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JELERANG 2

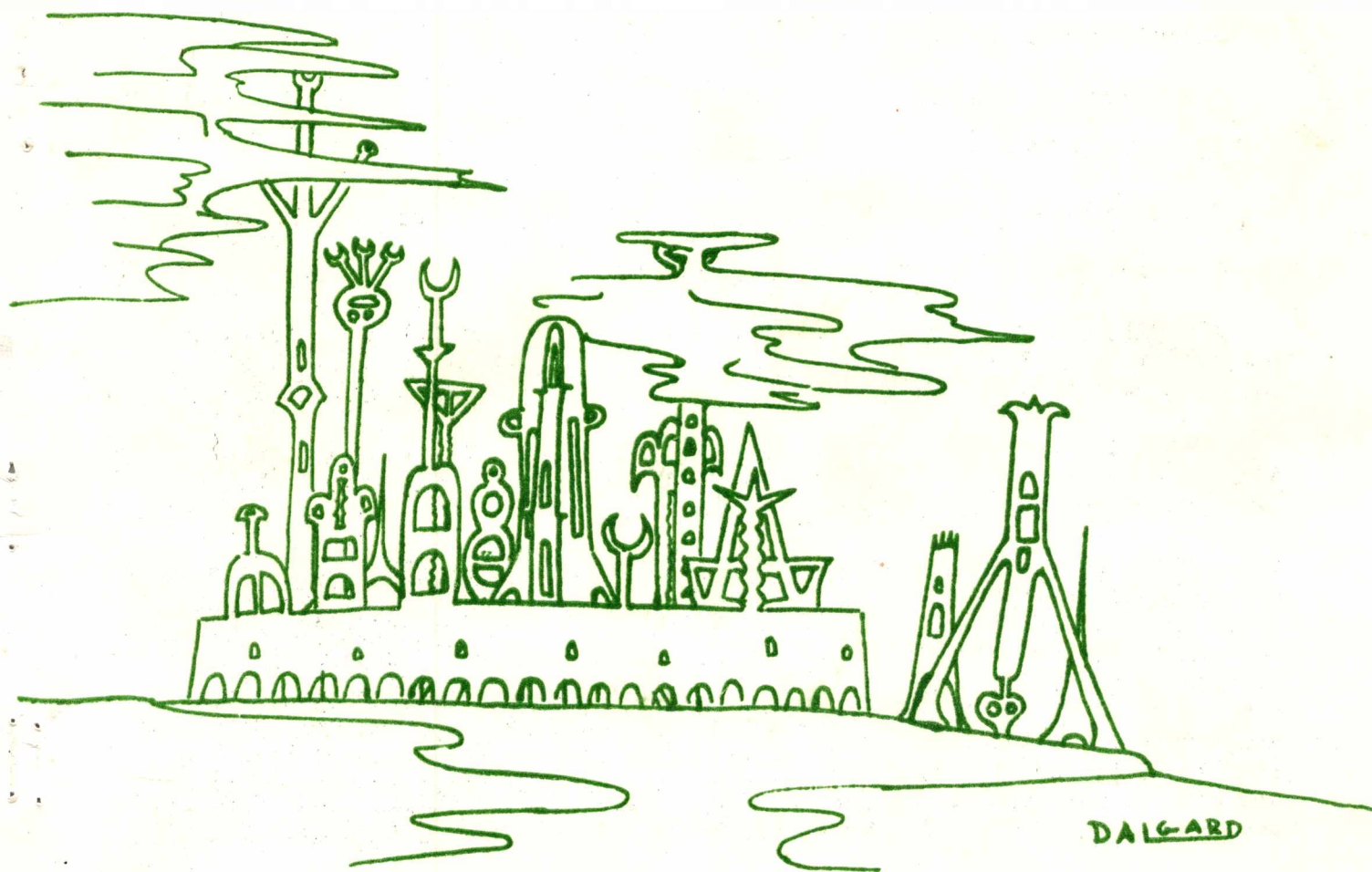
SUMMER 1963

In This Issue!

ISAAC ASIMOV

RANDALL GARRETT

OLIN T. FREDEGAR (?)



JELERANG 2

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COVER by Dalgard

150 Fanzines, That's Not Too Many by Saturated Fats

A Trip to Florida by Harriett Kolchak

Lord Bren by B. Larntoff

The Critics All Agape by Olin T. Fredegar

Benedict Breadfruit and the Virgin of Venus by Lord Joseph Mayhew

Randall Garrett by Randall Garrett

Animal Things by Harriett Kolchak

A Fragment of a Scream by Robert Lauder

But Not The Ayjays by Harvey Forman

The Things People Send Us (lettercol, with some answers by Rich Robertson)

The Last Master by Harriett Kolchak

ART CREDITS, hm, lessee. Cover several interiors by Dalgard. Signiture in the lettercol is by Larry Ivie. Cartoon one some page or other is by Stephen Franklin, and the three drawings of people and creatures are by John Kimley.

Subscriptions may be had for the tidy sum of five for a dollar, or 25¢ each. Address money and correspondence to THE MERCURIAN CLUB, c/o Harriett Kolchak, 2104 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia 30, Pennsylvania.

JELERANG is multilithed of Harvey Forman's machine. All typos this issue are the fault of Don Studebaker, who typed all the masters. All typos except those in Harvey's column, which ye typest painstakingly reproduced. Harriett Kolchak is general Dictatoress, which means she keeps us on schedual and makes everything get done. Rich Robertson is our Boy Scientist and White Slave, meaning he makes corrections by hand. Olin T. Fredegar is in charge of layout and artwork, and Literary Polishing, for what that is worth. We will not double in size again next issue, but we would appreciate comments, which might also get you the next issue. And we need some really fine material. And artwork. And money. And Money. And Money And Money. And Money. And Money. And Money.

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THATS NOT TOO MANY!

by

Saturated Fats

April 21st, 1963, Project New York: Sunday started out as a rather routine day—at least as routine as might be expected with the prospect of Olin T. Fredegar as traveling companion. It was on the way to his residence that I passed one of those Hertz Rent-a-car stations, and figured that if Rich Robertson, the blushing Tarzan, hadn't been so quick in dropping his plans for attending because of a mere shortage of money, we could all have gone....Even Mr. Maybe and Four Bitts. Unfortunately, only the blushing Tarzan has a drivers liscence, so Olin and I were forced to go it alone.

After arriving at his residence (hail ! oh redundancy) we proceeded to the train station at 30th Street, as Olin calmly chewed his sunflower. We bought tickets. Honest, we did. Ask the people at the station; they remember us.

We were already on the platform when Olin discovered he had made a booboo. Like, he had left his Neofund button at home, and thus could not collect any money.....only dust. And though he had remembered to bring Saint Harriett's tape recorder, in order to get the program, he had forgotten the microphone and two speakers for same. This especially was a sad thing, as you will see later, when we are in New York.

Getting off the train in Manhattan, we discovered that we were, without a doubt, lost. Eventually, Olin remedied the situation a bit by leading the way up to street level, but this didn't really help much. The streets in New York are, to say the least, peculiar....even discounting the fact that extend, on both sides of you, for miles. Somehow, one side of the street managed to read 94, while the other boldly proclaimed itself to be 347. Gathering up his reserve of adrenalin, Olin led the way in the inimitable fashion of the blushing Tarzan, and walked in a straight line; since this was obviously the shortest way to get there. He failed to heed my argument that this might be the wrong straight line.

We got there any-
way. By 'there', I mean the doored-in alley that marks the street level of Adelphi Hall. Inside the convention room, which was just a shade larger, I looked around for Seth Johnson, who wasn't there yet, and George Scithers, who is either Ghod or Shaton in a clever plastic disguise. George never did show, but Larry Kafka was there without his broadsword, which seems rather silly since this con had a program based on Heroic Fantasy.



I sold a copy of Jelerang (and I can prove it) and met Ed Meskys, who tried to bribe me into quitting the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance. Then the Program began. Hans Santesson was moderator, and the first panel consisted of Berkeley Bhoy Ed Meskys, John Boardman, and Elliot Shorter. The topic was 'Is Science Fiction Dead?'. The conclusion I arrived at was that science fiction isn't, but the topic certainly is. In one of the fanzines laying around here there is a speech by John W. Campbell, jr., in which he says there is nothing wrong with science fiction, but the fans simply won't acknowledge CHANGE. Science fiction of the type written thirty years ago just isn't anymore. Times have changed, but not fans. This is one answer to the problem, of course, but it is not the complete answer. I think one of the reasons fans refuse to acknowledge Change is that they just wake up one morning and find it thrust upon them...they haven't been reading the magazines steadily. And I don't think the reason for this lack of reading is because of the lack of quality in the magazines, either! I remember before I entered fandom; all my spare time was spent reading science fiction. Now all my spare time is taken up with writing articles and stories for fanzines, by publishing fanzines (though some people have other names for the things I publish), by club meetings and projects, by cons, etc. etc. etc. I think this is the cause of our complaints about science fiction. I digress.

Then there was a flurry of announcements, first about TAFF, then about the NSF (given by George Nims Raybin), and one about the Neofund, given by our own Bhoy Idiot.

Randall Garrett stood up, smoking a cigar which had galloping virus. He opened with a pun that made the whole audience groan. Does anyone remember it?

If you will remember else, just a month before, Randy had heaped praises on John W. Campbell, jr., and Analog. Although I must admit that Randy specified right at the beginning that his talk could be applied to all the magazines, Analog was undoubtedly his prime target.

Randy was bemoaning the lack of egoboo writers are getting from the lettercols. He pointed out the difference between the letters being written today and the letters written during the forties. He said that the writer needs this egoboo...not for the mere pleasure of the egoboo...seeing one's name in print, receiving handsome checks with a bonus, could sustain a writer...but if letters don't give opinions of a story, the writer is writing into a void, he is unable to write the type of story the reader wants, so he is forced to write the same old thing, under the assumption that this is what the magazine is buying.

When someone asked if Campbell would print such a letter, Randy replied that sure he would! He told of the techniques of market study..a writer goes out and buys a few issues of a magazine, then patterns his story after it. But sometimes, he pointed out, the editor has had a whole run of stories of a certain type. In comes his story and the editor groans 'Oh no! Not another one!' But what else has he got? And the letter hacks are in the same boat. They want egoboo, that of seeing their name in print, so they look and see what kind of letters are being published. They pick up a copy of Analog, for instance, and see that all the letters comment on John's Editorials and the Fact Articles of the issue. So what do they comment on? And what is John stuck with?

He went on to say, that for years, fans have believed that they had a good deal of influence with the magazines, but in recent times had come to disbelieve in this. Randy said that fans did have an influence...not individually, of course, but collectively. No editor can afford to ignore letters. If he does, and goof's, and the publisher sees a letter from Jo Phan, why he's in hot water. On the other hand, if he can point to these letters when the publisher is ready to call out the men in the white coats because of the editors latest scheme....Randy pointed out, however, that this collective influence of the fans was without collusion: he related the anecdote about the election in a small Republicon town on

Election Day. One man came and voted Democrat. Then another man came and voted Democrat, so the teller tore up the ballots, muttering, "The nerve of that guy, voting twice!"

In closing, he begged the audience to write letters of comment...and mentioned that a story of his was upcoming in Analog.

Then there was a short recess and we were served coffee and muffins. I talked with Dave Ettlin who was rather disappointed by the fact that Neffer Dave Kyle had not shown up to tape the program. He himself had left his fifty pounds of equipment at home. See what I mean about that Fredegar?

Wandering about, I just happened to meet Jeff Wanshell, who was selling a box of fanzines. He estimated about a hundred and fifty to be in it, including FANCY-CLOPAEDIA II, WHY IS A FAN, A TRIP TO HELL, THE INCOMPLETE BERRY, RETRIBUTION I, CRYs by the dozens, and lots of stuff. So I bought it. My only regret is that he took out the complete run of XERO.

The first thing I discovered was that the box could not be retied. I didn't have time to do much about this, however, because the intermission ended and a tape, slide show, was given by Hulbert Bourroughs, who talked of the coming renaissance of his father's works, and Sam and Chris Moskowitz, who gave a slide show of the Burroughs' stories as they appeared on the cover of the stf mags.

Finally, as I lugged my box to my seat, the program commenced with Judy Merrill being given a plaque, which wasn't there in person. (The plaque that is--Judy was there) She expressed her gratitude and told of her first anthology.

Meanwhile, Olin and Randy were using me as their Post office in passing notes between each other. Somehow, Olin negotiated a story, (previously unpublished) from Randy for Jelerang. So much so, in fact, that when Garrett demanded his regular three-cents a word rate, he ended up owing Jel three cents. Being generous to the core, Olin dropped this three cent charge.

The Burroughs panel.

Don Wollheim, Ace books; Dick Lupoff, Canaverall Press, and someone else, who should be Ian Ballantine of Ballantine Books. I will not even attempt to transcribe the numerous comments they made on the renaissance, the quality of the books, the author, u.s.w.,. But one thing caused Kafka to get goosepimples; Dick Lupoff's list of unpublished and generally-unavailable Burroughs material amounting to hundreds of thousands of words. A fourth Pellucidar novel. An autobiography. A one hundred and twenty thousand word mainstream novel. He had a list of at least a hundred stories which he read to us----and how many didn't he mention because of the time limit????

The con was over.

Migrating to a restaurant several blocks away, I was finally able to rest my weary arms...you probably have no idea how much 150 fanzines can weigh.

