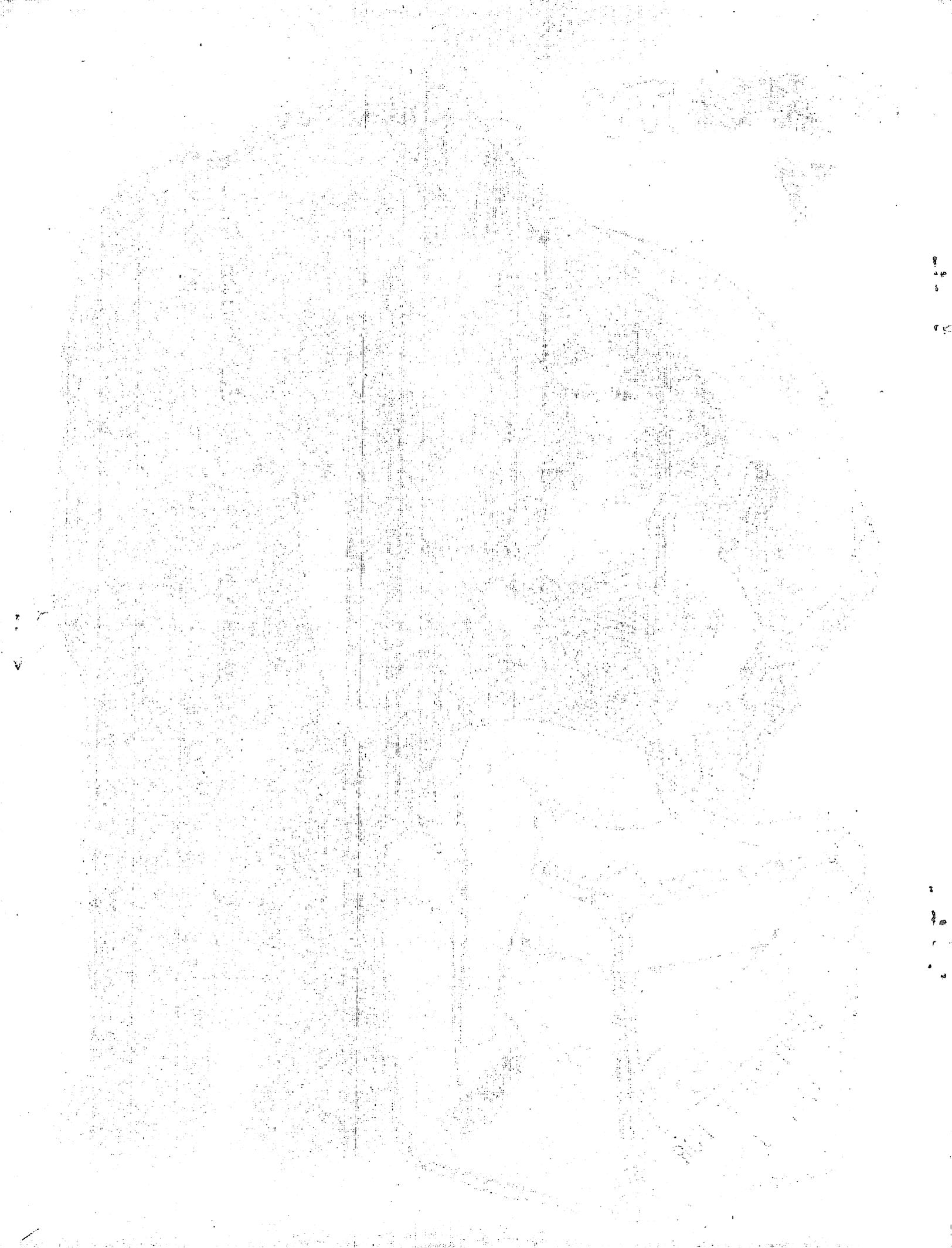


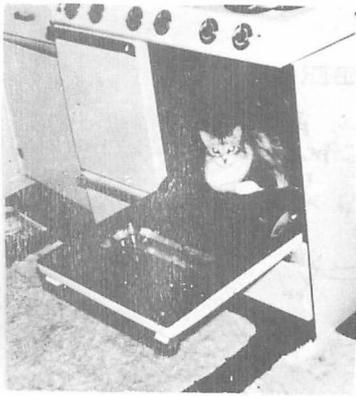
# PROFANITY

7



JWC





# BASINGSTOKE

ye  
editorial

Mordor  
In '64!

F. E. Katte, my assistant editor up there in the picture, is there to indicate that we had some hot news, but that it's rather cold by now: mainly, I've moved from Tampa, Florida to Los Angeles. I suppose, by now, most of you know this, but let's get things straight for the record by putting in a colophon and a table of contents right in the middle of the editorial:

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Nolacon Speech (1951).....Bob Bloch  
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Parallels.....Joe Pylka  
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Songs From a Brass Menagerie....The Zoo  
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This is PROFANITY #7, February 1960  
From Bruce Pelz, 980 Figueroa Terrace  
Los Angeles 12, California.  
It is also Incunebulous Publication 16.

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- \_\_\_ Class 3: You are receiving a sample// or you are in a very shaky position on the list //.
- \_\_\_ Class 4: Last issue without response.

Terry Carr's "Forever and Fandom" is reprinted, with permission, from his SAPSzine.

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\* \* \* \* \*

With that out of the way, let's take up other items. No apologies for this issue being several months late, even if Prof isn't good enough to go annual or semi-annual yet. Tentative date for #8 is June.

DEPT. OF LOST MSS: The Bloch speech in this issue was unearthed only recently. I was at the Detention, spreading the word that I was interested in obtaining all kinds of fannish writings, and Janie Lamb mentioned that she had a Bloch speech she would be glad to give me. Alan J. Lewis was also interested in getting it, but for once the coin toss was in my favor. Some time in November, I received the speech from Janie -- complete with the original envelope. (CONT'D. ON BACOVER)

BOB

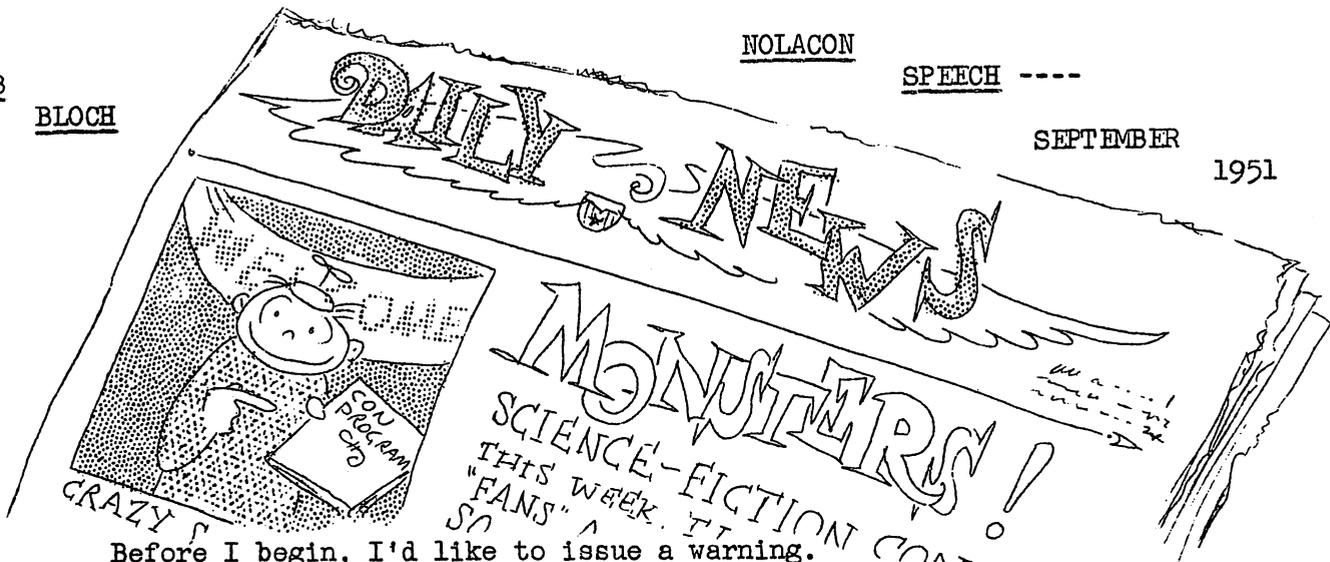
BLOCH

NOLACON

SPEECH ----

SEPTEMBER

1951



Before I begin, I'd like to issue a warning.

I intend to speak freely this afternoon...very freely...on a subject that's been on my mind for a long, long time. But because my remarks are uncensored, I'd like to go on record as saying that what I'm about to tell you represents only my own opinion. It is not official, it is not necessarily the sentiment of this convention. But it is something I want to speak out on, and it's a long time overdue.

I'd like to start out by asking for the special attention of any representatives of the Press who might be in attendance here today. What I'm going to say concerns them particularly. It is not a criticism of them, and it certainly is not an attack...but it is a statement of fact that I've observed over many years...as a fan and as a professional writer of science-fiction.

Through those years I've read accounts and reports of Science-Fiction Conventions in magazines such as Life, Time, The New Yorker...and many of the leading newspapers of major American cities.

All of these reports have one thing in common -- they are distorted, inaccurate, and quite deliberately "slanted."

Time after time, year after year, I've witnessed the spectacle of a volunteer Convention Committee slaving for many months to arrange a Convention Program...undergoing hundreds and thousands of man-hours of work in making arrangements, planning and executing an affair. Writers and editors and specialists in their respective fields have travelled hundreds, and in many cases thousands, of miles to attend these gatherings...at their own expense and for no recompense...in order to address the participants and give of their best to an interested audience.

Several hundred fans have travelled from distant locations, in many cases scrimping and saving in order to have the pleasure of attending what is recognized to be a unique gathering of hobbyists.

A sizeable sum of money is spent in the Convention city by these people -- and not one penny is ever derived in return from any of the cities, directly or indirectly. The participants pay their own way. They are not merchants with goods to sell. They are not zealous fanatics eager for converts and contributions. They are not lobbyists for any special interest or privilege. They are, I repeat, hobbyists -- with a deep and sincere interest in a particular subject.

There is nothing comparable to it in the current scene.

Those of us who know fandom, and who have attended Conventions in the past, realize that all this is true.

Unfortunately, we also know that seldom, if ever, is this picture of a Science-Fiction Convention ever presented to the general public by members of the working press.

Once all the time and effort, the sincere and devoted hard work on the part of all concerned, has borne fruition in a Convention, the press is usually invited

to attend.

If this invitation is accepted, the hard-working Convention group can expect to be rewarded with a newspaper story the following day. And the story generally runs something like this:

**BOO! BEWARE! MONSTERS FROM MARS  
INVADE OUR FAIR CITY!**

by Edgar Norton Fooop, Feature Editor

Better hide under the bed, folks...the bogey men are here! If you happen to notice any little green men running around loose in the streets...if the wolves howl under your window at night...if an epidemic of flying saucers suddenly puts in an appearance...don't be afraid. It's probably just the overflow from the 29th Science-Fiction Convention, currently on display at the Fleabag Hotel here in downtown Bloomington.

Approximately 300 self-styled "fans," writers, and editors of science fiction are gathered for their annual get-together and Witch's Sabbath, and believe me, folks, anything can happen.

This afternoon your reporter took a deep breath, mustered up all his courage, and entered the Convention Hall disguised as a 4-armed Martian. He was immediately recognized, however, by a 12-year-old fan who told him that all real martians have 6 arms.

Then your trusty scribe took a tour of the Convention Hall, which is decorated with lurid pictures of BEMS attacking beautiful girls and vice-versa. A BEM, for the benefit of you poor souls who have never been initiated into the delights of fandom, is a Bug Eyed Monster, and a sacred symbol to fans, or as they sometimes call themselves, "slans." While we're at it, the female fans are called "fen" and advanced fans are called "clears" or "deros." It's all part of the fascinating language of science-fiction.

The hall also displays a number of privately-printed magazines bearing such titles as NECROCOM, ATROCIOUS-STORIES, and THE WEREWOLF'S HOME COMPANION. Some of these are sold, others are given away. This reporter was informed that later on the pictures will be auctioned off to fans who eagerly pay huge sums of money to display them in their homes or coffins, as the case may be.

Fans, it appears, are eager to possess almost any article connected with their hobby -- books, magazines, or pieces of old rocket ships. The money raised from the sale of these articles is used for a Convention Masquerade Party where everyone comes disguised as their favorite monster or editor.

Your reporter was interested in the program of the day, and learning the latest news from Jupiter, the secret plans for invasion from Mars, and the newest method of raising the dead. Unfortunately, time did not permit.

To tell the truth, this is just an excuse -- actually your scribe was so frightened by the deafening blasts of rocket pistols and the unearthly gleam of death-rays that he took to his heels before the speakers of the day appeared.

But if any of you readers have stout hearts and strong nerves, we dare you to go over to the Fleabag Hotel one of these days and attend the Convention. Of course, if you get disintegrated or turned into a black cat -- don't say we didn't warn you!

Well, there's your story. If you're new to fandom you may think I've exaggerated here and there. If you're an older fan or a professional, you know what

I've written is almost an exact paraphrase of the sort of article usually appearing in Convention cities.

Now I repeat, this is certainly not an "attack" on the free press. Nor is it a plea for special treatment or a demand that Science-Fiction Conventions be handled with kid gloves.

But I do feel, considering the circumstances, that a Science-Fiction Convention is entitled to the same treatment as any other Convention, no more and no less.

As a professional advertising man, I have had occasion to attend numerous Conventions, dealer-meetings and get-togethers through the years. I regret to say that during the course of these affairs I've witnessed a number of deplorable happenings.

I've seen Convention sessions which consisted of nothing but an endless stream of speakers who told nothing but dirty jokes. I've seen banquets where the Guest of Honor and the principal speakers were too drunk to talk. I've listened to scurrilous off-the-cuff attacks on Government, other businesses, individuals.

