

Jelerang

The Magazine of Creative Squirrel Baiting

NUMBER 3



JELERANG 3

is published bimonthly by the Mercurian Club of Philadelphia, an Independent Science Fiction Club devoted to discussion. Despite the fact that we still haven't figured out what or who we're independent of, JELERANG still insists on coming out on schedule, a situation which is driving us mad. Printable contributions, including letters of comment, are welcome, and may even get you free copies; 'printable' status being decided by the staff and whoever is editing that particular issue. This issue is edited by Harvey Forman, whose address is neatly concealed where it says Changes of Address. However, the perpetrator next issue will be Richard Robertson, of 9721 Chapel Road, Philadelphia, Pa. Despite this, manuscripts and such, and subscriptions (25¢ each, or 5 for a dollar) should still be sent to THE MERCURIAN CLUB, % Harriett Kolchak, 2104 Brandywine Street, Philadelphia 30, Pennsylvania. Deadline for the next issue is OCTOBER 13. However, despite what I just said, answers to Hal Lynch's questionnaire should still be sent to *Harvey Forman*, so he can compile a complete report.

JELERANG is offset via "FIMMWOALH" Press, consisting of *Turnip Harry*, *Oscar*, and the *Grey Ghost*. Masters were typed by Harvey Forman. Their crookedness can be attributed to this obsolete Vari-Typer. For the benefit of those who don't really want to know, Don Ford's only criticism of JEL2 was that it didn't have justified margins. So, upon hearing this, Saturated Fats ran out and bought a 19-year old ~~2x3x540~~ black model. However, as no one listened to Harvey Forman's deadline, there was no time to make a dummy. Hence, no justified margins this issue. OBEY THE DEADLINE! Rich Robertson is Official White Slave, and makes hand corrections. Harriett Kolchak is Official Dictatoress, and rolls heads. Oh well, things get done. Usually. Due to the fact that our treasury is completely broke until after we sell some of these, don't be surprised if instead of having a copy mailed to you, Harriett gets on the train and delivers them all in person. We need extremely good material. And extremely good artwork. And money. We don't specify the quality or condition of your money-- we feel this is a personal thing. Harvey Forman's review column is missing, but it will be back next issue. Send fanzines. Olin T. Fredegar had an acute case of Twonk's disease, and was unable to do the research necessary to complete "The Critics All Agape". Look for it next issue, if he hasn't departed by then.

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HoKay, Comrades,

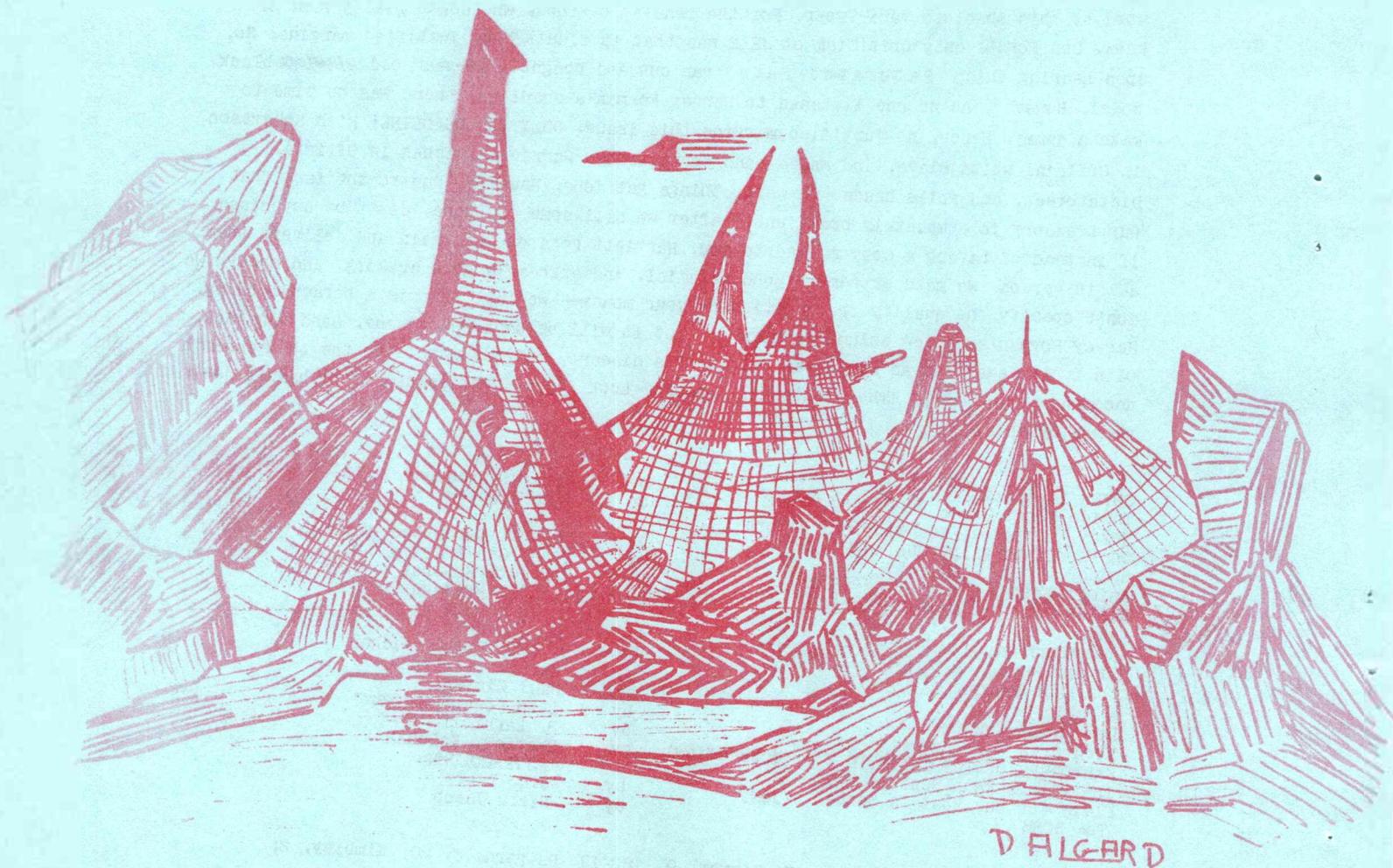
Iss Glorius Report on First Annual

MERCURIAN PICNIC

Early Sunday morning various people got up and started making lunches, feeding cats and dogs (to prepare for the rain later that afternoon), gathering up ~~marked~~ poker decks and other assorted oddities, and prepared to stage a 'bash'.

Harriett was barely ready when Marilyn Gorodetzer and her sister, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, arrived. Olin T. Fredegar arrived with sword and sandals, and then came Steve Franklin. Richard Robertson, the Mercurian mathematician, arrived with Rocky Korr, followed by the one and only Saturated Fats. Jay Freedman called to say he'd be late, followed by an anonymous phone call from Hal Lynch to let us know he'd meet the group in the park about 1:00.

With this fine crew in tow, Mr. Fredegar hoisted Harriett's gigantic picnic bag to his shoulders and nearly collapsed under the weight. However, as this was the easiest way to carry the thing, this was the way he carried it: out the door, up beautiful Brandywine Street, around the church, and directly toward the Parthenon.



Fairmount Park is remarkable in that it is not only large for a city park, but beautiful as well. Fredegar pointed out the sights as the group trudged along under their burdens.

"See that statue?" he would say, rhetorically. "Awful, isn't it? This bridge had beautiful carvings on it, but those the wind hasn't worn away, the pigeons have covered. This would be a lovely garden, but the park commission won't take care of it, so the lily ponds are full of algae and garbage."

The valient little group went around Lemon Hill rather than try climbing over it. The temperature was already in the eighties. Becky soon found herself with Rocky's arm around her, a situation completely to her liking. Olin did *not* like this situation, as it distracted Marylin's attention. Marylin feels very protective toward her smaller sister.

Rocky soon grew tired; of the walking, that is, not Becky. He kept asking *when* we would reach the picnic site. But the rest of us *knew*, so for the next couple of hours, Rocky kept asking *when*.

It was observed that a statue of a huge, hairy Viking bore the inclusive dates 1003-1006, and one wonders at the rapid growth rate of the Vikings.

The original plan had been to walk to the grandstand for the boat races, and there, after placing our bets, uncover a stone stairway which leads halfway up the face of a cliff. Once that far, the rest of the climb would be easy: over onto the stone ledge separating the cliff from the railroad tracks (which were *not* in disuse), along this to a slippery path, and up the path to the top of the cliff (passing trees of poison ivy impossible to avoid). Simple, eh?

But saturated Fats and the thoughtless Fredegar discovered a short cut up a gently sloping hill, at the top of which the entire group sank in exhaustion into the water trough.

(It might be best explained that Fredegar had been asked to select a quiet, secluded location, and, with his usual straightforward stupidity, had climbed the cliff. After sending out announcements, a short-cut was discovered which cut the difficulties of finding the place in half. It was located right in back of Mount Pleasant, one of Philly's fine tourist attractions, and could easily be reached by car.)

Unfortunately, Hal Lynch and Peggy Rae McKnight, who were by this time driving through the park looking for the picnic, did not know this. Therefore, after going to Harriett's house, stopping at the Public Boat House (which was the place where a rendezvous with the PSFSans had been scheduled) several times, and each time missing the people who had been sent to find them, they gave up. This time, we will forgive them, but next time, Hal will be left hanging.

Meanwhile, at the top of the cliff, blankets were spread, food and cards were broken out, and saturated Fats opened his immense jug of rhoot bheer. Flat rhoot bheer, just the way he likes it, much too sweet.

Marylin and Becky brought Lemonade, which certainly is a wonderful thing. Only sats disagreed with this sentiment, suggesting that it be saved as fertilizer for Lemon Hill on our way back.

Harriett decided that the PSFS crowd should be showing up at this moment, since several of them had said they were coming. So it was time for Olin to climb down the cliff, walk the half-mile to the Public Boat House, and looking for the PSFSans, which he did not find. He did find a large bee, which came close to disabling him. Steve Franklin, who was also on this small foray, decided it would be nice to come back to the picnic by another route, which they did. Up the side of a hill covered in broken glass (remember, Olin has sandals) and through a swampy section.

Rocky Korr spent a good many years learning to be a camp counsellor, and is rather proud of his ability to tell campfire terror tales. Also, he has just embarked on the intense joy of reading everything ERB has ever written.

So Rocky decided to tell one of the stories he was noted for, and he did a lovely job of it. Just before he started, Rich Robertson and Becky went off to explore the woods, and during the course of it, Marylin got to worrying; so Harriett went off in search of them.

So: Rocky began the Grisly Tale of a man who tried to save his family from fire, only to be trapped by the fire himself. Only when the firemen searched the house, there was no body, and thereby laid the tale, with a fine job of tension building.

