

NUMBER
ONE

JELERANG

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COVER this issue announcing two big events. One: Next ish Jelerang will go multilith, i.e. Offset Lithography. We will have learned to operate the machine by then, we hope, so the results will be a little better. Two: The fact that Jelerang is finally being published. The figure of Mercury is by Seton (?) and the lettering by Olin T. Fredegar. Layout is also by Fredegar.

With any fanzine, letters of comment are the lifeblood. If we don't know how you liked what we had, we don't know how to give you something better. Tell us what you thot of this ish, or better still, send us something for the next.

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THE MERCURIANS

The following is the charter of the Mercurian Club of Philadelphia. This August body grew from the discontented chanting of PSFS members who were tired of old films of CBS reports, and who, being the forward thinking individuals, wanted to discuss that shocking new literary inovation, Science Fiction. Be it noted that visitors and prospective members are always welcome. Out of town people passing through on the meeting day should drop in and join the fun.

CHARTER OF THE MERCURIAN CLUB

As of the March 17th meeting, the following charter is in effect.

The Club is founded on a desire for more extensive discussion of Science Fiction & its related topics.

Meetings will be held monthly. Exceptions: Emergenies, such as blizzards, preventing the members from attending, or precluding the use of the meeting place. The event that the meeting date coincides with a Con at which the members plan to be present. Meeting dates may be altered upon the above conditions and occasions becoming current. / Notices of each meeting shall be sent to the members by the Secretary, when funds in the treasury are sufficient to allow this survice. / The usual time of the meeting will be on the fourth Sunday of the month, at 1:30 P.M. / Meetings will be held, until further notice is given, at the home of Mr. & Mrs. Stefan Kolchak, 2104 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia 30, Pennsylvania. / There is no set time of adjournment.

Programs, suitable to the purposes of the Club, shall be arranged in advance of each meeting, when and if possible. These programs may be altered when such an alteration is appropriate. / Programs shall take place after the business meeting, and at the suffrance of the members.

Meetings shall proceed within the framework of Robert's RULES OF ORDER, when such procedure is appropriate.

The Officers of the Club shall be as follows: Moderator, whose duty shall be to keep the meetings orderly and facilitate their progress. Vice-Moderator, who shall moderate in vice. Secretary & Tresurer, which office may be combined for convenience, or to which offices may be elected seperate individuals. The Secretary shall take minutes, keep the current addresses of the Members, and mail notices of the meetings as per above. The Tresurer shall collect dues, and of them keep accurate account. The tresurer shall also be responsible for the distribution of these dues for club expenses. / Officers shall be elected at the March meeting. / A notice of the election of officers shall be sent by the Secretary with the announcement of the March meeting. / An arbitrary quorum must be present for voting on any motion, or on the election of officers, such quorum to consist, until further notice, of four people or more. To qualify for quorum a member must be in good standing, i.e. Paid Up! If auxiliary undertakings arise, seperate officers shall be elected to meet their needs.

Dues shall be \$2.00 a year, payable quarterly, or in any convenient fraction of the amount. Dues shall be applied concurrently.

-----As of March, 1963

-IF

CAMPBELL CAN DO IT.....

By

Richard Robertson

Probably everyone has heard of Einstein's Theory of Relativity at one time or another. All science-fiction fans know something about it because it imposes a limiting velocity, the speed of light, on all objects, thus necessitating the invention of hyperspace.

But how many have ever wondered why there should be a limiting speed? Most people have just accepted this information passively, believing it because 'science has proven it', a belief which is pure nonsense. Other people, adventurous enough to investigate, found that the Fitzgerald contraction, or Lorentz transformations, show that an object would have zero length if it travelled at the speed of light. An extension of the equations shows that this object would have an imaginary existence, i.e., would no longer exist in this universe. They accepted this to be in agreement with the Theory, and, most important, there was a theory to explain why everything was.

All of these people forgot a very basic tenet of intelligent life: Question any statement made on Authority! They very definitely did not. They just accepted data as true because someone who set himself up as an authority on science said it was true.

What are the Lorentz transformations, and what is their significance? They were originally created to patch a hole created in the aether theory of electromagnetic propagation by the Morley Michelson experiment, which was an attempt to detect the motion of the Earth relative to the aether. The null outcome of the experiment caused much consternation in scientific circles until Lorentz derived his famous relationships between mass, length, time, and the velocity of an object.

$$m = \frac{m_0}{\sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}}$$

$$l = l_0 \sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}$$

$$t = t_0 \sqrt{1 - v^2/c^2}$$

However, many scientists were distrustful and leery of them because they were too 'pat', fitting the observations too perfectly, and mainly because there was no theory to account for them. They were finally accepted when Albert Einstein, in his Special Theory of Relativity, provided scientists (???) with the ready-made theory they desired.

Einstein's Theory rested on two basic stated assumptions which he took to be 'proven facts' because empirical data did not seem to contradict them. These two postulates were: (1) The velocity of light is constant regardless of the motion of the source of light or the motion of the point where velocity is being measured, and (2) It is impossible to prove absolute uniform linear motion. Because empirical observations fit the predictions of Einstein's Theory more closely than any other such theory, no one has thought seriously to question it other than to design experiments to further corroborate its predictions.

Originally, I too accepted the theory of relativity as true for several reasons: First, I lacked the knowledge even to begin to understand it; Second,

scientists and others who understood it accepted it; and third, I was too stupid to know any better. Just precisely what did bring me to doubt the entire theory I don't know. An intuitive dissatisfaction with being limited to maximum velocities of 300,000 kilometers per second? An awareness of science's continuous invention of cumbersome devices to patch holes in the established theories and to explain away discrepancies between the theories and the observed facts? And growing knowledge of devices and methods which either work in direct contradiction to many established "laws" of science or operate completely outside the entire framework of science; all of these factors and maybe others contributed to my rejection of relativity and relativity physics and led me to search for a means of proving it false.

When I first began to consider seriously a refutation of the theory, I realized that there were several possible lines of attack. Most of these I wouldn't be able to attempt, many because I lack the necessary knowledge to exploit them properly. For example, had I had sufficient background in tensor calculus, I could have tried to find an error in Einstein's mathematics. Naturally, I found that only the less sophisticated methods were on my level of understanding, i.e., that the only method feasible would be to demonstrate that his two basic postulates were in contradiction to reality.