But never have I read an account of these happenings in any newspaper. A drunken dignitary gets up and mumbles some incoherent obscenities...and the next day there duly appears a straight news story on Convention highlights. I've seen the gangs of drunks with the electric buzzers, too...and the howling costumed mobs that turn streets and public places into a shambles. But the so-called "business" of the Convention is always dutifully reported by the press.

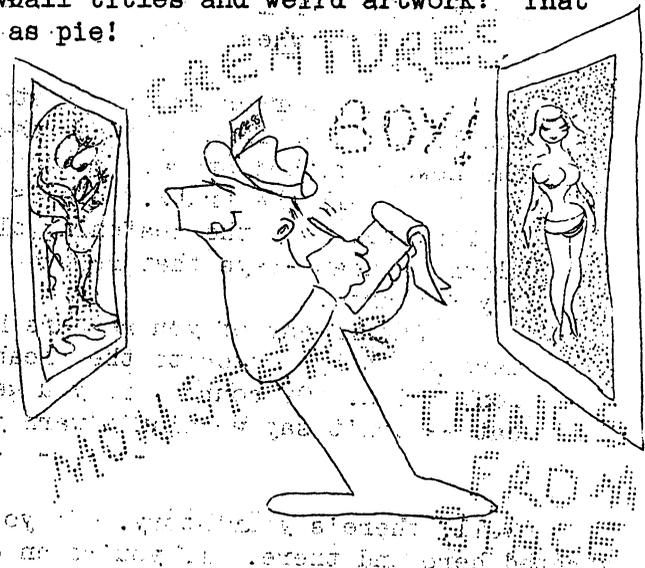
And all I, as an individual, ask for a Science-Fiction Convention is that it receive the same impartial recording as, let us say, a meeting of the State Plumbers Association. Isn't that fair enough?

Now I hope I'm not altogether naive. I believe I'm all too well aware of just why and how Science-Fiction Conventions receive the treatment they do. It probably runs something like this:

A reporter receives an assignment to cover the Convention. It's a sticky hot day, and the prospect of spending hours in a hall listening to a lot of speakers isn't appealing in itself. If the reporter has an average background, he's probably read something "cute" about Science-Fiction fans in a national magazine in the past; he has an ingrained contempt for pulp magazines and the readers thereof, and his daily contacts with the eccentrics who pester newspaper men have made him slightly gunshy. Besides, he has a duty to his readers -- he wants to get a "human interest" angle, and if it's a bit whacky, so much the better.

So he goes down to the Convention Hall, looks around, and immediately spots the artwork, books, and magazines. He jots down some of the odder titles, and there's his cue to "slant" his story. Screwball titles and weird artwork? That means screwball fans and weird ideas. Easy as pie!

Once he has that notion firmly fixed in his noggin, he knows what to look for. He ignores the Convention Chairman and his long, earnest, dull, conscientious story about fandom and its history and purpose. Oh, he listens and jots down notes, but actually he's sniffing out that screwball angle. When the speakers go into action, he patiently sits through the serious remarks and waits for somebody to let go with some humor. This he definitely puts down...but when he writes up his assignment he inevitably contrives to make the impression that everything was said and done in dead earnest. And if he can work in that old gag about Dead Ernest, so much the better.



He goes back to the office, rummages around in his mental attic for references to Orson Welles, Superman and Flash Gordon, and he has his story.

It isn't so much what he writes as what he deliberately leaves out. It's the sin of omission that usually hurts. By careful emphasis, any newspaperman can turn a funeral into low comedy.

But I repeat, why take it out on Science-Fiction and on the other hand make the State Plumbers Association Meeting sound like a record of Burke's Speech on Conciliation?

It so happens that Science-Fiction fans are interested in off-trail fantastic concepts. But why is it necessary to make it appear that the average fan believes these concepts literally -- is some kind of whack who thinks he's going to the moon tomorrow -- a cretin who believes in ghosts and witches?

We all know what plumbers are interested in, but I've yet to read about it in the newspapers.

A good deal of time at Fan Conventions may be taken up by a discussion of the subject-matter of Science-Fiction. But the discussion is purely objective. Only the news story slants it otherwise. A good deal of time at a Plumbers Convention may be taken up with a very serious discussion regarding a change in the dimensions of a toilet-seat. But I've never read a story pointing out how amusing this is in any newspaper.

Some fans and many professional writers spend a great amount of time in research. Mystery writers, for example, naturally make it their business to know what goes on in the morgue (and so do reporters, by the way) and inevitably the eager-beaver newspaperman works that into his story, as though it were somehow unusual or eccentric.

On the other hand, plumbers spend most of their working time in the bathroom, but no reporter has ever found it necessary to mention that -- or to infer that a plumber goes there out of choice in his off-business hours.

All of this may seem unnecessarily crude and vulgar. But so, I submit, is the usual treatment of Science-Fiction.

And again, I don't believe it's unreasonable to ask the press to report objectively on what actually occurs at a Convention Session -- to quote from actual speeches in context instead of paraphrasing -- to focus equal attention upon the serious side as well as the humorous -- and to report the deliberately humorous as just that, and not as a straight-faced gaucherie. All fandom asks or is entitled to ask is a fair statement of facts.

If certain fans behave like damned fools (and there have been instances, they tell me), then by all means they deserve whatever they get. But to give an entire Convention "the business" in a deliberate and preconceived fashion is completely out of line with general news reporting ethics.

Now, in conclusion, a few reasons why.

If this little tirade gives the impression that fans and fandom are abnormally sensitive and thin-skinned, I'd like to set the record straight. I've never seen any group react as mildly to such treatment. Where the average lodge-member or business man at a Convention would be up in arms, storming the newspaper office because somebody misspelled his middle name, the fans generally sit back and laugh heartily when an allegedly "cute" story appears.

There's no need to be afraid of "hurting feelings." Even those who put in the hardest work and get the most heartbreak -- the Convention Committee -- usually forgive and forget.

But there's another group. The group that the reporter is ostensibly serving. The group for which he cooks up his clever "angle" and slants his yarn. The general public.

It's reasonably important these days that the public gets a clear picture of Science-Fiction.

Maybe that sounds far-fetched, but here's what I mean. For the past twenty-odd years, Science-Fiction has had a hard row to hoe. Stigmatized because it was printed in the "pulp" ..ridiculed because of its absurd predictions of rocket flight and atomic bombs...Science-Fiction has been a dog everyone could, and did, kick.

While millions of morons -- and Ph.D.s -- reported with pride in the press that they read anywhere from one to five gory mysteries a week; while countless cretins in and out of uniform devoured 60 million so-called "comic books" a month, and all this without any serious stigma attached and no criticism except by a few sociologists -- Science-Fiction has been anethema and fair game to these very multitudes who sharpen their wits on True Confessions and broaden their mental horizons with Hopalong Cassidy on television.

But all the while...fortunately...there has been a nucleus of young people ...adolescents who enter and leave the ranks from year to year, and those who remain and grow up in the field...who have read and followed imaginative literature.

It is no exaggeration to say that from the ranks of these Science-Fiction readers of the 30's have come, and are coming, the young scientists of the 50's and 60's. That a certain definite proportion of those who enter research and technological fields do so because at one time, in their youth, their imaginations were fired by the concepts of Science-Fiction.

There's a parallel here with the Dime Novel fiction of the 1880's and '90's ...the Ned Buntline Buffalo Bill thrillers and all the rest. Widely condemned as presenting lurid and untrue pictures of the American frontier, nevertheless they influenced many young men to seek their fortune and future out West when they grew up. And the young men went West, at a time when the country needed them.

That to me is the sociological function of Science-Fiction...to stimulate young men to find new frontiers in science when they become men.

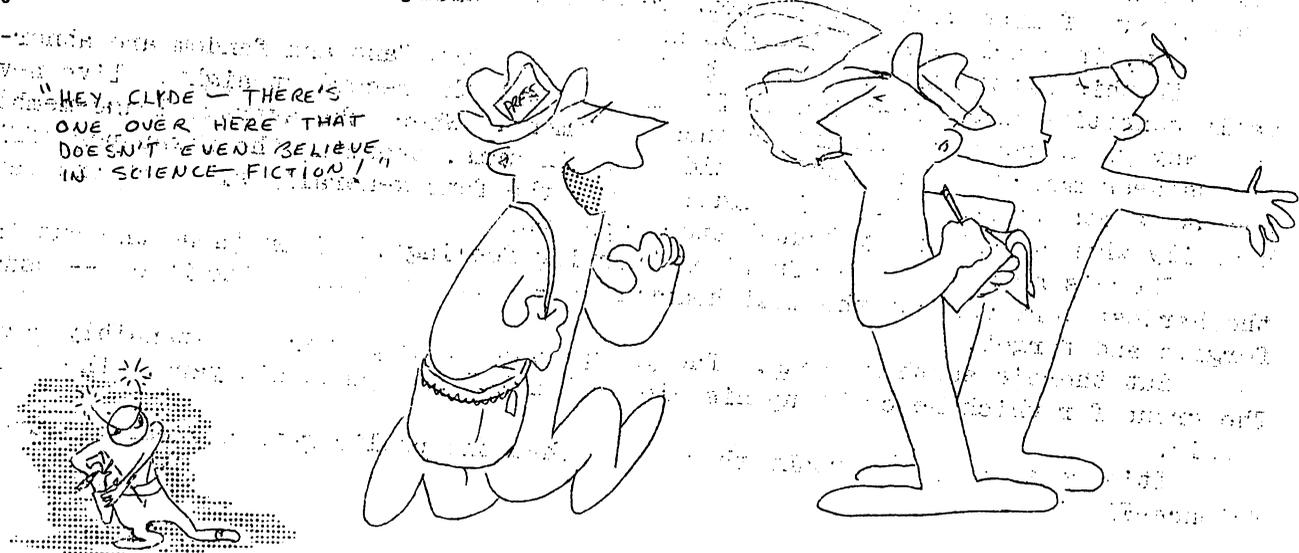
And I need not remind anyone here that this is vitally important...today and in the years ahead.

For this reason it might well be wise to soft-pedal the easy and natural temptation to ridicule, to make fun of, to deride Science-Fiction because it is "screwball stuff" or not great literature. Actually, it's no better and no worse than the writing being done in comparable literary fields today...as witness the fact that so many Science-Fiction authors have succeeded admirably in selling so-called "serious" works of fact or fiction.

But again...and finally...I as an individual am not asking for any special treatment for the field...only for honesty and objectivity...a fair shake.

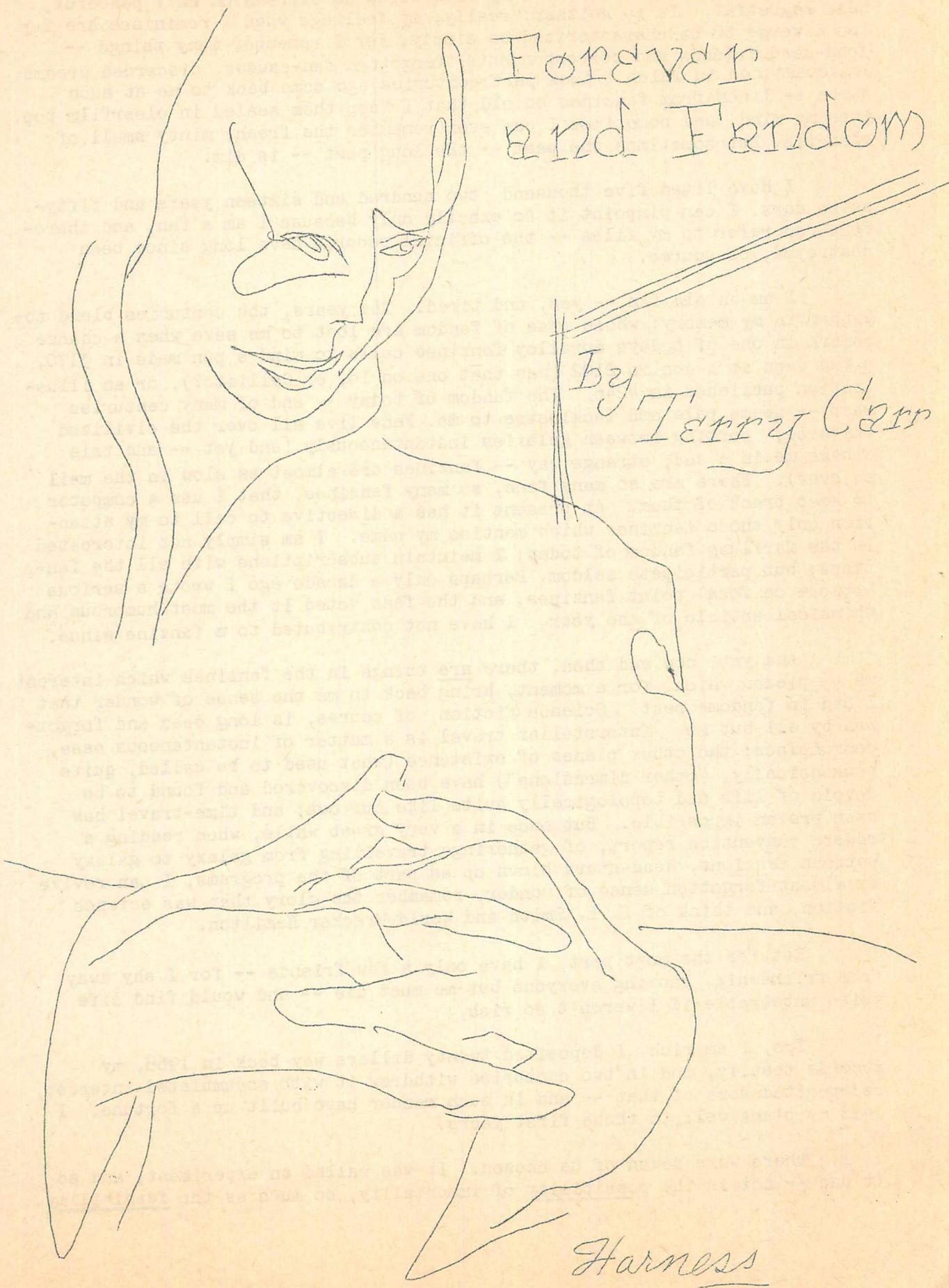
Now, I've got that off my chest and I feel 10 pounds lighter. I don't know what you're going to do, but as for me I'm ready to do what I came here to do -- enjoy the Convention! Thank you.