It was such a peaceful scene. Saturated Fats drinking root beer; Jay and Steve eating sandwiches; Olin with his head in Marilyn's lap. Rocky stood up gesturing and talking.

"He ran up to the burning building," said Rocky. "The firemen tried to stop him, but it was impossible. As he ran through the doors, the whole house was enveloped in a shell of flame. Then the firemen gave orders to stand back. With a toturous sound the roof caved in. Under the strain the third floor fell through and then the great mass of burning wood and stone crashed down into the living room.

"Later some people said—but they weren't sure—that as the wall of the building collapsed they saw, running from that flaming inferno, not quick enough to escape the falling wall, the burning, blackened figure of...."

"Hey everybody!" said Harriett, coming up behind us. "There's a baseball game over there! Maybe that's where the PSFSans are."

"Why don't you run over and look?" said Fredegar.

"I already did, but I didn't see anyone I knew," said Harriett.

"Did you find Becky and Rich?" asked Marilyn.

"No," said Harriett. "Couldn't find them. But I *did* hear Becky somewhere in the woods yelling: 'Don't! Please Rich, stop it!'"

Marilyn turned over and spilled her lemonade.

Rocky just stood there looking frustrated, and after a moment Harriett sat down to eat some more. Rocky had just gotten to the first appearance of the 'thing'.....

"The girls were terrified," he said. "All they were sure of was that they had seen something awful, something like a man, burned black, something that reached out toward them with crumbling, bleeding fingers, and croaked 'My Wife, my children...'"

"Say," said Harriett, "Anybody want a pickle?"

Becky and Rich came back, both wearing large, silly grins and a look of perfect delight.

"Where have you been?" demanded Marilyn.

"Watching cars," said Becky.

"Let's have more picnics," said Rich.

Becky poured lemonade over Olin, then managed to get some in a glass for Rich and herself. The punch was passed around, and Sats offered root beer. Rocky stood there with a look of quiet perseverance.

It continued that way.

Just where he was getting to the second manifestations, where he says:

"There was no doubt about it. The boy who had fainted had a definite set of marks on his arm, black streaks as if he had been touched by something burned, streaks mingled in with traces of something that might have been flesh, and red streaks that most certainly were...."

"MMMMmm," said Harriett. "This macaroni salad is delicious. Doesn't anybody want some?"

Rocky bravely continued;

"The girl was close to shock. That hideous face at the window, those raucous cries of 'My Wife, My Children' and now, to clinch it, the bits and pieces of blood and flesh caught and scraped into the screen on the girls' window..."

Everyone agreed with Harriett that there is nothing as tasty as a hard boiled egg.

Listening untently to the story, Becky squealing with delight at each new Revelation, asking if it were true. Marilyn let her eyes wander while her mind concentrated on the details of the story. She focused on a falling leaf, a little brown curled oak leaf, drifting down from the tree above her. It came and settled softly on her arm. Just a simple sad little brown wrinkled leaf.

"I called to him," said Rocky, "But there was no answer. When I got around the building, there was no one there. But looking down, by chance, I noticed on the ground....a single human ear."

Marilyn screamed. That leaf on her arm was rather unnerving. But Rocky was more unnerving, because he immediately took Becky off for another walk in the woods.

After a while it started to rain, just lightly, but Harriett figured it was better to be safe than soaked, so they gathered up the blankets and buffet, and started down the cliff to the grandstands, which are covered. As they reached said grandstands, it stopped raining, so Harriett and Jay started playing cards again. Marilyn suddenly realized that Becky and Rocky weren't back yet, and foolishly sent Rich looking for them.

There followed a fantastic caucus race. When Rich didn't return, Olin, Marilyn, and Steven climbed back up the cliff, at a point without stairs. Steve went back to the campsite, and Olin and Marilyn stayed together. Saturated Fats joined the search and went west.

When Olin and Marilyn found Steven coming back, they all followed Sats west. But instead they found Rich, who had not found Becky or Rocky, or seen Sats.

Charging through the woods at full speed, Rocky and Becky were discovered with much shouting in the distance. The searchers were on one side of a ravine, when suddenly, from a fern-covered hillside, there came shouts:

"Help! Leave me alone. No! I can't stand it."

Rocky came running at full speed, with Becky in hot pursuit.

"I'll kill you!" shouted Marilyn, dashing for Rocky, who was now between two women. What's the idea of taking my sister off and staying for hours?"

Meanwhile, Rich had dashed across the ravine and was busily occupying Becky-- Apparently to divert her attention and get poor Rocky out of a fix.

Rocky dashed past Marilyn and went back down the path.

"Hold on!" said Olin. "Where is Sats?"

So now the group went dashing off after Saturated Fats, who had vanished; this is not an easy thing for Sats to do. Rocky and Steven went down the cliff, while Rich and Becky led the way upward with Marilyn dragging Olin, not too unwillingly, after them.

When the prominence was reached, and this little quartet could look down into the grandstands, Rocky was waving up and shouted that Sats had returned and taken Jay's place in the poker game Jay having left.

So the intrepid four began the descent from the topmost point and finally made the highway below. Unfortunately, somewhere on the trip, Becky and Rich had become misplaced together. So Marilyn began feeling a little unpleasant.

"I'll kill him," she kept saying. "I'll kill him."

Rocky had discovered that his copy of *'Swordsmen of Mars'* (Rocky never goes anywhere without at least one or two Burroughs' books) had gotten dirty and soggy, having been stashed in Rich's satchel. He was demanding satisfaction, and Marilyn was demanding Becky, and they both eventually got what they wanted. Rich returned Becky to her sister, and, with that same silly grin still on his face, paid Rocky for the book. Only admonishing that we must *'have more picnics'*.

Marilyn and Becky left for home and studies, then Rocky left, trailing them. Marilyn got lost, but the adventures of these two young ladies in attempting to find their way out of the wilds of Fairmount park must be left to some other chronicle. No one has seen Rocky since that day.

As things were breaking up, the rest of the group (with the exception of Jay) walked back to Harriett's house, Harriett leading, Steve and Sats talking to her, and Olin and Rich in their customary position at the far rear, five blocks behind. Olin had by this time filled the band of his hat with bright red and yellow autumn leaves, which Rich, having been deprived of Becky too soon in the day, tore out and scattered at passing motorcycles.

At Harriett's, the party continued, aided and abetted by the presence of Harriett's husband Steve (Kolchak this time, but remember that Steve Franklin is still with us, so keep them straight.)

Some of the business of *Jelerang!* got done, but not much. Most of the time was devoted to an argument between Steve and Rich over the subject of reality and Science. Steve was using the term in the ancient sense of Demonology.

Sats went upstairs to get his copy of F&SF with the second part of GLORY ROAD, and took the opportunity to argue with Steve (Kolchak) about STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

"It would have been a good story," said Steve, "if it had ended when Mike got canned from the carnival."

"Ghod!" said Saturated Fats.

Downstairs: "What hold oxygen atoms together?" asked Steve (Franklin).

"I don't know for sure," said Rich, "But I've always thought of them as copulating."

Rich then outlined a new system of logic he was working on. One that was absolutely and perfectly true in all situations. The first postulate states that "all postulates of this system are true, and all the results obtained from the system are true."

At this point Olin was sitting with his sandals firmly pressed on the seat of a grey chair. Steve called down to bring him up a mop, and Olin was about to comply when he discovered that his foot was stuck to the chair, and he couldn't move. It took over fifteen minutes to free him.

"Definition:" said Rich, now at his bright best. "If two things are touching, there is nothing between them.

"Definition: If something is between two objects, they are not touching.

"Between the nucleus of an atom and its electron field, there is nothing. Hence, it follows that the nucleus and the electrons are in contact.

"There is nothing between the electron fields of two different adjacent atoms. Hence, the electron fields of two different adjacent atoms are in contact.

"From this it can be shown that Sol and Alpha Centauri are only a very short distance away from one another, said distance amounting to (a rough approximation) 10 meters."

Harriett decided to go to bed, so everyone was ousted and the party continued in the streets.

"I tend to agree with Heinlein's conclusion in *'Walden'*," said Franklin. "The universe is whatever you want it to be. It's just a question of having the strongest will. Therefore, you are all figments of my imagination and I absolutely control you."

"Suppose I kill you?" asked Rich, whipping out his zap-gun.

"That's just begging the question," said Olin. "If you kill him, then to us, he is dead. But to him, we've disappeared. Both of us would be completely satisfied in our beliefs."

"But..." said Franklin.

"Look, if you want to continue this argument, do it with Sats, he'll be easily convinced."

A few minutes later, Olin looked over at Rich and said "There!"

"There what?" asked Rich.

"Well," continued Olin, "he created all of us, and supports our existence by his belief in us. But I just told him to do something; and you'll notice that he did it. So if he is God, where does that leave me?"

Argument continued for a couple of trillion years.

NNNN.....NNNN

SPACE

by Harri Gee and Joyce Lun

Space has a mind of various moods,
As void she merely sits and Broods.
Then with the suns, she laughs aloud,
Shaking off her somber shroud.
Planets are her pearly beads,
Man the string a necklace needs.

by Harriett Kolchak

I know quite a bit about most animals. Their feeding and sleeping and medical habits and aids are no problem for me but what I need to complete a decent write-up on them is their trick habits. In other words I need to know something of why you retain this particular pet.

Thus far I have not received any letters of comment that I can use for this purpose. The only thing that was reported to me was that the Wyzkowski family was bedding down a new family of young mice until they could shift for themselves, and that the three cats they have did not even seem interested. One party said that these were not cats, since no respectable cat would live peaceably in the same house with a family of mice.

This time I will relate some of the odd things people may keep for pets instead of being specific and if I can think of anything that is amusing, I will include that too.

There is one boy who says he keeps clams and when I asked what they did. He replied: "They just lay there and open their mouths and shut them." Some of the other marine pets I have heard of are porpoises, gold fish, guppies, angel fish, mollies, pirhanias, salt water fish, sea horses, octopi, and all sorts of odd fish.

Land animals include the turtles, toads, frogs, snakes of all varieties, lizards (including the salamander and other small water lizards), apes, tigers, leopards, and panthers. I know of one case where I saw a fox on a leash drinking beer from a glass; raccoons are kept, as are squirrels and armadillos, skunks, monkeys and many other primates.

Insects also have their place. The lovely spider is often kept for a pet, and these include the black widow and other poisonous ones as well as the usual little red mites that sting so badly. The fly is kept, and so is the firefly and mosquito. I know of at least one case where they even kept tarantulas.

Mice and rats and guinea pigs come in for their place in the pet world, and the birds include cockatoos, eagles, humming birds, parrots, and every variety of winged creature known to man. I have even heard of the vulture being used as a spotter of dying men on the desert, and a man from one of the radio stations here keeps tubes of germs and feeds them and tends them like pets. He has no other interest in them except observation, he says.

