

PROFANITY

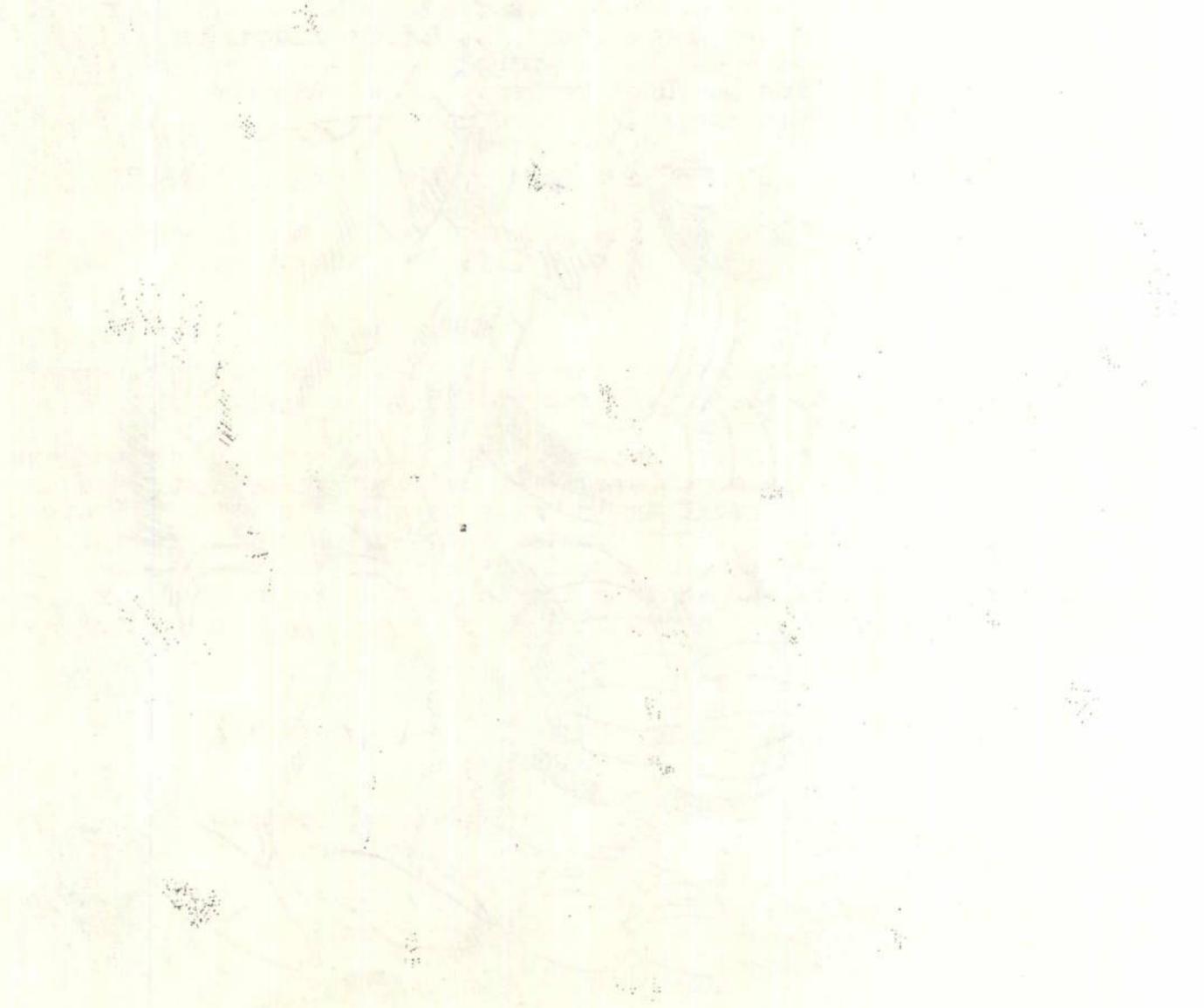
AUGUST 1958

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YMAA-7



Fanzine

Bruce Pelz
4010 Leona Street
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an INCUNEBULOUS PUBLICATION.



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Art[?] Credits [All mangling of art done by the editor hisself]

Dowlings: p. 4 and 24
King: Cover
Pearson: p. 3

The illos on pp. 12 and 13 were stolen from a 1952 comic strip called "So It Seems."

ProfANity is available from ye ed for trade, letter of comment, contributions of material, or (as a last resort) 15 cents each, 2 for 25 cents.

Please note the above address for ProfANity. It is a temporary address, to be used until I settle somewhere after college graduation. Said ceremony being already upon me, I am in haste to complete this ish before I have to uproot myself. I can't promise another ish until perhaps the end of the year. Answers to correspondence will be extremely slow, since mail will have to be forwarded from the Tampa address to wherever I am at the time. This, added to my usual lack of promptness in writing -- be warned.

+++++

More RE-AUTHORED BOOKS -- from a late letter by rich brown

THE COSMIC PUPPETS	by Falascas, Dietzes, Raybin, Kyle
REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE	by Boyd Rayburn
THE MIND CAGE	by Redd Boggs
THE BIG BEAT	by Dave Rike
THE END OF ETERNITY	by Rich Brown

BLESSINGS & CURSES

BILL MEYERS - 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

Well, there was no spectacular cover to save the zine this time, sad to say, and in all the material was not much better than that which appeared in # 1. I suggest you ask around for material and not count solely on unsolicited contributions. Particularly do I emphasize that you'd be doing well to do a better job of editing with the material contributed from in and around the university. I believe when Prof was in the planning stage, it was to be a joint effort by the stf organization there in Gainesville, but as it is so obviously a one-man proposition and judging from the lack of enthusiasm evident both in the zine and in comments on the subject in your letters, you are probably the only fan in the area who cares for the zine. Better artwork, too, would probably be in more abundance if you'd do a little soliciting. [But, Bill -- there are signs all over the girls' dorms: "No Soliciting" ...BEP]

Material-wise, things shape up a little better than they did last time, but repro is more like that which might appear in a first issue. Let's hope you have acquired a more reliable mimeo by now. Let us also pray in solemn sincerity that you have cast your ditto into the nearest sulphuric Florida swamp. [No, I still need it for this ish...BEP]

I don't consider myself much of an authority on mimeography, but I would suggest you try ABDick stencils if you can find them. So far they have given me very good results and certainly no complications similar to yours ensue, in that the illos do not have the clarity of the type, or vice versa. Also, the hasty following up of Buz's suggestion (that of a plastic backing-sheet) might also result in sharper illustrations. [B-but, b-b-but -- I HAVE been using one since the beginning! ...BEP] As for the poor reproduction of the type, I don't quite know what to offer in the way of help. You clean your typer keys before setting to work on an issue, don't you? [Yeah...BEP]

I wouldn't admit Tom Reamy into the Society of Gintlet-Eyed Snobs for merely spotting mistakes in a stf crudfilm. Anyone with even the inkling of intelligence could spot a half-dozen errors in such monstrosities. Sort of like saying, "That sequence about the shark vs. the octopus has been used before." What devastatingly acute observation.