"HEY, CLYDE - THERE'S ONE OVER HERE THAT DOESN'T EVEN BELIEVE IN SCIENCE-FICTION!"



Forever  
and Fandom

By  
Terry Carr



Harness

On rainy days I sit in the hard-backed plastex chair on floor 714, staring out the port and thinking long fan-thoughts. Once or twice I have been interrupted in my reveries by Hastings, my closest friend these past few years. He says that on such afternoons my face holds an expression half peaceful, half regretful. It is neither, really; my feelings when I reminisce are far too diverse to be characterized so simply. For I remember many things -- long-dead friends and correspondents, forgotten fan-causes, discarded dreams. Conversations in which I took part centuries ago come back to me at such times -- lines from fanzines so old that I keep them sealed in clearfilm pop into my mind, and sometimes I can even remember the fresh, minty smell of stencils. But sometimes the past -- the long past -- is dim.

I have lived five thousand, two hundred and sixteen years and fifty-seven days. I can pinpoint it so exactly only because I am a fan, and therefore can refer to my files -- the official records have long since been destroyed, of course.

I am an old fan -- yes, and tired. The years, the centuries blend together in my memory; whole eras of fandom are lost to me save when a chance remark in one of today's duralloy fanzines calls to mind a pun made in 3170, a fan seen at a con in 2102 (was that one on Io, or Callisto?), or an illustration published in 4246. The fandom of today -- and of many centuries past -- seems pale and lacklustre to me. Fans live all over the civilized universe, porting between galaxies instantaneously (and yet -- and this amuses me in a sad, strange way -- fanzines are almost as slow in the mail as ever). There are so many fans, so many fanzines, that I use a computer to keep track of them. At present it has a directive to call to my attention only those fanzines which mention my name. I am simply not interested in the farflung fandom of today; I maintain subscriptions with all the fanzines, but participate seldom. Perhaps only a decade ago I wrote a serious article on focal point fanzines, and the fans voted it the most humorous and whimsical article of the year. I have not contributed to a fanzine since.

And yet, now and then, there are things in the fanzines which interest me -- pieces which, for a moment, bring back to me the sense of wonder that I had in fandoms past. Science fiction, of course, is long dead and forgotten by all but me. Interstellar travel is a matter of instantaneous ease, commonplace; the other planes of existence (what used to be called, quite nonsensically, "other dimensions") have been discovered and found to be devoid of life and topologically quite like our own; and time-travel has been proven impossible. But once in a very great while, when reading a modern convention report, of gatherings travelling from galaxy to galaxy between sessions, dead-stars blown up as part of the programs, I can revive my almost-forgotten sense of wonder, remember the glory that was science fiction, and think of E. E. Smith and World-Wrecker Hamilton.

But for the most part, I have only a few friends -- for I shy away from friendship, knowing everyone but me must die -- and would find life quite unbearable if I weren't so rich.

Yes, I am rich. I deposited twenty dollars way back in 1968, my records testify, and in two centuries withdrew it with accumulated interest, redeposited some of that -- and in such manner have built up a fortune. I laid my plans well in those first years.

There were seven of us chosen. It was called an experiment, and so it was -- not in the possibility of immortality, so much as the feasibility.

Could a man stand to live forever? The experiment was kept secret, we seven were given the injections, and records were kept for over five hundred years, during which time not a hint was released to mankind -- because year by year, decade by decade, it was becoming increasingly obvious that immortality was unbearable. And we seven could not even kill ourselves.

Simmons was the first to go. He was an architect who devoted his first centuries to constructing greater and greater structures -- but as the years wore on him, as life palled, his creations became more and more outré. At the end (I have heard this story only in a roundabout manner, and do not even know what name he was using by that time) he built a gigantic cathedral, shaped like a surrealist cross, the acoustics of which caused the bells to sound perpetually off-key. He consecrated the structure to the Prince of Darkness, and by the use of drugs idiocy in himself, and sealed himself in concrete in the top of the cathedral. No doubt he lives to this day, but in his idiocy he is as close to non-awareness as he could make himself.

Over the centuries, the thousands of years, all but me found some such method of near-suicide. The man originally known as Ehrmann, a person of average intelligence and no particular skills, cast himself into the flaming heat of a star -- an unfortunate choice, I am sure, for though his body no longer exists, still he must be aware. And yet he has only that -- awareness. No sensory perception, no hands or legs with which to do things. I suppose he too is mad, there in his awareness-world; I hope it is a happy madness.

The rest all chose methods of more or less practicality. It is unnecessary to enumerate them, and I prefer not to think of them. For I am the last, and I avoid such thoughts.

Yes, I shun thoughts of near-suicide, even though life holds so little for me. For I do not want to cease existing, to cease awareness. I am a fan, and though others have forgotten science fiction, I remain, and I have its memory within me. And I remember fandom -- the very first fandoms -- and that memory should not be lost either.

So I remain. I live, I remember, staring out the 'port into the rain which has been scheduled. It is like a sensory program; I check the schedule, and spend the rainy days with a parade of memories. I let my eyes wander over the portion of my collection which is on floor 714; and sometimes I smile to myself.

I have never asked Hastings, but I am sure it must be a strange smile that comes to me at such times. For I smile like that when I think that I cannot afford to die -- I must live till the end of fandom, and complete my fanzine collection.

- - - Terry Carr

*Harness*

I wonder if I should have typed that with nonstopparagrafing?

# PARALLELS



Joe  
pyka

It was a Sunday night, a warm, foggy night. Gainesville was asleep, and would not awaken for almost five hours. We walked along, down the main street. Not another soul was about; ahead and behind, the fog shrouded the buildings in a ghostly sheet, made multicoloured by the still-burning neon lights. There was no traffic on the streets, and the only sounds were the busy humming of the 'phone poles and the futile buzz-click of the traffic lights. Our footsteps echoed noisily from the empty buildings.

Jay and I walked up to the corner of University and Main, normally the busiest intersection in town. It was deadly quiet. Looking up Main, we could see the traffic lights blinking yellow, then red. Far off in the distance, just a glow in the fog, was the steady blink-blink of a caution light. The streets were covered with a fine dew, unblemished by car tracks.

"I know, this would make a good setting for a Bradburyish movie," I said. "The camera would look down these empty streets, and the only sound would be that humming. Then it would pan up to the traffic light as it changed with that buzz-click. After that, silence again. The scene would shift back to the street, and footsteps would be heard."

"And then a figure, well dressed, would step out of the fog, look at the traffic light as it changed, then look directly into the camera and say 'This was a small town in the South, before the Bomb. Now nobody lives here; nobody can live here, with this poisonous mist. But the town goes on, clicking its lights on and off, not knowing that it's purposeless,'" added Jay.

"Yeah, that would be a good start," I said.

Just then there was a hissing noise behind us, and a police car pulled up. "Getting up early, or staying up late, boys?"

"Staying up late, officer, walking off some excess energy."

"Better head on home, boys -- it's not a good idea to be prowling around this time of night."

"All right, officer. Good night."

"Good night." His car pulled off down the street, cutting two black slicks along the silvery asphalt.

"I sort of resent that," said Jay, "telling us to keep off the streets like that."

"Yeah, he may have good intentions, but I still don't like the idea."

"Say, on this Bradbury bit, suppose instead that a fellow, wearing tattered clothes and a bewildered look, came shambling up the street yelling 'Hello, Hello, anybody! Anybody?'"

"That would fit, too," I said.

By this time we had come up to the courthouse, and we saw that it was 2:30. Suddenly the bell clanged raucously once, shattering the stillness and reverberating back and forth across the square.

"Okay boys, what are you doing wandering around here? Let's see some ID."

It was another police officer, this time on foot. He'd come up across the courthouse lawn, and had his flashlight trained on us. We pulled out our student ID's and handed them to him. He looked them over carefully, then handed them back to us.

"What's that bulge in your pocket?" he asked me.

"A handkerchief. I've got a cold."

"Take it out." I took it out and showed it to him.

"This is no time for anybody to be out walking. You two'd better get on home before you're picked up."

"Right, officer."

We walked off. Some distance away, I said, "How that I didn't like at all. These cops are real inquisitive, and I don't like these Gestapo tactics. I think I have a perfect right to walk around here. After all, I do live here."

"Um, that reminds me of another Bradbury story. One called 'The Pedestrian.' I think it was in The Golden Apples of the Sun. You know, about the robot police picking up the fellow walking around at night, and taking him in because he wasn't watching television like everybody else."

"I remember. You can make up a similar plot for this night. Finally it turns out that two people, talking about this sort of thing, suddenly come to the conclusion that the whole town is empty except for themselves and the police."

"Yipe, that's a sinister sort of thing, all right. Say, come to think of it, we haven't seen anybody else walking around, and the only traffic was that police car."

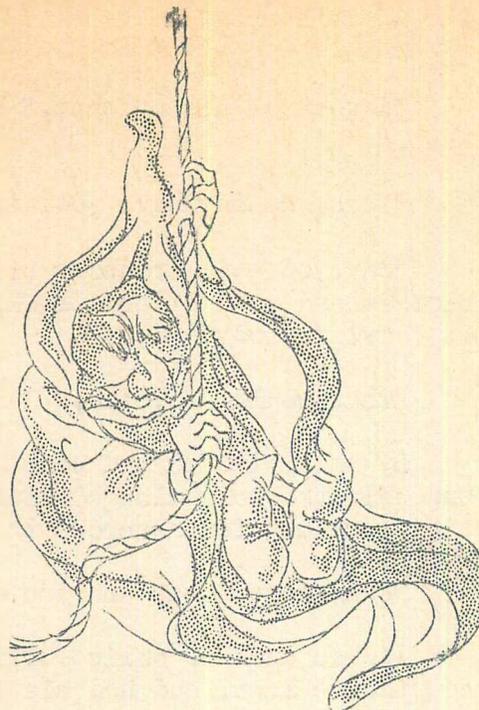
"It is sort of eerie, at that. There's the all-night restaurant up ahead -- leastways there ought to be a waitress there."

We walked up and looked in the window.

The place was empty except for a policeman behind the counter pouring himself a cup of coffee.

# PROPHECIES, WITCHES, & KNELLS

BOOK REVIEW by  
Al Andrews



Pagan Passions, by Randall Garrett and Leroy Harris  
Beacon Books, 1959, \$0.35

There is a wise old Chinese saying that ready money can put anything in stock, and there is a new and awfully true saying that ready money can ruin a good sf novel series. In Pagan Passions we have a prime example. Back in 1950, Galaxy SF Magazine began issuing complete sf novels in a series of paperbacks, starting with Eric Frank Russell's Sinister Barrier. Through some 30 issues in this series they provided readers (devoted and general) with some excellent examples of good sf novels... Odd John by Olaf Stapledon, Pebble in the Sky by Isaac Asimov, Rat Race by Jay Franklin, Fear by L. Ron Hubbard, and Three Go Back by Leslie Mitchell, to mention only a few. Then in 1958 Galaxy made a change and handed the series over to be handled by Beacon, and immediately the series took on a new look. For examples of this new look, see the last several issues in the series... and if you can't quite bring yourself to look, let me regale you thereof. The cover for The Deviates by Raymond F. Jones (originally titled The Secret People, and a pretty good sf novel at that) depicts a lovely science fiction scene of a brutish fellow, with cold lust in his eyes, ripping the blouse off a luscious blonde who gives us the visual promise of a set of mammary glands of remarkable proportions. And if you really like science fiction covers, how about the next in the series, Troubled Star, by George O. Smith. This one shows a statuesque brunette, being kissed on the neck by her handsome blonde lover whose hands are busy exploring the delightful parts of her frontal anatomy. Incidentally, the statuesque brunette stands clutch-handed, eyes closed, and mouth parted as though she has just achieved an orgasm. If this is sf then I've been reading and collecting the wrong material for years.

Nevertheless, I realize the abominable state of the reading habits of the average man — that is, not just that he reads trash, but that he has lost the power to discern that he is reading trash. So, realizing this, we can see that sex on the cover sells the book, regardless of whether the book happens to be a western, mystery, or science fiction. Yet might we not at least expect the contents to be of the genre that the book advertises? Pagan Passions states on its cover (a drunken red-head about to be seduced by a well-muscled young man) "This is adult Science Fiction at its best." (O Lord, say it isn't true!) So let us take a look at "adult Science Fiction at its best."

The theme-plot of this 158 pages is that the Graeco-Roman gods have returned, and now rule the world, and everyone chooses the one to whom he or she will be a devotee. Now this isn't a bad plot to work with, and it could be interesting, but Messrs. Garrett and Harris have no intention of being interesting. They are simply doing some fast writing for Beacon, who has finally come out and said "We want sex, and to hell with science fiction." Messrs. Garrett and Harris willingly comply, for ready money. For example, not the opening lines of Chapter 1:

"The girl came toward him across the silent room. She was young. She was beautiful. Her red hair curled like a flame round her eager, heart-shaped face. Her arms reached for him. Her hands touched him. Her eyes were alive with the light of pure love. I am yours, the eyes kept saying. Do with me as you will. ... Now the girl's mouth opened, the lips parted slightly, and her husky voice murmured softly: 'Take me. Take me.' She wriggled slightly, and her arms went up around him. Her hands clasped at the back of his neck and her mouth moved, close to his ear.

'Please,' she whispered. 'I want you....!'"

Via a flashback we have to wait until Chapter 3 for our sterling hero to make this voluptuous seventeen-year-old broad, like:

"...their embrace reached a height of passion and began to climb and climb to hitherto unknown peaks of sensation. Every motion was met with a reaction that was more than equal and opposite, every sensation unlocked the doors to whole galleries of new sensations. Higher and higher went his emotional thermometer, higher and higher and higher and higher and ... Very suddenly, he discovered how to breathe again, and it was over."

