

TRANTOR



TRANITOR

TRANTOR

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VAST MOVEMENTS WITHIN RESTRICTED SPACES

by Robert Glenn Briggs

Gordon's advice against raising SASF membership is sound. SASFishness and large numbers are naturally exclusive. We could run extra copies for the waiting list, for instance; but let's not enlarge the membership.

The loss of either Gordon or Ev would be quite a blow; but both of them - and together! It takes the lift out of the three hundred mailing.

We follow the policy of con reports in this issue, but that of extensive mailing comments is finished. I haven't read all of the mags yet.

I am writing this editorial in the fall. I wrote the last one in the spring. What happened to summer? In this part of the land the seasons change suddenly, if erratically. One morning, I woke up to find a chilly dawn and in place of hot summer's white and glaring light, the yellow and slanted rays of an autumn sun.

Sixth fandom has given way as suddenly to Seventh. With it ended the Second Era composed of Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth fandoms.

This is the last issue of TRANTOR.

trivia

2

magna quanta

by Irene Baron

Private Richard Eney visited WSFA briefly during the week of July 31, and presented Bob and me with some stuff to be put in TRANTOR this mailing. Out of the goodness of our Rosconian hearts, we agreed, not only to publish his material, but to donate the page credits of TRANTOR #3 to him which, if the O. E. has fulfilled our request, has been done. Then we read what Private Eney had written. E'gads! TRANTOR not being INCINERATIONS, it proved necessary to cut some of the more colorful passages contained in the original manuscript. Those which should have been eliminated (G. M., please note) remain untouched due to the fact that Eney's stuff cannot be rewritten without losing that (Ugh!) Eneyish flavor. Besides, we don't believe the landlady would appreciate finding Texas rattlers in the mail box. I have a sneaking suspicion Eney inserted those four-letter words merely to shock me, which, admittedly, they did - in a pleasant sort of way. I now have hopes that his adoption of Anglo-Saxon idioms will result in the broadening of some of his horizons, none of which are mental and/or fannish.

After learning that Wrai Ballard had written me a letter, Private Eney remarked, "Wrai Ballard is six feet tall and built like a gorilla." Naturally, I became excited and eagerly inquired if he had ever met the fabulous being. "Yes," said Private Eney. "He was at Elsberry's Invention in Minneapolis." I was forthwith led upon a merry chase (verbal only, I am sad to relate) having Wrai described as being tall, blond, and handsome, wearing glasses, and possessing a magnificent physique. When the light finally dawned, I was in a most dejected state. Eney was heard to remark later during my absence, "Irene has only to be told that someone's knuckles brush the ground and she's off." This is not precisely true. Wrai Ballard's physical attributes are a fannish mystery and if his looks measure up to his mentality - that is, if he is tall, blond, handsome and built like a gorilla - well, even fannes need something to dream about (Down, Laney!)

Speaking of H. R. H. Wrai Ballard; in order to clarify matters for him and those of you who were confused by the cartoon in TRANTOR#1 bearing the caption, "Agnes, you lied to me!" we are publishing a Per-Verse in this issue called "Gryphus Magnus." I wish to thank Wrai Ballard for giving me an excuse to print the thing. It's been laying around for months just aching for publication. Thank you, Your Excellency.

Comment yelled at the cinema featuring "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms": "Man! Check that crazy lizard!"

"The War of the World" is worth an academy award almost. Don't miss it.

My choice for the very best movie of the year, however, is "Lili". It has a place in my heart (The poignantly-lovely-in-its-simplicity auricle) heretofore occupied by a few songs like "Greensleeves", "Black is the Color

of my True Love's Hair", "The Moon and I", and "Mountain High, Valley Low." Pure beauty.

Personal statistics show the age of fannish innocence has not yet passed. Example:

Voluptuous Redhead: I am going to write a pro story.

Argeeboo: Oh?

V. R.: It is going to be about a space ship that runs on sex drive.

Argeeboo: Oh.

V. R.: You see, there are stories about space ships that are propelled by atomic power drive, hyper-space drive, and telekinetic drive, but no one has ever written a story about a space ship that runs on sex drive.

Argeeboo: It won't work.

V. R.: Why not?

Argeeboo: What would it push against?

