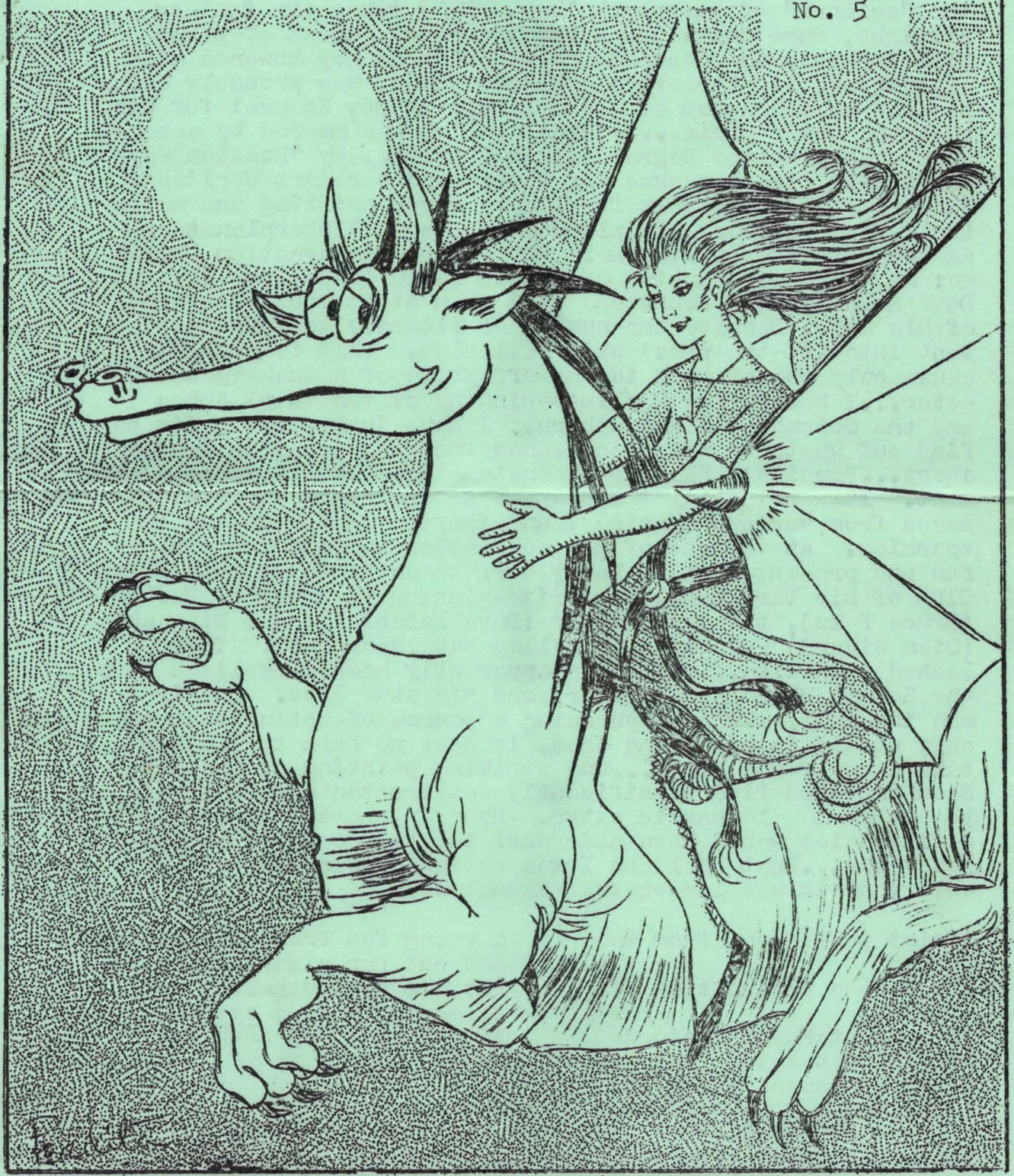


~ 7 Oct

KNOWABLE

No. 5



Frédéric

RANDOM IMPRESSIONS OF THE DISCON

This year's Hugos went to far more deserving recipients than last year's. The only one I had substantial disagreement with was the Best Prozone award to F&SF. Galaxy and the Ziff-Davis mags are better. Last year's winner, Analog, tries to disguise the revival of medieval superstition as the "science" of parapsychology. F&SF takes its fantasy straight, more to its and Avram's credit... Guest of Honor Will Jenkins, who decried the modern tendency towards mild cigarettes, light beer, and blonde women, was probably quite pleased by the award of the art Hugo to Roy Krenkel for his bucksome cover girls... Jenkins' speech was marred by several unspeakably vulgar Negro dialect stories... My "Russian Spy" cards sold like hotcakes for the second straight Worldcon. They're still available for 10¢ to cover printing and mailing. Five for 25¢... "Diplomacy" replaced "Interplanetary" as the favorite board game. For further information write me; my diplomacy fanzine GRAUSTARK is 10 issues for \$1, and Dave McDaniel/Ted Johnstone will soon start publishing one of his own... Despite the number of literary talents that went into it, the pros' skit fell flat. This is probably because only one of them is the offspring of a Shakespearean actor... I bought the Mjöllnir-winning sketch "Earl Aubec and the Golem" by Jim Cawthorn. I have just written Jim to find out whether this scene comes from any specific fantasy story... Perdita's "Real Fan" costume drew much favorable comment. Its principal feature was a huge fan covered with pages from various fanzines, and fanzine names done up in sparkles. At the end of the convention we folded up the fan and presented it to Randy Garrett so he could have a Fan Club of his Very Own... The prize-winning LA group of Fafhrd (Bruce Polz), the Gray Mouser (Dave McDaniel), and Ningauble (Dian Girard) was well-apparelled but incomplete. They lacked a Shoelba... Bob Leman apparently hasn't realized that the Second World War is over, and his side lost. But if a man is single-mindedly pursuing a course of action that can only result in his being shot, it does no harm to let him talk himself out first... One striking painting at the Art Show depicted five magnificently constructed nymphs trying to entice a lethargic satyr. However, certain anatomical deficiencies would have made enticing that satyr a thankless task... Last Worldcon I was designing wind-up dolls. This year it was limericks. Examples:

A mist that arose from the
moat
Had caused a condition of
bloat
In a great Martian steed
And the vet said, "Indeed,
"It's a case of a fog in
the throat."

A young fan from Pellucidar
Set out for a Worldcon afar,
But almost forthwith
He encountered a ryth,
And he ended up down in
the b'ar.