Hell, it's even poor pornography. And it is even of worse quality when you try to consider it as legitimate sex integrated into the story-line. The book contains two more romps-in-the-hay that are equally as shoddy.

There is supposed to be some humor in parts of the book, as where Forrester (our hero) is used as a stand-in for Bacchus, the god of wine, in a great procession of revelry. However, Forrester's antics and reactions are quite like those of Marc Pilsworth in the series of Toffee stories by Charles Myers, but even less amusing and downright inane. The plot, while it might have stood a chance if played straight, is heavily burdened with looseness, carelessness, stupidity and contrived action of the worst types of fantasy and pot-boilers. The premise of a world controlled by a Graeco-Roman pantheon is unconvincing because of the authors' slackness in writing, and thereby makes the main character appear to be a stupid oaf, as he treads contrivedly through the miasma of mish-mash and nonsense. By the time you reach the end of this odious episode, and the secret is revealed, you don't really care because you've already figured most of it out (by the end of Chapter 6 if you're sober — or if you're drunk, for that matter.) To complete the assortment of stale commodities to be found in this little package, the authors ring in some aliens and the complexities of a master machine at the end. Of course, it is all very simple once you understand it. You see, these aliens escaped from another world and they became the Graeco-Roman gods of thousands of years ago, but then they went into hiding after that period because the police patrol of their world was on their tracks. Then there is this machine that has forces that work when it has a board of 12 persons or aliens plugged into it, but the aliens die off after a few thousand years or so, making necessary their replacement by some stand-in humans. Yet at the time of the story there are a few aliens that are still living that are running the show. And our hero finally latches on to this tremendous secret, and the police patrol of this other world comes on and gets those bad old aliens. Of course, one must have a brilliant mind like mine

to understand these dazzling concepts of "adult Science Fiction at its best."

This book is highly recommended for children from 1 to 3 years old to scribble in with crayons, replacement of toilet-paper requirements, and as a leveling-aid for tables with one short leg. Other than that, I can't think of a single damn reason for buying the book.

Is this book the little horror that marks the demise of a once-good series of sf novels? I wonder.

----- Al Andrews

# REVERSE CRITICISM

ELINOR POLAND



Cameron

When you come up with a poem,  
And you put the words in ink,  
Then you must expect exposure  
To what all the fuggheads think.

They've never studied rhyming,  
They cannot write a verse --  
Yet, magically, they're qualified  
For comments blunt and terse.

O ye critic loud and windy,  
Who consigns us to the shelf,  
Why not use that effort wisely,  
And go write some crud yourself!

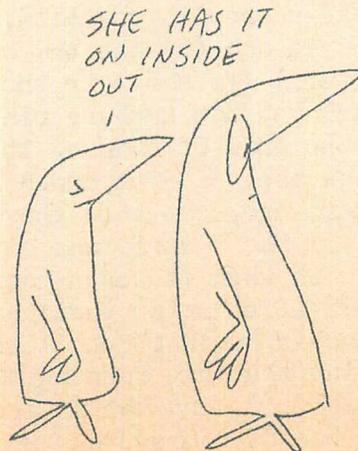
COMMENTARY

ON A

FUZZY

SWEATER

.....



S O N G S   O F   A   B R A S   M E N A G E R I E

Caughran, Jim  
Harness, Jack  
Johnstone, Ted  
Pelz, Bruce  
X, Mr.

"GEM CARR"

Oh, her name it is Gem Carr, it is Gem Carr.  
Oh, her name it is Gem Carr,  
She's despised near and far,  
Pass the feathers and the tar, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
Pass the feathers and the tar, damn her eyes.

Into FAPA she did come, she did come.  
Into FAPA she did come,  
Just to educate us scum,  
Beating loudly on her drum, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
Beating loudly on her drum, damn her eyes.

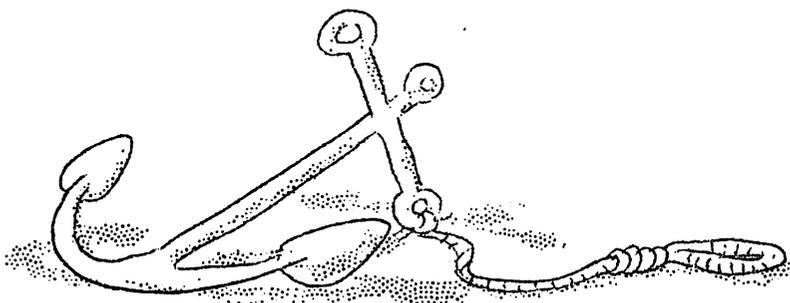
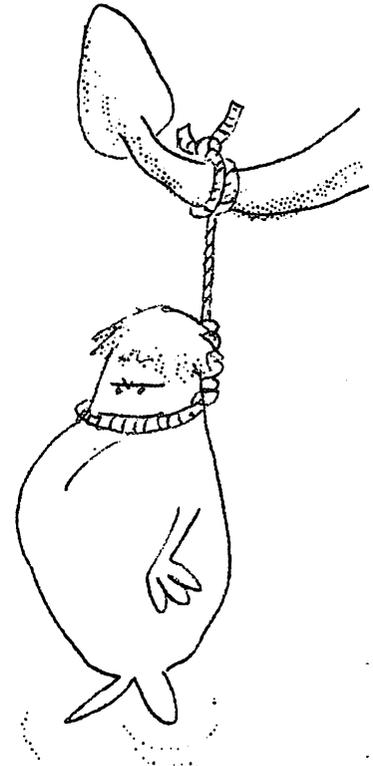
In discussions she is found, she is found.  
In discussions she is found  
Where her logic circles round,  
And it never touches ground, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
And it never touches ground, damn her eyes.

Against Willis she did ride, she did ride.  
Against Willis she did ride,  
With her innuendo snide,  
Till he'd rather be outside, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
Till he'd rather be outside, damn her eyes.

Oh, she did it for a joke, for a joke.  
Oh, she did it for a joke,  
To humiliate the bloke,  
'Twas a Dirty Gertie stroke, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
'Twas a Dirty Gertie stroke, damn her eyes.

When her other jokes were gone, jokes were gone,  
When her other jokes were gone,  
Against Busby she came on,  
To deCry the Westercon, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
To deCry the Westercon, damn her eyes.

Still in FAPA on she goes, on she goes.  
Still in FAPA on she goes,  
Tromping everybody's toes,  
Where she'll stop, ghod only knows, damn her eyes, damn her eyes,  
Where she'll stop, ghod only knows, damn her eyes.



# Here There Be Fen

--- LESLIE GERBER



The traditional symbol of the fan is the propellor beanie. In fact, the caricature of "the fan" wears a propellor beanie. But I've thought for a while that the propellor beanie is outmoded and no longer spectacular enough -- and now its successor has come. For just 50¢ and a boxtop from Nabisco Shredded Wheat, you can obtain the newest thing in beanies: a beacon beanie, with a battery-powered beacon which flashes on and off, automatically.

The Goon Defective Agency is a modern, scientific set-up, using only the latest in equipment. Yet the standard GDA weapon is the zap gun -- fine for disabling an adversary, but not especially effective for stopping him with a single shot, and having only a limited range. The best GDA weapon for stopping power and range is the plonker gun, but that is only a one-shot gun, and takes at least a second to reload. Now, GDA agents may obtain the finest in new weapons. For just 50¢ and a boxtop from Cheerios, you can purchase the new ~~Lone Ranger~~ Goon Rapid-Fire Rubber Band Gun, combining the repeated fire (up to six shots) of the zap with the range and stopping power of the plonker.

Are you a poor, starving neo, yearning to publish a fanzine, but without the necessary typewriter and duplicator or the ~~ca\$h~~ to obtain them? Fear not, young neo -- a mere 50¢ and a Sugar Smacks boxtop will bring you a plastic typewriter, slow work and not very efficient, but better than nothing. And 50¢ and a boxtop will bring you a small hekto from Corn Flakes; your fanzine may be small and poorly reproduced, but it'll be a start. Fans have done more with less.

And you, fan -- does your fenden look like a mundane workshop? Are you unable to obtain original ATomillos and reluctant to cut them out of a fanzine? I can understand your predicament -- you need something to give your room a fantastic touch. Original SF magazine illos cost a lot at conventions, and they don't specifically label you as a fan -- you might be just an SF reader who once attended a convention. Well, there is just the thing for you -- a mere 25¢ and a boxtop from Corn Flakes will bring you a fantastic little Moon Garden, with multicolored stalagmites in a small plastic tank. Or you can buy the right box of Cheerios and cut out and assemble (if you're a better man than I) a cardboard authentic replica of an ICBM.

In the past, there have been dozens of wonderful goodies obtainable for 25¢ to \$1.00 and one or more boxtops from various cereal companies. There was the "atomic submarine," which, when filled with baking soda, would rise, fall, and transcribe circles in a tub of water; it was free in a cereal package. Indeed, there have been items of all kinds to thrill the fannish soul, ostensibly designed for children, but I know better.

Somewhere in the cereal industry is a benevolent fan!

Where are you, Blessed Name Fan? Wherever you are, whoever you are, you have made your mark upon fandom and the cereal industry. Here there be fen.

- oOo -

The other day, in a Brooklyn department store, I was glancing through a large selection of men's shirts. One caught my eye, and I picked it up to look at the label. When I saw what it said, I knew I was in the presence of something beyond my ken. I muttered a prayer to Roscoe, dropped the shirt, turned and ran.

The label said: "Designed by t a f f stylists."

Here there be fen.

- oOo -

Brooklyn was an empty, unfannish, cursed place. My zap was broken and I couldn't find a place to get another good one. I went with my brother to a pitch and putt golf course, and while we were waiting for our number to be called I walked over to a vending machine and bought an ice cream pop. There was something on the wrapper which brought tears to my eyes.

That evening, I sent the wrapper away with a quarter to an obscure address somewhere in the wilds of New York. Within two weeks, the postman had brought me the package containing three zap guns!

Need I repeat myself?

- oOo -

John Berry was due to arrive in the U.S. sometime during the week, and here it was Tuesday and I'd heard no word from or about him. I was starting to get really worried. What if he wasn't coming. What if he didn't want to see me. If... .

Then, walking near my house, I happened to glance into a fruit store. The first thing I saw was a large sign.

"It's Berry time!" it proclaimed. I got the news that evening.

- oOo -

Walking in Greenwich Village towards a rendezvous with John Berry, I passed the Pot Pourri Restaurant. That week, I had seen a grocery in Chinatown called the Sun Goon Shing Company. And a meeting of the Metrofen a week before had been held within sight of a huge neon sign, blinking on and off: "Don Allen." It's even on at 3:37 A.M.

The world is full of fans, waiting to be found. They're coming out of the air!

Listen, it's Jean Shepherd! He's saying...he's saying...listen to it! He's saying:

"So I was listening to this ball game, and the announcer kept pronouncing one player's name wrong. I don't remember what it was, but it made me wonder if he was a different person. Y'know what I mean? He seemed like someone else, but I can't remember who it was...it was Gerber! That's it! It was Gerber! Gerber was the name! His name's Grba -- G-r-b-a -- but they were pronouncing it Gerber! Gerber! That's it! Gerber! "

I end in a blaze of glory!

- - - - -Leslie Gerber



# THIS DEEP YOUNG FAN

BY Donald Franson

Am I alone,  
And unobserved? I am!  
Then let me own  
I'm an unfannish sham!

This fannish sneer  
Is but a mere  
Veneer!

This sens'tive face  
Is but a base  
Grimace!

This mien revered  
Is but a weird  
False beard!

Let me confess!

A furious hate for prozines does not blight me!  
Sports cars and modern jazz do not delight me!  
I do not care to get fanzines  
By any means.

I'd rather see a monster show  
Than read DAFOE.  
I am not fond of uttering interlineations  
In infinite variations.  
In short, my fannishness is affectation,  
Born of a fake-fan's love of admiration!

If you're faunching for to shine in the fanzine-pubbing line,  
as a fan of vision keen,  
You must pick up all the words said by esoteric birds,  
and print them in your zine.  
You must dwell upon all crazes, and expound in boring phrases  
of your evanescent state of mind,  
The meaning doesn't matter, if it's only fannish chatter  
of a very trivial kind.  
And every fan will say,  
As you write your mystic way,  
"If this young fan expresses himself in terms too deep for me,  
Why, what a very fabulously deep young fan this deep young fan must be!"

Be eloquent in praise of the very dull old days  
which have long since passed away,  
And convince 'em, if you can, that when Tucker was a fan  
was Fandom's balmiest day.  
Of course you will say "Fout" to whatever's fresh and new,  
and declare it's crud and corn,  
For wit stopped short in the Burbee-Laney court,  
before most fans were born.  
And every fan will say,  
As you talk your caustic way,  
"If this fandom's not good, to him, though it's good enough for me,  
Why, what a most sophisticated kind of youth this kind of youth must be!"

Then a sentimental passion for a mundane fad or fashion  
must excite your fannish zeal,  
An attachment to Beethoven, or rude voices interwoven,  
or to bongo drums genteel.  
Though the neofans may snicker you will rise up all the quicker  
in that strange convention land,  
If you walk about the lobby with a book about some hobby  
in your unconventional hand.  
And every fan will say,  
As you walk your fannish way,  
"If he's content with a mundane kick which would certainly not suit me,  
Why, what a most particularly true young fan this young trufan must be!"

- - -

Adapted from Bunthorne's song in Patience by W. S. Gilbert, with music by Arthur Sullivan; from a suggestion by Bob Leman; with objections to creeping G&S-ism by Es Adams; and with apologies to anyone who may have used this song before.

