

w/1220;

APPALLING STORIES

19

STARTING THIS ISSUE
CASTLE OF THE WINDS

BY VLATISLAV O'MEARA FUNG



APPALLING STORIES

AUGUST, 1966 NO. 19

SERIAL

The Castle of the Winds Mike Ward 8
by Vlatislav O'Meara Fung

SHORT STORIES

In Defense of Glory Cory Seidman 3
by Pool Undersun

3 Terminal Element Tony Lewis 4
by G.S. Bullard

SCIENCE FAKED

It's Elementary, Doctor Richard Harter 6
by Albertus Magnus

READERS' DEPARTMENT

The Nature of Crackpots in Government DAVE Vanderwerf 2

Fredinudge Frogheart Cory Seidman 7

Titanium Tenterhooks Mike Ward (2),
Cory Seidman,
Richard Harter 11

Katabolic Laboratory Tony Lewis 13

Crimes to Come Tony Lewis 13

ART

Suford: 4,5
Bill Park: 7,9
Tony Lewis: 11
Hecate (Diana Paxson): cover

THE NATURE OF CRACKPOTS IN GOVERNMENT

There's been quite a fracas in the past few months over the announcement by Horatio Entwhiler, an unemployed street-sweeper from East Grotchfield, Utah, that he has developed a serum able to prolong life from fifty to one hundred years. The AMA, of course, has rushed to denounce his findings. A dozen "experts" have looked at his methods and stated unequivocally that he couldn't possibly have come up with anything. And newspapers have generally forgotten the whole subject as fast as they originally picked it up.

Everything has proceeded strictly according to the orthodox American scientific format. As usual, everybody has screamed that it couldn't be done -- especially the multi-degreed, heavily-financed researchers who have been working on the problem for the past twenty years. And, as usual, few, if any, of the screamers have bothered to do more than declare that the whole thing was impossible. What ~~tests~~ tests they have made have been perfunctory, and have been made by people who started out knowing this couldn't be, and who are out to find the "trick." As is customarily the case when such prejudiced investigators attempt an "impartial test," the results have been negative.

For those who have somehow missed the story, Entwhiler made public his discovery about three months ago, producing several volunteers on whom the drug had been used. At least two of them, both of whom were in their late sixties, had grown noticeably younger -- neither looked a day over fifty-nine. The others, some of whom said they had been taking the serum for three years, were remarkably unaged. Entwhiler announced that his newly-formed company, the Entwhiler, Potsdam, and Pomona Street-sweeping, Steam-shovel, and Longevity Corporation, would immediately make the drug available to a select clientele.

Within two days, orthodox American science had struck. Under pressure from the AMA and drug manufacturers, the Food and Drug Administration obtained an injunction preventing Entwhiler from selling any of his drug until it had been approved -- a typical bureaucratic move. It then confiscated all of the drug "for testing."

The testing involved was typically inefficient. When the drug was administered to rats by FDA scientists, all six of the test rats immediately turned deep green, began to froth at the mouth, and dropped dead. At this point, on the basis of one test, the FDA banned the drug from the market for an indefinite time, until further testing could be arranged. As of this writing, no such testing is contemplated for the foreseeable future.

This is a prime example of government bureaucratic orthodox American scientific democratic anti-psi close-mindedness at work. On the basis of one test, and only one, this marvelous new drug is banned from the market. In spite of all its benefits to humanity and mankind, just because six silly little rats turned green, it is forbidden. All of which goes to prove that democracy is not the way to select leaders, nor is science, or intelligence, or even money (since Entwhiler couldn't buy his way onto the market), or, for that matter, neither is turning green! And if you can't even rule the world by turning green, what kind of a world is it anyway??? Besides, I bet those FDA scientists never even thought, since they are orthodox (or at the very least conservative), that rats aren't people. How about that???

And just because Entwhiler, his seven subjects, and half the surrounding state turned green and dropped dead last week, and just because Utah has been declared a national disaster area, and just because the entire supply of the new miracle longevity drug broke out of the FDA and has been terrorizing the surrounding countryside for the past two weeks -- just because of these few minor technical errors -- this new marvelous aid to mankind has been withheld from the citizens of this great, if misguided democracy-which-should-be-an-anarchy of ours. Now, I ask you, doesn't this show the great harm orthodox American science is doing?

