return Constant to Earth, and lets him off by a bus stop. Constant dies there waiting for a bus.

Is anybody still with me? Such involved plots one does not find often in sf, only in the "better sort of lit-ra-chur". But this book is both. After reading that summary, you're probably saying, "What was that all about?" Well, what is this book all about?

Idea #1. This book is about luck. First, we are introduced to Noah Constant, Malachi's father, who made his boodle by an arbitrary investment plan based on the letters in Genesis I, and his business manager, Ransom K. Ferm, a man superior to Constant in every way except one--dumb luck--but that exception is why Ferm is working for Constant and not vice versa. And Malachi has the same luck his pappy had (until one morning when, among other things, a cigarette he manufactures is found to be an almost sure cause of sterility). Malachi's motto has always been, "Somebody up there likes me." Then, on the other side of the coin, the motto of the Church of God the Utterly Indifferent is, "Luck is not the hand of God." So, they go out of their way to avoid taking advantage of it. But ultimately it is found that luck is indeed the hand of God, God being represented by the Tralfamadorians who are controlling human actions to ship Salo his replacement part.

Idea #2. This book is about futility. Constant and Beatrice do their best to avoid Rumfoord's prediction of their mating, but it happens anyway. The Martian war starts with grand plans but falls on its face, ending up even more futile than most wars. The CGUI (Church of God the etc.) shows the futility of worshipping God.⁵ And finally, it turns out that all human affairs for the last 2×10^5 years have

been directed toward the sole purpose of providing one replacement part for one spaceship to carry a one-word message, and if that isn't futility, I'd like to know what is.

There are dozens of ideas I could develop, and all sorts of things I could discuss. For example, I haven't even mentioned the Universal Will to Become, or Bobby Denton's Love Crusade, or the Winston Niles Rumfoord Authorized Revised Bible, or Unk's letter to himself, or many other items important to the plot. I haven't shown how well developed the characterization is. I haven't even scratched the surface of the symbolism. Oh, hell. Read the book yourself.

I would much like to see this book made into a movie. It would help to convince the general public that science fiction is a respectable art form. Also, there are some scenes in it that with good acting and filming could be magnificent. Examples: Constant climbing the fountain at the beginning, Beatrice's recruitment for the Martian Army, Unk and Boaz in the mother ship, the arrival of the Space Wanderer. I even have the cast partly picked out. For Constant, I want Burt Lancaster. Rumfoord is Cary Grant or, in a pinch, James Mason. Beatrice could be either Rosalind Russell, who looks the part, or Bette Davis, who could act it. Boaz, no question--Sidney Poitier. Ransom K. Ferm is nobody but Alec Guinness. But I'm afraid this movie will never be made. It's too far above the head of the clod-in-the-street, for one thing. Also, the time intervals are too long for a coherent movie--years pass between scenes. (Well, there was "Gone with the Wind".) And too much is narrated in the story that cannot be well told by action. But I can dream.

Allow me one sample of prose, and then I'll stop. I'd like to give more, also some poetry, but I've gone on too far already. The sample is from a sermon by the Referend C. Horner Redwine, of the CGUI.

"O Lord Most High, Creator of the Cosmos, Spinner of Galaxies, Soul of Electromagnetic Waves, Inhaler and Exhaler of Inconceivable Volumes of Vacuum, Spitter of Fire and Rock, Trifler with Millennia--what could we do for Thee that Thou couldst not do for Thyself one octillion times better? Nothing. What could we do or say that could possibly interest Thee? Nothing. Oh, Mankind, rejoice in the apathy of our Creator, for it makes us free and truthful and dignified at last. No longer can a fool like Malachi Constant point to a ridiculous accident of good luck and say, 'Somebody up there likes me.' And no longer can a tyrant say, 'God wants this or that to happen, and anybody who doesn't help this or that to happen is against God.' O Lord Most High, what a glorious weapon is Thy Apathy, for we have unsheathed it, have thrust and slashed mightily with it, and the claptrap that has so often enslaved us or driven us into the madhouse lies slain!"

Any converts?

CANARY IN-A CAT HOUSE is responsible for the 1/2 science fiction book mentioned earlier. It is a collection of twelve short stories, of which by my classification four are sf, three are fantasy, and five are "ordinary" fiction. They also run the gamut of quality, from some which are comparable with SIRENS to some I consider poor hack.

"Report on the Barnhouse Effect" is a piece of pacifist propaganda (I generally disapprove of using fiction as a vehicle for political opinion, even when, as in this case, I sympathize with the opinion) about a professor who develops unlimited psychic forces and uses them to destroy the world's supply of weapons. Fairly good.

"All the King's Horses" is the story of a plane carrying an American Colonel, his wife and two sons, and twelve other soldiers, forced down in Chinese territory. They are captured by the local guerrilla chief, who forces the colonel to play him a game of chess using the Americans for men, with the colonel as king. All captured "pieces" are killed; if the colonel loses, all are killed. Excellent, if you like this type of story.

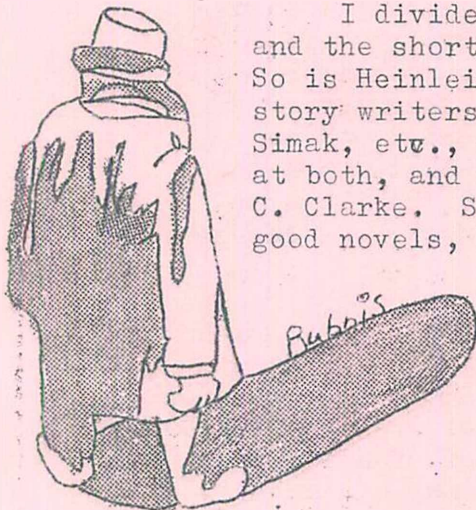
"D.P.", "The Manned Missiles", and "The Euphio Question" I won't even discuss, they're all so bad. But if anyone knows the relevance of the title "D.P." to the story, I'd like to find out.

"More Stately Mansions" is sort of a psychiatric case-study. A couple moves into a new neighborhood and meets the woman next door, who talks incessantly about interior decorating and the way her home is decorated. When they finally get to see her place--it's a dump.. The ending is unnerving. Excellent.

"The Foster Portfolio" and "Deer in the Works" are types of stories I just don't dig. "Hal Irwin's Magic Lamp" is cornball, and "Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog" is the type usually referred to as "delightful", but it fails to delight me.

"Unready to Wear" (what a hell of a title!) describes a group of people who have discovered how to separate their minds from their bodies, but they can't convince the rest of the world how wonderful it is to do so. Fairly good.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow" (remember Macbeth?) is a futuristic horror about the day when old age and disease are conquered. People keep getting born and refuse to die. So the housing is so crowded as to make the current jokes about Russia sound like the current jokes about Texas. Good.



I divide authors into two categories, the novelist and the short-story writer. Vonnegut is a novelist. So is Heinlein. Most people in science fiction are short-story writers, like Asimov, Sheckley, Bradbury, Sturgeon, Simak, etc., etc. Only a few authors really get good at both, and the only one in sf I can think of is Arthur C. Clarke. So as long as Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., keeps writing good novels, I will forgive him his short stories.

MOTHER NIGHT by rights I shouldn't do here, for it is not, repeat not, any sort of science fiction or fantasy (except in the academic sense that all fiction is fantasy, an idea I won't worry about here). The blurb on the front cover, for once, describes the book. It says, "An American traitor's astonishing confession--mournful, macabre, diabolically funny--written with

unnatural candor in a foreign death cell." To amplify, it is told in the first person by Howard W. Campbell, Jr. (doesn't that name sound about 75% familiar?), an American who was in Germany at the start of World War II and was employed by the Nazis as a radio announcer, broadcasting Nazi, mainly anti-Jewish, propaganda to America. As it opens, he is in a cell in Israel about to go on trial for war crimes. (This book must have been inspired by the Eichmann craze. As a matter of fact, Eich pops up in it a couple of times.) These are his memoirs, an autobiography interrupted by random observations and by descriptions of relevant persons and events. 11

Vonnegut's first two novels were studies of various people and their relationship with society or history. This is a study of one person and what he did to himself. Campbell was psychologically moved very little by outside events, excepting WWII itself.

Why would an American take such a horrible job? Well, good news, kiddies. Campbell was an American spy, enlisted by Major Frank Wirtanen to include in his broadcast certain coded information. Only one problem in his proving this. Only three people besides Campbell knew what he was doing: Wirtanen, the late FDR, and a general now also dead. And the Army never heard of Major Wirtanen.

I just realized I'm telling this story in pieces, and backwards to boot. So let's run it straight through. During the war, Campbell made these broadcasts. He was married at the time, to the daughter of the Chief of Police of Berlin, and was passionately in love with her. (Don't retch. He describes it eloquently and with feeling.) After the war, his wife turned up missing and Campbell returned sadly to the States, where he lived quietly in Greenwich Village, under his right name, with no one suspecting who he was. His only friend was a painter whom he later learned was a Soviet spy. Then he is discovered by an old enemy who sets the FBI and the press on him. Suddenly he has some new friends--the leaders of a crackpot ultra-right hate group to whom he is a hero for exposing the international Jewish Communist conspiracy. They bring him a woman who claims to be his wife, but turns out to be his wife's sister, and, by golly, another Communist spy. Campbell is hidden at the headquarters of "The Iron Guardsmen of the White Sons of the American Constitution", a sort of Nazi ROTC. From here he was to take a plane to Mexico and freedom, but the two spies had plans to abduct him to Moscow instead. Before he goes anyplace, G-men raid the meeting, arresting nearly everyone but Campbell. He walks out, but suddenly realizes he has no place to go. He returns to his apartment out of habit and there finds the man who turned him in ready to murder him barehanded. Campbell clobbers him with a poker, and sends him running. Then--

Now here I feel the insufficiency of synopsisizing. For I have not been able to give enough of the psychology of Campbell to explain the ending, which is: Campbell turns himself in to the state of Israel for an Eichmann-like trial. While in prison, he receives a letter from Wirtanen, giving his real name, serial number and address. This is enough evidence to prove his innocence, i.e., that he was a U.S. spy. So, as he puts it, "I am about to be a free man again... I find the prospect nauseating. I think that tonight is the night I will hang Howard W. Campbell, Jr., for crimes against himself. I know that tonight is the night." What can I say to explain this kind of personality except...read the book! Campbell is one of the

most real, solid literary characters I have encountered in a long time. It takes the whole book to describe this man. I won't try.

Vonnegut is a master of symbolism. Case in point: Campbell is sitting in a barbershop, reading a magazine, when he discovers an account of his father-in-law's death. He was hung from a tree near his home after the war. Then, "The barber called out to me. He shook another man's hair out of the cloth he was going to put around my neck. 'Next!! he said.'"

This time I will quote some poetry, written by Campbell. This is one of three poems, given in both English and German. I wish I knew German.

"I saw a huge steam roller,
It blotted out the sun.
The people all lay down, lay down;
They did not try to run.
My love and I, we looked amazed
Upon the gory mystery.
'Lie down, lie down!' the people cried,
'The great machine is history!'
My love and I, we ran away,
The engine did not find us.
We ran up to a mountain top,
Left history far behind us.
Perhaps we should have stayed and died,
But somehow I don't think so.
We went to see where history'd been,
And my, the dead did stink so."

So there you have it, a review of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., to date. Let us hope he will produce more. Science fiction gets so few real artists. So, in fact, does everything else.

Tell me, Mr. Shaver, how large is Mu and where is it located?

"It is exactly four pi times 10^{-7} henries/meter and is located between lambda and nu.

--ARLewis

Then there's the pickler who said;" By Crom this dilling is thirsty work, hand me a bottle of brine, wench."

--Jeff Speiser

All men are created evil, but some are more evil than others.

--ARLewis

Put your finger on the floor so I can step on it.

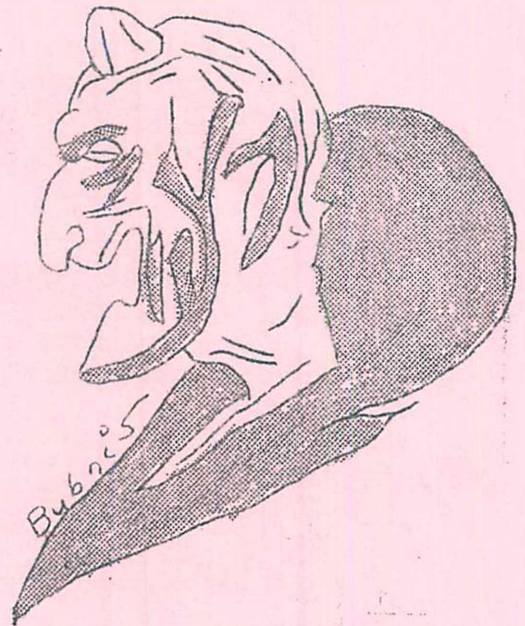
--Ed Olsen (who is really Very Goodhearted)

I can't be blackmailed-- things that people would blackmail me for I brag about.

--ARLewis (who else?)

THE SCENT OF SULPHUR

--Blacktalons



(This is possibly the first in a series, wouldn't you like to know who we're going to expose next time?)

How does one write to humans? I sit by the Upper Sodium Pool and ponder, with stylus and blood in claw (my ink well is one of the very best--in life he suffered from extremely high blood pressure), how does one write to humans in, of all things, a fanzine. Oh well, I've got to follow orders. It used to be that Bernie Morris would only invoke me to help with the typing (one of his standard witticisms is that I am "one of the hottest coolies in fandom"), but now as part of the pact I have to write... If only The Boss weren't so desperate for new souls...and even reveal, in need arises, those secrets of Hell which are not Under The Talon.

For those of you who are interested, I have materialized as a junior at the Institute; naturally, I chose the most Hellish course--physics. I like to see the way the humans squirm under the pressure. There is that refreshing rush of anger when a student loses count of the fringes in the Michelson interferometer experiment. The horror that pervades the atomics exam room every three weeks reminds me of home, and one cannot forget those minutes of concentrated hate when the lecturer pulls off a sly solution to a problem; but I digress.

What would these science fiction fans like to know? One thing that I have noticed is a general perplexion among fen about one A. R. Lewis. Is he a hoax? No, he is definately not a hoax, but he is a mystery even to the MITSFS.. I am very suspicious, because even I cannot probe too deeply into his past or his mind. It is rumored in The Pit that The Boss has been making trips into the world of men as of late. Every once in a while I can almost detect a flame in Lewis' eye. Could it be.....Oh well, I'll tell what I have the power to know.

His lab is in one of the darkest subterranean reaches of the

Institute, and it is said that a strange glow pervades the entire area at night (the faculty thinks that it is Cerenkov radiation). There are some people who do not know the difference between a fiendish cackling and the clicking of a scalar. There have even been disappearances--one Bill Sarrill in particular was last seen approaching the area in question, never to be heard of again.

Lewis' lair is a rambling purple boarding house near Harvard. The interior is rumored to be done in chartreuse (I rather think that black would be more appropriate). His landlady is a cheerful middle-aged woman, who makes money on the side doing invisible weaving for warlocks who are clumsy with their spells. One day he asked her if he could perform some experiments with dangerous chemicals in his room. She said yes without batting an eyelash. Would that I could write that there is now a huge smoking crater between MIT and Harvard--unfortunately there isn't, yet (but I'm hoping that someday soon...). It would be most charming to see what the Cambridge urchins would do when confronted with an unleashed eldritch horror, such as a dero, heh...heh...heh...

This completes the hangnail sketch of one of the strangest characters of the Society. To humans he is a sort of Saruman-Sauron-Savanna rolled into one supra-critical mass, needing only one stray neutron to set him off. But now, we know who he really is, don't we...

About Us

--Doug Hoylman again

(This was originally a propaganda sheet to get new members, sic, Freshmen.)

Let us be among the last to congratulate you (you must be getting pretty sick of it by now) on your commision--ah--admission to America's most exclusive and expensive mental institution. We present herewith some facts and fancies concerning the M.I.T. Science Fiction Society, the MITSFS (sometimes called the Misfits).

The Society is a class B activity, whatever that means, and is open to any student and staff member at MIT, although only undergrads may be officers. Membership costs one dollar per term and is well worth it. Members have the following privileges:

Voting rights: Anyone may come to our meetings, some do, but only members can vote. These meetings, by the way, are rather wild, you have to see one to believe it. We do everything but discuss stf. Meetings are held each Friday that classes are held, at 1700 (five PM, not to be confused with your tuition), in the Spoffard Room, room 1-236. Come. Better yet, join.

Library privileges: We have a library, also serving as our (ha) office, in room 50-020, in the basement of Walker Memorial. It is usually open weekend afternoons and at odd hours during the week. It contains: Every sort of paperback and hard cover sf novel, anthology, and collection; magazines (a complete Astounding collection), many of them being old pulps; fanzines, which are amateur sf magazines (I remind you that this bit of propaganda was for Mundanes - Ed.); letters; microfilms; photographs; old minutes; coke bottles; and a weird creature called ARLewis who runs the place to his own taste. Members (only members) may check out these items (except the pulps).

Free admission to movies: We usually show a sf movie at the end of every term. Last year we put on "Forbidden Planet" and the year before, "The Time Machine". The price is about 30¢ to the general public. Movies are handled by Moocomm, a post which is at present vacant. It might be filled by you.

The Twilight Zine (pronounced zēne, as in magazine): This is a fanzine published by the Society. It is mimeographed and usually runs about 30 pages. Coming out on a quarterly schedule, it prints stories and articles by members and other MIT men, when it can get them, along with other things by various professional sf writers, which have included to date; Isaac Asimov, Hugo Gernsback, Fritz Leiber, and Hal Clement. It also publishes letters and things stolen from other publications, folk songs (of MIT) and other assorted junk. It is edited by (ugh) Bernie Morris. One of its chief contributors is Doug Hoylman, a brilliant and clever writer with a great future, who also writes such miscellaneous things as poop sheets for the freshman midway. All members, contributors, and letter writers receive free copies.

Picnics, banquets, etc.: Each spring we have a picnic, held somewhere out in the sticks, to which all members are invited. The food is provided. For the past two years (maybe longer, I don't know) Dr. Isaac Asimov and all the little Asimovs have been the Society's guests at the picnic. We will try to have them every year.

And all this for only one buck a term. Is there any other organization that offers you so much for so little? However, if you are too cowardly, lazy, or cheap to join, you can still benefit from the Society's presence.

Whenever possible we sponsor a guest speaker. These lectures are open to the public free for nothing. In the past we have had; Isaac Asimov (funny how he keeps turning up, isn't it?), Hugo Gernsback, John W. Campbell Jr., Hal Clement, and other interesting beings too fierce to mention.

The Society has more committees than Congress, and at times more committees than members. Some whose jobs have already been explained are: Libcomm (library), Moocomm (movies), and Jourcomm (The Twilight Zine). Some others are:

Theftcomm--In charge of making and putting up posters announcing meetings & things on the Institute bulletin boards. The committee was originally formed to steal the Bonestall murals from the Museum of Science, or maybe to steal the Museum, we forget which. How they got to making posters is a complete mystery.

Carnalcomm: In charge of our booth at the annual MIT spring carnival. Last year we had something remotely resembling a three dimensional pin-ball machine. We lost money.

Tablecomm: Only committee ever abolished by the Society. It consisted of five characters who wanted to discuss sf, a fine idea, except that their idea of sf was comic books and psionics. All of the original five either flunked out, were expelled, or were arrested for Grand Larceny.

Miscellany: Our faculty advisor is Prof. Norman Holland, of the humanities dept., I think. He consented to be out advisor on the sole condition that he never have to attend meetings. He doesn't.

The Society has existed for something like ten or twelve years. Early minutes are illegible, so we have to go on radio-carbon dating.

Coeds are welcome in the Society, in fact we have a disproportionate number of them. Our vice-president and our treasurer are coeds. The views held by V---D--- and other forces of evil regarding Tech Coeds are not subscribed to by the Society.

Within fifteen minutes, one meeting of the Society went on record as: being in favor of nuclear war, being against nuclear war, and defeated a motion to have the two preceeding motions stricken from the record. They're still there for all we know. At one meeting a member was almost lynched. You really should see one.

More selections from The Devil's Dictionary of Ambrose Bierce.

Aborigines: Persons of little worth found cumbering the soil of a newly discovered country. They soon cease to cumber; they fertalize.

Heathen: A benighted creature who has the folly to worship something he can see and feel.

Opposition: In politics that party which prevents the Government from running amock by hamstringing it.

Peace: In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.

Ruin: To destroy. Specifically, to destroy a maid's belief in the virtue of maids.

Rum: Fiery liquors which produce madness in total abstainers.

Truthful: Dumb and illiterate.

Vote: The instrument by which a free man makes a fool of himself and a wreck of his country.

FILK SONGS

PART 4

Black Riders in the Sky

(The first three verses of a song that I'll finish Real Soon Now. If you write any more let me know)

Mithrandir he was riding out one datk and windy day,
To the Shire he was going, he had come a long, long way
To warn old Bilbp Baggins that it was the One he wore,
Then he looked up into the sky, and this is what he saw;

Chorus: Yipee-i-ay, Yipee-i-o
Black Riders in the sky.

They took the Ring to Elrond at his home in Rivendell.
He said it must go to Mordor, Sauron's evil citadel.
But to be the bearer was a task that all there feared,
Even Gandalf wouldn't do it, only Frodo volunteered.

Chorus

Going through the Mines of Moria they heard the drums of doom,
Through hordes of orcs and trolls and Things, past poor old
Balin's tomb.
The East Gate they were winning when attacked by Durin's Bane.
And though all managed to escape, the Gray One there was slain.

Chorus

The Dying Robot (Red River Valley)

Oh this lonley old robot is aching,
And his parts, they are wearing away.
Some new parts he soon will be needing.
But their cost no one will defray.

Oh my photoreceptors are failing
And my eyespots begin to grow dim.
Some new parts, they say they are mailing,
But my chances begin to look slim.

I've been true, I've been brave, I've been loyal.
I have met each and every human test.
But as soon as this tired body wears out,
They'll just toss me in the scrap heap with the rest.

Alcoholics Anthem

(Men of Harlech)

(This was borrowed from the Christchurch N.Z. University Revue)

What's the use of drinking tea
 Indulging in sobriety
 And teetotal perversity--
 It's healthier to booze.

What's the use of milk and water
 These are drinks that never oughter
 Be allowed in any quarter--
 Come on, lose your blues.

Mix yourself a Shandy!
 Drown yourself in Brandy!
 Sherry sweet
 Or whiskey neat
 Or any kind of liquor that is handy!
 There's no blinking
 Sense in drinking
 Anything that doesn't make you stinking!
 There's no happiness like sinking
 Blotto to the floor!

Put an end to all frustration,
 Drinking may be your salvation,
 End it all in dissipation,
 Rotten to the core.

Aberrations metabolic,
 Ceilings that are hyperbolic,
 These are for the Alcoholic
 Lying on the floor.

Vodka for the arty!
 Gin to make you hearty!
 Lemonade
 was only made
 For drinking if your mother's at the party!
 So steer clear
 Of home-made beer
 And anything that isn't labeled clear;
 There is nothing else to fear--
 Bottoms up, my boys!

Sixteen Megatons

(Sixteen Tons)

Now some people say K isn't made out of ice,
 But I'll tell you the truth, and it aint very nice.
 It aint very good, no it taint good at all,
 For he doesn't give a damn if the missles fall.

Chorus: It's another year and we're still alive
 Any bets that another one we'll survive?
 If St. Peter calls me, I won't be here,
 I'll be floating all over the stratosphere.

You look in the paper and what do you see?
 We're closer to war than it's safe to be.
 Shelters are useless, and I've had my fill,
 If the fireball don't get you then the fallout will.

Chorus

Well the day it came, there was no time to run.
 It was over before it had half begun.
 One billion dead, and what's more I hear
 That the rest of us aint got no more than a year.

Last Chorus: It's another year, some are still alive,
 But the odds are zero that we'll survive.
 I'll tell you brothers, and I ought to know.
 Slow radiation is a bad way to go.

Atlas Missile Song (The Titanic)

Oh they built the Atlas missile
 Just to probe the starry night.
 A scientific capsule built to reach tremendous height.
 But it went up not so high
 And it lit up all the sky.
 It was sad when that great ship went up.
 It was sad. It was sad. It was sad when that great ship went up.
 Leaving millions below
 Coughing in the afterglow.
 It was sad when that great ship went up.

It left the atmosphere
 And was acting mighty queer
 When the pilot looked at the rockets in the rear.
 They were flaming and were burning
 And the rocketship was turning.
 It was sad when that great ship turned around.
 It was sad. It was sad. It was sad when that great ship turned
 Little faces looking up around.
 Holding wonder like a cup.
 When they saw it heading right back for the ground.

It was coming down so fast
 And the general was aghast
 When he realized that he might become a memory of the past.
 Everybody hit the bunker
 When they saw it was a clunker.
 It was sad when that great ship hit the ground.
 It was sad. It was sad. It was sad when that great ship hit
 No one there was glad the ground.
 When it hit the launching pad.
 It was sad when that great ship hit the ground.

It takes two to tango, but only one to squirm.

LAEVROTATION

The readers strike, my ripostes are { like this}.

Mike Deckinger If nothing else, the cover should make Dr. Ror-
31 Carr Place scharch (or his ghost) quite happy at the pros-
Fords, N.J. pect of noting his own creations adorning an sf
fanzine. I'd tell you what the designs meant to
me, also, if I didn't care about my future. The top one seems to
be a trifle off-symmetry, but it's the least complicated of the
bunch. I immediately ascertained its significance, but the others
required longer intervals to study.

I more or less prefer the true-folk music singers, rather
than distilled imitations with faulty adenoids, like the Kingst on
Trio (who nevertheless did a fine job with "They Call the Wind
Maria"). Oscar Brand has sold out Carneige Hall whenever he's
appeared, and now conducts a nightly 15 minute program on the radio
during which he sings a few songs and interviews guests. Leon
Bibb's version of "Sinner Man" has always thrilled me (not the one
he did at the Newport Folk Festival, which developed too much in-
ternal lethargy, but the manner in which he sang it on his first
record, and the soundtrack of Bunuel's THE YOUNG ONE). Every so
often one of the Seegers (Pete, Mike, and/or Peggy) will pop up
somewhere in New York, but HUAC has more or less done its best to
limit Pete's engagements. Burl Ives is a folk-singer who's enjoy-
ing a dash of favor among the pop and rock & roll addicts (with
some dreadful songs) and the Limelighters are in the limelight too,
though they sing strictly commercial borderline folk-music, with-
out degenerating into senseless and blaring rock & roll. They
also can sing, as a matter of fact, which is more than can be said
for most pop "singers" of today.

"Crabgrass Growing" wasn't badly
Done but why,
Oh why,
Did Mr. Lawrence Ha mby, goodman though he may be,
have to use a
writing style that forces one's eyes to
leap from line to line just
like
this?

The filk songs were a delight as usual, and I can only urge
you to ignore the uneducated clods handling the post office who
seek to keep some of the missing ones from appearing in these
pages. If this influx of collegiate filk-songs continues, a new

edition of The Bosses Songbook may be necessary to contain all these gems that would otherwise be lost to many readers who'd appreciate them considerably.

The clipping on the bottom of page 25 proves that the admen have come up with another quality to sell, after conducting successful campaigns touting religion, sex, etc., etc. It's the first time I've seen death being sold in such prosaic terms, and I hope old Scratch manages to get at least a few new tenants after the Derby.

Harry Warner, Jr. The editorial was probably the part of this
423 Summit Ave. issue that interested me the most, because it's
Hagerstown, Md. so similar to the kind of material that dominates my dearly beloved FAPA. I can't compare impressions about Bergman with you, because I have yet to see any of his films except The Vergin Spring. But I can condole about the awful fate impending over the used bookshops, institutions which I admire inordinately and always try to find when I'm in a big city and never manage to locate in any great quantity until the departing bus or train takes me past block after block filled with them. I'm less attuned to your sensitivities about folk music, since I don't believe that there is any particular extra merit in folk music that is uninfluenced by whatever commercial trends are currently known to the listener. I think that all folk music was created because of commercialized music at one time or another and the enthusiasts decide what is genuine and what is false on the basis of their knowledge of commercialized music, not because of intrinsic merits.

Crabgrass Growing is a strike-home poem for me just now. I do not possess a family nor a house in the suburbs, children or membership in very many bourgeois institutions. But I have been grabbed by the course of recent events into a position somewhat akin to the situation blasted here and I feel that I am in the direct line of fire and I don't like it--that is, I don't like my falling into the near-trap. It will take something stronger than this poem to extricate me but at least this keeps me aware of the danger.

The change in me mentioned earlier has caused my previous tolerance for beatniks to grow somewhat battered and weak, so Life is a Lousy Drag met with a better reception here than I would have accorded it a year ago. Here again I'm not altogether happy that my standards are changing, but I never did feel any particular sympathy with the beatniks, but mostly surprise that non-beatniks could grow so excited and disturbed at their existence.

The Gestetnering is quite good, although these machines usually provide a slightly clearer typeface than most pages of this issue contain. I believe that poor or clogged-up keys on the stencil-cutting machine are mainly to blame. On page 22, for instance, the g's are almost invisible and there is an occasional line where it looks as if someone forgot to disengage the ribbon. Sometimes a thicker impression that provides a cleaner-looking reproduction can be achieved by the simple means of putting a sheet of paper into the stencil sandwich, between the heavy backsheet and the sheet that is sometimes called the cushion sheet, sometimes the carbon sheet. I used to need a yellow second sheet at this point until the passing of years blunted my type or strengthened my

fingers and permitted me to dispense with such a crutch. { Sorry for the g's and other illegibilities, but 'tweren't me who did them. I have a bunch of coolies do most of the typing, and this was one particular coolie's first experience with stencils. }

John Trimble TWILIGHT ZINE #7 arrived today, but I'm
5734 Parapet St. afraid that you'd not print my ideas as to
Long Beach 8, Calif. what the ink blots mean, so I won't say any-
thing about them other than the fact that I
thought/think it a striking coverillo idea. Keep it up.

Your comments under "Le Morte de Silverlock" indicate two things: a) you had received a wrong impression of the book; that it was pure and simple heroic fantasy, and the best of the genre, and b) you've missed the point of the book almost entirely, probably largely due to the wrong slant of the reviews you've read.

Myers Myers wrote Silverlock for one abiding reason: to get people to read the classics. He drew from the whole "commonwealth" of literature to make up his characters and story, and it is his hope that the game of finding out who the various characters are (and in many cases, they're composites) will lead one into the literature from which they're drawn. The story wasn't meant to be straight heroic fantasy of the "Incompleat Enchanter" variety. You'll find, from the reprint of his Westercon speech in SHAGGY #62, that Al haLevy has missed the point of Silverlock completely, also, and relegates it to the dust bin as a very second-rate, unoriginal novel. With the book's true reason for existence in mind, I think it's a very original, and quite unique book.

Look at it in this light, and I think you might see what I mean. Or if I haven't put the idea across, ask Ron Ellik about it and about his Silverlock "shelf". { Note that I said, "The fun of guessing whom we will meet next soon evaporates into boredom". I certainly realize that this is not a straight fantasy-adventure, but if Meyers' purpose is to get people to read the classics, this is a poor method of doing it, because the reader won't recognize the characters unless he's already read the book. My grotch against Silverlock remains, it's boring and confusing. }

Frederick Norwood TZ is rapidly becoming one of the best un-fan-
Bellingrath zines in existence. The reason is probably that
Southwestern un-fanzines are usually published by un-fans,
Memphis 12, Tenn. hereinafter to be known as WAFWJRTS, whereas
TZ is an unfanzine edited by a confessed fan,
with articles by fen, and with Dave Vanderwerf on the staff. Be-
sides which I will never believe that anyone named Fuzzy Pink
could be a wafwjrts.

Enk blots. The first is obviously the creature from the Suggoth Swamp, seen head on, yawning. The second is two Al Capp aliens holding hands. The third is an Emsh cover that William turned down.

So now I'm a Character, which means that I am undenyably and absolutely dead. But if I get back into the Institute, then the Institute has brought me back to life. The Institute is Ghod.

What does that make me? (To paraphrase John, "you have been dead two terms and by now you stinketh".)

Crabgrass Growing is the one and only long blank verse poem I have seen in a fanzine that was at all and in any way effective.

I went into a quality paperback store which handled Dover books and asked for Three Martian Novels by Edgar Rice Burroughs. The girl behind the counter probably still hasn't stopped laughing. I know she was still at it when I slunk out of the store. However with only a few exceptions there is a way to buy science fiction without shame. Carry a copy of Differential Equations under one arm, and march into the store with a studious and determined look in your eye. "Um," you announce, "I'm at work on my masters thesis and need a little reference material on prediction of the scientific ideas now coming to light in the field of space travel. Let me see your science fiction." If you carry enough authority, he will be ashamed to admit that he hasn't any and will proceed to dig up a first issue of Astounding from under a pile of moldy National Geographics. You restrain your emotions and ask, "The cover is torn, don't you have some in better condition." Ultimately you walk out with a dollars worth of issues from 1930 - '35. In fact, I have one news-dealer letting me look in every one of the hundred out-of-town newspapers he stocks to see what comic strips they carry. I just set a Modern Algebra book down on the counter as I walked in. (You mean to say that the librarians let you check out books when they're returned with peanut butter on the pages?)

Science fiction fen may not be socially accepted, but intellectual eccentrics are actually honored, at least in the south. Boston may be more used to the type.

I took another look. You're right, "Living Backwards" was written in 1952. So, like I said in the first place, it is completely outdated.

Bob Jennings
3819 Chambers Dr.
Nashville 11, Tenn.

Comments on your editorial will consist mainly of the folk singer type comments...For instance, Nashville, home of the Grand Ole Opera, (known locally in other terms, which of course you would censor if I included, so I won't), is scant on real folk music places. I mean, sure, anybody that wants to can ride off down to the freight yards, and if he doesn't get his neck slashed (well, not that bad really) he can listen, maybe, to folk music sung by them that knows it best. For poor senseless clods like myself, this isn't a good thing. There are a few other places in town, most of them scattered round about Vanderbilt University, and some even, on the Peabody side, which cater to the collegiate set. The only place I can think of is a hole in the wall called The Tulip Is Black (does that sound beat enough for you? If not, say so and suggest one that seems even more beatnikish--popularly speaking of course--and send it to the owner-operator. He'll be happy to change the name.) Me now, I've never been to the place, the minute someone said it was mainly frequented by college students the idea rang clear with me that here was a spot, out for loot. But a couple of women type friends of mine visited there once. They reported that there was a truly excellent folk singer there, whose tones and lyrics were purposely filthy (that is, he sang Dirty Songs

with a Deer), that the service was terrible, and that the prices were sky high. \$1.50 per person minimum to stick around, coffee was a mere fifty cents per cup, and honey buns were only sixty-five. Other prices were considerably higher. Well, so much for coffee houses in Nashville, they're all like that here. There are, believe it or not, people who make their living singing that miserable hillbilly music, who are real folk music buffs. Flatt and Schruggs, for instance, whenever they care to, can play some excellent tunes (you won't hear 'em tho, their records are a sickening mixture of modern hillbilly and half-assed folk songs, but on television, and occasionally on their radio shows, they bat out a few Real Ones). Hank Snow likewise can produce some fine folksongs, and has, I believe, a tremendous collection of true backwoods ballads, authentic type things. Since most backwoods ballads in this area came originally from Great Britain, and some Germanic and some Virginia adaption they are generally too long to bother singing for the hicks who listen to the Opera. (I mean, after the first eighteen versus, people begin to squirm.) Our Nashville Library has a fair set of folk music, and despite what you say, South American folk music, the real material and coastal African dances aren't bad at all.

What is wrong with Rock and Roll music? I like it fine. I like almost all music fine (except "pop" music, and hillbilly). R&R is just a logical outgrowth of all our other American music. From ragtime cometh dixieland, cometh jazz, cometh progressive and "pop", cometh rock and roll... So what's wrong with R&R? (What isn't? A partial list includes the halfassed lyrics which usually concern--"I'm only thirteen and she's only eleven but we're old enough to know true ~~lust~~ love and our parents can go to hell."-- I mean like that swings... By the neck!! Add to this the "shows" (I remember one in Brooklyn where two guys got stabbed), the Disc Jocks who take unmerciful advantage of every passing fad to rake in the loot, coupled with the flagrantly Freudian (to use a polite term) motions exhibited by most heroes of the acne crowd, and... oh well, why go on. If you like it, you like it.) I like it, it has nice emotional unity, the theme work isn't to be compared with a grand symphony orchestra of course, but it was never intended that way.

Whatyall got against Poor Mistreated Rick Norwood, who is, in disguise, a really fine fellow? (Nothing really, but we have to ~~dump on~~ talk about someone.)