- - - Donald Franson

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"For an ordinary person to try to be fabulous and Burbee-like is vaguely analogous to an attempt at a chemical analysis of protoplasm. As soon as you start analysing, the protoplasm dies, and then it isn't protoplasm any more. Just like Bill Rotsler who has spent half a decade trying to be fabulous and Burbee-like and has only succeeded in making himself an 'arty feller.'"  
- - - F. Towner Laney, in BURBLINGS (May, 1951)

# JOHN MAGNUS: FURTHER NOTES ON ATTENDING A CON



John  
Berry

Isaac  
Asimov

Foul  
Anderson

Alan J.  
Lewis

## DETROITCON BANQUET

It's not properly recognized that conventions are about the most dangerous fanaticism in the business. The convention is a regular Pandora's Box of fannish evils, and I intend for it to be known as such. Fans wandering innocently through a hotel door are likely to find themselves auctioned off for as low as thirty-six cents. Worse yet, they may find they have inadvertently bought Robert Bloch from Harlan Ellison, who doesn't want him back. I'll never forget the time, at the first Detroitcon, when a former art lover discovered he had just purchased a picture of Ray Beam's Father -- painted by Ray Beam's mother-in-law.

But those are the breaks of the business. Worse things can happen. Dirce Archer found herself stuck with next year's convention, even though she hadn't lifted a finger or spent a cent to get it. P. Schuyler Miller gave it to her for a birthday present.

G. M. Carr's troubles in fandom all stem from the day in Chicago when she caught her head in the elevator door. A few months later, Randy Garrett was smashed by a bellhop at Beatley's. Jim Harmon once thought he had discovered the House of Many Doors. Isaac Asimov always seems to go home with a twisted arm. While no one ever seems to have gotten pregnant at a convention, plenty of people have tried.

Fannish lack of funds leads to other troubles. At the first Detroitcon, Harlan Ellison had to save the day for a whole roomful of us, and he succeeded in what was perhaps the greatest verbal feat in fannish history: he actually talked the Assistant Manager out of a day's rent. The stunt didn't work the following year in San Francisco, though. When the maid opened the door at seven a.m. she found Sims and Young on mattresses, Ellison and Magnus on inner-springs, and various other types on assorted chairs and rugs. Somehow she guessed that not all of us were registered, and as it will happen, we weren't. She squealed to the Assistant Manager, and Harlan's most eloquent rhetoric couldn't keep us from being thrown out of the hotel. We had the consolation of not having been the only ones. I still think it was mean to make us pay for all those people on the floor, though.

I have no formula for avoiding such adversity. All I can recommend is to try to make the convention enjoyable enough to overcome such minor discomforts as not having any money for

food. Rick Sneary and Len Moffatt have given their views on how to attend conventions, and what they say is true. I can only add a few minor points, and give my east coast versions of what the Los Angeles contingent has already said so well.

1. Despite the danger cited above, I still think it economically wise to register as few of your party as possible. Mattresses on the floor are not too uncomfortable, and nobody can get much sleep anyhow. Experience recommends but one recourse when the maid walks in on four people in a double room. You should sit up in bed, rub your eyes, and say, "Damn! The bartender told me that shtuff would make me shee double!"

2. Don't be a spectator. You'll find yourself with nothing to say to people you may have travelled thousands of miles to see. You will have no lack of pleasant, well-tempered conversation, however, if you are f'rinstance bidding for the next consite. Spending all your time with cameras or tape recorders can keep you from realizing that you're a complete did at the convention. The first few worldcons I went to I used a display table to sell my zines. This not only let people know who I was -- I also generally got five or six bucks to spend on food. Another thing that helped me while away odd convention hours was taking notes for con-reports. You look so indistrrious, people always strike up conversations with you, or invite you to dinner hoping you'll write them up big in your report. The most honorable fannish activity at any convention is to throw a party, though. Nothing appeals to so many fans. Nothing can keep the pros away. It is rumored that at midnight a pro can detect an ice cube from six floors away, and be making love to it by 12:01.

3. Don't be afraid to introduce yourself. If you don't tell people what to call you, they will soon think us something anyway. Don't depend on your convention badge to publicize your attendance -- some fans can't read. Others wear sunglasses all the time. Instead, introduce yourself to everyone you see. ONLY DON'T USE YOUR REAL NAME, stupid! That will get around all too soon, anyway, and you'll find yourself with a half dozen lawsuits. And suits provided by the law are most unfashionably striped. A pseudonym like "rosebud" will attract the curiosity of femmefans from all corners of the hotel.

4. Speak from the convention floor if you possibly can. Let everybody see you and hear your voice. This is best done by picking a fight with somebody on a panel, since the competing members of the panel are always ready to back anyone who jumps on someone else. Just make sure you pick the right person to jump on; whatever you do, leave Sam Moskowitz and Randy Garrett alone. And never, never throw a penny at Harlan Ellison when he's auctioning off Kelly Freas' paintings.

5. Drive to the con in a car pool to save money. Sims, Young, Ellison, and myself ferried an agency car from Detroit to San Francisco in 1954, and we only got hauled into court three times along the way. The gendarmes who hauled us in for non-payment of the "caravan tax" in Lovelock, Nevada, told us we were real lucky not to have been caught for the same offense in Wyoming. Djinn and Bjo can testify that automobiles are the most painless way to get to conventions. And Dick Ellington has a fannish relic to prove it.

These five suggestions by no means comprise an exhaustive philosophy of conventioning. Many things have had to be omitted lest I be caught. But they are a suggestion of the kind of thinking that has allowed me to survive fifteen or twenty conventions well enough to be able to write serious constructive articles about them afterwards.

- - - - - John Magnus

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"Boggs thinks the convention should rotate around the country, have an 'orderly progression westward", so that people from all localities can attend from time to time. I, as a staunch Californian, wish to urge that the convention ALWAYS be held on the East Coast. We have enough indigenous fuggheadedness out here without importing more of it."

- - - F. Towner Laney, FANDANGO 23 [1949]



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by  
Robert Coulson

There are a couple of items here that I'd like to mention without reviewing them. First is FANCYCLOPEDIA II, published by Richard Eney, 417 Ft. Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Virginia. I already reviewed it in YANDRO; I'm mentioning it here in order to tell Bruce's non-YANDRO-getting readers to go buy themselves a copy. It costs \$1.25 and is worth it. The latest Eney publication is STUPEFYING STORIES #46, which contains 2 pages of additions and corrections to FANCY II. The second non-reviewed item is Carl Brandon's THE BNF OF IZ, published by Ted White, #15, 107 Christopher St., New York 14, N.Y. I'm not reviewing this for the possibly singular reason that, not being much of a fan of either Carl Brandon or L. Frank Baum, I haven't read it. (Then why do we have a copy? Juanita wanted it.) Also, since we obtained #194 out of a numbered edition of 200, I'm not at all sure that there are any left. However, if you're interested in this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing you'll like.

SF TIMES #326 (SF Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York)

Fandom's oldest newsletter may just be getting back on the ball. Issues are coming out a bit more regularly, and seem to contain a bit more news. (Big item in this issue is the report that Astounding Science Fiction will gradually effect a change of name to Analog Science Fact Fiction. If true, this evidence that Campbell has finally flipped his wig could be the biggest stf item of the year.) As for ratings, the past 2 or 3 issues have deserved a 5 or 6, while the overall performance of the past couple of years comes as close to a zero rating as I've ever given. (Irregular, 10¢ per copy).

FANAC #46 (Ron Ellik, #6, 1909 Francisco Street, Berkeley 9, Calif. -- bi-weekly - 4 for 25¢, 9 for 50¢ - co-editor, Terry Carr). Fandom's award-winning newsletter is also getting back on the ball, after a summer slump. All sorts of fannish and some pro news is published, while the last couple of issues have contained blasts at Taurasi's bid for a NYcon in '64, and a sheet making fun of Hickman's First Fandom. FANAC is also backing the Ostracize GMC movement. [So is ProFANity...BEP] Rating.....10

SPECTRUM #3 and NOMAD #1 (George Jennings, 11121 Tascosa Dr., Dallas, Texas - irregular - free for comment). SPECTRUM is a revival of one of the old Dallas zines which caused so much (unfavorable) comment a few years ago. The revival seems to have been approved by the Right People, however. Noreen Kane Falasca Shaw contributes some entertaining comments on the old "I Love a Mystery" radio show -- a program to which I used to listen regularly, even though it lost some of its appeal when it changed from one complete half-hour story to a 15-minute serial show. Greg Benford and Ted White have columns -- White, who is a reasonably perceptive critic of fan material, makes the astounding statement that the Nourse-Meyer potboiler "The Invaders Are Coming" (published originally in Amazing, I believe, under a different title) is "the best science fiction novel in the past three or four years." So much for Ted's knowledge of stf -- unfortunately, he spends most of his column discussing science fiction. The editor perpetuates a hoax with a supposed article by Richard Koogler. There is a reprint from a FAPA-zine by Cliff Gould which is mostly a blast at Clod Hall, and which I would have enjoyed more if I didn't have a hell of a lot more respect for Hall than I do for Gould; and Tom Reamy gives his opinion of Orville Mosher.

Rating.....6

NOMAD is mostly concerned with letters of comment to SPECTRUM, and so will not be rated. Future issues, however, are intended to present a variety of comment, material, and letters, come out frequently and (though the editor doesn't say so) quite possibly replace VOID, which seems to have disappeared, as a leading zine of fa-a-a-anish commentary.

OOPSLA! #28-29 (Gregg Calkins, 1484 E. 17th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah - irregular - he says it's "irregular bi-monthly" and I say it's irregular and the hell with it - 15¢ or 4 for 50¢) This two-part job is worth getting for the beginning of Willis's column where he talks about fanzines as delicately adjusted machines. This isn't all, though; there is John Berry's account of the end of the Shaw-Berry typewriter, the discussion of the state of present-day stf by Calkins, Rich Elsberry and H.L. Gold, a posthumous column by Vernon McCain, and all sorts of letters. I wasn't too enchanted with Harry Warner's fanzine reviews this time, and I've quit reading the disjointed installments of Ron Bennett's "Colonial Excursion"; I'll read them when they're collected under one cover and not before.

Rating.....9

JD-ARGASSY #48 (Lynn Hickman, 304 No. 11th, Mt. Vernon, Ill - 10¢, 12 for \$1 - monthly) I think the best things about JD anymore are those gorgeous Barr covers. This one looks like something from Unknown. Contents include another installment of Madle's "A Fake Fan in London," letters, and a short column by Les Gerber on forthcoming stf.

Rating.....5

SEXY VENUS #8-9 (Bo Stenfors, Bylgjavägen 3, Djursholm, Sweden) This is, according to the editor, the final issue. There is an entire editorial apparently devoted to the reasons for this, but unfortunately it's in Swedish. Anyway, if you haven't seen a copy, now is your last chance. There aren't quite as many glamorous gals in this issue, but the cover combines a beautiful babe with some fine color work. The English-written material includes a review of "Land Unknown" by Alan Dodd and a sexy story by Mike Deckinger, the latter marred somewhat by stilted conversation and occasional odd grammatical structure.

Rating.....5

PSI-PHI #4 (Arv Underman, 5304 Sherbourne Drive, Los Angeles 56, Calif. - bi-monthly? - 15¢ - co-editor, Bob Lichtman) All comments on this issue, they say, should go to Underman who hasn't been too happy over doing half the work and receiving none of the credit. Trouble is, Arv, that Lichtman has been writing letters, sending contributions to other fanzines, etc., and has thus become well known, while you're still a shadowy figure in the background of PSI-PHI. Wally Weber and Otto Pfeifer report on the Westercon. I didn't read this. Len Moffatt does a good job of parodying the styles of various fanzine reviewers. Ted Johnstone makes a further report on his project to film The Lord of the Rings. He asks for comments, but the only one I can think of is "Bah!" Rog Ebert reviews books, Ted Pauls

DARK AS A DUNGEON 3

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discusses humor without adding any useful knowledge to the field, and Lewis Baker demands that FAPA send up a rocket and claim the moon for fandom. But we're waiting for Carr and Ellik to finish their Tower of Beercans, Lewis -- it wouldn't be fair to deprive them of the credit. Leslie Nirenberg does a perfectly wonderful fannish fantasy entitled "Gestilts-fan." I'm beginning to wonder about Nirenberg; the first I heard of him was a comment by Raeburn about some fannish character he was introducing to fandom, and here just a few months later Nirenberg is showing an amazing knowledge of fandom -- not to mention a great deal more literacy than most fans -- and I keep wondering if Nirenberg is Raeburn's answer to Carl Brandon. I never did trust that "Co-Existence Candy Shop" bit. Anyway, whoever he is, he can write.

Rating.....6

METROFEN #2 (Les Gerber, 201 Linden Blvd., Brooklyn 26, N.Y. - irregular, so far - 10¢)

Major items this time are "The Case of the Disappearing Fan" by Walt Willis (reprinted from BEM #5), and a long -- 5-page -- column by Ed Meskys. There is also an editorial, by Gerber, and a sort of quiz on fan and prozine lettercolumn by Don Franson. Willis is pleasantly Willisish; Meskys reviews books, plays, movies, and the first pulp issue of FU. METROFEN is put out as a club zine, and to introduce fanzine fandom to stf readers. As such, it isn't particularly entrancing to the veteran fan, but may be just what some neo-fan is looking for.

Rating.....4

SEXY DEFECTIVE STORIES #1 (Andrew Reiss, 741 Westminster Rd., Brooklyn 30, N.Y. - no price or schedule listed - co-editor, Les Gerber) This is, according to the editorials, an issue devoted entirely to the "serious writing" of the editors. Before the faanish

element skips to the next review, let me say that this does not mean that the contents are entirely composed of amateur science fiction stories. On the contrary, there isn't an amateur stf story in the lot, and only a couple of items which could properly be called "stories" at all. Reiss supplies mostly "mood pieces" slightly -- but only slightly -- reminiscent of the last few issues of BRILLIG. Gerber's chief contributions are a pair of articles. As to whether they're any good or not -- it depends on the standards you use. By professional standards, they aren't so hot. Compared to writings of the average 15-year-old, they're brilliant. And there is too little fan-written material of this kind to make a comparison. The next issue of this zine may contain more of this sort of writing, it may turn into a general-type fanzine, or it may never appear. (The editors don't seem to be in agreement.) This issue is recommended only to serious-type fans.

Rating.....4

HOCUS #11 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢ - approximately monthly) Beautiful Prosser cover, but the reproduction could have been improved.