Here I button-holed Ed Meskys and, after he had gotten change, sold him a copy of Jelerang. That made a total of two sales! Andy Silverberg didn't buy a copy, but he got one anyway because he real quick drew some illustrations for the second issue. (Like our lovely Dalgard Cover) Kafka told me how to build a broad sword. I have decided, however, to buy a machete and paint the blade gold. And besides, you don't build swords, you forge them.

I got to talking to Jack Chalker, who was selling copies of David H. Keller's A FIGMENT OF A DREAM at \$2.75 each, and told me that the DisCon Hotel Rates were \$9 a day for a single, \$14 a day for a double. If four got together, taking shifts on the bed, Hotel bill for the con would only be \$14. He also told me that the Con Committee wouldn't let anyone sleep in the NSF Hospitality Room because, at the Chicon, someone slept there covered in green paint. This hasn't been checked out, however, so don't accept it as Gospel. Jack Chalker is not God. However, when I write to the DisCon next time, I'll ask Him.

Ed Meskys was peeved because a certain person who was supposed to be there, wasn't. (I forget just who) He took out a pocsard and eight one half-cent stamps, and we all signed our names to it. We put a Philadelphia return address on it, (it was going somewhere in New York) and would not be mailed until Ed got to Washington, D.C. Ed, by the way, was ostensibly on the East Coast to deliver a six minute speech. In travelling expenses, his company was paying approximately \$100 for each of those minutes. Ed will be returning to the East in the fall, permanently.

Finally, Ed Meskys, Jack Chalker, Dave Ettlin, Mark owings, (who had bought the manuscript of PODKAYNE OF MARS, with the Virgil Finlay illustrations, for only eleven dollars, at the auction, which auction I neglected to mention) and some other decided to leave. Since Olin had no such intentions, I went with them, carrying my box of fanzines, which had begun to increase in weight with age. (Olin stayed at the restaurant with Sexy Mary and later went with Elliot Shorter, Jake and Nobody, and Barry Greene to ride the Staten Island Ferry. From this vantage point they watched Staten Island burn to the ground. See what I mean about that Fredegar?)

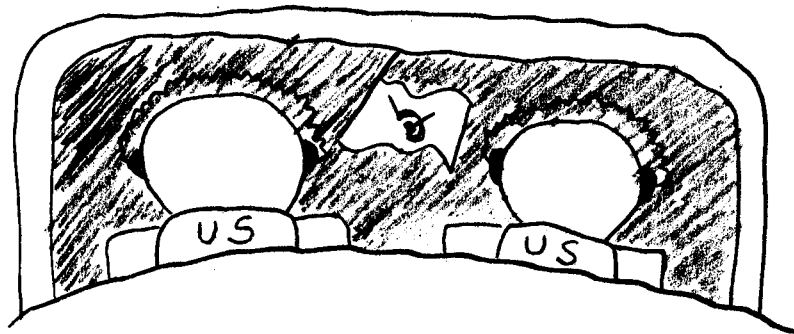
Luckily, I did not have to walk back to the train, as I would have if I had waited for Olin. He has a fixation about Banshees in the Subways of New York, or something. Ed led us to the Independant Subway, which was a nickel cheaper than the one two tracks away.

Stumbling out at the end of a joyous ride, we went through a few dozen concourses and lost ourselves as the train approached. Finally, back together, after a fifteen minute interval, we had to run down to the end of the train to get on. There weren't any seats on those cars. Five minutes later we ran up to the other end and went too far.. Finally we ran back to the upper middle. Iv'e never been so out of breath in my life. Imagine it! Me running! And with a hundred and fifty fanzines to carry. In the middle, we found enough seats to rotate upon.

At this point Jack Chalker gave me erroneous information about George Scithers and metal plates, and we had quite a time. I was invited down to a meeting of the Baltimore Science Fiction Society, and one of these days I do hope to get there.. though it probably won't come about until DisCon time.

Finally it was Philadelphia, and I very reluctantly parted company with this staunch splinter of the Lunacon. Now, indeed, for me, the Lunacon was over.

-----Saturated Fats



A TRIP TO FLORIDA

by

Harriett Kolchak

In December my husband, Steve, had to make out his vacation slip. Therefore, I had to figure out when I could get away without missing any of my fannish activities, or without being away for the holidays. Finances indicated that I should have to wait until March, or later. Consulting the callender, I discovered that March was out. The first Sunday in March was scheduled for the Open ESFA meeting, and I was on the committee. The 27th of March is Steve's birthday, and, as I had been away for the last four years on this occasion, I didn't want to be away again this year. May is the rainy season in Florida (which is where I intended going) and June is too hot. So is August, and in September they have more rain. Not to mention the fact that September is the World SF Convention. This left only April, which meant that I would have to miss the Lunacon and Easter at home. But April it was, so I would be away for the first time on these two occasions.

Steve had three weeks vacation coming to him, but he told me to leave a week early and take a full month for a change. On March 29th I was packed and ready, so I took the early morning train and headed south to Washington D. C.

Washington means the Washington Science Fiction Association, and since it was Friday, I attended the meeting. This was a party meeting, and what a party! They went all out for it, right down to potato salad, chips 'n dips, and all kinds of odd kinds of drinks. For those who don't know, the WSFA parties and meetings are held at the home of Miss Elizabeth Cullen, a tall, stately, white haired lady, who, even at eighty years of age, is active enough to go horseback riding in the morning; in addition to her many other activities, such as the Washington Historical Society. After the party, Tom Haughey drove me back to the station in time to catch the midnight train to Florida.

At the station I discovered that I had left my cigarette lighter at Miss Cullen's house. I had plenty of cigarettes though, and it was surprising how many people were anxious to get me burned up. They'd hand me a pack of matches and say: "Now you just keep those, I have plenty more." When I left Washington, I'm sure I had quite enough matches to set the World on fire. In Washington, they don't seem to think that this is too bad an idea. I boarded the train and found a seat on the only smoking car available.

It wasn't much later that I discovered, much to my dismay, a woman with four brats in tow. She was a small, dumpy colored woman, dressed in rose and blue, her clothes of good material but allowed to become dirty to the point where the colors were



barely discernable. Each of the children was a little taller than the other, the smallest being only a baby. They had all wet themselves, from head to toe, and proceeded to crawl around the car, over the seats, against the passengers, permeating everything with the stench of it. The odor insidiously permeated its way even to the skin of the other passengers. I discovered that it would do no good to change cars, either, as the woman and her offspring had made the rounds and left their mark in each and every car. Finally, the lights were turned out and I thought I would get some sleep.

Did you ever look out the window of a train and watch the kalidoscopic patterns formed by the light filtering through the trees and bushes along the wayside? Interspersed with patches of darkness, flashing by in the night, they seemed to be trying to convey some message as if in code. Weird creatures formed themselves from the odd patches of light, creatures allowed a brief, bright life to emerge from their own nocturnal depths. My imagination roamed and I conjectured all manner of things that they might be up to, out there in the darkness.

I sat alone until we had passed Quantico, but at the next stop a man got on. He was short and plump with the look of a farmer about him. He reminded me a great deal of W. C. Fields, with his round face and schnozz. He started to take the seat behind me, managed to whack me in the head with his jacket, excused himself, and sat down.

"How far down you going?" he asked. Even his voice reminded me of W. C. Fields, with that droll drawl.

"To Saint Petersburg." I answered.

"Oh, to the old folks home." he said. "There's not much for the young folks to do down there, is there?"

"I'll be visiting with my Aunts and Cousins," I said. "I suppose they'll know what's of interest. Besides, I need a really good rest."

We continued to talk, the conversation taking in our home towns, his wife and children, and the usual chit-chat that travelers use to pass the idle hours. The woman across from him added comments from time to time and the next stop came before we knew it.

Richmond was to be a half hour stop, but, as usual, it was more like fifty-five minutes. We got out and walked around a bit to exercise our stiff backs and legs, and bought coffee from one of the wagons which lined the platform hawking their wares of candy, cigarettes, magazines, and sandwiches. Then we continued South.

The man got off at Charlotte, and the woman across the way moved to his seat. She was nicely dressed in Navy blue with yellow accessories. Quite tall, and very well spoken. I learned that she was also a rail road wife. We continued to talk until the train reached Waycross, then she fell asleep. I too finally managed to fall asleep and did not wake till we reached Columbus. At Columbus we stopped for fifteen minutes and I had another cup of coffee and two more cigarettes. Then I went back to sleep until nine thirty.

The fields and farms moved by, beautiful in the early morning sun. Young calves and colts were abundant, enjoying themselves thoroughly, romping about in the Spring air. Fields of daisies flew by, dogwood trees covered in blossoms, and golden clusters of buttercups and other spring flowers were rampant throughout the countryside. But even amid this spring gaiety, there were signs of the hard winter just passed. Many of the trees were dead, and lichen moss hung heavy from them. The streams were swollen by melting snow, and a few dead bodies of alligators and other, less recognizable swamp dwellers were visible along the banks. Many of the farms were marooned by the waters, and occasionally one saw

an automobile sitting, alone, atop a little sand dune.

I proceeded to the Diner for breakfast.

Breakfast? Well.....I had toast, which was not quite. With Jellie. Two eggs, up, only half fried. Bacon which looked as if it had been cut fresh from the hog and only detoured slightly (not enough) by way of the kitchen. The coffee was like tobacco juice, and may have been. The orange juice was good, but then, we were nearing Florida. I suppose this meal (?) was nourishing, and it was certainly filling, but I nearly lost it when I saw the check --- \$3.50 plus tax plus the tip!

When we reached Jacksonville, around nine P. M. (we were due at seven thirty), I hunted up a little restaurant where I have often gotten good meals at a price within reason. They served me a full course dinner, with coffee (good coffee) and desert, and only charged a dollar fifty. After dinner I went back to the station and waited until ten thirty for the train to Saint Petersburg.

I slept most of the night and arrived at my destination at seven thirty the next morning, on time. I looked around the station, expecting someone to be there to meet me. Gradually the crowd dwindled and the station emptied. As I headed for the taxi stand a hand fell on my shoulder. I turned to see who it was.

My cousin Harold was standing there. He is a tall, greying blonde man with a pleasant helden tenor voice. He was wearing blue jeans and a polo shirt, and looked for all the world like Joe Palooka. Harold took my bags and led me to his car, a blue sedan; then we headed north to Gulf Port, a suburb of Saint Pete's.

As we drove through the city and town, I couldn't help but notice the many modern buildings, most of which could have come from the pen of the artists who do covers for science fiction magazines. There were parts that reminded me of labrinths, parts like radar antennae, and even parts shaped like space-ships. The roofs dipped in gigantic figures of M and W. Later I got to take three pictures of such buildings, two churches and one very wild looking synagog.

Aunt Bertha, a stocky little woman with grey hair and dimming vision in her blue eyes, fixed breakfast for us, then I unpacked, changed into my gold bikini, and went into the back yard to talk and take the Florida sunshine. After dinner my other cousin, Bobby, had to leave for work. He is unlike Harold, being short and very thin, with a dark complexion. Harold went in to take a nap, so I sat in the living room talking to my Aunt and her parakeet, Tweety.

During my four weeks there I watched the seemingly dead palms spring back to life and the flowers shoot up like weeds all over. In my Aunts yard there were petunias, gladiolas, rain lillies, wax flowers, begonias, and pepper plats, and even copra. And the neighbors had carnations and roses, powder puffs and gardenias. There were wildflowers all over, mineature orchids, mineature lavender colored snap-dragons, shasta daisies, regular daisies, butter cups, wild mint, pinks and too many to even try and name. You could plant a seed, and in four day you would have a full blooming plant.

The birds are just as numerous as the plants. Without any effort at all I saw sandpipers, snipes, gulls, terns, black gulls, flamingoes, pelicans; all these on the beach. In the town itself I saw Oriels, starlings, robins, hawks, mixed sparrows, huming birds, crows, ravens, mocking birds, blue jays, nightingales, woodpeckers, cardinal, and Katydids, which in Florida are small birds; a type of humming bird which some of the residents call a Dart.

All this time I was enjoying the sun and getting a gorgeous tan. The warm

weather brought out the less auspicious inhabitants, the toads, the frogs, the snakes and chamelaeons. There were only two blights to this time, both native to the State of Florida.

One was the infamous Red Tide which was reported off the Florida Coast. It seems to be an organism, but just what kind nobody is certain. It turns the sea waters red and kills the fish. Though it hasn't been reported to attack humans as yet, the beaches are often covered with rotting fish, washed ashore, and bathing is hazardous. Some of the residents speculate that it might be a transplanted spore, possibly manufactured artificially, placed in the ocean waters by an enemy. Or possibly something stirred up from the ocean depths by hydrogen bomb explosions. There is even thought that it might be connected with of missiles and space ships. Be that as it may, the Government of the State of Florida is setting up a special laboratory to study the menace and wellcomes all suggestions as to its nature and cure.

The second blight was a matter of stupidity. This time on the part of the State Government. As I have mentioned, and I hope effectively, Florida has many beautiful birds. But the Government doesn't seem to be impressed, either by their beauty or their utility. They are undertaking a campaign to dispose of them, on the grounds that they carry encephalitus germs, and are infecting the population. They claim that the mosquitoes who naturally carry the germ are biting the birds, and that the birds are then transferring it to humans. So the government is carrying on a campaign against the birds!