Among the people I met for the first time at this Worldcon was Dave McDaniel/Ted Johnstone/Tedron. To know him only

through fanzines is to get the picture of a Secret Master of LASFandom, a nexus of intrigue within the Cult, and a sinister Coventranian agent. This is a far cry from the **short**, soft-spoken, mild-mannered reality...All told, the physical arrangements for the DisCon were far superior to those of Chicon III. George Scithers and the Con committee did a splendid job. The guide to Washington written by Dick Ency was also a great help, even though it omitted the Peking, an excellent North Chinese restaurant on 13th St. between G and H...I have very little respect for people like Calvin Dommon, who roundly condemns a man and his views without being able to tell why. Even Busby and Leman are a few cuts above this...The high point of the Con for Perdita and me was a late party at Randy Garrett's room. Present were H. Jim Beam Piper, Fritz Leiber, Dian Girard, Charlie and Mařsha Brown, Bruce Pelz, Cam du Pavon, and others I was too exhilarated to remember. Present in body only was : Tod Cogswell...Joe Pilati couldn't be there, having decided that on the funds available he would rather bring out the next issue of Enclave than travel to Washington. I would have liked to have seen Joe there, but will have instead the egoboo of a book review in said Enclave...Am I getting old? Young fans are starting to ask me for my autograph...Japan's revenge for Hiroshima is a TV cartoon series called "Astro Boy". It was previewed at the Con, and will appear on US TV this fall. It combines the worst features of "The Jetsons" and "Courageous Cat". Music is apparently by Karl-Heinz Schlockhausen...Hal Clement made some very good points about the S-F story as a mental exercise. Not only is the reader challenged to discover in advance the solution, as in a detective story, but the writer must keep on his toes and avoid inconsistencies in the science. I have a personal gretch about authors who think that the general theory of relativity can somehow be stretched to permit velocities greater than that of light...Avram, Grania, and their bagels were missed this year...Isaac Asimov has a good-natured grump every Con about the fact that he has never received a Hugo. This is, I am sure, not his fault but the Hugos'. Had this award been instituted earlier, several would now be cluttering up his home. The Hugo came into being after Asimov's production of fiction had slacked off somewhat. Now that science-fact articles and columns appear in almost every prozine, a Hugo for the best such ought to be instituted. There was a Hugo for science-fact articles in 1953 and 1956; Willy Ley won both. The special Hugo that Asimov won this year may well be considered to be a science-fact award for his column in F&SF...Paul Zimmer referred to the hotel room which he and several other fans occupied as "The Nest". I wonder whether this is what Ron Ellik used to refer to as "shacktivity"...Steve Stiles distributed #9 of his fanzine Sam. It includes a parody which effectively shoots down the Flying Frog in flames...Forry Ackerman, as usual, carried a cometary tail of neos behind him...George Nims Raybin has the oddest collection of smoking gear since Abdul el-Bulbul Amir's hookah was put away for the last time...Membership cards in the "Flat Earth Society" were distributed. The FES's president is "John W. Ghod Jr."

SCIENCE MADE TOO EASY - V

IV. Astronomy

Most students register for elementary astronomy to get easy science credits. Later on they learn better.

Astronomy is divided into two parts, positional astronomy and physical astronomy. There was once a third part called judicial astronomy, but this was dropped as being injudicious.

Planets

Astronomy instructors make a great deal of the difference between planets and stars. Students are taught that planets are brighter, have a distinct disk shape, and do not twinkle. The same is true of the sun and moon, but these have not been planets in good standing for several hundred years.

There are nine or ten planets:

Vulcan: Does not exist.

Mercury: Exists, but never appears except at the wrong time of year.

Venus: This planet is familiar, mysterious, and brilliant, and travels very fast. It has therefore been given a feminine name.

Earth: Here.

Mars: Mars is a blood-red color, and was once believed to be populated by sanguinary monsters who regularly invaded Earth in every issue of Amazing Stories. Actually, Mars is conceivably inhabited by possibly intelligent beings who may have dug what could be canals, along which might grow plants. These are the results of centuries of diligent observation.

Mars has two moons. One of them rises in the west and sets in the east. The other rises in the east and almost never sets. Neither of them rhymes with June.

Jupiter: This is the largest planet. When astronomers have nothing better to do, they find new moons for it.

Saturn: A planet with rings.

Uranus: An unpronounceable planet.

Neptune: A useless planet.

Pluto: A former moon of Neptune with delusions of grandeur.

X: A hypothesis.

The Sun

Everybody knows what that is.

The Moon

There are other moons in the solar system, but ours is the only one worth looking at. It has craters, mountains,

pits, cracks, dents, and scars. It is therefore called the Queen of the Night.

The moon is believed to cause tides. The evidence for this is strictly circumstantial.

The Fixed Stars

The fixed stars are so called because they move at tremendous speeds. However, they are also at tremendous distances, so they seem fixed. It all depends on who is more tremendous.

Constellations

The night sky was the picture-book of primitive man. He filled it with dragons, centaurs, gorgons, virgins, and other fabulous creatures. More recently have been added telescopes, compasses, lizards, flies, and sextants. Still more recently it has been cluttered with men, dogs, and monkeys.

Galaxies

The Milky Way is technically called a galaxy, for reasons illustrated by Tintoretto. The other galaxies are rushing away from us at great speeds. Relativists tell us that we shouldn't take this personally.

* * * * *

THROUGH HILBERT SPACE WITH SWEET FANNY ADAMS - VII

When Fanny Adams landed on Jupiter in 1990, she discovered that the planet had been colonized in ancient times by a mixed Egyptian and Jewish expedition. Over the course of the centuries, those two peoples had fused their religious beliefs, and worshipped a chief god called Ammon-Ia.

The most important festival of this religion was the Feast of Ammon the Begetter. The planet's most stalwart youth was selected to be the Incarnation of Ammon (the Jewish element of the population did not take part in the orgiastic aspects of the combined religion), and for half a Jovian year he lay in the Golden Bed and served a steady succession of women who shrieked in religious ecstasy as they enjoyed his favors.

Combining business with pleasure, Fanny Adams visited the Golden Bed for an interview with the incumbent Ammon. "Tell me," she asked him as the temple rang with the cries of the Jovian women awaiting their turns, "how do you like your position in the religion of your people?"

The youth replied, "It is a loud and prone-ly thing to be Ammon."

* * * * *

"I keep getting Shaggy and I don't know why!"

- Belle Dietz

THE STORY

Each author who undertakes to write a chapter of The Story has complete freedom to do what he wishes in his chapter. When the present total of 21 chapters has been printed in KNOWABLE, The Story will be opened to further volunteer authors.

In its earlier phases, The Story was almost entirely a Boardman project. Better balance was achieved at the beginning of Chapter XI, which will appear, with the chapters preceding and following it, in KNOWABLE #6.

SYNOPSIS

Sir Tinly the Purest and his squire Dumbert have recently returned to the royal castle after slaying the giant Borborygmus. A drunken dragon has followed them home, pleading with Dumbert to arrange a match between himself and Sir Tinly. Dumbert, ignoring the dragon, composes a bawdy riddle and tells it to his friend, the court wizard Lysenconius. But when the wizard tells the riddle at the royal supper table, Sir Tinly is enraged, and Dumbert flees from him. He encounters the beautiful young witch Lilith, who deserts her middle-aged lover Sir Cumference to seduce him. When Lilith learns that a dragon is in the castle, she flies off with him after giving Dumbert a talisman. When he returns to his quarters, Dumbert learns that the dejected Sir Cumference has committed suicide.

