The TWILIGHT ZINE

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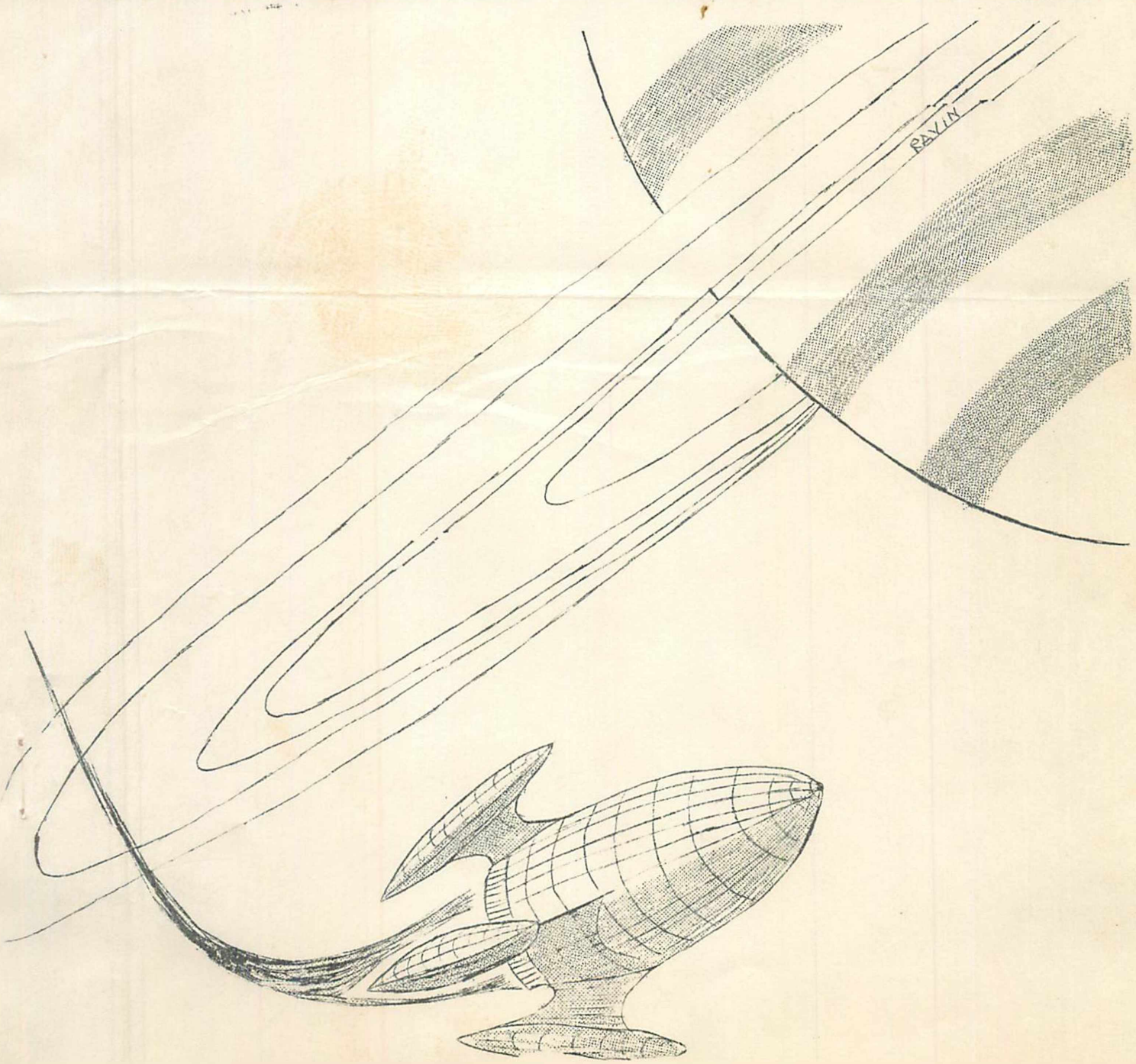

THE TWILIGHT ZINE

We're not fans, we just read the stuff.

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FREE.....WHEELING

EDITORIAL.....BY JON RAVIN

RANDOM PARAGRAPHS GENERATED BY MY FEEBLE MIND

As all of you no doubt know, this mimeozine was inspired by a talk Hugo Gernsback gave before the MITSFS in October of 1960. Mr. Gernsback was, and still is, very much concerned about the state of science fiction and science fiction authors. He believes the textbook type of science fiction story is the best, if not the only, kind of SF story. Here I tend to disagree with him. Being a student at M. I. T., I feel I have the right to get away from Science when I relax. I enjoy just plain reading for enjoyment. I learn enough science during the day; I want to relax when I pick up a book to read. I read SF because I find that this general type of fiction appeals to me more than the mundane novel. Conflicts between characters in a novel bore me; I prefer a good old interplanetary war any time. As long as the author makes no outright goofs with his science, I don't particularly care what kind of fantastic devices or forces he uses, as long as none of them are pulled out of the hero's golden skullcap, deus-ex-machina style.

As the title I picked suggests, this is sort of a semi-fanzine. I am not a faaaan. Only Savill is, out of all those listed on the little page under the heading of "coolies." These are just people who worked on the 'zine (cutting stencils, running it off, collating, etc.) and I'd like to thank them all very much for making it possible to get this thing out over the weekend of Jan. 27. If any of you are interested in seeing a fanzine, I'd suggest that you send Ed Meskys (723A 45th Street, Brooklyn 20, N.Y.) 15¢ for a copy of Polhode 3. This, I feel, is as good an example as any of a good fanzine.

As far as the SFS itself, we are mostly people who just like to read the stuff; our most lasting project has been our library (for members only), which contains about 2000 P.B.'s, H.C.'s, and magazines, including a complete set of Astounding, which was purchased last year. The only two fans in the Society are Fred Norwood & Bill Sarill. Sarill is a nice guy, and did a good deal of the work on this 'zine: he cut all the illos, and tried to teach us how to cut stencils. Norwood, a member of the N3F, makes me think of that organization as the N4F.

For non-SFS members who might be interested, the following is a list of figureheads and other important people in the SFS.

President--Court Skinner
Vice President--Bob Duff
Secretary--Anthony Lewis
Treasurer--Deanne Gross
also: Libcom--Norm Humer
Moocom--Ken Taylor
Theftcom--Sandy Lensch
Jourcom--Ravin, of course

(For further details, see the Traditions.)

The future of this 'zine is rather ambiguous now. I plan to publish 2 or 3 times a year until I graduate (June 1963, I hope). The 'zine is free to SFS members. I'm sending copies of the first issue to about 20 people outside the Society; if they want another copy, they'll have to send me a letter of comment or a contribution of some kind. This thing is not for sale--who'd be crazy enough to buy it, anyway?

A SHORT REVIEW OF THE JOURNAL OF THE I. E. S.

Retch!
(Barf, Barf)
Hannes
(Barf, Barf)
Bok
(Barf, Barf)
Can't
(Barf, Barf)
Write
(Barf, Barf)
Poetry!
(Barf, Barf)

RETCH!

--Ravin!

We have no choice
But to believe in God!
But what if God
Is one of them?