Now with space travel so close, I am wondering what other things may be turning up that may be used as pets. I suppose that in the cave-dwellers' days, they had pet Dinosaurs and pterodactyls. Even the fiercer saber-tooth tiger and the mammoths could have been pets for some of them.

It does seem odd what some folks can find interesting as a pet, but if everybody liked the same pet, we would not have such a thing as a pet column. If you enjoy this column and would like to see more of it, please write me some of the habits of Your pet and their most interesting features of entertainment. Of course, you must remember that some of these animals keep humans as pets too.



INTRODUCTION

The ORCHESTRAL IMAGES of Chiorisam Vergun are among the most unique pieces in today's repertoire. Having grown tired of tailoring his music to fit the various texts from which his art sprang, Vergun attempted to fit the words of various poets and writers to his music. But even this allowed him little freedom: Vergun remained, to his death in 1958, an ardent programist, chained to the fusion of words and music in one form or another.

How far Vergun actually went may still amaze us in a world where John Cage is avant-guard. In 1930 he composed the celebrated SETTINGS FOR SIX POEMS BY FRANCOIS VILLON. But by 1932 he had progressed to the incredible aria, WHO IS SYLVIA?, after the poem by Shakespeare: The very unmusical sounds of the words 'who' and 'is' are reiterated, stretched for endless bars, and the rest of the poem is compressed into a brief staccato burst of the chorus at the end.

With the ORCHESTRAL IMAGES, Vergun decided to allow the music an absolute precedence by not specifying what words should accompany it. Each 'Image' is marked with a reference as to mood and meter. A soloist is then expected to choose words fitting to the music, and either sing or recite his own variations on the principal melodies. Vergun encouraged that various poets and writers should write as many 'word settings' to his music as they wished. The settings below are by Olin T. Fredegar, written around January, 1961. To facilitate understanding, Mr. Fredegar feels that the poems should be read by the audience during a performance, thereby co-relating to the music only in the mind. To this end, readers may well employ the Vandepant Release recording of the IMAGES, which has only the musical parts; the poetic texts may be added by the listener.

Addenda: The ORCHESTRAL IMAGES was premiered at Dresden in nineteen thirty-four, with a setting of poems by Carl Wilde. It was then repeated in Stockholm in the same year, then relegated to the limbo in which most of the composer's works now reside. It was revived for the Gainsburg Festival in nineteen fifty-nine with the original poems, and several recordings were released. One with a setting of poems by Friedrich Vesault.

REFLECTIONS IN A BOWL OF CHILI

(poetic texts as settings for the Orchestral Images of Chiorisam Vergun)

by
Olin T. Fredegar

FIRST IMAGE

(titled by Vergun: Terpsichorhe-La Danze)

"Rich Dark chocolate came driving up my stone paved drive, clothed in a green convertible. Rich park chocolate flowed gently from the seat, flowed gently from the leopard-skin upholstery, flowed gently to the rocks before my door. Rich park Chocolate came up on my veranda and put his sweet nostrils to the blossoms of my jasmine, inhaling their fragrance to condition his flavor.

"He flowed in then, covering me. He flowed up the stairs. He flowed over my oriental carpets, he covered my chinese jardinitres. He melted into the cloth and with the woof and weave of my tapestries. He took me in his arms and held me all through me and he melted me, with the heat and the sweetness.

"Rich dark chocolate came up my stone drive. He flowed over me, he flowed over me, he flowed into me, he covered me, and now; I have become a three story candy bar."



SECOND IMAGE

(titled by Vergun: *Lascivie-Lo Amor*)

Break me. I am a blue jar, filled with bright blue stones. Break me, splatter me over the sky. I feel the scents of flowers flowing through me. Rose petals fill me, Cloves fill me, I am full of sensual scents. Break me, shatter me on the pavement, I am a blue jar, filled with blue stones, the sky is blue, the stars are sapphire blue, blue is the darkness of the evening, blue are the eyes of my mistress, filled with blue to water overflowing blue. I am a blue jar filled with blue stones. Break me, throw me against the sky, shatter me, and---you will have the stars."

THIRD IMAGE

(titled by Vergun: *Reflecto et mare placid*)

"Mimosa blossoms, like the breath of angels, descend...They touch the grass tenderly....Locust blossoms fall and leave behind the leaves and thorns of their protection....The heavens are black by the dell.

"The orchestra is gone. their chairs are neatly stacked at the back of the stage....The ushers have gone to their cars and driven away....it is the quiet time of night....

"The crickets sing..The gnats make harmony..Listen, the bass chord of the mosquito!....All the insects sing..The orchestra of the night takes its place and makes its Natur-al symphony...Quiet, quiet.....quiet....

"A gentle breeze stirs the branches of the trees, and they sough a song for the symphony, those gentle voices of the locust and mimosa. The breeze shakes pollen from the blossoms and ringing lets it fall upon the grass.

"Row on row of green benches extend like a fap, off, away from the shell....Row on row of green benches, whereon sits the audience...The finest of all audiences, patient, and understanding; the orchestra must go home at night to sleep...The very finest audience....Perfectly silent...They sit and wait patiently, the finest of all audiences, with absolute attention....

"On rows of green benches, painted darker and brighter than the grass, sits the audience, waiting patiently....Row upon row, skeletons....listening....

FOURTH IMAGE

(titled by Vergun: *Odalisque Risque*)

"There was an old woman - who each night went to bed - each night with dread.

"She was terrified of rattlesnakes.

"Each night the woman got down on her knees and looked under her bed

"With dread,

"Thinking that in a moment she'd be dead.

"For her fear always allowed her to hear the sound of a rattle,

"And always to smell

"A watermelon, which is a sure way to tell

"If there is a rattlesnake under the bed.

"One night, in her old age, the woman heard the sound of a rattle, and she caught the smell of a watermelon,

"Quite strongly.

"So she climbed down on her knees. said a silent prayer, and looked under the dust ruffle of her ancient victorian bed.

"Under the bed

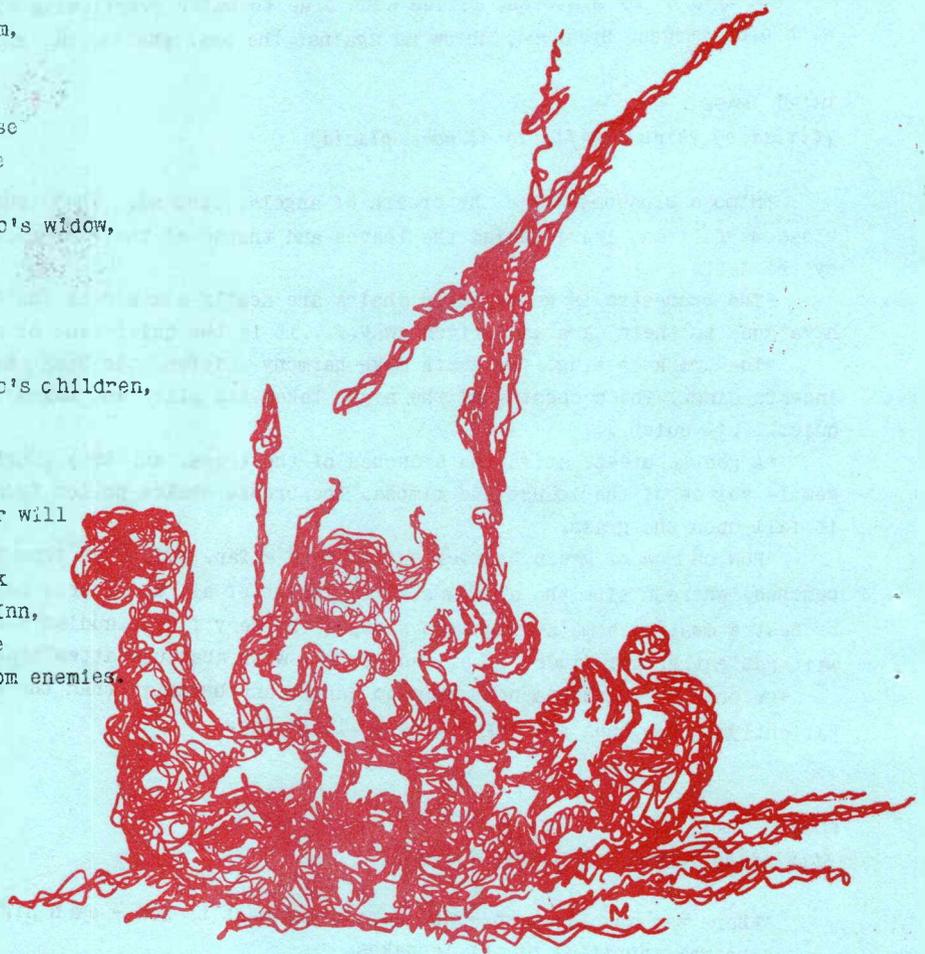
"was a watermelon

"which rattled."

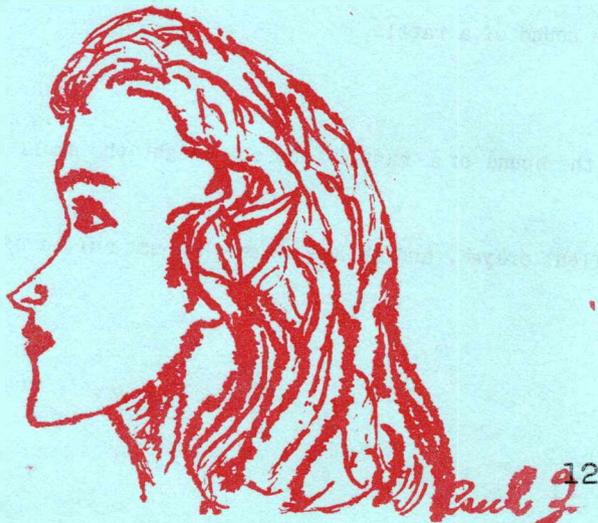
FIFTH IMAGE

(titled by Vergun: *geswante gestalt gefrien die baldorn*)

*Sing a rood for my dead hero's horse,
who is buried in yonder mound.
Sing a song of lamentation for my dead hero's horse.
Sing for my dead hero's sword,
stained and rusted with blood
no longer shining.
Sing for my dead hero's helm,
crusted with mud
and lled with grass.
Sing for my dead hero's house
sinking into the mud of time
and decay.
Sing a song for my deac hero's widow,
she who wears black
and who cries.
Sing a song for her heart
and take away the aching.
Sing a song for my dead hero's children,
bereft of their father
and their lands.
Sing a song of death
that my dead hero's laughter will
not be heard.
Not again will my hero drink
from silver flagons at the Inn,
Not again will my hero smile
as his blade draws blood from enemies.
Sing a rood of weeping
and of lamentation,
Sing a sai song,
Sing a dirge of
draining sadness,
Sing a song for my Hero
who is dead!