CHAPTER IX

by John Boardman

Dumbert sleepily crawled out of his cot - the night had not been a restful one for him - and donned such of his clothes as he did not sleep in.

"Did you hear, Dumbert?" Pompey asked. "Sir Cumference was found poisoned in his bed this morning. His page found his body. It looks as if he drank about half a phial of henbane - they found the rest on his night-table next to an ugly idol with goat horns. And here's the queerest part - the Royal Physician says he died of poison, but on his left shoulder was a burn shaped like a cross upside-down, and his room stinks of sulphur! Father Neminis is going to perform an exorcism there this morning, and they say that -"

The dormitory door flew open, and Sir Tinly the Purest strode in, carrying a sheathed sword in one hand. Instantly Dumbert guessed his intentions, and slid quickly through the little window which overlooked Squires' Court.

"Aha, scoundrel," came his master's voice from the room which the squire had just quitted. "now will you reap the punishment of your scurrilous wit!"

Dumbert quickly slid down a drainpipe, leaped over

the barrel, and scampered across the little court. As he disappeared into a doorway at the far corner of the court, he saw Sir Tinly come striding down the back stairs.

The squire raced through the halls leading to the kitchen. He knew with no less certainty than tomorrow's sunrise he would eventually be apprehended by the Pure Knight and spanked vigorously with the flat of his sword. However, tradition required that he evade this eventuality as long as possible.

Dumbert raced through halls and courtyards, and up and down stairs. Frequently his surroundings were unfamiliar to him, as the royal castle was a vast labyrinth of rooms and passages, added to and rebuilt at least a dozen times since it had first been ordered built centuries ago by the proconsul Valerius Diplodocus in Roman times as a bulwark against the Saxons.

Since Sir Tinly's dignity did not permit him to break out running after a mere squire, Dumbert soon outdistanced him. Panting, he leaned against a suit of armor of the fashion of the previous century. However, the armor concealed a spring, and two blocks of the stone floor parted, sending him down a chute which emerged behind a tapestry in a room on the next floor below.

Peeking through a moth-hole in the tapestry, the squire perceived two figures lying on a double bed, engaged in a theological discussion. One was the lusty, well-built Duchess of Lollbridge; the other was the fat, good-humored Friar of Hammonogs, Roger Rosenose, who was making one of his periodic visits to the castle to deliver a load of poached venison and to hear the confessions of such nobles and knights as did not care to have the less worldly Father Neminis listen to the tale of their sins and assign their penances.

"But Father," the Duchess was saying in low, throaty tones, "I don't see why I have to confess after every time. Couldn't I just confess once, when you leave?"

"No, my child," rumbled the friar. "It behooves every Christian to confess each sin as soon after its commission as opportunity presents itself. Therefore--"

"Oh, very well," Lady Lollbridge replied petulantly. "Father, I have sinned."

"In what way, my daughter?"

Creeping behind the tapestries and arras, Dumbert made his way to the door. Waiting for a moment when the attentions of the other two in the room would be elsewhere concentrated, he made a quick dash for the door, to collide in the hall with Sir Tinly.

"Aha, scamp!" the Pure Knight exclaimed. "Come here!"

Wriggling from Sir Tinly's grasp, Dumbert scurried down the hall, climbed out a window, skinned up a drain-spout, clambered atop a gargoyle, leaped to another, jumped onto a balcony, ran through a room in which Sir Cular was being laced into a corset by his squire and two pages, and emerged into a hall, where he met Lysenconius.

"On the run, eh, Dumbert?" chuckled the wizard. He

drew a small flask from beneath his robe. "After he catches you, anoint the injured area with this; 'twill make sitting less uncomfortable. Don't forget to return the empty flask; there's a deposit on it." The old mage swept on down the passage, humming "Gaudeamus Igitur" under his breath. As he turned a corner, Sir Tinly appeared from the same direction, and Dumbert took to his heels.

Why, he thought as he ran, had he not gone into some less arduous line of work? The long hard road through squiredom to the glittering goal of knight's spurs did not in the least appeal to him; his inclinations seemed to be more intellectual and sedentary, and indeed, if Dumbert (who in his character as an observer frequently mused on these things, especially with the new knowledge imparted to him by the young witch Lilith) had not been all but kicked into squiredom by an aged, infirm, and stubborn grandfather, who had been forced as a youth to live in the shadow, as it were, of a knighted elder brother (who had been in his day King's Champion, and who had slain the Irish giant Finn McGarran, who stood at Dublin Harbor in times of old and threw huge boulders at all who attempted to sail therein, and who (Dumbert's great-uncle) now lay buried near the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, having been (according to his epitaph) treacherously stabbed in the back by the last of a band of twelve Saracens, of whom he had killed eleven to the greater glory of the Prince of Peace (and almost every Sunday Father Neminis, albeit he was himself a devout and godly man, drew his sermon from such a gory occurrence, knowing full well that in order to have any influence at all for the better on the rowdy pack of knights who made up the bulk of his usual congregation he should preach on subjects which might have some chance of attracting their attention, but who privily regretted the necessity of such an appeal), but who, according to tales which Dumbert had heard after his entry into the service of Sir Tinly the Purest (who represented a minority of knights among the king's company who attempted to live up to the knightly model, but who were so stiff-necked in character as to make the high ideals which they affected repulsive by virtue of the stuffiness and insensibility to the human side of life of those who fell in this category, just as the others made these ideals repulsive as a result of their own hypocrisy and predilections in various degrees to the seven deadly sin - a state of affairs which puzzled the King, grieved Father Neminis, intrigued Dumbert as a spectator (the more so as the paradox was just beginning to dawn upon him), gratified Lysenconius as an intellectual, and downright delighted Lilith) had actually been stabbed by a German knight in a brawl in a house of ill repute in Gaza (then as in the time of Samson a center of such activities) and had died a few hours later in the arms of an Egyptian prostitute (for Dumbert's great-uncle had, regrettably, been of the hypocritical rather than of the puritanical type of knight (although it would have been equally regrettable had he