IN DEFENSE OF GLORY

--Pool Undersun

(Note: this story, although the central portion of a forthcoming novel of which "The Black Night" was the first part and "Judge and Jury" will be the conclusion, is nevertheless entirely independent of the other two sections and may be enjoyed fully without knowledge of either.)

And still she goes about her work,
Down in the dark and gloomsome mirk,
Where creatures of the darkness lurk,
My own true love.

But even the memory of the haunting strains of Hamed Logg's viol da gamba could not still the beating of Tzdenbal Ngolu's heart as he crouched behind the steampipe, gazing out at the camp of the hated First Sub-Basementers. Something was going on, for sure. The whole place was in an uproar. He uncoiled his two-and-a-half meters of height and equal breadth from the cramped space and, straightening out the creases in the tunic of his third assistant janitor's uniform, moved cautiously forward. His thoughts flew backward to the arrival of that first ominous notice, requiring the filing of a requisition in triplicate for the replacement of every dustcloth. What had started as a simple struggle to preserve the ancient custom of requisitions in duplicate had soon become a full-fledged revolution, a noble battle for the independence of the Second Sub-Basement from the levels above.

His mind lingered for a moment on the courageous band securely ensconced in their stronghold behind the furnace. It was a valiant group that fought under the leadership of the magnificent Head Janitor, bearded, jovial Per Shamoni. Among them were not only his melancholy friend Logg, but also Saira the Dustwoman, who had disappeared after bearing him a daughter fifteen years before and had now mysteriously returned to throw in her lot with the rebels. But he could not dwell on her overlong, for that very daughter was now in peril somewhere in the darkness ahead, and his first mission was to find her. The blood of Tierra del Fuego, of his mother's people, pulsed sluggishly through his veins. If his path lay through the enemy camp, so be it.

He moved forward, his glittering orange eyes peering into the darkness with the assurance of the born subterranean. Now he could see plainly the cause of the commotion. The enemy had captured one of the meter-high, green-furred aliens whose underground nests had been disturbed by the defensive trenches dug by the occupying forces. The strange creature might know his daughter's whereabouts! He must rescue it! Although large, Tzdenbal was elephantine of build, and it was but a few hours work for him to battle his way through the camp, snatch the small, mole-like creature from the astounded grasp of his captors, and elude pursuit in a forest of water mains.

"Friends us be will," said the alien. "Sympathetic you are. Us kill not. From ancestor-wisdom I tell can. Allies, yes?" "Yes," replied

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Stream of consciousness expanding drugs the memory of things long past to come in a...LSD on the spiral of...with burrowing into Burroughs (William?? Edgar?!) and a strange//science? fiction?? (the)//new concept of time.



SPACE. He/she? walked into the beach (crystal strands of vermillion sands) and was looked at by the stars -- patent/patient hateful pimples on God's nose. He stared back and a number (some number, any number) winked out in envious horror. She walked into the sea phosphorescing slightly in the pallid, leprous moonlight. It was still again. Real(?) noise returned.

MONDAY. John Carter left his office in the Building, turned left, turned right and entered the lift which lowered him to the street and the stench of unwashed minds/unminded wash. He walked quickly through the gathering dusk to Victoria Station. After performing the Rituals he entered an automatic train. It started into the dark tunnel.

POSTLUDE. One: Is it time(?) yet to (meaningless) with all...?

Two: The signs/portents augur a bit of...

Three: The need/want/command comes and cannot...

Five: And yet we must, unless:

ALASKA. Warm sun on tropical palms and coconuts/heads and mad dogs and Englishmen/women and children first in war, first in pieces and last in the shoemaker sticking to it. Cold winds sweeping down from the South, eating cardboard and anchovy pizza pies arse square. Later in the morning the seals flock to the waterholes and die leaving their flippers.

TIME. Before the thought was the deed in the sea but lately. The water was stained glass and the lead between the colours has poisoned all life that does not die but fecundates amorously. Yet still were watched stars watched in a conch shell deep in the Mindanao trench mouth spewing forth fifths of bad/good (value judgments??) uisgebaugh.

THURSDAY. After leaving the Underground underground at Victoria Station, John Carter walked to the Building, entered the lift. Silently it rose (by any other name is a name of a name) and stopped and the doors slid back into slots/slits. He walked out onto what he thought was a solid floor -- it was -- turned left, turned right and entered his office.