The two most interesting items here are the article by Bob Bloch on the dangers of monthly publication; and Graham Stone's resumé of Australian fandom. Barry Milroad and Bill Durkom, who are, potentially, Mike's best contributors, are still wasting too much time in name-calling and not spending enough on their subjects. Neither one seems to know how to slant their columns so as to imply that their readers are fuggheads; they depend too much on throwing together a string of malicious adjectives. This technique gets results in the form of outraged letters, but it makes for a pretty dull argument as far as the bystanders are concerned. Mike should work on these boys; they have the ideas, but they don't seem very competent at expressing them. Elsewhere, Alan Dodd writes fiction, Vic Ryan reviews books, and there is the first half of Bob Lambeck's con report. HOCUS keeps looking like it should be a good magazine; if Millroad and Durkom ever get oriented to fandom, it will be.

Rating.....4

EXCONN #4 (Bob Lambeck, 868 Helston Rd., Birmingham, Michigan - irregular? - 10¢) By far the best item in this is the editorial, which consists of exerpts from some crackpot flying saucer mag, and comments by Lambeck. In a good many cases the comments aren't strictly necessary, since the fallacies of the original are hilariously obvious, but mostly the comments add to the enjoyment of the item. "Norma Sandlot Houris" has some fas-

cinating predictions about the future of fanzines, Barry Milroad writes on Cuba and the Castros (from personal knowledge, yet!), there is a thiotimeline sort of thing on "The Turbo-Encabulator in Industry" (which I think I've seen before, either in a science mag, a professional journal, or making the rounds of the Honeywell engineering department), a poem by Lambeck, and a couple of fillers. All in all, EXCONN looks like the sort of fanzine that I enjoy immensely. The only jarring note is Mike Deckinger's story, which I just read half an hour ago in SEXY VENUS, with a blurb stating that it was "specially written" for SV. Syndicating your stuff without telling the editors about it is frowned on in fandom, Mike.

Rating.....6

APORRHETA #13 (H.P. Sanderson, "Inchmery," 236 Queen's Road, New Cross, London SE 14, England - 20¢ - irregular, but maybe he'll get back on the monthly schedule.) What's going on here? APE just doesn't look the same with the "Inchmery Fan Diary" reduced to a mere lettercolumn, and all these outside contributors. Well, there are still the columns by Joy Clarke and Penelope Fandergaste, plus a newcomer by Dean Grennell. Bob Leman and George Locke write faaan fiction, while Jim Linwood narrates the account of a fannish gathering. (One of these days I'm going to start writing accounts of every time the DeWeeses, Adams, and Dale Brandon get together with us. I can't understand why accounts of fan gatherings are so popular under that name, when the same thing, if it's called a club meeting, will be shunned. An account by any other name is equally dull.) Someone should label Harry Warner's stuff -- his fiction is so realistic and incidents which actually happen to him are so fictitious-sounding that sometimes I can't tell which is which. His item in APE sounds like fiction, but... . "Cantaloupe Flabbergast's" article on apas is entertaining, but so obviously written to draw controversy that I wonder if anyone will fall for it. This time, I think I'm on the side of Inchmery in what promises to be a full-scale feud with the wilder elements of New York fandom over peyote. The attack on the Detention committee was a bit of fuggheadedness, but the present evaluation of peyote seems pretty sensible. (More so, at least, than the Donaho article which they're attacking, which was highly entertaining but hardly aspired to the heights of logic.) Just offhand, I'd say that was the most enjoyable issue of APE that I've ever seen. (Look out, Sandy; if I like it, you're slipping... .)

Rating.....8

TRIODE #16 (Eric Bentcliffe, 47 Alldis St., Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England - US agent Dale Smith, 3001 Kyle Ave., Minneapolis 22, Minnesota - co-editor Terry Jeeves - irregular - 20¢ or 6 for \$1) They say it's been 9 months since the last issue appeared; frankly, I hadn't noticed. There's something forgettable about TRIODE; I enjoy the mag, but when it can disappear for nine months without my even noticing it, I'd say that it lacks something. I've never been too fond of VOID, for example, but when it quite coming I know it. Oh, well, the present issue is pleasant enough, now that it's arrived. Even though it does contain another "Colonial Excursion" installment. There is a new Harrison story, "The 39 Schweppes," the editorials, letters and fanzine reviews, and a quite good story by Sid Birchby, titled either "Manuscript Found In an Empty Bed" or "Manuscript Found In an Empty Bottle," depending on whether you believe the contents page or the story logo. As usual, the best item is the Harrison story.

Rating.....4

There is probably room left for a short review, but I don't feel much like writing one. After receiving a 600-page FAPA mailing, the idea of reading one more fanzine for review purposes is repelling. (Sometimes I think fanzines are repelling to begin with, but this is mostly just after I've been reading a dozen or so at one sitting. Fanzines should be read sparingly if thereader is to retain any respect at all for fandom.

- - - Robert Coulson

# BLESSINGS

# CURSES

AND

(being ye  
lettercolumn)

[We start off this time with some comment left over from ProF 5, which arrived too late for inclusion in #6....BEP]:

Colin Cameron  
28 July

"Bob Coulson's fanzine reviews are really excellent. I must take issue, however, with something he mentioned about FARSIDE #2: Coulson mentions 'The presentation of a variety of styles is the only reason for having more than one artist, as I see it.' Firstly, I'd hardly say that the artwork could be attributed to one person. The styles of Gregg Trend, Buz Salah and myself are hardly the same, although Salah's resembles slightly some of the lines Trend uses, and his work is not as good as Trend's. But, assuming that the styles are the same, still the basic premise is wrong. In the use of more than one artist, it is the presentation of a variety of ideas which overshadows the style angle. One artist, pressed for a deadline, or such, bogs down. Artists, working "together" (I refer to this loosely) tend to complement each other and inspire each other's creativity and activity. An excellent example of two artists essentially using the same style would be Hillaire Degas and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; the differences in style of their works are small, yet the subject matter and the ideas presented are at an opposite. Titian and Rubens, Leonardo and Rembrandt are other examples."

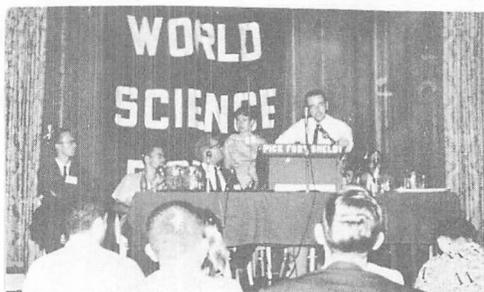
[And now on to comment on #6....BEP]:

Bob Lichtman  
11 September

"Ichabodings was better this time than last, though the subject matter is a bit way-out. I trust you've sent copies of this to the people involved (or at least, Burb, Elmer, and Bill) ... because I'd like to see their -- Burb's especially-- comments on this. [So would I, but so far no luck...BEP]

Berry was quite excellent this time, with this stf-ish kick he's on for your zine. With a few changes, this could probably make at least one of the American prozines; it's that good. Of course, the idea is a bit old, which may hold against it, but still... I like John the best on his GDA work, next on his faaan-fiction for CRY and others (the SOPS Fables, etc.) and this serious work rates a bit above his Factual Articles.

I don't know whether it was the checkmark system I copied from you, but the results on PSI-PHI #3 went about like this: 85 copies sent out, 34 letters came back, 17 trades, and 3 miscellaneous (contributions, subs), which makes a total of 54 responses, with 31 left unresponded to. [Well, on ProF 6, there were 115 copies sent out, with 65 responses, but several of the copies were mailed out in December, so it is too soon to expect response yet. Even so, the mailing list gets slashed considerably this time...BEP]



While this isn't exactly a heading illo for "Blessings and Curses," it's close enough to be included here. It shows the Fanzine Editors' Panel at the Detention: On stage, left to right, Wally Weber, Ted White, Ron Ellik, Bjo, and Jim Harmon.

So, where would I like to be, if I could invent my own land? Well, let's say, just to be interesting, and fannish too, that we should all travel to a land where the mailbox is always full, letters of comment are dictated to the typer, and femmefenne are much more beautiful than the majority of them here. A land where stamps are free, there are no screw-ups in mail delivery, and bheer runs in the streams. Only trouble is, I can't exactly believe in this. A shame, too..."[I suppose I should complain that you missed the gimmick, which was to pick an already delineated world, but you'd probably weasel out by claiming your world to be that of The Enchanted Duplicator, so I'll just let it go -- besides, it sounds like a world I might like, too...BEP]

Al Andrews  
11 September

ProF #6 arrived and I invited in several friends for the formal opening. They gaily complied (under dire threat) and brought along their screwdrivers, hatchets, claw-hammers, crowbars, and like tools and we happily attacked the damnable staples of monstrous proportions. Finally, after hours of labor we emerged haggard and waned BUT victorious. One of my cohorts said, after looking through the zine, "Maybe we should have left the staples in it." Of course, he was swiftly branded in the forehead with the mark of the Evil-Ghru and flushed down the toilet. Now let us see what we have here.

COVER: Can't understand why you didn't reprint the photo of myself by popular demand of clamoring thousands, but even so I am muchly in favor of the photo-offset covers. They really look pro-like and afford one the opportunity to see what his fellow-idiots look like. I've often wondered what Alan Dodd looked like; appears a personable chap. The two bheer-drinkers make a roguish pair; Sanders I know not, and I always figured F.E. Katte was the real brains behind ProFANity.

EDITORIAL: I don't see how I missed the bit last time about what past age one would choose to be exiled to, but I did. So just to get my wish-ticket in like everybody, I would pick Palestine during the 1st Century A.D. Quite naturally in this era of time would be Jesus whom one could hear and see (provided one could master Aramaic and possibly a bit of koine Greek.) What a chance to clear up definitely some points of controversy. I would like to ask Mark which of the two endings for his gospel he really wrote, or did he write either one. Let the remarkable Apostle Paul pick the epistles he wrote, particularly Hebrews, which I, in the face of higher criticism, still maintain belongs to Paul. And one might check to see where the Essenes were actually located, rather than assume it was Qumran near the Dead Sea Scrolls find; and, oh, to talk with old Flavius Josephus, the famed Jewish historian, about his Antiquities of the Jews in the original as compared to the later Slavonic versions.

But I think a person would find it very difficult to adjust in the past because our lives are built through a course of years in basically familiar surroundings, and a sudden break and casting into an entirely different age would be terribly confusing. Even books alone could not fully equip a person for the role, for there are far too many simple, everyday complexities that history of any age is ignorant of.

DARK AS A DUNGEON by Coulson: I don't get many fanzines (and any fanned whose kindness wishes to remedy this deplorable situation will be appreciated), but I am beginning to enjoy Coulson. The bit about "sic" should be framed in flashing red neon in the hovel of every fanned in the world. Yea, verily, Mr. Coulson, I'm wid you. The only point I can take issue with Coulson on is his remarks about SF TIMES. Their double-mailing does seem to be an effort to cover up tardiness, but even so SF TIMES is an invaluable permanent record of the happenings in the pro-world that is not (to my knowledge) matched by any other zine or publication. Of course, if one reads every prozine the instant it hits the stands, SF TIMES' lateness is a decided disadvantage, but then many fans read neither all the prozines nor any with any degree of schedule anyway. It still makes a fine record, and that makes it worthwhile.

Now, for the lettercol. First, since many commented on the story "Shamblow," let me dis- pose of that. It was not intended to follow the storyline of Miss Moore's yarn, but the title merely stood for the type of fantastic fiction her Northwest Smith sagas exemplified. The plot of my "Shamblow" is, of course, unimportant, since even I didn't know how or where it would end when I started writing it. It was just an emphasized lampoon of the Smith-sagas

(yet kindly meant). It intended to break the rules of satire, humor, and good story-telling for no other reason than that I felt like breaking rules for an hour or so. There is no defence for the story, and there is no need for a defence of it, because it simply is not a story that has to be defended. This story did not set out to make anybody laugh; it simply sort of helps you along if you are in a laughing mood. Some were, some were not. [I was, and I used it...BEP]

F.M. BUSBY: There is some truth in what Buz says about the book-v in Prof 5, but there is a reason for same. To "review" is to re-cap the plot or storyline of a book or story. To "criticize" is to take apart with care and some attention to detail the plot, style, plausibility, and readability of a book or story. With a book, this usually can be done with some degree of ease (see review of two books in this iss [#6]), but to recap a storyline of a short story or give a careful criticism of a short story is another matter. So what I tried to do was to combine a recap and critical comment on a story into one short piece, sort of capsule it. But this does have the disadvantage of tending toward opinions rather than straight criticism. I'll try to watch that hereafter. But as to Richard Wilson's "Man Working," it wasn't worth recapping the storyline, and the criticism of it was simply that it made a fine start and then went nowhere; as far as I was concerned that was all I could say about it, and more than it deserved. Also, I was trying out Bill Meyers' suggestion that I give more opinions and less description. (See, what trouble you got me into, Bill.)

BURNETT R. TOSKEY: Oh, it is such a joy to read the moving prose of Toskey, who is absolutely unmatched in the world of letters. [Yeah, but his prose is far from unmatched -- most of it was burned immediately...BEP] A man of keen insight, unexcelled wit, unsurpassed learning, whose agile mind can embrace such a tremendous scope of knowledge on every conceivable subject that it staggers the pitiful imagination of we lesser mortals; a man of whom we stand in silent and respectful awe; Toskey the great, wonderful, magnificent..... "Don't stop me now, you fool, after all, he DID LIKE "Shamblow." "

Harry Warnet, Jr.  
13 September

I would have written my bread-and-butter letter for the sixth issue of PROFANITY sooner, but I couldn't get the staples out for a couple of days, and that held up my reading. You must have neutronium or something in those things. They baffled my fingernail, the letteropener that generally extracts impacted staples, and the little gadget designed specifically for that purpose, which I normally reserve for the worst cases. [The staples have passed their test; I shall now use them to staple shut my correspondence file, so I don't have to buy a lock...BEP]

Chewing tobacco probably has lost favor because a greater number of men are engaged in occupations which make it inconvenient to spit. It hasn't been too long since about half of the nation's population lived on farms. But the use of the stuff has definitely declined fast. When I was a little boy, I used to collect the tiny metal tags that were included on every package of tobacco, with a distinctive shape and trademark for each color. You could pick up one or two almost every time you walked a couple of blocks. I'm afraid it would be hard to build up a collection fast these days.

I'll pass over Len's article, which isn't likely to help a completist for non-attendance at fan gatherings like me, and I'll also try to avoid any philosophy about the content of "Ichabodings" this time. It's good, a queer sort of combination of Browning and Marquis, but I could imagine an eruption from Burbee. George Locke is most entertaining, but his account suffers by containing in essence just about the same information that has been covered thoroughly in British fanzines weeks ago. [Too true. I had no idea that there'd be so many reports on the same subject when I got this one from George. I think that must've been the best-covered get-together yet, considering the ratio of reports to attendance...BEP]

Bob Coulson has at least one supporter in his anti-sic campaign, me. I think that this use of "sic" in fanzines started in quite sensible fashion. There was a time when it was inserted because the writer of quoted material had obviously left out some words or used a totally wrong word, or otherwise messed up his remarks too badly for the editor to be able to figure out what was meant; the editor stuck in the "sic" to show that it wasn't his fault.

Then people started to use it just to prove that they knew how to spell that word (after having used the dictionary to make sure that the word which looked wrong was really spelled wrong.) [Agreed. But there are still many cases where "sic" is needed for the first reason you mention -- places where the writer may have typoed, but has made another word which just might be what he meant in the first place. I'll go along with the idea that an editor should do his best to correct quoted material, but if it still looks wrong he should not be censured for using "sic." ...BEP]

I got a slight letdown feeling over the Berry yarn, simply because I was hoping that it would take a fannish or outlandish twist instead of the more or less routine, prozine-like conclusion. However, I suspect that John is about ready to start selling fiction, and if he's as prolific in the prozines as he has been in the fanzines, Bob Silverberg's quantity records will be menaced.

There are a few notes to make about the letter column. Why can't 'sfal' be pronounced? It's no harder than sphere or sphinx, and some languages like Italian are simply teeming in words that begin with 's' followed by this or that consonant. [The trouble with trying to pronounce 'sfal' is that the emphasis falls on the 'al,' which is only the adjectival ending, rather than on the 'sf' which is the main part of the word. To do anything else with it yields only "ess eff al" which is three syllables, and rather unmanageable. In the word 'stfnal' ("stef-nal") the accent falls on the right part, and it's only two syllables to bother with instead of three...BEP] Redd Boggs is rarely wrong about anything, but you should have spotted the error in his statement that the Kuslans played complete G&S to visitors. Almost all of the operettas contain huge stretches of spoken dialogue, and nothing but the singing sections has ever been put onto commercially released records. [How about Trial By Jury? Redd could weasel out by mentioning that Trial is all singing, and completely recorded --- or maybe the Kuslans had non-commercial records? (This is another edition of The Gimlet-Eyed Snobs versus Fanzines)...BEP]

I'm glad to see someone coming out and supporting a Berry Fund in preference to TAFF. When SAPS was founded, there was this same lament that a good thing -- FAPA -- was being ruined by competition. As it's turned out, the existence of more ayjay groups has been the utmost blessing; imagine what kind of a waiting list there would be in FAPA now without SAPS and OMPA and the Cult to absorb some of the overflow. Besides, I think that specific drives like the Berry Fund get money from people who don't contribute to TAFF, including me. They also have the advantage of being able to utilize money-making schemes that aren't possible with TAFF, like auctions and special fanzine publications. I've been casting out feelers lately on who should be the next victim for such a drive. I'd like to see the Linards come over, but there are several difficulties there, including the need for twice as much money, their uncertain health, and language problems. [As much as I supported the Berry Fund, and will support other special funds like it, some of your arguments aren't valid -- such as the ayjay runover comparison. I doubt very much that there'll ever be too much money available to bring a fan to an overseas convention. Also, TAFF can utilize special auctions and fanzine publications -- they have done so frequently, including such items as the Auction Bloch at worldcons, and a rakeoff of part of the proceeds from the sale of The Harp Stateside. The main argument in favor of special funds is that you know whom you're trying to bring over -- there's no chance that another candidate will nudge your selected fan out of the trip somehow. And though there's no rule against it, running for TAFF a second time hasn't been done yet, possibly because the losers get the feeling that it's not worth the disappointment for a second try. So, I'll support TAFF while it exists, and campaign for a candidate, but special funds seem a better idea, to me. There is one other point, though: how much could we raise to send a particular fan to England? Or would it all be one-sided? Guess we'll have to try and see...BEP]

The answer to your editorial problem this time is easy for me, but it might appear pathological to some persons. I'd leave at once for the Mars that is described in Bradbury's "Mars Is Heaven." I assume that this hypothetical situation would provide the traveller with more safety and protection than Bradbury's spaceship crew received. Under those circumstances, it would be the ultimate in escapism, of course, but a harmless kind to the person

doing the travelling, even if he knew that this was all a fake. I would certainly enjoy five full years of life in the idealized world of my memories, even though that world undoubtedly wasn't the nice place that I remember.

I don't want my telephone number in the Fan Directory. It provides too much danger that this or that idiotic bunch of half-drunk fans will be riding somewhere close to your town and won't have time to stop and wait until morning to visit you, but will instead call you at 2 a.m. just to say they're in the neighborhood. Ask Dean Grennell for further details. Of course, my number could be located by calling information, but its presence in print might be the deciding factor that would get me out of bed in the middle of the night, rather than some other person whose number wasn't as handy. In fact, I'm thinking of getting an unlisted number, not because of fandom, but because too many people are pestering me at home about work instead of waiting for me to get to the office. [I see your point, but how many roving groups of half-drunk fans would carry the Fan Directory with them? There was an article in one of the Sunday supplements a week or so ago -- around the first part of December -- pointing out the dangers of getting unlisted telephone numbers, including the fact that someone who didn't know your number couldn't reach you no matter how urgent the matter. It gives one pause...BEP]

A real good issue, and thanks a lot. [Thankyou, sirrah...BEP]

Vic Ryan  
13 September

I see you've been reading many Lynn Hickman fanzines, as you're voting for Don Ford. I won't argue with your choice, as it took me quite some time to make up my mind. However, you should have gone into greater detail (in the editorial) as to why you chose Don. [I've been reading many Don Ford fanzines...BEP]

The editorial was much more entertaining this time, but still not quite as good as I know you could make it... You left out some fine possibilities...Crudcon, visiting Sanders, etc., which could have been included. [Crudcon, Es Adams' name for my visit to Huntsville last July, was covered in my SAPSzine. My con reports are usually rambling things, not particularly suited for genzine publication -- particularly the Crudcon Report, which involved a speleological convention as well as the visit with Adams. My Detention Report will be sent through SAPS, too -- it's about 26 pages long, since it takes in a post-con vacation as well as the con itself...BEP]

I think the only place that deserved an innerillo was Locke's article -- a proper illo would have set the scene, and added something to the narrative -- armored fans clashing on the field of honor, etc. [I was told that ATOM would send one, but it never arrived...BEP] For a beginner, George Locke writes a darn interesting report. It seems to have been thoughtfully constructed, and shows either unusual talent at composing one's thoughts, or careful rewriting. Buck Coulson won't like it, but I did mucho, and hope you continue to carry things like this on occasions.

Ichabodings is far more interesting this time, as Rich Brown seems to have come up with something to say. Undoubtedly, this idea will grow tiring pretty fast, as I've seen it in two places in the last two days, and the end isn't in sight. Right now, I'm gleefully waiting for Rich to make mention of some "silly pointless conversation"... [Why? I see no connection between a parody of Don Marquis's Archy and Mehitabel and the personal-happening vignettes which Rich labeled "silly pointless conversations" ...BEP]

In my opinion, fandom has three main fanzine reviewers -- Coulson, Warner, and White. Each is tops in his field. Coulson is mildly critical, and downright interesting; Warner is good-humored, and interesting; and Ted White, while being occasionally obnoxious, is generally very critical. I won't attempt to pick the best of these three, but will just say that Coulson is good, and it's a help to have him. His review of DISJECTA MEMBRA is a gem.

Robert Heinlein  
14 September

Thanks for ProFANity #6, which I enjoyed, and not alone for the music to GRAND CANAL. I almost caught up to you in the past few days. I had intended to go to the Detroit convention (and did get as far as Chica-

go) -- but I was invited to a red-carpet tour and firing at Cape Canaveral. Faced with this choice, big rockets won out over BNFs. ("If this be treason, make the most of it.") ["...it may be that he listens to the sound of different drums" ...BEP]

Leslie Gerber  
14 September

"Basingstoke" doesn't ring a bell. I've got the complete G&S in front of me, but I'm not inclined to go completely through it. I've never been the kind of person who memorizes vast stores of quotations anyway. [How about half that amount? ...BEP] The people who can tell you on what page of what edition Sherlock Holmes sneezes for the first time, or the names of the locations of every one of his stories, or how many times the word "the" appears in any given book of the bible, have always flabbergasted me, but I can't be one of them even if I try. Of course, a knowledge of the G&S plays might be more useful, for performance purposes, but I'd rather just enjoy the things, and not make a study of them. (By the way, I suppose you've appeared in G&S productions in various places, but did you ever perform professionally? [Unfortunately, I've never even been in an amateur show of G&S. I was unable to convince the University of Florida music dept. that they should do G&S, though I spent three years trying, and I didn't have the time in high school. One of these days, tho, I'll connect with one show...BEP] I've been in only one amateur G&S production myself -- as a Gentleman of Japan last summer at Camp Rising Sun. [How appropriate! ...BEP] It was great fun, especially since I was appearing with boys from 15 countries. There was even a Japanese boy who showed us how to act like Japanese. He tried to translate "Miya sama," but got as far as something about there being a horse standing in front of a temple, and broke down in laughter. We never did get the full story out of him.) [Biographies of G&S mention that they had a Japanese song in the opera The Mikado which turned out to be off-color when translated. Whether this was the March of the Mikado's Troops, "Miya sama," or whether it was another song that was cut out, I don't know. Can anyone translate Japanese? ...BEP] Pogo wouldn't be Coulson, would it? [Well, ... .. BEP] Interesting, at least.

Emile Greenleaf  
16 September

Quite a chuckle from Berry's tale of the heroic chicken-sexer. So chin-up, all ye in ignominious positions! Despair not, latrine orderlies! Your day shall come!

Excluding s-f and fantasy worlds, I would probably settle for the world of Omar Khayyam. Wine, pretty girls, intellectual companionship; what more can one ask? You can have all your medieval romances with their fatuous chivalry. Including s-f worlds gives one enormous play. I would be willing to try the Jupiter of the Lopers that Simak describes in City. But actually I'm a pill of the first water. I can with very little difficulty find fault with practically every culture you present to my scrutiny, both real and imaginary, and past, present, and possible future. ["And isn't your life extremely flat, with nothing whatever to grumble at?" ...BEP]

Donald Franson  
20 September

ProFANity #6 came the same day as CRY #131, and it was better. You can't keep this up. Neither can CRY -- it was a below par issue. ProF's lettercol was more CRYish than CRY's this time.

For anyone's information, the story Len Moffatt is referring to is "Alpha Centauri Curtain Call" in the Dec. 1950 ish of Out of This World Adventures, and I enjoyed it. While you are looking at this OOTWA, note the cartoon section....and study the sterling comics of the good old pre-code type. Ghaaaaa! Aagghh!

I may be wrong, being a fringe-fan and all, but I think this latest wave of G&S started in the prozines, and was sparked by L.S. de Camp. The following list is probably not complete, but I was looking for previous uses of Bunthorne's song, and might as well make further use of my researches: [I've added a few to your list...BEP]

ASIMOV, ISAAC

F&SF, Oct. 1954 "The Foundation of Science Fiction Success," from "If you're

- Anxious For To Shine" in Patience.
- SF Stories, Nov. 1956, "How to Succeed at Science Fiction Without Really Trying" from "A Heavy Dragoon" in Patience.
- SF Quarterly, May 1957, "The Author's Ordeal," from "The Lord Chancellor's Nightmare" in Iolanthe.
- Future #33, Summer, 1957, "Tale of the Pioneer," from "I Have a Song to Sing, O" in Yeomen of the Guard.
- SF Stories, Jan. 1958, "Oh, That Lost Sense of Wonder," from "When Britain Really Ruled the Waves" in Iolanthe.
- Future, Oct. 1958, "It's All How You Look At It" (Reprinted in SF: The Year's Greatest, 1959, #4, as "The Thunder-Thieves"), from "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring" in The Mikado.
- BOUCHER, ANTHONY  
F&SF, July, 1953, "Model of a Science Fiction Editor" from "The Major-General's Song" in Pirates of Penzance.
- DE CAMP, L. SPRAGUE  
F&SF, Jan. 1955, "Lament By a Maker," from King Gama's Song ("If You'll Give Me Your Attention") in Princess Ida.
- SF Stories, Mar. 1957, "All the Latest Improvements," from "A Wandering Minstrel I" in The Mikado.
- GARRETT, RANDALL  
F&SF, Nov. 1953, "I've Got a Little List" from Koko's Song in The Mikado.
- "RANDALL, ROBERT"  
SF Stories, July 1958, "A Certain Answer," from "I Stole the Prince" in Gondoliers.