Lets pull out some facts here and see what we get: We know that many birds live on insects. Now it stands to reason that if we cut down the number of birds, the insects will increase, and with them the original disease infection. If the birds get the infection through their food source it certainly isn't their fault. But if people get the disease through lack of birds to control the over-abundance of insects, then it certainly is the fault of the people who dispose of the birds. Encephalitus isn't the only thing that would increase with the decrease in birds; so would every other disease carried by insects! I don't think I need mention the beauty of the bird's plumage, and their songs which cheer the blind. Many of the older residents of the state, invalids, get most of their pleasure in life from watching their feathered friends.

The real problem isn't even with the insects themselves. Its with the people in charge of the State. With the people who ignore the deplorable conditions that allow the insects to breed freely and unchecked in heavy residential areas.

In even the civilized suburbs of Saint Petersburg, er, burg, there are open drainage ditches, open sewers running in front of the houses. Ill cleaned, if at all, and stinking with human filth and refuse which, in other cities and states, is carried by concrete pipe for miles and disposed of. This is where the disease originates, in these open sewers and in the frequent swamps which go uncared for. If the state would cure these sores, it might find itself more able to cope with encephalitus than in its present battle with the birds.

Despite these unpleasant aspects, I still managed to have a good time. There were visits to Bobby's friends, to the beaches, to various churches, and to a new island hotel, the PORT OF CAJAL, owned by bandleader Guy Lombardo. There were even two fans in my visit. Writer Piers Anthony (Piers Jacobs) and fringe-fan Tom Dilly.

Piers you will remember from his story POSSIBLE TO RUE in a recent fantastic. He is a tall, dark-haired young man with light skin, rather thin, and is devoting

his full time to writing. His lovely wife Carol, a slightly built girl with dark hair and creamy light skin, works while Piers writes, and she has every confidence in his abilities as an author. Piers will probably turn out to be a very good writer, if the pieces he showed me are any example of his work. He should definatley recieve encouragement.

Tom Dilly is slightly shorter than Piers, has dark hair and dark skin. He is still attending college and channels his interests solely into the works of Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

Both Tom and Piers would like the names and addresses of any fans living in their area. They would like to start a group, so if you know anyone, write them. I can give you their address, or give them yours.

At the end of the four weeks came the biggest shock of all. A letter from Steve informed me that Don Studebaker had finally sold a story, to the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction, and that he had made me his agent. I had not expected this honor, but since I've been elected to the post, I'll do my damndest to be a good one.

The return trip was dreamy. The only trouble was a hot box (burning brakes) as the train left Charlotte, which held us up for a while. I had lots of nice memories to take home with me, and many pleasant things to look forward too. There was, I had been informed, a new nest of kittens. I had left with seven kittens, and would return to find eleven. Not to mention a grand husband, who had grown pretty lonesome, waiting for me.

I spent most of the time on the train in the club car, making notes for JELERANG, eating my sandwiches and some candy. I bought coffee from time to time, and when I got home, to Philadelphia, I took a cab straight to the house for more coffee--and to awaken my sleeping husband.

---And then? Well, the mail was piled sky-high. The house was cleaned the way a man cleans house. ESFA meeting on Sunday, Thursday the boys were due over to talk about the next issue of Jel, shopping, a visit to my Mother's to be made, the PSFS meeting on Friday, Lunarians on Saturday, and by Sunday (again) it was Mothersday. I have a Grandmother and a wonderful, chunky little Mother to visit. I guess there is no rest for the wicked science fiction fan who takes a few minutes off. Now I need another vacation to rest up from the work that piled up during the last.

-----Harriett Kolchak '63

RANDALL GARRETT

has kindly contributed, for the sum of three cents per word, (payable in copies of Jelerang) the following short story. (?) The situation of its composition was as follows: Judy Merrill mentioned that 'THE LORD OF THE FLIES was now required reading at many of the schools where she lectured on science fiction. Randy passed us a note reading

"I always thought 'The Lord of the Flies' was a story about a man who had cornered the market on zippers for men's tailors."

---Randall Garrett

See, we told you we had Randall Garrett in this issue! Aren't you jelous?

LORD BREN

by

B. LARNTOFF

LORD BREN, Keeper of the Keys of the Gates of the Zone, was on an emergency visit to American Colonial times, and, before leaving, decided to pay a visit to his old friend, Benjamin Franklin. Ben, who hadn't seen Bren for a long time, and, during this period had acquired a taste for sightseeing, was overjoyed. He immediately set upon Lord Bren to take him on a brief jaunt about the Universe, before the Revolution kept his time occupied.

The first world which they visited was divided into several rigidly divided classes, each with its own social and psychological characteristics. The most interesting relationship observed on the planet was that between the a-class and the e-class.

The a-class was completely helpless without the aid of the e-class, each a depending for sustenance upon its e slave. This is most easily explained by the fact that the a-class creatures resembled potted Peonies and the e, or slave class, creatures resembled lemmings.

This resemblance, on the part of the e-class, to lemmings, was more than skin deep, however. Once in each life cycle of the planet, the slaves, the working e-class members, would turn on their personal a-class master and attempt to devour him. This would mean a discontinuance of the line, since the a-class creatures gave birth to the b-class creatures, which in turn gave birth to the c-class creatures and so on down to the h-class creatures which dropped seeds from which grew more a-class creatures.

Unfortunately, the lemming-like creatures had developed a high degree of technology, and the psychomechanical barriers which normally protected the best stock of the a-class could now be broken down by even the least adept of the e-class. Thus, the entire planet was in danger of racial suicide by virtue of the very built-in property which, in past times, had allowed the race to improve via survival of the fittest.

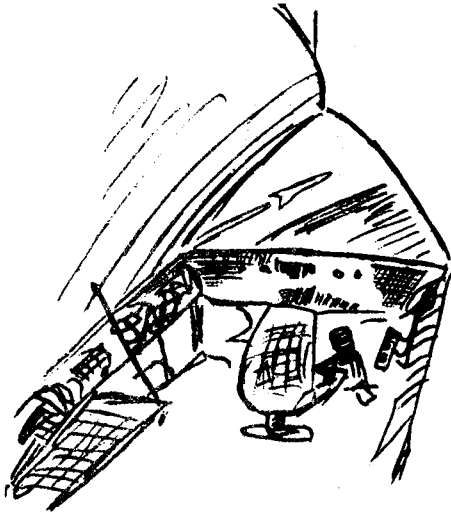
Bren, observing the potted Peonie creatures trembling with fear, and their servile e-class progeny already beginning to salivate with the ancient racial lust, rushed to the nearest pottery store and bought hundreds of large stone vases with heavy lids.

Quickly, Ben and Bren began to stuff the furry little lemming-like critters into the jars and seal on the tops. When enough had been canned to ensure the survival of the species, Bren and Ben sat back and watched the rest devour their potted, great-great-grandmothers. When the slaughter was finished, and the old racial urge done for, one of the contrite lemmings came to Bren and asked how he had known what to do, how he had known that only a descendant may attack a progenitor, and that in incarcerating his fellows, the race was saved. Also why he had not sealed them all in jars and thereby prevented the mass murder.

"Actually, I didn't think of it," he said. "My friend Ben did."

"Yes," said Franklin, "I've always known that a Peonie saved is a Peon-e urred."

---B. Larntoff '63



THE CRITICS ALL AGAPE

PART ONE

by OLIN T. FREDEGAR

A recent article, published in the Off Trail Magazine Publisher's Association, discussed various means and way of 'where to find what', i.e. those voluminous indices on what has been published and where it may be found. The article was most informative and will doubtless serve many nobly.

Writer Piers Anthony is currently at work on a compilation of book reviews of science fiction interest. Such a listing may prove invaluable in an age where no one can possibly hope to keep abreast of the constant output of modern sf and

continue to peruse the 'classics' of the genre.

It occured to me that a virtually untouched area of bibliographical research lay in the matter of criticism. Unfortunate though it may seem, most sf fen are loath to consider the criticism of outsiders, albeit mostly with good reason. The ignorance of the average of the average mundane critic of the criteria of science fiction, and their relation to the criteria of mundane fiction, is legendarily abysmal. The brickbats from these individuals have far exceeded the bouquets, and the bouquets have been condescending little branches of wildflowers for that; the brickbats have been large and elaborate, often satyricle in themselves, at least to the informed reader. (See Kingsly Amis as a perfect example of the critic who thinks he is doing a good turn, while in reality lacking any comprehension of his subject matter.)

My article, here, then, is a listing of criticism and discussion of Science Fiction by the mundane mind, or, at least, from the point of view of the criteria popular in mundane fiction. Where I think it expedient, I shall discuss the article under consideration with enough detail to give the reader some idea of its subject and importance.

My method of research was simple, and therefore not at all comprehensive. All articles were 'discovered' by going through the complex cross sectioning of the READERS GUIDE TO PERIODICAL LITERATURE. This guide extends chronologically backward much further than I have examined it, but, for the purposes of my research, I have limited my search to the years after the birth of AMAZING STORIES, i.e., 1926, the official founding date of modern Science Fiction. I have included articles, however, pertaining to science fiction written before that time, but published later. (I mean, by that, that the article, not the fiction, was published later)

The first inkling of intellegent criticism of science fiction, or rather, what science fiction was to become, came in the October issue of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for 1925. I include this listing because it is relevent to a later theme, not because

it deals with science fiction as such.

Mr. I. A. Richards, in an article titled 'Science and Poetry', gives a remarkably lucid examination of why poetry works. How it affects the emotions, what the relationship of structure to emotional reaction is, and the subtle difference between true poetry, as exemplified in the works of the great poets, and the scholarly creation, 'built' by adhering to the rules which may be derived from meter and form.

Mr. Richards then considers the relationship of current (1925) scientific thought to poetry, its technique and composition. The scientific examination of the reactions of the reader to the poet's subject matter, and the means whereby the scientific, detailed examination of the subject matter can influence the poet's creative processes and thereby his creation.

Mr. Richards was, of course, most probably unaware of science fiction as such. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that, had Mr. Richards been aware of sf as it was then written and published, he would have been able to make the connection between this new and startling innovation in literary form and his subject! Only the works of Merritt, at this time, (1925) fully embodied the complete usage of poetic statement, and Merritt was, we must admit, far too rich a pudding for the scholarly Jack Horner of the day to put his thumb into.

Yet the very means, techniques, which Mr. Richards discussed, were later, ever so much later, to be developed into a high form by one of Science Fiction's greatest Masters, Henry Kuttner, who utilized the power of poetry of word and form, of psychological touchstrings, as it were, to produce the amazing emotional effects of TOMMORROW AND TOMMORROW and THE FAIRY CHESSMEN.

Mr. Richards was not, however, content to rest on the laurels of this one mild critical piece. In the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE for June 5th, 1926, Number 45, Volume II, Mr. Richards repeated the ideas first put forth in the above mentioned article for the ATLANTIC MONTHLY. This second article was much shorter, but contained some new material, in agreement with, and in expansion of, the views held in the ATLANTIC article. At the bottom of the page was a reference indicating that Mr. Richards did indeed hold his opinions strongly, had, in fact, written a book on the subject, titled, again, SCIENCE AND POETRY; to be published in that month by the W. W. Norton Publishing Company, Inc. (New York)

It might be of considerable value to writers in the genre to consider Mr. Richards' opinions and statement, as, in the light of certain later references to be here included, Mr. Richards might well have been an important factor in an early, in fine, instant acceptance of Science Fiction as a branch of Literature. --Had either the readers, the critics, or the science fiction writers of the time, paid him any credence.

Also in the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE for June 5th, 1926, is a review of a book by Joseph Wood Krutch; EDGAR ALLEN POE: A STUDY IN GENIUS. The review was brief, indicating that Mr. Krutch scorned the 'historical' approach to biography, treating his subject rather from the psychological standpoint of analysis. The book was published by Alfred A. Knopf, (New York) 1926, and sold for \$3.00

On page 32 of the LITERARY DIGEST for June 5th, 1926, we find quotes from

Mr. Aage Marcus, then Librarian of the Academy of Fine Arts in Copenhagen. Mr. Marcus had become entranced with the 'pure' english-language fantasy, and, in his statements and descriptions, gives a fine definition of what he is talking about. Further, he describes this 'pure' fantasy as unique to the english language. His purpose in writing to the LITERARY DIGEST, or whomever it was to whom the letter was addressed, was to find more examples of this type of fantasy, and included the following specimen list: Wells' THE WONDERFUL VISIT AND SOME SHORT STORIES, Graham's THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS, Morley's WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS, de la Mare's MEMOIRES OF A MIDGET, James Stephen's THE DEMI-GODS, Garnet's LADY INTO FOX, Whitworth & Henderson's A BOOK OF WHIMSIES.

The reviewer, the person conducting the column in which the letter appeared, cited as examples for perusal; Christopher Morley's THUNDER ON THE LEFT, Marc Connelly's THE WISDOM TOOTH, Heywood Brown's GANDLE FOLLOWS HIS NOSE. Aside from the Morley, these last are unfamiliar to me, though the author's names strike a familiar, though distant, note.

Edgar Allen Poe seems to have had a good year in '26. The NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, which is no longer published, (I think this is the one I had to get special clearance to check) featured an article by James Southall Wilson, the Edgar Allen Poe Professor of English at the University of Virginia. (This was in Volume 223, December 1926, on Pages 675-684) It was a careful, well thought-out, article, a veritable gold mine of information on Poe's working methods, his style, his attitude toward achievement of his final effect, and, most important, on that neglected aspect of his career, his tenure as a journalist and critic. From references in the article, and from the manner of its author, I get the impression that Poe was still quite a controversial figure, even this late in the century. Not just controversial as a man, but as a writer and critic. There would seem to have been violent disagreement over his value in the intellectual circles of the twenties, a thing which, in a time having to cope with the genius of James Branch Cabell, is almost inconceivable.