The last time I dreamt about Ravin he was eaten by an armadillo on the

MOON (arL)

* * * * * * * * *

FOREWORD

In the address, "Science Fiction vs Reality," which I gave before the MIT Science Fiction Society on October 21, 1960, I urged its members to bring out their own science fiction magazine. I was therefore very pleased and encouraged that the MIT Science Fiction Society is now bringing out their own magazine in 1961. Of necessity, such a publication cannot contain too many pages—at least in its formative years. For that reason I urged that its editors should print the short-short type of story to conserve space and paper.

The short-short is not new in science fiction. I printed a few of them in my former magazines. Then in 1953, in my publication SCIENCE FICTION+, I offered $100 for every short-short accepted. None could have been more than 1,000 words—just long enough to fill a single printed page in the magazine. We published a number of very fine stories of this type over the years. Writers usually shy away from such literature bec se of the severe length restriction. Also, the author is likely to think if the idea is good, why cram all the story into a few words, when you can expand it into a novel? Nevertheless, I do believe that the abbreviated story in SF has important uses—particluarly to the man with ideas, who wants to express himself in as few words as possible, and—more important—if he wants to have a permanent record of his new ideas in the public print for later reference and for priority.

In answer to a special request of the MIT SF Society, I have written a short-short especially for the maiden issue of the society's new magazine, as an illustration for those who have not had an opportunity to see this type of SF story.

—H. G.

TOO LATE!

BY HUGO GERNSBACK

For his senior year's thesis, student Alfonso Alpert wanted to do an out-of-the-ordinary paper. He intended to base it on a little-known article that had appeared in the ELECTRIC EXPERIMENTER magazine in October 1916, page 400, (Vol. 4). The account stated that B. Bemier, a German scientist, had noted that radium exerted an extraordinary effect on the reception of radio-telegraphic signals. The sensitivity of the receiver was increased tremendously when a sealed glass tube containing radium bromide of 50,000 units (and therefore very weak) had been placed in the proximity of the antenna. Bemier reported that signals that could normally not be heard at all came in loud and clear under the influence of radium.

Because Al Alpert was very much interested in radio astronomy, he thought he would try out the idea on the university's big-dish antenna. He quickly found that not one of the scientists had ever heard of a "radium-charged antenna" and most of them pooh-poohed the idea. Nevertheless, through the uni-

versity, Al obtained a number of atomic isotope samples on loan from the Atomic Energy Commission. These were all exceedingly powerful, from atomic Cobalt isotopes down to a few less energy-laden ones.

During the weeks that followed, Al, with the help of several technicians, located the isotopes near the focal point of the dish-shaped antenna and immediately noted an astounding increase of signal strength in the 21-centimeter band--the hydrogen wavelength prominent throughout the universe.

Then one day, when the huge saucer-antenna was pointed in the region of the great nebula M31, exceedingly clear, carefully spaced signals were heard--totally different from the common radio astronomy incoherent noise emissions. They were immediately recorded on tape. Al was positive that they originated from some highly intelligent source, never intercepted before, because until the radioactive isotopes were used, no detecting equipment known on earth had been sensitive enough to record such signals.

The impulses were distinct, sharp and often varied in intensity, apparently purposely. Moreover, the same message, running for 40 minutes, kept repeating, day after day, for weeks. Several of the college's beat scientists and cryptographers were pressed into the huge job of deocoding the message. Each started with the mathematical symbol of Pi--3.14159265, a symbol that must be in use to the ends of the universe, wherever intellect of a scientific order exists. This symbol became the key of the message and with the help of the college's computer, the translation of the message was effected in a single week--a tour de force of which Al and his colleagues are proud to this day.

Bereft of all extraneous technicalities, the translation read somewhat as follows: "After symbol 3.1415....has been repeated three times, fix (print) the received signals along the extreme edge of a continuous translucent band, then roll band into a spiral until you encounter another symbol 3.1415....View this tight rolled spiral at an oblique angle. This will give a view of our planetary system and its location in our nebula. Ours is the 4th planet from our star (sun) outward."

The view of the top of the band-roll--in reality a translucent tape record--brought to light a simple map which showed that the inhabitants of 4X were located at the very edge of the nebula known to our astronomers as M31. The message concluded with:

"We are looking for a planet in a system not too distant that has the following requirements. (Here followed a technical list of suitable gravitational, atmospheric, various radiations tolerance, received star (solar) heat near equator of the planet and other requirement.)

"Our astronomers have noted that a huge, almost-extinct star is on a positive collision course with our planetary star system. It is known that it will hit us in 810 (of our) astronomical time units (1200 earth years). This message is broadcast in all directions in the hope that there may be a planetary star system that

has a suitable planet for emigration for our inhabitants. We already have the means to effect a satisfactory evacuation through space transportation to a new home, even if the transfer must take place over a long time term for as much as 2000 astronomical time units; we can take recourse to necessary life-suspension of our inhabitants for that length of time. Please answer our urgent message, beaming your answer in our direction."

When Al had read and reread the most extraordinary trans-galatic message that had ever been recorded on earth, he fell into a long and painful reverie.

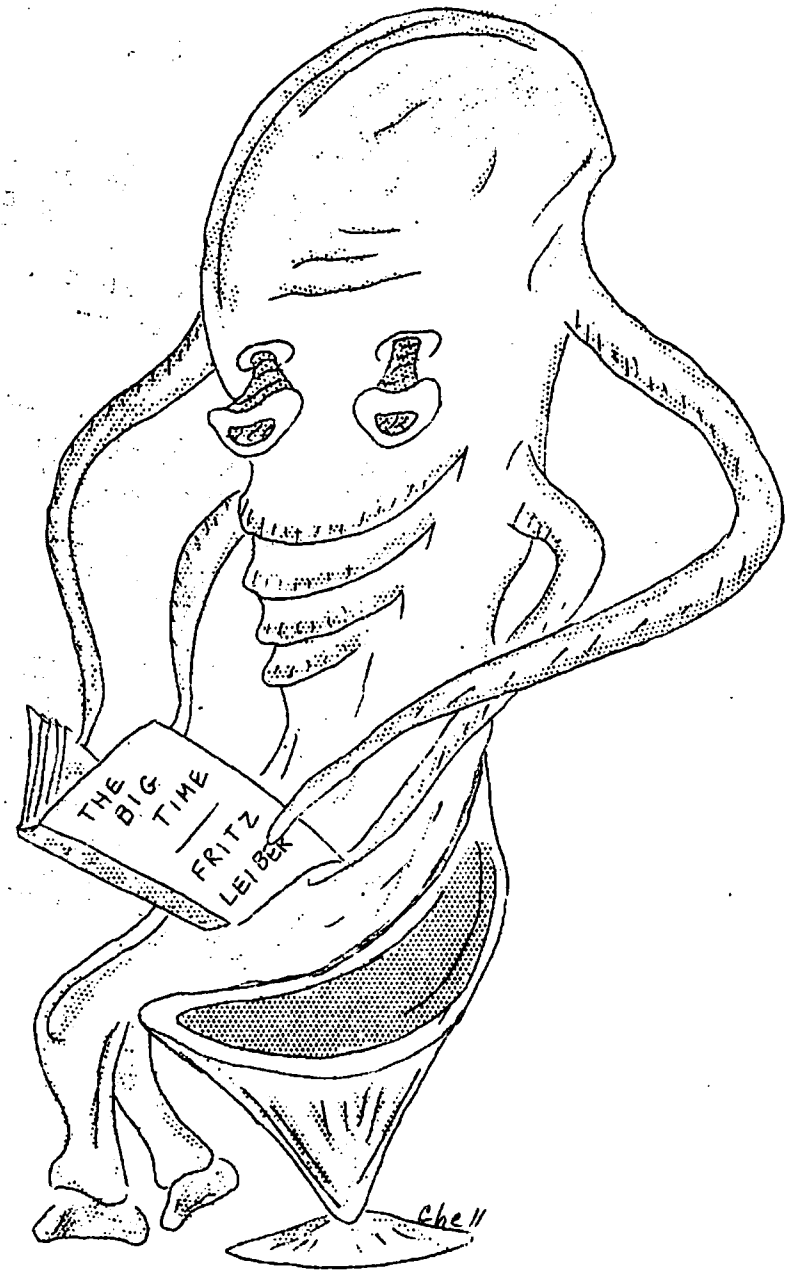
What was the final answer ? Had the 4X message for urgent help reached a listening, intelligent world that possessed the required planetary system? Or was there no answer to 4X at all, as there could never be from our own earth? Sadly Al Alpert looked up the distance of the M31 Nebula (Andromeda). He already knew it was exceedingly far away.