been puritanical, Dumbert reflected, knowing from the past year's association how unpleasant the company of the self-righteous is for any lesser man (lesser, that is, by the standards of the self-righteous)); however, (and as Dumbert thought on these matters he continued to run; now he was passing the chambers of the late Sir Cumference, and heard the sonorous voice of Father Neminis sternly order the instant departure of whatever evil spirits inhabited the room from which they had lately borne the lost soul of a man who might have been a saint), his younger brother had received no word of this, but only the official message beginning "His Majesty the King regrets to inform you...", and believed with the belief that grows more powerful as accurate recollection fades with age that this knight had been a paragon of all manly virtues, and who had through Dumbert's boyhood constantly held up Sir Reptitius (for that was the name of the elder brother) to the lad as an example to be followed), he might have perhaps gone into an academy (and indeed he had easily picked up grammar, cyphering, Latin, and even a smattering of Greek as the star pupil of Brother Formosus, a pious, scholarly young m'nk who was the schoolmaster of Dumbert's native village of Hammus-on-the-Rye) and from there into a university, and eventually into the great magicians' university at Dom-Daniel-under-the-Sea, where Lysenconius himself had studied (and now Dumbert was racing across the roof by the great gates of the castle, where in former times the great kettles had stood, to be filled with boiling pitch or lead in time of siege and poured upon the heads of the invaders (and the story was told in the kingdom that once, during a war scare over a hundred years ago, the reigning king's brother had come in state for a visit; a dim-witted cook who doubled in brass as a temporary soldier during those troubled times had mistaken the shouts of welcome as an alarm, and the king's brother's party as a troop of invaders, and, filling the largest kettle with the only heated material available, a mutton stew simmering in the kitchen for lunch, had emptied it over His Majesty as he came out of the palace to greet his kinsman), to become a Magister in Artibus and a practitioner of the black, white, and gray magics; but no, he reflected, he was born to be a spectator, a Son of Earth, (and Lilith's words had only confirmed a long-standing but wordlessly vague suspicion of his own) and application in any one line of study, even one so fascinating as magic or as heroic as knighthood, or even perhaps the clergy (either the white clergy of Father Neminis or the black clergy of Lilith), was plainly beyond his capabilities, although (and here the feeling of uselessness which Lilith had given him began to dispel) he might make on account of his talent as an observer (but had she said that it was a talent?) a quite passable historian.

Rounding a corner, Dumbert tripped and fell over the prostrate form of Wouter van Dumpling, who was sleeping off a schnapps binge.

"Dummkop! Esel! Watch-vere you pudt your pig feet!"

roared the cook, hurling an empty bottle after the squire. Dumbert ducked into the nearest door, which happened to be that of the scullery maids' sleeping quarters. Jehane, clad only in a shift, shrieked, then hit him squarely between the shoulders with a thrown wooden shoe, and narrowly missed him with a chamberpot as he fled out the back door into the pigsty. The chamberpot landed on the head of a large boar and perched there like a royal crown; Dumbert leapfrogged over three of the animals and into the kitchen door.

Inside the kitchen, he halted for breath. Work was going forward at no great speed in the absence of Heer van Dumpling, and some of the boys had organized the usual poker game in the pantry; Dumbert joined them, making their number six: they were Pustulis; two other squires, David Fitzroy and Roy Fitzdavid; and two scullery lads, a skinny stuttering twelve-year-old named Snivelbert and a burly, sour-featured youth of twenty-one or -two named Gasphilt. Gasphilt was reputed to be the illegitimate son of an illegitimate daughter of an illegitimate half-brother of the King, and was consequently called (though not in his hearing) "The King of the Bastards". (Back in Hammus-on-the-Rye, Brother Formosus had detected in Dumbert an intelligence somewhat superior to that of the common or garden variety country lout, and had given him a smattering of the classics in addition to the usual reading, writing, cyphering, and dog-Latin. One of the works studied had been Aristotle's Politics, and from it Dumbert remembered the passage, "Some men are slaves by birth, and some by nature." Similarly, some men are bastards by birth and some by nature, he concluded; however, Gasphilt fit into both categories.)

"Sit in, Dumbert," invited Pustulis. Dumbert joined them, anteing a farthing. His luck had not changed since the night before last; David dealt him the trey of swords, the ace of chalices, the four of staves, the Fool, the Hermit, and the eight and knight of coins. He discarded everything but the coins, drew another mess of low cards, and promptly throw in his hand, losing five farthings in all.

As Gasphilt raked in a ninepence pot, which he won with a squire-high straight, Pompey joined them.

"You're sitting down, so I see Sir Tinly hasn't caught you yet," he greeted Dumbert.

"What's Dumbert been up to now?" Gasphilt asked, dealing.

"Oh, you know, that riddle," said Pompey.

"How come he didn't catch you when you came up to the dorm last night?" Pustulis asked.

"He didn't get in till almost morning," Pompey replied.

"Aha!" said Gasphilt. "Been out tomcatting, eh?"

"So deal a'ready," Dumbert snorted.

As usual during his deal, Gasphilt won. After three more hands, Dumbert had with his usual luck lost almost eightpence, and was on the point of quitting.

With seven playing quite a pot could accumulate. Since they were playing seven-card draw, a limit of four

was placed on cards drawn, lest the 78-card tarot pack be exhausted. These considerations, plus the depleted state of his personal finances (he was down to less than five shillings) forced Dumbert to play with more than his usual concentration, and he examined his sixth hand carefully as Pustulis dealt it to him, hoping to find some way of taking at least one pot.

Knight of chalices. Squire of staves. Ten of chalices. Four of swords. Queen of chalices. (Hmmm. Three chalices so far.) Squire of chalices. (A pair! Very good.) The Hanged Man. (Ouch! The worst luck card in the deck.)

"I'll open with a penny," said Roy, flipping a larger copper into the pile of anted farthings.

"Likewise," said David.

"Let's make this a man's game!" sneered Gasphilt, adding a silver great to the heap of coppers. "Fourpence. Who'll see me?"

All did, and Dumbert examined his hand again. If he drew to the pair of chalices and played cannily-

Suddenly he noticed the high sequence in chalices. Ten, squire, knight, queen. An open-end straight flush!

If he threw in everything but the pair - no, he couldn't do that, with a four-card limit on the draw. Keep the pair and the queen? That would be the sensible thing to do. Keep both the straight and the squire of staves? That would lessen his chances to make something better out of either.

He noticed that Gasphilt, who had thought enough of his hand to raise before the draw, was standing pat. This gesture, together with the sum in the pot - only a farthing short of a half-crown - decided him.

"Give me three," he said, throwing in the non-chalices.

He could scarcely bear to look at his new cards. Only when Roy had opened with a tiny silver tuppence, and David had followed with another, did he examine them.

Ace of staves - the lowest card of the worst suit in the deck. Judgment Day - much better; only one of the 22 Greater Trumps outranked it. King of chalices!!!

Trying to hide his exultation, Dumbert hugged his royal flush to his tunic.

"I said a man's game, you two pipsqueaks," snarled Gasphilt. "I'll see your piddling tuppence, and raise you six!" He dropped two more greats into the pot.

"I'll see that and raise you to tenpence," said Pompey, adding that amount.

"E-t-too much f-for m-m-me," said Snivelbert, throwing in a pair of sixes.

Dumbert's turn was next. Confident that neither Gasphilt nor Pompey could match him, he casually flipped an entire shilling into the center of the circle. Pustulis, Roy, and David promptly folded.

"Wheeeew!" whistled Pustulis. "There must be five shillings in that pot!"

"That's too big for us, isn't it, Davy?" giggled Roy.

"Well, now that the small fry are out of the game,

let's play for real money," said Gasphilt. "I'll see your shilling -" he dropped another great into the pot - and raise you half-a-crown."

"I'll see that, and make it three shillings," said Pompey, throwing in a handful of silver of the required amount.