About this point in my researches, I was led astray by references to two items. FANTASY IN THE FIRST PERSON by Cyril Hume - HARPERS MAGAZINE, Volume 153, Pages 417-425, September 1926 ---and ---FANTASY END by Francis Kilbourne - LADIES HOME JOURNAL, Volume 45, Page 27, September 1928.

These were both short stories, neither of which had anything to do with my inquiries, being neither good stories nor fantasies. I have become increasingly peeved in recent years with writers who capitalize on titles dripping with connotations of science or fantasy, and who fill their pages with the kind of drivel it would seem America, and the rest of the world, is so willing to lap from their literary chins.

SCIENTIFIC MONTHLY was well-nigh impossible to obtain. It had been lost in the stacks of the Library, and without the aid of a kindly lady, (by name, Mrs. Hopper) a woman with a charming disposition and the kind of willingness-to-help which should be, but so often is not, the mark of a good Librarian, I should probably not have found it for months. Mrs. Hopper, however, put in a special request, sent it below immediately, and before I could leave the building, came running down the hall to tell me that the book had been found and was on its way up.

Though the

article dealt with neither science fiction or fantasy, it was nonetheless rewarding in its attitude. Mr. D. W. Hering, in an article titled SCIENTIFIC FANTASIES dealt with the value of the fantasy, the dream, the conjecture, in aiding both the scientist and his science. The inspirational value which causes the scientist to seek new knowledge. This kind of attitude shows the extent to which the New Romanticism was being felt, even in the twenties, and which was to produce, as its literary vehicle, both science fiction and science fantasy, probably the only links between twentieth century literature and the Classics of the past. Mr. Hering encouraged the scientist to dream all the more, for from dreams come ideas, and from ideas come created realities.

The SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE again took notice of Fantasy in the issue dated December 22, 1928. May Lamberton Becker, in her department 'The Reader's Guide', gives someone denoted as 'W.S. of Philadelphia' a bibliography of contemporary fantasies. 'W.S.' was apparently attempting to do a comprehensive bibliography of such fantasies, and had asked for advice.

The list given by M. L. Becker was fantastic in itself. Though there are definitely some items of merit, such as mention of Dunsany, most of the list is made up of items long (and thankfully forgotten by today's reader. This is probably a good sign, as the list included, believe it or not, the following titles - in all seriousness! A FAIRY LEPT UPON MY KNEE by Bea Howe, and SEDUCERS IN ECUADOR by V. Sackville West (1) There are even more, with titles too awful to bother listing.

Toward the end of the article, Becker again mentions Christopher Morley, this time to say that her personal choices for 'books to survive this literary generation' would include Morley's WHERE THE BLUE BEGINS and Stephen Benét's JOHN BROWN'S BODY. Several of the other critics of her time seemed to be touting these books as well, so I suppose I shall have to dig them out and read them, just to satisfy my curiosity.

As a note of interest for those interested in such things, as I am, the review just below, on the page, the above mentioned item was of the MALEUS MALEFICARUM, in a new translation by Reverend Montague Summers, 'of whom we shall have more to say'. That 'more to say' sounded, in context, like a bit of praise and piety in the presence of the Arch-Fink Summers. Or so it seemed to this humble reader of musty tomes.

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, March 19th, 1932, Number 35, Volume 8.

THE GATES OF CONJECTURE, by John O'Hara Cosgrave.

Starting with a statement by Dr. Henry F. Osborn, made at the Convention of the National Academy of Science, Mr. Cosgrave develops one of the most remarkable documents it has been my gloating pleasure to lay eyes upon. Working, it would seem, without any knowledge of what Gernsback was doing, Mr. Cosgrave carefully considers the implications of science on modern life and literature, considers what effect science will have on people's behavior, and what the changes brought about by science will do to culture. In short, Mr. Cosgrave gives us an almost Campbellian blueprint for what literature should be like, what it should become, and, what it was sadly failing to do.

Consider how really remarkable this is. In 1932, Mr. John O'Hara Cosgrave was telling, on the front page of the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LIT-

ERATURE, virtually all of the Literary World, how and what science fiction should be. He did not have a name for this new kind of literature, nor did he seem aware that it was a new kind of literature. It was only apparant to this man that literature must follow a certain course, prescribed by the changes of science and civilization, as would any art contained in a changing society.

These were principles hard learned by science fiction writers and readers. I don't think most of the sf audience has any idea of it. The only person who regularly, and loudly, states a belief that science fiction is the mainstream of literature is John W. Campbell, jr., and if anyone should know, it is Campbell! That science fiction should concern people was Campbell's first dictum, and, with its acceptance, science fiction began to take on a respectable air. Not because it began to violate its own laws, but because it began to take others into account. The connection with reality was established that would allow any reader with enough intelligence to follow the letters of a sentence feel an emotional kinship with the characters. The characters might still be supermen (let us pray to Ghod that some of them still remain so) but they identified better, were deeper and better supermen.

Something begins to emerge from these old magazines and these old criticisms which makes me wonder. It has been said that most of the early science fiction writers were recruited from the pulps, the adventure pulps of the day. Most of them had little more than narrative ability to go on, and in the pulps, this was all that was necessary.

In the new and developing field of science fiction, not only was the writer expected to get his reader excited and keep him that way, i.e., through narrative ability, but, he was required to give his reader something to think about. When the writer was a scientist, this was all fine and dandy ---- But I imagine it must have been rather trying for the average pulp writer to keep up with Gernsback's demands for science in science fiction.

And remember - The pulp writer wrote for one of two reasons; money or pleasure. (All things fall into these catagories eventually, at least in writing) He was, as a type, not concerned with Literature as such. He generally considered that the stuff he wrote was good and readable, and did not trouble himself with the consideration of whether it would last for centuries. Because he didn't care, and because he did not come under examination from serious critics because he didn't care, the pulp writer never, or seldom, had any stimulus to improve his writing ability.

Please note that in none of the criticisms thus far considered have the pulps, hence the early science fiction magazines, been mentioned. They were considered, by and large, as beneath the interest of a serious critic. And yet, the serious critic did not disdain to make comment on such items as A FAIRY LEPT UPON MY KNEE, and even have praise for their imagination and (Heaven help us) literary quality.

And in 1932 we find a literary journal handing out a blueprint for what Science Fiction was to become. A blueprint for the course which the mainstream must follow, and one which the ever-growing tide of science fiction readers and writers already flowed toward with startling rapidity.

The question immediately comes to mind: What Happened? In the years between 1925 and 1932 there were several items, critical items, published, that were devoted to fantasy. True, they ignored WEIRD TALES and AMAZING STORIES, and their descen-

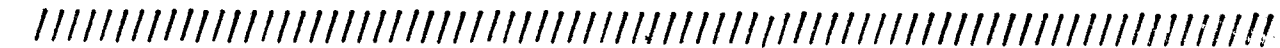
dents, but that was a matter of convention. They simply never took the time to look at them, thinking that there would be nothing in them worthy of the effort.

Yet neither do we find the cynical attacks on the medium itself, the contempt that marks the critic of later years, for any thing with an imaginative setting or subject. Though Science Fiction, to the 'literate' public of this time, was unborn, they fostered a healthy liking for fantasy, and even a respect for it. And, with no more thought of incurring wrath than if he had said a prayer, Mr. Cosgrave writes an article telling us all about Science Fiction, which to him, apparantly, does not yet exist, and should not, as a sub-branch or genre, but as the logical developement of the mainstream. He concludes his article with these provocative (for 1932, at any rate) words: "Still, I shall be surprised if a decade hence it is not admitted in the publishing profession that courses in biochemistry and physics furnish sounder ground work for literary careers than any amount of majoring in English or Esthetics."

What happened in literary criticism to bring about the well-known contempt and dislike of the so-called 'literate' of recent times for our stories of science and people and their interaction? Whatever it was, it must have happened in the thirties, and, if by going through the criticism of the time, I can discover it, I shall. A great deal of conjecture, nay, the very 'gates of conjecture' open before us. As yet, I have not been able to do the necessary research that will enable me to draw conclusions, but I hope to have done so in time for the next issue of JELERANG!. What started as a simple bibliographical project has become a matter of major interest and consideration for me, and I fear, of long wordage and speculation for the reader. Still, for those who bear with me, there is the basic meat of the matter, the listing of criticisms of our microcosm; and for those who enjoy such, the possible seeking out of reasons for our being a microcosm. For our fannish being at all. Perhaps the dark secret of Fandom itself.

Tune in next issue and discover Why Is A Fan. Only maybe not.

Olin T. Fredegar -'63



ANIMAL THINGS

continued from page 20

HARRIETT KOLCHAK

He had plenty of sentences in his vocabulary, however. He could say all the names of the people in the house, and 'Oh Baby', 'Let me Out', 'Leave me Alone', 'Ring that Bell', and 'Hello There'.

Tweetie likes television, music, and loves to hear someone play the organ. He sits and clicks his tongue at times, and then laughs -"Ha Ha Ha"- wildly for some unknown reason.

All in all, parakeets make wonderful and entertaining pets. Because they are so entertaining, and so easy to care for, they are especially recommended for shut-ins.

If you have any anecdotes or stories about your pets, please send them in. As you will see from the letter column, we got quite a reaction from last issue. Also, we will try to answer any question that you have about your pets.

- Harriett Kolchak -'63

The following incident from the fabulous career of Benedict Breadfruit was first related to us in the cold summer morning hours, between two and four o'clock, as Lord Joseph labored over an ancient Israeli bicycle which suffered from slipped brakes. To check the veracity of the incident, we related the story to the eminent historian and Breadfruit Biographer, Mr. Grandall Bareton. When Mr. Bareton climbed out from under the table, he put his official seal of approval on the story and told us that we may publish it; especially as no one else is likely to do so.

BENEDICT BREADFRUIT

and the Virgin of Venus.....

In the Twelfth Millennium, Circa Goldsmith, Benedict Breadfruit was called upon by the Supreme Champion Matriarch of Venus to aide her in the choice of a suitable mate for her eldest daughter, who was to ascend the throne in a few short years. It was Breadfruit's job to sit with the daughter and aide her in her decision as to whether she would accept each of the choices made by her mother.

All the eligible males on the planet were then gathered together in a great arena, and made to perform their various special functions with the best possible use of their talent. The Supreme Champion sat on one side of the arena, and the daughter sat with Breadfruit on the other. The announcer came forth, a comely woman with flashing eyes and teeth, and began the role call which would start the males into their demonstrations.

"This Young Man," said the announcer, "will lift a small dzble high over his head and demonstrate his muscular coördination." And sure enough, the young man did lift the dzble high over his head and demonstrate that he had powerful, agile muscles.

The Supreme Champion was very pleased with this performance and immediately gave her consent to a marriage. The young man went forward to receive his prize, but Breadfruit stopped him and whispered a question into his ear. The young man shook his head no, then dejectedly left the arena.

The Supreme Champion was somewhat puzzled at this, but thought it not too strange. Yet the same thing happened with the next selection, and the next, and the next. Days passed, and still Breadfruit asked his question, and still the young men were rejected.

Finally, her Championship came to Breadfruit in his chambers, settled into the bed next to him, and put the question to him.

"What's wrong with all these young men, Breadfruit?" she said.

"None of them, my dear madam," said Breadfruit, "can answer 'yes' to the one thing your daughter wants to know."

"What," said the Matriarch, leaping from between the covers, "is it that she can possibly want of him? She has seen our planets best athletes, our best minstrels, our troubadours, our jongleurs, or magicians. She could have her pick of them all. What else can she ask?"

"Ah," said Breadfruit, "It has been a while since you were so young and innocent, my dear. The one question most important to a young and impressionable young girl is wealth and power."

"And what, pray tell, is that?" said the Supreme Champion Matriarch, climbing back under the covers.

"Will he lay?" said Breadfruit.

Lord Joseph Mayhew - '62

by HARRIETT KOLCHAK

Last issue we had a little add for cats, and now we have more cats for the add. As you have already seen, in my Florida trip report, The cats had more kittens, and more since then. We are running out of homes for them locally, so if you would like to have a charming, fuzzy, house-broken (to a box) kitten, just say so, as we now have twenty one cats in the house, and thats too many. We are hesitant, extremely so, about sending them to the S.P.C.A. since learning that some branches are guilty of using decompression chambers in putting the animals to sleep, or of careless handling of other methods. Please help us with the kittens.

While in Florida, I had a chance to get very well acquainted with a pet parakeet named Tweetie. He belongs to my Aunt Bertha, with whom I stayed. Tweetie is a lovable little guy, dressed in varigated greens, blues, and a smattering of yellow and pink. He'd sit on my shoulder and nip lightly at my face and ears, or my hair, or my arms. Occasionally he would even deliver this little kiss on my lips.

Tweetie is a useful little fellow. Allowed the freedom of the house, he digs into the wood for termites, and even catches any insects that may have penetrated the heavy protective screening on the windows and doors.

His cage has to be cleaned and washed at least once a week, and fresh gravel put on its floor. This gravel aids his digestion (birds have no teeth, remember?) and helps keep his claws sharp. If the claws weren't sharpened, they would grow too long, which would not be good for the bird.