My major difficulty came in stating the problem properly. After much difficulty, and several days of brainstorming, I finally reduced it to: How would it be possible for an observer within a closed system to determine whether or not his system is in absolute uniform motion?

I settled on this as my problem for two reasons: First, a positive answer to the question would refute relativity by disproving its assumptions, hence invalidating its conclusions; Second, it would be easier to attack than the other basic assumption—the constancy of the speed of light.

My first attempt at refutation was rather simple and inelegant, although no one has ever demonstrated that it was incorrect. The method of detecting absolute motion that first suggested itself was for the observer to transmit a beam of light perpendicular to the direction of motion. If he actually was in motion, there would be a difference between the path the light beam took and a straight line path it should have taken. From this discrepancy in paths the observer could infer that he was in motion, i.e., the beam of light would appear to bend. To an outside observer this would obviously be due to the motion of the system overlapping the constant straight line path of the light beam. Thus it is possible to deduce that the system is in motion, thereby demonstrating absolute motion and proving my thesis that Einstein is wrong.

When I showed this proof to some other people, for criticism, comment and approval, most of them looked at me with open scepticism and frank disbelief, saying that it wouldn't be a disproof of the Theory of relativity because it wasn't actually true. When pressed for their reasons, all they ever replied was, "Because things just don't work that way!" Implying that a major objection was that it probably would upset many highly cherished theories and beliefs, bringing chaos out of the present well-ordered system.

Because of the obstinate, mule-headed opposition to the proof of my thesis, I began searching for other methods of proving it on the theory that if I surrounded the problem on two or three fronts, I would be more likely to convince people.

Reasoning that it should be possible to detect the Fitzgerald-Lorentz contraction with the proper equipment, I began devising methods for its detection. I soon built up a completely air-tight proof involving the Lorentz contraction only to discover, upon completing it, that I had missed one little

point that made all of my work for naught. It seemed that the Lorentz contraction wasn't a physical contraction at all, it was merely a means of conversion between two time fields. Thus I lost about three weeks of time and an elegant means of refuting Einstein, as well as suffering some damage to my ego.

At present I am putting the finishing touches on a most elegant and highly irrefutable argument outlining a means of determining the validity of relativity which conceivably could be tested at the present time with devices and processes which are currently available. The basis of my argument is the first half of Einstein's argument showing why it would be impossible to detect absolute motion. Because the effects of this motion would be construed as errors in the clocks. What I did, was to take the first half of Einstein's argument and go off tangentially from there.

My argument goes something like this: Take a pulsed photon generator and a detector hooked up with a recording timer and arrange them a convenient distance apart so that the detector recorder receives the light pulses sent out by the source. According to Einstein, if this system is moving, and the light is traveling in the same direction as the motion, then it will take longer for the light to travel the emitter to detector distance than if the system were motionless. Conversely, if the light beam is travelling against the direction of the motion, it will take less time to travel that distance than if the system were still. From here, Einstein goes on to say that the observer wouldn't detect this because he would have to send the signal from the emitter to some form of reflector, (so that the signal would return) and back to him, and the two effects mentioned above would cancel each other precisely.

However, it seemed to me, that if a recording detector were put in the position of the reflector it should be possible to detect the difference in times of travel. If the recorder is an oscilloscope, the position of produced deflection on the recorder when the signal is being sent in the same direction as the motion can be recorded, then the apparatus can be turned end for end and the new position of the deflection recorded. There would be a difference in the two measurements if the system actually were in motion. Thus, I have shown that Einstein's theory of relativity is completely invalid and bears no relation to the reality it is supposed to represent. All theories and laws based either wholly or in part on the Theory of Relativity are therefore suspect, and should be very carefully re-examined.

— Richard Robertson '63

FOR CATS SAKE

As most of you know, Mercurian member Harriett Kolchak likes cats. A few weeks ago, two of the cats had kittens and we now have twenty in the house. The problem is getting a home for them, so we appeal to you cat lovers in the audience, (and what is more fannish than a cat?) to give them homes. If you live on the East Coast, we may be able to deliver. Write to Harriett Kolchak, 2104 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia 30, Pennsylvania.



by
Harriett Kolchak
with
assistance (?)
from
Don Studebaker

NOTE: This is likely to be the only convention report you will ever read which is written from two simultaneous points of view. The only sure way to tell which of us wrote which part is by being us. We aren't sure. Entrances and exits of the authors are written as is best possible for description. Due to the devastation of our memories by one Dr. Isaac Asimov, some things may be left out. Out of four people polled, all of whom took notes on Asimov's speech, only one had any cognizant remarks. These consisted of the printed word: WOW! We therefore attempt to bring you the flavour of this year's Open ESFA, rather than a detailed account.

STATISTICS: The Open ESFA meeting for nineteen sixty three was held in the basement meeting rooms of the Newark, New Jersey YM-YWCA. There were about one hundred and fifty attendees. Approximately thirty of these were non-paying guests or members of the Eastern Science Fiction Association. Income from the entrance fee of one dollar came to \$120.00 even. Costs of room and so forth were \$87.00 plus incidentals. Program began about two o'clock and was over about 5:15 P.M.

THE CON

It was on March the third that we arose. At eight o'clock in the morning. It was a bright, sunny day, with a strong breeze and a faint nip in the air. This made up, in part, for the necessity of arising at eight A.M. We resolved to go to Newark anyway. And we kept that resolve.

Arriving in beautiful Newark, about three blocks from a stinking river, or perhaps it is a canal, we detrained. The train was fifteen minutes late. We went to the Central Y and stepped out of Jay Freedman's car. Harriett walked, and Don rode to the door.

We entered the lobby and looked around for familiar faces. The faces we found were familiar, but did not belong to anyone we knew, being those of the employees. Walking to the bulletin board, for lack of better transportation, we ascertained that the meeting was to be held 'Down'. We descended.

At the bottom of the stairs we found the meeting room, and it was open. There was a light at the bottom of the stairs, relieving us of the responsibility of making an atrocious pun, and in that radiant space we found Milt Spahn, surrounded by Esfans and Neofen. To Milt, we said;

"Who is handling registration?"

To us, Milt answered demurely:

"Gee, I don't know."

