

PROFAMITY

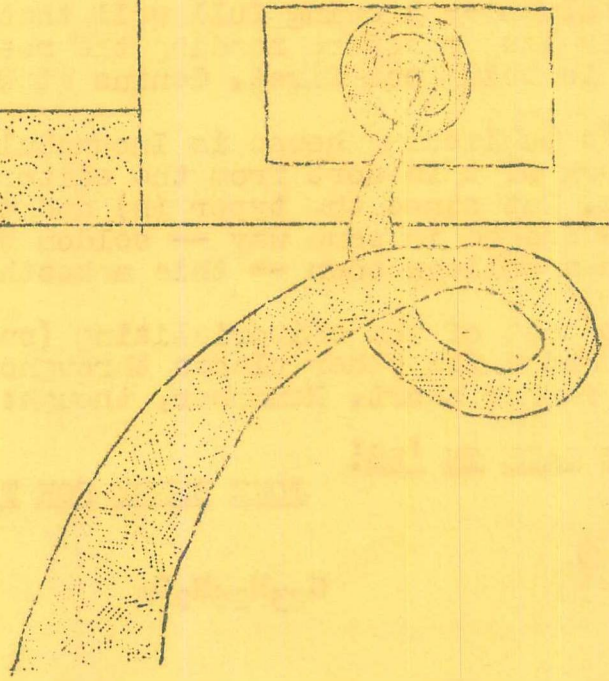
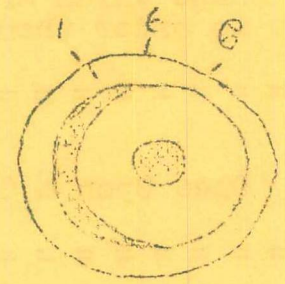
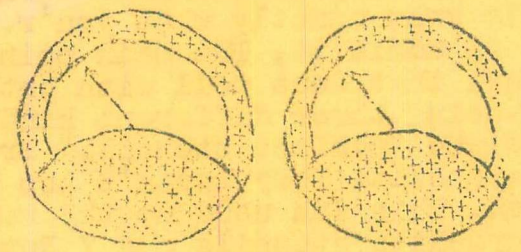
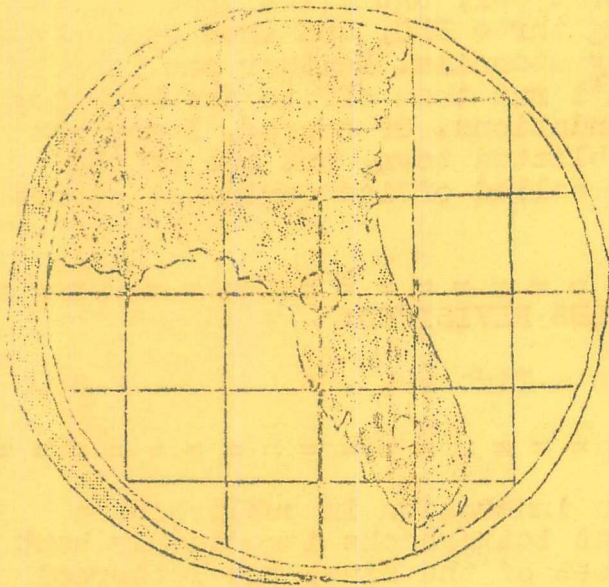
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MAY

1938

Whether you wish to admit that you
are in the time, but I'm going to
nobody's business.

W.C. C. 1938



80

Und So Weiter...

AN EDITORIAL OF SORTS

Well, the cover date says May, but it's Sunday night, June the first, already, and I probably won't be able to get the issue run off before tomorrow or the next day. But anyway, it was close. I may be able to make the next hypothetical deadline -- July. But that's what is nice about an irregular schedule: all deadlines are really only hypothetical. Very convenient.

I suppose it's considered rather neo-ish to admit that you don't really know exactly what you're doing all the time, but I'm going to have to admit it. The main point is: will somebody recommend a mimeo stencil that does well with both typewriter and stylus work? I have been using three different kinds of stencil, and none of them seems to be the "perfect stencil." Prof Number 1 was put out entirely on BDC stencils. They weren't too bad for typer, but illos came out rotten. This ish used up the remaining three BDC, and then used about 18 Sure-Rite stencils and 7 Rex-Rotary stencils. Neither one is very good for illo work, tho I still haven't run them off to see how they mimeo. Anyway, I'd appreciate recommendations. Of course, I may not be able to get the best kind in this blasted town, but one of the local junk shops which are laughi gly called office equipment stores may be able to order them.

OLD FOLK TALES REVISITED:

Once Upon a Girl There Was a Time . . .

I think that this issue contains an innovation in publishing a letter column -- knowing full well that letterhacks immediately hunt for their letter before reading the rest of the zine, the lettercol in Prof is being put first. Genius at Work.

Prof's publishing house is Incunebulous Publications. Being the early work of this sort from the editor, it could be called his Incunabula. But since the typer (s) and the mimeograph (s) are all borrowed or cadged in some way -- seldom the same one twice; it's nice being in a college town -- this makethe publishing quite nebulous.

Since most of the editorializing (such as it is) has been done in "Janus" and a few other places throughout the issue, "Und So Weiter" will be rather short. Remember, though:

SOUTH GATE IN '58!

JOHN BERRY FOR TAFF!

DETROIT IS FINE IN '59 !

C₂₃H₂₆N₂O₄

proFANity
an Incunebulous publication
Bruce Pelz
Box 3255 University Station
Gainesville, Florida

THIS IS PROFANITY Number 2 -- May 1958

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PROFANITY IS AVAILABLE FROM BOX 3255 UNIV.
STATION, GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA for trades,
letters of comment, contributions, or as a
last resort 15 cents (2 for two bits).

"BLESSINGS AND CURSES"

P. M. DUBBY 2852 14th Ave. W., Seattle 99, Washington

proFANEty #2 (✓) Nope, #1 ... BEP(✓) here yest: you're already aware that the cover is terrific, but I'll mention it anyhow. The black paper's a stroke of genius.

I see that your mimeography varied from fair to kaput this time. I see this because it happens I performed the public service of picking up the CRY's mail from box 92 yesterday noon, and read halfway thru the OCL's copy during the remainder of my lunchtime. Having passed that copy on to the appropriate hands, I read the latter half of our own copy -- it's a good thing I read the first half of the other one. By the way, do you have a plastic backing-sheet for stylus-work?? Sort of ground-glass finish, these have, and the sty lus just doesn't work right without one. You'll note how your shading plate work came through fine and your line-work didn't, mostly.

Don't bother to use so many pseudonyms; if necessary, go ahead and have a ten-page editorial ("just one big fat sloppy editorial", as Elinor & I said of the first issue of CRY that we "edited"), or just put on your mast-head that any item not signed by a different name is by YOU, and let it go at that. We of the CRY are still living down pseudo's we used a couple-three years ago when it seemed necessary to do so.

The outstanding item this time is, of course, the Kuttner Index, a titanic piece of work, methinks, when the sheer magnitude of spadework is considered.

The thing that gets me, on the K/M stories, is the way the O'Donnell stories have a characteristic mood, the Padgettales their very own bite, and etc. Actually, to be a well-rounded whole, the Index should also include the tales written by C. L. Moore alone, because a number of these blend right onto the K/M spectrum alongside the O'Donnell pieces -- "Judgment Night", etc. Besides, some of these seem to me to have a Hank influence -- the separate and distinct blends this couple could produce, are a marvel -- and I think that some of the material under the OCL title was influenced by the experience of collaboration, whether Mr K specifically contributed one word, or not. And the same deal on the vice versa side, needless to say. Joint authorship by a husband-wife team seems to enrich both of the individual writing styles.

It's staggering to see all-spelled-out just how many enjoyable works we've had from Kuttner -- a chronological array by zines would be even more impressive.

Give the minco-beast a good swift kick for goofing.

(✓) This business about pseudonyms bothers me -- not one of the contributors' names was a pseudo for me. Admittedly, they aren't well-known to Fandom; some aren't even interested in Fandom. But I like their writings -- and evidently a lot of you do, too. And how am I going to get any other stuff from them when you claim they don't exist? Is a puzzlement !(✓)

TOM REAMY -- 4243 Buena Vista, Dallas 5, Texas

I received the first issue of PROFANITY today, for which I thank you. I'm sending a copy of CRIFANAC 6.

To say the least, the cover was eye-catching. I can't say much for it otherwise. Silk-screen is risky at best, especially in three colors. The colors weren't synchronised very well on my copy and there are some blurred edges. I don't think the results were worth all the trouble of silk-screen. Pardon me, four colors. Artistically (?) it isn't very good, either.

Your major problem seems to be the lack of a good mimeo. Either that or you don't know how to run one. Some pages are practically unreadable. This issue was pretty thin on material with the Kuttner biblio. THE DEFINITION OF MEANING was just too sercon for the rest of the magazine. This was sercon junk alright.

THE TINKLER I liked. There are a few lines that are gems: "waxing a BTU or so warmer"; "With a slight rending of their continuum..."; "George ambled over thataway, pensive." "The machine tinkered back." It either goes too far in being wacky or not far enough. I think not far enough.

THE SOCIETY OF GIMLET-EYE SNOBS VS. THE MOVIES could turn into one of your best features. Let's see if I can think of a few. In THE MONOLITH MONSTERS a newsboy rang a doorbell although all the power in town was off. (✓) A lot of doorbells are rung with storage batteries rather than from the power lines...BEP(✓) In THE GHOST DIVER, the villian stayed under water without breathing for at least five minutes in the closing scenes of the picture. (✓) Subjective timing...BEP(✓) In the GIANT CLAW, saber jets (I think) took off to fight the monster, but they were delta wing jets when they got there. (✓) That gets you into the Society...BEP(✓) This has happened in quite a few pictures. One kind of planes takes off and another kind does the flying. In THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, the spider was a tarantula but it was on a web and tarantulas just don't build webs. They dig holes. (✓) The tarantula could have climbed on a web left by some other spider...BEP(✓)

ESSAY ON ERASABLE BOND is a very clever title, but the essay? wasn't. There was the germ of a good idea. If all the undesirable elements are gotten rid of, there will be nobody left because practically everybody belongs in at least one undesirable group. It reminds me of a story I read several years ago in AMAZING or FANTASTIC ADVENTURES about a comet or something that was about to split the earth in two at the equator. All undesirables were being sent to the southern hemisphere and at the end only the man in charge was left. He was the only perfect human according to his own standards, of course. The essay could have been developed a lot better.

The cartoons are generally good but the repro is so bad it counteracts their good points. I suppose you know Sylvia Dees who also goes to the university in Gainesville and pubs FLAFAN? (✓) Yes, indeed...BEP(✓) If you don't, it might be wise to contact her. For several reasons. (✓) I have already thought of the other reasons. Yes, indeed...BEP(✓)

JOHN BERRY -- 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland

Comments on ProFANity. The contents weren't outstanding, but stand back for a blast of egoboo, bhoy. The front cover of your fanzine is just about the cutest and most original I've seen in many a long time. It's delightful to see such a colourful and ingenious work of art staring one in the face, after many years of perusing the mundane black and white ones. Many congrats to yourself for having the initiative to pub it, and to Edwards for an original and pleasing front cover, which puts the fanzine off

to a remarkably good start. I'll bet you get lots of rave notices over that cover. Good Bhoy. (✓) Yeah -- the general consensus was that I should have sent out the cover and kept the rest...BEP(✓)

BUCK COULSON -- 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Indiana

You should have already received the YANDRO with the review of PROFANITY in it, but I realize that an editor wants more than reviews (after all, if he doesn't get letters, how can he run a letter column?)

Anyway, and likewise.....The cover was, of course the outstanding part of the magazine. As I mentioned in the review, the illustration itself was nothing extra, but the reproduction was goshwowboyoboy. (And the illo did, at least, lend itself well to color, which some, even more artistic ones, don't.)

At the opposite extreme is the cartoon folio by Frank Edwards. I know that good stf cartoons are hard to get -- that's why few fanzines run cartoons. You should still wait for good ones. Some of these were funny the first time I saw them, but the first time I saw most of them was 5 years ago and I've seen variations of some of them on an average of 4 times a year since.

Some of them weren't even funny the first time.

The Kuttner biblio was nice for people who like that sort of thing -- personally I don't know what I'd ever use such a thing for, but it might come in handy for some collectors. Anyway, it was undoubtedly considerable work, and the result seems fairly complete. Gene DeWeese complained that you missed all of Kuttner's pen-named-authored stories in STRANGE STORIES, and I know that "Lawrence O'Donnell" wrote more than 2 stories. (✓) The rest of the O'Donnell stories are credited to C.L. Moore alone, but to be thoroughly sure, they are listed in the Kuttner biblio addenda...BEP(✓)

"Reauthored Books" was very good filler.... sorta cute, you know.

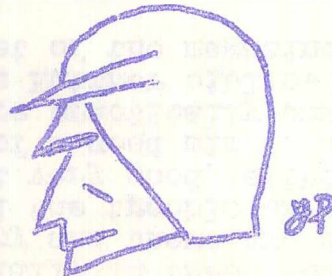
The poem above it, by Paul Bird, had some nice lines but seemed overly long to me. Maybe not, but it looks like he could have condensed it a bit and achieved more impact. His "Insects" was shorter -- ~~and~~ much better.

I disagree rather violently with your book reviewer. In the first place, I don't consider "I Am Legend" outstanding (although I liked it and still like it, learned criticism to the contrary). In the second place, I can name several outstanding novels which have appeared since, although admittedly "The Mind Cage" isn't one of them. First and foremost, "The Lord of the Rings" by Tolkien. Fantasy, of course, but so was "Legend", as the reviewer admits. Then there is "City and the Stars" by Clarke, and others (not necessarily in order): "Alien Dust" by Ted Tubb, "Nerves" by Del Rey, and possibly "A Case of Conscience" by Elish and "Doomsday Morning" by Moore. And while I'm not sure if Gore Vidal's "Messiah" appeared before or after "Legend", it is certainly a much better book.

"The Definition of Meaning" was at least clear and concise. Dunno if I learned anything or not, though. (Mostly because to learn anything -- really learn it -- you have to be interested in it.)

"The Tinkerer" wasn't bad fiction, and "Essay On Erasable Bond" was sort of cute, if hardly memorable.

In fact, PROFANITY as a whole reads over better the second time than it did the first, when I reviewed it. Something has to be done about your mimeoing, though. The interior illos were cut poorly, and can't you do something about your side grippers? These slaunch-wise lines have got to go. Also, I'd advise



using either colored paper or heavier stock, to eliminate show-thru. People still occasionally complain to us that white paper looks nicer and why don't we use it, and invariably receive the answer that we don't use it because we want our subscribers to be able to read the zine, not just look at it.

BILL MEYERS -- 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga 11, Tennessee

The usual thing mentioned in a letter of comment on a first issue is the reproduction. Not being too enthusiastic tonight over being different, I think I'll follow the general format of such letters and comment on such things as repro first. (✓) Phooey -- a conformist...BEP(✓)

It's a shame that the interior could not have been of such quality as was the cover. The cover was outstanding, due to, more than anything else, your masterful silk-screening. Most silk-screen work, you know, tends to chip, peel, flake, etc. in a manner most identical to that of dried mud; fortunately, your cover has no signs of behaving in such an unsightly manner, and actually looks rather professional. I particularly like the use of black paper.

As I said, interior-wise things take a much greater turn for the worse. your main fault seems to be the paper you use, which appears to be very lightweight, and thus inevitably will more than guarantee fine-quality show-through. Also your cartoons (and you sure do like cartoons) did not print well at all, and since I am really still rather unfamiliar with the sinister wiles of a mimeograph, I'm not sure what the trouble is here, unless you are either not bearing down hard enough on the stylus or are using poor grade stencils. At any rate, I did manage to make them out and the majority of them were amusing.

I am not an avid collector of Kuttner, so that sort of leaves me out when you start printing bibliographies, doesn't it? If I might make a suggestion, tho (in accordance with my own preferences to authors, naturally) a bibliography of Bradbury, van Vogt, Lovecraft, or Howard, would be more than welcome.

"Reauthored Books" was probably the best thing in the issue.

"The Definition of Meaning" Uh -- yes.

"The Essay on Erasable Bond" Uh -- no.

Nice punch-line on "The Tinkerer" which partly made up for the torture of reading the rest of the story.

From the Manic's Biblos is more or less another stf-is-in-a-rut tangent, isn't it? I, of course, agree in the main with what has been said but what is said here has been said so often, that it would be rather trite to even attempt to add more comment on the subject. Stf is cruddy, yes. We all agree. What we need now is an article on what's to be done about it...even tho there's nothing to be done,

I suspect that the writers listed in your tables of contents are, mostly altered egos of one Bruce Pelz. With maybe the exception of Frank Edwards -- a name a bit too common to be selected for the honor of being a non de plume.

I am particularly suspicious of Tap Reklaw. (✓) So am I...BEP(✓)

But why do you want "The Saint".

And why in the name of Ghu do you want All Star Comics.

In fact, good grief. (✓) I am a completist collector of all sorts of junk -- even science fiction and fanzines...BEP(✓)

In all, a fairly good issue, tho I think you'll do better when you pull in some contributions from outside the flafan (✓) Not you, Sylvia...BEP(✓) clique.

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

Thanx for sending me proFANity about a month ago. I'd have written sooner, but I've been spending most of that time kicking, tinkering, etc. with my mimeograph, which has up and coiled out on me. Just got it fixed the other day, so almost every spare second I have goes on either working on POSTIE, or, like now, commenting on what few 'zines I've got.

Now for some comments; I'm going to be brutally honest...you have but the makings of a good zine. (✓) Your brutal honesty is obvious in your spelling -- also brutal...BEP(✓) You have a mediumly good cover, from what I've seen of silk-screening; Larry Bourne has you beat all up and around.. on the other hand, you have the PEST all beat up and around. Hmm, if more fans would stop beating up and around this'd be a better.. Anyway, it's medium (which is a lot harder to do than it sounds.). Next time I suggest you switch to something more simple and direct, such as offset or linolium bloc prints. (✓) In eight or so colours, maybe...BEP(✓)

To the material; fair to very good. "The Tinkerer," and "Essay On Erasable Bond," are exceptional for a first issue, tho it seems that one, or possibly both may have been written by you. The Kuttner Bibliography is timely, tho I doubt that you have covered all the stories (I've heard it said that Kuttner could have lived comfortably for a year at the lg a word rate if it were paid on just the titles of the stories he had written, and that was sometime in the late '40's). On the other hand, most of the cartoons were trite. As much goes for most of the art; if you want to be like The Cry, and take only what you get, that's ok, but if you want something good, just ask some of the better fan artists for stuff; there's no harm in asking, and you'll get it nine times out of ten; I could even give you their names and addresses, depending on which kind of art you like (serious, fannish, or whimsy).

To the reproduction; again you hit a "medium." Most first issues come out totally unreadable. A few, such as MANA, FAN TO SEE, ABERRATION, etc. come out beautifully reproduced in the first issue, (✓)Eds of these zines please note free plugs...BEP(✓) the editors either having someone else mimeo their stuff, or learning about their reproduction before plowing through the fan-pubbing field with a lot of junk. Yours came out readable; with a little more inking around the edgess (or however you spell it), a stronger hand with the stylus when cutting illos, and a heavier weight (20 or 24) it would have been impeccable. You made up for this, however, by having a variety of lettering guides and I think at least two shading plates or more. This is good.

"Illegitimi Non Carbarundum" --- Don't let the bastards grind you down!

AL ANDREWS --- 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham 9, Alabama

I received the first-issue of proFANity (or should that be "fist-issue" since it was rather a striking blow?) and find it quite interesting. This being the first-issue, I suppose you would be interested in comments on your zine even from as lowly a hack as myself, so here goes.

TITLE: Well, it is on the surface a pretty sneaky way to get "fan" in a title, but then a guy has to be pretty sneaky to pub a zine anyway and, on top of that, I like sneaky titles.

COVER: The color, balance and skill of the artist is quite good and the illo does catch one's eye (now if I can just get the darn thing to turn loose).

I am not quite sure what the cover-illo depicts. It does favor my TV repairman working my set over, but then it may be Mars answer to Earth's Edward R. Murrow....like GLEEB IT WHEN. Nevertheless, Edwards has a fine ability with color and balance.

BIBLIO OF KUTTNER: This is an excellent feature; of great interest to the collector and average fan alike. The collector will certainly include it among his other files (after trying to pick holes in it from every conceivable angle and questioning every letter printed therein) and the reading fan will find it invaluable in helping him to find material by this master of sf and fantasy. And Hank Kuttner was indeed a "master".

I hope you will continue to publish a biblio on some author each issue of PROPAGANDA. Would you restrict your biblios to authors who have passed away? The last two years has been a great loss for the sf field with the death of not only Kuttner but also F. Orlin Tremaine (noted as an editor mainly, but did he also write some sf material?), Ray Cummings, Fletcher Pratt, Bob Olsen, Nat Schachner and Alex Samalman (the latter being mostly an editor, but did some fiction of sf.) and Kornbluth (a heart attack.) Why not do Pratt, Olsen or Cummings?

If live authors could be handled on a biblio why not pick out some outstanding ones such as Ray Bradbury, Eric Frank Russell, Theodore Sturgeon and others. Naturally, they would not be complete because those authors are still writing new material each year, but it could still be a very impressive and helpful listing.

THE FISH: by Paul L. Bird. Very good verse; several notches above the usual fan-verse. Bird has taken time to think out completely his theme and then with care has couched them in poetical positions that through evident revision has made them very comprehensible and thought-provoking. His meter, though sometimes is a bit forced, is good and sound throughout. I certainly hope we will be privileged to read more of his work in the near future.

REAUTHORED BOOKS: Is very clever and should be continued.

MEANING: This is sound and has no doubt been researched to some extent, but I feel there is an incompleteness about this article. I think this is due to the fact that the author has not set up a problem at the beginning of the article and then proceeded to solve this interest-arousing problem by the introduction and usage of these terms with which he is dealing. First, let a problem be stated and then enlighten the reader with these terms and their definitions and show him by using these terms and their meanings that the initial problem can be brought to a logical and satisfying solution. I believe that this article could have been enhanced by something of this line of format. The article is good and well put, but too much is being put forth in too little space. His reference material is authoritative it is good to note. So often fan-writing lacks authoritative reference material.

THE TINKERERS: by Stanley J. Serxner: Nicely done. This story is a piece of federal of humor and a bit of irony and it is a success because the author intended it to be just that and did not try to Bradburianize it or become a Sturgeonian imitator. He set out to write a bit light and delightful science-fantasy and did just that.

THE SOC. OF SCIENCE-FANTASY: etc: Well, you couldn't prove it by me, Charlie, but knowing the women and their aversion for facts I believe you.

ESSAY ON PROPAGANDA: by Irving L. Kupfermann: A lot of fans are going to yell, "What a pun but for it don't make no sense!" Well, Editor Peiz, Congratulations. And, Author Kupfermann, Thanks! If anyone doesn't understand this piece it is simply because it will make them a bit sensitive to do so. The blade looks light, but it cuts very deep. This piece isn't something new; we have heard it every time we have gathered to slaughter our fellowman to

the accompaniment of flag-waving and band music. We see it in action whenever the position that is in power at the moment or has been in power for centuries tries to destroy with no-holds barred a minority that refuses to follow the leader and conform to the mistakes that have been glorified as absolute dogma. We have had it fed, taught, preached to us, have been threatened with it and had it held up to us as the shining goal of our lives.... that is, to live, breathe and abide and act on catch-phrases instead of the more sturdy things of truth. But we don't like to admit it even when someone with the insight (and I might add "guts") points it out to us. It is easier by far not to think. And we are becoming very good at not thinking.

INSECTS: by Paul L. Bird. Mr Bird has become almost in one issue The Zoologist of Humankind. This is also good verse and his Eastern imagery reminds me of one of the stanzas of Justin Huntly McCarthy's poem to Omar Khayyam that reads:

"Alas for Me, alas for all who weep
And wonder at the Silence dark and deep
That Girdles round this little Lamp in space
No wiser than when Omar fell asleep."

The Bird and the Tentmaker think the same thought often.

FROM THE MANIAC'S BIBLIOS by Tap Reklaw (alien or not.) It is extremely difficult to comment on a book review or analysis for in doing so one sort of walks in the hallowed domain of the review-analysis itself. Sort of like reviewing a review, or analyzing an analysis. A very sticky wicket. In the latter years it has taken a strong stomach to read A.E. van Vomit. He is concisely called by Damon Knight "The Cosmic Jerrybuilder" and it is indeed true. He can whip a novel out in a short time and it will have all the earmarks of a vV saga, but after a while one does tire of Slannish type people and Null-A type plots. He uses characters (stickmen with adjectives) and then tosses them aside with utter abandon, regardless or heedless of the fact that this doing away with of certain characters leaves problems unsolved and their relationship with others in the book completely unresolved. Gadgets he creates and and springs from nowhere when there wasn't the slightest inkling that such a gadget existed before he so kindly sprung it on the reader. Well, I won't go into vV further, after all, that is Mr. Reklaw job and prerogative. Just let me say that if I had nothing but vV to read, I would read tea leaves instead.

THE COLD CHISEL: I beg your pardon, suh, ah is honest as the day is long! Well, ah yes, it do get dark quite early these days don't it.

I like this idea of giving fans a place to advertise for their wants.

FRANK EDWARDS CARTOON PORTFOLIO: They are clever in idea and good in execution, but they were hurt by poor reproduction....at least in my copy of the zine. You can not get 3600 sheets off of one carbon, Bruce. (f) It was only 2500...BEP(f)

General Comments: Nice length of 16 pages and artwork generally good. Articles different and informative. Poetry outstanding. A very good first issue. Reproduction fair.



Blessings and Curses (And still more)

CLAY KIMBALL -- 106 W. Del. Ave., Draper, N.C.

I have an ad I'd like placed in your mag. if you please, thus: (✓) See "The Cold Chisel"...BEP(✓)

You want comments on this but I would prefer not to. I didn't care much for it, to be frank.

Most of it was fair, but "The Definition of Meaning" & "Essay" struck me as being pointless & silly.

But I don't expect a first ish to be professional, (✓) Damn nice of you...BEP(✓)



Member of Berlioz "Requiem" chorus at chorus banquet: =

"Let's sing a good rousing chorus of "Lachrymose"!." =

BOB WARWICK Jr. -- 1536 Alki Avenue, Seattle 16, Washington

You were right about not reading PROFANITY in a closed area or it tends to rot the mind. Unfortunately I didn't heed the cuneatic chiselings, so great was my "goshwowism" after seeing the terrific silk-screen cover Edwards produced, and developed an acute case of helminthiasis of the cranium. After chugalugging down a bottle of Absinthe they made themselves to home and all I've heard sence is an occasional hiccup and vibration for more company, so send another copious, mind warping publication as soon as it is off the press.

Mr. Kupfermann is also correct. He said his story was in erasable bond. The only thing he didn't tell me that it would take two Eberhard Faber erasers to do it with. (✓) You should have tried a match(✓)

The Tinkerer by S. J. Serkner was a pleasure to read. I would like to see more from him.

Paul Bird's Insects was interesting. It seemed vaguely familiar but why I don't know.

I noticed in the Cold Chisel, Tap Reklaw, Alien, commented on various bibliographies to be compiled. Will Tap be doing these for PROFANITY? I hope so, as I would like to see a complete listing of A. Merritt. (✓) He'd like to do them for Prof, but I don't intend to let go of the reins on the bibliographies myself for quite a while...BEP(✓)

Edwards: Monster Pet and Cadet Bloop cartoons were good. I'll send you some of mine just to ruin your good blast off average. And it is an interesting little sun spot your fmz makes.

ROBERT BRINEY -- 58 the Fenway, Apt. 43, Boston 15, Massachusetts

Was happy to see a copy of ProfANity No. 1; mainly for the Kuttner biblio, which contained a couple of items I hadn't known about. Very fine cover, too, and the other items were enjoyable.

Enclosed are a few additions to the Kuttner biblio. There will be another addition as soon as the second issue of Pohl's STAR SCIENCE FICTION comes out with the promised Kuttner novelet. And there may be another book to add: the photoplay version of DR. CYCLOPS (by "Will Garth")--- I have never found out whether or not Kuttner did the novelization of that. The list of stories is still far from complete, for Kuttner contributed heavily to Thrilling Adventures in the early 40's; even wrote several of the lead

Blessings and Curses__ (Concluded, I hope)_____

novelets under the house-name of Charles Stoddard, I believe. I'm sure that the science fiction field got a relatively minor percentage of his output during the late 30's and early 40's, since I've heard he contributed heavily to the adventure, historical, and mystery pulps during that time.

As for errors in the biblio---even after the man is dead, will the rumor that Henry Kuttner is Jack Vance never cease!? The titles DF¹, The Devil on Salvation Bluff, Hard Luck Diggings, King of Thieves, Men of the Ten Books, and Winner Lose All, listed in the "stories from anthologies" section, were all written by Jack Vance. (✓) I remembered to delete the Vance items from the book list (Non-SFdom still equates Vance with Kuttner in compilations), but I neglected to go through the list taken from "The Short Story Index", which is where those titles crept in...BEP(✓)

Completists would note that Kuttner also wrote an introduction for Heinlein's REVOLT IN 2100, an article for the RAY BRADBURY REVIEW, and a couple of items in the old FANTASY ADVERTISER.

Other comments: It would have been helpful to differentiate novel-length stories from the others; to indicate title-changes (i.e., the Galaxy Novel Chessboard Planet was The Fairy Chessmen, the Ace Beyond Earth's Gates was The Portal in the Picture, etc.); and to indicate stories belonging to the various series (the Baldy series, the Hollywood-on-the-Moon series, the Elak-of-Atlantis series, etc.). But this is essentially a small quibble, since the essential information was present.