Fresh water, twice daily, and seed in his cup when needed. Parakeets shell their seed and leave a chaff behind. This chaff must be gently blown off the top of the cup before the bird can get to the rest of the seed. Then there was Treat in a cup for him as well. (Treat is a special kind of food for birds, some thing like dessert) In addition to these, he got a string of millet once a week, a bar of vitamin salt, and a cuttle bone. Also some little goodies full of vitamins and made of eggs. These last items were attached to the bars of the cage at all times.

Some parakeets take baths quite often, others only occasionally, and some refuse to take a bath at all. For them you can get a spray which will keep them clean and free of vermin. There are special rules for birds in moulting or breeding.

Most pet stores have a free handbook on the care and feeding of parakeets, or, if you can't obtain one that way, you can write to any of the people who manufacture bird foods and accesories. The same is true of other pets. Almost any of the companys who manufacture pet foods, or any of the pet shops, will have free information. Just ask.

There were a lot of toys in Tweeties cage, but the one he liked best was a mirror which hung, by a chain, from the top of his cage. There was a bell attached to the bottom, and he delighted in all kinds of antics with this device. Sometimes he would sit with the bell perched pretily atop his head. In think he used the mirror to watch his word formation. And could he talk! Unfortunately, he didn't like single sylable words, and would only say 'Stop' from the one-sylable words we tried to teach him.

continued on page 18

A FRAGMENT OF A SCREAM

by ROBERT LAUDER

Immortal Poet, Bard I'll never be. For I have come too late.
The world no longer craves the tortured mind or soul of something deep.
All frivolities are like the turning disc.
It turns and passes on, and turns and spins and time is endless.
It spins and changes, and what is today is not tomorrow nor is it yesterday.
'Tis to be caught between the changing worlds.
And were not my brothers of the past the same, the same as those who were we,
their yesterday and their tomorrow? The lost which cannot find
the ultimate of that which is today.
Born many years too soon; too late. Is that not the destiny of man?
Of he who sees and feels and trembles to the core, to face another day?
I feel the presence of the past cling to me like a leech and the future fall
outside my grasp. I cannot reach it, yet I know its there.
Just as the past is there, and nothing more is mine except the present.

And it is a Prison! A Prison in which I am permitted to feel the fruit of life and
face the agonies of modern civilization placed upon the non-conformist. A non-
Conformist? A Radical? I've been called more, but why? Because I've dared to face
myself? I know not what my very self is like, and yet it is something that I need
to know. Searching, always searching! For what? The complex nature of society
demands that I adjust and bend to meet its needs. Oh God! (I sometimes wonder
why a tortured soul call upon his God. There's something yet.)

To bend and sway, and be a puppet of invention.
Is today today, tomorrow tomorrow, and yesterday yesterday? Are they not the same.
Does not the same Sun, Moon and Stars still shine upon a fallen Earth where only
Animals tread? Animals! The Being, Man!
Man with his laws and doctrines which castrate the life and soul of helpless scores
who daily plunge into an abyss of regimented hypocrisy. Who dare not say aloud the
single thoughts because they are afraid to stand alone and face the hostility of
know-nothings who are afraid to stand alone and face hostility.
Who feel the same and cannot face their convictions.
In numbers there is courage. Should there not be. Could humanity survive
without Togetherness? Yet could the world survive without its strange, its odd,
its non-conforming radical. Dregs which everyone would like to be yet lack
the courage.
It is hopelessness. If you can't fight, then join. But why? Is life
more precious than a man's convictions? Yes. Yes. Yes!
Depending on his time.

Tomorrow I will awake from my foolish dreams and once again meet the world on its
own terms. Why, because I am a coward? No, Because I am a hundred years passed
and a hundred years before. Because I am the present, and this is not my time.

- Robert Lauder

BUT NOT THE AYJAYS

-a fanzine review column-

by HARVEY FORMAN

Before commencing to the task of thinking about the fanzines I intend to review in hopes that future issues will be sent my way, (even those such aspirations are, to say the least, ridiculous, since all the magazines I reviewed last time --- well, almost all --- stopped sending me copies, even though I had paid money for some, and contributed material to others) I would like to comment on a letter by Piers Jacob, which is no doubt appearing elsewhere in this fine and glorious issue of AY JELERANG, wherein he accuses me of being too lenient in my reviews. "They can't all be that Good!" is his comment, I think.

Well, Piers, I hate to disillusion you, but I get only the best fanzines. Seriously though, I review from a fan's standpoint, and though you may try your best to be a ghod fhaan, you are marred and defiled by the fact that you are now a dirty 'ol pro; besides, if I set my standards the way you want them, I would probably have to can the ones I publish.....

THE NEOFUND 1962-1963 (Neofund Executive Committee, Treasurer, Mrs. Harriett Kolchak, 2104 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia 30, Pennsylvania.) This is a booklet published ---offset via FIMMWQALH Press--- for the purpose of explaining what the Neofund is, what it does, and under what rules it operates. There is no price marked in the or on the booklet, and it is recommended if only to see the beautiful job of binding that was done by Harriett, the Patron Saint of Neofans. Hand sewn!

FANTASY FICTION FIELD #10 (Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm Street, Grafton Ohio; bi-weekly, 13 issues for a buck, or 26 issues for a moose that is double the size of the aforementioned buck). Harvey is a bit peeved at the fact that people are forgetting to send him news...why not help alleviate the situation, eh? This has fanzine reviews by Mike Deckinger, who is one of my favorite writers (I don't mean because he reviewed fanzines ---hell, he even forgot ---at least, I hope it was a mistake ---to review Jel, and as you know, Jel is my favorite.) I see, glancing at the page, that Cry #167 is out. Why I don't know, but I never got my copy.... and I have three issues left on my sub. C'mon. CRYgang, send it, it sounds good.

AD ASTRA #6 (Ed Bryant, 300 Park Avenue, Wheatland, Wyoming; quarterly, 15¢ per copy or four for a dollar torn in half ---send them one half, the other is your receipt ---all-for-all trades, 'acceptable' LOCs, or contributions.) Yes, I know last time I reviewed AA7, but Harriett said "Here. Review this in Jel." So here I am, looking down at page seven, and groaning at THE ARCANES ADVENTURES OF FRENAULT FEHOUT-I.

Tom Armistead writes about AMAZING. His article is, if only by virtue of the fact that he looks favorably upon Ziff-Davis. He makes six points, only two of which I will concede to him; one he knocks out himself, and the other is merely a tribute to Sam.

As you might have guessed (only maybe not) Alan Dodd did movie reviews, and Mike Deckinger commented on the canning of Bradbury's THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES from the screen. I will merely mention, in closing, that Ed wants "Artwork good enough to warrant Electronic Stencilling....."

BULLETIN OF THE DORCAS BAGBY SOCIETY #1 (George Scithers, Box 9286, Rosslyn, Ar-

lington 9, Virginia. Free on Request.) All I will say is that the last sentence reads "...the Dorcas Bagby Society will be converted into the Lynch-Lupoff League." I would like to make a further comment, such as one about George's reproduction, but then, the quality of his work is a legend throughout fandom.

DOUBLE BILL #2 (Bill Bowers, 124-6th Street, NW, Apt. 2, Barberton, Ohio. --- for subs, material, and coas --- and Bill Malardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron 13, Ohio --- for trades and locs; bi-monthly, 20¢ per copy or six for a bill, locs, a-f-a trades, artwork, or contributions...not that artwork isn't a contribution, of course, Terry Jeeves.) This issue is dedicated to Chuck Devine, who had been a good friend of theirs before he died. A pair of editorials head off the issue, Bill Malardi has an article on integration, and Mike Shupp reviews A FOR ANDROMEDA, a book by Fred Hoyle and John Elliot.

Fiction by Bowers. I won't tell you who did the fanzine reviews contained within, three will most likely be from his pen. Mike Deckinger talks about sf films, but he may be sued; I thought Alan Dodd had that routine copyright by now. Recommended.

AMAZINE STF & NON's #1 (Phill Harrell, c/o Paul Wyszowski, Box 3372, Station C, Ottawa 3, Ontario, Canada; 25¢, Loc, Trade, or a carbon proving you've sent a nasty letter to your reviewer --- and thought not in that capacity). WISCONSON DIARY by August Derleth, Michael W. Elm says science is going too fast for sf and winds up saying Who Cares, theres Still....., a story by Bob Warner, and an unusual one by Seth Johnson.

THE SKYRACK NEWSLETTER #54 (Ron Bennerr, 13 Westcliffe Grove, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. 35¢ for six issues, or 65¢ if you want airmail, and if you are in the USA send subs to Bob Pavlat, who lives in Maryland) Money to accompany votes in TAFF has just been doubled, and you kust wouldn't believe how British Postal Rates went UP. The regular news and fanzine reviews, plus TAFF riders, make this very interesting.

UNIT ORDERS #2 (PFC Mark Irwin, RA16713872, Btry C, 2nd Msl Bn (NH) 57th Arty, Jackson Park, Chicago 37, Illinois; 10¢ or the usual means.) Chicon notes, rules for Interplanetary (they tell you how to build the set, too) are given, and it sounds like an interesting game, and an article by Bob Greenberg, KUTTNER ON CELLULOID are the main features of the magazine; as far as format, the title is self-explanatory, for I almost mistook it for a military manual when I first picked it up.

STARSPINKLE (Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Anneles 25, Calif.; bi-weekly, 3 for a quarter.) A one pager (both sides) with the best news coverage of fandom.. ,Ron did it with Fanac, and he's done it again with Starspinkle!

SCOTTISHE #31 (Ethel Lindsey, 6 Langlay Avenue, Surbiton, Surry, Great Britain; trade, loc, contributions, or 1/- per copy. American Agent is Bob Lichtman, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif, who takes 15¢ for every copy he sends you.) Ethel reviews a book by John Prebble, CULLODEN. Francis Varley talks about Ethel and Columnist Brian Whatsisname. Letters.

And Walt Willis's WARBLINGS.

What more can I say?

INSIDE #1 (Jon White, 90 Riverside Drive, New York 24, New York, bimonthly. 25¢

per copy.) **TECHNIQUE AS CREATION** by Leland Shapiro suffers from stuffy overwriting. **CIRCULATION** by Joseph Farrell is but a mere passable story; but all is not lost; Randall Garrett's song, **A TALE OF WOE** hinted that the issue had some promise; Blackbread's article on L. Ron Hubbard seemed to bear out that promise. Robert Bloch's **HOW TO BE A SF CRITIC** proved it.

I myself would like to subscribe, but who can afford a quarter?

NIEKAS #4 (Ed Meskys, c/o Norm Metcalf, P.O. Box 336, Berkely 1, Calif. No price listed....i think) The Meskys editorial, which is unlike an editorial written by anyone besides Ed Meskys, a Hitler Play by Don Franson, which is good, and which, unusual though it may sound to some people, sciencefiction, the lettercol, a review of **ANALOG 1**, and an article called **SENSE OF WONDER** and another titled **DIRTY PRO!**. This is one of my favourites, and I know he still has a few copies left...besides, he's publishing the next issue now.

THE FANZY MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION #146 (Avram Davidson, 410 West 110th Street, New York, New York; monthly, 40¢ per issue or 14 for \$3.77, or a printed contribution.) This issue has a very successful cover by Emah illustrating one of the pieces of fiction inside. Along with its regular features, such as book reviews and a science column, there is the first part of a serial by Bob Heinlein, and some shorter fiction by other well-established, as well as unknown, fan writers. Definatly recommended, though the back cover could stand some improvement.

BURP! #21 (Ron Bennet, 13 Westcliffe Grove, Cold Bath Road, Harrogate in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England --- i guess. Produced especially for OMPA, there is no price listed. That's all right, write anyhow) A brilliant article (**UP THE POLL**) showing how Fandom can insure the success of all future polls, and another on I. Q. S.

KNOWABLE #4 (John Boardman, who is a Goodman, Box 22, New York 33, New York. Irregular, 3 issues for a dollar, trade, contribution, or letter of comment.) No longer diteded, for John now has a "used Gesthetner 120 of venerable ancestry" and the venerable ancestry shows up. Quite readable, however. A list of past Operation Agitation publications, the fourth installment of **SCIENCE MADE TOO EASY** (chemistry this time) and ~~damndamndamndamndamndam~~ **THROUGH HILBERT SPACE WITH SWEET FANNY ADAMS - IV**. Then comes **THE STORY**. Chapter VI by John, Chapters VII and VIII by George Cowgill and John. John talks about the coming Hugo Awards election and is against **LITTLE FUZZY**, which proves he is a Good Fnan, and the lettercolumn. Hope John send me five, I've been neglecting to comment.

SCIENCE FICTION TIMES (James Taurasi, Sr., 119-46 27th Ave., College Point 54, New York, monthly, 15¢ per copy, \$1.80 per year, Overseas \$3.00 per year.) When I first subscribed this was bi-weekly, then they saw me coming...whereas most of the other newszines are fanishly-centered, SFT is sfinal-centered. It has indexes of the magazines, advance line-ups, lists of books, paperbacks, and anthologies, other news of this type. For instance, I notice, looking at SFT #402, that the British edition of **ASTOUNDING** has ceased to be published because Condo-Nast is exporting the American edition, and **SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES** folded, and Lowndes is going to have a new magazine and Atlas will revive **VENTURE SF** in Britain and...well, you get the idea.