Which meant that Harriett Kolchak was handling registration. Taking stock of the stock, Harriett discovered that the registration desk was fresh out of everything, including a registration desk. Milt Spahn went running off to phone Chris Moskowitz, but returned with the sad news that she was not at home. He had left a message with Sam for Chris to pick up some cards on the way to the Con.

"Fine," said Harriett, "pinochle is probably all we will accomplish."

Meanwhile, back in a daze, we had to inform everyone who passed through the doors of our misfortune. We had no registration cards, so they would have to wait to fork over their money to us. As fans are always very anxious to fork over their money, this became a problem. A large crowd gathered, demanding that we take their money. It was soon too large to handle. In desperation, Milt asked:

"Do you have a tablet?"

"Yes." we said.

"So fine," said Milt. "Write their names on it."

This is why we have a headache, and eyestrain. Ever try writing a hundred and fifty names on an aspirin?

Isaac Asimov walked in. We had a copy of FOUNDATION we wanted him to autograph, so we said:

"Isaac, will you autograph our FOUNDATION?"

"No Ike!" shouted Harriett as he reached for her girdle, "The book!"

Isaac then signed our book, our autograph book, the tablecloth, two neofans, the manager of the Y, the scrubwoman, the rest of that bottle of aspirins, and a visiting member of the John Birch Society. By the time the name tags had arrived it was problematical whether they would all be made out in the name of the ghod doctor. (One hundred and thirty Asimov's, that's not too many.) Then Judi Beatty Sephton arrived with a box of safety pins.

Hundreds of people poured through the doors. They came in droves, which are something like chariots save they are born by Grendel Briarton puns. These people displayed the usual fannish superiority of intellect by asking such questions as: "Remember me?" (To which we said yes, though we did not always.) and "How do you spell your name?" (To which we answered that we spelled it much the same way as we spelled it the last time they asked that question.) and "Are you a guest speaker?" (After a while we caught on to this and asked them first. This also allowed us to find out who the devil they were.)

At this point Don Studebaker, boy idiot, entered with his entourage, many of whom were there first. (!) Surrounding him were, Jay Freedman, Rich Robertson, Saturated Fats, and many more. At this spectacular entrance all were filled with admiration. Dozens of BNF's ran up to greet him, most of whom vanished when they found out that he did not have any money. Among those discerning connoisseurs of fandom who stayed were Mike McInerney and the Entire Evening Session Science Fiction Society of the University City College of New York, under the bearded dictatorship of Elliot Shorter, who likes Don's Poetry. Mostly the Pornopoetry.

The program officially opened when Belle

Dietz told everyone to sit down and shut up. She said this because poor Milt was trying to make himself heard by the simple expedient of screaming into a microphone, and was not succeeding. There was a general fear that if things did not quiet down, Milt might develop laryngitis and turn the program over to SaM, completely.

When Milt was finally heard he said several kind words about various worthwhile institutions. The Silvercon, coming in '64, and the Neofund, Harriett's pet project. (The Neofund netted several cash contributions later, and thanks! to those people who provided them.)

Bernie

Bubnis came in. Don't look so puzzled, gentle reader. We know you've never heard of him. Suffice to say that one doesn't hear much about Calthos Beck or George Wetzell.

"Cat Fleas?" said Bubnis to us.

"Yes." we said to Bubnis.

"I still

think it was sand." said Bubnis.

"Would you like a cat to go with your sand?" we asked.

A clump of women had sprung up in the corner, and from this magic glade appeared Randy Garrett. He took a seat next to Asimov, and a most remarkable conversation began. Every few moments for the next few hours, Asimov would lean over and say to Garrett, or Garrett would lean over and say to Asimov, something. (Lean is, to say the least, a most remarkable adjective to apply to either of these fine gentlemen.) A wide smirk would appear on the audient's face, and a lapse would take the discourse. If anyone in the audience overheard and remembers this conversation, it will probably make their fortune.

Terry Carr walked in Naked. On the face, that is. He was fully clothed elsewhere, we presume.

"Bet you don't remember me." he said.

"We snapped our fingers and murmured the magic word. Burpee!

"You were wearing a hairsuit last time we saw you, Terry Carr." we said.

"Yes, I had a beard." said Terry.

"It certainly was a wonderful thing." said a mysterious Greek Chorus. Terry fell into a state of nervous exhaustion at this, and That's Significant.

SaM started to talk. SaM is most erudite, and besides, John W. Campbell Jr. had not arrived. And it has been said that only SaM can talk about data as long as John Campbell can talk about ideas. Harriett discovered that there were no more name tags at the desk. Shortly there was no more anything at the desk and she began to go mad. Not even any autographed aspirin. SaM continued to talk. The empty chairs filled with people for whom Harriett had no name tags, though under her breath she had names for the lack of name tags. SaM started to introduce Don Benson. Don Benson is, if we recall, from Pyramid Books. (This is not a plug, but they are soon to publish Shirley Jackson's THE SUNDIAL)

Benson told us what Pyramid would be publishing in the near future. SaM talked for awhile, again, and introduced someone from, if I recall, World Publishing Company, who plugged SaM's new book, EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE. (In all honesty, SaM's new book sounds fine, and I wish I could afford it. --Cynical Old Don.)

Lester delRey was next on the program. He looked hale and healthy, and everyone was delighted to see him again. Even without the usual vessel of acid remarks. Lester made us aware that John W. Campbell had arrived, and indeed, was sitting right in back of us.

If anyone can set the pattern for a program, it is Lester delRey, genius. He proceeded to tell us how it was John who made a writer of him. In fact, how John just about wrote a good many of his stories, providing him with idea or outline. Lester even said that he considered John one of the three great magazine editors. True to form, Lester concluded by pointing out a few dozen of the things on which he disagrees with Campbell, but he qualified his displeasure, saying that he had probably disagreed less with John W. Campbell Jr., than any other editor. A resounding ovation followed Lester back to his seat.