Nice to see a letter from Al Andrews, as well as the promise of a book review column by him. The only trouble with Al is that when he is writing something meant for publication he immediately shuts off the tremendous flow of wit & hilarity that usually pervades his personal correspondence. Get him to review books in his letters to you and then slyly lift the reviews from the letter and print them. A wild column that'd be. ['Tis an idea. How about it, Al? ...BEP]

Elinor Poland doesn't do much for me, I'm afraid. She's probably a fountain-head of fantastic writing talent and all, but serious poetry I can usually do without. [Chacun à son goût...BEP]

-Another Dainis Bisenicks article here, holding true to the pattern of all other material I've read by him. I get the impression he's trying to say something but doesn't quite know what it is.

Reauthored Books is the best part of the zine. Hope you can keep it up.



Like I say, an HPL checklist is always welcome. [INSIDE has published a series of articles by Lin Carter on HPL and his complete stories and books. Have you seen that one?...BEP]

I am amazed that Tap Reklaw finds Lovecraft's style "slow reading." Even the HPL's favorites such as Arthur Machan and Algernon Blackwood produced work in the same Victorian style and yet was easier to read, I find all of Lovecraft's works far smoother in the way his words fall together than any stf authors I can think of. Besides, it's my opinion that his "curious, old-fashioned" style was necessary for the dark Gothic mood he usually tried to convey.

So Prof #2 was not bad, but it's my opinion that a strict bi-monthly schedule is of little importance if you have to use just any piece of moldy machinery lying handy in order to run it off in time. Take a little more pains with the next ish.

VINCENT ROACH -- 3443 South Sadlier Road, Indianapolis 19, Ind.

Cover wasn't bad. If the lines had been more true and a bit bolder, it could have compared with the usual YANDRO cover. The next thing I saw was a very neat bacover and my heart sunk. The competition was beating HAZE. But the inside was a different story.

Page 9 had the best repro altho it wasn't too dark. Page 13 had the best art, but again you needed to strain your eyes. Everyone no doubt will tell you one page was upside down, and that you had almost all filler items and no real meat to the mag. [Everyone else says TWO pages were upside down in Prof 2 -- were you lucky?...BEP] The lettercol was a nice one, but I'm afraid its counterpart in prof # 3 won't be. [You're right -- look what I have to use. Tsk-tsk...BEP] Tough luck on the machines, but you should have done what I'm doing on HAZE 2--- waited til you could do justice to the material. Just one more word on material, the line up in prof 2 is similar to many zines of regular schedule in their infancy. Much filler, but not anything (As I said before) to sink your teeth into. [I can't decide whether you mean I should send caramels with Prof, or whether you think I should publish a more erudite zine. In either case, pfui -- caramels tend to become messy when sent through the mails, and my name is not Boggs...BEP]

ESMOND ADAMS -- 432 Locust St., Huntsville, Alabama

The cover I vaguely like, though repro isn't so fantastic and at first glance it's nothing like as impressive as cover of your firstish. Does the backward "n" denote anything other than a) carelessness/ b) a witty fannish nature? It irritates me every time I look at it. [Well -- uh -- call it 52 per cent b) and 48 per cent a)...BEP]

Naturally your genius work of moving up the lettercol frustrated your poor letterhack friends who first hunt out their letters, as you noted, since they went searching the wrong part of the zine for their handiworks. You're sly, Pelz. You knew you were being evil all the time. Admit it. [Heh-heh-hoh...BEP]

The letters were there in abundance, I shall admit, once one finds them. I didn't find a whole lot of great reading in them, though. I staunchly refuse to complain, though; it wasn't bad, and people who complain about lettercolumns in any manner other than "Make it longer, you fool." give me a pain in the ol you know where. (With particular thots in direction of the CRX.)

Elinor Poland's poetry was better than some I've seen, and worse than some, which is about all I can say. I'm really something less than the world's King-Daddy of poetry critics...

Bisonieks wasn't bad; he makes me nervous all the time writing serious stuff, though. Someday we'll all wake up (perhaps) and there he'll be ruling the world under his sercon thumb, so to confusedly speak. I dis-

[This is indeed PAGE 5]

agree with him in parts. Frinstance, the business of time travel: though it kicks out all the wonderful paradoxes (but even with this idea slinking about, I luf much those Fred Brown epics), I see no other way of looking at time than as a nice straight line of things that happen, then don't no more. If we may overlook the fact that this in itself kicks out time travel, it turns out that since whatever was done in the past, whether by you, a caveman, or anybody else that happoned to wander into the Land of Way Long Ago, was done in the past which you and everybody else is a part of. See? [HELP, Dainis!!! ...BEP]

Well, too, there's the variation of the little green man stepping out of the spaceship and saying "Take me to your restrooms." Damn. I told you that one when you visited, didn't I? Oh, well, my millions of fans may not have heard it before, so this is for them... [Serves them right...BEP]

Not exactly gimlet-eyed, since part of this came from TIME, but in one of the Bardot films a curse which I refuse to put into type was translated as "Ouch." Somebody a few days ago translated it differently for me. [You mean in "Mlle. Pigalle" where Bardot exclaims "Merde!" ...BEP]

"The Psychotic Machine" I find excellent fannish stuff even if I do but only slightly dig poetry.

Reviews I find not especially interesting. Andrews does a good job on getting into the workmanship of fiction, something not too often seen... unfortunately the one book in the batch reviewed which I had read was the one reviewed by that Alien fella. It gets annoying to have to turn the whole zine upside down in the middle of a review, too, ya know.

As for the suggestions you mention, I can only suggest a fanzine review. Prof just looks like not-quite-a-whole-fanzine without it. (Not so much so, natcherly, as the first copy you sent me when it arrived.) [Service, Mr. Adams. Turn to Page 8 for the first installment of fanzine reviews by that most sterling reviewer Mr. Robert Coulson, of YANDRO fame. As to the mangled copies in the mail, about five copies arrived at their destination with only the last two pages remaining, one got lost entirely, and one arrived complete but mauled. From here on, giffs envelopes...BEP]

RICH BROWN -- 127 Roberts St., Pasadena 3, California

Man, like this Prof has l*e*t*t*e*r*s galore. I mean, there's hardly much to comment on -- except letters, that is. Well, I'll do wot I can.

First things first. You ask about stencils. I have had good work (both printing and illos) come from Vellam stencils, which are cheap, easy, and medium to good quality depending on age. For a better cutting writing stencial and a medium to poor on art, Tempo Films are good. Of course, after a while, any kind of stencil will do -- it takes getting used to, but mainly, it takes a firm hand.

Gee, thanks about the all too obvious remark about my spelling. Nine times out of ten they are typo's and the others I don't know how to spell, but at least make an honest try. If it really displeases you that much, just drop me a pc and I'll be glad to stop writing you. [I apologise, rich. I am naturally cynical by nature, and that play on words was too good to pass up. So I do apologise. But on the other hand, if it displeases YOU too much, just drop me a pc and I'll be glad to stop sending you copies of Prof...BEP][[See --- told you I was cynical...BEP]]

Liked your reply to that Kimball character, too. If nothing else shows promise, I'll take a note of hope from that.

The ditto certainly does look nice, tho of course, appearance isn't everything.

You're getting a few better illustrations -- like the one on 13 by Richardson. And I agree, you did an excellent [job, I suppose...BEP] of butchoring an otherwise good illustration.