THE POINTING VECTOR #15 (John Boardman, address above, same terms.) Subtitled **THE**

BIRCH WATCHER'S JOURNAL, this political fanzine has reviews of political books, magazines, and pamphlets, letters on political subjects, 'The Birch Hymn of the Republic', news notes, a political argument with F. M. Busby, and other types of politico. A nice fanzine if you happen to enjoy that kind of stuff..and I do.

PAS-TELL v2n2 (Bjo Trimble, 5734 Parapet Street, Long Beach 8, California; \$1.00 for six issues, sample copy free to inquirers, free to trophy sponsors, free for contributions, NO TRADES) This is the news magazine of the fannish art world and deserves your support. Inside are 'The Judges' Reports' with Bob Silverberg, Ron Elik, and Harry C. Stubbs ((Hal Clement)). And letters. Big news this issue were two things: Poul Anderson's own illustration for THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS, which I forgot to send away for, and Juanita Coulson's FAN ARTIST DIRECTORY, ditto. Project Art Show Rules and entry blank were included with this issue, so if you are thinking about entering, you'd better write for a copy.

DETROIT IRON #1 (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan. OMPA) More 'Mannikan' chess pieces, a psychological-political articles. And one on advertising. THE MISFIT by Ken M. P. Cheslin.

Also included with this (stapled onto the front, actually) is Dick's last contribution to IPSO, which folded when only four contributions arrived. First he summarizes how IPSO came to be formed by George Locke and the Goon, and then proceeds into an article on STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. It certainly is a wonderful thing. Not so much the review; the book.

AMAZING THRILLING SEXY ASTOUNDING INFAMOUS MONSTERS OF NEFFERLAND & DULL DRY MONOTONOUS ANALOGGED SCIENTIFIC FACT NEFFER STORIES AGAIN #2 (c/o Ron Elik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.) Sent free to all members of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, this second issue of a one-shot (?) contains such varied items as CHAIN MAIL WILL NEVER REPLACE THE HULA HOOP! by Fred Patton (and you'd never guess what that's about) LINES FROM A FEW ISSUES OF POSTWAR, 1949-1950, MALICE IN NEFFER-NEFFER LAND by J. Forester Eckman, STEAK AND EGGS by the Squirrel, and other interesting items. One article, in particular, however, is Ed Meskys' I HAD SOME TIME, BUT THAT CLUB OVER THERE... which presents his views on the various clubs he has belonged to on the East and West Coast (not on the East and then the West Coast:::he inhabits both sections of the country simultaneously). He mentions the Elves. etc, the Golden Gate Futurian Society, the IASFS, the Fantasy Film Society, ESFA, the Lunarians, and the Evening Session Science Fiction Society of the City College New York, which he goes wild about, and the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society.

It is about the PSFS (and I won't tell you how to pronounce that) that I'm going to talk. Ed, you didn't say nearly enough; this may, of course, be because I didn't complain enough, but enough of that, the Peeking Police of Phandon may be watching us. Or me, at any rate. At a recent meeting, I again glared at Tom Pardom, club president, when he announced that our speaker was going to give a talk on the newest atomic theories. Tom asked me why I read af if I wasn't interested in science, so I just continued to glare at him. This, I think, is the main problem: most of the others, as a matter of fact, are interested only in this and civics...I remember only two good programs in over a year of steady attendance. One consisted on slides by Ozzie Train, the club's secretary, of conventions he had been to. This meeting was especially fine, but it was given an added boost by the perennial with of Will Jenkins. The second, which actually preceded the first, was a talk given by a psychoanalyst called THE WESTERN, THE MYSTERY, AND THE SCIENCE FICTION STORY AS A FORM OF ESCAPE LITERATURE. Although this may sound stuffy, it wasn't, perhaps

because the speaker was a science fiction reader himself. These two incidents prove that the PSFS can put on good programs if it wants to...but damn that science hobbyism!!!

OUTPOST #4 (Fred Hunter, 13 Freefield Road, Lerwick, Shetland Islands, Scotland, trade, loc, or maybe free on request) Illustrated by John Curtis, it opens with an editorial on his adventures in obtaining a driver's licence. One thing croggled me: you have to "read at a distance of 25 yards in good daylight a motor car number plate containing six letters and figures;" and continues with an article by Colin Freeman in which he discuses Pajamas and Alcatraz, an article, RUSSIANS WITHOUT TEARS by Alex Campbell, and a comment about a long-reach stapler. But who needs one? Harriett can sew....

ANAXE 2 (The 36th issue of AXE comes directly from Larry and Noreen Shaw, of 1235 Oak Avenue, Evanston, Illinois, who send their creation to selected trades and to people who send them 20¢ per copy or a dollar for a year's supply of George Washingtons) Dick Lupoff presents his last fanzine review column, and Terry Carr will take over this position with the next issue. bob stewart reviews the motion picture ZAZIE, which sounds wonderful, and we are presented with part III of Walt Willis's untitled trip report...it has that wonderful Willis something about it, and soon I am going to relocate my back issues of AXE and read parts I and II. And the regular newsnotes. I believe the cover is offset, because mimeography inside doesn't look like the printing on the cover...besides, I don't think a mimeo is that good...of course, having an offset myself, I'm prejudiced. A comment about the red, however, and offset. When we were running off the cover of the JOURNAL OF THE STUDENT SEMINAR CLUB (which can be gotten for 25¢ from Robert M. Eyer, 1606 North 52nd Street, Philadelphia 31, Pennsylvania, and is well worth the price. Next issue will feature an essay by sf writer Jon DeGles) we put a brilliant hue of red ink on the machine. By the time it had gotten to the rollers, it was a dull brown. When it got to the blanket, it was a brown as you can brown. Now the paper picks up its ink from the blanket, so what color was it? A brilliant hue of red, naturally.

And in closing, for thish, I want to pay a special

TRIBUTE to XERO

Published by Pat and Dick Lupoff and bob stewart of 210 E. 73rd Street, New York 21, New York, and with Ella Parker as their British agent, XERO Number 10 is undoubtedly the best fanzine I have ever seen. The front cover, a sword and sorcery theme, was done by Roy G. Krenkel. There is mimeo artwork I had not dreamed was possible, brilliant shades of purple, orange brown and yellow. A multi-color comic strip, TWO FLASHES MEET THE PURPLE SLAGHEAP by Landon Chesny, with perfect registration. A portfolio by Arthur Thompson, Dan Adkins, Eddie Jones (who also did a beautiful 'sorcery theme' back cover), Steve Stiles, and bob stewart.

And as for material, XERO again scores, presenting a GHU MANCHU novel by Lyn Carter, called KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY DACOITS, a history and bibliography of the works of Sax Rhomer, by bob briney, and something that croggled me completely. A work of serious fiction by John 'Goen Bleary' Berry.

This, along with numerous other articles and short pieces of fiction, brilliant cartoons by ATom, who is better than ever, a letter column unequalled anywhere else, all with the most excellent mimeography I have ever seen. One hundred and one pages

...plus riders.

This is a tribute to XERO. The last issue was one which could not possibly be equaled again, if Dick had decided to continue the magazine, and it is fitting that Dick should choose such a path to end the existence of XERO....too many magazines fold without a word, or with a thin, poorly-reproduced issue with lame excuses thrown throughout the issue, showing the reader that the editor never did care about his creation. I am glad that Dick put all his effort into producing XERO 10, for XERO 10 is a masterpiece which no one will ever surpass.

---Harvey Forman -'63



THE THINGS FANS SEND US

BEING THE VERY FIRST INSTALLMENT OF WHAT WE HOPE WILL PROVE TO BE A VERY FASCINATING LETTER COLUMN. IN ORDER THAT IT SHOULD BE SO, WE URGE ALL YOU ATTENTIVE READERS OUT THERE TO SIT DOWN TO YOUR TYPEWRITERS AND WRITE US A LETTER. IF YOU WON'T DO THAT, SEND US A CONTRIBUTION OR SOME ARTWORK. PREFERABLY SOME THAT IS WORTH PUTTING ON MULTILITH, AS THE PHOTO NEGATIVES COST A SMALL FORTUNE AND WE CAN NOT AFFORD TO WASTE SPACE. * NOW, WE PROMISED YOU ISAAC ~~AZ~~ ASIMOV? SO HERE IS THE MASTER OF THE MODEST ADULATION IN THE FLESH? OR AT LEAST IN THE JEL.

Isaac Asimov
45 Greenough Street
West Newton 65
Massachusetts

Dear Harriett,

Just recieved JELERANG Number One, which I read through carefully, savoring all mentions of my name, and checking back frequently to make sure I didn't miss any. I must admit that all remarks about me, especially the favorable ones, were completely accurate,--except one.

Who is Rich Robertson who commented on my being "conceited." Surely he doesn't interpret my calm and objective appreciation of my own superlatively good qualities as being "conceited." Were I to value myself less than I do I would be stupid and it is surely better to risk conceit than stupidity.

Anyway, I assure you I had a good time that day, and it was far more fun for me to meet all of you, than for all of you to meet me---great though I am.

Yours,
Isaac Asimov

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Bill Osten
Box 7133, Apex Station
Washington 4, D.C.

Dear Jelerang/The Mercurian Club/Mrs. Harriett Kolehak
Whew. Yes, I loc. The mag had some interesting material inside. First thing is Richard Robertson. Has Rick had calculus? The theory of limits would quickly discourage any attempt to attain the speed of light. True, 'impossible' conditions occur at these velocities. But, for a nice dissertation of the practicability of gaining these properties, I found Gamov's MR. TOMPKINS EXPLORES THE ATOM and its sidekick quite amusing as well as informative. At lease, I think it was Gamov's fault. And that is the approximate title.

There is the Cherenkov modification of Einstein's laws, which would allow velocities slightly in excess of the speed of light, as the refractive index of even a spacial vacuum is slightly greater than one. However, an environment that loaded with Cherenkov radiation would be extremely unpleasant. And this seems the only 'loophole' science has yet discovered in the Einstein equations.

Yes, I would hardly be a good faasan, at least a science fiction faasan, if I thought that Einstein irrevocably limited us to this mundane ball of mud. But, I much prefer intellectual finesse. Breaking the speed of light by brute force seems unduly difficult and rather unaesthetic.

I am sure that the Michelson-Morley experiment had little to do, directly, with any motivation Lorentz needed to crank out his little equations.

Uh, uh. The "absolute motion" has nothing to do with the speed of light observed by an observer. Consider: There are two spaceships taking off from a planet. They zap off in almost opposite directions. Each with a nice, reasonable velocity of $2/3$ the speed of light. Suddenly, one pilot discovers that he is receding from the other spaceship at a velocity of $1-1/3$ times the speed of light???? Nope. The only thing you have changed is the coördinate system. Instead of Infinity, one is bounded by the speed of light.

So the "bent" ray of light you (Richard) mention merely reduces to vector addition, with one vector equal to infinity! It loses!

Far be it from me to discourage you. But, I have already gone through many of the same paths of reasoning. Good luck, though, it would be entirely possible for you to discover the next step in scientific sophistication. From Classical physics to Relativistic physics is a big step, but it can be expressed (at least superficially) in plane algebra. (Sorry, couldn't resist the pun.) And perhaps the next step beyond relativity will be equally simple.

Somewhere, I came across an even better problem. If you have a planet with a moon revolving around it, the moon stays up by a centripetal force. However, should this rotation not exist, the moon would quickly fall to the planet. Creating quite a disturbance.

Now suppose there were a Universe consisting of only the planet and the moon, with no reference to any nice, well-regulated star pattern. How in the name of Zot is the moon to decide whether it is rotating around the planet, and should remain in a well-behaved orbit, or whether it has no relative revolution around their center of gravity, and therefore is entitled to fall?

Wish (almost) I had gone to the ESFA meet. Zounds interesting. And well written-up. Wish I could comment favorably on it, but that would make the loc longer than the fanzine! Less leave it just understood that it was ghod!

And, of course, Tom Haughey had already

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outlined the plot of A MATTER OF OPINION to me. Was, as most of his works are, quite interesting.

Oooooohhhhhh, cats are not usually subject to discipline. A stern voice accompanying your pouring the cat off of where he or she should not be is usually sufficient to send the animal scurrying off of the forbidden area whenever you approach. Cats are almost human in that respect.

Usual method SPCA uses to handle unwanted pets is exhaust fumes. Carbon monoxide poisoning. Not having ever experienced it, I cannot comment on this from a sound stand. But, I suppose that some of the more responsible officials would have more experience in this line. Or, some of the more advanced pounds are switching over to Cyclone B., or something to that effect.

No thanx for a cat. We tried several, but traffic around the Washington D.C. suburbs makes short work of cats. And the yard is too small for a dog. Oh, well. My brother has a nice pet king snake.

Yours truly,
Bill Osten.

As Rich Robertson is on the editorial staff of Jelerang, we had a fine opportunity to get a quick answer. So we showed Poor Richard the letter, he took it home, and returned this dandy little epistle!

Richard Robertson
9721 Chapel Road
Philadelphia, Penn.

Dear Bill Osten,

In answer to your first question, yes, I have had calculus, at least up to differential equations. If I understand you correctly, you are referring to the Lorentz transmutations when you say that the theory of limits would discourage any attempt to attain the speed of light, in particular:

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

where m = mass

m_0 = initial mass

v = velocity

c = velocity of light

Now, as $v \rightarrow c$, according to the equation, $m \rightarrow \infty$, and the energy required to accelerate the object further approaches infinity. However, recent research, as described in the September, 1961 issue of ANALOG, by H.C. Dudley, Ph.D., has uncovered discontinuities not predicted by the equation. In fact, the exact opposite, a perfectly smooth curve, is predicted. As for the relationship between length and velocity:

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

Where the symbols are defined analogously to the previous equation, there isn't so much as one scrap of empirical data to support it. Its only justification is that it explains away results of the Michelson-Morley and similiar experiments.