Sam started to talk again. At least one member of the audience sat up and took notice. Isaac Asimov. Sam was talking about Isaac Asimov. He was telling of the many accomplishments of that astute gentleman. About that remarkable little story, NIGHTFALL. About the three celebrated Laws of Robotics. About the fantastic and yea, gigantic concept of the FOUNDATION stories, a massive, self consistent background for a series of novels and shorts stories. About the large books dealing with important men of letters, and the large amount of space they allow to Dr. Asimov. (For is not Dr. Asimov an impressive literary figure?) Asimov sat in his seat and enjoyed and enjoyed. Yea, a veritable roseate glow did seem to suffuse the ghould doctor.

Chris Moskowitz was sitting beside us. Over and over, she muttered: "For Ghod's sake, Sam, will you shut up and let him talk?"

The

Main Event.

Asimov came to the fore. Though we cannot quote him, he started something like this; 'Sam has just told you how much I owe to John Campbell, so so I suppose I will have to talk about John instead of the topic I had planned on speaking of. Namely, Myself.' Though our poor memories may falter, as did the notes taken by three of our friends, he continued in somewhat the following vein. 'Sam told you that John discovered me. Well, that's not strictly true. Actually, I knew about me all along. I simply picked John as the first person other than myself to know.'

Asimov continued, telling us about the first time he submitted a story to Campbell. He took it right up to Campbell's office, and was nearly frightened to death when the secretary said that Campbell would see him. (Please note. It is difficult for us to believe that anything could frighten Isaac Asimov to death.) He told us how John had set him down and started to talk. And talk. And talk. How John had rejected eight of his stories before buying the ninth, then rejected eight more, and bought the nineteenth. Also, how Campbell claimed to have rejected twelve stories before buying the first, 'But that is just bragging'.

The legend of John Campbell grew and grew, as legends can under the fertile watch of biochemists. Seems that Isaac went into John's office with an idea for a story about a star system so complex that one of its planets knew night only once in a thousand years. John was enthusiastic, so Asimov went home to write. Meanwhile, back at ASTOUNDING, John told Willey Ley about the story. (At this point in the speech Asimov gave an enthusiastic impersonation of an enthusiastic Willey Ley.) Needless to say, Isaac got the cover of that issue, with the memorable NIGHTFALL.

how Asimov made his early reputation with a series of beautifully thought-out stories about robots. Isaac told us how, after he had been writing these robot stories for awhile, John called him into the office and sat him down and said; "Now look here Isaac, I've noticed certain things about these stories of yours. Consistencies, subtle, well...rules, that run throughout them. For instance, One;..." And then, on his fingers, John ticked off the Three Laws of Robotics.

And then, one day, Isaac had come into the office with an idea for a very short story about a galactic empire in the last stages of decay. John sat him down and dictated the FOUNDATION stories. And that kept him busy for the next ten years.

In fact, said Asimov, it was not until the Boom of the early fifties, when other magazines began requesting Asimov stories, that he knew he could write. Until that time, he was apprehensive of being a John W. Campbell creation.

Or so the good doctor would have us believe. Ahem!

One factor emerged from this mirthful maelstrom. The fact, pointed up by Asimov as stated by delRey, that John Campbell is a man of ideas. Or perhaps we should say, Ideas, for with John, capitalization is necessary.

Randy Garrett was next on the program. This was kind of unfair to Randy. I even heard some comments about Randy doing an encore of Isaac's act. This was not true. Randy was very careful to take an entirely different route, and only the good doctor's prerequisite of the day's classic lines bogged him down.

For instance, Randy talked about his rakish conquests as a ninety seven pound weakling. How he had written his first story on a bet. The usual sort of adolescent thing. Randy looked at a story in ASTOUNDING, said in public that he could do better, anytime, and then had to prove it for the sake of his pride. It was with great surprise that, a year later, as a young lady friend was thumbing through Astounding, Randy's name glared up from the page.

"Gee," said the sweet young thing, "Aint that funny, a writer with the same name as you got?"

Then Randy got a cheque.

After that it was not easy. Not as easy as it seemed at first. Randy told us the usual about Initial Failure to make money without working. The truth of the ism that one cannot make money without working was upheld when Randy asked if he could apply to the Neofund. Not contribute, apply. (Seriously, don't send Randy any crusts, he really isn't poverty stricken. He contributed to the Neofund himself lately.)

It is a shame that someone didn't have the good sense to splice Lester between Asimov and Garrett. This would have made for a better balanced program, allowing the audience time to recover.

After Randy came an intermission. This was to give Sam a chance to set up the room for his slide lecture. Also to give the audience a break. This it almost never does. Asimov was cornered and asked dozens of stupid questions. Folks tried to persuade him to return to the fold and write some more SF. As he vanished into the crowd, Rich Robertson remarked on having discovered someone more conceited than Don Studebaker.

At the table with Harriett. People began running up to us asking things. Mostly the usual line of Don't You Remember's, Who's Here's, Will You Keep This'es. Mike

McInerney wanted the postals. Bill Benthake had a big folder of pictures from last year's Open ESFA. One picture showed us making a horrible face.

year," said Bill, "Could you give us a smile?"

"This

longed to Chris Moskowitz, who was too busy to have need of it. We pinned Bill's folder to the air conditioning with rubber bands.

We gave him a smile. It be-

and placed an expensive, a most impressive and expensive, device on the table before us, admonishing to guard it with our lives. From this moment on, the hall was filled with foreign spies, intent on tampering with the machine. It was obviously some new discovery of John's, possibly comparable to the Dean Drive. We were scared to death, (well, almost. Don't get your hopes up, gentle reader.) that someone might damage it and bring down retribution upon our humble heads, or activate it and be carried into orbit around the WFDm transmission tower, with power cord trailing. In desperation we shouted:

John Campbell appeared

Campbell's!"

"Its

People withdrew respectfully. Then John forgot the device, and we were left for the rest of the evening to watch over it and plan our self-defence.

When the program resumed, Sam gave another slide lecture. This time it was the covers of old ASTOUNDING's. A brief survey, and we do mean brief, at least for Sam. His comments were all pertinent, and it is significant that no one left during the lecture. He was still a bit pedantic, but managed to confine himself well. The only real flaw was a long dissertation on C. L. Moore, in which he forgot to include the fact that she married Henry Kuttner. For the photographers in the audience, Chris mentioned that the new ANALOG covers, printed on shiny paper, are exceedingly difficult to photograph. We might add to this our own opinion and observation: the ink of the covers in recent years has had a tendency to rub off on the hands far too readily.

All

during the lecture, Harriett searched wildly for Don. She wanted to tell him to take more pictures. Don, invisible in the darkened room, was sitting on the floor. At the very front of the hall. Before him were the contents of his pockets. Camera, film, flashbulbs, flute, cleanex, pipe cleaners, pipe, knives, tobacco, wallet, fanzines, pencils..... He had not brought any matches. Ever try to light a pipe with a flashbulb?

Picture taking time again, as the lights went on again and Campbell was presented with a plaque. I believe it was in celebration of twenty five years as editor of ASTOUNDALOG. Several people tried to get him to stand in different poses with the plaque, thinking that the golden glow on his face was a reflection from it. We knew better, for we know that John has a natural halo.

shut it again.

John opened his mouth, then he

Pause.

Yes, John admitted, he had given ideas to writers. Sometimes writers came to him with ideas they were not qualified to handle, and they gave him ideas to be passed on. Sometimes he made observations about ideas writers already had. He merely organized them. The three laws of robotics were already in Asimov's stories, John Campbell merely codified them.

One of the things Randy had talked about earlier was John's ability to make people think. John proceeded to do this, before our very eyes.

He reiterated his view that Science Fiction is the Mainstream of Literature, being concerned with the whole scope of time and space, of which the here and now is but a small part. He then moved on to the new data concerning Mars and Venus recently sent back by our probes.

Mars is red because of some oxygen/nitrogen compound. I think. There was a very elaborate interchange between John and someone in the audience, and the result was confusion about just what compound, or even that we have that much correct. We gather that the atmosphere of Mars must be rather cloudy by Earth standards. Venus is also possessed of a very thick atmosphere. Earth seems to be the rare exception. John seems to feel that this is because we are a binary system, (planet with one satellite) and went on to point out that such systems must be exceedingly rare in our galaxy. Only such binary systems would feature a planet with a relatively clear, thin atmosphere, such as Earth's. Thus we are returned to the old point of view. Life may be very, very rare after all.

John concluded with a volley of words in repetition. A phrase which will probably become the battle cry of another minority group, and which we for one, intend to use as a story title. "What makes Earth Different?"

Then the con was over.

In the dispersing crowd, Don sought out Susan McInerney, and didn't let go of her for the rest of the evening. He took a picture of Harriett and Lester, with Lester's glasses on Harriett. She looked silly as hell in them, but then Lester would probably look silly as hell in Harriett's glasses. They have diamonds and a long gold string.

Asimov

slipped away. Probably due to his inherent modesty.

Don went with Terry Carr, the McInerneys, Ted White, Saturated Fats, Larry Ivey and some other people, to play hide and seek in the Newark Subways. This seems to be one of Ted's favorite games.

Don wishes to express his thanks to the Freedmans for the ride to the con.

Harriett, with the rest of the con, went to a restaurant. Here the scene was confusion. Some impressions: Talking with Lester delRey. SaM sitting in Milt Spahn's chair so that Milt had to sit elsewhere. Seth Johnson necking. The New York College crowd, in the dimness somewhere beyond the flashbulb barrier. (They probably got shot anyway) Bill Benthake taking pictures. Randy Garrett, who is an impression, all by himself.

Asimov had gone, before anyone could thank him. Possibly to get back to his school work. Possibly an important experiment. Possibly because he was worn out from signing autographs, though this last is unlikely. We wish to extend our heartfelt appreciation for him. For him. Not just that he came to ESFA, but that he is.

In conclusion. The post convention let-down is a symptom caused by your realization that you missed so many good things at the con. Further, if you had not missed them, you would probably have missed what you didn't. The trouble with SF cons? Too much, all at once, all worthy of want.

EAST STENCIL NEWS

By Harriett Kolchak

((Editorial note; Harriett's column is being put on stencil last so that she can include all the most recent news on hand.))

NEW YORK FANDOM is working on the Silvercon for the weekend of July 4, 1964. It will be a three-day convention, and coincident with the World's Fair. The directors and working members have selected the Park Sheraton Hotel for the con. The banquet offered by the Park Sheraton was better than any of the others investigated; They also have a free nursery, though there is a small charge for infant's meals, a service not offered elsewhere. The convention rooms are located to allow complete privacy from other hotel activities and the public, and are all of a nice size.

The Silvercon will incorporate as soon as we have enough cash on hand. We have already chosen a name for incorporation, which could be used for future for future cons.

The Discon committee and the WSFA have warned me that they will not be able to cope with anyone who chooses to wear a cumbersome costume to the Discon Masquerade Ball. They have also warned that all masks must allow for free vision. Self-announcements will be out. The ball room will have a ramp, or some small steps, to be navigated by the costumed participants.

Don Studebaker, boy idiot, has just sold a piece to the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. He wishes to thank all the people who gave him help and encouragement, a very long list.

Sam Moskowitz has two new paperbacks on the stands; 'Coming of the Robots' and 'Exploring Other Worlds'.

The Philadelphia Science Fiction Society has set the date for next Autumn's annual Philcon. November ninth (9) is the date, and guest of honor will be Fred Pohl.

Does anyone have a recent address for Ed Bruns? I am holding some material for him, and my last letters have come back marked 'unknown'. If you have heard from him lately, please send me his address.

The Lunacon was held on April 21st, but since this issue of Jelerang is being sold at said Lunacon, we can't report on it.

We like to keep up with the news. Jelerang isn't trying to take the place of Starspinkle, but we will print a news column each month. Therefore, we would appreciate it if you would send us all news items, changes of address, etc.

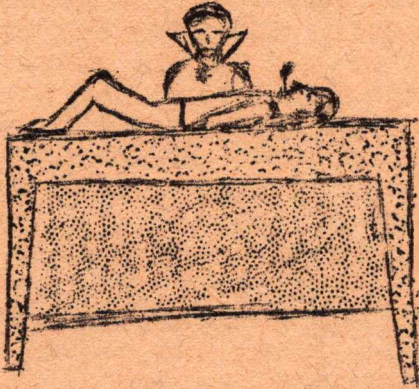
The NEOFUND charter has just returned from the West Coast, so a full report on its progress should be forthcoming within a month or two. Suffice to say, the NEOFUND is doing well and deserves your support.

—Harriett Kolchak, '62

A MATTER OF OPINION

BY Thomas B. Haughey

The two theologians faced each other on the platform. They seemed somewhat ill at ease with a large crowd viewing them, but their discomfort was not solely caused by the vastness of the audience. Indeed, they had both been viewed by larger gatherings than this one during the previous political campaign. They had both amply demonstrated their familiarity with crowds by winning public office. But this meeting was set apart from any they had previously attended. The theocracy needed a president, and thus a great debate was about to begin. The winner would be head of the government and the loser would



be head of the opposition party.

Each theologian could ask the other only one question. If the question could not be answered, the one that conceived that question would be the victor. If bother questions were answerable, or neither were, the debate would continue on the following day. Whether a question was answerable was determined by the voice of the crowd. The first theologian rose from his chair and faced the crowd with his question.

"Distinguished lay members, I have a question to pose which is of personal significance to myself and to all of us. I recently had a talk, as you probably know, with the great Zeran, Hypnotist Extraordinary. During our talk he told me a story which I would like to repeat to you as nearly as I can to the way in which he told it to me. Please excuse me if I stop every now and then to think, but this story must be told without glossing over any points.

"The town of Bosk is in a small, almost nonexistent province at the edge of the wilderness. Its location is fitting because the town itself is so small that some of the neighbors are known to say, when the heavy dew falls through the rare mountain atmosphere, the town of Bosk is as hard to find as a Trisjam on Moonday.

"But our interest lies with one particularly small shop within this hamlet, and with one exceedingly small-minded boy who lived within this shop. This boy was a non-conformist. Worse than that, he was an atheist. And thus, quite naturally enough, he was an outcast. The people of Bosk are a religious people, and indeed are all the people of our country. The people of Bosk tolerated him for lack of other possible courses of action, but they were ashamed. They were ashamed that in their town a hideous monstrosity had been born. An atheist in that time was a rarity, even as it is now, and the people feared that something inherently wrong with themselves had caused the outcast to be born. All of the great theologians of the town (and there were quite a number I can assure you, because this was a very religious town) visited the boy and tried to win him to the side of truth. The elders used up all of the propaganda techniques their many years of theological training and the grace of god had endowed upon them. They found all of their

training useless, and some left very shaken and with their own faith weakened. The town soon learned that it was no ordinary monster that it had spawned. For soon after he had declared himself to disbelieve, it became painfully apparant that their atheist was also somewhat of a genius. Some of the penates said that he was the devil, because if he were an intelligent human being, it would be logically impossible for him not to realize such a self evident truth as the existance of God. He was intelligent. He was an atheist. So many of the good people of Blosk doubted that he was human. But, of the more scientific of the town folks believed that he was stupid in one area of knowledge and intelligent in all others. At any rate, the boy met no harm, because the people of the town either thought him ignorant and unworthy of action other than education, or else, thought of him as the devil incarnate and therefore too dangerous to arouse foolishly. And so, for some years, the good people of Blosk lived in fear of their souls.

One day the Great Zoran (only he was not so great yet nor so well known) came to town and announced his show. But the attendance was poor. The people of Blosk, who were in fear of their souls, did not come to his show. They had no time to waste in being happy because they had to spend all their time being sad and repenting. This angered the Great Zoran, because, as I said before, he was not so great then and a little vain. He paced up and down in his room, fumed and smoked cigarettes! He said many vile things and became even angrier at the outcast than he had been before he started pacing, smoking, and yelling. Then he resolved to go see the outcast and make him sorry he was hurting the gate receipts of the great (only not so Great) Zoran. So he left the theater and walked with an angry gait to the little shop that the outcast lived in and demanded the boy's parents open the door and let him in. This yelling at the boy's parents did little good, for the boy's mother and father were God fearing people and had left the house some years before. So after a while, the Great Zoran became tired of knocking and yelling and opened the door to walk in. He was surprised, I can tell you, to find himself staring in the muzzle of a 12 gauge shotgun. He was, as you might well imagine, taken aback. This fact seemed to please the little monster, who pressed down just a wee bit harder on the trigger, to see how it would affect the big ugly man, who had huffed and puffed in front of his house. And this did have an effect on the Great Zoran, you can well believe. He left rather quickly, after some small blasts, with his hair all brushed up like a whorl devil tree and some hair missing and some of his ear missing too, shot off.

The Great Zoran may have been mad when he was yelling in his room, or when he was yelling in front of the monster's home, but he was really furious now, as you might well guess. He sat in the barbar's chair and his ear was stitched and his hair washed clean of gore. He began to mull over a scheme in his mind to use against the outcast. A steam towel later the scheme was complete.

That night, while wearing a protective helmet, he called to the boy again and offered him a large sum of money to be his aide in the show and to help delude the audience. Now the boy had come, during the many years of his professed atheism, to realize he was more intelligent than anyone else in town. He too had become more than a lieele vain, and it pleased him to think that he could have the opportunity to make fools of the people who had, for so long, scorned and ostracised him. In a word, he said yes to the hypnotist's proposal, and put his gun away. And in causing him to do this, his vanity led him astray, for the

offer that the hypnotist made was only a device in his scheme.

As soon as the gun was safely out of sight the hypnotist pounced on the boy and gave him such a thrashing as is never to be seen in the more civilized countries that we live in. Some of the good peasants, I can tell you, heard such noises coming from the house, they swear, even now, that the devil came in the house that night and tried to take the boy away. Indeed, some of the people believe the boy was so strong he defeated the devil. But, be that as it may, the hypnotist gave the boy a thrashing and then took some stout cord from his pocket (He had deep pockets like a magician's hat) and tied the boy to a table so his back pressed into the table top and his eyes could only look straight ahead at the ceiling. And how the boy squirmed and screamed! But the hypnotist just stood quietly and looked straight through the monster, till the boy lost his breath and was silent. Then, the hypnotist told the boy he was about to be hypnotized by the Great Zoran. At this, the boy spat, which is a mistake if one is facing directly up in the air. Then the boy cursed and yelled almost as loud as the hypnotist had and told the hypnotist that no one was ever going to hypnotize him, least of all the Petty Zoran. At this the Great Zoran said, wait and see and proceeded to try to hypnotize the boy.