Elinor Poland's poems are ok -- but so many?

I had Toil and Trouble reading "Toil And Trouble" and had to give it up approximately half-way down p. 15. Like, man, saturate that thing with ink -- don't be chincy with ink like me. I know you can do better than this, if you just half try.

REAUTHORED BOOKS is the best thing in Prof (as far as I can see/read.)

The Bibliography of Kornbluth's works was much enjoyed, also.

TSOG-ESVIM -- almost enjoyable. I have something, too...

"SAYONARA": When Major Grueber is hiding behind a tree to watch Aniogi (sp?) Damn. I went off and left this, and now I forget. Damn again. [ATTENTION ALL GIMLET-EYE SNOBS: Help! I didn't see "SAYONARA" so I don't know what rich is talking about. Is there a factual goof in that part of the film? Help! ...BEP]

The book reviews were good too -- what I could read of them, and I don't mean just the poor reproduction -- I'm not sure, but I think I missed a couple of pages.

Anyway, I enjoy reading what I can of Prof -- I'm looking forward to about issue number 6, where you should start hitting your stride and be putting out an enjoyable fanzine, both materially and reproduction wise. [I think your estimate of number 6 is a good one, though I'll try to speed the process a little...BEP]

ROBERT BRINEY -- Apt. 4B, 165 E. 49th St., New York 17, New York

The main item of interest is of course the Kornbluth biblio. I know it isn't complete, since according to Pohl the total of K's published books is upwards of 20, and some of the books have never been published in this country. The only title I know of is VALERIE; don't know the by-line, publisher, or any other info. As far as magazine sf goes, the only title I find missing from the biblio is: SEA-CHANGE, by Cyril Judd -- Dynamic, March 1953. Other than that, no additions.

Oh, you also missed the magazine version of NOT THIS AUGUST, which I believe appeared at least partially before the hard-cover edition: it was a 2-part serial in Maclean's (Canada) in May, June 1955.

One further Kornbluth item; sometime late this year, Advent Publishers will issue a volume of critical essays on science fiction. Edited by Basil Davenport, with essays by Kornbluth, Bester, Heinlein, Bloch, and Tucker.

As to future biblios, I hope you will stick to authors who have not yet received the biblio treatment (at least recently). The "Author, Author" department of the old (and much-lamented) Fanscient covered many of the "big names," and Destiny carried on the tradition for several issues. So authors like Doc Smith, vanVogt, Leigh Brackett, Ed Hamilton, Heinlein, Leiber, Walter M. Miller, Jr., Frank Robinson, Bradbury, Leinster, George O. Smith, etc., do not need the biblio treatment as much as some others. And of the "old masters," the one in least need of a biblio is old HPL. An exhaustive biblio was published a couple of years ago as part of the Lovecraft Collector's Library, and this is evidently being reprinted by Arkham House in their next Lovecraft omnibus, out next year.

Book reviews: sad to see 'Tap Reklaw' get the axe, but I must admit that it gets tiresome having to read over and over the same lament: sf has gone to the dogs, let's go back to fantasy. (Sort of a literary back-to-nature movement?) Besides, I do not agree with the dictum that sf has gone to the dogs. There is quite a respectable amount of good stuff being published. Much of the original lustre is dimmed, and the really effective "show-stoppers" (to borrow an idiom from the theater) are fewer and farther between. But I don't feel that any real lament is in order. At least not just yet. A field which can produce UNDER PRESSURE, the Blish books, the Clarke novels, SOLAR LOTTERY, WHO?, Brian Aldiss short stories--is not ready for a funeral yet. [Agreed! ..,BEP]

DARK AS A DUNGEON

by Robert Coulson

Yes, out of the murky depths of fandom comes another fanzine review column. This first column will be devoted primarily to the "generalzines"; fanzines of special interest will be listed later. My rating system runs from 1 (low) to 10 (high). Any rating from 4 to 6 is considered more or less "average". And now on to the reviewing.

THE BEST OF FANDOM - 1957 (Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - annual - 35¢) This is by far the best buy of the current crop. 27 fan-editors chose the single item they considered the best they had published in 1957, Robert Bloch added an introduction, Terwilleger provided beautiful reproduction, and the result is 97 pages of good reading. You may not agree with all the editorial choices, but whether it is the "best" or not, everything in here is good. A real bargain.
Rating.....10

THE VINEGAR WORM #3 (Bob Leman, 2701 So.-Vine St., Denver 10, Colorado - irregular - free for comment, but don't be a cheapskate, send in 15¢ for the first issue) When Leman produced the first issue of this fanzine, very few people in fandom had ever heard of him. A few months later, he is well on his way to BNF status. THE VINEGAR WORM contains some of the best and most original humor in fandom. This issue contains material by Ron Smith and Bob Bloch, but the major interest, as always, is the writing of the editor. Get it.
Rating.....9

VAMPIRE TRADER #5 (Stony Brook Barnes, Rt. 1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon - monthly - 10¢ or 3 for 30¢) This is primarily for the collector. Ad rates are low (contact the editor for exact prices) and ads are many and varied. This issue also contains a so-called story by Rhoda Jones, which is so much waste space. Not rated, due to its special interest.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #117 (Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢, 5 for \$1, or 12 for \$2) A fat mag -- this ish has only 38 pages, but other recent ones have averaged closer to 50. Photo-cover this time, with pics of John Berry, Joe Sanders, Bruce Pelz, Stony Barnes, Jim Moran, Dainis Bisenieks, Esmond Adams, Larry Stone, Les Gerber, Rich Brown, and Peter F. Skeberdis. With the exception of Berry, a catalog of young fandom. There are always two excellent reasons for getting CRY: Ren-frew Pemberton's magazine review column and Wally Weber's hilarious minutes of what purport to be meetings of the Nameless Ones. Pemberton is undoubtedly the best critic now active in fandom. There are also some good articles, and the previous reliance on bad fiction is gradually losing out. There is even some good fiction. All in all, CRY is a well-balanced mag, well worth getting.
Rating.....7

GEMZINE #4/19 (G. M. Carr, 5319 Ballard, Seattle 7, Washington - quarterly - no price listed, send at least 20¢) Fandom's one-woman debating team is always interesting. I seldom agree with her, but her opinions have considerably more reasoning behind them than do those of most fans. And the arguments they engender are that much more interesting.
Rating.....8

QUIRK No. 2 (Larry Ginn, Route 2, Box 81, Choudrant, Louisiana - co-editor, Johnny Holliman - irregular - 10¢) A fanzine which has improved steadily, particularly as regards reproduction. A good example of what can be done with a ditto. 39 pages this time, with some beautiful illos by Adkins and Gilbert. At the moment, the material is not quite up to the standards of reproduction, but it's been improving, also. In this issue, Robert Shea goes van Vogt one better on the subject of illiterates building spaceships. Not very convincing. Joe Sanders does somewhat better with his fiction, but it's still somewhat muddled. Bill Pearson and John Berry contribute entertaining articles, Alan Dodd contributes a column of film reviews and other chatter, and Joe Sanders and Dainis Bisenieks contribute some readable poetry. Then I have an article on sti in the general fiction magazines, John Mussells attacks advertising, Lee Edwards describes Elvis Presley, and there are the usual editorial and lettercolumn. Worth getting for Pearson, Berry, the editorial, letters, and the illustrations. Rating.....5

JOE-JIM No. 1 (Jim O'Meara, 1223 W. 97th Place, Chicago 43, Illinois - irregular - 15¢ or 2 for 25¢ - co-editor, Joe Sarno) For a first issue, a truly outstanding effort. Good reproduction; good material. Bob Bloch does another bit on horror movies.....Someone should collect all of these items sometime. After editing out the duplication, they would make much better reading than Ackerman's recent effort. Jerry DeMuth attacks Academy Award winning songs, Tom Scortia presents some very good fiction, Earl Kemp has some moderately good fiction, W. C. Ball tells you how to publish a fanzine -- nice reading, but if you took his advice, publishing would be all work and no fun. Sid Coleman does a nice job of book reviewing, and then there are the poems. "Poor Stef Is Dead," by damon knight (which has been lying in someone's manuscript file since the Clevention) is alone worth the price of the fanzine. There are also a couple of other poems, but you won't miss anything if you don't read them. Hard to predict where this zine will go, but it's made a nice start. Rating.....6

PAUCITY No. 2 (Larry Stone, 891 Lee St., White Rock, B.C., Canada - quarterly - 2 for 25¢, 4 for 50¢, 8 for \$1) Somewhere in this issue, Larry says that he is interested strictly in humor, preferably parody. (He probably said satire, but he's using parody.) He's done rather well for himself in the first two issues; personally I liked No. 1 better than No. 2, but this second one has its moments. About the only serious features are reviews of MAD and HUIBUG. Most of the material is by the editor, and Stone is one of the best fan humorists to appear recently. (Not in a class with Bob Leman, maybe, but then, who is?) Rating.....5

MUZZY No. 18 (Claude Hall, 2214 San Antonio, Austin 5, Texas - irregular - 15¢) Heavy on fiction this time, with a somewhat pornographic loadoff story by Bill Pearson. Least you could've done, Clod, was let Bill illustrate it. Other stories by George Seithers, Bobby Warner and Don Whiteman. None outstanding, none absolutely unreadable. Nice reproduction. Rating.....5

JD No. 28 (Lynn Hickman, 304 No. 11th St., Mt. Vernon, Illinois - irregular - 20¢) Pretty thin for the price -- 10 pages, to be exact, plus a nice Adkins cover. Most of it is taken up with the second installment of Bob Madle's Loncon report. (At least, I think I recall reading a first installment of the thing somewhere...to be on the safe side, if you ask for this issue, better get No. 27, too.) There is also a long, rambling column by Dainis Bisenieks, on books. Dainis must read books the same way Juanita does -- I've never had a pb that failed to survive more than one reading, and I have some that have been read 5 or 6 times and still look brand new. Rating.....4

MISC. No. 2 (Andrew Joel Reiss, 741 Westminister Road, Brooklyn 30, New York - no price or schedule that I could find) Oh, there it is! Free for the moment, but after he builds up some circulation he's going to start charging. Sneaky. Reiss announces ~~that he's~~ going to put out some other fanzines; from the looks of this, he'd better concentrate on putting out one. Some good illustrations, some poor material. Even Bill Pearson failed to produce a good article, this time. Rather thin, but then, it is free -- and the reproduction is at least readable, which is a saving grace. Rating.....3

BRILLIG No. 12 (Lars Bourne, 2435 1/2 Portland St., Eugene, Oregon - irregular but generally quarterly - 15¢ or a year for 60¢) Actually, Lars is moving out of the fanzine field and into the "little magazine" category, as far as his material goes. This issue features a long story by Curtis Zahn. It concerns a lieutenant in an army of occupation; his thoughts, his emotions, his concept of human dignity. The story has something to say about life, and humanity, but I'm not sure what it says because I didn't finish it. Lars experiments with various writing styles in his editorial. Don Stuefloten contributes another incident, Jean Young has a poem, and Dick Geis exposes t-v repairism. If you're the sort of fan who is interested in Modern Writing, and Self-Expression, and like that, then BRILLIG is definitely the fanzine for you. I'm not interested in it, so while I wish Lars good luck, I won't give him a good review. Think I'll class this as a special interest zine and not rate it.

OMNIVORE No. 2 (Bob Ross, 955 E. Walnut St., Frankfort, Indiana - irregular - 15¢ or 4 for 60¢ - co-editors, Ken Finkle and Jim Tunis) I hate to give a fellow Hoosier a bad review, but I just can't recommend OMNIVORE, except possibly to the more serious segments of the NSF. Reproduction is poor, due, so I'm told, to having the zine run off at college. (You'd think an institution the size of Purdue University would be able to find someone capable of operating a mimeo, wouldn't you? It apparently can't, though.) There is an alleged story, doubtless check-full of symbolism, by Ron Voigt. There is an article on "Extrapolation, Prophecy, and Utopianism in Science Fiction," by Prof. Walter Hirsch. This is a quite interesting idea...statistical analysis of sci...but somehow the presentation manages to kill it. I suppose Hirsch can't help sounding like a college professor, since he is one, but I can't help but wish he'd turned his factual report over to someone like Renfrew Pemberton to write. Voigt returns with a good blast at America's treatment of scientists. Ken Finkle reviews sf-nags in one column, and "classics" (Dostoevsky, this time) in another, while Jim Tunis takes up sci books. The column on Dostoevsky is by far the best of the three. Then there is a parody titled "Rocket Snake" which is funny in spots, but not consistently. This one for serious fans only. Rating.....3

VARIOSO No. 16 (John Magnus, 6 S. Franklinton Rd., Baltimore 23, Maryland - irregular - 25¢ or 6 for \$1) Nice reproduction; too bad there aren't some illos besides Dave English squiggles to take advantage of it. Main article is by Harlan Ellison, on how to publish a fanzine. Must say that Harlan writes a much more entertaining article than Ball's in JOE-JIM; stripped of its Harlanisms (such as "you must offer them /the readers/ aphrodisia in so many guises, they will be stunned each time your periodical hits their mailboxes. Ideas must fly like storm clouds across the horizon of your magazine.") it also makes mere sense. There are quite good ideas in with the bombast. Ted White makes a plea for more new ideas -- and fresh exploitations of old ideas -- in sci. There is an editorial, poetry by Race Matthews and Samuel Johnson, and a long letter column. Rating.....4

PICK No. 13 (Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England - irregular - 15¢ or 4 for 50¢ - US agent, Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland) One of the better English fanzines, though it seems to have slipped a trifle this issue. Virtual retirement of Bill Harry and Eddie Jones as fan illustrators is one reason.... Don Allen just isn't as good. Also, the mag is mostly letters this time, and neither Sid Birchby's faaaan-fiction nor Sandy Sanderson's column do much to raise the standards. Sanderson's occasional spots of humor fail to make up for his long outbreaks of viciousness. Admittedly, he has some cause for complaint this time; practical joking can be carried much too far, and a swift kick in the rear would do more good. Letters are mostly concerned with Sanderson's last column, in which he attacked Eric Bentcliffe.

Rating.....7

APORRHETA No. 1 (H. F. Sanderson, 7 Inchmery Rd., Catford, London E.E. 6, England - irregular - no price listed) This is, according to the editor, "an apu-oriented general fanzine." Sanderson shows a remarkable lack of logic; after announcing that he doesn't intend to cater to new fans he asks that reviewers not mention this.... "it will be pointless for a comment to be made that Ap⁵ doesn't cater for this or that or isn't like a normal fanzine." Offhand, I should think that this was the point; after all, you don't want a bunch of neofans asking for copies because they think you're putting out something like YANDRO, do you? There is a general-type column by Joy Clarke, and another column by "Penelope Fandergaste," who exhibits a lack of logic equal to Sanderson's; the pseudonym is used, we are told, because "I have in the past contributed to another fanzine and I should like to attempt something a little different from that which one or two fans might expect from me. Under my own name this would not be wholly possible." I have heard some weak excuses in my time, but this is one of the weakest. The bulk of the magazine consists of Sanderson outbursts. Nine pages are devoted to the WSFS thing; Sanderson's opinion being that Dave Kyle is unworthy of being a fan, Belle and Frank Dietz are close to Godhead, and the Falascons are nasty little people. Another three pages are devoted to one "Yngvi", who had the temerity to play a practical joke on H.F., by sending in his name to various organizations requesting advertising, books, etc. Not, undoubtedly (providing Sanderson is telling the exact truth) the joke did go too far. But H.F.'s comments dwell very little on this aspect; his most vitriolic abuse stems from the fact that someone had the audacity to play a joke on him, at all. And it is rather interesting to note that every time H.F. attacks someone, one of his first gambits is to cast aspersions on the victim's sexual normality. This, mind you, from the originator of "Joan Carr"; the greatest female impersonator in fandom! APORRHETA is somewhat revolting in spots.

Rating.....2

KIWIFAN, April '58 (Roger Horrocks, 13 Hazelmore Rd., Auckland SW 2, New Zealand - no schedule listed - 20¢) So it's an old issue... mails are slow from New Zealand to here. Beautiful cover... some sort of stencilling process, I suppose. Gold raised print. Contents are mostly news; Barbara Lex has a column on US fandom, Alan Dodd covers a little of everything, Len Moffatt writes on the Solacon, and Horrocks covers the "down under" scene. Then there are editorials by Horrocks and Bruce Burn, and a letter column. Quite an interesting zine, and if the news is a bit late by the time it arrives.... well, where else do you get Australian and New Zealand news at all?

Rating.....5

SIGMA OCTANTIS (John Mussella, 4 Curve St., Wakefield, Mass. - no schedule listed - 15¢, 2 for 25¢, 8 for \$1) This has been long noted as the leading exponent of fan fiction; the excellence of its fiction is only equalled by the crudeness of its articles. As usual, this issue contains good stories, a good column by Frank A. Kerr, and a horribly inept attempt at a humorous article by Al Andrews. 54 pages; a lot for your money.

Rating.....5

TRIODE No. 14 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England - quarterly - 20¢ or 6 for \$1 - co-editor, Terry Jeeves, US agent, Dale R. Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minnesota) England abounds in well-reproduced fanzines which are oriented entirely towards fandom, particularly the dozen or so individuals composing English fandom. This is one of them -- it takes awhile to get acquainted with all the local references, but once you do you have the feeling that you've known everyone mentioned in the zine for years. (Come to think of it, by that time, you have.) TRIODE is also the home of one of fandom's best satires, "Beloved Is Our Destiny."

RETRIBUTION No. 10 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland - irregular - 15¢ - co-editor Arthur Thomson) This is the second Annish, and appropriately fat; 50 pages, no less. For those who haven't encountered it yet, RET is concerned entirely with the doings of the Goon Defective Agency. This issue features 7 stories, by editor Berry, Joe Sanders, F.M. Busby ("a Northwest Pemberton novicelette"), Chick Derry, Terry Jeeves, and Thomson. (Berry has 2 items, in case you're wondering why the number of authors doesn't match the number of stories.) In addition, there is an Ogden Nash-type poem by Roberta Wild, and fanzine reviews by Ethel Lindsay. Personally, I liked the Sanders story best, but they're all good; surprisingly good, considering the restrictions on the type of material used. Thomson does most of the illustrations; I've never been much of a devotee of AFem illos, but they somehow seem right for the Goon. Not only is this one of fandom's best humorzines, but it is one of the few fanzines around which could be understood (except for the references to fandom) by someone who knew nothing about fandom or stf.

Rating.....8

FRINGE No. 1 (Mal Ashworth, 40 Makin St., Tong St., Bradford 4, Yorks, England - this is an address? - irregular - free) This is published primarily for FAPA; don't know if someone not a FAPA member and not on the waiting list can get it or not. Aside from the mailing comments which won't mean much to you (if they do mean anything it's because you're in FAPA and are already getting the mag and what are you reading this for?), there are six pages of the excellent Ashworth humor.

Rating.....5

MIMSY No. 2 (Steve Tolliver, 733 N. Findlay, Montebello, California - irregular - 15¢ - co-editor Bjo Wells) First item of interest is what is possibly the most beautiful fanzine cover I've seen this year -- and I see almost as many fanzines as Bloch does. The contents are about what you would expect from a couple of fans who are having a lot of fun putting the thing out. Some of the material is as funny after it is on paper as it was while being written, and some of it isn't. The comic strip definitely isn't but the "Notes on a Conversation" are... sounded like a lot of enjoyable conversations I've participated in. "I Was A Canvasser For.....Kols? Rols? Vols?-something like that, anyway - is quite good. And there is definitely the most entertaining table of contents I've seen in a good long time.

Rating.....5

The nightmare
1958 B.C.



The nightmare
1958 A.D.

THRICE IN A BLUE MOON (Dave Cohen, 32 Larch St., Hightown, Manchester 8, Lancs., England - irregular - no price...try 15p) The question seems to be: after "Once," "Twice," and "Thrice," what are they going to do for a title next time? "Quatrics" maybe? Somehow, I always have a hard time reading this magazine, and I don't know why. The material is good enough; quite as good as most of the fanzines I receive. I enjoy it when I do read it, but somehow it doesn't impel me to start reading as soon as it arrives. In fact, I seldom read it until starting a review, which undoubtedly makes for hasty and inaccurate reviewing. However...the material is well balanced; a serious article by Ken Slater, a rather dated article on Bridey Murphy (the author obviously hadn't read the official exposé of the case, wherein "Bridey" was found to be an old friend of the Simmons family), Jack Wilson pens an article in a humorous style that I can't enjoy unless I have plenty of time to read - a rare occurrence nowadays, and there is a variety of other material. 36 pages, well reproduced. Rating.....5

Twig No. 9 (Guy E. Terwilliger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - irregular - 2 for 25p) Fascinating article - or possibly fiction - about Arthur Thomson by John Berry, short item by John Trimble which was entertaining without saying anything at all, and a story by Gary Deindorfer which wasn't bad except for the impression I had of having read it somewhere before. And lots of letters; the letter column is one of the mainstays of TWIG. Rating.....5

SEXY VENUS No. 4 (Bo Stenfors, Bylgjavägen 3, Djursholm, Sweden - quarterly - free) As this is entirely in Swedish, the only item of interest to US fans is the artwork. But boy, what artwork! This time, Stenfors and Jim Cawthorne do most of the work....anyone who thinks Rotsler can draw sexy females should look at this mag. If he still thinks so, he should go see a doctor. Not rated, because I couldn't read it, but I recommend it highly.

Somewhere in here, some bright fan who reads both ProFANity and YANDRO will have noticed that while the same fanzines are rated in both mags, the ratings aren't always the same. I have an explanation, however...the difference in ratings comes from the fact that I re-read all the mags before reviewing them here, and.....

[Note from Yo Olde Editor: Just for the sake of comparison, editors of the zines reviewed above are hereby informed that ProFANity No. 2, reviewed in YANDRO, came out with a rating of 3, due to lousy repro. Maybe this time I can do better. MAYBE, that is...BEP]

The Nightmare
1658 A.D.



The Nightmare
1958 A.D.



DODDMENTS

In a recent column in PLOY I mentioned an amusing and ingenious American robot which actually exists, namely the Singing Trash Can. So this time I'd like to examine its English counterpart which doesn't collect trash but measures water.

This robot is known as a telytone and has no relationship whatsoever with that fine old British tradition of the "Telly." Telytone is quite an expensive robot and consequently has suitable protective items for its comfort. It owns its own little brick hut by the side of the rivier where it contentedly dangles its float in the water like a small boy paddling his toes.

Not only does he have his own house complete with a door and roof but he also has a private telephone line for people to ring him and for him to ring them. Those with the key can also telephone from his home providing they manage to escape in one piece without falling down the well through which he dangles his float.

He has a telephone number - but you won't find it in the book. Even most telephone operators have never heard of him. In fact, on demanding his number and ringing it the operator is frequently wont to tell the caller that the phone is out of order and "keeps making a funny noise."

Of course it makes a funny noise - but that's the way it happens to speak. Of course, not all can understand its funny accent which is to the average person much the same as an English accent is to people in the Mid West who don't understand The Way English People Speak. A ring on this line and a high pitched rude-sounding voice stridently remarks - "Beep-beep-beep - burp,burp,burp."

After banging his phone up and down the unsuspecting agonised caller wonders "Wotinthehell." Message continues "Beep-beep-beep - burp,burp,burp." A message which twists the caller into trancedly looking into the carpiece of his phone in utter amazement. Again the message comes through with just a pause to enable the caller to get in a "Now, look here miss," and then it cuts off altogether. No sound at all. None save that of the frustrated caller banging his frustrated head against the wall.

Telytone has finished his message. He has repeated it three times in case you were too dense to get it the first time. If you didn't take it down then it's YOUR fault.

He doesn't seem to care either. After all why did you ring him up if you didn't know the code his vocal chords make him transmit in.

Three feet three inches high the water stands at his hut. Beep-beep-beep, burp,burp,burp. Repeated three times by a lonely little piece of machinery who sits out on the river like a lone angler night after night, all kinds of weather.

He provides the check against the water getting too high but does not necessarily have to rely on other people to phone him up. He can phone other people up too with a secondary vocal box. Ring his number

any time of the day. He'll tell you when the water in his part of the countryside is two feet high, three feet high, four feet high, five feet high but after that.....

When the water reaches six feet high - he rings up the police. Literally because he has a direct line there. No sooner has the perplexed and doubtless moustached Police Sergeant placed the receiver to his ear than a torrent of clearly spaced words comes pouring through.

"Police Station, Police Station. This is the River Slosh at Water Hall. Fluvial Flood Alarm Urgent. Please send immediately the following priority telegrams to those concerned on your list. The River Slosh has now reached flood alert level."

Then the telytone rings off.

But just in case the harassed sergeant has not believed him he still continues to ring him up every time the water rises a foot.

Seven feet.

"Police Station, Police Station. This is the River Slosh at Water Hall. Fluvial Flood....."

Sergeant: "I know, I heard..."

Eight feet high the water.

"Police Station, Police Station. This is the River Slosh at....."

Sergeant: "Once is onuff, I heard..."

Nine feet high the water.

(A trifle impatiently this time.) "Police Station, Police Station.."

Sergeant: "Listen you mechanical....."

Ten feet high the water.

"Police Station, Police Station. This is the....."

Sergeant (Pretending disinterest): "Wot was that again sir?"

Eleven feet high the water.

"POLICE STATION, POLICE STATION....."

Sergeant: "And your name sir?"

Twelve feet high the water.

Final message from the telytone robot:

"HELP, HELP! I'M DROWNING!"

And all they ever found of him was the float.

Still dangling down his well.

*** **

In an issue of TRIODE a while ago there appeared a number of genuine fanzine reviews in between which was sandwiched a fake fanzine review, one that attributed in glowing terms, to Ron Bennett, editor of PLOY, a brand new fanzine, for which it urged all unsuspecting readers to write to Ron for a free copy.

Which naturally they did.

This was counterployed by Bennett of course with letters saying how sorry he was but he had run out of copies at the moment. He had run out of copies of a non-existent fanzine.

Eric Bentcliffe was presumably responsible for the original fake review - a state of affairs which has actually made me convinced there are no such things as new fanzines until I see them. Working on the old American principle of "You gotta show me - I'm from Missouri."

I did wonder though, recently, now that most people have forgotten this original fake review, whether it might be repeated to advantage. In TAKE-OFF I reviewed somewhere in the region of forty different fanzines of all kinds - an ideal forest for hiding a fake leaf. After all, there were so many new zines opening up and so many little known items that there must be many genuine fanzines there that people had never heard of. The fake review sandwiched in between would have been lost and the ideal bait for those happy individuals who write to ask for every fanzine they see listed in every review column, the type without which fandom would be so empty.

The address of this fake fanzine would have been foreign of course since most people are only too willing to believe "Well, it could happen there" - so I chose the U.S. in this instance since anything can and does frequently happen in U.S. fandom. But to the review:

GALAPAGOS: Edited and produced irregularly by Lloyd Emler, Box 302, State Penitentiary, Huntsville, Texas. 15¢ a copy - trade.

Lloyd, I hasten to mention, is not one of the inmates of the above institution, but merely works there as a guard and receives most of his mail at that address. He did list another address but it doesn't seem to be on this particular issue I have on hand. GALAPAGOS is now in its third issue and is mostly mimeod on the office minco with a printed cover produced in the prison print shop. Much of the material is rather on the serious and constructive side as more befitting the reader of science fiction rather than the fan. There is little of the big name fan in GALAPAGOS as most of the contributors are names new to fandom. Lloyd makes no mention of just who his contributors really are but it is possible I suppose that they might be inhabitants of the above named institution, possibly some obscure prison rule forbids Lloyd's mentioning the fact. This is different entirely from the usual run of Texas fanzines so why not drop Lloyd a line and I'm sure he'd be only too pleased to hear from you. Recommended.

But I never did print it.

I was afraid someone might really write that letter.

Because the Texas State Prison actually does exist at Huntsville and I've no wish to add another to its inhabitants.

Did you know that Arcus whilst hunting pursued and killed by mistake his mother Callisto who had been transformed by Jupiter into a bear. On his death he, with his mother, was transferred to the heavens; Arcus becoming the star Arcturus and his mother Ursa Major (The Great Bear).

But of course you knew this already didn't you? You didn't? Well, if you didn't you either don't a) Drink tea, b) Use matches, c) Eat chocolate. Because this is where you find all the true scientific information these days. On the back of matches you get "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust - if atoms don't get you hydrogen must." On Brooke Bond's PG Tips came the series of cards entitled "OUT INTO SPACE" (approved by A. Hunter, Sec. Royal Astronomical Society naturally) but my favourite is undoubtedly the Nestles Milk Chocolate opus above - and I opus how you liked it.

And then there was a guinea pig who lost his temper and started experimenting on human beings - but that's another column.

-- Alan Dodd

~~~~~

"Don't you know that half the Americans traveling in Europe today are over here to avoid arrest and investigations?"

-- Herbert Blossom, THE RED MILL (1906)

~~~~~

Department of "Never Mind the Why and Wherefore"

In a recent article in CRY OF THE NAMELESS, Dainis Bisenicks pointed up the lack of necessity of a faned using a "Why you are getting this" checklist, saying that the recipient knew very well whether he was a subber or contributor, and if not, he should know that the ed wanted either comment or trade, or perhaps review -- or some combination. Now, this may well be, but it would seem from my point of view that there are a great number of those who receive issues for these last few reasons who do not realize that that is why they receive them. Or else they don't give a damn about receiving them at all. At any rate, something is needed to clear the air and establish something one way or the other. I'll try a checklist:

This issue of ProFANity has arrived because:

- | | | |
|--|--------------------|---|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> you are a subber | I would appreciate | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> you are a contributor | | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> comment |
| <input type="checkbox"/> you trade | | <input type="checkbox"/> trade |
| <input type="checkbox"/> you review | | <input type="checkbox"/> review |
| <input type="checkbox"/> you are a case | | <input type="checkbox"/> contribution of |
| <input type="checkbox"/> special case | | material |

So --- does that help clear things up?
Or not?

ECOLOGICAL NICHE

a short story by

Dainis Bisenieks

The moon car from U S Lunar Station One came to a gradual stop in a narrow valley. A steep-walled gleaming mountain face towered on one side, providing the only illumination at this time of the lunar day.

The airlock on the car cycled, releasing a momentary puff of vapor, and a man stepped out. It cycled again, and another one followed him. They were dressed in brightly colored moonsuits, but in the shadow of the valley the colors looked bright only in comparison with the dark brown and gray rocks around them. From the lighted interior a third man looked out at them. He lifted a microphone and spoke.

"All right, this looks like a good spot to get specimens. There must have been a frightful upheaval here once - that mountain face is about two miles high. Portnoy, you go ahead and pick up any likely-looking mineral specimens you see. Schneider, you might try climbing a short way up that mountain face to your right."

The two proceeded to carry out orders, while Taylor, the man in the car, aimed a spectroscope at the face of the mountain above him. Electronic gadgetry analysed the reflected rays, giving a quick index of the mineral content of the rock. Each reading was accompanied by a photographic record of the area analysed.

He had been at the job about seven minutes when a voice sounded in the radio speaker. "This is Portnoy. I've found something really odd here. There are tiny particles on the face of this rock, and they seem to be moving. One moment, I'll get the magnifying glass... Hey! They're alive! Come a-running!"

"Wait!" snapped Taylor. "Schneider, don't bother about any more samples, but return to the car quickly. Portnoy, mark that spot carefully and bring a specimen. We'll return to base at once."

Portnoy did as ordered and returned to the car in a series of long, low leaps. He deposited his specimens in the boxes outside the auxiliary airlock and scrambled inside. Then they had to wait several minutes for Schneider, who was making his way carefully down the mountainside. As soon as he got inside, Taylor turned the car around and sped back along his tracks toward the station. If there had been a speed limit, he would have broken it.

They braked to a stop right in the groove and had the car sealed to the entrance in an instant. The doors opened, and the three men scrambled through. Though they had sent no message, the haste of their arrival had been noticed, and the rest of the station crew were waiting by the entrance.

"Sir," gasped Portnoy to the commander, "I have found a form of life on the moon! I was gathering mineral specimens as ordered when I noticed little moving dots on one of the rocks..."

"Good. Where have you got the specimens?"

"Outside the car, of course, sir."

"Skoderis, you take your equipment outside and look them over. No

THE SOLACON -- UP A TREE -- 0!

Moffatt

I am so glad
That I have had
This excellent chance
To help advance
The SOLACON
By working on
The Committee
As its Secretaries!
It's been quite tough
With suits and stuff
And other guff
To make it rough,
To make it rough.
But now,
I'll vow,
Despite the row --
This Worldcon here,
When set in gear
With one loud cheer
And a lot of cheer,
In future year
Will have no peer,
Will have no peer,
Will have no peer.

Sherry

My brain it teems
With endless schemes
Both good and nu
Of fannish hue,
Of fannish hue,
And I suppose
Everyone noes
That slogan fine
Was ury mine.
I oxide "South Gate
In Fifty-eight"
From concept date
To final fate.
And so,
Altho,
It's plesent to know
The SOLACON
Is founded on
A slogan pawn
I helped to spawn,
When South Gate has gone,
It will live on,
It will live on,
It will live on.

Bennett

I heard one day
An actifan say
That candidates who
The TAFF would woo
Should always be
Trufen (like ho)
Or else they're not,
they're not
The best of the lot.
This may be true,
But what can you do --
There are so few
Trufen in the view.
But here
This year
It's very clear
The L A band
Have all True-fannod,
And really planned
A con to stand
In hist'ry, and
It's really grand,
It's really grand,
It's really grand.

ALL: To work in worried wonder toward a deadline date
For a truly treasured triumph of a fun-filled fête,
And to bustle with the business of the Grand Old Gate
For the frantic fannish festival in Fifty-Eight.

A deadline date, a fun-filled fête, the Grand Old Gate, in Fifty-Eight
To work in worried wonder for a truly treasured triumph, and to
bustle with the business for the frantic fannish festival in
Fifty-Eight!

This parody, based on the trio from Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta THE MIKADO, is offered with sincere apologies to Sir William Schwenck Gilbert, in a spirit of pre-con fun. Apologies are also offered to any of the three principles in the trio, if they feel that there is any slur or mistaken impression given -- certainly none is intended. For what it's worth, if anyone wants to reprint it for a con booklet or post-con zine, he is quite welcome to it. It is, by the way, original with the editor -- Bruce Pelz.

SAVOY FOREVER -- DESPITE THE PARODISTS!

FROM THE MANIAC'S BIBLIOS

AL ANDREWS in the Library Straight-Jacket

14 FOR TONIGHT -- Steve Allen [Dell, 1956. 35 cents]

"A triumph," said the SATURDAY REVIEW, but a Saturday Review of what? Perhaps of Chicken-Plucking in the Mid-West, but certainly not of "Literature." Then the editors of Dell came forth with this piece of rank buffoonery: "Steve Allen Bursts Forth As A Modern O. Henry." Mr. Allen is a varied and talented entertainer in the fields of Television and Radio, but in the field of letters he writes like a man who took a mail-order short-story course and never finished it. It is true, that he is a busy person and probably has little time to devote to his "writing," but if so, that is no excuse for foisting these incomplete and ineffectual pieces of trivia upon a reading public. The simple fact is that Mr. Allen has not yet mastered the art of writing. His stories are easily readable, but lead to nothing and simply stop after wandering along aimlessly for several pages. The NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN asked, "Is there anything this guy can't do?" Yes, he can't write short stories. Mr. Allen is obviously (particularly if you've read this book) riding on the crest of a wave of nation-wide popularity that will greedily gobble up anything he happens to have the time to knock out. This book was knocked out.....way out. But let us take a look at the stories themselves (and I'm afraid we must..... shudder!)

As the title suggests we have an anthology of fourteen stories; the first of which is THE SOUTHERN ACCENT. It is about Uncle Jack, who was a rascalion that drank quite a bit, fought occasionally, worked less-occasionally, and at the end succeeded in sitting on the front porch one night in his long underwear and asking a passer-by for a cigarette in a Southern accent. This majestic tale is related to us by his young nephew, who had a fit of giggles and fell asleep happy. Why he fell asleep "happy" I don't quite know, but then I don't quite know the why of anything in this story. I suppose there must be some reason for writing the story. We might dredge around a bit and stoutly declare that Mr. Allen's story is a "character-study" (we might, but you couldn't prove it by me.) Yet, even in a "character-story" there must be some tangible evidence of the thread of a story-line, but this has none at all. The story simply starts, describes a bit and then quits altogether. The prose is straight-forward and passably pleasing in a reading-sense, but I, for one, would still like to know what in the name of Writing was the author trying to relate.

THE PIGEON is a "story" upon which I refuse to comment for the disgusting reason that it is in no way a story.

THE INTERVIEW is an interesting and somewhat humorous story and in comparison to its two preceding companions is a rare gem. It is the whimsical story of a magazine-writer who gets an interview with a volatile and Bankhead-type actress. The writer is a middle-aged woman, who once she gets started on her own life history doesn't stop. And instead of getting any real facts about the actress whom she is interviewing, she launches forth in dramatic grandeur with an account of her own hopes and heartbreaks through the travail of years, complete with sobs, tears, and dramatic art. All this is brought on by a series of potent martinis, and at the end Miss Frontiss (the actress) makes an amusing and ironic observation.

The following, I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING, is nothing, and THE CATS is a light but fairly interesting piece of human-interest. Then comes THE SCRIBBLER in which Mr. Allen shows us the profanity [Hey! Careful, there ...BEP] and dirty-words he has learned, and at the end puts a nice and clever "twist" on the story that almost makes it worthwhile having had to struggle through the filth (which I suppose is indigenous to the story.) THE SIDEWALK is of note for its humorous gimmick.

THE STRANGERS and HOUSTON INCIDENT are ramblers, with the first being an observation of death on our nation's highways, and the second an observation on something that I haven't yet been able to fathom.

THE LATE MR. ADAMS and THE JUDGEMENT are very short little tales, both lightly done and though interesting they are quickly forgotten. THE SUNDAY MORNING SHIFT is a tirade against radio-revival preachers, which it is Mr. Allen's prerogative to rage against if he likes, but unfortunately it is lost on me because it has no story-line.

You are probably wondering (if you have stuck with me thus far) why I am reviewing a main-stream anthology for publication in a sf fanzine. The thought has occurred to me also, but all is not lost, for Mr. Allen has included in this volume a story of sf. It is the final story, THE PUBLIC HATING. This is a neat and carefully-worked piece of sociological sf, combined with incisive satire upon the mass-hate that is in Man. The world just-around-the-corner has found a new way to kill its criminals -- hating. 70,000 people are gathered in a giant city stadium to execute Arthur Ketteridge, convicted of treason. They will hate him to death. The satire is extremely cutting as we are shown these people gathering as they would for an important baseball game (popcorn being bought and "early birds" sleeping all night in front of the stadium to get seats the next morning.) We hear the Man of God give his pious invocation and the politician give his call to the crowd to hate this man Ketteridge to death. There is a tinge of fright when we think that mind-over-matter might come to this. The effect upon us is heightened as we feel and see the effect this public hating has on Traub, one man in the crowd, who is there basically because his fellowmen are. The last line of the story trails off as do most of Mr. Allen's stories, but the telling blows have been struck and the last line makes little difference.

Mr. Allen's style is that of the modern-school, which uses almost exclusively the common tongue to exploit ideas with the intent being reality. His prose is straight, not particularly imaginative nor inventive, and is readable almost to the point of boredom. His characterization follows the pattern of his prose -- that is, his writing is so straight-forward his characters invariably end up being the "average man," even when not intended to be so. There is no Bradburian phrasing nor Sturgeonian clarity to spark his lines. Pace is unimportant, since most of the time he isn't going any place in particular. Here we have fourteen stories, six of which are very dull, seven which range from passable to fair, and one which is unqualifiably good. For the one good one the completist will pay the 35 cents (added to the fact, it is also sf in nature), but the average reader will, I think, hand his coin over haltingly.

If you have counted up the titles mentioned in this review you will have noted that I listed only 13 while the book actually contains 14 stories. This I have done purposely. This particular story (No. 12 in the book) is one on which I have a bone to pick with the author, or at least some views of my own that I definitely want to put forth in regard to the story. The story, entitled THE GADARENE SWINE, tells of a man named Daniel

who had his herd of swine driven over a cliff because Jesus had allowed certain demons to enter their bodies. (The Scriptural account being found at Matthew 8:28-32.) Poor Daniel lost his herd because of Jesus, and therefore Jesus is quite the culprit. Now, I am aware that Mr. Allen's story is fiction and that he is entitled to his beliefs, but since he has taken license to fictionize the account from his point of view, I wish equal license to introduce a few facts that Mr. Allen has overlooked. Three facts that I personally and as an objective reviewer feel invalidate the basic premise of the story and thereby make it unrewarding:

1. Surely one man's life and well-being is worth a herd of swine.
2. There is nothing whatsoever in the Scriptural account to even suggest that Jesus had any foreknowledge of what action the demon-spirits would take once in the swine, so Jesus can hardly be accounted responsible for the beasts' sudden and mad demise.
3. If the story-Daniel was a Jew (and Mr. Allen's story suggests that he was) then the question is "What was a Jew doing with a herd of swine in the first place?" Surely Mr. Allen knows that by the Jewish law of Jesus' time the swine was an unclean animal and not only were the Jews forbidden to eat of its flesh, but they were not to use them as sacrifices or even touch their carcasses. To raise swine, even for commercial purposes, was considered a flagrant disregard of God's law. So even if we were to stretch the point a bit and say that Jesus purposely caused the man's swine herd to plunge over a cliff, it would still be no more than a just rebuke.

All this may seem to be a minor point, but I have developed a keen dislike of making even a fictional whipping-boy of a man now dead some nineteen hundred years.

--- Alfred McCoy Andrews

+++++

THE SOCIETY OF GIMLET-EYE SNOBS VS. THE MOVIES:

"From Hell to Texas":

1. Hero shoots villain No. 1 and takes his horse.
2. Same horse is used for bait to appease Indians, who take it away from Hero travelling with Poddler.

Yet, 3. When Hero rides into town, he is on Villian No. 1's horse, which is recognized by other Villians. Howcum?