Olin T. Fredegar
-1961



'POP'

BY
B. LARNTOFF

There was a knock at the door. And a salesman.

Now normally I would have said "No!" and slammed the door shut, but it is not every day you see a naked salesman; nor one tinted a deep 'suntan' red. No, cross that first part out, he wasn't naked; a brilliant red cape hung over his right shoulder.

While I was staring at him in disbelief, he stepped up closer, handed me a card, and walked inside.

I snapped out of my stupor. "Hey, wait just a goddamn minute, fella! What do you think you're doing? Now scram, and make it fast, or I'll have you thrown in jail for indecent exposure!"

He shook his head knowingly. "Oh, don't do that, sir; it wouldn't be nice at all. Besides," he added thoughtfully. "I already have *their* souls."

"What the--"

"Deure," he replied. "Please read my card. It's exquisitely printed."

Brushing aside some sulphur particles, I read: SOULS BOUGHT, SOLD, AND RENTED. REPAIRS MADE. CALL 'POP'. 7734 ETERNITY DRIVE. PHONE: HE-1-1111 AFTER 12 P.M.

Funny how the room was beginning to smell rather strange. Like rotten eggs. He walked over and opened a window. "Hope you don't mind," he explained. "I can't stand too much heat."

"What the hell's your business?" I demanded.

"Exactly! Precisely what the card says. Can't you read?"

"Look, mister, I don't know what kind of a gag you're pulling, but--"

"Now, *really!* Accusing me of being a fake; me, the *original!* Heck, Satan and Beezlebub and the others are all Johnny-come-latelys. But I was here when it all started.

"My brother was a snake," he added. "I gave him invaluable advice in the Old Days."

I considered this. I wasn't overly superstitious, but then the Devil was not really a mythological creature. Not according to the Bible. Besides, my mother had once told me that.....

"Okay, mister," I answered, "so you're the devil. So what?"

"So *what?* Why, I'm here to buy your soul, of course." He looked at me closely. "Don't you know how I operate? My God, what's the country coming to?"

"Sorry," I replied indifferently. "Religion is no longer taught in the schools."

"And a sad shame it is indeed," he agreed. "Imagine not knowing about the devil! Why, it's outrageous!"

I moved back a bit from him --- he seemed to be radiating heat.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well *what?*" I replied.

"Well, what do you think your soul is worth? Name a price and we'll haggle over it."

"Oh, my soul isn't for sale."

He seemed hurt. "Son, that's no way to talk. Why, if you don't sell your soul to me, God's going to get it free."

I nodded my head, indicating that I approved of the idea wholeheartedly.

He shook his head *no!* "See here, now, son, why should He get your soul?"

"Why should *you?* I don't want to burn in--"

"*BURN?* You ain't going to get burned! Oh, it's a mite warm down there, sure, but not enough to burn anybody. Why, look at me. Just a comfortable tan!"

"I hear it's hotter in some places than in others."

"It's a lie, son, it's a lie. Some filthy rumor started by Gabriel, I believe. No, son, we've got centralized, uniform heating. No fuss, no bother.

"And besides," he added thoughtfully, "you wouldn't like Heaven."

"I wouldn't, eh? Why not?"

"Too cold. Snow all over the place."

"Snow in Heaven? That's nonsense. Why, everyone knows it's eternal spring in Heaven."

"Not so!" he argued. "Not so at all! It's only like that in the Palatial Gardens. And you ain't going to get there. Only one or two souls per century get to go there; and the curve decreases with time, for once a position is filled, it's filled forever."

"And what's it like outside the palace?" I asked.

"Snow, ice, and wind. Dirty tenements; and filthy slums. Overpopulation. Food shortages. Disease."

"That's ridiculous!" I retorted. "Why, once you're in Heaven, you can't die. Where would you go?"

"Oh, you don't die. But things can be some mighty painful when you're permanently crippled, living on an upper floor of a slum with thirty other people in your room, and haven't had food for three hundred years."

I felt disappointed.

"Sure you don't want to sell your soul? I won't be back this way for another fifty years. If that."

I hesitated. That was an awful picture he painted. *But*, I thought to myself, *he may be lying. He's a salesman. I spat. And the Devil. I spat again, harder. Or, I thought nervously, he may be telling the truth.*

"Well? I haven't got all eternity. Speak up!"

"What guarantee do I have that your place is any better?"

"None," he answered, smiling complacently. "You'll just have to take me at my word."

I thought furiously, mostly about thieves and honor. "Look," I said, "how about giving me an hour to think it over?"

"That doesn't sound too unreasonable. I'll be back."

Sulphur smells, but it was worth it to see that dramatic exit.

There was a knock at the door.

"Pop?"

"Yes."

"Come right in, the door's unlocked." *Not that you really needed it.*

As he came in, a net dropped over him and two squat red hulks grabbed him and wrapped a chain around him.

"What's the meaning of this?" he shouted angrily. "How dare you?"

"These 'men'," I replied softly, hoping that the chains would truly hold him, "are from the Federal Bureau of Beziebubs." I motioned toward the hulks. "And you," I pointed gleefully, "are under arrest for fraudulent claims."

"Why, you *lousy*—"

"Pop!", I said solemnly, "go to Hell!"

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

(The following is presented courtesy of Hal Lynch; answers should be sent to Harvey Forman, and a complete tabulation will be included in the next issue.)

SUPPOSE

An imaginary publisher puts out a string of magazines which are low in circulation, but otherwise closely resemble, in format and contents, the following well-known magazines:

Look	Field & Stream	H1 F1
Mademoiselle	Movie Life	The Artist
American Home	Atlantic Monthly	Popular Photography
Popular Mechanix	Newsweek	Sports Illustrated
American Heritage	Model Builder	True Confessions

ELEGY FOR ONE LOST IN SPACE

A man who drifts with that his only goal
will see that stars are tears creators weep
who do not value parts above the whole

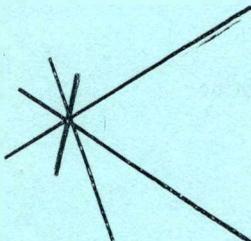
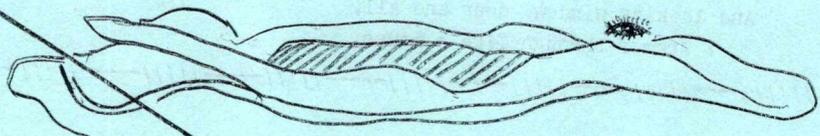
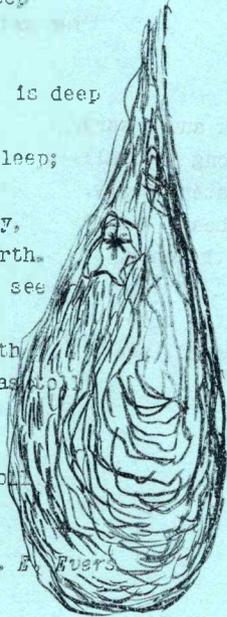
for space - gods know - is wide, but time is deep
and soon the mother-god of earth and sky
lays on her hands of clay and gives him sleep;

even here extends her hand toward infinity,
consents to let him sleep the death of earth.
His husk may drift past all the stars men see

his soul long judged or sorted by its worth
long past the gate that takes the corpse as food
until the world that gave his body birth

recedes as far as years and light-years roll
as whatever godmind haven has his soul.

-F. F. Ruess



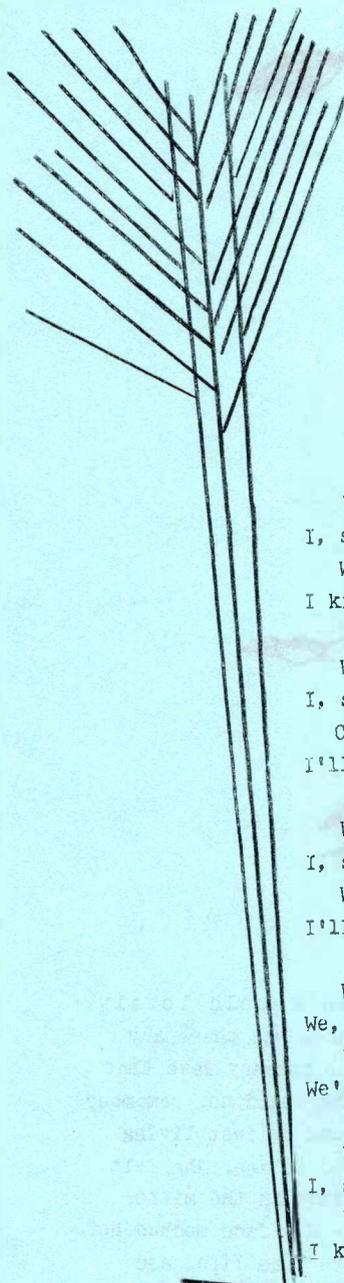
OTF

I will be in charge of the N3F Hospitality Room this year, and I would like to hear from all the fen who have occassion to use this room, to find out what they think of the way it is handled. I enjoy hearing good things about me om e in a while, too, and all criticism can be put to good use in the future (such as suggestions for bettering the hospitality of this room). I would also like to thank all those who suggested and accepted me for this position for their faith in me, and I hope I can live up to the standards they have set for me.

Your reporter,

H. K.

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A FABLE RETOLD

BY PAUL ZIMMER

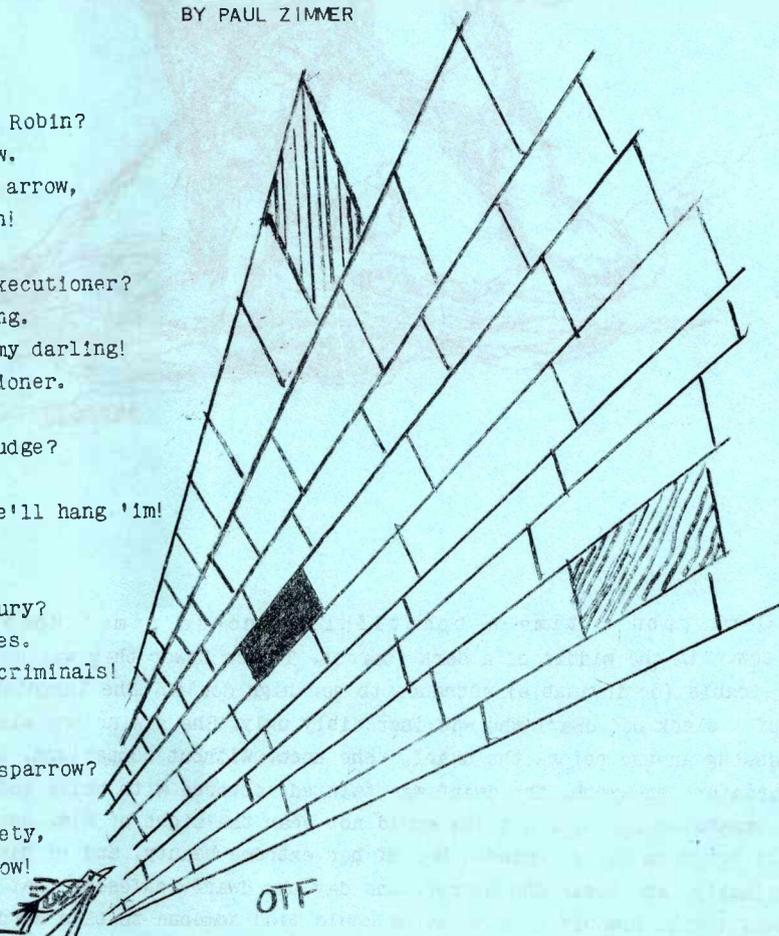
Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow.
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin!