By the way, thanks for mentioning Gamov's MR. TOMPKINS EXPLORES THE ATOM. I hadn't heard of it before, and, if it is as good as MR. TOMPKINS IN WONDERLAND, I would enjoy reading it.

The Cherenkov modification of Einstein's laws only amounts

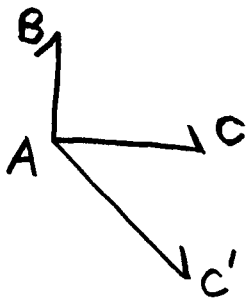
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to the quantity C being explicitly defined as the speed of light in an absolute vacuum. As you said, it is only a 'loophole'.

Somehow, I don't recall having ever proposed the actual breaking of the speed of light, either by brute force or by intellectual finesse (it seems to me that this would be a rather difficult way of moving things around, at least until psionics comes into its own). All I did was point out one thing specifically prohibited by Einstein's theory - traveling FTL - one which impedes and frustrates stf writers and faaans, and point out that this might be possible, even feasible, if Einstein's theory is contrary-to-fact.

Your point about the connection between the Michelson-Morley experiment and Lorentz's derivation of his equations is well taken, and I stand corrected. As I recall now, Lorentz derived his equations just about the same time as the Michelson-Morley experiment, perhaps even a short while before, but they were rejected by organized Science for three reasons: (1) It was contrary to accepted theory, (2) It was too 'pat', fitting the data too exactly, and (3) it wasn't supported by a well-developed theory. (Reminds you of the Dean Drive controversy, no?)

I disagree, the 'absolute motion' has much to do with the speed of light measured by the observer, but only under special conditions, namely, the observer must be able to vary his velocity drastically. Also, the effect becomes appreciable only at velocities approaching light.



\overrightarrow{AB} = velocity of ship
 \overrightarrow{AC} = velocity of light beam when $\overrightarrow{AB} = 0$
 $\overrightarrow{AC'}$ = velocity of light beam when $\overrightarrow{AB} > 0$

The light takes the same time to travel $\overline{AB'}$ when the ship is in motion as it does to travel \overline{AB} when the ship is at rest. The velocity of light would seem to have increased, no? However, there is the disconcerting fact that, while the ship is in motion, it takes longer for the light to travel \overline{AB} than $\overline{AB'}$, a longer distance. The paradox vanishes when you consider that the velocities of the ship and light beam overlap, because the light is still travelling distance \overline{AB} , but by the time it reaches B , the ship has traveled forward distance $\overline{BB'}$ (or \overline{AC}) and the light strikes B' . From the rather paradoxical data while in motion, the data while at rest, and from the change in direction of the beam of light, the observer can infer that he is in motion. This would be absolute motion because it isn't measured with respect to external systems. I don't see how it reduces to vector addition with one vector equal to the velocity of light and the other a fraction thereof.

The problem you presented was very interesting, and I'd love to know where you found it, if only to find more brain teasers like it. The problem, divested of its verbiage, reduces to: How can one determine whether a satellite is revolving about its primary without references to external systems?

Allowing a few things, including the possibly contrary-to-fact assumption you already made -

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that the gravitational 'constant', G , is a constant - the problem can be solved easily. If you will allow the existence of all present day technology, science and knowledge, on this planet-moon system, even such 'useless' fields of knowledge as astronomy, the problem reduces to a simple matter of engineering know-how.

Solution:

Choose a position on the planet at random and then select a secondary position one quarter of the circumference around the planet in any direction (this will become important later). First, determine the value of g , the acceleration due to gravity. Then determine the distance between the centers of gravity of the planet and the moon. From these two data it is possible to compute the speed in orbit, and hence the orbital period, the moon would have to have if it were in orbit.

The next, very important, step, is to determine the period of rotation of the planet. This is where the two sites previously chosen come in handy. Set up a gyroscope oriented normally to the surface of the planet at each site and start them rotating. From the observed fact that a gyroscope will tend to remain in the direction originally oriented despite any motion of the surrounding frame, it is obvious that any motion of the planet about its axis will be accurately reflected in a corresponding motion of the gyroscope (This is where the two gyroscopes are necessary. If there were only one, it is possible that the site chosen could be one of the poles, in which case it would indicate no motion. Two gyros at different locations eliminate this possibility), and the orientation of the gyroscope relative to its surroundings will go through one full cycle as the planet rotates once about its axis. That is, after one full rotation of the planet, the gyroscope will have the same orientation as it had when it started rotating. Thus, the period of rotation can be determined.

From the period of rotation coupled with data that can be obtained from a simple transit telescope and an accurate clock, it is possible to determine whether the moon is actually revolving about the planet.

The planet-moon system can be in one of three states: (1) the moon is not revolving about the planet, (2) it is revolving about the planet at orbital velocity, or (3) the moon is receding from the planet at escape velocity or greater. Now, condition (3) has been excluded from the problem because it would be immediately obvious that it was receding if it actually were. If condition (1) were the actual state, the time between successive meridian transits would exactly equal the rotational period of the planet, which we can say is T hours. If the moon revolves around the planet, the time between transits will be $T \pm \Delta T$ hours, where ΔT is dependent on the orbital period of the moon. Whether the sign is plus or minus depends on the direction the moon revolves relative to the direction the planet rotates.

The only other case existing is the situation where the planet isn't rotating at all. Then, if the moon weren't revolving, it would hang motionless in the sky, and if it were, the moon would seem to move through the sky.

Therefore, the existence or non-existence of the moon's revolution about the planet can be very easily determined. Q.E.D.

However, the whole contains a hidden, contrary-to-fact assumption, namely, that the gravitational constant, G , is a constant. Rather recent data collected in astronomical and astrophysical observation tends to indicate that the gravitational 'constant' is really a variable and in some cases is even a negative! In spite of this, the argument is still valid

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because it is reasonable to assume that the gravitational 'constant' varies very little over a small volume of space. At worst, all that has to be done to make the argument perfectly valid is to postulate that G is a constant in this particular universe of discourse.

By the way, who in the name of Ghu is Zot?

- Rich Robertson

Alma Hill
463 Park Drive
Boston 15, Mass.

Jelerang here; much obliged. Is my column fair trade or do I have to pub my own zine? That may come; certainly the material around here has me swamped.//If you want to tell me stuff about writers and agents I can put it on stencils with comments from others around. Another topic pestering me is stuff for amateur poets; how much should a poet know in order to qualify for a lisenze?//I was especially glad to see the elucidation about JWC's habit of helping writers; all stf editors do some of that, maybe one of the reasons why the field gets such good work at times.//Mecurians, Mercurians, Murcurians, make up my mind.//Things you fan fictioneers need to KNOW NEXT: Haughey: Format; he has no dialog, no action, just #after# of straight narrative; oog.

B. Larntoff: Sorry, on second look I see that he's past cure. He puns not wisely, but then, who does? I'll read any amount of this, but I have no sense either.//Freedman; that's not a bad narrative hook. How about getting back to the ranch and finding out some of the ensuing events?//Who told you I had money? Slander.// Compliment Fredegar on layout, and thanx,

Alma.

! And all that on a poetsard! And we deleted all the personal items. Sex-iously though, much love from the Jelerang Gang to the Ghood Witch of the North!

James Loudon
1207 Allengrove Street
Philadelphia 24, Penn.

Dear (Editors? Mercurians? Jelerangnians?):

According to the back page of my copy of JELERANG 1, left by an anonymous coward on top of a stack of records at WXPB, where all and sundry could see and make mirth at my expense, since my name was printed conspicuously though inartistically thereon, and where it was in great danger of being lost, since the records were those that had been played on MASTERWORKS for the preceding evening and were due to be filed, and only the completely fortuitous happenstance that I happened to arrive upon the scene and rescue the zine before the records had been filed, and not after, in which case I never would have seen it at all (and undoubtedly, that certainly would have been a wonderful thing) but undoubtedly many of my confreres at WXPB, in which group my status is already precariously low, would have (and, as I said earlier, probably would not only have made mirth at my expense but might have ostrichized me completely, and then where would I go to eat lunch every day), I am supposed to write a letter of comment in order to recieve the next issue; and since it is not stated that if I don't write a letter of comment I will not recieve the next issue, and therefore I am presumably doomed anyway and so might as well have the satisfaction of writing a letter, and since I wish to air my comments (as usual), and also see if I can get in at least a dozen plugs for WXPB, 88.9 Mc, First on Your FM Dial in Philadelphia, which you not only had the colossal gall not to mention once in JELERANG 1, but even went so far as to mention the name of another radio station, which I think I can do, having slipped in three already (a dozen plugs? thats not too many), and since I wish to state my opinions about the zine anyway, viz:

(a) the staples fastening it together

THE THINGS PEOPLE SEND US

were of inferior quality; (b) the artwork on the cover was terrible, with the exception of the lettering and the picture of Mercury; (c) you misspelled 'treasurer' three times in five lines on page two; (d) you took up two full pages trying to get people to join the Mercurians, when any Philadelphian knows there are much better things to do on Sunday afternoons (say between 3 and 5); (e) the article on relativity suffers from the fact that the author has attempted to reason using the popularizer's verbal descriptions of relativistic effects, which are only approximations of reality (i.e. the universe described by the equations which Mr. Robertson ignores) and in particular contain the assumption that the observer can stand outside the whole thing and watch what is going on (e.g. observe an actual Lorentz-Fitzgerald contraction in a moving object), which he can't; (f) the contributions of Mr. Studebaker and Mr. Fredegar were not sufficiently distinguished (you can read that either way you wish); (g) the article on pets neglected to mention clams (wonderful little creatures, and a constant source of amusement with their many tricks, the most accomplished of which is usually 'playing dead'), piranhas (no home should be without a tank, for quick, easy manicures ((just dip your fingers in))), Paramecium aurelia (whose mating habits are fascinating --- thirteen sexes you know, of which I will conjugate only with II, III only with IV, and so on; XIII doesn't conjugate at all --- it just declines), Pastinacella magnifica (I can supply anyone any amount he wants, at \$10 per cubic centimeter, not guaranteed to stay alive --- after all, how do I know how you'll mistreat it?), and girls; (h) the same article stated that all life is warm, while it is obvious that I am alive, and I haven't been warm all winter (cf. Fredegar, Olin T., "Lament for a Four-Time Loser"); (i) the same article neglected to mention WXPN (not that there is any reason it should have, mind you, but is there any reason why it shouldn't have?); (j) (as an astronomy major in an institution known for its variable-star work, I must perforce leave out 'j') Mr. Lantoff used one of my puns (or more exactly, mangled it almost beyond recognition; it was much better when I created it), without giving credit (you obviously don't love me any more, and I will retire to my corner and pout); (k) the first two sentences of Mr. Freedman's story make an excellent description of the zine itself; (l) WXPN WXPN WXPN WXPN WXPN WXPN WXPN (there---that makes up the dozen I promised you); (n) actually, it was so well done that I'm jealous, and can hardly wait to see the next one (the foregoing was what is known in the trade as a Happy Ending).

why, I might as well write a short letter; but since it is so short (only one sentence), I'll have to take the risk that you won't consider it worth publishing, and that all my labors are in vain.

Frenetically,

Jim Loudon

¶ As you might guess, gentle reader, Jim works at radio station WXPN. It is interesting, at this point, to note, that ninety percent of the JEL readership lives well beyond the range of his station, and therefore can't possibly tune in to his pet program, NUDE ERECTIONS IN MUSIC, which is also the reason poor Jim can't make it to Mercurian meetings, even though he is a member. He is on the air while we are meeting. Jim: Your mention of a lot of bad staples indicates that you are planning on presenting the Jelerang Gang with a nice new, long reach stapler for Christmas, right? Glad you got in all those plugs. WXPN needs plugs. And as for all your work being in vain, I think by would be a nicer choice of conjunction.¶

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Piers Jacob
800 75th St. No.
Saint Petersburg 10
Florida

I'd like to know the derivation of that word 'Jeler-ang'. Oh---I suppose you mean as in squirrel --- gather ye Nuts while ye may, and all that.

THE MECURIANS---No, that isn't my spelling, its yours. Take a look at your heading. Perhaps you should set out to convert a good proof reader to fandom---or is this what you mean by the "Forward Think"?

IF CAMPBELL CAN DO IT --- First off, the title is malapropos. It implies that ensuing discussion is about trends in SF; but neither Campbell nor any magazine is mentioned in the text. Campbell certainly has no monopoly on FTL spaceships.

The objective is commendable. It is hard to visualize Man exploring the Universe if he must do so at the snail-pace limitation of light. I also sympathize with the author's experience of expressing a carefully conceived logical structure, only to have people tell him he's wrong -- no reason, just wrong, because they always accepted that status quo without question. It is frustrating to argue with the closed mind; it just won't pay attention.

The authors method of attack, however, is dissappointing. He begins with three equations which are meaningless without the explanation of what the symbols stand for. The reader can not be expected to look into his mind and divine that m equals mass, t equals time, t_0 equals ?. In this case it appears that the equations were included as razzle-dazzle to make the author resemble Authority -- an impression not borne out by his subsequent discussion.

