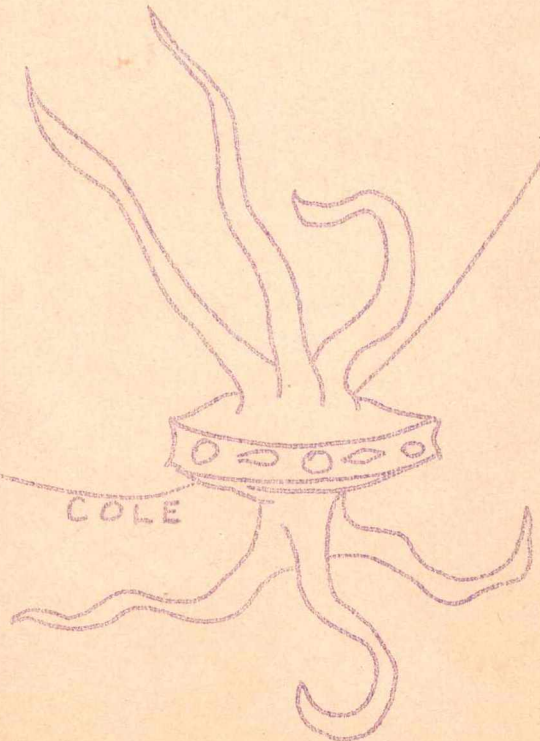
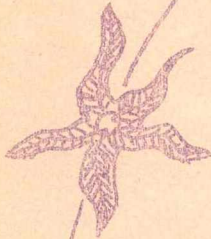
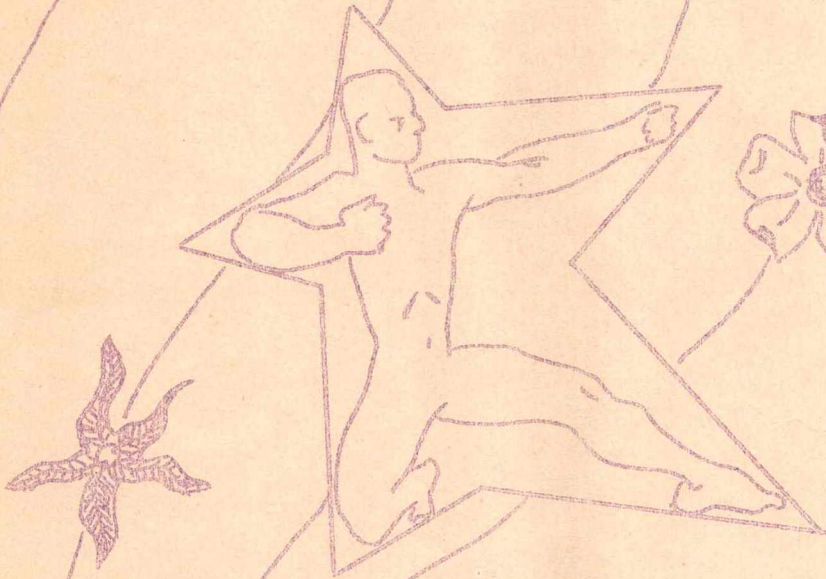


T R A N S

U R A N I C



COLE

CARSIFSOC  
CHARLOTTE, N. C. • VOL II. NO. 3



## LAST MINUTE SECON II NOTES

As this is being written, the Second Southeastern Science Fiction Conference is exactly two weeks off, and here is the story up to now:

The dates for the affair are March 3 and 4; the place is the Chelsea Room of the Hotel Charlotte. If you haven't done so yet, get your reservations in to the hotel immediately.

Registration will occur between the hours of 11:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m. Saturday. The program will get under way promptly at 1:00 p. m. There will be a very brief welcoming address, introduction of celebrities present, and then our featured speaker will take the platform.

We have indeed been fortunate in scheduling a talk by Dr. J. G. Pratt, of the Parapsychology Laboratory of Duke University. Dr. J. E. Rhine informs us that Dr. Pratt is one of the charter members of the Laboratory and has been vitally connected with the very important work which has taken place at Duke during the past quarter century.

Dr. Pratt, a native North Carolinian, obtained his Ph. D. at Duke, working in the field of animal psychology. For the past few years he has been in charge of a special project, financed by the Office of Naval Research, and devoted to the investigation of the homing ability of the pigeon. It may turn out to be a case of extra-sensory perception.

Last year Dr. Pratt was the Laboratory's representative in London at a distinguished gathering devoted to the subject of ESP, and sponsored by the Ciba Foundation. We are proud to be able to present Dr. Pratt, who has titled his speech "Facts and Fiction About Parapsychology". A discussion period will follow.

Dr. Pratt will be followed by Larry Shaw, who will speak of his magazine and his plans for the future.

There will be several other topics discussed after a brief intermission. Then a short auction, and intermission until 7:30, at which time the banquet will take place. Dr. C. L. Barrett, the mad physician of Madriver Street, will be our Toastmaster. And he has the personal recommendation of none other than that Leyauwegan McCarthyite, Robert Bloch!

The second day will be devoted to informal discussions, with, perhaps, several panel groups holding forth.

Arrive Friday night if possible, as things should start popping soon after dusk.

Plan to attend the Secon. Send your registration in now!

WORLD OUT OF MIND, by J. T. McIntosh. A Pocket Books, Inc., reprint, 1956, 25¢. Published originally by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

The story concerns the alterations and development of one Raigmore in the not too distant future, and on the planet Earth. Social status, with the accompanying privileges and responsibilities appropriate to each level, are determined by the Tests. In these Tests, given both by a super-computer and by specially qualified human interviewers, the ultimate potentialities and aptitudes of all applicants are determined, who from then on wear the insignia which shows their personality type and value to society.

The highest possible ranking, won by only a handful in each generation, and known as White Star, is finally awarded to Raigmore, after a series of incidents wherein he tries to either cover up his lack of background, or establish an acceptable facsimile of one.

After the award is made, a number of assassinations occur among the other White Stars, until he is the only one left who is qualified to take over the top governmental authority. Immediately, invading space ships are detected on the outskirts of the Solar System, and planet after planet is attacked and isolated without effective resistance.

The attack on Earth, especially as seen from the headquarters in Washington, is effectively told, with a sense of tension and urgency regularly offset by the strange self-confidence of Raigmore, who finally succeeds in establishing direct contact with the invaders. His finesse and adroitness in convincing them that conquest and occupation would be unprofitable is founded on a hitherto unrevealed factor; his skill is literally unhuman.

The questions as to why he had to fabricate a personal history, who his helpers were, and what he did about his finally-established identity, are likely to result in an increase in the reader's self-esteem. Go on and read it.

--George L. Cole

\* \* \* \* \*

We keep being asked what TRANSURANIC stands for, or what it means, or what it's good for, etc. Avid readers of s-f and completists should recognize it. The rest of you will have to keep on wondering. WE'RE NOT TELLING!

# MEET THE MEMBERS-

Here is the third in a series featuring the members of CARSCIFSOC. We present George L. Cole, artist and wit. Recent rumors to the contrary, George is not a Venusian.

George Cole has been reading s-f since its inception in magazine form, and has been writing letters to the editors for the past several years. Read his letter in the October issue of Astounding if you want to give your mind a workout.

George has been described as a recluse--which is quite apt, except that he never stays home. He is replete with intricate ideas--he has just finished a future TRANSURANIC cover which shows warping of space. George says even Einstein wouldn't have attempted such a feat.

Quite an artist is our boy George. Since joining the CSFS last October, he has become the number one TRANSURANIC artist. And let me tell you, this guy has talent. Rival fanzine editors take note. Wouldn't you like to see George Cole's drawings in your mag? Here is your big chance.

In reality, George is a commercial artist, working for a local exhibit and decorating firm. He took his training at Carnegie Tech, which, of course, makes him a real brain. He is interested in s-f, ESP, and "anything which tends to enlarge your area of perception and your scope of operation". That was George--and he talks like that all the time. He says, "A crying need of society is a fuller understanding of the methods of communication." Therefore, need we mention that George is vitally interested in semantics?

Might mention that George is a father and a grandfather--even though a member of the beanie crew.

George has become one of the most active and enthusiastic members of the club, and it is a pleasure to have him with us.