"Let's see," said Dumbert, frantically searching his pockets. "That's three shillings to stay." He drew his last half-crown from a tunic pocket, and some smaller coins from odd corners of his tunic and breeches. "Two and eight - two and ten - three! I'll see you!"

"This'll even us up," growled Gasphilt, tossing in a sixpence. "And this'll make things really interesting!" To the heap of silver and copper the scullery lad added another color - the bright gold of a newly minted noble.

The eyes of the others bugged out. "Did I wonder at a five-shilling pot a few minutes ago?" gasped Pustulis. "This is the first time anyone has thrown a gold piece into the pot in a pantry poker game!"

"The way you striplings play, I'm not surprised," Gasphilt snorted. "Well, my lands, that's the price of admission. Do you want to see, or don't you?"

"I give up!" said Pompey. "Whatever you have, I can't raise the money to beat it with a full house." He threw down three treys and a pair of aces.

"Well, Dumbert?" said Gasphilt, reaching out towards the pot.

The squire's mind spun. Was Gasphilt only bluffing? (A fine time to think of it now!) Dumbert doubted it; he had played enough poker in the pantry to know that Gasphilt hadn't the subtlety to carry out a successful bluff. More to the point, Dumbert couldn't raise one-tenth of the sum Gasphilt had tossed into the pot.

"I'd like to see that," said Dumbert, "but I haven't the money. If only there were someone here I could borrow a few shillings from -"

"Did someone call me?" Into the pantry stepped Yankel ben-Kalvah. His sharp eyes took in the scene at a glance.

"Could I arrange a small loan?" Dumbert asked.

"Let me see your cards," the moneylender replied.

"Nothing doing!" protested Gasphilt. "I may want to borrow a little, too."

"In that case," said Yankel, "how much do you want?" A smile broke under his thick beard; Dumbert knew that, assured of immediate prepayment with a month's interest on one loan, the old usurer's mouth was watering.

"He's just raised me six-and-eight," said Dumbert, "and I'd like to go to ten."

"Very well," said Yankel, extracting a rose noble from a small moneybag at his belt, "that will be eight-pence per pound per month -"

"- one pound on thirty, or a penny on a half-crown, and that's my only rate of interest," chorused the youths.

"You should know your other lessons as well," replied the Jew, unperturbed.

"Agreed," said Dumbert. He took the coin from Yankel, and placed it in the pot.

Gasphilt in turn hastily went through his pockets.

"Gimme a lower rate and I'll borrow a marc," he said. "After all, you'll be getting it right back."

"Eightpence per pound per month, one pound on thirty, or a penny on a half-crown, and that's my only rate of interest," Yankel replied.

"Don't trust this fellow, either of you," said Pustulis. "Sir Roundings borrowed two pounds from him a year ago, and when he paid him back after trimming Sir Vey at dice last night the interest was not twice twelve eightpences, or sixteen shillings, but nineteen shillings tuppence ha'penny."

"No wonder the Jews in the Bible lived to such great ages," said Gasphilt, "if they reckoned their birthdays in such fashion."

"No, lad," said Yankel, "I will explain it so. After one month, Sir Roundings owed me two pounds plus twice eightpence, did he not?"

Gasphilt figured briefly on his grubby fingers. "Aye," he admitted surlily.

"But since he did not pay me, he in effect borrowed twice eightpence, or one-and-four, for eleven months. Now should I not have my interest on that also?"

"Trust a Jew to talk his way out of anything," snorted Gasphilt. "All right, Christkiller, eightpence per pound per month it is."

Dumbert looked at Yankel as he handed a gold marc to the scullery lad. "How do you know he'll pay you?" he asked.

"His grandfather has stood his debts before, and will do so again," replied the Jew calmly. Gasphilt's grandfather held the Stewardship of the Royal Fishing Tackle, a sinecure created for him by his father many years ago.

The squire regarded the moneylender with new respect. It might be said, he reflected, that the universally despised but absolutely necessary Yankel, like Lysenconius, was a bit of a magician, using guineas and crowns instead of powders and incantations. The Jew's explanation of compound interest recalled to Dumbert an incident in his own life; back in Hammus-on-the-Rye a cottager had similarly complained of being cheated, and as his first piece of independent research in cyphering Dumbert had laboriously proven to himself that this had not been so.

"Well, there it is," said Gasphilt. "It'll cost you half-a-sovereign to see this hand. Still in?"

"In," replied the squire. "In, and I'll raise you another half-sovereign." The other youths gasped. Yankel handed Dumbert a sovereign, which was added to the pile on the floor.

"I'll see that, and raise you a full pound," replied Gasphilt, throwing a borrowed rose royal into the pot. Snivelbert's teeth began chattering with suspense, and Roy fainted dead away, to be anxiously succored by David.

"I'll match that," said Dumbert, borrowing another sovereign. "Now, let's see if you can beat this!" He

spread his royal flush before him on the floor. Gasphilt lay down his cards beside them, and Dumbert was astonished to see the identical hand in swords!

"Well, the odd cards decide it," said Gasphilt. "What's your lowest?"

Dumbert laid down his miserable ace. Gasphilt triumphantly slammed the Wheel of Fortune atop it.

"How about a small bet on the last card?" he offered. "Give me three pounds, Yankel."

Dumbert's heart sank within him. He held Judgment Day. Only one card in the deck, the World, could beat it, and he was positive that Gasphilt must have it. Still - as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb; he had already borrowed more than two pounds that he could never repay if he lost.

"Done!" he said, completing the transaction and throwing down Judgment Day.

Gasphilt gaped at the card, and his face paled. He let fall from his nerveless fingers the Sun, the next card below Judgment Day among the Greater Trumps, and, racing to the window, heaved convulsively into the honyard.

With trembling hands Dumbert counted the pot. It came to well over eleven pounds; after paying Yankel the squire found himself left in possession of the enormous sum of six pounds, six-and-tuppence, plus the seven miserable farthings at the bottom of the heap.

"Five pounds three and two - three - four - five - six," Yankel completed the count of his take as the other lads revived Gasphilt and Roy.

"One thing I'd like to know," said Dumbert, "why did you back me? If I'd lost, I'd be paying you until the Second Com - oops, excuse me."

"I knew you had the better hand," replied the money-lender. "That's my business."

"But - but - how -"

"I've been loaning money to card-players for a good many years now," Yankel smiled, closing the subject. "Could I interest you in investing that large sum you have just acquired?"

"What are your terms?"

"Twenty per cent per year, compounded monthly, and cash at ten days demand," Yankel replied. "Or, if you prefer, ten per cent per year, compounded monthly, and cash at the instant of demand."

"I'll deposit five pounds the first way and ten shillings the second," said Dumbert. He handed over the money, while Yankel made entries in a notebook which Dumbert countersigned, and gave him a receipt. The transaction left Dumbert sixteen shillings ready cash, a large sum to be left burning holes in a squire's pockets.