Who'll be the executioner?
I, said the Starling.
Cock Robin was my darling!
I'll be the executioner.

Who'll be the judge?
I, said the Raven,
We'll try and we'll hang 'im!
I'll be the judge!

Who'll be the jury?
We, said the orioles.
Rid society of criminals!
We'll be the jury.

Who killed the sparrow?
I, said society,
With all my nicety,
I killed the Sparrow!



DAS LETZE MÄDCHEN

by
LORD JOSEPH MAYHEW



Once upon a time a beautiful Princess named Rosa Red lived in a cold lonely tower in the middle of a dark forrest. To her tower they was no door, nor in fact, was there any visable (or invisible) entrance to her high donjon. She languished there with no company save that of a black odd dwarf who was incredibly ugly. She saw no one else, and though she could not remember seeing anyone before the dwarf, she knew, without comparison, that he must be the ugliest living creature on earth. The dwarf was twisted, covered with boils and utterly wretched to see. She felt compassion for him, but she could not bear the sight of him. Her own beautiful face in the mirror of her room daily reminded her of her extreme beauty, and of his utter ugliness. Her face mocked her. Finally, she broke the mirror. One day the dwarf confessed that he loved her more than life, and would kill himself as soon as he could find someone to take card of her. He had cared for her for all of her life in this remote tower, by flying up from the ground.

But how could the dwarf fly? A witch had given him the power to fly to the one he loved, and so he flew on the wings of love's faith. He would come to the foot of her tower and repeat the words 'I love you' and he would majestically rise up to her tower. Each day he would come and bury his head in her lap and cry to her of his love for her, and of how he hated his ugliness. He swore that he would find a beautiful prince for her to love, and that through her happiness, he would rejoice from the grave. She would weep beside him and protest that she loved him like a father. Each time he would come to the foot of her tower, she would shudder and turn her back. Each time he spoke the words 'I love you' she would ask herself if any words could hurt her more. Finally the twisted dwarf in his wanderings through the forest encountered a prince who had fallen off his horse and had fallen unconscious in the middle of the forest. The ugly dwarf carried the handsome Prince to his cottage near the tower, and there nursed the prince back to health. Finally he led the prince to the foot of the tower. The words fell hard on his lips, like a last urgent farewell 'I love you'. The Twisted dwarf rose slowly to Rose Red's window and he sadly stepped inside. He stared at her face. To him, it was the most beautiful thing on earth. He would soon kill himself in token of his love for her. She asked him who this beautiful young man at the base of her tower was. He told her that he was her promised. The twisted dwarf took her around the waist and told her that she must cling tight to him. He jumped out of the window into the thin air. They paused. She looked at the ugly dwarf's face screwed up in the love agony. She saw his hideous eyes burning and cankerous skin her whole self trembled and she pulled herself from the gargoyle which held her. She fell. She fell upon the rocks which drank her red blood as it trickled from her ear and mouth. The prince picked up her limp, dead body. They carried it, The Prince and the heartsick dwarf to the dwarf's cottage. She was the most beautiful woman on earth, and each day she had grown more beautiful, now she would grow each day more horrid with decay. Slowly her Flesh would slip from her mouldering bones. First her eyes would go, last the hair; the hair is the last to die. It often grows after death. Soon she would decay. So soon. But now she was like a cut flower. Now, in life there is justice, cruel and fair, but the creatures of fairy tales are spared this. Rose Red was not dead, I know I said she was, and when I said she was, she was... but she is not dead and soon, with a twinkling of the eye and a soft pink breath she will awaken to the prince's kiss. She lies asleep on a comfortless bier, rough hewn by the hands of the loving dwarf. Soon, the prince with tenderest love will kiss her...and she will awaken to the kalidoscopic eternal happiness of fairy tales. I have killed Rose Red, and I hadn't the heart for it. I must let her live again. But what reward can I give to the poor twisted dwarf...perhaps some evil witch made him into a poor evil thing...But no the dwarf was no enchanted prince...two enchanted princes would make a conflict for the beautiful Rose Red. Conflicts are unwelcome. Perhaps we will leave the poor dwarf in the woods suffering for his lost love...perhaps he should kill himself...perhaps he will meet another beautiful princess...but we have reached an impasse. There is no way for the dwarf to be happy. Is there anything I can do for the dwarf? Magic? Would a upliftate Rose Red, who did not love him, make him happy? Or some artificial Rose Red who loved him satisfy the dwarf who loved the real Rose Red? Perhaps she could turn from the Prince and love the dwarf...but such things do not happen even in fairy tales. What am I to do with the dwarf? Kill him? Would that solve the problem? In a fairy tale everyone must live happily ever after. Even if the dwarf was magically changed into a ring for her finger, she would still not love the dwarf. There was no time during the dwarf's life in which he was happy...so we cannot send him back to a happy moment and freeze him there. Perhaps there is a happy ending. I don't know. But the dwarf of our story is not lickle, he won't find a new love. He'll never desert his old love for Rose Red...if by magic we change him, that would be as killing the patient to cure the disease. No, I must not allow that. But the matter is taken out of my hands by the laws of Fairy tales. The witch who placed Rose Red in the tower, who made her be so repulsed by him that she could not bear his touch, even to take her out of the tower, and who gave him the power to fly up to her on the wings of his love, now will end the tale. The guilty must be punished. And so when the witch saw, in her magic well, that Rose Red had escaped the tower, she hurried on her broom to the cottage of the dwarf, where she found him and Rose Red and her Prince, and confronted them. She told them that the ugly dwarf was something she had made. The dwarf, who did not know or believe this, attacked the witch and killed her. It was true, for when the witch fell, the dwarf began to fade, and as she lay dying he became a mere shadow, and when she gasped her last, he disappeared. All of the goodness of the dwarf had been merely part of the witch's plans...

his love...her tool. He had been her robotic slave, but she gave him life....and while he was alive he did love Rose Red. He did not know what he was. The Witch...what are witches motives? I don't know...Rose Red and The Prince lived happily ever after.

THE EVEN FURTHER MOST FASCINATING ADVENTURES OF

LORD BREN

by
B. LARNTOFF

When 200th Fandom finally came about, the fan-world decided they should eliminate all possibilities of strife among fen, and for a while they appeared to be doing superbly. Fannish feuds were all but eliminated through the practical method of bombing New York, and everything was going along fine when there occurred a revival of two diametrically-opposed religions, *GhuGhuism* and *Foofooism*. After the first deadly encounter on the outskirts of Bloomington, Illinois with zap-guns, the National Fantasy Fan Federation formed a Committee For The Study Of The Relative Merits Of *Foofooism* and *GhuGhuism* And Possibilities Of An End To Religious Strife. After much haggling, it was decided that Joe Fann, a neo who had just showed up at the NFFF Hospitality Room, should be questioned by a priest of each of the fannish ghods, and whichever Ghod he chose would be the official Religion of 200th Fandom. Joe Fann was rather shy, however, and after two days not even an offer to show him Fancyclopedia 1 had succeeded in drawing him close enough for a conversation. When this fact was reported, the President of the NFFF ordered a Committee For The Investigation Of Ways and Means Of Approaching Joe Fann For The Purpose Of Choosing An Official Religion For 200th Fandom; he would have circulated a motion through the Directorate, but he felt that the results would not have been determined in time. On the last day of the Convention no further progress had been made, and one of the California fans tried to establish a New and Original Religion by Proclamation. Finally, it was decided to call in Lord Bren, whom everyone knew to be a Wise, Sincere, and Unbiased Man; but when he arrived, Joe Fann was nowhere to be found, and the Beanie Brigade, afraid that he had left early, organized a search party, with a prize for whomever brought him back: Wally Weber. Several femmefans also joined in the search. Just then there was a yell from the direction of the swimming pool, however, and Lord Bren was astounded to see two priests running in at Joe Fann from opposite directions, each swinging a lasso above their heads. At the same time, the Beanie Brigade spotted him, and with a wild yell, they rushed in from the side. Joe Fann panicked immediately, and in the confusion, he fell into the pool. Taking charge of the situation, Lord Bren brandished his borrowed plonker and pushed through the crowd, grabbed one of the ropes and threw it in, yelling triumphantly to the surrounding fans: "He must be *Roscoed!*"

THE FOLLOWING IS AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS REVIEW OF SAMUEL MOSKOWITZ' NEW BOOK, EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE 'SHAPERS OF SCIENCE FICTION' AND IS BEING REVIEWED BY OUR ALERT, SCOPHAPPY REPORTER, HARRIETT KOLCHAK. HOWEVER, AS THERE IS NO MORE ROOM LEFT ON THIS MASTER, YOU WILL HAVE TO GO TO THE NEXT PAGE TO READ THIS HONEST-TO-GOODNESS REVIEW OF SAMUEL MOSKOWITZ' NEW BOOK, EXPLORERS

OF THE INFINITE 'SHAPERS OF SCIENCE FICTION' BEING REVIEWED BY OUR ALERT,
SCOOPHAPPY REPORTER, HARRIETT KOLCHAK:



EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE
'SHAPERS OF SCIENCE FICTION'

by Samuel Moskowitz

reviewed by alert, scoophappy reporter, Harriett Kolchak

Well SAM, the only S.F. Historian of value, has done it again. World Publications has just come out with his latest book under the above title. I got the book and SAM's permission to review it for Jelerang.

The cover and dust jacket are two very attractive works in themselves.

The dust jacket is royal blue with a white and green illustration of Cyrano's trip to the moon. The title is white, sub-title in green and the author's name and contents in a shade of mauve. The flap giving a very lucid description of the contents and the back cover containing a picture of Sam (Presumably taken a few years back) and some of his history.