--ram

\* \* \* \* \*

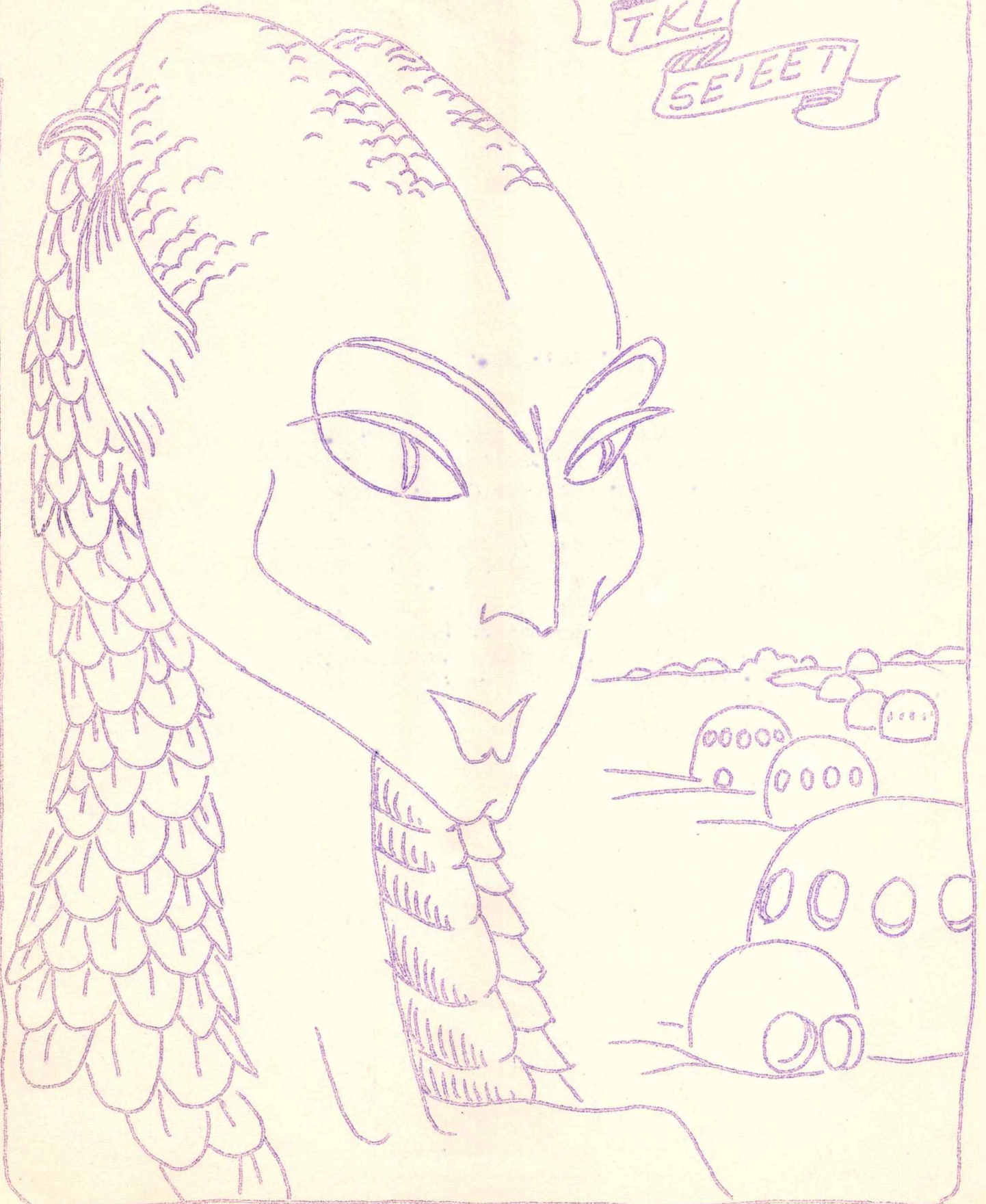
As is customary in our series featuring members of CARSCIFSOC, we present a feature by George L. Cole. Bob Madle, you may recall, gave us "The Werewolf Howls". Randy Warman gave us "The Woman of the Future". George, on the other hand, found other matters too pressing to produce a story or article, and was forced to send us several family snapshots. He has noted a few comments about these, and it is with pleasure that we present this Colefolio.

\* \* \* \* \*

### TKL SE'EET

Cousin Se'eet (only her intimates dare call her by her first name) is a native of the planet SS-LAXX. Historians have discovered in this name the root form of the modern term "Fitting". This cousin is unique in that her locomotion is by a series of undulations hardly visible except on departing. When strongly moved, her utterances are chiefly in gluteals. She seldom lets herself be seen in public, altho those who know say she will sometimes let the whole planet be rolled off her, rather than remain longer concealed.

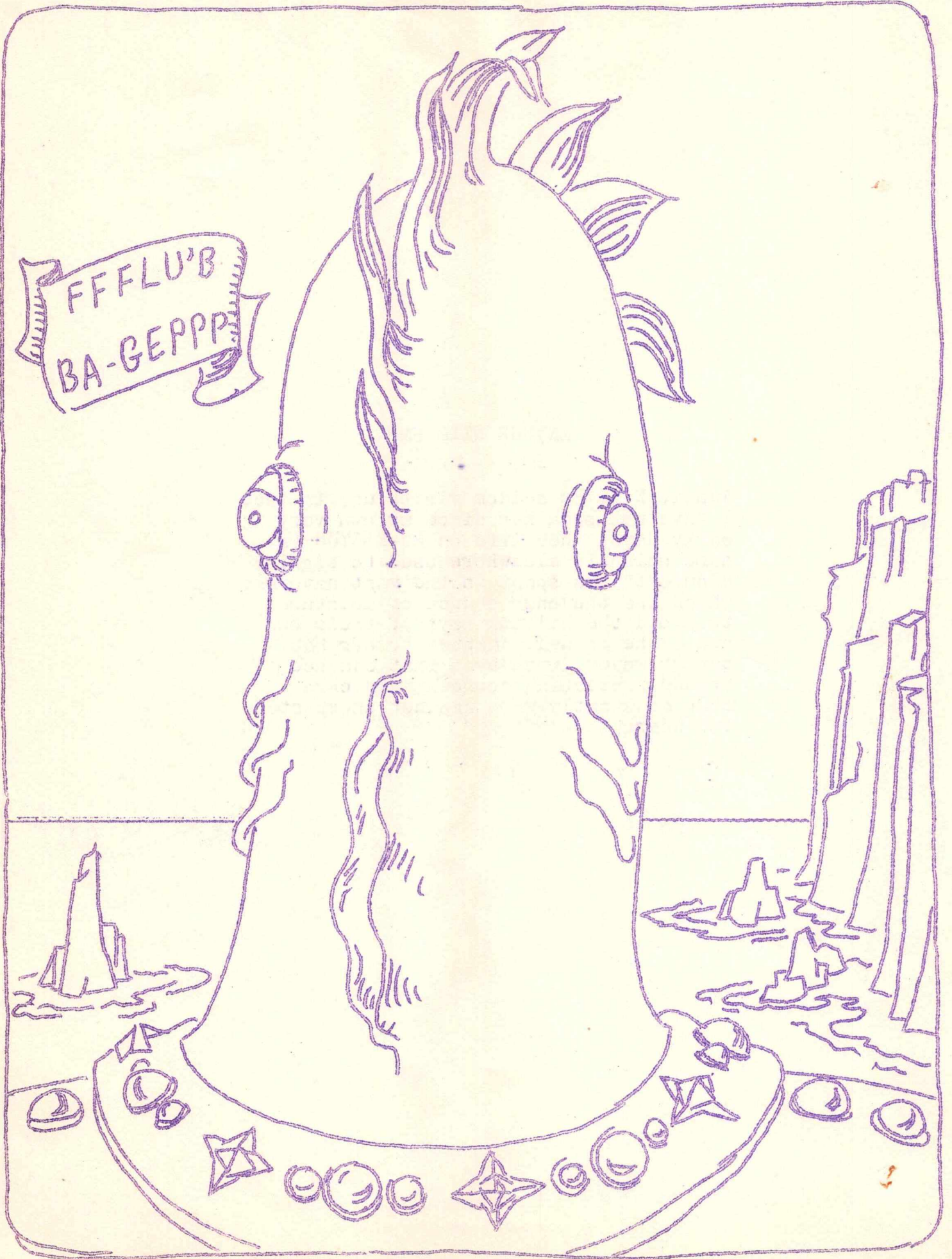
TKL  
SE'EET



FFFLU'B BA-GEPP

This cousin, despite numerous enquiries, has never told me whether "him" or "her" was the proper pronoun to be used. "No proper pronoun" is all Cousin Ffflu'b would ever reply. Emerging from the saline habitat at regular, tho infrequent, periods, Ffflu'b Ba-gepp has for a chief interest the observance of the one captive satellite possessed by the mother planet, called, in their terminology, planet S of the sun X -- or briefly, S-X.





FFFLU'B  
BA-GEPPP

MNYUGN NIIM-HM

Auntie Niim-Hm seldom visits us; in fact I have not seen her since my own very early days. Her life on MN-E'AYUH (a name which is elsewhere used to signify "Comfort") is spent in the vast caverns, which are the only source of moisture, to avoid the killing rays of their own sun. She is well adapted to her habitat, however, with eyes that can see around protecting corners, and ears that constantly warn against unexpected intruders.

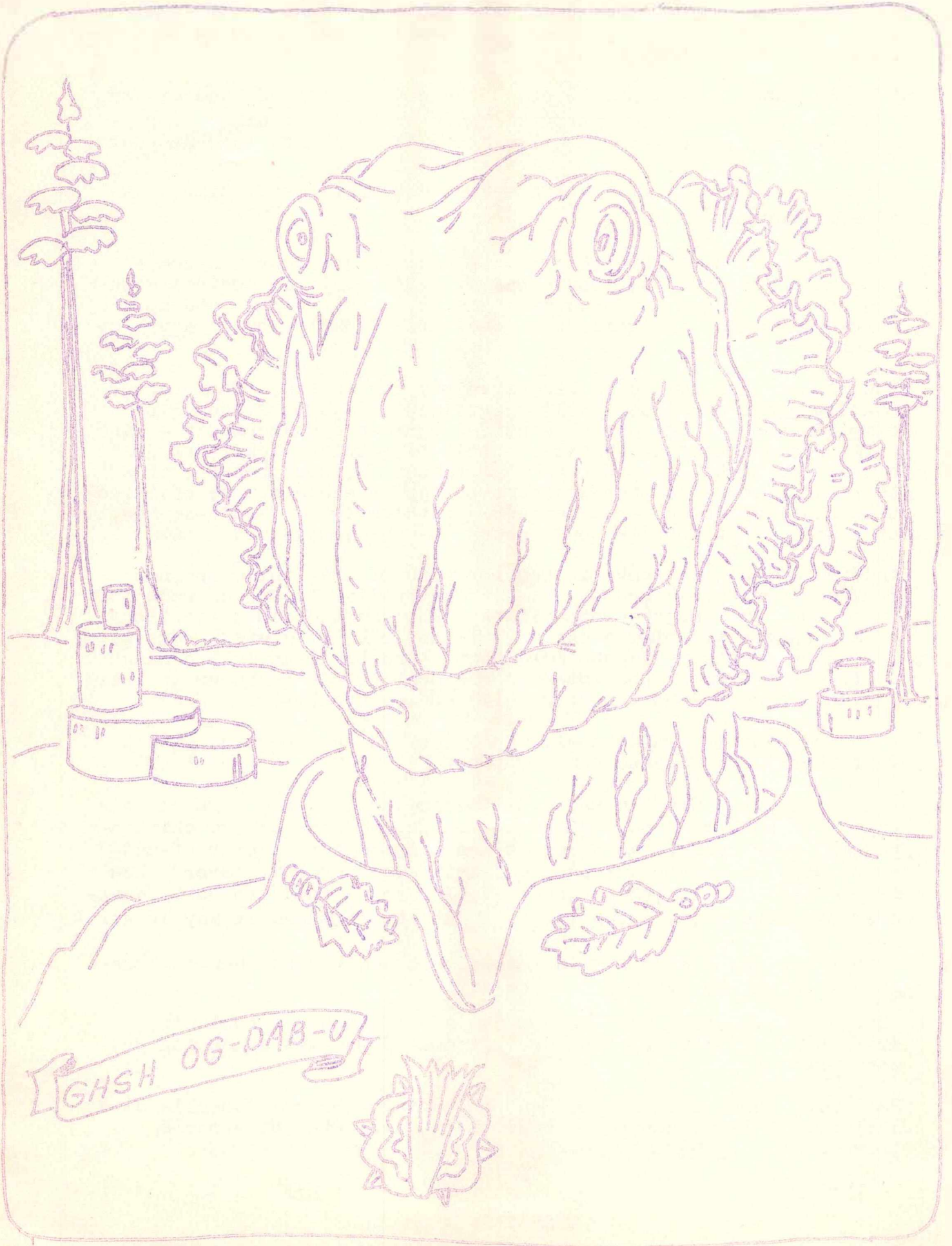


MNYUGN  
NIIM-HM

SO-60  
V-60

GHST OG-DAB-U

Uncle Ghsh, who has not visited us in quite some time, makes his home on the planet GIG-HUB-BU. He is either unwilling or unable to give any details as to its location, except to explain that the name means ROOT. His honors and dignities are many, as becomes the fibres toughened by the sun, wind, rain, and draught of many seasons. He proudly wears the emblem of Propagation of the First Rank, and in addition is known as Chief of both the coniferous and deciduous races. In spite of his ripe years, the juices of happiness still flow in the vascular bundles of the Patriarb of GIG-HUB-BU.



GHSB OG-DAB-U

"I suppose if I didn't know your case so well, Charlie, I could say you were a hypochondriac." Dr. Llewellyn smiled and began polishing his glasses, waiting for Charlie Chandler to go into his usual bedevilment of his wife.

"Dammit, Lew, I realize you get tired of treating Sue and me for everything in medical history. I sure as hell get tired of paying your bills every month. You don't think I'm faking, do you?"

"No, no, of course not. The symptoms are there every time. Lab always proves it."

"Of course...but that still doesn't help explain why Sue comes down with diseases that haven't even existed since vaccines were discovered. And every damn time she gets something, I end up getting it too. I'm going nuts over this. Can't you do anything about it?"

The doctor just smiled in his tired way and waited. Soon enough Charlie would continue. Well, certainly he did have enough to complain about. Sue was a beautiful woman and undoubtedly a fine wife, but she had the awfulest habit of getting sick. Not just a cold, or maybe upset stomach. Not Sue. Without benefit of a tropical climate, summer weather, or any possible source of infection, last winter she had come down with malaria. And that meant, of course, that Charlie would catch it. He always did.

And that meant two weeks in bed for both of them while the new drug Madlebrine cleared it up. And naturally, no sooner were they cured than Sue latched onto all the symptoms and blood reactions of Madagascan sleeping sickness. Impossible, of course. But it had taken oxy-Ishmaline to cure them. And how Charlie had caught it from her without the intermediate host of the Zutan swamp leech was something the good doctor still couldn't explain.

To be honest, he couldn't explain any of it, although he didn't want Charlie and Sue to find that out.

"....love her," Charlie was still saying, "but I can't go on this way. I didn't mind so much having mumps and measles and chicken-pox all over again. At first it was kind of fun. But hoof-and-mouth disease wasn't any fun, and neither was rabbit fever! Lew, if you can't do something about it, I'm going to leave her. Whatever she catches, I catch....and I just can't stand it any longer."

"Now, Charlie, I know it's not easy, but don't quit when it looks like we might be getting somewhere."

"Big deal...getting somewhere. But you're right, I couldn't leave her. I just hope she doesn't come down with something you can't cure."

Sad thing about Charlie and Sue, or have you heard? Charlie died last week. Yep, inoperable stomach cancer. Poor Sue--she's three months' pregnant, too.

\* \* \*

# REVIEWS & REVIEWS

by Joe Twiller

Last time through the mill we complained that we had received but one fanzine to review. Ah, that we had held our too-rapid tongue. For lo! the mailman hath brought a handful! Friends, for you are all our friends, we are so pleased to be hearing from every one of you that we couldn't take it upon ourselves to criticize these wonderful zines. Therefore, the reviews below will cover only the best points of the objects in question. But, just to keep our mind and heart free from hypocrisy, let us explain: if we thought that the magazine in question actually stunk, we have cleverly used the word "charming" somewhere in the review. Isn't this a neat trick? Now, if only the wrong people won't read this introduction, things will be fine. But even if they do, just remember: WE LOVE EVERYBODY, even if they do put out crummy papers.....On with it.

\* \* \* \* \*

CANADIAN FANDOM #27--William D. Grant, Editor--11 Burton, Toronto, Ontario, Canada--Quarterly--15¢ per or 4 for 50¢ or 8 for \$1.00--

These people have done something nobody else in our limited experience has ever done. A little while ago we received in the mailbox an envelope containing two copies of CANFAN #27 and two copies of #28! To our meager purse this is a sure indication of fabulous wealth, and we feel that it is to our distinct advantage to say nice things about this publication. It is easy. It is a most excellent pub. Let us glance at the contents: a special article by Dr. David H. Keller, a particular favorite with CANSCIFSOC; a delightful account of that Cleveland thing; four pages of entertainment called "The Aftercon", being a recounting of the vacation of W. D. Grant; a learned (we suspect) discussion of one L. Carroll's poem on the Jabberwock; sophisticated reviews, rather than the typical 'crudzine' comments we have grown to hate; and finally, selective notes from readers. We should like to go on record as praising CANFAN.

\* \* \* \* \*

How was that for a nice review? But we can do even better.

\* \* \* \* \*

CANADIAN FANDOM #28--as above

This is it. A big gold \* to this issue. Nice...but very.

Here is certain proff that fandom is not limited to s-f. Note these contents: a Robert Bloch thing about music; a story-feature by Ray Allister concerning the invention of one of the ancestors of modern motion picture cameras; a "jazz-fantasy" by Rita Grossman--this one we liked; and the Second Tucker Fan Survey, which for all its inherent errors, is a Babulously interesting poll. (We were pleased to note ourselves in the intellectual 4.5% who do not own a radio.) If all fan publications were as easy to read as this, if all were as entertaining, if all were as full of meat, if all were as neat.....alas! they are not.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well, that was better. From here on, tho', they drop.

\* \* \* \* \*

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #86--Wally Weber, Editor--Box 92, 920 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington--Monthly--10¢ per one, 15¢ per two, 50¢ per nine, or "a whole dollar for a relentless twenty-one issues. (We aren't really giving discounts -- it's just that we don't add so good.)"--

If we had enough experience in the fanzine field, we would put out something like CRY. As it is so far, we have neither the material nor the casualness that comes from complete disregard for the worries of life. This is a club magazine. Apparently the club is rather active. Certainly they have enough to write about, with one thing and another going on. A one page bit of fiction - "Love Thine Enemy" - was possibly the worst thing we have ever read. A column by Eldon K. Everett entitled "STF in TV & Movies" gives a review of U-I's Tarantula which is about as far from fact as the movie itself. If it weren't for the same title, we'd swear it was a different movie he was talking about. Articles by Pemberton (R.) and Toskey are fine reading. No doubt we would have enjoyed the rest of the thing if the reproduction had been readable. We like CRY.

\* \* \* \* \*

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #88--as above

Why we didn't get #87, we don't know. We would like to have one (ahem!) if they are still available. This one goes on just like the one above. Again Pemberton (R.) and Toskey are enjoyable, and again Everett booboos the movie field. The finest reading in the whole thing is



the Pemberton (A.) review column, which reviews the last four issues of TRANSURANIC. O brave new world! We love everybody, but especially CRY.

\* \* \* \* \*

FRONTIER #5--Dale R. Smith, Editor--3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minn.--6 issues for \$3.00--

This is the "Official Bulletin of The Society For The Advancement Of Space Travel". 22 pages of very neat mimeographing, primarily concerned with articles well indoctrinated toward space travel. "Three Fables For Astronauts", by Joseph Lincoln, was thoroughly delightful. We are in favor of space flight ourselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

MUZZY #8--Claude R. Hall, Editor--221 1/2 San Antonio St., Austin 5, Texas--published irregularly--25¢ PAR, which stands for Pay After Reading, which seems to us to be a rather risky enterprise--

Muzzy is one of those things, but we don't quite know what. It is here delightful, there nauseating. The art work looks like visitor's day in kindergarten--and oh, the repetitive Grandeur Tetons. How very Freudian, or something. Muzzy is self-proclaimed as "the tee-vee-hater's almanac". It may be. It is full of fiction, reviews, articles, etc., all in a fairly light vein. The high-light of this issue, is (naturally) Wilkie Conner's article, "Scifen, What Now?" We are not unnaturally prejudiced toward Wilkie's writings just because he is a member of CARSCIFSOC. We really like him. An amusing 46 pages is Muzzy.

\* \* \* \* \*

PSI #6--Lyle Amlin, Editor--307 E. Florida, Hemet, California--Bi-monthly--10¢ per, 6 for 50¢--

This is a charming little mag, chock full of mischief. If you want a first-hand sample of the type of material found in PSI, turn to the letter section and read the short article by Lyle Amlin. If you don't want to turn, we quote herewith a typical section: "I wonder what has happened to me? Since entering Fandom, (some 9 months ago), I have fallen prey to several likes, whether they are related or not, is the question. To enumerate them. 1), I was a Pogo fan long before fandom but now I am a fanatic. 2), I have gained a enjoyment for Jazz. 3), A point of #2. Also a

liking for some classical music. 4), Actually a dislike. For most of the SF presented in the Prozines." That was a direct quote, so please don't accuse our typewriter of dirty work. As we said, PSI is charming.

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BHANG #3--David Rike, Editor--Box 203, Rodeo, California  
--"Copies may be had by trade, writing an interesting letter, or contribution. If your letters aren't too interesting, it would help to enclose a few stamps."  
--"issued from time to time"--

Here is another California production, and it is most charming also. Six pages of mimeo, one on orange, two on yellow --excuse us, please; we don't feel well. This looks like a fan magazine, but we were fooled. It goes on about post-card pictures (the feelthy kind), hot-rods, and a two page play about, as far as we could gather, nothing. BHANG is the most charming thing we've yet seen. Item: enclosed with the mag were two copies of the "Opium Tribune", dit-ted sheets of something--we don't know what because they weren't readable. They may be art-work--the smudges are most irregular and modernistic.

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FANTASY TIMES Vol 11 - No. 239--James V. Taurasi, Sr., & Ray Van Houten, Editors and Publishers--Twice a month --10¢ per, 12 issues \$1, \$2 a year (24 issues)--

How can we say anything about Fantasy Times? Neat, newsy, informative, readable, it is a sort of criterion. Besides, they have a nice article about CARSCIFSOC, which is why we've mentioned it in the first place. We rejoice.

\* \* \* \* \*

TRANSURANIC Vol II, No. 3--Al Alexander, Editor--Apt 3, 2216 Croydon Rd., Charlotte, N. C.--Monthly--10¢ per or 6 for 50¢--

Without doubt this is our favorite fanzine. It is clever, neat, of high quality, and shows excellent taste. Three pieces of fiction, all of general interest, are well above the usual run of fan produce. George Cole's "Colefolio" is the finest art we've seen in fandom, with the possible exception of some of Lynn Hickman's creations. The coming SECON II holds the central motif for the issue, and rather well done it is, too. Congratulations for a fine job.

Sincerely,

Joe Truller

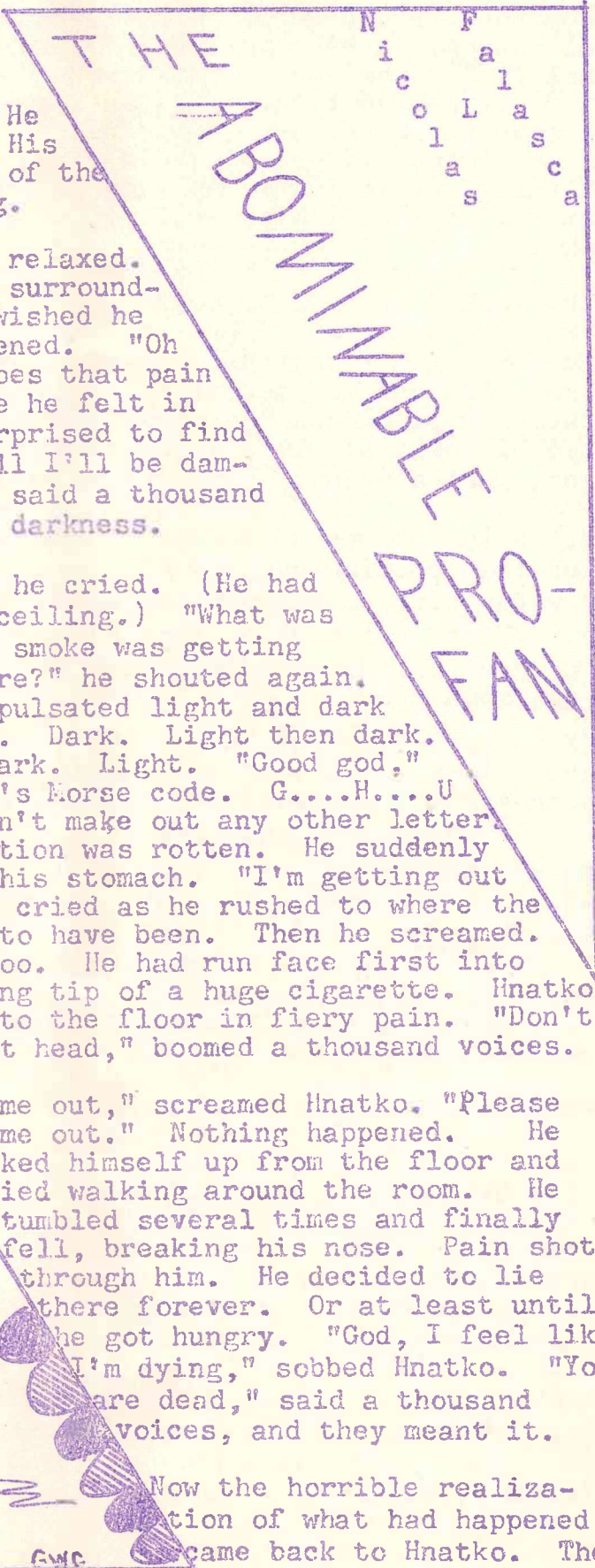
The steam rose slowly around Hnatko's nose. It was so thick that he could see only dim shapes across the room. He tried to move. He couldn't. His skull was nailed to the back of the chair in which he was sitting.

"Geeze," he gasped, and then relaxed. The throbbing dull glow that surrounded him made him uneasy. He wished he could remember what had happened. "Oh god," Hnatko said. "There goes that pain in my head again." This time he felt in back for the nail and was surprised to find that it was not there. "Well I'll be damned," he said. "You are," said a thousand voices booming out of the darkness.

Hnatko jumped. "Ouch," he cried. (He had hit his head on a low ceiling.) "What was that?" Silence. The smoke was getting thicker. "Who's there?" he shouted again. Only his echo. It pulsed light and dark around him. Light. Dark. Light then dark. Light. Light. Dark. Light. "Good god," he thought. "It's Morse code. G....H....U....." He couldn't make out any other letter. His code reception was rotten. He suddenly felt sick to his stomach. "I'm getting out of here," he cried as he rushed to where the door ought to have been. Then he screamed. And loud too. He had run face first into the glowing tip of a huge cigarette. Hnatko dropped to the floor in fiery pain. "Don't be a hot head," boomed a thousand voices.

"Let me out," screamed Hnatko. "Please let me out." Nothing happened. He picked himself up from the floor and tried walking around the room. He stumbled several times and finally fell, breaking his nose. Pain shot through him. He decided to lie there forever. Or at least until he got hungry. "God, I feel like I'm dying," sobbed Hnatko. "You are dead," said a thousand voices, and they meant it.

Now the horrible realization of what had happened came back to Hnatko. The



THE ABOMINABLE PRO-FAN  
N i c o l a s c a

GWC

con...people, no fans milling everywhere...a glass of scotch... two, three...bourbon...more fans...neo-fans...the collection... who was it...Garret...no, Barret...yeh, Doc Barret, or was it Doc Smith...or George O. Smith...whoever it was, he was selling a collection...a big one...there it was...more scotch...WOW... a real find...the book, I mean...the date...1921..looks like... IT IS!...first edition...Nebular Sex Sciencé...with a lead by will sykora...rare...two hands reaching...my hands...other hands too...a clutch...a grasp...hey! watch it, will you?...I saw it.. a fist flying...a hit in my face...smoke and noise...swirling... twisting...dying...lavender...scotch...blackness...a room with steam.....

Hnatko looked up. "I am dead. I've just died." The overwhelming thought hit him. "What am I doing here." Hnatko began to panic. He didn't want to be dead. "Help!! Let me out," screamed Hnatko. "Please let me out." His chest heaved in great sobs and tears rolled down his eyes. He was in immortal pain. He lifted his head slowly and looked at the ceiling. "Just a drink. Oh god, just a drink. Please give me a drink."

"Yes," said a thousand voices somewhat diminished in volume. It lacked that booming quality as it asked in unison, "do you want your water with or without scotch?" Hnatko's head lifted spiritedly. "With! With!!" he said eagerly, forgetting all his anguish and suffering. "Ready?" said the voices. "Yes, yes," said Hnatko. "No backing out?" said the voices. "NO, blast you, I'm ready." He thought he could hear a low mumbling and a sinister laugh. "Give it to me," he shrieked. "GIVE IT TO ME." "O. K.," said the voices leeringly. "You're going to get it." And with that, the floor fell away from him. He felt as if he were dropping into the center of the universe. He screamed. There was a splash. It was Hnatko splashing. He had dropped into a pool of some hyperpotent liquid that seared the nerve tips of his body. He flailed his small arms and tried swimming for what might be shore. He went under. Now up. Now under. Then his breathing got off and he inhaled underwater. He came up with ears steaming and flame shooting from his mouth. It was apparent that he was swimming in a lake of bad corn whisky. "Have a drink on us," boomed the thousand voices, as Hnatko went under swallowing another mouthful of the vile liquid.

Thunder blasted out of the sky and ricocheted off the lake as Hnatko neared shore. The thunder was the laughing of a thousand voices. Now his feet touched bottom and he slowly staggered in toward the beach. A sadistic cheer rolled out of the heavens. Hnatko pulled his battered body onto the beach. The cheering was the mockery of a thousand voices ricocheting off the sand. "At last," said Hnatko, "sanctuary." Music bombarded the entire atmosphere. It was the sound of a thousand juke boxes placed at regular intervals around the beach, each of them playing I don't want a ricochet romance." Hnatko was stupified. He sat there immobile.

From out of the woods came a man dressed in brown tweeds, blue beret, and black mustache, and carrying a bandolier of ammunition and a 30 cal. rifle. He breathed deeply and beat his fist on his chest, where the bandolier was. He must have hurt his hand because he pulled it away sharply. Then with a quick movement he jumped to the top of the nearest juke box and surveyed the countryside. "Exhilarating," he shouted over the din of the thousand juke boxes. "Can't you fell all that emotion?" he shrieked. The juke boxes were playing, "I don't want a ricochet love". "Man," he shrieked, "what sentiment." Then he leaped to the sand and rushed towards Hnatko. "Doesn't it love you? Doesn't it come from the heart? Doesn't it hit you where you live?" Hnatko didn't think so, but by now he was too petrified to answer. Then the music stopped. The silence was so deafening that it nearly broke his left eardrum. The man looked at Hnatko and said, "Ho." With a swift movement his hand went under his jacket and returned with a bottle. "Here friend, have a cup of mead," and offered the bottle to Hnatko. "Nothing like a little Broff to make a man..." Hnatko drank. "Ptgiuuu," said Hnatko. He clutched his throat and beat his chest violently. "Water," he wheezed, "I've been poisoned." "I knew you'd like it," said the man. Hnatko looked up with vengeance in his eye. "Who are you?"

"That's simple," said the man. "I'm the Devil."

"Well, I'll be damned," said Hnatko, and he had never spoken truer words. "Oh," he said, "what happens now?"

"Nothing, and plenty of it, as you'll soon find out," said the devil. "If you're thinking of a way out, forget it. There are ways but after you stay here a while, you'll want to stay forever."

"But there must be some way," said Hnatko. "Surely there can't be anything but hopelessness to look forward to."

"If you had tried to contact me for a bargain before - ahem - you died, of course, we might have been able to make some sort of arrangement, but as things stand there isn't much that I can do, much less care to." Then the devil said something that surprised Hnatko. "You're a fan, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Hnatko. "Pretty much of one. I'd gladly die for fandom." Then he choked as he realized he already had died for fandom.

"Well," said the devil, "I'm going to put you in fandom. At least that will be some sort of break for you. I know you'll like it." And then the devil disappeared in the cloud of a green Cadillac.

The forest was still glowing a dull red, and Hnatko, for want of something better to do walked into it. As he did so, the clouds began to roll out from the base of the trees, and the

red began to glow brighter. The clouds rolled thicker and faster till it completely enveloped him. He began coughing and choking and his eyes began to smart. Escape, escape was the first thought that ran through his mind. He turned and fled. Not far though, because he fled into the side of a tree. "Ouch," he cried. "So sorry," said the tree. "Here, have a drink." From somewhere a glass of liquid was thrust at him. He took the glass, but his coughing seizures were so great that he dropped the glass. "Don't spill a drop of that," came a voice from Nowhere. "Who said that?" cried Hnatko. "I'm sorry that I spilled that drink, but I really can't see much because of all this smoke."

"I'd know you'd like the smoke," said the tree, only by this time Hnatko could tell that the tree was really a man. "I knew you'd like the smoke," he repeated, "they all do."

"I don't," said Hnatko. "I hate smoke." And he sat down and cried. "You don't like it here," said a nearby fan. "Here, have a drink."

"Thanks," said Hnatko, and took a large swig. Gagging, he spit it out, remembering that it must have been made from fermented lysol and sheep dip. "Ghaagh," said Hnatko.

"I knew you'd like it," said the fan. "Did you know that St. Peter is a completist? He reads the stuff like Doc Phillips reading his royalty checks. Why, you could bribe Pete with a collection and get a gate pass."

"Are you," asked Hnatko, aghast, "implying that there is corruption in the upstairs administration?"

"It's not corruption," said the fan, "it's only that they don't have things worked out as well as they lead the mortals to believe. Why, I remember the revolution back in 548 BU when..."

"Wait a minute," cut in Hnatko. "You mean I can get in by just giving my collection?"

"Hell no," said the fan. "You could probably do it with a few originals if need be."

"I don't believe a word you say."

"OK," said the fan. "So you don't believe it. But how do you think he holds down that first trumpet chair? They've got a whiz up here by the name of Montgomery or something but it'll take from here to eternity before he gets a chance to blow, for all of St. Peter's pull."

"What a fabulous set of lies," said Hnatko, eagerly. "Lore!"

"How do you think he got to be a saint? Political pull, of course. You've never seen a Buddhist or a Democrat that was

a Saint, nor will you under this administration."

"Well, I suppose not. But I'm only interested in getting out of here, and if I have to get a complete collection to do it, then I will."

"You won't regret trying," said the fan. "But watch out for the Devil. He edits and publishes every zine. All eighty-three of them, and they're all in limited editions, too. I quit reading. I collect only fanzines, which everyone knows are less than dirt."

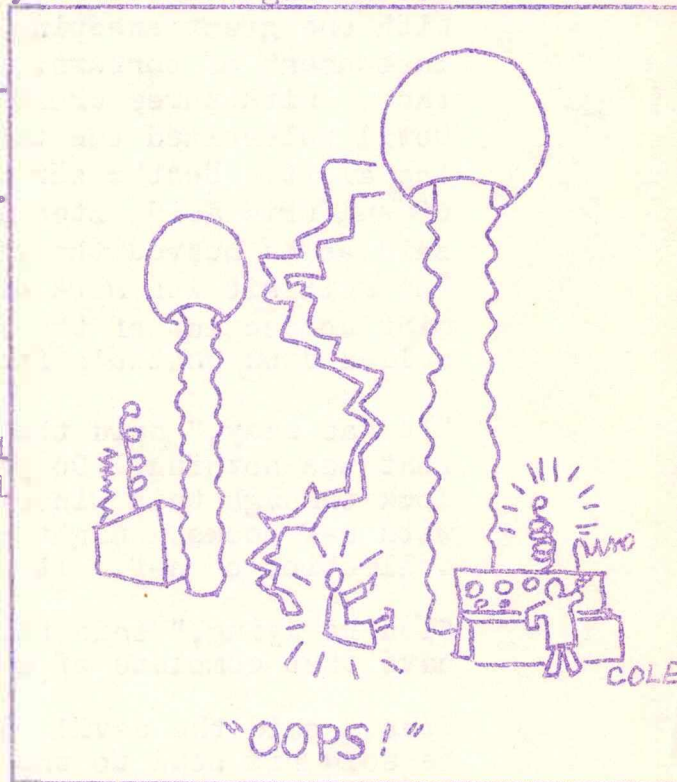
"You've been leading me on," said Hnatko. "Toying with me."

The fan laughed and blew a large cloud of cigar smoke in his face. Hnatko became enraged and started in swinging with both fists. But the fan had disappeared. Instead he hit a breakable glass surface. The glass surface shattered and so did most of his hand. The pain was intense.

Then from out of the hills came a spray of machine gun fire. Screams pierced the forest from every direction and someone yelled "Here comes the devil." Hnatko started running. "Help," he cried. "How did all this happen? What happened to that fan? All that smoke. And that glass. My hand is crushed and bleeding. Oh what did I ever do to deserve this?"

Then, ahead, bearing straight down upon him was the devil in a purple Cadillac. He was sitting on the hood and steering with his tail. The devil screamed, "You'll pay, Hnatko. You'll pay for all this."

"Save me, save me," screamed Hnatko, and a thousand joke boxes blared out "Cross over the bridge." He tried to but the bridge collapsed, as he knew only poker. And then the devil was upon him.



"You're trapped, you peasant. Now you'll really suffer." And three green ghouls leaped out of the trunk of the car and carried Hnatko into the Devil's torture chamber.

The room was filled with smoke, brimstone, and ex-con chairmen. He could see grotesque shadows along the wall. The Devil came before him on a box. "Poing one," said the Devil. "You smashed the glass casement of a joke box." Hnatko winced, looking at the bloody pulp that once was his fist. "Point two," said the Devil. "You won't drink our meade." Hnatko

gagged. "Point three," said the Devil. "You hate our smoke." Hnatko coughed.

"PREPARE HIM!" screamed the Devil. The three ghouls promptly strung Hnatko to the ceiling by his thumbs. "Now," said the Devil with satanic glee, "bring on a beautiful girl. We can't torture an earth-man without a beautiful girl." The chief ghoul opened a door at the end of the chamber and out came one of the many women that were kept for just such an occasion. She walked forward slowly and gracefully. She was tall, thin, and voluptuous. She was nude, too. The Devil said, "Sit down, baby, You're going to watch me operate."

"Now," shrieked the devil, "bring on the proceedings." A terrific column of poisonous smoke blasted up in Hnatko's face and when it cleared, the devil was standing on a platform and next to him was a shelf which had several things on it. And now, for the first time since he had arrived in Hell, Hnatko could see the demons feeding the hellfires, through a large 9 x 12 plate glass window. An erie glow filled the room. Hnatko hung by his thumbs passively.

With one great sweeping movement the Devil picked up the first instrument of torture. Start terror was etched into Hnatko's face. With three cross slashes of his powerful tail, the Devil pulverized the two Bonestell originals that he was holding aloft. Hnatko shrieked. Then the Devil picked up a vial of sulfuric acid, steaming, bubbling. "Now watch this," he said as he heaved the liquid forward. Hnatko writhed in agony. The acid hit its mark dead center, completely dissolving a mint collection of the Arkham Sampler. Tears of torment rolled down Hnatko's face. "How could you do it?" he asked.

"It was easy," said the Devil. "I read Arthur Kostler. But that was nothing. Do you really want to see something? Here, look through this window. The demons are feeding the fires with s-f books. Right now they are burning the ONLY complete collection of s-f. It dates all the way back to Greek writers."

"You're lying," said Hnatko, through his teeth. "No one could have that complete of a collection unless he....."

"Yes," said the devil, laughing his hideous laugh. "Unless he sold his soul to the devil. There was a Greek who did such a thing. And since that time, he faithfully collected the only complete collection. But, poor mortal, as soon as he caught up with all the current zines, he decided he had better stop before his mind snapped completely. He terminated his contract with me, and now you see him down here, FEEDING THE FIRES WITH HIS OWN COLLECTION. His name, for your curiosity, was Forest Ackerman."

"Not....Forest....Ack....er...man...." said Hnatko, and fainted.



"Cut him down," said the Devil. And with a wave of his tail, the three ghouls changed into three Haddocks who slapped Hnatko's face until he came around. Hnatko looked up with a look of pure innocence.

"How are you, my boy?" asked the devil, this time with a soft tenderness in his voice. Hnatko smiled. His mind was clear and pure. He had the countenance of a neo-fan.

"I ought to tell you something, son," the devil said. "I'm not really the devil. I'm Richard Shaver."

The eyes of Hnatko, the neo-fan, opened wide. "You're RICHARD SHAVER!!! Gghhhhhh," he said, adoringly. "May I have your autograph?"

"Why, of course, son. And here, have a cigar."

Hnatko left beaming, enjoying the first smoke he had ever had. By the door there was a red union suit that he quickly donned and he walked out happily into fandom. "Boy," he said. "Wait until I tell everyone I met Richard Shaver." He was at peace with the world. The juke boxes were playing "Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub, sailing the ocean blue. I rolled like a hub and a rub-a-dub-dub, when I lost my heart to you."

"That song is good," said Hnatko. And then to the first person he met, he asked: "Are you an author? If you are, then the last story you wrote stunk, and besides, it was stolen from the 'Green Girl of the Gregarious Gorgons'....."

It was good to be a neo again.

\* \* \* \* \*



The mailman bringeth a letter

FROM WHO?

Guess what? People have started writing letters to the editor! If you don't believe it, just see what Joe Twiller has collected. Why don't you write him a letter? He's awfully lonesome.

Glasgow, England

I was pleased to receive the other day a copy of TRAI.SURANIC which I enjoyed reading very much....I was extremely interested in the two reviews of the No. 14 edition of NEBULA and have noted with interest the various points raised....I trust you are enjoying each issue of my magazine and very much look forward to any comments you may care to make from time to time....

Peter Hamilton  
Editor, NEBULA

(The fact that Madle is NEBULA's American representative had absolutely nothing to do with the fact that it received two reviews.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Wakefield, Massachusetts

....For what they are worth, here are my comments on 'The Journal of the Carolina Science Fiction Society': firstly, this appears to be for a loose-knit and very informal group of sf semi-enthusiasts - very informal. I say this because the journal is devoted almost entirely to reports of fun, frolic and bheer. In actuality, things may be quite a bit different, but as represented by the paper, CARSCIFSOC seems to have little or no interest in science fiction, but has only seized upon it as a name under which to create revelry among the members. I'm not suggesting, however, that each member should take a solemn oath to think, breath and live sci-fi, but it does seem that a little attention to the type of club CARSCIFSOC purports to represent would be a relief if not a necessity....High man on the totem pole seems to be Bob Madle, blurb-wise and material-wise. Although I did enjoy "The Werewolf Howls", I think the Madle-talk is a little overdone. Surely there is someone else in the organization worthy of a few lines of space, either for blurbs or for some of his output. Granted Madle is the best known fan in the org. and that he writes well and that he's a nasty ol' pro, but a Madle phan club?....

John Mussells  
Editor, Sig Oct

((John, good friend, let us reach an understanding: a Madle phan club? GHOD GHOD!))

Good reader, please be kind enough to notice the difference in opinion between Mr. Mussells and Mr. Jones, whose letter follows.)

Cheltenham,  
Glos .. England

....CARSCIFSOC seems to be a sericon type fanclub...which is the only way - to my mind - to run a club or Circle. Unfortunately, the average British fan (the active or semi-active type) prefers a completely disorganised 'hell-we-don't-care-what-we-do' type of club, which tends to be rather esoteric in outlook and hence does not encourage the neo in any way. Much against "the general scheme of things" we here in CHELTENHAM have formed a Circle which tries to cater for both types. We have been going for a year as of this month and have grown from the small number of four to twenty-five. This includes several fen from the U. S. A. F. base at FAIRFORD in Gloucestershire who come over regularly to our meetings. We meet on Thursday evenings in a local pub (bar) midst the chaotic racket of mundane types; fortunately this will be remedied on the 12th of Feb when we take over the club-room in the new building which is on the point of completion. We plan to run films, talks, demonstrations, etc., which will attract the reader of s-f as well as the fan. I think that we have drained the well dry for fen here tho' there are plenty of readers left yet who might be the fan-type. So far we have had two write-ups in the local daily newspaper and today I was approached for details so that will mean another column in the weekly 'special' paper. We have had display boards at all the good s-f films (these are 16 feet square feet each in size) and consequently get free top-price seats for the show. We have also paid visits to USAF Fairford to the SERVICE CLUBS and aim to progress through the stages to the OFFICERS CLUB trying to find out if there are any fen based here. The main idea of the Circle - besides the obvious - is to offer fen here the opportunity to trade which is becoming more and more a necessity as the amount of British reprint editions decline and such things as too many articles appear in the true British editions - not that we have anything against a FLW articles but one mag here runs a whole covey of them each issue. (AUTHENTIC) The Circle stems from the old WEST COUNTRY S-F GROUP which was in operation here when I moved into the town in 1952. It was unsuccessful insofar as the area covered was far too large for such a venture to succeed and I recall that there were only two meetings in the three years it was in operation. However, we have managed to recover the Library which is considerably out of date now and are trying to get new stuff in from the States - tho' it's one hell of a job due to the fact that we have little or no finances and my pocket won't stand any more just yet. All the best to all fen in the CARSCIFSOC from all fen here and if anyone should wish to trade, or any other mad thing, we will be pleased to hear from them.

Eric Jones  
Ex of SPACE-TIMES, CON-SCIENCE, PROGRESS,  
TRIODE and at the moment frustrated secretary  
of the CHELTENHAM S-F Circle and ed of SLIDERAL.  
Yeh!

Hemet, California

....Enclosed is a (small) article in return to part of Randy Warman's piece, if you care to use it....I loved the cover on TRANSURANIC....George Cole does pretty good modern art....Say, what does TRANSURANIC mean, anyway? It really doesn't matter, but I just wondered....

Lyle Amlin  
Ed, PSI

THE CASE FOR THE WRITER  
(A Reply to Randy Warman)

Randy, I fear, for being a great admirer of sex, is one of the worst critics I have seen. Your basic assumption, Randy, is false. Let me explain further. What you say is that the girl is either bas-relief, a stiff figure or a 20th century girl transposed. Well, she is supposed to be, that is what the author strives for. When a author writes a short story he has to get across one certain point or idea. He only has a limited space in which to do this, in a novel he may have time to individualize her further, he has more space to do it in. So thus she must be bas-relief, or, as we in the trade call it, 'flat' characters. A 'stiff' figure, as you call it, does the same thing. Sure, that's what she is supposed to do, provide the hero with a motive and to build his individualism up. Again, the case of the flat character. Now, let me ask you a question, Randy: can you imagine a girl who, in the sf story, liked to go out and skin deer, or camp out in the wilds for a week, or hide out behind enemy lines and take pot-shots at the enemy? No, of course not. If you do either you are either maladjusted, nuts, or just plain lying. No, what you want is a girl that you can picture, for that is what the writer is trying to do, take you and put you into the story, you couldn't do this with a girl that liked to do the above, could you? I doubt it very much. What I fail to see is why women will take completely over? True, I agree that they will match men, but why will they forge ahead? I think that rather the two sexes will work side by side in every field, no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

(We asked Randy for a reply to Amlin's comments, but he felt that none was deserved. We agree.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Worcester, Massachusetts

Don't know quite what to say regarding TRANSURANIC....it's different....I promise you a letter and some material real soon so keep sending....

Maurice Lubin  
Formerly of Actifan

\* \* \* \* \*

Austin, Texas

....I would like very much to attend the Con in Charlotte 3rd and 4th of March but doubt seriously that I'll be able to do so. I'll be involved strenuously in studies, etc, females and the ungodly pursuit of Jack Daniels #7 (Lynn Hickman has converted me at long last). But I'll keep thinking about the Con until the last minute--so don't count me all-the-way out. I hope you've changed my address because I'll be damned if I'm going over to my old address anymore just to pick up your fanzine. Besides, my horse doesn't like the trip. Sand keeps getting in his nose and the rocks hurt his hoofs....Now say some nice things about my fanzine in your review column in TRANSMUTIC. You might be the first in that particular phrase too. Bill me for the \$300. Better than that, just bill Lynn

Hickman. He might pay you or at least give you a slug of Jack Daniels (which will ease the pain). Actually, I don't think you're going to collect any \$300 for a fanzine review. Old Bloch (who's a chip from way back himself) doesn't get that much. I understand he takes back issues of MADGE in payment (the ones that had his stories in them) and refuses any connection with money and still smarts from called a "dirty old pro"...TRANSGERANIC seems pretty good. Sure makes me wish I could be there for the Con.... As long as I'm writing this,

BUT, MAW-  
AH HAVE TO  
WEAH THIS  
YANKEE RED  
SHADE. DOC  
BARRETT IS  
COMING TO  
SECON II!



I might as well refute rumors being spread by this Art Rapp recruit (we finally got rid of that blamed yankee-I think). It rained tonight. Either that or someone was up on the roof-top doing what he should have waited until he reached the out-house to do. Anyway, Art made claims about TEXAS being a hot, dry state. Well, in one sense he was right--but that's only for 11 months of the year. The other month is our wet month --that's this month (February). You take last month, it rained a west TEXAS rain (sand storm). But this month was different. We actually had a five inch rain just yesterday. (The drops were five inches apart.) Of course, it does sort of get dry during those other months. Shucks, I saw a tree chasing a dog around one summer out near San Angelo, and if you don't

believe that, over half the children below ten out in that part of the country still think rain is black and that it rains only when a new strike is made and the gusher flows. And the other half doesn't know what water is at all--they've been raised on beer....Thanks for TRANSURANIC.

Claude Raye Hall  
Ed, Musty

\* \* \* \* \*

Jacksonville, Florida

....TRANSURANIC doesn't look quite as bad as before this time. If you keep up that oozing friendliness, you might turn out to be passably someday....

San Johnson  
Ed, Undertakings

(Thank you?)

\* \* \* \* \*

Seattle, Washington

....The Carolina Science Fiction Society seems to function remarkably like the Nameless Ones. We have no dues, however. Our meeting place at the Y.M.C.A. costs us \$4 an evening, the cost of which is divided fairly equally among the attending members. We also divide the cost of the coffee, tea, sugar, cream, paper cups, and napkins used for refreshments at the meeting. This usually comes to about 25¢ to 35¢ per member per meeting. Other expenses have been taken up by selling science fiction magazines (donated by the members) and from subscriptions received for CRY OF THE NAMELESS and SINISTERRA. As for news from - there isn't much. The Nameless Ones are, at the moment, investigating the possibilities of eventually holding a World Convention at Seattle. We are trying to find out what hotels would be available, how much they would cost, what facilities we could expect to obtain, and stuff like that. If the club is convinced it is capable and willing to put on such a convention, Seattle will probably make a bid for the 1957 convention. Professional author, Alan E. Nourse, is working on his internship at Seattle's Virginia Mason Hospital, and has been too busy with his studies to do much writing lately. The Seattle Times featured him in their Sunday magazine about a month ago. (He has never been to a Nameless meeting, so I don't suppose you could consider him as being one of the club.)....

Wally Weber  
for the NAMELESS ONES

(Don't worry - Jules Verne has never been to one of our meetings.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Hoddesdon, Herts.,  
England

....Interesting to see Lynn Hickman is now a member of CAR-SCIFSOC for it was only a couple of months ago I got a letter from him saying he had taken over the post of General Manager for the Turner Manufacturing co. in South Carolina. So how come he's a member of the North Carolina SFS, eh? Maybe he lives on the border of one of the two? I'm certain Lynn will be a valuable additon to your art staff and that it's only a matter of time before you manage to prise some of those fine Plato Jones cartoons out of him. They come out particularly effectively by the ditto method and should be a useful addition to the humour work in it. Or maybe you didn't know that under the guise of Lynn A. Hickman you have probably fandom's greatest cartoonist. Hang on to him. He's valuable....Are you sure Jeff Vines is a girl member of CARSCIFSOC? It doesn't sound like it could be a girl at all. I suppose you'll be telling me next that the character who reviews fanzines is really Roberta A. Madle....I like the format of the last issue of TRANSURANIC very much, and I'll certainly look forward to receiving it every now and then. In the meantime here's wishing the best of luck to you and the club.

Alan Dodd  
Ed., Camber

\* \* \* \* \*

Norfolk, Nebraska

....News from Nebraska will be nil, I'm afraid. Myself and Peat the only two fans left here, now that Graetz is in Massachusetts. There were six of us here in Norfolk, but the ardor has cooled considerably, and now there's only two...

Ray Thompson  
Ed., Eclipse

\* \* \* \* \*

Orangeburb, South Carolina

Enjoyed the latest TRANSURANIC, even though the letter section let those d-yankees slip in. It's actually not true that the fans up there paid my moving bill to get me to move back down here. I was gonna come anyway....

Lynn Hickman  
Ed., J. D.

\* \* \* \* \*

(That fills up the mailbox this month. Thanks lots, pals. We love to hear from you. Yours, Joe Twiller....)

## THE RETURN OF THE WEREWOLF

by Robert A. Madle

(Editor's Note: "The Werewolf Howls", published two issues ago, aroused a great deal of controversy. Thousands of letters have poured in, demanding a sequel. Inasmuch as we have always maintained that our readers are always right, and that this is your magazine, we have, at no expense whatsoever, obtained this cosmic masterpiece. We will not say we are happy to present this sequel; we will not say we are proud; we will say, however, that we are down-right disgusted.)

"Fear not, Aunt Matilda, even though tonight is the dreaded Walpurgis Nacht, and I must travel to the village, I shall be very careful, and nothing from the dark dungeons of hell shall accost me."

"But Nephew Heinz--you know what happened to your Uncle Ludvig lo!--these many years ago."

"Ach--yah. He got eaten by a werewolf already. But, Aunt Matilda, you know that you have to be from Transylvania to be able to successfully accost werewolves and like that. Uncle Ludvig was strictly from Hungary."

"Well, Heinz, if you must go, you must go. But that's a long way to go for a couple of beers. Here, take these with you." So saying, Matilda handed Heinz a suitcase full of items such as garlic, holly, crosses, a couple of gallons of holy water, and, just to be on the safe side this time, a rabbi's skull cap. And, thus laden, Heinz was on his way.

Like his Uncle Ludvig before him, Heinz quaffed brew until ejected by the bartender. It was after midnight when he started back to Aunt Matilda's farm.

As he walked down the narrow lane, he involuntarily shuddered at the darkness of the woods on both sides of him. The full moon, however, illuminated the road. Suddenly he heard the sound of a running animal. This, he thought, is probably it already. But no damned werewolf will get me!

So thinking, he stopped in the middle of the road, opened his suitcase, and extracted the various items from within. Consequently, he was completely ready for the werewolf when it loped into view.

First, he tossed the holly and garlic at the monstrous creature from Satan's legions. Then the iron cross was





Lee Hoffman

and

Doc Barrett

say:

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---

waved at him, and finally thrown at his noggin, off which it harmlessly bounced. Out came the two gallons of holy water. This was poured on the monster who merely lapped the drippings from the ground, burped, and came even closer to Heinz.

By this time our protagonist was quite fearful, but he still had one ace in the hold left. So he waved the ace of spades (oops!--so he waved the rabbi's skull cap in the face of the approaching monster. But even this was to no avail!

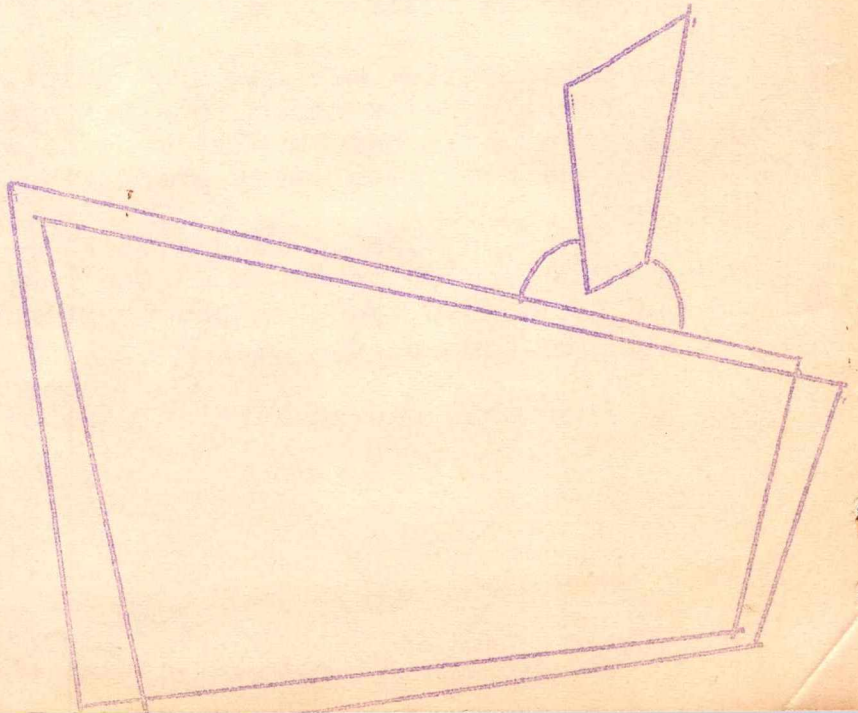
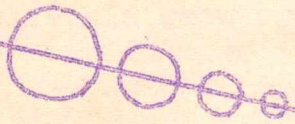
The monster was now upon Heinz. His jaws were slavering, his fangs were extended, his red eyes gleamed balefully. Heinz, like his uncle before him, knew he was doomed. But why--why--why? He had taken every precaution. But everything had failed.

And the monster leaped at him--straight for his throat came the slavering fangs of the foul fiend from Lucifer's Legions. And then, just as the monster was about to sink his fangs into his throat, the answer came to Heinz.

For this was an Atheist werewolf!

\* \* \* \* \*

TRANSURANIC  
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