Dumbert was just planning out a binge at the Sign of the Purple Wyvern, perhaps including a night with one of the barmaids, when Sir Tinly entered the main kitchen. Dumbert leaped to his feet in an instant, climbed over Gasphilt and out the window, bounded from hog to hog in a

not too successful attempt to keep the mud off his feet (not for reasons of cleanliness but to keep Sir Tinly from trailing him), reentered the castle through the scullery maids' sleeping quarters, dodged a cat which Johane threw at him, and fled through the myriad passages which honey-combed the castle.

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

when we introduce author Judy Glattstein, who in turn introduces Deedah, whose father needs no introduction.

* * * * *

JOIN THE CHARTIST MOVEMENT

The 1964 WorldCon will be held in Oakland on Labor Day weekend. To facilitate inexpensive transportation for eastern fans to this convention, inquiries are now being made with scheduled and non-scheduled airlines for the purpose of chartering a plane for the round trip. To reserve a place on the waiting list, send your name and address to John Boardman, Box 22, New York 33, NY. Names will be added to the waiting list in the order that they are received. You will be informed of the progress of negotiations, and of the amount your share of the charter will cost.

FURTHER ^FRANDOM IMPRESSIONS OF THE DISCON

Between the relegations to stencil of page 2 and page 15, Jim Cawthorn has written to inform me that "Earl Aubeck and the Golem" is part of a series he has under way, and does not stem from an existing story...If an art award is to be given the next time the Hyborian Legion is mustered, the first one should go to C. C. Senf. (Oh, go look at page 539 of Cassell's New German Dictionary.)...If sometime fan James Madole had shown up; Bob Leman would have been cast in the role of a moderate. Leman is narrow-minded; he is only anti-Negro. Madole is broad minded; he hates Jews, too...Comebacks That Only Occur Later: Will Sykora, returning after many years of lactivity, told me that I was not treating dialectical materialism seriously enough in KNOWABLE #4 when I commented on objections to the quote from Stalin about science and knowability. I'll agree that dialectical materialism is a generally valid philosophical viewpoint, but it's not the Last Birth of Time. Suppose that Diamat itself is a thesis, to be opposed by a new antithesis and finally to be succeeded by a new synthesis?...Perdita and I would greatly appreciate it if some of the people who took pictures of us in costume would send us prints.

* * * * *

EXPLORING SCIENCE FICTION: A monthly examination of current trends in s-f will be broadcast over WKCR-FM (89.9 Megacycles) in New York, beginning on Wednesday 9 October. Programs will be heard on the 2nd Wednesday of every month at 8:30 PM. Randy Garrett will be the first guest.

WHISTLING STATIC

by Dr. Robert L. Smith

Whistlers are naturally occurring electromagnetic signals with frequencies in the audio range (Very Low Frequencies, or VLF). They can be observed by connecting a loop or vertical whip antenna to an audio amplifier, without detection. For a great many years they were something of a curiosity, and their origin was unknown. The signal as usually observed was a descending tone which covered the audible range in a time on the order of a second. They were sometimes preceded by very strong impulses. Such impulses are known to be radiated from lightning. In the years 1950 to 1953, L. R. O. Storey in England wrote a brilliant Ph. D. thesis on whistlers. He showed that whistlers were caused from lightning. The energy from the lightning traveled through the lower atmosphere and moved in the outer ionosphere more or less along the earth's magnetic field lines, thence returning to the earth at the opposite hemisphere, at the magnetic conjugate to the source. The properties of the outer ionosphere at low frequencies make the refractive index highly anisotropic. This anisotropy confines the direction of energy propagation (not the wave normal) to a small cone around the magnetic field lines. The medium is also highly dispersive, but with low energy losses, so that the energy at high frequencies travels more rapidly, in general, than the energy at low frequencies. The impulse then gets transformed into a gliding tone. One prediction from Storey's work was that the electron density in the outer ionosphere was on the order of 1000 electrons per cubic centimeter. At the time his work was published, this figure was thought by some astronomers to be too high, but subsequent work has verified it.

Dr. Robert A. Helliwell has been doing work in this field, having been observing the phenomena at different times since 1949. After the publication of Storey's thesis, a number of workers in various universities and other places carried out a number of tests suggested by Storey for verification of his predictions. These tests were in the affirmative. In 1955, Helliwell very carefully scaled some whistler spectra, and noticed a slight departure from the frequency-time relationship proposed by Storey. The error indicated somewhat more dispersion at the higher frequencies than predicted. Helliwell then asked a graduate student to run off some computations on a computer for a more accurate form of the dispersion relations. Graphs of these results were placed on the research assistant's desk in the lab about the same time that some interesting new experimental results were being obtained from a station at a high geomagnetic latitude, at College, Alaska. The whistlers obtained from College were being analyzed on a spectograph at Stanford. The spectrum showed

the completely unexpected results of an increase of time delay with frequency above a certain frequency, as well as the expected increase in delay with decreasing frequency at low frequency. The results were compared almost immediately with the graphs which were in the same room, and lo! they showed essentially the same shape. The explanation of the new shape involved a change of the dispersion law when the frequency of the whistler approached the minimum gyro-frequency along the path in the outer atmosphere. We called the new whistler a "nose whistler" because of its spectrographic shape.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP, 278 Hothorpe Lane, Villanova, Pennsylvania: Sure, I'll take on Comrade Jugashvili as a philosopher, because I think he was a pretty lousy one. Re "unknowability": Lots of things are unknowable: historical facts of which no record survives, for instance... Thus, in theory, we might learn that it wasn't Brutus who stabbed Caesar after all; but it is beyond all reasonable expectation that we shall ever learn what Caesar ate for breakfast the morning of his death. ((It is beyond all reasonable expectation that the oxygen theory of combustion will ever be shown to be invalid. But the possibility must be admitted. Otherwise the sciences cease to be inductive in character, and become a set of infallible and unquestionable dogmas. Science deals with expectations; some reasonable on the basis of our present knowledge, and some not. But it cannot lay claim to Absolute Truth.)) Where Stalin really goofed was in supposing that the laws of science - especially genetics - should ~~not~~ be modified to fit the Communist philosophy, and not vice versa. ((A theory is valid so far, and only so far, as it agrees with the way the universe actually behaves. Lysenko sold Stalin on a violation of this principle. Even during Stalin's lifetime, so eminent a Soviet biologist as Oparin dismissed Lysenko as a fraud. But I do not feel that Stalin's endorsement of this fraud makes the statement quoted on the mastheads of KNOWABLES #1-4 invalid, any more than do Stalin's acts as a tyrant.))

DICK ENEY, 417 Ft. Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia: Either a good deal of time intervened between the writing of Chapters VI and VII of The Story, or Cowgill's touch is so radically different from yours that even filtering it through a collaboration can't properly blend the two. ((The latter assumption is correct. George had much more to do with VI than with VII.))

But the thing about A Sense of FAPA is that it really wasn't presented to the non-FAPA reader at all; it was designed as an anniversary production for the club, who would be expected to know what the present-day reality is. Of course, that only pushes my error onto a higher level: I

should have considered the non-members who will surely run across the book in the future.

Why do you make a Thing of spelling the name for persons of Sub-Saharan African Negroes? That makes it sound like a nationality rather than a pigmentation group.