The boy did not know it was impossible to hypnotize anyone against his will, so he struggled as hard as he could to keep Zoran from hypnotizing him and, in doing so he hypnotized himself. The Great Zoran took a bible from one of his pockets and began to read. The monster did not believe the bible, but now he was hypnotized and must believe everything he was told. So the monster listened to the bible and believed it. He listened to the sermons of Zoran and believed them. When he awoke the monster was a christian.

Or was he? that is my question. Is a person who does not believe in God, or who hates God, a christian if he is forced through Hypnosis to believe and love? Is he saved or damned?

The second theologian looked shocked. The crowd stood stunned. The question had no precedence. The only person allowed, under the constitution, to make statements as to the validity of a person's Christianity was the ruler of the country, and the ruler was dead. The second theologian could not say that the person was not a christian or he would face a penalty of death. They looked at each other and he shook his head slightly, indicating he could not answer. Then a thought struck him. If he could not win today, at least he could discredit his opponet and perhaps tie for tomorrow. He began to speak with cold exactness. "I seem to remember that you were born in one of the wilderness provinces. Were you the monster? That hardened atheist that had to be seduced to the side of the Lord?"

The first theologian gazed at the second and answered blandly, Yes, of course I am.

The crowd went into an uproar. The first theologian had answered the question leveled by the second and was now the ruler of the country and highest official in the church. In one voice the populace groaned at the thought of the atheist ruling the country, but the first theologian quickly dispelled their fears through proclaiming, anyone brought to christianity as he was, was a christian. Thus the people were happy again, all but a few led by the second theologian, who pondered the right of a heretic to declare himself a christian in order to keep office. But then, all those opposing the will of the ruler of the church were heretics. And in the central provinces heretics were executed. The good people of the country cheered.

ANIMAL THINGS

BY

Harriett Kolchak

We are trying to institute this new line in column work for a specific reason. Most men have or are interested in pets of some sort and enjoy hearing the cute anecdotes and news about them. We would like this to become a sort of outlet for unwanted, and also wanted, pets.

I have eleven cats and they are always into something. Like tonight when one of the younger girls stood in front of the television watching the dancers on the Larry Moore show and began moving her head in rhythm with the dancers.

Pets of any sort demand a lot of attention and love. They can become frustrated and unhappy if they are not given the proper attention. Food for them must be on time and follow a changing pattern. How would you like spinach everyday?

Pets are fun and a source of company and pleasure to everyone. I have yet to hear a pet lover say they are lonesome or really bored with life. Even the little goldfish gives out with antics at times and is a really good calmer to the spirits.

Pets usually learn that their master can be trusted and thence they show it in their attachment to him or her. They can be cuddlesome, troublesome, or just plain ornery according to what they have received in the way of attention.

Kittens are troublesome and tend to eat anything they may find in their reach, even the rubber backings off rugs and pieces of paper or tacks. If you love your pets be sure and keep dangerous things out of their reach and do get them toys to play with. Choose rolling, swinging, rattling, or noisy toys for the young and the ones that tend to appetite or give scratching or moving forms for the older ones.

A piece of paper rolled up makes a wonderful corrector for cats and dogs. There is no necessity to really use it on them as a rule, the sound alone seems to make them shy off from whatever they are doing wrong. If you must spank them be as gentle as possible and when you speak make sure they know from the tone of voice whether you're mad or whether you are being loving.

Cats I know and cats I can advise on. If you have any particular questions along this line I will be glad to answer or obtain the answer for you.

Dogs are the faithful lovers of the animal kingdom, they say, but I know what if some people treat their pet like a neighbor of mine treats hers, the dog is more likely to be faithful to the much gentler and loving neighbors that feed and pet her from time to time instead.

There is also the story of a cat traveling over 1000 miles to follow a mistress who had turned her over to a neighbor so that it occurs to me that any animal can and will be faithful if they are correctly treated.

If you have an animal that is unwanted, please let us know so we may advertise for a home for it. At any rate, don't turn it out on the street to freeze to death or be kicked and mauled by unmannerly people or die in some other horrible fashion. I am sure there must be a branch of the S.P.C.A. in your city that will be able to take care of it for you and if necessary, dispose of the animal gently. Cruelty to animals is never excusable in any light and should be punished by death or prison terms just as cruelty to children and humans is.

The pet is life and life is warm and beatific and feeling and beautiful.

Harriett Kolchak

BUT NOT THE AYJAYS.....

-a fanzine review column-

BY
Harvey Forman

AXE #34 (Larry Shaw, 1235 Oak Ave., Evanston, Ill.; 20¢ or \$2 per year) Besides the general news items (like another prozine: March is-a busy month) and the long fmz reviews, the first chapter of Walt Willis' as yet untitled trip report is included, as well as Earl Kemp's delightful alibi for the delay in "Convention Proceedings," and an article by William Atheling, Jr. which elaborates upon the Damon Dictum. The colophon says, "If you don't understand any item you read in AXE, consult FANAC for a complete explanation."

LUNATIC Bi-Nightly #3 (Frank Stodolka, 13508 Smith Dr., Hopkins 26, Minn.; postcard size, 72++ pages; 15¢ or 7/\$1, trade, LOC or whatever) This is an unusual fanzine, to say the least: for instance, there are two editors and five editorials. Yet it is a surprisingly good fmz, with two serials, a lettercol called "SCHIZOPHRENIA", two stories, including "And Time Is No More" by David Kirk Patrick. Highly recommended.

NFFF STORY CONTEST WINNERS 1961 (25¢ from 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif.) Contains "A Bottle of Music" by Gerald Page, illus. by Isabel Casseres; "... Mightier Than The Sword" by Terry Joeves, illus. by George Barr; "HOME" by Charles Waugh, illus. by Karen Anderson; "SIREN'S SONG" by G. Page (again???), illus. by Jerry Burge; and "SURPRISE PARTY" by Dennis Miller, illus. by Juanita Coulson. These are all first prize winners, and all very good. Very highly recommended.*****

KOTA #3 (Tom Armistead, Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Ft. Worth, Texas; 20¢ per copy, trade, contribution, or LoC). This is my favorite fmz, and I highly urge you to send Tom money: this contains THREE ON FANDOM, a symposium by Ben Singer, Art Rapp, and Ted Johnstone; THE GREAT

SPUTNIK LAUNCHING by Earl Noe, a story by Mike Deckinger, a letter from Roy Tackett explaining why he can't do a column for Tom, an article by Ray Lear, a review by Ted White, letters, and other Ghuud stuff.