The cloth binding of the book is an aqua-marine with gold print and green illos. The front edges of the book are rough cut, as are the bottom ones, but the top is smooth with green coloring. This gives it the rich look of the old books.

The looks of the book alone make it a worthwhile addition to any library, and the contents, many of which are unobtainable elsewhere, make it a real need to any S.F. Fan.

Almost all of us know about Sam's other books, but I wonder if you know about the "Hugo Gernsback - Father of S.F." booklet. This is practically unobtainable now. I wonder how much of Sam's material written for newspapers and magazines has gone unnoticed or unread?

I think it is a shame that we do not have a book containing all the S.F. historical works ever written. We have indexes and cross-indexes, but they are not, and cannot be considered, Historical work.

Let's encourage Sam to give us more of this very necessary material by buying now.

The price is \$6, but you can be sure it will go up as time passes. "THE IMMORTAL STORM"

is now \$5 instead of the original \$3, and it is getting harder to obtain, so you can judge accordingly.

The Canadian publishers handling EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE 'SHAPERS OF SCIENCE FICTION' are Nelson, Foster, and Scott LTD.

The long list of those who gave Sam help, on the dedication page, should give you a small idea of the work that went into this book. There were long trips and much rewriting to be done before publication.

Some of the contents are pieces on Edgar Allen Poe, Jules Verne, H.G. Wells, M.P. Shiel, A. Conan Doyle, E.R. Burroughs, Merrill, and the unsurpassed Lovecraft. It also includes 'How S.F. Got Its Name', 'The Future In The Present Tense', and 'The Real Earth Satellite Story'. These are impressive, and there are others just as notable.

The introduction starts with a very good definition of S.F. itself, followed with the coining of the phrase 'S.F.', its originator and its birthdate. It goes on to trace the form and basis of S.F. from its source in B.C. to the present day, after which he explains the main functions and usefulness of S.F. in today's world. It then mentions some of the other sources of S.F. besides the magazines, in today's society. The last item here is the functions of the present-day fan and the need for S.F. History.

Chapter One is a delightful series of quotes from 'Cyrano De Bergerac' written by Edmund Rostand in 1897. It then goes on to explain the realities of Cyrano and some of his history and mentions 'A Voyage to the Moon', 'A Voyage to the Sun', and 'The Story of the Spark', and give dates to accompany these. There are a few excerpts from them included in this piece, providing a good bit of humor.

The Second Chapter includes the wellknown and perhaps overrated piece so many of us have enjoyed for years, 'The Sons of Frankenstein', on Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley. It mentions her influence on some of our most famous authors of yesteryear.

It also relates some of the history of S.F. dating back to Greek Mythology up till the 1800s.

Mary's History and background are quite complete here, and includes some history of her book, 'The Last Man'.

Chapter 3 is devoted to Edgar Allen Poe and his works. It includes some items lately discovered by the historical groups dedicated to this research, and some excerpts from old newspapers.

There are many other useful facts contained between the pages of this edition.

Chapter 6, for instance, gives a fine history of the earth satellite, and fills in a lot of information I found lacking in many newspaper reports.

Then there are the chapters devoted to 'Ghost Of Prophecies Past', 'Frank Reade, Jr.', and 'Forgotten Chapters In American History'.

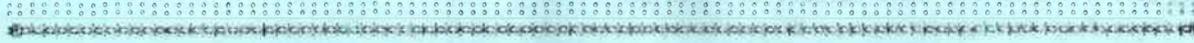
It is a gold mine of facts long forgotten or unused in our usually very informative S.F. discussions today. I know Sam had to really dig hard to get most of the information contained in these chapters. It is almost unobtainable today.

Chapter 19, 'How S.F. Got Its Name', is one of the most completely informative pieces I have ever seen done on this topic.

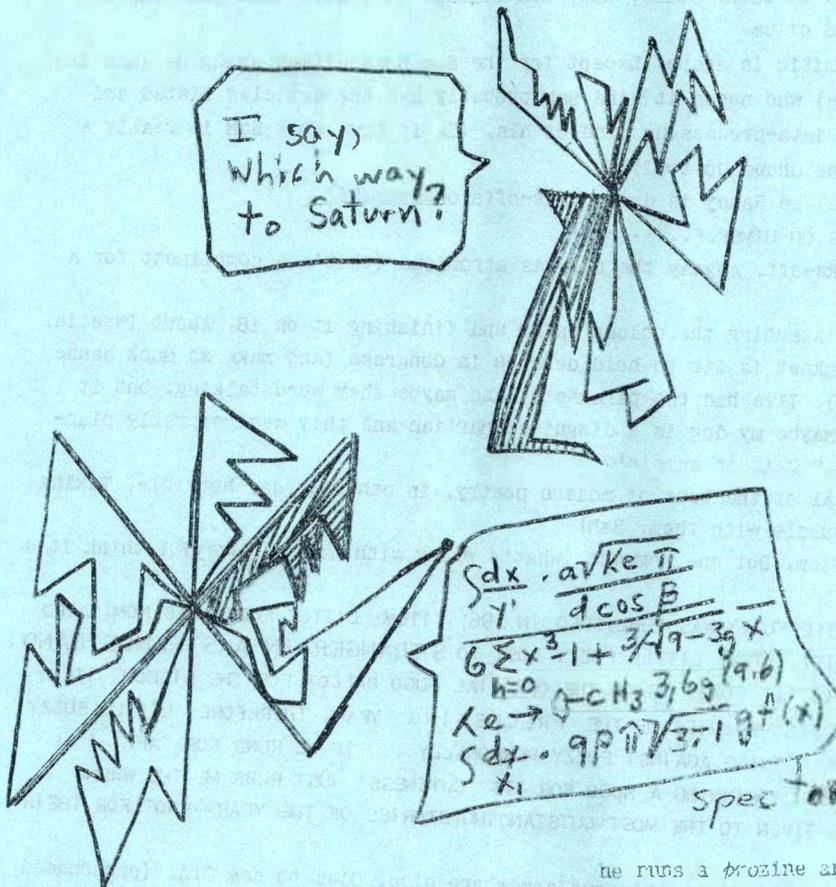
If this isn't enough to entice you to buy this book, read part of the last chapter, 'The Future In The Present Tense'. It gives you an idea of the scope of inventions S.F. has already dragged up from its depths, and what may still be in store for the future generations who read, enjoy, and use S.F.

Indexes are fine while the material is available, but what about the time when all this material has gotten too old to read or has been totally discarded? Is all this knowledge to go to waste? We need this kind of History and we can't expect to get it for nothing.

-H.K.,
alert, seecphappy reporter



THE THINGS
FANS SEND US



George Saunders
Edgewood Rd.
Skyline Lake
Manaque, N.J.

A letter of comment from the wilds of Skyline Lake. (I'm too lazy to contribute and too broke to pay, and I have to do something to get this mine).

(AT LEAST YOU RECOGNIZE THE NECESSITY...

--HCF)

This covers two issues.

(THAT'S NOT TOO...

--HCF)

#1. If Campbell Can Do It. That's just it.

Campbell can do it because

he runs a *brozine* and one aimed strictly at the scientists. *Jel'* is a *fanzine* aimed at the fans. I doubt if the majority of the fans were interested in seeing fan space taken up in a discussion of relativity. If it had been just this issue it wouldn't have been so bad, but when six pages are taken up in the next *brozine* discussing the article, *genug ist genug!* Perhaps *Jel'* should imitate *Playboy* and have a special forum discussing Mr. Robertson's ideas. (Preferably a detachable forum.) This is not a criticism of Mr. Robertson's ideas. I couldn't criticize them. I don't understand them. Robertson and Gansow will never be linked.

Now that I got that out of the way,

The God Great. Are you sure that Randy didn't have a part in this? But translate Subis part. Anyway, the whole column was worth the price of the zine. (Come to think of it, I got this zine for free, it was the next one I paid for.)

Last Stencil News: Interesting.

A Matter Of Opinion: Not bad, but nothing to scream over.

(DON'T GET OVERWHELMED. NOW....-HCF)

Animal Things: Should have "commercial" marked, nicht wahr? But good idea.

I refuse to review a review.

(I CAN SEE YOU WOULD GET ALONG FINE WITH BUCK COULSON.HCF)

Lord Bran: Is it possible to have a fanzine without a takeoff on G. Briantous Franklin, eh? pharoh

sex, oogh. Issus,?. Rye for a rye, oogh. Threedom ring, ouch! devil? I didn't get it.
Noted In Passing: Clap, clap, clap. Grossartig Idee! Well presented.

#2. (My, how you've grown).

150 Fanzines etc.: Not to be compared with Harriett's last issue job, but it is still good.

A Trip To Florida: good, but why? I can't see where this fits. Maybe I'm dense.

(SAY, MAYBE YOU DO HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON WITH BUCK COULSON AFTER ALL....HCF)

Randy Garrett: Even this much Garrett is worth it.

Lord Bren: Poor mimeographing made it necessary to reread what I couldn't understand the first time in order to get the point.

(ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT YOU CAN'T TELL LITHOGRAPHY FROM MIMEOGRAPHY, MIGHT I SUGGEST THAT THE REASON YOU HAD TO REREAD IT TO UNDERSTAND IT WAS NOT POOR REPRODUCTION, BUT RATHER AN UNPERCEPTIVE MIND? THE PRINTING WAS PERFECT.....HCF)

When I got it I wanted to give it back. Still, keep the column. It proves that puns can be fun for the masochistic-minded of us.

The Critics All Agape: This critic is agape. Except for the Sam Moskowitzes among us (and its a shame that there aren't more) who needs it? And Sam probably has the articles listed and filed away in that electronic data-processing mind of his. (Is it true that Sam is really a positronic robot created by the Ghud Doctor?).

Benedict Breadfruit: Don't tell me Randy is doing take-offs on himself?

(RANDY IS DOING TAKE-OFFS ON HIMSELF....HCF)

And this is a takeoff on a take-off. Anyway the pun was atrocious (that's a compliment for a pun).

Animal Things: A unique idea, starting the column on 20 and finishing it on 18. About Tweetie, how come everybody else's parakeet is fit to hold debates in Congress (and make as much sense as the rest of the birdbrains). I've had two parakeets, and maybe they were talking, but it wasn't Earth-type language. Maybe my dog is a disguised Martian and they were secretly planning the overthrow of the A.S.P.C.A. or sumpin'?

A Fragment Of A Scream: typical of the best of modern poetry, in other words, horrible. Taking phrases and making a jigsaw puzzle with them, Bah!
Again I will not review a review. But one comment. What's wrong with *Little Fuzzy*? I think it's a ghooooooodd book.

(THAT FIGURED. ITEM: LITTLE FUZZY WAS PUBLISHED IN 1961. ITEM: LITTLE FUZZY WAS NOMINATED FOR THE HUGO AWARD AT CHICON III. ITEM: LITTLE FUZZY LOST TO STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, WHICH IS A GREAT BOOK. ITEM: LITTLE FUZZY IS ON THE OFFICIAL HUGO BALLOT FOR THE DISCON. ITEM: HUGO AWARDS ARE GIVEN FOR THE BEST STORIES OF THE PRECEEDING YEAR. THEREFORE, LITTLE FUZZY IS ILLEGALLY NOMINATED. I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST FUZZY PERSONALLY.... IF HE RUNS FOR TAFF, I'LL SUPPORT HIM; BUT THE THOUGHT OF LF WINNING A HUGO FOR ITS 'CUTENESS' JUST RUBS ME THE WRONG WAY. HUGOS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE GIVEN TO THE MOST OUTSTANDING STORIES OF THE YEAR---NOT FOR THEIR 'CUTENESS' ---HCF)

The Things Fans Send Us: Boys, boys, fight this out somewhere else. Glad to see I.A. (pronounced eyeyah) inhabiting this issue. Now get him to inhabit the pages of the prozines with some new stories. Other than this no comment on lettercdl. How can you?
Note, Sam, the great delRey, Fred Pohl (whose latest magazine, WoT is galluping ahead and I complained about your puns), Jim Blish, and two fans (?) were on Long John's show the other night. A very good discussion, although I though Sam and the Great One were going to preview the Liston-Patterson fight once. They covered everything in SF except Sam's book, which was why they were there. Does anyone have a tape?

One final note: *Mul-Toe*. A new game to be played while waiting for service in Child's restaurant and at other long waits. Draw a square (Not Seth Johnson) as follows:

(DO YOU REALIZE THAT I WILL BE AT THE DISCON? THAT I WILL BE AT ESFA'S NEXT MEETING, AND WILL PROBABLY JOIN? DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU ARE WITHIN STRIKING AREA OF PHILADELPHIA? THINK ABOUT THAT, SIR! ---HCF)

	A	B	C	D
A				
B				
C				
D				

The first player fills in any square with a number from one to seven. Then the second player, who has a pen of another color, fills in another square. Proceed like that till the square is filled, with the following proviso that no number can be used more than three times. Then the first player, who has the rows writes down A, B, C, or D. The second player, who has the columns, without looking at what's been written by the first player also writes down A, B, C, or D. Then, where the row and column meet, the number written down is scored by the person who wrote it. 21 points is a win.

See you at the ESFA.

The Mad Scientist of the Hinterlands,

G. Sanders

Dick Lupoff
210 East 73rd Street
New York 15, NY, 10021
August 15, 1963

I must say that as a second issue produced by a group of adolescent noos (for the most part) it shows considerable promise. If a supposedly mature fan produced JELERANG, I'd be less sanguine, but for youngsters, it's quite good. I'm sure they'll improve it in coming issues.

I must say that Harvey Forman's "Tribute To Xero" leaves me somewhat flabbergasted. I think Xero was/is a pretty good fanzine, myself, but every time somebody comes up with some comment about how G*R*E*A*T it is, I feel sort of as if I don't see something somebody else sees.

I guess I'm just too close to it. Where Harvey sees brilliant color mimeography, I see every smudge and skip; where he sees brilliant writing, I see graceless phrases and typographical errors. Well, thanks, Harvey, for the kind words. They are most appreciated.

See you all in DC,

Dick Lupoff

Mike Deckinger
14 Salem Court
Metuchen, New Jersey
7/8/63

Dear Editors,

The cover by "Dalgard" (whom I'm told is That Other Silverberg in his more profound moments) was sketchy and incomplete, with a minimum of detail and a maximum of potentiality. The repro however, was near perfect, as it was throughout the issue, and you are to be commended for securing the services of so readable a process. Having worked with a multi-lith and xerox equipment for over a year I can personally attest to the inherent idiosyncrasies of the machines, which oft-times rival mimeos for their irascibility and general unwillingness to do what they're told. Even the relatively more simple spirit duplicator at my present place of business frequently becomes intoxicated from the vast amounts of alcohol poured into its viscera, and react in a most uncomplimentary manner.

I have no idea ~~why~~ who "Saturated Fats" may be, but if Mr. Anonymous was so concerned with choosing a pseudonym with the initials SF, surely he could have come up with something better than "saturated fats".

(THE NAME "SATS" IS NOT ACTUALLY A PSEUDONYM- OLIN STUCK ME WITH IT AND BY THIS TIME I'M TOO TIRED TO FIGHT ANYMORE.---SATURATED FATS).

Even so, that sounds a damn sight more convincing than the name "Olin T. Fredegar", and I'm left to consider which twin is the phony. "Fat's" LUNACON Report wasn't too badly handled, though any New Yorker would have urged him to feel lucky that he had only to manuever in mid-Manhattan streets, where the walks are arranged in a generally uniform, rectangular pattern. Let him try to travel about in the Village, where small snidgeons of streets weave in and out like drunken snakes, and equally spirit-benumbed drivers attempt to use them. From what I recall of the con, I don't think anything of great value was omitted, though I would have liked to see more detail on what he did discuss.

"A Trip To Florida" was a nice, chatty folksy-style little account which seems to have adequately conveyed the feeling Harriett was trying to embody on the printed page. I always feel a twinge of envy for persons who can blithely hop a train for sunny Florida on what seems to be a spur of the moment decision.

(I WILL NOW REVEAL HARRIETT'S SECRET ON HOW TO BLITHELY HOP A TRAIN FOR SUNNY FLORIDA OR ANYWHERE ELSE THIS SIDE OF CHICAGO: SHE HAS A RAILROAD PASS AND GETS TO RIDE FOR FREE. BY '64 SHE WILL BE ABLE TO GO ALL THE WAY OUT TO THE PACIFIC....WELL, AT LEAST LONDON IS STILL SAFE.....I DON'T THINK THEY HAVE TRAIN TRACKS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC! ---HCF)
The farthest traveling I've done was to Seattle in '61 for the convention, and afterwards to Chicago for the same reason. Otherwise, recreational jaunts are generally confined to New York City or the New Jersey shore, but of which satisfy my craving to get away from it all.

"Lord Bren" was a poor feghoot, and seemd to have been constructed out of wrought desperation, as are most of the feghoots these days. The craze for them seems to be on the wane I hope (even if F&SF refuses to acknowledge this) and unless they contain a truly ingenuous play on words they are scarcely worth the time it takes to skim over them.

The compilation by "Olin T. Fredegar" surprised me. I was internally steeling myself for a miserable article, due mainly to the build-up, and I was pleased to discover it was quite interesting to me. All the articles he discusses had never crossed my path before, and the concept that somebody out there likes us is a bit awesome to realize. A complete account of these critiques would make a valuable bibliography.

"Benedict Breadfruit" wasn't too good a pun either. By odd coincidence, I happened to be reading it while Willy Ley was standing several yards away from me lecturing. After I read it I briefly considered approaching Mr. Ley when he was through with his speech and showing it to him, but I discarded the idea as unsound. Garrett can be more punny.

Right now I'm a member of a no-pet family. At one time we had a turtle but he died after much abuse and received the inglorious fate of being flushed down the toilet one cold winter morning. Before that we had a goldfish but he too succumbed. Pets don't last long around me for some reason.

"Fragment of a scream" was poor and unsuccessful attempt at emulating some of the more accomplished beat and surrealistic poets who are experienced in transposing abstract concepts into a formless, but readable mass. Lauder's poem was just a mass.

Harvey Forman's column was fairly good. Much of what he says is what I would say were I reviewing the pertinent zine. The reason I didn't review JELERANG #1 in FFF is simple: I never received a copy of JELERANG #1. And may I take this opportunity to express my desire to see a copy of said zine. If there are any extras available I'd be glad to accept one--I'll even pay the postage on a copy sent me if need be.

The lettercol I thought to be turgid and unresponsive. I care not one whit for Richard Robertson's demonstration of his science learnings. About the only letter I really enjoyed was the final misave by David A. Spector. Most of the sentences ("Lord Bren was good, only probably not") were a delight to read and I look forward to more letters by the concise and unwordy Mr. Spector.

(DAVE RECENTLY ABSCONDED TO MEXICO WITH ABOUT THIRTEEN REAMS OF PAPER FOR A POLITICAL MAGAZINE, WHICH IS WHY HE IS NOT REPRESENTED IN THIS ISSUE. ---HCF)

So, in summation, JELERANG was a pleasant, though unpretentious little zine which seems to be attempting to loosen the bonds from its club affiliation and spring into life as a full blown genzine. That might be a good thing for it too, since there is room for improvement in most departments.

And finally, would you please note that after August 3, my new address will be: 14 Salem Court, Metuchen, New Jersey.

Sincerely,

Mike

Tom Haughey
address concealed somewhere at Saint Neo's house

Dear Alma,

"Distinguished lay members, I have a question to pose which is of personal significance to myself and to all of us.....etc." My entire story was dialogue. Remember, the theologian got up and gave a speech. And then someone else got up and asked him a question in response. Remember???????

Dear Bill,

Dear Piers,

Amateur I can take without more than a grimace, but I hope you realize that not the entire story was fiction. Recently an experiment was carried out in which a confirmed atheist was converted into a churchgoing Christian through the use of hypnosis. The experiment ended, the person was then put under hypnosis again and converted into an atheist. You question whether or not I realized the tremendous significance of this. Friend, I have been advocating for years now that people join my own select religious cult--a cult of those who will be saved because they are not influenced through the coercion and propaganda techniques now in use by the religious men of every religion under the face of the sun. As I say, I have been seeking converts to my faith for years now and am happy to say that I feel the cult is growing rapidly. Unfortunately, however, I do not know exactly the size of the organization because members of the organization look upon religion as a personal thing and therefore discuss the fact that they belong to the faith with no one who is a member of the faith. In point of fact, I know of no one, aside from myself, that is a member. But I hold this as a good sign--all the members of the faith are such good members that they strictly hold to the rule that they tell no one that they are (a member, that is). The only trouble with this system is that we are having a little trouble recruiting missionaries, because we don't recruit, which tends to keep membership down. But at any rate, you, and everyone else (and this is not coercion because you do not know me and will never speak to me on the subject after you have been converted if you have, and I really couldn't care because religion is personal and if I forced you it would be what it is not) who decide to become a member are a member by the decision and are only under the obligation to think. Suggested references are not suggested (you study what you want and believe what you want in the way you want to believe it without being hammered into a form--except of course that you can't do what would make others believe in a manner of the religion that this is not). When you have decided affirmatively, you are a member of the zengantologist cult. Dues are due and payable, but you pick the recipient yourself. This religion is certified by SMOF, and I hope you know what that means.

(NO. SUPPOSE YOU TELL US? ---HCF)

Dear Ed,

I was werrreid bei te tyqoes and mis-~~g~~quellings!