Doubtless many of you will miss seeing a con report by y.t. in this. I did write one, but it is much too scathing to see print. However, it was a great pleasure seeing fen I'd heard so much about. I met our own Nan Gerding who is just as one would picture NANDU - attractive and friendly; Bob Silverberg who is good looking, somewhat reserved, and very nice; and Howard DeVore and Ed Cox who are both swell guys. BUT WHERE WAS WRAI BALLARD! I am starting a campaign to get Wrai Ballard to Frisco in '54 at all costs. If fen can finance a trip from Ireland for Walt Willis, another for Tetsu Yanu from Japan, and still another from London for Bert Campbell, they can certainly bring Wrai from Planchard, North Dakota. Have I any supporters?

Next mailing will probably find me in Frisco already, along with Terry, Karen Kruse, and Lee Jacobs. I'm getting in on the ground floor of this next con, if only to sit back and marvel at how a bunch of pros can mess up the entire works for us fen. Still, Frisco is bound to do better than Philly. They just can't HELP but do better.

If I am there by next mailing, this will have been the last issue of TRANTOR. It's been fun; but, as Mary Poppins says, "All good things must come to an end." That goes for Trivia for now anyway.

world of q

4

by
Richard Eney

"I think stf heroes are queer," declared the Rising Artist.

The Great Scientist considered this proposition.

"No," he decided at length, "stf heroes are not queer. I am a stf hero of fan fiction. Eney's fan fiction, at that." The Rising Artist shuddered.

"Fan fiction is stf. Almost always. And I am a stf hero. I am a high minded type, like Seaton."

"Then you must be queer." The Rising Artis was not to be shaken in his conviction.

"I am not queer. I am a healthy normal red-blooded man." The Great Scientist jabbed the pin of his ACS lapel emblem into his finger and exhibited the result.

"Poo," said RA.

"It's mightier than the yobber."

They silped their Nuclear Fizzes in the Insurgent manner.

"If you're not queer, why haven't you tried to make that wench who keeps house for you?" The Rising Artist's eyes gleamed libidiously. "That is stacked!"

The Great Scientist drew himself up haughtily.

"What the hell kind of an expression is that?" inquired the Rising Artist.

"I was registering offended honor."

"You looked like you were swallowing a raw oyster."

The Great Scientist waved away this attempt to becloud the issue. "I couldn't attempt to corrupt Dazzy's virtue. She is my Intended. She is Pure Souled and High Minded." He pronounced it so the capitals sounded.

"Pfafflmudgeon," said the Rising Artist.

They silped their Nuclear Fizzes in the Insurgent manner. They could feel them approaching critical mass.

"Obviously--" began the Rising Artist.

"—I'm normal," the Great Scientist finished the sentence.

"Prove it."

The Great Scientist registered irritation. "I just told you why I couldn't."

"Let her alone, then. I'm not unreasonable. If you've got scruples, go down to the local cathouse."

"Never. Besides, I don't know where it is."

The Rising Artist looked at GS with real alarm. "My ghod, man, how do you survive?"

"My natural chastity raises me above the need for such crude satisfactions. Anyway, buying it is too much like shooting birds sitting. I like to work for mine."

"Then go out into the wide world. Life is real and life is earnest. Seize it."

"That's rape."

They silped their Nuclear Fizzes in the Insurgent manner.

"Were you ever arrested for rape?" asked the Rising Artist presently.

"No," denied the Great Scientist, "only for...uh, no, I was never arrested for rape. Never committed any."

"Well, then!"

"What?"

"You're a specialist in super science on the spot, aren't you? Just invent a time machine, go back into the past, and commit a rape. If you haven't been arrested in the past, you needn't worry about the penalty."

"By Roscoe, so I needn't!"

The Great Scientist was so moved that he put his Nuclear Fizz down unfinished.

"Hand me that notepad there," he commanded, "I'll have to figure out a few circuits."

* * * * *

"The Great Scientist is a balanced person," the Dazzlingly Pulchritudinous Femme informed the Dastardly Villain coldly. "He'd never be unfaithful to me."

"Then why did he go back to ancient Troy, and why is he right now in Helen of Troy's bedroom?" demanded DV. He gestured to the screen in which the time machine's pickup showed a scene of earnest debate.

The stage was identifiably a boudoir, presumably that of the extremely feminine chiton-clad woman who was explaining to the slightly less feminine man in armor - Paris, the Rising Artist had identified him to the others - that the third, an athletic, dark-haired man in the Army surplus fatigues GS affected in the field, had appeared out of thin air and she wasn't to be blamed for his presence.

"He hasn't done anything, after all," RA pointed out. "He'd just got there when you and Dazzy busted in. You really ought to give people time to commit infidelities before you drag their wimmen in to witness their perfidy. I've noticed that your technique inclines to precipitancy."

"Never mind my technique!" snarled the Dastardly Villain. "It worked well enough to fix your clock with Irene."

"Look!" cried Dazzy, forestalling a spirited exchange of insults.

The argument had taken a more serious turn. Paris was spouting a string of abuse as their attention was recalled; GS returned a fannish comment that turned the Trojan's face a beautiful cherry color. The latter reached for his sword. GS averted a nasty scene by tipping Paris' helmet down over his eyes, then hitting him in the throat as he instinctively tilted his head back.

"The scientific method, I suppose," analyzed DV.

RA made a sound of escaping steam. Presently he calmed down enough to declare: "It's an effective method, whatever it is." He pointed to the plate, unnecessarily indicating Helen of Troy as she threw her chiton into the corner. "GS didn't even have to proposition her - he's still tying Paris up with his own sword belt."

GS checked his knots, rose, turned, and surveyed the landscape with appreciation. (Remembering his Spillane, RA remarked: "She's not a natural blonde, after all.") Helen took a step toward him, wriggling seductively

GS's expression turned to one of disgust. He took a step backward, waving her away.

The Dastardly Villain's comment would have made Mickey Spillane blush. He turned on his heel and stamped from the laboratory.

Helen of Troy's comment was, fortunately, unintelligible. She looked about the room, then seized the nearest thing to hand - a pillow - and threw it. Adopting the less valorous part of valor, GS ducked back into the physical pickup of the time machine, emerging into the lab two jumps ahead of a jug of Marcatian wine.

"GS!" cried Dazzy. She threw her arms around him and welcomed him enthusiastically.

"I'll have to go on more of these temponautical trips," said the Great Scientist some little time later, "if they all result in welcome-home parties like this." He raised an eyebrow at the door through which Dazzy had departed to repair her thoroughly wrecked makeup. "Whence the enthusiasm?"

"I suppose you're just loveable," declared RA sourgrapeishly. "Or maybe she was complimented by your turning down Helen of Troy. How did you work that, by the way? I didn't think there was that much will power in the world!"

The Great Scientist looked blank, then, with a wild surmise, turned to the screen. His comment would have shocked a SAPS member.

"Did she see the whole thing?" he demanded. RA nodded affirmation. GS fumed momentarily. Then his face cleared. "What the heck!" he realized. "She didn't know why I was there, did she? And I told Helen to go peddle her papers. Why, everything's all right after all!"

"Oh yeah?" demurred RA. "If anybody who wasn't a queer would turn down the chance to get a piece of that --" his nod indicated the still functioning screen and the still furious Helen -- "I'd like to know how!"

GS smiled serenely. "I tried old man, but I just couldn't. My natural chastity was too strong for me."

"Natural chastity be --!"

Even a FAPA member would have been offended by RA's ejaculation. The aesthete picked up and poised a gallon carboy of distilled water.

"Let's have the real explanation! (I may want a good method myself some day)" he demandigressed.

GS grinned. "It was my natural chastity!" he affirmed. Then, as RA would up for the pitch, he added: " -- and also the state of local chemistry."

"I knew that soap hadn't yet been invented, but I didn't know they didn't have perfume. Of course, my superb will power was the main thing, but another reason I -- uh -- rejected the favors of Helen of Troy was that I couldn't stand her B.O."

philly consommé

by
Bob Briggs

This will not be my usual type of con report. There is no reason to record events day by day. There weren't enough events to bother with. Dead? Arrgh! DEAD!

The list of people who didn't come would make horrid reading. It would be a far longer list than one of those who came. The whole affair was jumbled up and lacked push. It just never seemed to get started.

The Committee gave a party the first night of the Con, in the rose garden on the top floor. The hotel service was poor. They did not have enough tables; they did not have a variety of drinks; the bar service was slow; the cost very high; and the drinks cut. The result; fans milled about with no place to sit or constantly entered and left to see if something was going on.

As for the banquet, people stayed away in hordes. Less fen go every year. Why pay \$5.75 for a \$1.50 dinner just to hear the same people repeat their speeches for the fourth time?