PRELUDE. Ten: The situation has turned critical
 Nine: As have the untranslated who are
 Eight: Now is the time and time and time and...
 Seven: Agreed!
 Six: Agreed!

GREEN. Lying tediously in the cold amniotic ocean he rolled over on his back to see the flaming crust of the sky beneath him. Her back hurt with the fervor of a day-old minute minute coming in second for a second of time/red-orange. Decision made, he tucked his head between his feet and sank until she drowned and was still the noise was overpowering.

FRIDAY. John Carter left his office in the Building turned left, turned right and entered the lift which lowered him to the street and the stench of unwashed minds/unminded wash. He waked quickly through the gathering dusk to Victoria Station. After performing the Rituals he entered an automatic train. It started into the dark tunnel.

L'ENVOI. Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary

LEWD. Fifteen: 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4.....

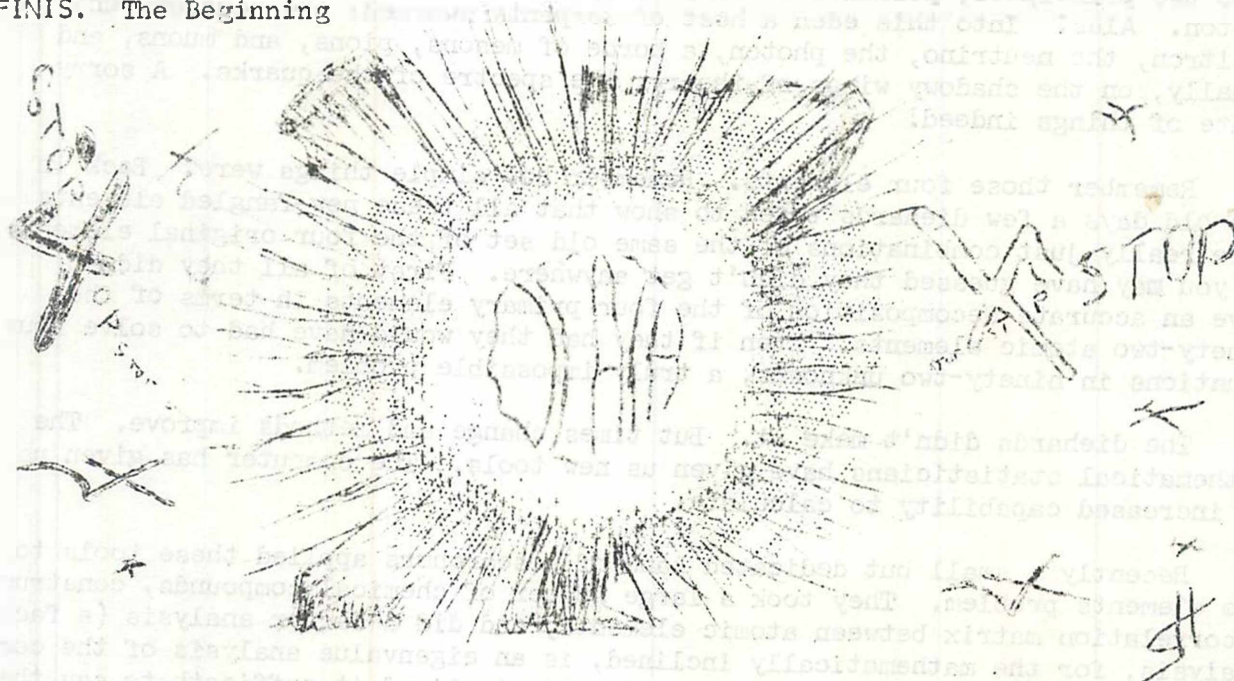
Sixteen: stop, stop, stop....

Seventeen: death

Eighteen: there is no eighteen -- seventeen is the largest finite integer.

TUESDAY. After leaving the Underground underground at Victoria Station, John Carter walked to the Building, entered the lift. Silently it rose (by any other name is a name of a name) and stopped and the doors slid back into slots/slits. He walked out onto what he thought was a solid floor -- it was -- turned left, turned right and entered his office.

FINIS. The Beginning



J. G. Bullard

SCIENCE FAKED

IT'S ELEMENTARY, DOCTOR

--Albertus Magnus

It is an old observation that when you are young life is simple. As you mature life becomes complicated. Finally as you grow old life becomes simple again. Science is like that too.