The Michelson-Morley experiment is mentioned; then the author goes on to show his ignorance of the nature of this experiment by postulating his own version of it as something new. He also assumes that his version would automatically refute Einstein. Now most people prefer to perform the experiment before announcing its result. Aside from that, I foresee some problems in sighting along a beam of light to see whether it "appears to bend". What are you going to sight with, other than another equally fallible beam?

I can not put my finger on the reference at the moment, but I believe Einstein's original assumption that there is no absolute standard of motion has been seriously questioned, and that Einstein himself hedged a bit about this. But such question is more likely to result in modification of the theories than in outright refutation. I consider this article's logic specious. A theoretical experiment is set up; "There would be a difference.....if the system were in motion. Therefore Relativity is invalid....."

Oh come now --- even light can't leap from postulate to assumption with such abandon. I question Relativity as much as the next person, but these arguments are puerile. Meanwhile I'll stick to my own speculations, such as: If Mass increases with Velocity, and is infinite at the speed of light, does light itself have infinite mass? If length decreases with increasing Velocity, so that an object travelling at the speed of light has no physical structure at all, and therefore doesn't exist, how can we accept the presence of light? If the velocity of light is uniform no matter what the speed of the travelling object, how can we explain the distant galaxies that are passing out of range of our telescopes because they are retreating from us (or vice versa) at a velocity greater than that of light? And the Clock Paradox --- oh yes, that one....

OPEN ESFA --- This was generally interesting, though the schizoid author strained a bit on some of them puns.

LAST

THE THINGS PEOPLE SEND US

STENCIL NEWS --- I saw nothing here that was so recent or important as to require special last-place handling. But then, I'm not a stencil, so this news is not for me.

A MATTER OF OPINION --- Amateur fiction, to be sure, but intriguing. I was sure the author was going to draw the obvious parallel to our own culture. Are not virtually all children forcibly indoctrinated into the religious affiliation of their parents? Loked at that way, there is U-235 of near-critical mass herein. Now I'm wondering whether the author missed this implication, or preferred to let the aforementioned forward thinking fan discover for himself. Are we all saved or damned?

ANIMAL THINGS --- Being a cat-disliker ever since I came across a feline playing cat and mouse with a sparrow (after crippling its wings), I have little comment on this one. Perhaps we could start issuing rolled-up paper to birds?

BUT NOT THE AYJAYS --- I prefer a more critical approach. Why be afraid to call a spade a spade, since not all crudzines are topnotch?

LORD BREN --- More fool puns; but this time there is little doubt about the implication. One can tell this emanates from the Quaker City.

NOTED IN PASSING --- And why not? Noted with passing pleasure.

Summing up --- an interesting First Issue. It lacks polish, and the literary standards could be improved; but the rodent is just bursting with ideas. I will not put forth the usual platitudes about your constant improvement; you must have this thing at about the level you want, or you wouldn't have put it out. Why assume that this issue is worse than the next?

But good luck anyway; and now that I've commented on it, how about sending me a copy of #1 so's I can read it? Sincerely,

Piers Jacob

{Space in this issue is short, at least for reply's to locs. But Rich Robertson just had to answer this one, and it looks like the typist is in for another gruling session with equation, and more equations, only maybe not.}

Richard Robertson
address above

Dear Piers Jacob,

Really now, I don't believe that you could possibly be as stupid as you sound. I thought that the people who would write letters in answer to my article would show at least a faint glimmering of intellegence. Apparantly, I was horribly mistaken, at least in your case. Or was my writing really that bad? I don't think so, because many others who read my article seemed to understand what I was talking about and raised several valid objections.

Please tell me, where did I ever postulate a new version of the much disputed Michelson-Morley experiment? As I see it, I proposed something entirely different, as explained in answer to Bill Osten's letter in this issue. By the way, in reference to your slur about most people preferring to do an experiment before announcing the results, haven't you ever heard of thought-experiments (also known as excercises in logic), in which one takes certain things to be true (in this case the theory of relativity), sets up a situation to test some aspect of a theory, and deduces everything possible from the situation and the postulates?

I assumed that relativity was true and then set up a situation to test one of the basic postulates

THE THINGS PEOPLE SEND US

of relativity; namely, that absolute rectilinear motion can not be proved. The way I tried to prove this postulate contrary-to-fact was to set up a situation in which relativity would predict two contrary results, i.e., as well as stating that it was impossible to prove absolute motion, it would also predict that there was a practical way of determining absolute motion.

The gimmick used in the device described was something known as vector-addition, or haven't you ever heard of it? Apparently not, because you show your ignorance by your statements about my methods. As for "sighting along the beam....with another equally fallible beam," haven't you ever heard of setting up screens perpendicular to the direction the beam would take under zero motion at various distances from the source and measuring the position of the spot of light on each one?

Piers, when was the last time you had your reading comprehension checked? Somehow you ignored one whole sentence which was vital to the structure of my argument, a sentence summarizing Einstein's argument about motion-induce error in the setting of the clocks which explained why there would be different results in my theoretical experiment depending on whether or not the apparatus were in motion.

Somehow, throughout your whole letter, I get the distinct impression that you are trying to refute my reasoning without really knowing what you are talking about. Is it that you didn't understand my reasoning and argument, which was a fairly simple reducto ad absurdum argument, that you aren't familiar with some of the major arguments involved in the theory of relativity, that you only read my article very superficially, or a combination of all three?

Your speculations are interesting, but in some places the reasoning seems a little weird. As I mentioned in answer to Bill Osten's letter, the relationship between mass and velocity

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

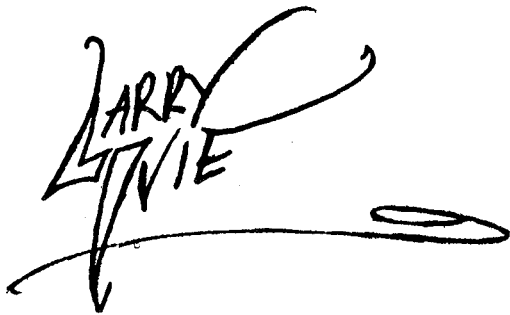
doesn't correspond to recent observations in that it predicts a smooth increase up

to infinity, many sharp discontinuities have been discovered in the curve. This leads to speculations that the mass doesn't go to infinity at the speed of light, but merely has a very large value. On the other hand, you can assume that light has zero rest mass (according to all modern theories, this is true) then 0 , (the rest mass) divided by $\sqrt{0}$ is indeterminate with a range of $-\infty$ to $+\infty$ with only the two extreme values excluded because of the definition of infinity $-\frac{0}{0} = \infty$, hence $\infty \cdot 0 = \lambda$, where λ is any finite number. Except for making two observations about your second speculation, I will refrain from comment. First, there is absolutely no empirical evidence supporting any contraction of length with increasing velocity. Second, how in the name of Ghu did you ever manage to equate "no physical structure" with non-existence? Does a thought have physical structure? The number 1? The $\sqrt{-1}$? Yet they exist. Well?

Question: If we can't detect these galaxies because they are retreating from us at greater than light velocities, how do we know that there are actually galaxies doing this?

As for the clock paradox, it has been observed, is an empirical datum, and this can't be denied. The only room for speculation is about causes, and I don't believe Einstein's explanation is the only possible one.

R. Robertson.



At this year's Lunacon we had the good fortune to spy Larry Ivie, artist extraordinaire. "Quick, Larry Ivie," we said, "Draw us a something beautiful for Jelerang!" So Larry Ivie drew us the beautiful signature at the left, and we are printing it here as a letter of comment. Never has so little served as so much for so many. Or something.

Better take the time, at this point to explain the paucity of comments on the letters in this issue. The fact of the matter is, we ran way over our page count this issue, and we may not make it yet. If your Jel arrives without a few pages at the back, you'll know we ran out of Paper!

David A. Spector
1500 W. Columbia Ave.
Philadelphia 21, Penn.

Dear Jelerang?

In the form of a letter of comment let me say that I enjoyed your letter of — ah, that is, I enjoyed your magazine greatly.

I noticed a certain linking between FOR CATS SAKE and ANIMAL THINGS, but I'm sure that had nothing to do with ANALOG's covers.

The crowning article, of course, was THE CROWN...ah, that is, THE CON — definitely Harriett's best sf story ever. (Quiet, Genius)

And Richard Robertson — I wish wish he'd elaborate on his elaborate description of his dis-proof of the theory of relativity (or is it Un-relativity?) Like how do you know that a beam of light appears bent when the source is moving? The article could have been a good beginning if he hadn't ended it before it ended, in the beginning, or, rather after the beginning had ended. That is to say, not after the beginning, but rather....

An exelently structured article was A MATTER OF OPINION by Thomas B. Haughey.

LORD BREN was good, only probably not.

Jay Freedman's NOTED IN PASSING was nearly a masterpiece. I'd advise him to write it and get it in a mag. At least that way he'll get money for it (Roscoe willing).

And, significantly, isn't

it a wonderful thing?

David A. Spector.

Dave also included a short story, which no one on the staff understands, except that Fredegar claims too. If we figure it out, it probably still won't go in. The last couple of pages, (after this) will be typed with a typing plate, so look for immediate improvement of the copy. As always, your letters are solicited, and may even get you the next issue. Your money is even more solicited, as we can't afford to go on forever. Multilith is cheaper than mimeo, but still damn expensive to a small club. Most of the lousey spelling this issue is by the typest, who can't spell worth a damn. Costs are high, so if you want to stay on the mailing list, say something.

THE LAST MASTER

News from Harriett Kolchak

The SILVERCON was officially dropped via a written vote of all concerned. It seems a shame that there were not enough people in New York Fandom who were willing to do the few small items needed to complete the plans made by the committee. My condolences go to the five members who were doing all the work. If their mundane, (and therefore necessary) jobs had not coincided with the time that some of these small calls etc. were necessary, we could easily have finished out plans. Sorry folks, we did our damndest but it seems it was not to be.

At the Lunarian meeting on May 11th it was pointed out that good auction material is not easy to promote. Any of you who have ever purchased material at auctions, myself included, know how important this is. I think we owe the people who do this a big vote of thanks. The members of ESFA and Lunarians, I know, would like to give SAM MOSKOWITZ their personal vote of thanks for the work he has done in obtaining auction materials for the Lunacon and the Open ESFA, as well as for his many other services.

The Lunacon this year realized a profit of \$70.75 after all expenditures were accounted for. This has been the fifth year in a row that they have come out on top. This should show that not all N.Y. fan are slackers.

CHRIS AND SAM MOSKOWITZ have bought a new home. It has fifteen rooms and seven baths, and they will occupy it on July first. The address is 361 Roseville Avenue, Newark, New Jersey.

TOM DILLY, florida fan, wants any information on Lovecraft that you might happen to have. He is attending college, and so doesn't have as much time as he would like to have. He asks that correspondents be patient in waiting for answers from him.

As JIM LOUDON pointed out in the letter column, there are lots of kinds of pets. We want the pet column to cover as much ground as possible, and don't want to discriminate against anybody's favorite, so please send us info about your friends.

JOY AND SANDY SANDERSON are also moving. They have bought a split Cape Cod with six rooms, palyroom, 1 & 1/2 baths, trees, roses, landscaping, and a corner lot 68 x 100. I don't have their new address yet, but they will also be moving in July.

BELLE DIETZ showed up at the May Lunarian meeting, despite the fact that she had just been in an auto accident. She said her car had to be towed away, and complained that her right side hurt all the way down. (Belle drives a Volkswagon, by the way) CHRIS MOSKOWITZ had her hands in bandages, due to an inflammation of the wrists, but removed the bandages to treat Belle's injuries. I later learned, in a letter, (from Belle) that Belle had suffered a sprained rib in her neck (?) and been confined to bed with a special collar for a week. The damages to her car had run to three hundred dollars, and I don't know whether the other party had insurance to pay for it. They hit her.

By the ESEA meeting of June second Belle had the collar off and was up and about, though not feeling up to par as yet. Chris had the bandages removed from her wrist's and was back in good form again.

I will probably be in Cincinnati for the MIDWESTERCON by the time you get this, but just a few last items. Please turn the page.....

.....to here.

SAM has a new book out, published by WORLD. It has a beautiful cover, blue cloth binding and gold lettering. EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE is the title, and it is the first half of SAM's history of sf writers. This goes from Cyrano deBergerac, through Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, M.P. Shiel, Arthur Conan Doyle, Edgar Rice Burroughs, A. Merritt, Hugo Gernsback, H.P. Lovecraft, Olaf Stapledon, and dozens of others. It is a real treasure, and contains much more material than just the reprinting of some of Sam's essays for the Ziff-Davis mags. There is a great deal more than was to be expected, even from Sam. It should be a valuable addition to any fan's library. Price is \$6.00, available from Milton Spahn, 1337 Merriam Avenue, Bronx 52, New York.

The Neofund can benefit you. Contribute something now, so the funds will be there if you need them.

AVRAM DAVIDSON, his lovely wife GRANIA, and their little son with such a long name, in addition to their complement of cats,dogs,etc., I suppose, are moving to MEXICO.

-----Harriett Kolchak

YOUR REASON FOR RECIEIVING JELERANG IS:

- You Paid, and we love you
- You didn't pay, but you should
- You are mentioned
- We still have \$ 12 kittens
- You should review us
- Letter of comment ?
- We trade ?
- Contributer
- Like More?
- Your last copy will be No 3
- unless you do something
- You are an artist
- Prove it
- Send us your masters, your Simflo and your Ink
- Sample
- You Love Sturgeon
- Harriett likes you
- Send us something
- other:

