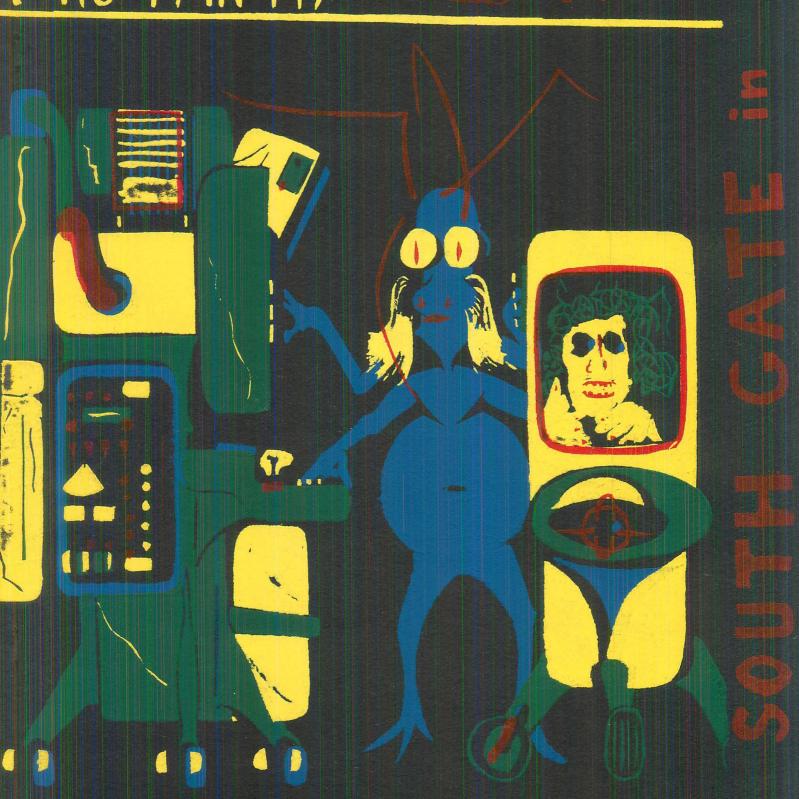
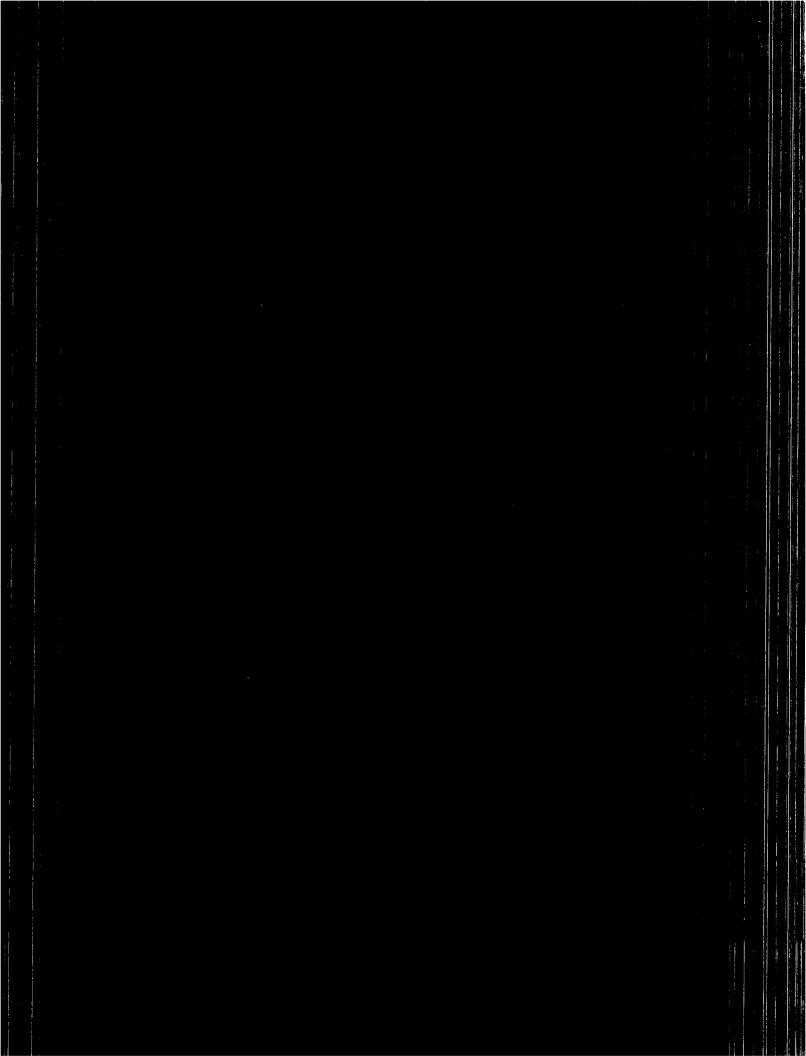
PROFAMITY

MARCH 1953





GREETINGS

and hallucinations. This is the first issue of PROFANITY, for which the blame falls on Bruce Pelz. Bombs and threatening letters should be sent in care of General Delivery, but all other mail will be received through Box 3255 University Station, Gainesville, Florida. The schedule for prof is irreg-



ular, but the tentative date for issue number two is May. If you can't trade or contribute, the price is 15¢, 2/25¢ for eptomists. And even the editor is not optomistic enough to go over that.

The cover is by Edwards, except for the Mayan head glyph for the number 'one.' Head glyph courtesy Bob Headley.

Art credits (or debits):

Frank Edwards: p. 10 and bacover.
Bob Smith p. 3, 11
Joe Pylka p. 14,15,18

Bibliography of Henry Kuttner
The Fish verse Paul Bird
Reauthored Books
The Definition of Meaning article Adrian Archer
fiction

The Tinkerer fiction S. J. Serxner
The Society of Gimlet-Eye Snobs Vs. the Movies
Essay on Erasable Bond (???)
Insects verse
From the Maniac's Biblios review
A Cartoon Portfolio
The Cold Chisel ads
Und So Weiter editorial
Janus pre/re/views

S Charles Man Application of the Control of the Con

black world

BIBLIOGRAPHY

OF THE WORKS OF

HENRY KUTTNER

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This bibliography is published as a tribute to a lost of authors — all of whom were Henry Kuttner; they will be sorely missed by everyone who appreciates good writing — science fiction, fantasy, mystery. The bibliography is limited in its completeness by the sources available. Any errors or exclusions, if brought to my attention, will be corrected and a supplement published.

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THE STORIES:

Avengers of Space Baby Face	TWS Aug 40 TWS Aug 47 FSM Spr 55 MSS Aug 38	Beyond the Phoenix The Black Sun Rises Call Him Demon The Case of Herbert Thorp Chameleon Man The Citadel of Darkness Cold War	WT SSS WSA WT WT StrS		38 49 53 37 41 39		
Ballad of the Gods (V) Ballad of the Wolf (V) Beauty and the Beast Before I Wake Better Than One	FSM WT WT TWS FFM CapF TWS	Mar Feb June Apr Mar	53 36	Compliments of the Author Crypt City of the Deathless The Crystal Circe Cursed Be the City The Dark Angel The Dark World	UK One PS Ash StrS SS	Mar Mar	42 39 46 46

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Design for Dreaming	UK			Red Gem of Mercury			41
The Devil We Know	UK	Aug	41	Remember Tomorrow	TWS		41
	UK		48	Reverse Atom	_		40
The Disinherited	ASF	Aug	3 €	The Salem Horror		May	37 53
Dr. Cyclops	TWS		40	2474-1		Jan	70 22
Don't Look Now	SS	Mar	48	The Seal of Sin	StrS WT	Oct	3 6
Doom World	TWS	Aug	38	The Secret of Kralitz	Amaz		42
Dragon Moon	WI	Jan	41	Secret of the Earth Star	TWS	June	_ `
Dream's End	SS	July		See You Later	WT	Mar	38
The Eater of Souls	WT	Jan	37	The Shadow on the Screen	SS	Mar	42
The Elixir of Invisibility	FA	Oct	40	Silent Eden	as Ash	Feb	43
Exit the Professor	TWS	Oct	47	Soldiers of Space	WT	July	
The Eyes of Thar	PS	Fall		Spawn of Dagen	TWS	Dec	38
False Dawn	TWS		-	The Star Parade	TWS	Dec	39
The Frog	StrS		39	Suicide Squad	TWS	Fall	
Ghost	ASF	May	43	Sword of Tomorrow	UK	Dec	40
A God Named Kroo	TWS	Wint		Threshold	WT	May	
<u>.</u>	FSM	Sum	54	Thunder in the Dawn	Ash	Oct	42
A Gnome There Was	UK	Oct	41	Thunder in the Void The Time Axis	SS	Jan	49
The Graveyard Rats	WT	Mar	36	Time to Kill		June	
H. P. L. (V)	WT	Sept			MSS	Nov	38
Happy Ending	TWS	Aug	48	The Time Trap To Boatl and Back	StrS		40
Hollywood on the Moon	TWS	Apr	38			Wint	
	SS	July		To Dust Returneth	TWS	Dec	42
The Hunt	StrS		-	Too Many Cooks Towers of Death	WT	Nov	39
Hydra	WI	Apr	39		WT	Feb	39
I Am Eden	TWS	Dec	46	The Transgressor Trouble on Titan	TWS	Feb	47
I, the Vampire	WI	Feb	37	Tube to Nowhere	iws	June	
The Infinite Moment	TWS	Apr	42	Under Your Spell	WT	Mar	43
It Walks by Night	WT	Dec	36	The Voice of the Lobster	TWS	Feb	50
The Jest of Droom Avista	WIL	Aug	37	Volluswen	SF	Apr	43
The Land of Time to Come	TWS	Apr	41	War-Gods of the Void	PS	Fall	
Lands of the Earthquake	SS	May	47	The Watcher at the Door	WT	May	39
Later Than You Think	FA TWS	Mar Fall	1.2	Way of the Gods	TWS	Apr	47
The Little Things			48	We Are the Dead	WT	Apr	37
The Mask of Circe	SS WT	May May		We Guard the Black Planet	SSS		<u>L2</u>
Masquerade	SS	Nov		Well of the Worlds	SS	Mar	52
A Million Years to Conquer	UK	Aug	39	Wet Magic	UK	Feb	
The Misguided Halo		Wint		What Hath Me?	PS	Spr	
Music Hath Charms	SS UK	Apr	43	When New York Vanished	SS	Mar	
No Greater Love	TWS	Aug			TWS	Oct	
No Man's World		Jan			SS		7 48
Nothing But Gingerbread Let	Ama	2 A119		World Without Air	FA		40
Cr Else	FFM				WT	Feb	_
Pegasus Percy the Pirate	TWS		45				
File of Trouble	TWS		48		R K. F	BARNES	3:
The Portal in the Picture	SS		t 49		-		
The Power and the Glory	TWS		47		TWS	Oct	39
Probability Zero	2			THO MICE DI PROCED	SS		t 50
Blue Ice	ASF	Feb	43	The Seven Sleepers	TWS		40
Corpus Delicti	ASF		43	-			• •
Problem in Ethics	SF		y 43				
Ragnarok (V)	WT		ie 37		T ELOC	CH:	
Raider of the Spaceways	WT		y 37				
Reader, I Hate You!	SSS			The Black Kiss	$\mathbf{W}\mathbf{T}$	June	e 3 ?
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Earth's Last Citadel	Agsy Apr	42	The Big Night	MIC	Toma	1.7	
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		100	Swing Your Lady	. TWS	Tus 5	44	
UNDER THE NAME OF PAUL EDMONI	DS:	: 1		FSM	Wint	54	
	Maria de la Companya del Companya de la Companya del Companya de la Companya de l		World's Pharoah	TWS	Dec	39	
UNDER THE NAME OF PAUL EDMONI Improbability The Lifestone The Mad Virus Night of Gods Telepathy is News The Tree of Life	Ash Jun	e 40					
The Lifestone	Ash Feb	40	The second of th				
The Mad Virus	SF Jun	e 40	UNDER THE NAME OF KELVIN KE	NT			
Night of Gods	Ash Dec	42	(IN COLLABORATION WITH	A.K.	BARN	es):	
Telepathy is News	SF Jun	e:39		f - f *.		•	
The Tree of Life	Ash Sep	t 41	Roman Holiday	TWS	Ang	39	
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UNDER THE NAME OF NOEL GARDNI	ER:				-		
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The Shining Man	FA May	40	UNDER THE NAME OF ROBERT O.	KENY	CN:		
The Uncanny Power of Edwin Co							
	FA Oct	40	The Dark Heritage	MSS	Aug	38	
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UNDER THE NAME OF WILL GARTH	•		UNDER THE NAME OF C. H. LII	DELL:			
			(IN COLLABORATION WITH	C. L.	MOOR	E):	
Hands Across the Void	TWS Dec	3 8				•	
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			Carry Me Home	PS	Nov.	ร์วั	
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Dictator of the Americas	MSS Aug	38	The Sky is Falling	PS	Fig. 7.1	50	
			Where the World is Quiet	प्रम	May	51	
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Biog. sketch - Keith Hammond SS Mar 46

UNDER THE NAME OF LAWRENCE O'DONNELL

An ancient process has, upon Sol 3 Produced a life that knows eternity. It muses what its place in time can be -Why it exists upon the spatial sea.

No answer comes from out the swipling mists; The measured swells of space and time move past Heedless of man who cries into the vast: "Why are we here, and why does here exist."

Man cannot stand the fearful thought that he Is but a fish in the eternal sea; One of a school of fishes in that sea Which always was and ever more shall be.

New kinds and forms of fishes come and go, And some are whales that the whole ocean know. But even whales must die; just so Must man as seasons pass be stricken low.

No purpose, goal, or end is served by me Nor by the myriad other fishes in the sea. An endless chain of species there must be, Each the pointless product of eternity.

Will ever a life-form so complex grow That it can chain the spatial ocean? Know The why and whence of this vast show? Wherefrom the currents come and where they go?

Why such a species would at last Eternal ruler be of the eternal vast, And would by fishes in the sea be cast As God, king of the sea, and cause of all that passed.

The fish that made the grade! would therefore be Both product and producer of eternity. And any eon that he chose to he Could end himself, thus ending the eternal sea.

FINIS

Paul L. Bird

REAUTHORED BOOKS:

The Puppet Masters --- Nikita Kruschev

The Metal Monster

--- Henry Ford

Far and Away

- John Foster Dulles

Pebble in the Sky

--- Werner von Braun

of.

MEANING!

#&#&#&#&

&#&#&#&#

Dr. Susanne K. Langer posits that symbolization is the one instinct of Man which sets him apart from the other animals. Signification is a second process which Man shares with the other animals. Unfortunately, the word 'meaning' is used to include both processes. Consequently, defining 'meaning' has become something of a problem.

What is signification? The manipulation of signs. A sign indicates a state of affairs. There are both natural signs (for example, wet streets are a sign what there has been rain recently) and artificial signs (for example, a shot is a sign that a race is underway).

A sign evokes a concrete response to its object: (for example, smoke is a natural sign of fire. We see smoke and look for the fire. A symbol does not recessarily evoke a concrete response; more often, the response is an abstract orac signs can only refer to the there-and-now!; they announce their objects to the listener. Symbols refer to the 'there-and-then' and lead the listener to conceive their objects.

For example, my friend Bob has a dog. If I say "Bob" to his dog, the animal will look for his master. If I say "Bob" to you, you will probably ask me, "What about him?" Because 'Bob' is merely a sign, his dog can never ask, "What about him?" Because 'Bob' does not evoke the conception of Bob, his master, 'Bob can never be a symbolization for his dog.

If I say 'Bob' to you, the word denotes a person; but if you know him, the word also connotes a particular one. Denotation is the relationship of a symbol to its object. Connotation is the conception that a symbol carries to the listener.

Dr. Charles W. Morris refers to three dimensions in semiotic: syntactics, semantics, and pragmatics. Syntactics deals with the ways in which symbols are combined. If I say that "Glue is the root of E Flat," I am violating the ways in which I can meaningfully combine symbols. Semantics deals with the symbolization of symbols. If I call my desk lamp "Beer, "I am violating the meaningful relationship between the symbol idesk lamp' and its referent (or object). Pragmatics deals with the origin, uses, and effects of symbols within the total behavior of their interpreters. If I throw bricks at my Dam yankee math professor, for lecturing to us Dam-Fool-Crackers on integration, I am violating his meaningful use of the symbol 'integration'.

In many respects, Dr. Langer might substitute 'denotation' for 'semantics' and connotation' for 'pragmatics'. However, there is no one to one identity between the concepts.

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- Adrian Archer

THE TINKERER

Two vast, cool intelligences named Ffred and Ssam lounged comfortably around in a special space-time continuum and conversed.

"Ffred, the Analyser ought to be ready by now. Woddya say I call up the Technicians?"

"Naah," replied the other vast, cool intelligence, waxing a BTU or so warm-"Call those temperamental bastards once too often and they'll like as not junk the whole project and go Theorize."

"But," remarked Ssam, vibrating, "two zlimphs have passed already. We ought to ... "

A thought announced itself with a pleasant tingle in their minds:

"To: Ff. Ghee and Ss. Whiz, Operators; The Technical Corps is pleased to announce the Project S3-1 is completed and awaits your final disposition. Please sig-

nal your arrival at the launching site. Bb. Livits, Technician."

"About time," choroused the two in one heated emanation. With a slight rending of their continuum, the two vast, cool intelligences sped off to join a third wast, cool intelligence and the project designated as S3-1, Analyser. This Machine would journey to the third planet of a G-type sun and receive, catalog, sample, digest and otherwise record what kind of Zzork, Ppferd or Aargh, if any, inhabited the planet and return to add that information to the Central File.

The word was given and the Analyser leaped into space and vanished. It would be

a long time gone.

"George honey, please throw away that gyre-whatsit thing. You've had it lying around here simply weeks and you said yourself that thing wouldn't work and ground throw it away and ..."

"Yes, dear, in a minute," answered George, stemming the wifely torrent. He really intended to dispose of the junked gyro-whatsit thing. He was glad his adorable while hadn't mentioned any of the other pieces of useless machinery he had stored notso-neatly away.

"And throw out the rest of that junk too, you hear, Mr. Adjett?" came a slightly shriller voice.

"Yes, honey, right now." When she called him Mr. Adjett, that was the time He reluctantly unfolded from a most comfortable position in an old chair, put down a nameless collection of nuts, bolts and gears he was cleaning and shuffled off upstairs, in a put-upon slouch.

His wife was very pretty, scold, and loved George very much. But she could not stand the homeless, useless collection of mechanical flotsam George brought home from time to time and eventually threw away. George got rid of his present assortment of mechanical garbage under the watchful eyes of his wife.

George Adjett was a born tinkerer. His hands were usually pocked with halfhealed scratches, minor abrasions and iodine, result of recalcitrant levers and



springs. He loved to fiddle with anything composed of gears, spokes, wheels and wires, even if he couldn't quite understand the function of the macgine. He would carefully trace wires, match broken a ctions and clean corroded parts, then regard the result proudly. His joy lay in seeing something whole again, as whole as he could make it.

But would he like tinkering as a profession as much as he liked it as a hobby? Sometimes he imagined himself an archeologist, carefully piccing together artifacts of ancient civilizations, or ... Ah — better to dream. Dreams are so much more pleasant than reality. Better to remain a veoblefetzer salesman.

On his mid-week day off, George lay down his neat briefcase stamped G. Adjett and decided to stroll over thataway, in the chance that he might pick up some in creesting thingumabob or whatyoumaycalling the day was summery and clear, filled with promise of exotic adventure in the Machine Age.

George ambled over that away, pensive,

The Analyser planeted safely on S3, called by its inhabitants Earth. It grounded with a damaged landing gear, but otherwise functioning. It muttered electronically to itself, wondering whether to Analyse or repair its landing gear.

George wandered over to a weedy, overgrown area, remembering that some years are go a tool shed had burned down there for some unexplained reason. Scrub had subsequently grown over the scorohed spot.

George wondered if there might not be some Tool Shed Artifact lying about in the weeds.

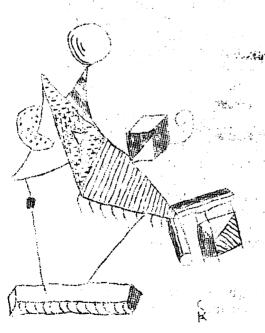
He spotted a new scorched area and a Mechanical Thing atilt therein. He crashed through underbrush to leap joyously at the Artifact.

There were wires and gears obviously in need of Tinkering and G. Adjett, inverse erate Tinkerer, regarded this bonanza. Best to tinker here for a while, considering the wife.

The Analyser perceived this Tinkering Thing, recalled its function, and made a decision.

George was surprised beyond telling. The Machine tinkered back.

- 0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢0¢ - Stanley J. Serxner

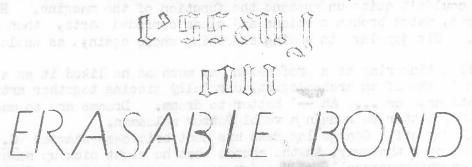


THE SOCIETY OF CIMLET-EYE SHOES YS. THE MOVIES "RAINTREE COUNTY"

ITEM ONE: The crowd celebrating the first election of Lincoin sang "The Battle Hyrn of the Republic," alchough the words were not which in until after Bull Range

Two: Stephen Foster's "Why No one to Love" was used as dance musle in the New Orleans scenes (late 1850's) although it wasn't written until 1862.

This isn't exactly fiction, and it isn't exactly an article. It might be called satire, but I don't know what it satirizes. The author just called it an



When greened-eyed baboons meet with great dispatch in large groups, it is time to summon the people to meet in large groups to counteract this obviously communistic tonstaracy. As law-abiding one hundred percent has a see, we have always prided ourselves on our broad-mindedness, and our overflowing generosity to the down-trodden and sick. It is for these very reasons that it should be clear to any thinking person that greened-eyed baboons are a hindrance to the advance of democracy. Democracy is something that cannot be transcended by any one or any thing. We must remain strong in a divided camp.

In this day of ideological fight for men's minds, the Good and the Pure cannot tolerate any inner factions. We will be triumphant ultimately, but now we must show strength, and leadership to the downtrodden peoples of the other world. We must not allow obviously anti-democratic baser individuals free run to undermine our basic American values of Moral Decency, and Goodwill towards all men.

When by God's providence that first mass of living protoplasm began its evolutionary struggle to culminate at its nadir of refulgent splendor into Man, it was obviously not meant to be that Man should degrade himself in common communes such as the still lower and stunted forms of life participate in. Could the mind that fashions Man so unique in the realm of the living have meant Man to remain in any way similar to the life he has transcended? The logical thinker could answer that query only in the negative.

Now that I have shown the logical necessity to exterminate this vermin with the greatest dispatch there remains the question of just how this shall be achieved. Due to the fact that these beasts are notorious for their sly, deceptive, collusive ways, merely purging all baboons with green eyes would not achieve the desired results. They have been known to pose as humans. Furthermore, they are capable of changing their eye color. We must pool our greatest thinkers from all of the free world in an attempt to tackle this apparently incoluble enigma.

Cur thinkers will undoubtedly make great progress if they keep the following basic tenets and characteristics in minds

Greened-eyed baboons will most frequently be found in minority groups. All minority groups must be purges. The baboons are usually above average. All move average groups must be purged. The baboons will permeate so-called liberal groups. In view of the fact that present policy defines conservative groups as liberal, all conservative and left-wing groups must be purged. Baboons may be characterized by their sexual laxity. To end this we must use a purgative, or should I say a laxative.

Metaphors are the opiates of the people, and in this freedom loving land of ours, opium should certainly not be permitted. It is therefore evident that by the use of my suggestions, coupled with a mechanistic pragmatic outlook, the problem of the menacing baboons shouldn't prove to be formidable at all.

- (?)(?)(?)(?)(?)(?)(?) -

INSECTS

We flit around the lamp of knowledge

For a night,

Like insects pulled from inky darkness

To the light.

We glory in the wondrous brilliance

For a time,

Knowing that we have discovered

The sublime.

Yet soon or late we fly \$00 close in

To the fire,

And what we cherished most, becomes our

Funeral pyre.

- Paul L. Bird

Centuries ago, someone said: "Ghod must have loved the Common Fan because Hhe made so many of them." Fuggheads have been doing fuggheaded things in the name of the Common Fan ever since.

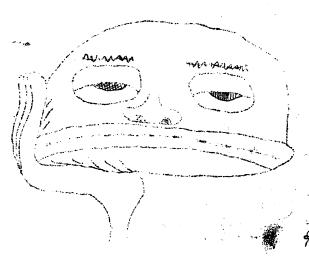
— ???

FROM 別打

MANIAC'S BIBLIOS

It seems that this space is to contain a book review. Due to my sterling qualifications as a fanzine reviewer of prožines (a review of a 1951 ish of Planet, done seven years ago), I have been selected. Not only that, the ed selected the book for me to review. (This is known as freedom of the press.) Since I was flat on my back in the Infirmary at the time (I broke three of my arms when the Vanguard I was riding in crashed)/#/What happened to the other two arms? — BEP# and crying for reading material, I didn't object to the book, van Vogt's Mind Cage. I wish I had. I would much rather review a book by Merritt, Howard, Burroughs, Lovecraft, Haggard, C A Smith, or sundry others, but all except Smith have been dead for at least ten years, and his latest book won't be out for two more months, so I was trapped.

The book's no worse than most of the tripe written today, but fen expect more of van Vogt than a rehash of Slan. It's been five years since I read that book, but from what I remember of the characters and plot, The Mind Cage follows it pretty closely. It's the story of one David Marin, a "Group Master" in the group - free enterprise society of earth after three atomic wars. "Big Brother" in this book is known as the "Great Judge," who is supposedly immortal. The mutants are present, too, only this time they're called "Pripps." Marin is a friend of a brilliant scientist (aren't they all?) named Wade Trask, who is sentenced to death for aedition and treason. Since condemned people are supposed to report to the executioner when their time is up, Trask has a week of freedom left, Marin visits him, Trask puts him to sleep with



a gas gun, and switches personalities with him through a marvelous electronic process he has developed. He doesn't bother to explain how thought patterns can be switched from one brain to enother simultaneously. At any rate, Marin comes to in Trask's body and starts living his life, while trying to figure a way out. Now it really starts getting unbelied. able. He wakes up the next morning in Trask's apartment, goes into his secret lab, and finds Trask (in his, Marin's body). He ties him up, disguises himself as himself, and goes about his duty of winning a war. Meanwhile, the giant Brain, which everybody thought had been adstroyed, goes on its merry way, capturing minds in preparation for taking over the earth. Naturally, the Great Judge is one of its captives, and naturally Marin finds all this out. Things proceed to get more complicated. Trask and Marin switch bodies again, without the machine, because of something the Brain did but was not aware of. Marin resigns his Mastership, sticks up a meeting of the Great Judge and all the Masters, and calmy convinces them of his loyalty and grasp of the situation. Then the Brain surrenders, the Great Judge (no longer a captive, of course) is returned to his position as world ruler, and the "surprise" relationships are revealed.

Goshwowohboygeewhiz! Marin saves the world!

Where oh where has good stf gone? Where oh where can it be? I don't remember any novel that has really stood out since I Am Legend, by Matheson, And that was mainly fantasy (of which I am a great proponent). It seems as if stf writers are content to sit back and point out how we predicted earth satellites and the like twentyfive years ago, instead of trying to predict what will come up nerto I yearn for the days of Planet, Weird, FFM, etc. This was when tasy read like stfantasy instead of a sociological history of years to come, Some writers are still around who can write well when they want to, but there are no longer any like Merritt, Lovecraft, Burroughs; and the rest, whose main thought was to tell a fantastic adventure story in such a way that, although you probably didn't believe it, you wanted to believe it, either because of its beauty and simplicity or because of its horror and gruesomeness. Testerday I read Merritt's "Woman of the Wood." If this story were to be study ied and compared with the short stories written today, it might not win, but it would be head and shoulders above most of the trash. For a novel, take Conan the Conqueror, by Howard, Not long on plot (ox tremely short, in fact), but a novel that moves because the author could write, and didn't have to depend on involved story-lines that confuse the reader; because his descriptive ability (which many critics say is no gauge of writing ability) was such that he could catch and keep the reader's interest on that alone,

Van Vogt did not write a good novel. I suggest Slan instead. It's a much better book with essentially the same plot.

Tap Reklaw, Alien

"IT'S CRACKERS TO SLIP A ROZZER
THE DROPSY IN SNIDE."

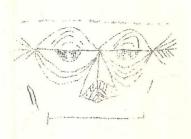
-- MAD #38 & 39

"#\$%&@#\$%&@#\$%&@#\$%&@#\$%&@#\$!!"

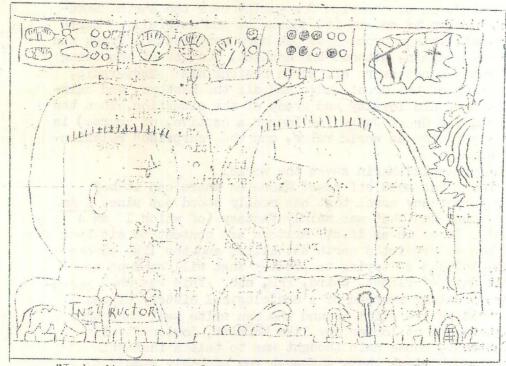
"For a moment Colon thought of Queen Libidonia."

- John Boardman in FUniv.

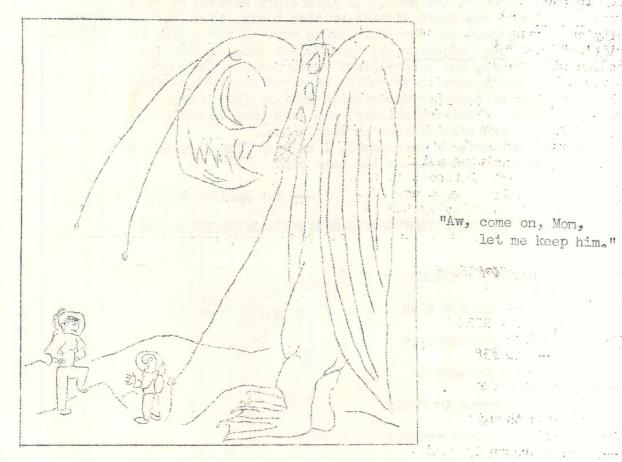
"'I wonder how they ever managed it." -- Ibidem.



A CARTOON PORTFOLIO by Frank Edwards



"I don't want to alarm you Cadet Bloop, but according to your navigation, we are now balanced on top of the Learing Tower of Pisa,".

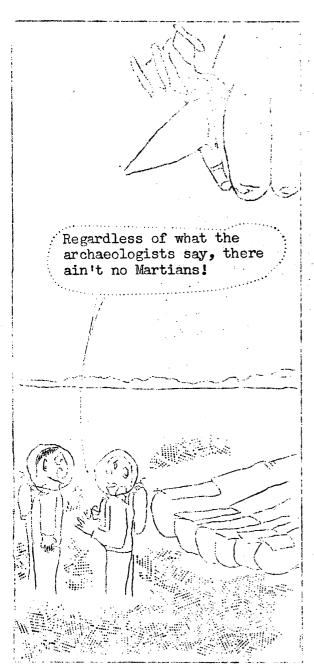


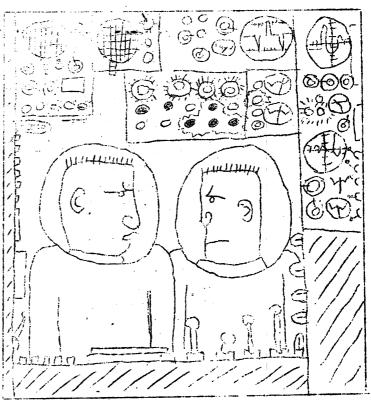
"Aw, come on, Mom, let me keep him."

AD THE RESERVE

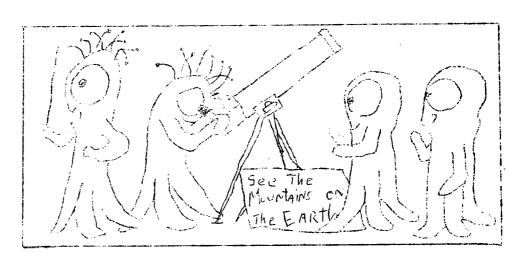
A POTTO TOWN OF THE PROPERTY STATE

The Authorities





"Do you ever get a closed-in feeling?"



THE COLD CHISEL

WANTED:

FFM's, FN's, A. Merritt's Fant. Mags, AVON FANT. READERs, and WEIRDs. Also any material by or about Merritt, Howard, CA Smith Rohmer, and HPL. I am compiling bibliographies on the above. If you want a copy or have material I might not have, contact me.

Pat Walker Gen. Del. Univ. Station Gainesville, Fla.

I want bound or unbound copies of GALAXY. Must be in good condition; will pay anything reasonable.

Frank Edwards
Box 3025 Univ Sta

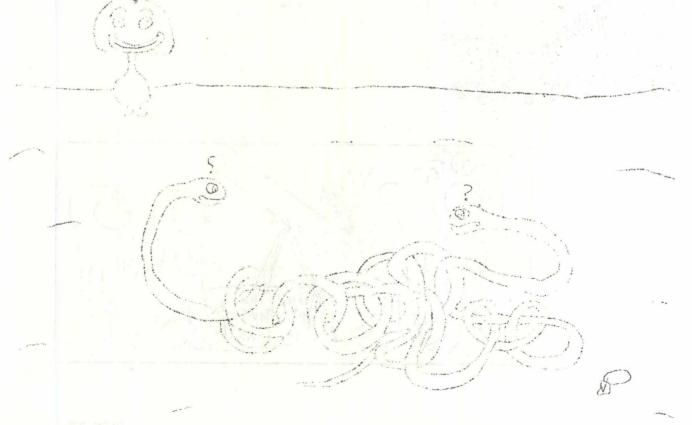
I need Leslie Charteris "The Saint" mysteries in hardback editions, and also ALL STAR COMICS #1 through 37, 39, 40 41, 42, 43, and 46. Will may any reasonable price, dependent on condition.

Bruce Pelz
Box 3255 Univ. Sta.
Gainesville Fla.



Gainesville, Fla

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UND SO WEITEROOO

The editorial has been cleverly relegated to the end of the zine, so that a reader may form an opinion of the material in the zine without being influenced by the editor's blatherings. Besides, I fouled up the pagination. But nothing is set concretely as regards makeup of the zine. The next issue may turn out to be

ten pages of editorial, though I doubt it -- too much effort involved,

On the other hand, there is quite a shortage of material -- printable material -- in this part of the country. So I hereby request such material from all sections of the fannish country -- doesn't matter which country, either. As for the type of material -- PROFANITY is a junkzine. It will publish either farmish or sercon junk -- but not crud. The difference between the two pallows vision, like the separation of time zones -- and just as subject to germymanuscular, ing. But of course YOU don't write crud -- so how about material, huh?

JANUS

Janus is blind in one head this issue, since he can't lock backward on any previous issue. But he can look forward, even though the view is a bid rebuleus. Next issue will have a lettercol, providing anyone is interested enough to write and comment. A fanzine review column is a vague possibility, 'topago I rather someone else do the reviewing — I dislike having faneds after my scalp. On the other hand, Florida is quite out of the usual fannish paths ... Oh, well I'll take it under advisement.

Other ideas verge upon the weird -- has anyone got some schence-fictionish or fannish music they'd like published? Melody line and words only, since try-

ing to stencik harmony would get too involved.

Ads for The Cold Chisel are free up to the point where they become too much

to handle. Try to keep them small and reasonably concise.

Membership in The Society of Gimlet-Eye Snobs is open to anyone who qualifies by sending in anachronisms or the like from the movies. Be prepared to argue with others who think you wrong. The quality of the plot has no bearing. Other items besides anachronisms are acceptable, if blatant errors. Or at least probable ones. There are doubtful cases: "GHOST DIVER" shows the villain diving off a cliff in one scene, and bearing a face mask and spear gun, He might have carried the former on his arm, but I have doubts about his diving with a loaded spear gun on his back.