((For several decades, journalistic convention has capitalized the names of the major racial groups, e. g., Caucasian, Negro, Mongolian. Names which are descriptive of color take small letters: white, black, brown, yellow. This is an American usage; the British still spell "Negro" with a small "n". It took a great deal of press-agentry by American Negroes to get American newspapers to give them typographic equality with Caucasians.))

TOM PERRY, P. O. Box 1284, Omaha, Nebraska: I was impressed by KNOWABLE as a clear hard reflection of your personality -- for instance the determination with which you continue running the roundrobin story in the face of protests. The protests are almost habit with fans by now when they see serious fanfiction (as opposed to faanfiction, something else again). Actually The Story is quite well done, at least these chapters are -- especially so as it claims to be a collaboration. I confess I'm not enthusiastic about it, but then a lot of professional fiction fails to capture my interest too.

A less pleasing aspect of the same quality emerges in your answer to Eney's letter. Apparently you took after Speer for opinions he expressed a quarter of a century ago and now are upset to learn he didn't hang onto the same opinions all that time. ((I was upset to learn that Eney, in editing A Sense of FAPA, hadn't informed the readers who came in late that Speer¹⁹³⁹, quoted therein, held different views from Speer¹⁹⁶².) I hardly think you can blame Eney for misleading you, though. His introduction does say, "I can expect that your own knowledge will suffice to add the appropriate background." You were warned; if you didn't know about Jack Speer, Kings County Democrat and the people's friend, as most fans do, Eney made it clear it was up to you to find out. ((How?)) Whether an editor anthologizing...to a general audience can make the same demands on his readers is something altogether different, I think.

The quote from Joe Stalin was good bait, right enough. I found it interesting a modern physicist would claim its sentiments as his. Since the eminently sensible Mr. Stalin apparently makes no reservations, and you do not in your approval of his statement, can one assume you consider it possible to know the velocity of an electron and its concurrent position? ((These quantities, according to our present understanding of physics, cannot be measured accurately at the same time. But the product of their uncertainties is a known quantity, Planck's constant. And Bohm, Aharonov, and the other "hidden variable" theorists believe that the Heisenberg uncertainty principle is the manifestation of the existence of sub-atomic particles which behave in a rigidly deterministic manner. At present this is all still an open question.))

SPECULATIONS ABOUT GIANTS

Giants and ogres appear frequently in European folklore, particularly in epics and fairy tales from the Middle Ages. A fairly standard picture of them has developed. They were presented as huge, uncouth brutes, devoid of manners, who fought with clubs instead of knightly swords, and who were so boorish as to address even kings as "thou" instead of using the courtly "you". Human flesh was reputed to be their favorite article of diet, and if the story has not been edited for children's reading they are also represented as being insatiably lustful.

Perhaps the best picture of the traditional medieval giant appears in the fifth book of Sir Thomas Malory's Le Morte d'Arthur. This book, which does not seem to be tied too closely to the remainder of the Arthurian epic, deals with a campaign by Arthur against a Roman emperor named Lucius. Lucius has demanded "truge" from Arthur, and Arthur, recalling that Constantine, son of a British woman, once held the empire, counters with a demands that Lucius recognize his supremacy. This story may have originated with another British chieftain than the historical Arthur, who lived in a day when Rome had permanently abandoned Britannia. If it has any historical foundation, it may refer to a Roman attempt to reconquer the island during one of the empire's seasons of Indian summer.

Arthur and his army has just landed on the continent when "then came to him an husbandman of the country, and told him how there was in the country of Constantine" ((Cotentin?)) "beside Brittany, a great giant which had slain, murdered and devoured much people of the country, and had been sustained seven year with the children of the commons of that land, insomuch that all the children be slain and destroyed; and now late he hath taken the Duchess of Brittany as she rode with her meyne" ((retinue)) "and hath led her to his lodging which is in a mountain, for to ravish and lie by her to her life's end; and many people followed her, more than five hundred, but all they might not rescue her, but they left her shrieking and crying lamentably, wherefore I suppose that he hath slain her in fulfilling his foul lust of lechery."

King Arthur, of course, sets out for St. Michael's mount, hot on the trail. "And so he ascended up into that hill till he came to a great fire, and there he found a careful" ((careworn)) "widow wringing her hands and making great sorrow, sitting by a grave new made. And then King Arthur saluted her, and demanded of her wherefore she made such lamentation, to whom she answered and said, Sir knight, speak soft, for yonder is a devil, if he hear thee speak he will come and destroy thee; I hold thee unhappy; what dost thou here in this mountain? for if ye were fifty as ye be, ye were not able to make resistance against this devil: here lieth a duchess dead, the which was the fairest of all the world, wife to Sir Howell, Duke of Brittany, he hath murdered her in forcing her, and hath

slit her unto the navel." Nothing daunted by this formidable description of his adversary, Arthur "went forth by the crest of that hill, and saw where he sat at supper gnawing on the limb of a man, baking his broad limbs by the fire, and breechless, and three fair damosels turning three broaches whereon were broached twelve children late born, like young birds. When King Arthur beheld that pit-eous sight he had great compassion on them, so that his heart bled for sorrow, and hailed him saying in this wise: He that all the world wieldeth give thee short life and shameful death; and the devil have thy soul; why hast thou murdered these young innocent children, and murdered this duchess? Therefore, arise and dress thee" ((prepare for battle)) "thou glutton, for this day shalt thou die of my hand. Then the glutton anon started up, and took a great club in his hand, and smote at the king that his coronal fell to the earth. And the king hit him again that he carve his belly and cut off his genytours, that his guts and his entrails fell down to the ground. Then the giant threw away his club, and caught the king in his arms that he crushed his ribs. Then the three maidens kneeled down and called to Christ for help and comfort of Arthur." The combatants continued battling until they rolled down the hill to the seashore, where two of Arthur's knights help him to despatch and behead the giant. Arthur sends the head to Sir Howell, and advises him to "ordain for a church to be builded on the same hill in the worship of Saint Michael".

It struck me that this description of giants in medieval lore parallels in many respects the description of Negroes in the folklore of the South's white racists. Giants, like Negroes, are depicted as stupid and lustful brutes. If given a chance, they will allegedly rape the women of the aristocracy, and if caught in the act are to be gelded and killed by the local cavaliers. This led to the speculation that the "giants" of folklore were a primitive, pre-Indo-European people who survived in out-of-the-way parts of Europe until relatively recent times. The Indo-Europeans had the same stereotype of them that southern whites do of Negroes, and treated them as an inferior race. The "giants" need not have been substantially larger than their conquerors. Negroes are on the average smaller than Caucasians, but the "bad n----r" of racist fable is popularly depicted as a huge brute.

I mentioned these speculations to Walter Breen, who brought up an alternative idea. Anthropologists are now coming to realize the formerly widespread White Goddess religion as a major influence on subsequent religion, folklore, and culture, extending down to the present day. Breen suggests that the origin of this tale may have been a series of religious ikons, misinterpreted by a people who had no understanding of or sympathy with the White Goddess.