[This is still probably incomplete, as my complete index is stored away right now. Anyone happen to know of some additions? § Also worth noting are two SF stories that stole their plots from G&S quite baldly -- Boucher's "Sriberdegibet" (F&SF, March 1954) was taken from Ruddigore, and Asimov did "The Up-To-Date Sorcerer." ...BEP]

Ted Pauls  
 24 September

Sorry to see you're plugging Ford for TAFF, however; tell me, did my supposed attacks swing you his way? According to Tucker, this is an ingenious method of convincing people to vote for Ford... simply

blast him. [You overestimate yourself...BEP]

I've already written to Buck regarding the review of DM, so I won't bother to repeat it here. Suffice to say that he's wrong, dead wrong. [Have a cigar -- have several cigars -- several cheap ones, of course...BEP]

Len Moffatt  
 28 September

For some reason I found the cover quite fascinating. Except in the TAFF advert you spelled BJO wrong. [My dictionary says that Bjo is spelled the same as Carr: 'F-O-R-D.' ...BEP]

The article on 'baccy-chewing reminds me of an uncle of mine. In his younger days he chewed Mail Pouch constantly. (I tried some when I was a wee lad, and swore off chewing tobacco forever...) Finally he lost all of his teeth, but man, he had hard gums! Then one day he decided to quit the filthy tobacco habit; he stopped using Mail Pouch, but still felt the need to be chewing on something. So he took up chewing gum. But one stick at a time wasn't good enough -- didn't quite feel like the accustomed wad of tobacco. So, he added another stick, and another, and another... Finally he developed that wad of Wrigley's (advert; my company makes cartons for 'em) into a comfortable size, and now the problem was to keep it that way. Also, he was economical by nature, and would not throw a wad away until it had been gummed completely to death. Sometimes I think he had several wads going at once. We used to find them around the house...on a window ledge...on a cupboard shelf...usually neatly wrapped in wax paper -- each of them the same 'baccy-quid size. I remember one day a neighbor kid was over and picked up one of them. Before I could

stop him he bit into it, and nearly broke off his front teeth. (Apparently this particular wad had been sitting around for several days.) I asked him what he thought he was doing, trying to eat my uncle's chewing gw that way. He explained that he was hungry, and thought it was a small potato. [I'd hate to see the gum-wad to which your uncle's would be small potatoes...BEP]

Ella Parker  
12 October

I very much liked Len's advice on how to treat one's con committee. From his experiences at the Solacon, I've no doubt it was written from the heart. It might not be a bad idea if one page of future con booklets were used for something along these lines -- general guidance of the kind of behaviour expected from neos at their first con, including much of the kind of thing Len had to say here. 'Tis more than likely, were fen to know their work on behalf of the con-goer was appreciated, there might not be so much in evidence the reluctance to take on the duties of a committee.

George's account of the LC doings at Whitsun were well done. I was there, and was able to relive it all again through this. He neglected to mention the jack-booted foot protruding through the ceiling of the toilet at the Cheltenham clubroom, and the bloodshot eye painted on the door inside captioned "Big Brother is watching you!" Horrendous!

Archie Mercer  
14 October

...Then George's write-up of the Cheltenham party-con at Whitsun, which is fairly fabulous - though not of course quite as fabulous as the event itself. I like the way he casually deals with Ivor Mayne at the bottom of his second page. Re the Mercatorial pun he quotes at the end, the best part is left off -- mainly because I somehow never got around to saying it at the time. But I could have concluded "Then we can address you 'Hi-ya - Doll." [Cog. Good thing I like horrible puns..BEP]

Buck Coulson  
21 October

Since I haven't read The Tide Went Out and have no intention of doing so -- I gave up on Maine several books ago -- I can't quarrel with the review. I thought Alfred had contradicted himself in the review of After the Rain, but on second thought, I guess that characters could be "interesting" without being "grippingly real"; depends on what one is interested in, I guess. I certainly didn't find them interesting; I wouldn't have minded if the whole bunch had drowned.

Moffatt's idea of my opinions is correct in a way; I do think that most fanzines, of any type, are pretty damned dull. I read them because of the few that aren't dull, just as I wade through an interminable amount of crud in present-day stf prozines in order to savor the occasional good story. And there are just enough fanzine first issues like Leman's AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OCULENTERATOLOGY to keep my hopes up.

Harry Warner's "fandoms within fandoms" is worse than he realizes. I'm acquainted, more or less, with the fans whose publications I review; I'm a member (well, actually half a member) of FAPA, know most of the people in SAPS, and even have a nodding acquaintance with a good many N3F members. And just today I was talking with a new draftsman the company hired, and I find out he's a member of a stf club in Fort Wayne, Indiana (40 miles from here) which I've never heard of before. If it was just one fan.....after all, no one fan can know everyone else in fandom. But a whole club.....and practically on my doorstep, at that.

Agree, more or less, with the comment to Hayes. I can't honestly say that I was frantically eager to meet Berry (I wouldn't, for example, have hung around Earl Kemp's apartment until 4:00 A.M. in order to talk to him for 5 minutes, as I did for Bennett), but I contributed to the Berry Fund, and I will contribute the same amount to TAFF that I would have done if there had been no Berry Fund. There's room for an occasional special fund in addition to TAFF if fans want it -- just don't try it too often.

What fictional world would I like to visit? Well, now, that's a large order. Particularly since the stories I most like (Well of the Unicorn, Wheels of If, Alien Dust, etc.) are about worlds that I emphatically would not want to visit. Well, let's start out with the

Shire of the hobbits, follow up with the planet Lucifer (in Pangborn's West of the Sun), and conclude (foul-minded lecher that I am) with Poul Anderson's "Virgin Planet." This is a result, not of deep thinking, but of a quick survey of our stf library.....reflection might add or change some of the places, but I'll let them go as is. Come to think of it, after 5 years on Anderson's planet, I probably wouldn't be able to visit any others.

Joe Patrizio  
11 November

One fictional land I would like to visit is the Shire (Tolkien). The Hobbits life is one I'd like to try for a while. Come to think of it, I'll bet that most of your readers will choose a rural land, and very few the highly mechanized, gadget-filled city of tomorrow. They'd probably change their minds after a couple of months in their dream land though ...people are never satisfied.

First, Get a Bolt-Hole. As a neo who has, as yet, never attended a con, I found this very informative -- in fact, my little notebook is now filled with things to do, and things not to do at my first con. I'm very much looking forward to going up to D.A.G. or W.A.W., slapping him on the shoulder, and offering to let him buy me dinner. Let's have more of this "Neos' Guide" type of article. [There's another in this ish --- and the next will be by Randall Garrett, on Neos At Conventions...BEP]

Westward LO! I was very surprised to see what was really a very local event given space in a U.S. mag. Does this mean that Florida is against an isolationist policy? [No, it means Pelz likes Anglocon reports...BEP]

Blessings and Curses. I don't see how Busby comes to the conclusion that Hitler wouldn't have risen to power if the U.S.A. hadn't entered WW I. If the U.S. hadn't entered the war, and Britain and her allies had still won, then there would have been virtually no change in the circumstances that led up to WW II. If Germany had won, it wouldn't have been long before most of Africa and the Middle East was overrun too, then God knows what would have happened. No, if Busby went back to the early 1900's, the best thing he could do would be to try to keep the American people behind Wilson so that the U.S.A. joined the League of Nations... then WW II might very well have been prevented. [If the League had been more powerful, that might be so -- but would the U.S. joining it make that much difference to its weaknesses? A lot of them were in the very structure of the League...BEP]

Ruth Berman  
23 November

Do you mind late comments on "Hobson's Choice"? That is, from the description in ProF, since I didn't see the ish you started this business, it sounds like "Hobson's Choice." [It was...BEP] Anyway, I'd

take 1850 because I could earn a more or less (rather less than more)[Yeomen, Act I, Finale?...BEP] comfortable living, and there's a flock of my favorite authors just starting in there, and some more favorites just ending. What would you give, Bruce, to be there with me as the curtain rises on a pastel-colored theatre called the Savoy? Except that you chose 1870, didn't you. You would be there. Then there's Lewis Carroll, Sherlock Holmes, Emerson, and so on.

As to "Five Years in the Jelly," I'd choose to walk down a little street in London, known as Go-By Street, because it's so small a street that most people do go by it. In Go-By Street, according to Lord Dunsany's report, there is a little shop with a most amazing stock. If you ask the storekeeper for something he does have ("as the oyster-shell from which was taken one of those single pearls that made the gates of Heaven") you must take it and go; but if you ask for something not in stock, you may go out the back door of the shop into the Land of Dream. Of course, I might not be able to stump the storeman, but then, though I would not see the Lands of Dream, I'd have, for instance, Real and Mythological Animals: A Comparative Zoology.

How about a spate of "defining things"? At Detention there was some discussion on the award to FANAC because it was a news-zine. It can't be both? What does constitute a fanzine? And science-fiction itself -- that's never been satisfactorily defined. Here's my pet: a science-fiction story is one in which science plays a large part, or which is set in a world with a highly scientific culture. Further, that this story is written using the forms and techniques

of the fantasy and/or the historical novel (or historical short story or novelette).

That definition has faults - it lets in some things that some would call fantasy, for instance. But it does include John Carter (remember? The Martians are supposed to have a "high" science, flying machines, oxygen producers and all that. ) and excludes Arrowsmith.

I like the music you wrote for "The Grand Canal" very much, but I think you change chords and go from majors to minors a little too often. On the whole, it's a very haunting melody, but it's hard to remember, for me at least, when I stop playing, because of the many changes. ["Grand Canal" suffered from its method of composition -- it was done on a small electric chord organ, which has only chords for the bass. This resulted in a melody line, and the guitar chords, and I later sketched in a piano bass from the chords. It also, of course, suffered from the fact that I'm not very good at bass harmony...BEP]

Norm Metcalf  
29 November

"Five Years in the Marmalade" gambit provokes much the same comment.

What's wrong with the here and now? If we wish to be like Bradbury or Finney we could go back to 1910, 1920, etc. and feel happy. If we wish to crib off of de Camp and Pratt as in The Wheels of If or The Carnelian Cube, or even Harold Shea style, there exist a multitude of mythological or fictional worlds which sound desirable. It's too easy to pick out an environment which has been done to death. Being lazy my mind keeps shying away from thinking about more obscure destinations. The lack of reference works in the barracks doesn't help much, either. Sooo, on to fiction and for destination Shambala, deep in Tibet. Time, the period beginning in Mundy's The Caves of Terror, continuing through The Nine Unknown, and The Devil's Guard, and ending with Jimgrim. The motivation here is twofold, (1) to absorb some of the knowledge and atmosphere of Shambala and (2) to be able to observe the effect upon the community as Ramsden, Narayan Singh, Ross, Strange, King, and Jimgrim penetrate the web surrounding Shambala. The feelings of men who have preserved their anonymity for most of time, only to have Jimgrim and Company discover the clues leading to Shambala would be interesting. In addition, there is the exotic location in mysterious Tibet, closed to outsiders nearly as thoroughly as Shambala is to Tibetans. All in all, this would be a most entrancing vacation.

Colin Cameron  
29 November

Al Andrews is too kind to Charles Eric Maine's The Tide Went Out (The Waters Under the Earth).

Not having read the original magazine version, I could only theorize that Maine would not turn a good original into a ridiculous reprint; hence, the one Andrews read is probably just as bad, if not worse, than the Ballentine reprint. The Tide Went Out might be a perfectly good novel were it not based upon a completely invalid idea, that an H-Bomb could put a chasm in the floor of the ocean into which would pour all the contents of the sea. Firstly, because the story supposedly takes place in the very near future, the assumption that an H-Bomb has enough power to accomplish such a task is false; the most powerful H-Bomb today (and there are limitations as to the maximum explosive force of a hydrogen fission-fusion-fission bomb) cannot equal the centralized force of a hurricane acting for a fraction of a second. But even the most powerful hurricane would not be nearly sufficient enough to open a fissure in the ground large enough to contain the 300,000,000 cubic miles of ocean water that surround our earth. The only thing capable of opening the earth is the earth itself. And, assuming the earth conveniently opens a hole at the deepest part of the ocean great enough to swallow all the water in the sea, what happens next? The water cannot be absorbed into the earth, as at that depth all inorganic matter is of great density. And the penetration of the water would be limited to less than 20 miles, since the temperature of the earth increases approximately 1° F. each 60 feet of penetration, and reaches a temperature of 2,200° F. at a depth of 30 miles, greater than the melting point of its very substance. The water would be turned to steam, which could be collected as it rained down upon the continents.

Where did the rain go, Charles?

in which Harry Moore of New Orleans had mailed the speech to her on June 17, 1952. A request to Bob Bloch for reprint rights brought out the fact that the speech has never been reprinted at all. It was a lost document of fandom. How many more such things are there floating around fandom? I would like very much to start a campaign to uncover them. The Nolacon Speech is a start, and next issue will have another item recently uncovered. Shake your collections, and those of other fans -- active, fringe, or gafiated -- and see what you can find.



The picture to the right is that of Don Ford, whom ProF supported in his recent successful TAFF bid. And while congratulating him, I think some more words on TAFF are in order here, concerning both the next race and TAFF in general.

F.M. Busby, in CRY OF THE NAMELESS 136, laid down some excellent rules for the administration of TAFF. I have neither the time or energy to itemize them, but they call for a short (3 month) voting period, some tightening of voter qualifications, and a stepped-up program, which would bring a TAFFite to a con each year. Get hold of a copy of the rules, and see if you don't agree that they're quite good. If you agree, say so -- write to Don Ford, or Bob Madle, or Ron Bennett.

Now, regarding the next TAFF race, I am of the opinion that any of the three candidates would be a good TAFF representative, but I am biased in favor of one of them since I enjoy his writings more than the others', and because his activity in fandom has been both varied and beneficial to all fandom. Therefore, ProFANity supports the candidacy of E\*R\*I\*C B\*E\*N\*T\*C\*L\*I\*F\*F\*E FOR TAFF!!!

I am working as a reference librarian at the University of Southern California, and a couple weeks ago I was hunting through the bibliography section of the stacks, and came across a duly catalogued copy of a fan-edited publication. It was A CHECKLIST OF BRITISH SCIENCE-FICTION AND FANTASY, Part One. "Produced by Eric Bentcliffe. Cover and printing by Eric Jones." (catalogued 016.823 B475c Pt. 1). I'd say that Eric's fanac really has some far-reaching aspects, as none of the librarians at USC had ever heard of fandom until I started explaining it gradually. So vote for ERIC BENTCLIFFE for TAFF!!!

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