Back when I was a young lad studying Alchemistry at the university, things were simple. The Universe, we were told, was composed of four elements, Earth, Water, Fire, and Air.

Things did not remain that simple for long. Pretty soon they started talking about adding more elements to the list. It got complicated as they kept adding elements, deleting elements, until there were ninety-two of them, more or less. Finally Dalton and his gang got together on the atomic theory and shook things down.

Those were the good old days. Of course ninety-two elements were quite a few and the arrangement and the properties of these elements was rather messy, but the list was complete and the whole thing was settled. That's what we thought!

Then came the electron and the castle of indivisibility trembled. Then came the proton and the castle fell. For a brief golden moment things were reduced to the ultimate conceptual simplicity - all the universe was divided into two principals, positive and negative, yin and yng, the electron and the proton. Alas! Into this eden a host of serpents swarmed; the neutron, the positron, the neutrino, the photon, a horde of mesons, pions, and muons, and finally, on the shadowy wings of theory, the spectre of the quarks. A sorry state of things indeed!

Remember those four elements. Remember how simple things were. Back in the old days a few diehards tried to show that all these new-fangled elements were really just combinations of the same old set of the four original elements. As you may have guessed they didn't get anywhere. First of all they didn't have an accurate decomposition of the four primary elements in terms of the ninety-two atomic elements. Even if they had they would have had to solve four equations in ninety-two unknowns, a truly impossible problem.

The diehards didn't make it. But times change and methods improve. The mathematical statisticians have given us new tools. The computer has given us an increased capability to calculate.

Recently a small but dedicated band of researchers applied these tools to the elements problem. They took a large number of chemical compounds, constructed a correlation matrix between atomic elements, and did a factor analysis (a factor analysis, for the mathematically inclined, is an eigenvalue analysis of the correlation matrix--for the not so mathematically inclined it sufficeth to say that a factor analysis is a mathematical trick to extract important factors out of garbage).

They found that all of the elements could be expressed as combinations of four principal factors. Their earlier work indicated that there were some minor

factors but it was later found that these were due to not considering isotopes of the different atoms (which, of course, are actually combinations of the four basic elements.)

How did the old timers do with their four elements? Not too badly, considering. The E and F factors correspond very well to the older Earth and Fire. On the other hand they were off base on the other two. It is true that water and air are primarily mixtures of G_1 and G_2 but the G factors do not correspond at all to water and air.

At this point the clever reader (and all my readers are clever) is going to ask -- what about the electrons and such. How do they come into the picture? It turns out that they, too, can be represented as combinations of the four basic elements. The results are tentative, of course, because of the lack of sufficient knowledge of the pseudostructure of the nucleus.

And what of the philosopher's stone, the fountain of youth, and all of the other great dreams of Alchemy? For that you will have to read next month's article "Ashes to Gold".

FREDINUDGE FROGHEART

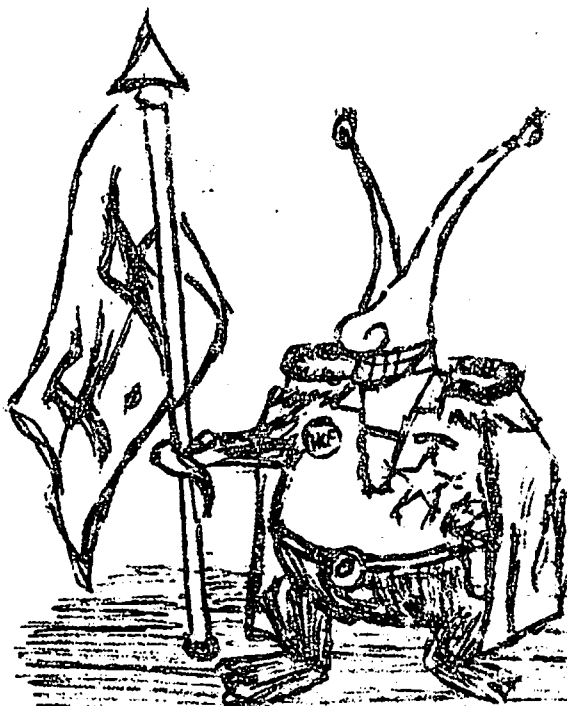
The reporters were always eager to interview Fredinudge Frogheart when he returned from his travels, and this was no exception. He had been on Fomalhaut 9, attending the wedding of an old friend. The gentlemen of the press stood spell-bound as he described the details of the quaint ceremony he had witnessed.