The ikon in this case would be one warrior defeating another, while three women broil children. This might be the annual or semi-annual defeat of the old king by the

new one, who gelded his rival before killing him. The new king became the consort of the tribe's queen-priestess, who incarnated the triune Goddess.

By this interpretation, the three women, far from being captives of the giant, represented the Goddess in her three aspects. In her aspect as Hag, the Goddess is frequently mentioned in legend as a murderer of children. (Compare the witch in "Hansel and Gretel", the Russian Baba Yaga, and the classical Lamia.)

With Breen's interpretation as a guide, a religious significance can also be read into the scene at the "Duchess's" grave. This episode follows rather than precedes the combat with the giant. The queen-priestess ritually mourns the dead king before marrying his supplanter.

A combination of these two points of view may be possible. Before the coming of the Indo-Europeans, the European religion was matriarchal and the White Goddess was the chief deity. Frequently an Indo-European war chief would conquer the local inhabitants and regularize his position by marrying the queen-priestess. The ikon which Breen hypothesizes as the source for Malory's tale might have originally depicted the slaying of a club-wielding pre-Indo-European tribal king by his sword-bearing conqueror.

The new rulers of Europe made some changes in the existing culture. No longer was the king killed every year, and increasingly the queen-priestess was subordinated to him. Patriarchal elements replaced matriarchal ones in the religion, though the same holy places would be preserved. Arthur's admonition to Howell to establish a church upon St. Michael's Mount shows the same process - the holy places of paganism are converted into churches so that the religious awe felt by the populace might be transferred to the new faith.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE MAILBOX

FRED LERNER, 926 Fernald Hall, Columbia College, New York 27, New York: While reading The Lord of the Rings I also read Glory Road by Heinlein, and the latter is to me the most disappointing book by RAH that I've read. It suffers grievously by comparison with LOTR, and in fact is obviously cribbed from it. ((With a generous admixture of Three Hearts and Three Lions.) Or, to put it in plainer language, it stinks. There's none of the Heinleinian rugged individualism, or even felinophilia, which is so attractive (to me) in such books as The Door Into Summer or the Future History; none of the comments on religion which make "If This Goes On..." and Stranger so interesting (if nothing else); in short, Glory Road is something which, if I weren't attracted by the promise of the byline "by Robert Heinlein", I would throw down after the first few chapters. Back to Salvation by Orgy! Or by Nymphets!

JOHN B. SPEER, 160 Washington S. E., Albuquerque, New Mexico: This fan Darrel Bell became active about 1948. His career was typical, only perhaps a little more so. He published a subzine, Theorem, that started out hektographed, half-size, about sixteen pages, and went through a great many changes in the dozen or so issues that he published. When it had stabilized somewhat, he changed its name to Quod, but after a couple more issues went gaffia. However, he had put his name on the FAPA waiting list, and in those days nothing further was required to keep him on the list. In 1954 his name came up for membership, and he thought it appropriate to join the association where old fans go to die. For his FAPAazine he revived his old title, Theorem, and brought it out in standard size, well mimeographed. "This," he said in his introductory editorial, "is Theorem's last format."

ENID JACOBS, 3914 Brookhill, Baltimore 15, Maryland: Breen: You mention Jews in fandom--what exactly do you mean: members of the ethnic group only, those that uphold the Jewish religion, or those (usually of the ethnic) who accept the folkways, mores, values and attitudes associated with the Jewish ideology? It's my impression that most Jewish fan are either members of the ethnic group only, or, in a small but definite minority of cases, followers of the religion, but not the "culture" or ideology. Belonging to a subgroup such as fandom, with its own folkways, values, attitudes and even mores ((Croggle croggle)) would preclude a close identification with a culture based on ethnic ties--or any other culture....

Hiller: Fans do seem to be above the norm mentally... but I don't think that's what holds us together. Some of the drierest bores I know are mental masters; many fans may not meet the genius requirement, yet most fans are amazingly interesting people. Why? Because they're interested--in ideas, in concepts, in odd little bits of knowledge that most people dismiss, or pass by without knowing they exist. As to what holds us together--I do not think it's common interests (since we all don't share an interest in the subject that ostensibly brought us together--i.e. science fiction), but a common need to affiliate with people who will accept us as individuals, whether or not they agree with us.

((Frank Hiller's attack on the "fans are slans" notion, in the letter column of KNOWABLE #4, brought forth a surprising lot of protests. Dick Schultz goes into this matter at length, but space is lacking in this issue. Since I'm not terribly interested in this controversy, I'll exercise an editor's privilege and cut it off here unless loud protestations to the contrary make themselves heard.))

BILL MALLARDI, 214 Machinaw Avenue, Akron 13, Ohio: Glad to see KNOWABLE with much better repro now ((up to #3 it was ditto, and the last half of the press run of #3 was almost unreadable)) and I get a tremendous charge out of that "serial" story you & the others did.

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Cover illustration by Perdita Boardman

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Continuing the index in KNOWABLE #4, the following OPERATION AGITATION publications have appeared in the last three months or will soon appear:

26	GRAUSTARK #3	32	POINTING VECTOR #17
27	POINTING VECTOR #16	33	GRAUSTARK #7
28	GRAUSTARK #4	34	GRAUSTARK #8
29	GRAUSTARK #5	35	KNOWABLE #5
30	GRAUSTARK #6	36	GRAUSTARK #9
31	PILLYCOCK #5	37	PILLYCOCK #6

The POINTING VECTOR is an irregularly published personal newsletter of fact, opinion, and comment on just about anything. Like KNOWABLE, it is 25¢ per copy or 5 for \$1. GRAUSTARK is a biweekly bulletin of postal Diplomacy and is 10 for \$1. Back issues are available of KNOWABLES 3 and 4, POINTING VECTORS 16 and 17, and all issues of GRAUSTARK. PILLYCOCK is available only through the Cult.

And now - we wish to announce a CHANGE OF ADDRESS. (Newszines please copy.) On 1 November 1963 we will be moving to an apartment in Brooklyn. Our new address will be 592 16th Avenue, Brooklyn 18, New York. (The ZIP code is 11218, if you think that helps.) Our new place has plenty of room for both living and storage, and is a few minutes by bus from Brooklyn College, across the street from Prospect Park, and just around the corner from Karina's new school. We feel very fortunate to have found this place.

Elliot Shorter has also made a change of address lately, but by no means so felicitous. About DisCon time he was drafted. His fellow fans are urged to write him and keep him in touch, and particularly to supply him with the intellectual stimulation of fanzines in his present environment. Write to Pvt. El Elliot Shorter, US 51 517 420, Company K, 2nd Training Rgt, Ft. Dix, New Jersey

KNOWABLE is a science-fiction and fantasy fanzine which is published irregularly, and is available for trade, contribution, letter of comment, hard cash (25¢, or 5 issues for \$1), as a sample, because you are mentioned herein, or because I happen to feel like it. The table of contents is on the inside back cover. You are receiving this issue, #5, because:

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