ENGRAM #2 (15¢, trade, or letters of comment to Al Shuster, Jr., 1263 Webster Ave., Bronx 56, N.Y.) Elliot Shorter talks about the Eve. Session SFSoc. of the City College of NY, Charley Brown does book reviews (do I detect mercenary interests?) and compiles an index to 99 issues of Startling & the Wonder Story Annuals (and that isn't peanuts), there is a BORIS KARLOFF play and some quotes from the Philcon Piper panel. Not a bad fanzine.

FARRAGO #1 (Larry Crilly, 951 Anna Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey; 20¢ per, 3/50¢, 7/\$1, trade or printed contributions.) There is an article on West Indian Fandom, an exposé of Wally Weber and his heh-heh troubles, a loong article by Buck Coulson concerning fanzine reviews in the prozines (I realize you expected him to be doing fmz reviews himself, but nobody can do them for every fanzine) and he comes up with a plausible and practical solution. There is also a bit by Alan Dodd on an English comix-book hero, Rockfist Rogan- which is perfectly all right if you happen to like comix books, but I don't. Topped off by two very clever cartoons about AMZ and its soon-to-be 50¢ price tag. All in all, this is a very first good issue (I think that came out wrong, but anyway...) and I expect he will soon be way at the top of the list.

((cont. on page 20

LORD BREN

by B. Larntoff

Lord Bren, Guardian of the Keys to the Gates of the Zone (which lies in the exact centre of everything in the universes), was sitting placidly upon a colourless chair stroking the fluffy red hair of his cat, Matilda. Quite some time later, a messenger appeared with a Mr. Benjamin Franklin, who impulsively grabbed Bren's hand. After the initial shock was over, he explained his problem: to get proof that lightning and electricity were one and the same. After allowing Ben to bore him for several hours with extraneous material, he finally lost control of himself and shouted, "Mr. Franklin, go fly a kite!"

Before he could resume his restful repose, however, an urgent appeal arrived from the head priest of Amon-Ra in ancient Egypt. Once there, though completely out of breath, he listened to the tragic story of the coming ascent to the throne of the former ruler's daughter. After momentarily considering the matter, Bren replied: "I'm afraid that nothing can be done --- after all, she is of the Pharaoh sex."

Walking out of Amon-Ra's huge Temple, Bren saw a huge crowd assembling out on the desert. Advancing to them, he inquired of their purpose. "We are worshippers of Issus," they replied. Bren nodded sadly. "I guess some gods just can't afford the money, aren't rich enough to build a Temple."

On his return to the zone, he stopped off in medieval Europe, where he was immediately accosted by a man insisting upon buying him a drink. After Bren had downed it, he ordered another round at his

own expense, despite the stranger's vehement objections. But Bren was obstinate. "After all," he argued, "doesn't God say a Rye for a Rye?"

Against such logic the stranger could not argue, for he was a very religious man; indeed, he promised to show Lord Bren the new Church which had just been erected at the end of the road. As they went inside, Bren noticed two important theologians of the time arguing over the newly-proposed theory of the Holy Trinity. After carefully listening to both sides for as long as he could, Bren jumped up and shouted in a voice the whole town could hear: "Let Threedom Ring!"

Lord Bren then asked about the fenced-in area behind the Church. He was astonished when informed it was a graveyard. "But why the fence?" he asked incredulously. "Surely the dead will not run away.....do you mean to say the living would wish to enter?"

His guide was also astonished-- at Bren. "Do you mean you didn't know the devil appears at midnight?-- the fence is there to keep him in." "The devil!" exclaimed Lord Bren. "But to rid yourselves of the devil all you have to do is.....oh, excuse me, parson, I forget you have a family to support."

And with that he departed.

BUT NOT THE AYJAYS (cont. from page 19)

CADENZA #7 (Charles Wells, 200 Atlas St., Apt. #1, Durham, N.C., U.S.A.; 20¢, trade, or letter of comment). A short article on fanzine reviews which he doesn't have & a bit on married life, and then on to "Axiomatic Systems", an article about letters and then the lettercode. Also a listing of more dolls.....quite interesting.

SCRIBBLE #11 (10¢ to Bob Pavlat, 6001, 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Md. OR 6d. to Colin Freeman, 41, Mornington Crescent, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England). ATOM did the cover again, there are puns throughout as well as a bit of politico at the beginning, letters, insane babblings and an article on the disappearance of the female species. Or did I already say insane babblings?

AD ASTRA #7 (Ed Bryant, 300 Park Avenue, Wheatland, Wyoming; 8 1/2 X 14 size; 15¢, trade, contributions). An article by Ed's English teacher called "AN ENGLISH TEACHER LOOKS AT SCIENCE FICTION and literature", which devotes about one--- or maybe less--- paragraph to sf, a grim story by Barry P. Davis, and a quite good, clever story by Mike Deckinger. Beautiful printing of a space station on the cover... in pink!

NOTED IN PASSING

BY Jay Freedman

It started as a squeak. It rose to a groan, then to a sinister rumble. Rock grew red-hot, crumbled, then melted to slag, vaporizing into the muggy air of the jungle. The sound grew to a roar, reached a crescendo, and stayed there. Billions of tons of thrust pushed at the world's core. And the world shook itself like a wet dog and moved out of its orbit.

Thousands of miles away, seismographs recorded the shock waves from the explosion, and people were thrown from side to side and from chair

to floor. Tidal waves formed. People panicked. Shouts of 'Earthquake' rang through city and town, through places where no tremors had been felt for a million years. And the World was afraid.

Ninty three million miles away, a being sensed a recording on an 'instrument' consisting entirely of force patterns. He noted with satisfaction that and artificial sattelite, placed in orbit a few billion years before, was returning on schedual.

---Jay Freedman

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- You are not on the staff, but you thought you were_____
- Next ish we will go offset, so act accordingly.
- Your subscription ends with issue number_____
- A letter of comment will be appreciated, and will also get you the next ish_____
- If its good_____

This has been issue number one of Jelerang!, official organ of the Mercurians.

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