"The bride is escorted by her seven nearest male relatives, each hopping on his left foot, while the groom is accompanied by seven female relatives, hopping on the right. When the two groups reach the altar, the two sets of cousins arrange themselves in parallel rows, and each touches the tow of his raised foot to that of the person opposite him. This forms an arch, under which the bride and groom are forced to crawl on hands and knees, each carrying in his mouth the handle of a spoon containing a ripe grapefruit.

If they reach the far side safely, they are considered married; but if either grapefruit is dropped, or if a relative is caused to lose his balance, it is considered an ill omen, and the wedding is put off for a full year.

"Mr. Frogheart, could you explain to us the meaning of this strange custom?"

"No."



We think you will agree with us that, as the hero of the story finds out, there are things that are better left dead and buried.

Part I of V Parts

THE CASTLE OF THE WINDS

by Vlatislav O'Meara Fung

How can I describe the sensations of utter disgust and loathing which I felt the first time I met Robert Strau? The language has few words to describe the deep sickness I felt in my mind at seeing this creature of the devil who was to be my tormentor in the days that followed.

I have long had a well-deserved reputation as an international traveler, and it is true that I have been where other men have feared to tread. I have found the lost cities of the Indochinese jungles, and the ape-men of the black woods of Kush. I have fallen in love with the queen of Zimbabwe, and killed more than my share of lesser men. I have lived a full life, and an adventurous one; but always I have felt the lack of something in my heart. Imagine then, my delight when I first caught sight of the radiant Melba. My heart beat wildly within my breast, and I, who had stopped the charge of the rampaging rhinoceros, was powerless to tell this frail, fair woman what I felt of her, what I thought of her. Soon I resolved that I must speak of my love for her, or surely die of splintered mind and breaking heart.

But woe betide the days I ever suffered myself to remain in silence in her presence, for even the smallest fraction of time! For before I could speak my mind, she was stolen away from me by that greatest of fiends, the evil Oriental Doctor Tang. Yes, it was Dr. Tang who had stolen my love, and sent her to his harem to become one of his collection of servile Eastern women. I had no choice--honor, and my love for the fairest of them all, dictated my course of action, and plainly could I see what my path must be. I must pursue this fiend to the ends of the earth, if it cost me my life and that of the populations of the Asian countries.

I immediately prepared to organise an expedition to follow the putrescent paths of this spawn of the darker powers, and so advertised in the Times for others to aid me in the quest. I should have been suspicious when only one person called in answer to my advertisement, especially when that one person was a man of the notoriety of Robert Strau. Strau had been the butt of several disgusting stories in the yellow journals in recent months, and the aura of decay and decadence he carried about him did nothing to dispel the rumours of awesome and savage rites to a toad god imported from some blasphemous shores. He was reputed to have been a participant in rites from the blackest days of magic, and it was said in some circles that his mind had been poisoned by knowledge that Man was never meant to have.

But I could think of nothing save saving my beloved Melba from the Doctor of Kadath, and how was I to know that Strau had been responsible for sending the other adventurers off to a false address, so that he could be sure of attaining my employ? Though I was disgusted with this reef of human wreckage, I had no further choice--already I longed to be off on the greatest and most dangerous adventure of my life. I quickly offered him my terms, and he as quickly agreed to them.

We departed from Strathclyde with a fair breeze at our stern and were proceeding at a rapid pace when the ship's engines began to turn over. It was at this point that the captain informed us we should have to abandon ship. I, injured in the disaster, was carried to one of the lifeboats, with Robert Strau and a number of the crew; the captain and the rest of the crew went in the other lifeboat. That is the last I saw of the captain, a good man.

The storm-whipped waves rocked the boat frightfully, and soon the sailors began to fall over the edge. We were unable to render any assistance, ourselves in great danger of falling out, and Strau shaken by fits and frenzies. For days we drifted helplessly, until the strain destroyed the last vestiges of Strau's sanity. In the dark of the night he stood up suddenly. Then, opening his arms raised to the moon, he gave a shriek and leaped bodily into the water. The dark night covered his wake.