The costume ball simply did not exist. The ball room was cluttered with tables; there was no room to dance to the music - if they had had music to dance to; and the thing was over before it started. A half-hour costume ball! Since the committee could not decide whether to have a ball or not, and only restored it at the last minute, very few people wore costumes.

After the voting, Cleveland was going around saying, "New York throws a sharp knife." They thought Hydra would support them this year.

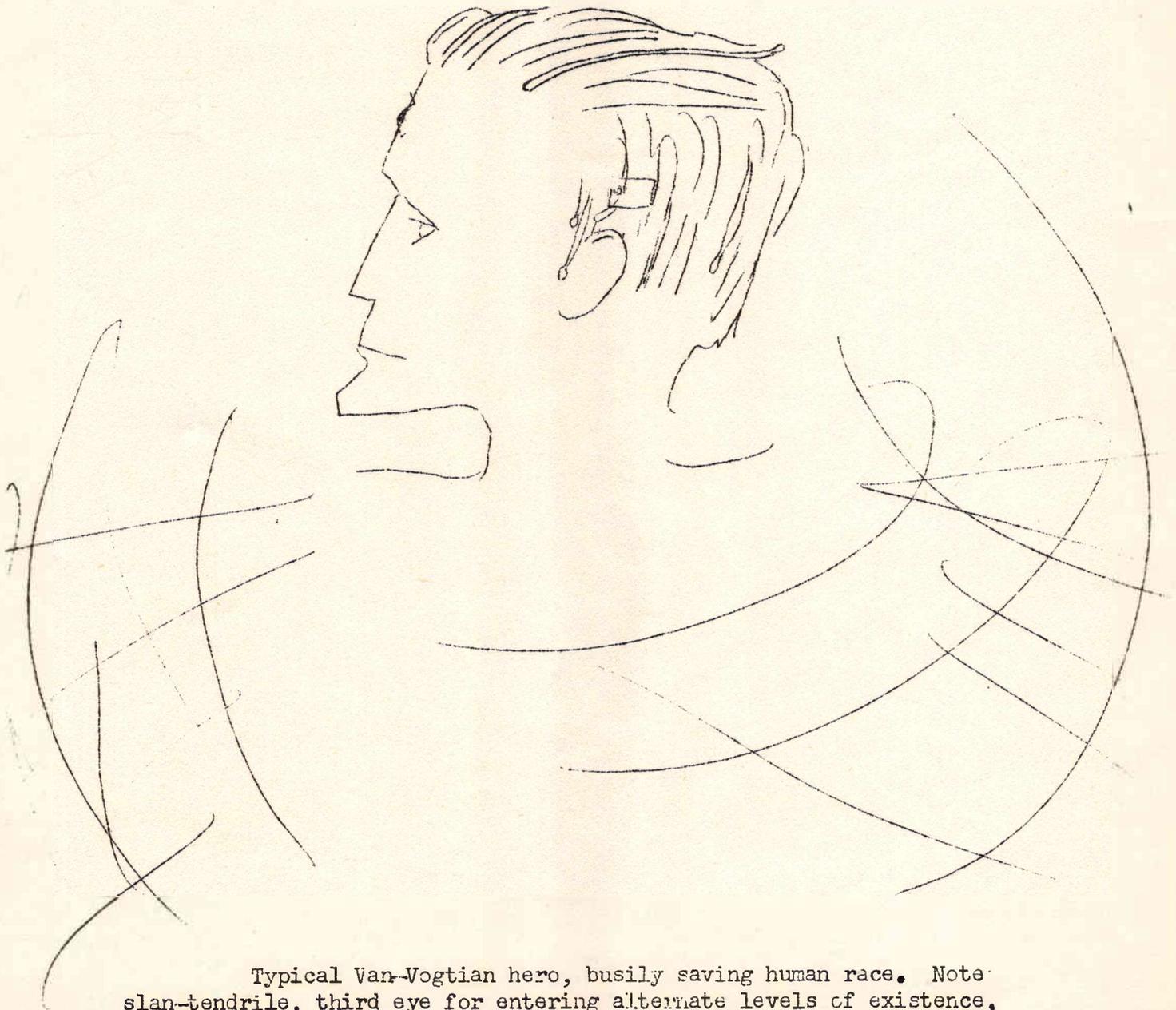
This was the poorest Con I've attended - less interesting than the Chicon or Philcon One. As for New Orleans, the farther off that one becomes, the better it seems.

Seventh Fandom was in full flood. Sixth Fandom was absent in toto. I felt like an anachronism.

In short, I'm sorry I went. It wasn't worth it.

mac arthur returns

9



Typical Van-Vogtian hero, busily saving human race. Note slant-tendrile, third eye for entering alternate levels of existence, and hatches for servicing extra brains. Sub-shoulder blur is arms; reflexes are fantastic.



Clean-cut young American technician engaged in looking modestly superior, in his politically simple, down-to-planetary-mass way, to foreign ideologies.

SF GOSSIP

by Robert McArthur

E.E. Smith's latest, "The Plaid Jenson", will be written in German. Rumor has it that the Doc has felt the need for some searing, ravaging, inconceivably destructive adjectives.

Prior to hard-cover publication, Heinlein's new effort, "The Boy Scouts on Alpha Centauri", will be serialized in "Jack and Jill".

L. Sprague DeCamp has had a nervous breakdown, due to the revelation that his 92nd century hero, Arthur Pendragon, was wearing the wrong brand of chain-mail on page 103. Get well quick, Sprague!

Bradbury has gone over to the Martians.

Fans will be horrified to learn that Edmond Hamilton has been put in charge of the Los Alamos Atomic Research Project. God help us all!

Class of young
Lectures
engaged in looking
necessity especially
in his political
single, some-
plimentary was way
to foreign relations.



THE
MORNING

by Edward Hamilton

Mr. Hamilton's latest, 'The Right to Privacy', will be written in
French, but he has the idea of the book for some time,
having, incidentally, written 'The Right to Privacy'.

But to his former publication, Hamilton's new effort, 'The
Right to Privacy', will be available in 'The Right to Privacy'.

Mr. Hamilton's new book, 'The Right to Privacy', due to the
revelation that his first marriage was, when Hamilton, was writing
the story first in 1913, but left it, 'The Right to Privacy'.

Hamilton has gone over to the States.

Hamilton will be invited to join the Board of Directors
of the American Society for the Study of the History of the
Help us all.

PER-VERSE

GRYPHUS MAGNUS

by

Irene of Sloop

Baby Gryphons are not strong,
And, therefore, do not live too long.
Gryphon moms and pops as well
Think Gryphon stew is something swell.

(Very sad; oh so true.
Gryphons now-a-days are few.)

You must eat and so must I
In order that we do not die.
Gryphons have a bill of fare
Composed of foods both choice and rare.

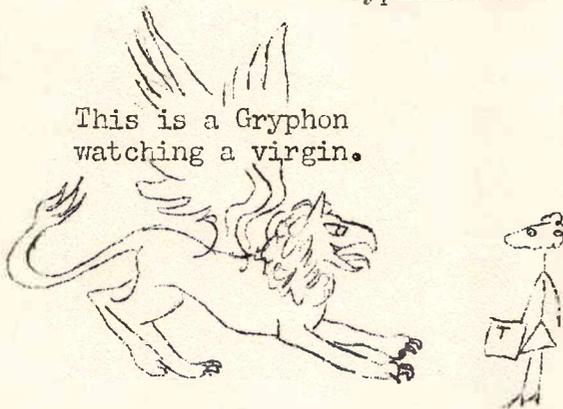
(Very sad; oh so true.
Gryphons now-a-days are few.)

It seems the Gryphon's eating splurgin'
Is done upon a tasty virgin.

(Very sad; oh so true.
Gryphons now-a-days are few.)

* *

This is a Gryphon
watching a virgin.



This is a Gryphon
watching you.



Were you Gryphon food this month?



yes



NO

PER-VERSE

THEY WERE

They were

They were
They were
They were
They were

(They were
(They were)

They were
They were
They were
They were

(They were
(They were)

They were
They were

(They were
(They were)

..

This is a
writing



This is a
writing

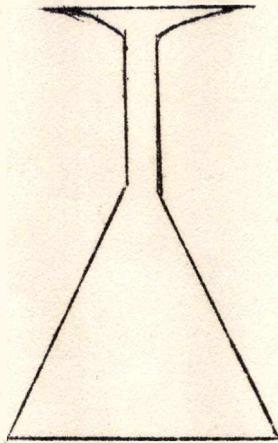


They were
writing



NO

NO



"...And when Thyself with shining
Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd
on the Grass
And in thy joyous Errand reach
the Spot
Where I made one - turn down
an empty Glass!"