It is located 1,600,000 light years distant from the earth--- thus it took the 4X message over one and one half million years to travel one way! At the time the extra-galactic SOS started on its way, humans were still savage aborigines and neither space nor its illimitable distances could be comprehended by them.

END

I WRITE for STRANGERS

BY FRITZ LEIBER



When I got my first story published, I sauntered to the local newsstand and purchased a copy of the magazine with the poker-faced, indifferent mien of a man who's got to have something to read and this crud may do as well as anything else. Or perhaps I acted as if I'd been sent to buy the magazine for an eccentric millionaire.

When I got about a half a block away I scanned the table of contents, split the pulp pages at the approximate point that would bring me to my story, and holding the magazine down at the level of my knees and a little behind me, I fearfully opened one eye.

I recognized a phrase I'd labored to shape and it scalded me with shame.

There I was, naked in print.

"Since then my reactions to being published have grown less pathological. I have even on occasion bought copies of a magazine and sent them to friends (and sent other friends tickler postcards) with the injunction to read the story by me, it is great. But I still have ghost reactions of embarrassment similar to that first one.

It's natural enough, in a way. When a writer has a story published, he exposes himself. He lays down the story on the table, type-side up, almost as if it were a poker hand or a passport, and says, "That's mine, folks. I know it's not as good as some and it may be worse than most, but at least it got published. It's in there with all the competition and I stand by it -- except for the revisions that stupid editor stuck in.

"Also, it's me, folks, in an odd sort of way. All my pet infelicities of grammar and style are in that story, all my ignorance, all my ridiculous fears and stupid dreams. Dig around in it and you'll find bits of my private life, hints at my secret tastes (or you'll think you've found such, at any rate -- even clues to the murders I've committed). Go ahead, folks, look, laugh and leer."

A writer who has a story published commercially does commit himself, you know, he does take a plunge. He will never afterwards be able to say, even to himself, with quite the same convincingness of the commercially unpublished, "Oh, I could have been a writer if I'd wanted to. Still could be for that matter, if it weren't that I have creative outlets I enjoy more. Hi-fi. Skin-diving. Chess. I certainly could write better stuff than this crud -- honester, more artistic. But I don't want to work so hard for so small a return. I don't want to become the sort of lonely monomaniac this character Leiber says most writers have to be. It's unhealthy."

Maybe it is unhealthy. You certainly run risks. For instance, a writer who has a story commercially published takes the chance of being forever rated second-best, or third-rate, or lost in the rush. He can no longer be a beautiful possibility. The chances of being remembered even for a few years as a minor figure in the literary round are pretty slim. And once you've sold something, you're expected to top it next time, or at least repeat. Such a writer has to say in effect, time and again, "Yes, folks, that's all I could think of to say on that subject, that's all that came to mind. That was the cleverest plot I could construct, those were the most telling and colorful details. The story seems meager to you? Maybe it is." No, it's certainly safer, possibly more satisfying, for any creative artist to work exclusively in the paranoid dream world each of us carries inside him; you can rise much higher in it.

What I've said so far probably exaggerates the difference between amatuer and commercial publication. After all, the chief distinction is only money, and there are mimeozines that pay a small amount faithfully and there are commercial publishers who welsh. Of course with amateur publication it can be a little easier for the writer to plead experiment or playfulness as an excuse (often legitimate) for a story or article that fails to come off. Selling something for money, though, implies that at least two persons briefly thought it had value. (Not that the money you make by it is any excuse for genuinely crudy writing. There are so many easier ways of earning a decent living that it seems to me most writers must reasonably allow they're doing it for art or at least for therapeutic self-expression as well as for money.)

Oh, yes, and there's another difference -- one related to the title of this little article. The amateur is generally writing for <u>an audience known to him</u>. Sometimes (as in the world of sf fandom, FAPA, and son on) he literally knows every member personally. He's rather in the situation of the Rotarian who makes luncheon addresses to fellow businessmen, the union leader who sounds off in front of his local, the AA who tells his story to his fellow alcoholics. He's sure of a measure of sympathy and understanding. (If there are a few of his audience who misunderstand him -- and they will be and how they will misunderstand him and sometimes even why.) He can rely on them all having a body of shared information and background to which he can confidently refer, he can even use audience members and their relationships as a source of humor. (Somewhat as the vaudevillians in New York City could always get a laugh by mentioning Hoboken. In Chicago, it was Cicero. Correspondingly in fandom you refer to Rick Sneary's spelling or Earl Kemp's hatred of semicolons or to Dick Ellington's cats.)

Whereas the commercial writer is writing for a mystery reader -- a character in blackface and a black suet wearing a black cloak who does his reading in a lightless cellar...and who, inevitably, isn't there (the black cat in the basement, all right). He's writing for a statistic, a sociological specter, for Poe's "Man of the Crowd", who darts out of his hole of camouflage at 3 A. M. to buy a magazine (where he finds a stand open, I don't know) and darts back again. He's writing for Peeping Toms and Tomasinas, for characters and charactrixes with powerful night-vision binoculars in the 20th story of a building 20 blocks away.

He's performing naked in the open for anonymous hidden peerers.

Once in an Indigo Asteroid a writer hears from a reader -- from "a boy working in a cemetery", "an X-ray technician interested in mysticism," "a blind man," "a Housewife," "amerchant seaman." Averaging just those five presents strange problems.

The writer today can hardly be sure of anything about his readers. He can't even assume that they know the bible stories or the Greek myths. He does know that they know simple English or think they do.

Writing for strangers is like being an actor planked down on stage center in a baby spotlight, the theater otherwise dark, and told to put on his act. He doesn't know what city he's in. He doesn't know a thing about that audience out there in the shadows (except that the price of admission was 40 or some such number of rustles, there are footstips in the second balcony, someone coughs hollowly in the wings, the draperies flap in the box reserved for the Phantom. (You wonder I write horror stories?)

Sometimes I think I'm writing for Martians.

"MERCURY"
ARLewis

Closest planet to the sun,
Psychopathic number one --
Sunside's full of molten tin,
Darkside's liquid hydrogen;

A planet truly schizophrenic:
Hemispheres thermal and cryogenic.
Preceding moving yet
Newton's formula upset;

Einstein stepped in -- saved the day,
Showed why ellipses go astray:
Problem's simple as A, B, C,
A matter of relativity.

What threw the planet into a fit?
There's a moon in the system bigger than it.

THE BALLAD OF WEST AND EAST

by MITCHELL CHEFITZ

O'er the dark and gruesome deep
A slimy thing of God did creep.
A horny hairy head arose
And in cracked, but stately, prose
Thanked the Lord that He did make
His one and only great mistake,
It, with eyes of purple fire
To see clearly in the mire
All the prey that might fall
Within range of any, or all
Its slithering siniewy arms.
It feared not any alarms
Its victims made in their plight,
For nonewould ever dare fight
The Caltek.

Far away on oprosite shore,
No less frightening for its gore,
Lived a beast of much repute,
A gentle beast. None will refute
The tales of all its goodly deeds,
Its charity to those of needs,
The glorious things that it has done,
And the more so it has just begun.
A lasting symbol of all that's good,
Friendship, commons, brotherhood.
A beast that in its will to live
Never thought that it could give
Enough of its body, soul or mind
For the benefit of all mankind,
The Masstek.

And then one fateful eve
The Caltek silently took leave
Of all its ancient hunting grounds.
For it desired to make its rounds
About the nearby countryside.
Oh the women who have cried
At the toll of the churches chimes
For those dissolved by the enzymes
Of the Caltek's digestive track.
With its tail it would crack
The bones of all it might meet,
And in bad manners it would eat
The raw remains. Oh what disgrace!
It wouldn't even stop to say its grace,
The Caltek.

The Masstek trembled and did quake
When the Caltek refused to take
The time to give thanks to the Lord
By moving its feeble vocal chord.
The day it heard Masstek did vow
It would make the Caltek bow
To the proper way of life.
Oh, the tortured mental strife
The Masstek suffered in those days!
The change from its peaceful ways
Was hard and difficult to do,
But the Masstek always knew
That it was in no way its fault,
For the Caltek it must halt,
The Masstek.

The great day began in a foggy dawn,
The two beasts lined up on a lawn
That would shortly turn to red.
The Caltek on mankind had fed,
The Masstek in commons had its fill
And was prepared to tame or kill
The Caltek, or die in the attack.
Both beasts carefully held back
Until the sun was twelve o'clock high,
And then with loud and ringing cry
The Caltek lunged its lower right claw
And grabbed the Masstek's lower right jaw.
The Masstek fought and lumbered free,
But it seemed the Caltek had injured the
Masstek.

But the Masstek was not finished yet.
In a comeback we will never forget
It staggered as if it were ill
As the Caltek moved in for the kill.
The Caltek, in a blind fatal rush,
Fell under the unrushing crush
Of volumes of commons food
Erupted for the nation's good!
The Masstek, in its victory
Ordered the Caltek back to the sea
To stay for evermore
Subdued in filth and gore.
Quite sufficiently overcome,
Its violent life was done,
The Caltek.

O'er the dark and gloomy deep
A different creature now does creep.
Completely changed by victory,
It thanks the Lord quite heartily
That He once found some time to make
His one and only great mistake,
The Masstek.

Far away on opposite shore,
Leading a violent life no more,
Lives a beast of much repute,
A gentle beast; none will refute
The tales of all its goodly deeds,
Its charity to those of needs,
The $C_a$ltek.

MORAL: DON'T CUT CLASSES

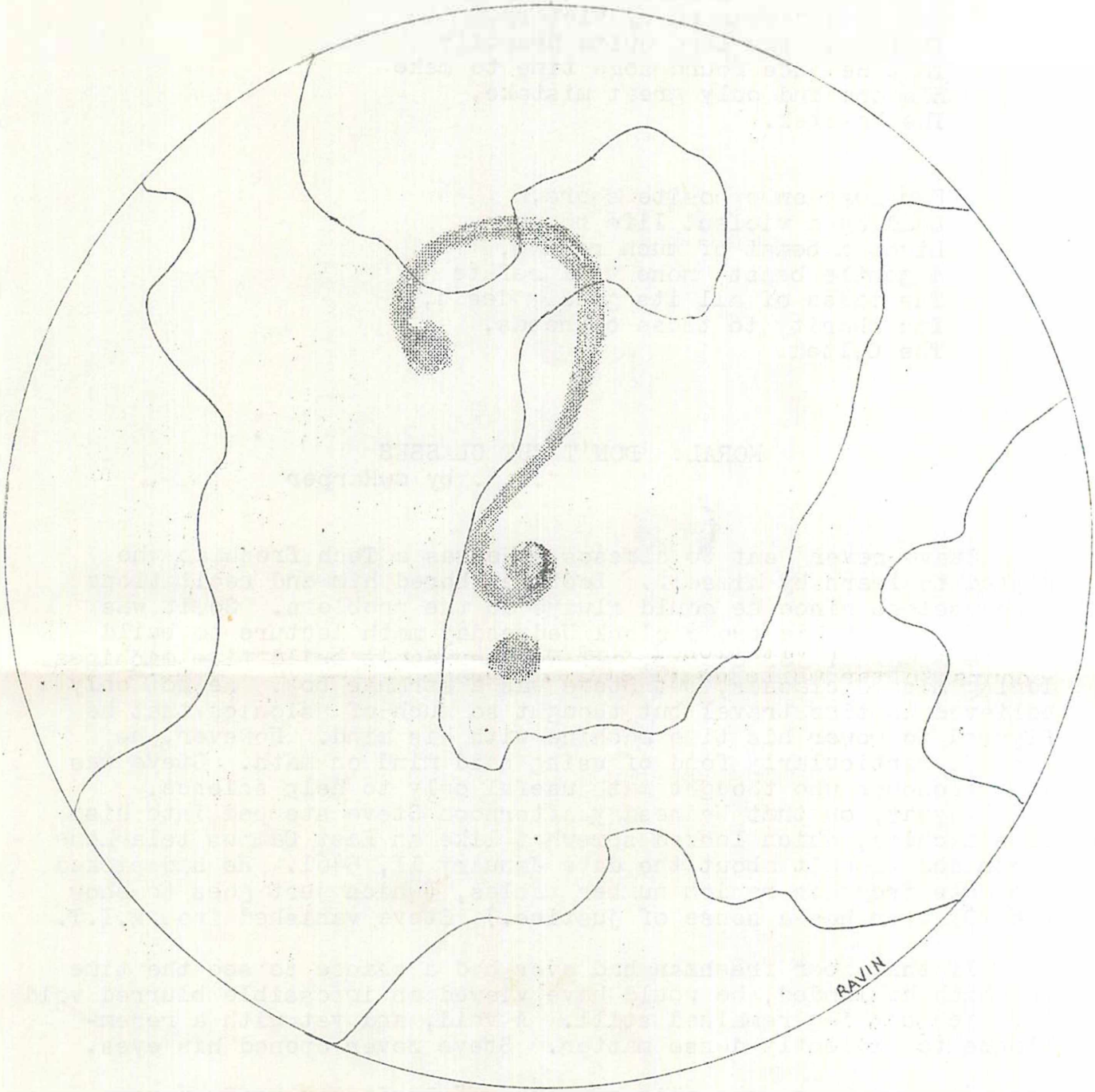
. . . by mwHarper

Steve never went to classes. He was a Tech freshman who wanted to learn by himself. Lectures bored him and recitations were useless since he could always do the problems. So it was that Steve cut his two o'clock Wednesday math lecture to build a time machine. Of course, all Techmen don't build time machines during missed classes, but Steve was a strange boy. He not only believed in time travel but thought so much of psionics that he figured to power his time machine with his mind. However, he was not particularly fond of using said mind on math. Steve was an astronomer who thought math useful only to help science.

Anyway, on that Wednesday afternoon Steve stepped into his time machine, which looked somewhat like an East Campus telephone booth, and thought about the date January 11, 5461. He had picked the date from his random number tables, (which just goes to show the 709 even has a sense of justice.) Steve vanished from M.I.T.

If that poor freshman had ever had a chance to see the time in which he landed, he would have viewed an impossible blurred void in which nothing remained still. A void, and yet with a resemblance to violently dense matter. Steve never opened his eyes.

"As you have seen this afternoon," Professor Hoffman concluded, "mathematics can destroy the world just as completely as physics can. In 3500 years, as I have just calculated, the expansion rate of a sphere comprising the world's population will reach c, the speed of light."



SOME SNOWBALL IMPLICATIONS

BY HAL CLEMENT

hile no one feels s fe ye in saying we have all the answers to the uestions of stellar evolution and the formation of planetary systems, there does seem to be a fairly coherent picture emer in fro the chaos. Admittedly, much detail remains to be filled in, and it is of course pos ible that in trying to do the filling we will raise points which will force us to scrape the canvas-- it's certainly happened before; but until that sad event happens, I shall take as a working hypothesis, in the development of science fiction backgrounds, the "snowball" picture of a star's history. While most readers of this article probabl, are familiar with the idea, I'd like to give its outline to serve as a skeleton for the rest of this article.

Briefly, it is assumed that a star begins as an extended cloud of gas and dust with a certain amount of turbulent motion; th t under the influence of its own gravity and the radiation pressure from outside the cloud, it contracts (disposal of random kinetic energy and, in particular, the fate of the angular momentum constitutes details which are still hazy; the contraction eventually raises the central temperature to a point which permets thermonuclear reactions to occurs, so that contraction effectively stops and the star spends a relatively long period of time on the "main sequence." When the hydrogen gives out, contraction resumes, central temperature rises still farther, other thermonuclear reactions take over, and a relatively short period of time is spent working through the M or K type giant sta e above and to the right of the main sequence, until no further exothemic reactions are possible, nothing but gravitational energy is left, and a final collapse occurs to the white dwarf stage. The position on the main sequence, and the violent or uiescent nature of the final collapse, appear to depend on the mass of the original object. Below about the F2 position on the sequence, angular momentum seems to be consistently low, and it is supposed that this has been transferred, possibly by magnetic coupling effects, to the relatively small amount of matter hich never settlyd into the central star (or was subsequently ejected from it). It seems possible that such matter would in turn coalesce into planets. If so, then e may suspect (certainly not conclude) that a majority of st rs of spectral ty e later than F2 possess planetary systems, while few if any of earlier type do.

This narrows down the possible (?) solar systems I feel free in using as a base for stories. Rigel and Beta Lyrae are out, though it would be nice to try to develop planets and life forms which had evolved under that flood of radiation. Antares, Lira, and R Coronae may have planets-- but the ones which developed ordinary life are probably now inside the stars. Of course, a race which evolved on an inner planet may have migrated to outer ones as the star expanded, the adjustments the race would have had to make might form the subject of a Stapledonian epic. (Confession: I used R Coronae myself a while back, in " Cold Front," without any such suggestion. The money for the story was spent a dozen years ago, and I don't propose to give it back. I don't mind admitting that I knew less astronomy then than I do now.) White Dwarf suns may have planets-- not early ones, since those should have been absorbed during the earlier giant stage, but the Jovian family could still be there. Just how much difference it would make or will to Jupiter or Saturn if-- or when-- the sun goes through the red giant and then the white dwarf stages might also

be pay dirt type speculation.

Multiple suns are not out. The Castor system offers all the evidence I personally need to feel safe about the stability of planetary orbits, if the main stars of the binary are reasonably far apart; and the climate factor is remarkably small. A Sol-type star at Saturn's distance from our sun would add only a little over one percent to the radiation reaching the earth, which menns that our equilibrium temperature would add only a little less than one degree Centigrade higher than it is. (S rry, I left my slide rule at school. You figure it out if you want.) With nice, eccentric orbits for the companiou stars, though, some pretty exotic planets can be worked out.

One bit of fun offered by this snowball hypothesis has not, to my knowledge, appeared in a story yet. There is nothing, as far as I know, which says that the initial cloud from which star and planetary system contracted had to have any particular minimum size. If anything, I'd be inclined to suppose that the small ones would greatly outnumber the large ones. This is certainly true along the main sequence. This would suggest that the galaxy may be well stocked not only with nonluminous "stars" but with objects we could only describe as sunless planets.

Of course these "planets" would be frozen, useless chunks of solid methane, ammonia, and hydrogen, without a chance for life-- humf. If you jump to that conclusion, don't try writing science fiction.

Stars are ejecting matter. Novae and supernovae explode; T Tauri and Beta Lyrae stars shed gas steadily by inertial and gravitational processes. The clouds of interstellar matter don't consist exclusively of hydrogen, and stars which have coalesced more recently from these clouds seem to have a higher percentage of heavy elements in them than older stars. Well, heavy elements include radioactives.

I haven't the slightest trouble in hypothecating a mass which contained enough U-238 to raise its temperature above the boiling point of hydrogen and methane long before it would have reached a state where fusion reactions got started; a mass, therefore which distilled itself into a b ll of high-melting metal oxides and silicates like Earth or Mars-- the heat coming from within instead o f without. Once solid, the temperature would fall at a rate determined by the half-life of the principle heat source-- four and a half billion years for U-238. Please note that the absolute temperature would not drop fifty percent in that four and a half billion years-- far from it. Remember the Stefan-Boltzmann rule. The temperature would nerr easily remain between two hundred eight and three hundred eighty degrees Kelvin for a period on the order of 10^{10} years; to ahead and check my figures. We have a sunless, Earth-type planet lasting quite long enough for life, and intelligence, to develop.

I have such a story partly done--have had for a couple of years, in fact. If I can ever think of a good punch line, I'll finish it; but if anyone else wants to work on the same background, and gets his effort published first, O. K. ; he has my blessing. If anyone checks my figures-- which I'm carefully not putting in detail into this article-- and finds I've pulled some sort of howler, he can publish that fact, too. I'll forgive him; anyone who likes to play a

games shouldn't mind losing occasionally.

Through Time and Space With Ferdinand Froghoot:

In, 2102, Ferdinand Froghoot singlehandedly halted a war of racial extermination among the natives of Rorbazl III. The dominant race, feathered oviparous reptilians, was split into two tribes which were at once religious and political groupings. Being an oviparous race, the Bazzians universally revered the egg as the seat of all life. Even the few clans of cannibals treated eggs with religious gentleness, although they had no compunctions whatsoever about eating an adult. Both tribes agreed that the highest honor that could possibly be given a person was the laying of an egg, with the hatchling to be named after the honored being. But they disagreed upon the methods of this ritual hatching. The Bazzoon tribe believed in burying the eggs in sand and then leaving them untended until the moment of hatching, as their ancestors had done for millenia. The Barfians, however, were just as firmly in favor of the use of the most modern incubation equipment. The Barfians accused the Bazzoons of flagrant egg-abandonment. The Bazzoons retorted hotly that the Barfians were violationg the laws of nature. Holy war of extermination threatened.

Then Froghoot stepped into the picture. Calling the greatest leaders of both tribes together, he began to speak. Never before had such eloquence been heard on Rorbazl. He spoke with great feeling about religious and scientific tolerance. He touched on the glorious parts of the two tribes, and spoke glowingly about their undoubtedly magnificent futures--if only they avoided destroying each other. He talked about love of race and planet. At first the leaders merely glowered at each other. Then, caught up by the fire of the speech, they began to fidget as Bazzian present had become irrevocably committed to the cause of peace. Froghoot looked around the room at their faces, and saw that he had succeeded. He concluded his speech by listing the advantages to be obtained by peace and friendship, and then sat down. He received a standing ovation.

Al Kuhfeld--590433

Say, have you heard about Camp Goldberg for Indians?

THE COLORS

BY DU BIGNON

Why have our expeditions to the stars failed so far? I doubt that I'll come up with the answer. I do have a theory, but it's a little out of my field. After all I was hired as a psychologist and if I seriously propose what sounds like science fiction... well...I would just be finding an original way of losing my job here.

I was brought in specifically because of the Twelfth Expedition --the one where they sent Le Bourneuf out alone. The others, when they were heard from at all, would babble about anything from incredible lonliness to invisible monsters, but they all had one thing in common--they all said that they felt that something hated them; or at l ast resented their intrusion, and was threatening them, sometimes actually attacking them, although they could never say what it was that was attacking.

Dr. McCleod had pretty well satisfied himself that these fears were symptoms of paranoia--projection, groundless fears, persecution, and all the rest--and was busily theorizing about what might be causing this. He could throw out any ideas about monsters actually attacking our expeditions, of course--after all, hostile beings beyond the orbit of Pluto only exist in the pages of certain magazines, and, besides, if one were being attacked, he should at least be able to describe what the creature was that was attacking him.

Then the Twelfth Expedition went out, and I was brought in to heop analyse the message Le Bourneouf sent back before he disappeared--because it did not fit into the pattern. I still play the tape every few days trying to tie it in with the previous ones, but the only thing I've come up with is crazy--I know it couldn't be true, but I can't find any other satisfactory explanation.

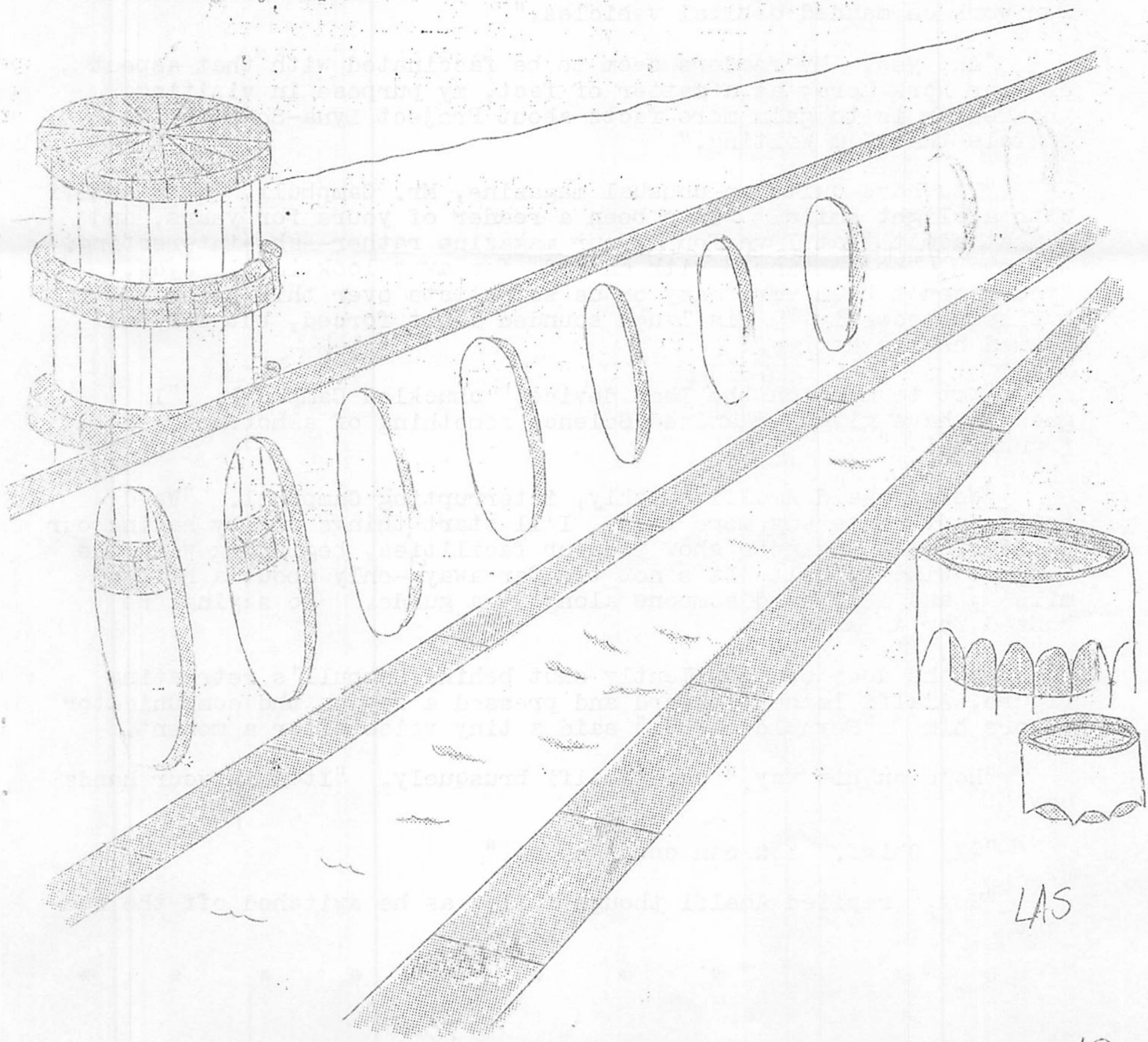
As you probably remember, Le Bourneuf had been a painter. That was one of McCleod's ideas in as much as an artist, used to living a solitary life, would be less apt to be bothered by the lonliness out there--less apt to "go off his rocker" as McCleod would so pungently put it. Well we've all heard the Le Bourneuf tape by now and, while it may be no more sane than the others, it certainly is different.

As it starts off, he is describing the colors--colors he's never seen before--as best he can in terms of pigment...quite a switch from the other tapes where, if there's any mention of color at all, it's only that there is none--just the endless blackness we would expect to be out there. Le Bourneuf saw colors though, and in addition

he saw composition. He talks for the greater part of the reel about the forms he sees--subtly shifting, and, in his words, leading to some sort of greater composition.

Suddenly he breaks off, then returns, muttering about something --some "element"--that he doesn't understand. He talks about some completion that he sees coming, describing it angrily as being impossible in terms of any composition he has learned. Then he starts shouting--raving as McCleod puts it--about being a witness to some entirely new form of art--nothing monstrous--just something he's never seen before...

There the tape ends. So far nobody has been able to make any sense out of and...I'm probably no exception. My theory is admittedly crazy, but I can't help wondering...what sort of thing could be seen only by a painter?



COUNTERATTACK!

BY KIMBALL GOSSEYN

"Good afternoon, Mr. Campbull," said Dr. Amalfi, rising slightly to grasp the hand of the man who had just been shown into his office. "Welcome to the Arnold Air Development Center."

"Thank you," replied Campbull with a smile. "I greatly appreciate this opportunity to see your facilities." He sat down in the chair that had been offered him.

Amalfi leaned back in his chair and gazed speculatively at the other man. "I understand that you are particularly interested in our work on manned orbital vehicles."

"Ah, yes. My readers seem to be fascinated with that aspect of your work here; as a matter of fact, my purpose in visiting the Center is to gain more facts about Project Dyna-Soar for an article that I'm writing."

"You have quite an unusual magazine, Mr. Campbull," said Amalfi with a slight smile. "I've been a reader of yours for years, and I must admit that I've found your magazine rather---ah--interesting. Although, "he continued with an odd, far-away look in his eyes, "you haven't been very easy on us scientists over this psionics business recently." His laugh sounded a bit forced, but Campbull seemed not to notice.

"Not to mention the Dean device," chuckled Campbull. "I guess I have given Organized Science something of a hotfoot. But, frankly, I--"

"Well!" said Amalfi briskly, interrupting Campbull. "We'd better not waste any more time. I'll start things off by having our Chief Project Engineer show you our facilities, beginning with the largest wind tunnel. It's not too far away--only about a half a mile--, and I'll send someone along as a guide." So saying, he buzzed for an aide.

As the door swung silently shut behind Cambull's retreating figure, Amalfi leaned forward and pressed a key on the communicator before him. "Reynolds here," said a tiny voice after a moment.

"He's on his way," said Amalfi brusquely. "It's in your hands now."

"QX, Chief. You can count on me."

"Umm," replied Amalfi thoughtfully, as he switched off the comunit.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"You must be Mr. Campbull," said Reynolds, pumping Campbull's hand energetically. "I'm Reynolds, Project Engineer. Dr. Amalfi said you'd be interested in seeing one of our wind tunnels."

"Yes," wheezed Campbull, reaching for an inhalator, "that would be fine."

The pair walked toward an open door at the side of the huge tunnel as Reynolds talked. "This is the largest wind tunnel we have; as you can see, it has a diameter of 27 feet, it's 650 feet long, and it can produce wind velocities of over 3,600 mph. We use it to test the atmospheric flight characteristics of mocked-up orbital capsules. As a matter of fact, we have one such capsule inside right now. Would you like to see it?" he asked just as they reached the open door.

Campbull nodded assent, and they both entered. Inside, it was dim and cool. The tunnel, for some reason, didn't seem to be properly lit, and it took a few seconds for Campbull's eyes to adjust. He stood in the middle of the tube, staring at the vast grey walls curving over him.

"This is certainly very impressive," said Campbull, turning to face the door. A shock awaited him. The massive, air-tight door was closed. He whirled around, noting for the first time that the tunnel was empty, that there was no mock-up capsule...

He began to pound on the door, but the sound was soon drowned out by the howling gale that swept through the tunnel...

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"I'm afraid that's just about it," said Amalfi, shrugging helplessly, to the detective. "He just wandered off in the wrong direction. I doubt that you'll find much of his body, though, what with his being blown into the compressor blades."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"...and that's the end of Campbull," said Amalfi dramatically, as he concluded his address before a small group of enthusiastic, dedicated men.

At this the group broke into loud and prolonged cheering. The chairman banged his gavel repeatedly for order.

"Really, gentlemen," said the chairman, "we must have order. All of us are naturally exuberant over the magnitude of our great victory today, but still this is hardly a proper way for the members of the Anti-Psionics League to act."

Glorious TRADITIONS of the Most Noble SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY of the M.I.T.

by Anthony R. Lewis,
Glorious Sec'y of the Most Noble Etc.

Minutes: the Minutes of the Society are a priceless treasure trove of trivial details. They have been written and filed away by a long line of Honourable Secretaries of unquestionable integrity. Only minor compromises with the Truth have ever been permitted; we regard these as Artistic License rather than rewriting of History. The Minutes must be humourous. This is an unwritten law. It is unwritten because no Secretary ever took the trouble to write it down.

Committees: We have many various committees as we have found them the least effective method of getting work done. Also, having a number of committees gives everyone a chance to be a realo-trulo committee chairman. This will bolster an ego badly in need of bolstering (see Institute). At present there are five badly functioning committees.

Theftcomm: This is the publicity committee; it was originally set up to steal the Bonestell murals at Science Park. It has not yet done so. This committee was called FWeekomm by J.Martin Graetz; no one listened to him. Theftcomm has slowly grown in power taking over the functions of Compost (formerly Poster Committee), Feecomm (the ex-Feeler Committee) and the old old Publicity Committee. Someday the Science Fiction Society will be a subsidiary of Theftcomm. Such is life.

Libcomm: The Library Committee takes care of our sacred books and magazines, namely it stamps them

Science Fiction Society of MIT and then forgets about them. This committee developed from the Keppel Committee; Keppel was Registrar of Literature- more about Mr. Keppel later.

Moocomm: The committee shows all the good stf movies ever made, such as: The Day the Earth Stood Still, The Day the Earth Stood Still, and The Day the Earth Stood Still. The origins of this nefarious organization are hidden in the mists of time. It is better for our sanity that we do not know any more about it.

War Council: the Noble Organization was originally set up to contend with the Fountainhead of Evil on Campus Here (Fech) known to the uninitiated as Inscomm. More recently it has expanded its activities to Fighting the Good Fight against our own journalistic parody -- the Tech. It also gets bookcases for the Library.

Jourcomm: is the Journal of the MITSFS Committee. It tries to publish a magazine. So far it has not. (It has now-ed.) This committee was set up in response to an idea of Mr. H. Gernsback. The Ravin gave up Theftcomm to become Editor.

Dormant Committees: Banquomm, formerly Bankomm, plans how to waste the Society's ill-gotten gains on food. Every year we revive it in time for the Annual MITSFS Banquet.

2

Filecomm : the Compilation Committee is supposed to compile lists of the best stf books or to keep a record of the stuff in our Library- I forget which one is the real job.

Flushed Committees: Knockomm: was assigned to procure a gavel for the Society. It did. Actually, it also got a sounding board.

Carnalcomm: handled the SFS booth at the AFC carnival over the strenuous objections of Theftcomm. A Hieronymous Machine was exhibited and disbelieved in by the sometime President of the defunct Psychic Research Society. We managed to lose money on the deal. Flush Carnalcomm.

Whooshcomm: the Rocket Committee did extremely little even for a committee of the Noble Society. It was flushed.

Farcecomm: a large committee convened to write a letter to John W. Campbell, Jr. of repute. It did. He finally answered it. Too bad.

Various other defunct committees such as card, correspondence, convention, program, executive, microfilming, publications, and literary once existed. They are now one with the snows of yesteryear.

The newspeak method of nomenclaturing committees was adapted 22 November 1957. There is one other organization worthy of note: The Vengeance Fleet. This Secret Organization, striking terror into the hearts of

evildoers, seeks to recover books taken from our Library and placed in Unofficial Library Annex One (Bob Brodsky's room). During normal times Vergeltungsflotte is under the command of Libcomm; in times of trouble, when the Forces of Evil gather, the War Council assumes command.

Characters: the number of characters in the Society is large and only the most important are listed below.

Crober T. Zeppel: the most famous character of them all. Crober was Lord High Impotentate of the Society among his other titles. A full biography is included in the Minutes of 21 May 1954 for those who are nosy. He is one of the only members of the Society allowed to place a pediment above his door. He once paid his dues with a silver dollar frozen in a block of ice. He sometimes attends banquets wearing a kilt and accompanied by his wife, who has been having a long and running feud with Isaac Azimov.

Jerry Wenker: was awarded a crest consisting of an or and sable monad by the Society for his Outstanding Work.

William J. Sarill: the only pseudomember the Society has ever had. He never quite made it to quasi-member. Bill is a real fan(atic) about stf. He is at ~~Northeastern~~ Tufts.

Miller: established the famous millermotion. This has been the basis of the Society's ethical code for 18,000 years.

William: an arbitrary name assigned by the erudite Society to the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fictinn.

A.Robert Brodsky(ARB): keeper of the Library Annex. Subject of the Second Attempt to Upset the Hearst Precedent. National Science Foundation Fellow.

Anthony R. Lewis: the only officer who ran against a plant for the office of Secretary. Almost defeated.

We have a Faculty Adviser, Professor Norman Holland. You will probably never see him. This was the condition he insisted upon before becoming our Faculty Adviser.

We once had by-laws as well as a constitution but they have all been repealed.

Rubber rimmed wheels are tyres not tires.

Richardson Motion: All members of the Society shall be called Richardson.

Joe Hearst Precedent: the Chair cannot entertain a motion to flush members of the Society.

Galbraith Motion: $\frac{1}{4}$ of the Society's treasury shall be set aside for the purpose of taking pictures of real spaceships on distant planets.

Shinnick Motion: That Alan Robert Brodsky shall be drawn and quartered in a suitable science-fictional manner. Note that this is not a contradiction of the Joe Hearst Precedent.

Millermotion: the most famous motion of them all. Only

Miller is allowed to move that the meeting be adjourned. There have been some attempts to circumvent this in the past but the Forces of Good will Triumph in the End.

We had once considered publishing a fanzine Once in a Blue Moon. Nothing was ever done about it.

The Treasury should contain one (1) Canadian Nickel (1947) as a momento of the first stf film shown on campus. On second thought, it might be in the Archives, or it might have been lost. The Treasury once had as much as 5¢ by anonymous donation but it was sent as part of the price for a set of H.P.Lovecraft books which have not yet arrived.

We have microfilms of aSF from 1930 to 1939 or thereabouts. Unfortunately, no one seems to know where they are at the present time, There are many theories and rumours about it. We hope to solve the problem this year. Success!!! We found them.

This trash written by ARLewis
26 September 1959 and fixed up 13 January 1960

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"VENUS"

Closest planet to the Earth-
Nearly matching her in girth.
The spatial orbit of planet two
Describes a circle almost true.

A month's a day on planet two;
Seven days last a full year through.
This datum still is tinged with doubt:
The cloud shield keeps our probers out-

Spectroscopes cannot pierce, with light,
High albedo'd mist so bright.
The hothouse effect of the atmosphere
Of CO_2 Earth flesh would sear.

Oft yclept our planet's twin-
This analogy is rather thin.

ARLewis

LETTER COLUMN

conducted by Jon Ravin and Bill Sarill

Dear Mr. Ravin, ((yup, a "Dear Jon" letter!))

In quoting Sarill to the effect that I "do not write for fanzines" you make me (unintentionally, I'm sure) sound as though I am too money-mad to write for love.

Not at all.

Shall we revise the quote to say I "cannot write for fanzines" and that we shall define a fanzine as any "publication" which wants me to write without pay.

I literally do not have the time. Because of lack of time I am forced to turn down a great many propositions that do offer to pay money. If I were paid for everything I have been asked to write that I couldn't write, I wouldn't have to write what I do write. ((How's that again?))

If you want some time from me, you will have to bring me blood from a turnip in payment. It's the only way. ((We can almost do it, thanks to a suggestion from Dr. William C. Boyd!))

Yours,

Isaac Asimov

Asimov

PS. Besides, the whole purpose of an amateur publication is to give amateurs practice in writing. Why do you want to fill pages with material from a tired professional? ((Hint to members: we agree.))

Dear Bill,

You're very welcome to use "I Write for Strangers" and "Fans and Downbeat" in the Journal of the MIT SF Society. And of course I'll be interested in seeing the issues in which they appear.

I'm glad to hear about the Journal being launched. Such a publication should help sf and our collective imagination. Oddly enough, in these days of sf dreams come true (the rocket,

the robot, nuclear power, sun-power cells, beamed energy, search begun for intelligence elsewhere in the universe, etc.) there is danger of sf itself suffering a blight, due to a circumstance of publishing.

It's this: With the current decline of sf magazines and rise of pocketbook sf, the stories published will be determined more and more by conventional fiction editors and less and less by sf-oriented types like Gernsback and Campbell. Short stories and novelets will be slighted, since most readers prefer novels. Stories with strong simple human interest, convential sf backgrounds, and at most a light freight of extrapolation and social message will largely be preferred to and selected over stories with original science-ideas, technological speculations, serious attempts at prediction--in short, the sort of stories Astounding once classed as novae.

Already original paperback sf is beginning to overshadow the magazines. A story like my own "Deadly Moon" (Fantastic, Nov. 60) which to me struck out in a new sf direction, passes almost unnoticed. Most paperback editors would like to see sf reduced to the status of the tough detective story, say--variations on a standardized plot. People who select material for the mass media (TV, movies, paperbacks) understandably want material with predictable wide appeal, which usually turns out to mean material very similar to that in past successes--which may be fine for the mass media, but is certainly lousy for sf, where originality and fearless thinking are pretty much everything.

It's my hope that mags like the Journal will demonstrate the existence of a specialized sf audience and help reverse (or rather reasonably check) the current trend.

I'd have responded to your letter a couple of days earlier, but I've just been meeting a deadline on a long novelet for Fanatstic...the best Fafhrd-Mouser piece (I think) I've done to date.

Best,

Fritz Leiber

LAST MINUTE OBSERVATIONS
by R&S

Well, this rounds out the first ish of THE TWILIGHT ZINE. We'd especially like to thank Hugo Gernsback, Fritz Leiber, and Hal Clement for their contributions and active interest in the Journal. We're sorry if some of the stencils are somewhat illegible, but this is the first time around for all of us except for Lewis and Sarill.

If you're in the area, please drop by for a meeting -- they're held evry Friday that school is in session at 5:00 pm in the Spofford Room (room 1-236)

The lettercol next ish will probably be longer -- hint hint hint. The main purpose for a letter column in the first issue (aside of printing Fritz Leiber's kind letter) was to be nasty to ~~the good~~ ~~boboi~~ Asimov.

We'd like to thank Jon Gestetner for the use of his Gestetner (if that's at all clear). Yes, Gestetner of Gestetner's Gestetner. Gaa.

Next issue may contain a complete technical report on the Dean Drive (proving that it's Evil Incarnate, maybe?). It seems that a junior is doing it for his 8.09 project. The Truth Revealed!(?)

Having run out of time, space, and ideas, we'll now conclude.

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