Rick should have pointed out that anyone who is dissatisfied with the current science fiction can write his own fiction. And of course he is perfectly free to make his opinions known to the magazine editors, and writers, stf writers, wouldn't mind you fostering off decent plots you feel you can't handle. It stands to reason that if the readership of science fiction felt that there was something vital lacking in their literature, the whole mass of them, the ones who write letters let's say, would express their feelings. If things are as fandom makes them out to be, then why haven't the readers said so in no uncertain terms? Editors have to stay in business, and they do it by presenting what the readers seem to want. They seem to want what we've got today. I'm about come to the conclusion that fandom, that little offshoot of legitimate readership, is and always will be dissatisfied with science fiction. In a past issue of VIPER Redd Boggs remarked that when he

first entered fandom, all he seemed to hear about was the grand glorious old days, the thirties. In the early fifties it was the glorious forties, now we are beginning to take note of the glory of the early and mid-fifties, as well as the forties. This is fandom as a whole, mind you, not the readership. The readership, save in 1956 - 1958 when magazines were so badly produced, were content with what the editors fed them. They are content now. Oh sure, I'm not entirely satisfied with stf today. I think we need new themes, someone who isn't so concerned with the absolute letter of science, who can take a brand new idea and milk it dry of all its imaginative connotations, daring even to violate petty or sometimes major scientific theories in favor of a good story. Psionics was a grand idea, whether you like the treatment now or not, but it was Overdone. I think we should have more good action writers, like Edmond Hamilton today, who can produce wonderment, science, imagination, characterization, and action into one brilliant package. We need more of this, but you don't see me kicking and screaming on the floor, but Keith Laumer seems to be making an attempt at it. I think we need a good action magazine, something which will present space opera, well written space opera, with imagination, so I can break pace with strongly produced sociological stories and have a little foolish adventure just for adventure's sake. I'd like to see all of this, but I'm not bashing my head against the wall, rending my clothing and pouring ashes over my head, praying to whatever god there exists to save science fiction from the horrors unleashed upon it. I like most of what we get today, and as I said, if you think something drastic needs to be done, then get busy and work for your ideas. Nothing is going to happen if you sit still there and cry in your beer.

Betty Kujawa Is Fuzzy Pink a girl-Pink or a boy-Pink???
 2819 Caroline St. I always wanna add 'Nightgown' every time I
 South Bend 14, Ind. read that name. What with things as they
 are now...he/she might do well to change
 his/her name to Fuzzy Green...or Blue...or, howbout Fuzzy Wuzzy??
There's a name with character! (Actually Fuzzy is a ~~girl~~ ~~pink~~
 girl-pink. There's a reason for the name but nobody seems to
 know it.)

Ye Editors chatter was read and liked...liked very much as a matter of fact...I like an Ye Ed. who does this type thing... Giving us an idea of you and your tastes and all...keep it up.

Scolly Square...you're misspelling again lover bhoys...least-ways as I recall it, it was Scollay Square. In WW-2 mine husband knew that area...(was stationed out on Cape-Cod, ~~Wya~~ no, Wellfleet --radar tracking spot at the end of the war). An' in them days, sonny, a stroll through S. Square late at night was risky...must tell him they are tearing it down...is the Howard still in operation?? Name of burlesque theatre there WAS The Howard...no? And why not a nice constructive report-review of one of their shows in some issue of TZ??? Illustrated...comedians jokes could be lifted and used in zine for bottom-of-page material...no? (No. The Old Howard was torn down about ten years ago. It's still risky to walk through Scollay Square, tho.)

And this is nicely pubbed this time round...fellahs and ghals...Congrats. Nice of the Institute to give the Gestetner to Burton House, indeed. It hardly disqualifies y'all from trufandom

as many many of the zines (usually the Very, Best like WARHOON...) are professionally printed...CRY of late, too. An electric stapler?...sheeeecsssh such affluence and luxury!

So okay already! Norm Humer is NOT a fan...but YOU are aintcha...yuh. While on that I should here and publicly eat previous words as to the N3F...like of late I hear Ghod Things of them and theirs...through the mighty roaring presses of Art Hayes, I understand, some excellent Neffer material is being sent out...and that Donald Fransons column/department in one of them is quite superb...and Advice to the Neofen sort of column...you can write in asking bout most anything and get good clear concise info. Now This Is A Good Thing...and Don and Art Are Good Men...(uh...you don't suppose, do you, these are FBI agents infiltrating the N3F, and...naaah, naah...couldn't be...

...could it???)

Gary Deindorfer Merely because a record company is big doesn't
121 Boudinot St. mean that the records it turns out must be
Trenton 8, N.J. shunned because they are too commercial. I don't
 know about folk music, but the big companies,
especially Columbia and RCA Victor, consistently produce many good
jazz and classical records. Columbia has produced more Schoenberg
than any other single company. Is that supposed to be a play for
the mass market?

Rock & roll is essentially an outgrowth of the old race records market infused with modern popular music. It does not spring from the loins of folk music, though folk music has had sporadic influence upon it. As for blues, it is a musical form, as are the fugue, the rondo, the sonata form, etc. As such, it cannot rightly be claimed by either folk music or jazz.

If Ravin's Beats make a point of taking baths even if only to prove they've cast off inhibitions, then why does he call them the Grubby Ones? Or do they merely go through the motions of bathing without getting wet? As for this classifying people into the squares and the beats, I don't care for it. Each person is an individual, each person is worth your attention and mine until he proves himself otherwise. { You'll find the biggest labelers are the professional beats. If they weren't so funny (in a pitiful sort of way) no one would ever bother with them. }

Keep your Rods warm and dry.

We Also Heard From: Poul Anderson who sent us some nice songs that ended in horrible puns, Roy Tackett who thinks that the ink blots mean I tore the stencil, Ted Pauls who's trying to protect plasmodium, Lenny Kaye who ~~sent~~ sent some SAPS songs, Bill Plott who writes about some Bear character I've never heard of, and Ronald Mattheis who isn't scared of science one least bit.