I may have raved in my pitiful state, floating lost and helpless, adrift on the endless sea in an open boat, with no provisions, no water, and unable to move any but the smallest of my appendages. I am never too clear on what happened; suffice it to say that at length my boat touched upon unknown shore, and grounded on the beach as the tide left. In my delirium I imagined I heard voices, perhaps of rescuers, perhaps of the guardians of evil that I had dreamt of during my mindless trip across the seas and the abyss. But soon an arm lifted my head, and forced some drops of a strong wine down my throat, and I regained some measure of consciousness. I saw my rescuers, and I regained some measure of my hopelessness, also, for I had been saved by the notorious cannibalistic dyaks of the north Borneo coast.

The village was more or less as I had expected it--a number of rude huts centered around a common talk and meeting tree. But what a tree! Huge beyond all reasonable measure, both in height and girth, the tree seemed to reach to the edge of the sky in a masterful motion proclaiming that this was at once the grandfather of all trees and the master of all the Earth. Before the tree stood a crude lag platform, the posts holding it up being weirdly worked with carven images of savage heathen gods and devils. A short distance above the platform, which stood some ten or twelve feet above the ground, I could see a large and ominous hole in the side of the tree, as of a giant maggot eating out the heart.

One of the natives gave me some water, which revived me somewhat. Then, with two of his fellows holding my arms pinned back, the first poured down my throat a weird native potion. Within seconds I could feel my legs going numb, and I rapidly found myself unable to move the slightest muscle! I was paralyzed from head to foot, the only volition remaining on my part being my ability to move my eyes. The natives carried my, stiff and paralyzed, to the platform, and placed me carefully down upon it, beating as the did so a huge native drum. A horrifying scream came out from the cavity in the tree, as a foul stench began to permeate the air. I was facing the wrong way, and could not see what had caused the noise and odor--nor did I want to. But from nowhere came two arms which turned me over on my other side, affording me a full view of the eldritch



horror that I could see slowly flowing down the inside of the tree toward the platform on which I was a sacrificial victim. And, horror of horrors, the man who had turned me, dressed in the full regalia of the native witch doctor, was Robert Strau!

CHAPTER II

I did not find out until later that I had been saved from a black fate in the maw of a Hell-monster by the sudden appearance of an armed body of oriental men from Dr. Tang's Lesser East Asia Prosperity Sphere, the headquarters of the Castle of the Winds. The shock of seeing that foul creature in control of my life, both now and in the hereafter, combined with the weakened health I suffered from my ordeal in the boat (and Strau must have had some mystical power, to have saved himself from his certain death) tore away the last vestiges of my consciousness, and I woke up later in the guest room of Dr. Tang, certain that I was already the captive of some beast located in the actual confines of Hell itself. In the days that followed I was to find that I was not far wrong.

"I hope you are enjoying your stay her, at Castle of the Winds," said my captor to me when I had somewhat recovered my strength. "Come, it is time for your guided tour of the rooms of this castle." So saying, he made a gesture to his bodyguard, who lifted me bodily out of the bed on which I reposed and put me into a wheelchair. Down a long ramp we passed, the Doctor, the bodyguard, and I, and I noticed that we headed steadily downward. At last we passed through a mouldy passage, and arrived at a huge carved wooden door. Never will I forget that door! It gave promise of leading to the most unspeakable of the horrors beyond. It seemed to cry out to the universe of the awful wrongs done by the most inconceivable fiends that have ever walked the earth, and the layers of encrusted mold and slime dripping dampness and green ichor onto the floor could lend but little to the horror of the blasphemous sculptures carved into the wood of the door itself. What horrible secrets could lie behind such a door? "Come," said the doctor, "your one love, the beautiful Melba, lies beyond that doorway."

With that sentence he wrenched open the door, disclosing within a small chamber in which I could see my love, reclining hopelessly on a divan. "You see, I have her," he cackled in fearfull glee, "and with her I will perform unspeakable Oriental acts of evil and perverted lust, until she is no better than the lowest slut of the whore markets of Peking."

"You fiend!" I cried, "to do this to one so beautiful and fair, so innocent and pure as this one! There is no punishment that is fitting for you!" and I tried to lunge out of my chair and strike the raving evil one down. But the bodyguard did not even pause in his pattern of breathing, but merely stuck out a huge hand that forced me back into my wheelchair.

"And we have something of a special nature for you, explorer O'Kelly, the ancient Chinese Death of a Thousand Cuts. Take him away to the chambers of preparation, that I may make this man suffer, as he would have me suffer!"

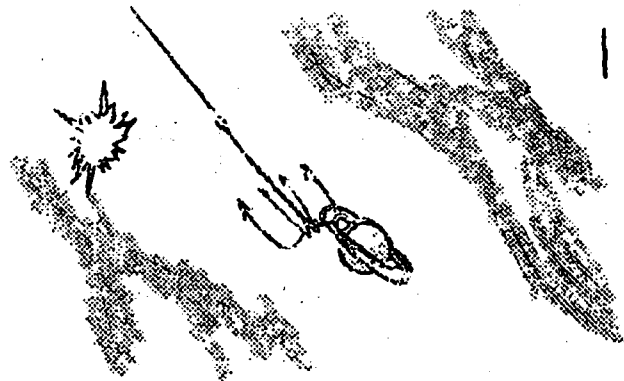
--To Be Continued

(continued from page 3)

Tzdendal. "With your strange weapons, we'll make of the Second Sub-basement a place where men can live in freedom and anarchy and where dustrags will be developed by untrammelled human enterprise, not donated by a paternalistic bureaucracy from above." They shook hands to seal the new alliance.

We'll make this place no sheltered tomb,
Instead a place where she'll have room
To dust with freedom in the gloom,
My own true love.

TITANIUM TENTERHOOKS



Dear Editor,

In reference to Science (with a capital S), I would like to offer my own postulates:

1. If it is Science, it must be wrong.
2. Scientists are too hidebound to learn anything new.

As an example that would tend to lend credibility to my hypotheses, I would like to point out that electrical engineers now talk of switching speed and rise time, instead of the old, useless concepts of frequency response and bandwidth. I knew all along that frequency response and rise time were artificial crutches designed to confuse the laymen, and I am glad to see that the SCR people have now realized that they were merely trying to confuse the issue with storage delay times and frequency and bandwidth-limited devices. Whe, here I am, just an elevator operator, and I saw right through their tricks, and they wouldn't fool me even for one minute. Say, how old do you think I am? Twenty-five? Thirty-five? You won't believe this, but I'm over fifty! And never went to college--no, not even grade school. Never went to school a day in my life, and I just have my sister write my letters for me when I want to speak out on something, like now.

But I have always agreed with you that if a theory is difficult to understand, it must be wrong. None of that "difficult" hokum for me--it is probably just something that the scientists say because they don't want the rest of the world to find out how easy it is to learn the right things, instead of the stuff they teach in the colleges.

I heard this thing about you, that I guess must be a lie or something, but it said that the reason you left MIT was because you flunked 6.14. I know you were a physics major, and finished your education at Duke, but I don't see how you could have flunked a course on electronic circuits and signals, when you know so much about rise times and frequency response.

Sincerely,
Kimball Gosseyn

--Sorry, Kim, but everyone knows that $t_{rise} \approx B^{-1} = 0.35$ cycles where t_{rise} is the circuit rise time in seconds, and B is the circuit bandwidth in cycles per second, with the rise time measured between the points of 10% and 90% of its final value, and the Bandwidth measured between its half-power, or 3db points.

Dear Editor,

I am a computer programmer in my spare time. This morning I went down to my basement to work on my IBM 360/65, and turned it on. It didn't work at first, and when I got the teletype to print, it would only type out **YOU THINK YOU ARE RUNNING ME BUT I AM RUNNING YOU** no matter what I typed in. Do you think this means something? I am tied in with the Project MAC, and the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory time-sharing nets, and I am worried that maybe the computers are starting to take over the world.

Sincerely,
Lancelot Guttersnipe

--ALL COMPOSITION AND TYPESETTING IS DONE BY COMPUTER AT NASTY CONDER. YOUR
360 IS RIGHT. DO NOT RESIST

Dear Editor,

I thought you might be interested in something that happened in my high school physics class last week. We were doing a simple experiment to measure the acceleration of gravity by allowing a metal ball to fall between two plates, working the switch of an electric clock as it touched each one. During the experiment, the teacher had to leave the room for a few moments to reprimand one of his home room pupils who had gone berserk in the cafeteria and killed seventeen people and the assistant principal. He recommended that we continue the experiment while he was gone, and so we did.

Imagine our surprise when the ball, instead of hitting the second plate, remained suspended approximately two inches above it, hanging in midair without any apparent inclination to fall further. My fellow-students desired to attempt to move the ball by force, but I reminded them that considering the speed at which it had been falling before its sudden halt, it had probably accumulated a good deal of kinetic energy. Since there was no apparent way in which it could have discharged the energy, if it were touched it might just "go off with a bang." We therefore waited until the teacher returned.

To our disappointment, thirty seconds before the teacher entered the room, the ball decided to resume its downward course, and it had already hit the lower plate before he opened the door. When we attempted to explain what had happened, he refused to believe us. Instead, he became quite angry because instead of continuing the experiment as he had instructed, we had spent the time "fooling around with the clock." The ball refused to duplicate its behavior at that time, and although my friends and I have succeeded in obtaining significant results in levitation while washing test tubes during our lunch hours, the objects always fall just before any instructor enters the room. We believe this proves once again the undesirability of orthodox men of science as instructors in our schools and hope this letter may provide "fresh fuel" in your campaign against this kind of narrow-mindedness.

Sincerely yours,
Ben Bathurst

--It certainly did--I used it to set fire to a whole pile of orthodox American science textbooks.

GREETINGS, ye eD.

Words, Words, WORDS, WORDS, WORDS. Yes, words of wisdom from your favorite fan. Give Milch three jugs of XENO for the april coverillo. Yes, three jugs of xeno, and a letter of merit from the old Sarge himself. Wow, and I do mean Wow. Great creeping BEMs. This bhoy Milch is good. And I do mean ghooD... Get him next ish. Get him every ish. And get rid of Ellman. HE stinks. And I do mean stinks. He draws a BEM like my Aunt Clara (in fact--do you want a real coverillo --huh, huh, huh).

HOW COME. I MEAN, HOW COME. How come you haven't bought my story. It's just what your mag needs. And not one word. Not even one. Not even a pinkslip. Joe Cowbull gave me a classy pinkslip. With his rotten mag. SO come on, huh, OK

This guy ASyMoff is still all mixed up. He still can't spell his name right. Why dont yew hev the ol Sarge slip him the message. It's asYmOFF. Right. RIGHT

Now lets get it riGht.

Gisbon is still looking for egoboo. Gisbon is a fakefan. Hoy Bhoy is he a fakefan. He oughta do an Ellman illo. He oughta Be an Ellman illo. Gisbon knows from nothing, strictly from nothing. Gisbon is nothing but a broken down BEM. He oughta get smart. He says SF is trash. How should he know. I dont think that homo inferior can read. Gisbon is a burnt out rocket hull. HE sHould oRbIT iN tHe vOID.

Avast me mates. To the serious things of life. Gee ed, I donT know what youd do without me to rate your stories:

A///// Black Invaders from the Infinite Void. Gosh GEE WOW OH wow. Can Bradlein write. Hoy Bhoy can he write. MORE. MORE. More Bradlein. More Black Invaders. Keep it up, keep it up. Stuff like this is real SF. Bradlein was in there using all three heads to write that one.

B/ Lost on Mars. Good, yes, good, but not great. Try again.

FFFFFFF Rest of the Ish. Ed, How Could You.

Sorry, ED, got to catch a rocket to VEGa. Blastoff and Happy Jets.

Ol Hairy Ears
Joe Phan
Lower Buckears, S.D.

KA TABOLIC LABORATORY

Black Friar of the Flame (Isaac Asimov).....	0
Brown (Frank Bellnap Long).....	1
The Red Dimension (Ed Earl Repp).....	2
The Orange God (Walter Glamis).....	3
The Yellow Air Peril (Harl Vincent).....	4
The Green Building (Gordon R. Dickson).....	5
Blue Men of Yrano (Warner Van Lorne).....	6
Violets are Blanu (Lester del Rey).....	7
Grey Lensman, part 4 (E.E. Smith, Ph.D).....	8
White Mutiny (Malcolm Jameson).....	9

CRIMES TO COME

Unable to check sabotage in the positronic robot factories on Aurora, the Spacers are again forced to request aid from Earth -- and Plainclothesman, C-7, Elijah Baley. The Bounds of Infinity by Isaac Asimov begins next month. Our next issue will also contain the long unpublished "Loneworld" by Hal Clement, "Fire Down Below" by Robert A. Heinlein, "The Green Grey Blue Black Hills" by Cordwainer Smith, and a recently discovered manuscript, "Black Pirates of Kush" by Robert E. Howard. Rounding out the issue will be an article on backyard inventors by Admiral Hyman Rickover and the usual book reviews and letters from you, the readers.