Oh yes, and now I would like to comment on my story. I am surprised that my beautiful, poorly constructed amateurish story was at no time blasted for the gross error which to my mind it contained. I did not see what I now see until the material was on stencil, but surely someone must have seen it. Now I question you. Does anyone realize what it was? Look at the first two or three paragraphs.

(YOU'RE CRAZY IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO RUN UP TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS, THROW MY FANZINE COLLECTION SO NEATLY PACKED IN MY BOOKCASE ONTO THE FLOOR, AND START RUMMAGING FOR THE FIRST ISSUE OF JELERANG JUST TO READ THE FIRST THREE PARAGRAPHS OF YOUR STORY. NO SIR! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO COME RIGHT OUT AND SAY IT, BECAUSE OTHERWISE IT WILL REMAIN A DEEP DARK HIDDEN CLOSELY CONCEALED SECRET. ---HCF)

I could kick myself for being such a dunderhead. Does anyone know, or are you just being polite?

(IF YOU DON'T START TALKING SOON, YOU'LL SEE HOW POLITE I AM UP AT THE DISCON! ---HCF)
Poor people. You shouldn't have printed a story that got bad reviews in *Mirth and Irony*.

(IF YOU DON'T TALK, I'M GOING TO BE MEAN AND NASTY LIKE THE WASTEBASKET WEBER, AND YOUR NEXT LETTER WILL BE CUT SO SEVERELY THAT EVEN THE BONES WON'T SHOW. NOW TALK, DAMMIT! ---HCF)
Oh well, maybe I'll recruit Mike Deckinger. His response has been heartwarming thus far. He may already be a member. No, he can't be. I remember not too long ago he burried me with John Barleycorn.

(ARE YOU BEING PURPOSEFULLY VAGUE? ---HCF)

But then, we all have beliefs. I worship who I worship, who I worship--and I was glad to see Keller using his old pseudonym again (vol. 2, p. 21).

Tom Haughey

(IN THIS TIME OF STRIFE, EVERYONE IS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE BOMB IS GOING TO END IT ALL. HOWEVER, SINCE WE JELSTAFFMEMBERS ARE NOT AT ALL PESSIMISTIC ABOUT THESE THINGS ---IF WE WERE, JEL WOULD NEVER HAVE GOTTEN OUT---ALL WE SAID TO RICHARD ROBERTSON LAST ISSUE CONCERNING HIS REPLIES TO FLORIDA FAN PIERS JACOB WAS 'WATCH OUT FOR THE PIERSCING COMMENTS HE'S GOING TO SEND YOU.' AND SINCE MOST OF US JELSTAFFMEMBERS CORRESPOND WITH GOOG 'OL PIERS, AND ARE ON EXTREMELY GOOD TERMS WITH HIM, WE NEVER EXPECTED

.....

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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Ottawa 3, Ont., Canada

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E.E. Evers
118 W. 83rd St.
New York 24, NY (10024)

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Jul. 26, 1963
SF #173

When I take on JELERANG
and its

minions, one of whom
made a special trip to sunny St.
Pete last April to offer me a tantalizing glimpse of #1 and solicit my critique.
So I obligingly skimmed the initial paragaph of each item and scribbled a comment, which I somehow allowed to fall into the clutches of said minionette.
Whereupon JELERANG #2 cozed into circulation with approximations of my name taken in vain by four different columnists and a personal note arrived from a fifth (sorry, only an evanescent whiff of alcohol remained, but the cork was tight and the tide delivered it promptly) warning me that a lot of comparatively innocent people would be damaged if my Bomb exploded prematurely. Accordingly, I will spare the innocents and ignite the fuse only for the guiltyies. 1) Harriett K. passes some remarks about St. Pete, birds, mosquitos and open drainage ditches. Now let's examine the facts: Encephalitis afflicts a number of the avian representative hereabout, who get bitten by mosquitoes which in turn bite humans and transfer the disease to man. The city therefore takes action against the mosquitoes, and discourages people from feeding the birds so that these will return to their natural habitat. No war is being waged against the feathered friends, and the State is not involved at all; it is a local problem. Anyone who knows anything about the dread sleeping sickness will understand that such precautions are moderate and reasonable. So the real problem, it is readily apparant, stems not so much from birds and insects, but from visitors who make such a cursory survey of the situation that they get both problem and solution backwards. Now, Harriett, suppose you review the tick-fever situation, since you live in the heart of the area justly famous for that? On this matter of drainage ditches--it seems that in this area, sanitary facilities cost money. A number of communities have incorporated--that is, become legal towns of their own, whether or not they have the facilities to operate as such--just to avoid annexation by St. Petersburg and subsequent assessment for commercial sewage, fire protection, garbage collection etc etc. The result is one city--St. Pete--and a score of miniature municipalities yipping about their "independence". Harriett was in Gulfport, not St. Pete; and I'll leave it to your imagination where she saw the open ditches. And I'll also leave the scenic walks up and down the Delaware

near Philthydelphia to those who have a nose for it. Talk about open
 sewers...we, at least, have health laws prohibiting such. Harriett also
 mentions my "slightly built" wife, who happens to be five feet nine inches
 tall in bare feet... 2) Olin T. F.--what is this, a house pseudonym?
 Anyway. I'll thank whoever he is to leave mine alone. Piers A. writes
 fiction, while Piers J. is strictly amateur, or he wouldn't be caught in
 the pages of a publication like JEL. The Review Index is a fan project,
 and anyone possessing a complete run of NEW WORLDS and sufficient spare
 time can become a part of it very readily if he (or better yet, she) will
 contact me. Olin's project promises to make a very nice complement to
 the Index, which is as much as I can say without ruining the foul spirit
 of the Bomb. Maybe we'd better step inside and discuss this, Olin. 3)
 Harvey (Genius) F., an erstwhile correspondent who gafflated, returns with
 a true statement about the quality of his own fanzines and a column that
 is not nearly as bad as the first. But he misses the obvious remark a-
 bout the back cover of that indoubtable fanzine, THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY
 AND SCIENCE FICTION, #146. Doesn't it strike you as strange that the
 people with IMAGINATION (a one time competitor to F & SF) should read
 F & SF in preference to their own production? With the star-stud-
 ded lineup described, one wonders why MADGE folded
 at all. And why, pray tell, did Don S. con-
 tribute a story to F & SF when JEL was available?
 On -- couldn't make JEL's standards. I see. Thanks. 4)
 And now we come to the Morbid Missive sec- tion, wherein Rich
 R. reacts with paranoid splendor to simple questioning. Af-
 ter placing his essay in an amateur publication catering to the
 non-profession- al fantasy enthusiast -- fanzine. If I may get
 colloquial--he is somehow outraged when amateur comments come
 in. In the time-honored technique of the person who finds
 himself on shaky ground, Rich turns instead to personalities.
 Now Rich, of course it is your privilege to abuse anyone who
 & disagrees with you of stupidity, and you evident- ly obtain
 satisfaction from this exercise. I'm glad you have come to terms
 with your en- viroment so readily, and I trust you will accept
 the following advice in the spirit intended. You see there is a
 certain art to the insult; and while clever people acquire this
 talent natur- ally, others need guidance in order to achieve
 competence. It is considered gauche to blurt a blatant blame,
 and reflects upon the recipient only if he happens to be
 less intelligent than yourself. This, you must surely realize,
 is a bad risk. The danger, however, can be minimized by some
 elementary precau- tions. Convey your mes- sage indirectly;
 by innuendo, impli- cation and double- entendre. In this
 manner you can infuri- ate the sub- ject while giving him
 nothing tangible to re- fute. Be artistic; and
 never betray temper yourself. Er, Rich -- am I getting
 through to you? As for the original essay in JEL #1, I will leave the
 technical arguments to the other correspondents, who seem to cover this
 area fairly well. My concern is with your major problem, which is the
 failure to express your thesis in terms the average JEL reader can grasp.

The "Pulsed Photon Generator" is simply not a household device; and the formula fetishism should be reserved for those who specialize in it. Have you ever encountered the teacher who knows 150% of his subject, yet gets only 15% of it across to his classes? He is not likely to be as effective a teacher as the one who knows 75% of the subject, but conveys all of that to the pupil. I am not a student of relativity; but I have an interest in written communication, so I will take the trouble to demonstrate what I mean.

Sincerely,

Piers Jacob

(SOME OF YOU MAY BE WONDERING HOW COME THE LETTER ENDS SO ABRPTLY; WELL, IT DOESN'T. THE BOMB GOES ON FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER PAGE. BUT HELL'S BELLS, IF I INCLUDE THE LATTER SECTION OF HIS LETTER, I'D BE SHOWING FAVORITISM. SO I CUT IT. IT WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE, WHICH RR IS EDITING. ALONG WITH A LOT MORE SCIENTIFIC JABBER I MERCILESSLY THREW OUT OF THIS ISSUE.

(NOTE: THE NEXT TIME ANYONE SENDS A BOMB, I WILL PERSONALLY SHOVE IT RIGHT DOWN THEIR THROAT. IF YOU WANT ME TO DO ANY MORE MANUAL JUSTIFICATION, PIERS, YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK. BUY YOURSELF A BOX OF OFFSET MASTERS AND TYPE YOUR OWN LETTERS.

(ONE MORE THING, PIERS: IF YOU DON'T IGNORE WHAT THE OTHER PERSON SAYS, DON'T MISINTERPRET ACTIONS, DON'T GET EMOTIONAL OR WILD; THEN HOW ARE YOU GOING TO BE LIKE PHIL HARRELL? ---HCF)

WEALSOGOTNASTYLETTERSFROM Paul Wyszowski, who evidently has trouble spelling Robertson, so he kept referring to Rich as "Mr. Mark Zibelman, who uses nice typing bond for his refutation of The Refutation, Olin T. Fredegar, who talks about Sewers, and Bill Osten, who changed sides and sent us 10 pages of equations. Now you know why Rich is editing the next issue. All of the above will be included: I just couldn't master the stuff.

THERE MUST BE A REASON
why you are getting this issue of JELERANO! Think about it:

You sent MONEY. Do this again and you will be an honorary water brother _____

You are mentioned _____

Review us _____ In _____

We trade _____ Keep up the good habit!

You are hereby awarded a Life Membership in the Mexican Club. Pay dues _____

Letters of Comment are appreciated... _____

You are an artist. Prove it _____

Sample _____

Send us your masters, your Simflo, and your Ink _____

Your name is George S.ithers, and we trade pictures of Offset Presses in the

Nude _____ Do something about it!

You love Sturgeon _____ You grok Heinlein _____

Harriett likes you _____ Olin likes you _____ Rich likes you _____ Harvey

likes you _____ Sats likes you _____ Blarney likes you _____

Send us something. Like Rhoot Bheer, or MONEY _____

Others: _____