I'm an inveterate bibliographer myself, but seldom have the energy to do anything with the biblios once they are compiled. It's good to see someone publish a biblio once in a while...

RON BENNETT -- 7 Southway, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England

Bob Pavlat has passed on PROFANITY to me and has no doubt written you about this. (✓) Nothing yet...BEP(✓)

At the moment I'm completely out of copies of FLOY but have made you up a copy of the lead story (heck, the only story!) from the latest issue, No. 12. Hope you enjoy it. (✓) Did indeed. Muchly...BEP(✓)

I'm a little worried about your mag, however. I'm wondering just how much of the set up you have there is hoax. There's a fan-editor already living in Gainesville and yet you make no mention of the fact Don't or didn't you know? Or is it just a gag? Do tell. (✓) The other faned tried to discourage any mention of her name in Prof...BEP(✓)

Lovely and unusual cover you have there. Were all copies exactly the same? (✓) Well, as much as possible...BEP(✓) And the Kuttner bibliography is extremely useful. I've checked what items I have and you've listed them all. A good and thorough checklist.

Piece on semantics interesting. Say "Bob" to me and it's a tossup whether I'll think of Pavlat or a shilling. What about how near we came to eating Wellingtons while wearing sandwiches? (✓) Huh? ...BEP(✓) -- Nice to see your letter-guided headings, but more care could be taken in cutting them. Wouldn't cost a lot in time and would save on tears.

~~~~~

UND SO WEITER NUMBER 2 --- a word of explanation.

Having attempted to mimeograph Prof 2 on the same borrowed mimeo that I used for the first issue, I found that the machine is completely out of whack. To add to the fun, the student center that owns it is now closed for the summer -- I just got in on the last day they would be open. The mimeography on some pages is so rotten that it is unreadable. As a result, I am doing the worst pages over again on dupe (There isn't another mimeo available on the whole [CENSORED] campus.). At any rate,



### Doubting Watcher

Flying saucers scare me not  
Never having seen one  
Descriptions differ quite a lot  
And many think there are none

So I'll keep looking day and night  
Until the moon does moulder  
For I believe this wondrous sight  
Lives but for the beholder!

-- Elinor Poland

\*\* GLIMPSES \*\*

Mist  
Drifts on  
The dead world  
And becomes its  
Shroud.

A mote  
Spun into place  
With billions of  
others  
Making a sphere  
someday to be  
Our Earth

Panic!  
They scream and it  
Echoes down thru the grey  
Corridors of Time to ultimate  
Chaos!

--- Elinor Poland





# TOIL AND TROUBLE

It's a well known custom to use pieces of well-known quotations as titles. The reader is supposed to think of the quotation and make inferences about the content. But maybe I'm making this more clever than appropriate. Toil and trouble do enter into it. However, this article is not about potboilers. Not directly.

It's about doubletalk.

At one extreme, science fiction stories are limited by the most careful extension of known science. The author bases his story on more advanced technology, but not advanced science. Extrapolation goes on from there to some wild flights of fancy: spacedrives both slower and faster than light, time travel, and a wild variety of rays, mostly with destructive potential. In such fiction, we get scenes like this:

"You see? If by some means or process the number of electrons could be altered, subtracted or added at will, then any substance can be changed into some other substance.

"And I have discovered this secret. The Huxhold Rays, when played on any substance in my lab, cause the infinitesimal electrons to split and multiply. A slightly added strength to the ray dissolves both protons and electrons, destroys the atom and the molecule. The substance becomes as nothing, goes flying into the ether, seeking the plane of split electrons, because my ray had made it a mass of split electrons itself."

This quotation is from the story "The Marble Virgin" by Kennie McDowd (SCIENCE WONDER June '29, reprinted SS July '42). You get an idea of the kind of stuff printed in those days from the fact that I found the kind of passage I was looking for in the third story I looked at. This one is also distinguished by the memorable line, "Ho-ho! What the world would give to share my secret. But no one shall have it - it is mine, all mine!"

Nowadays there's much more sophistication in SF. But doubletalk still remains at its foundations. Mostly it has been reduced to single words: hyperdrive, blaster, antigrav. The experienced reader knows what they refer to. And when there is explanation, it usually appears more subtle and convincing. It may be so because the frontier of the unknown has been pushed further back. No writer can create an effect by the use of the word "vibrations". But a couple of decades from now today's doubletalk will seem equally nonsensical.

Of course, it's nonsense now, and must be regarded as such outside of the story. But often enough I find it subtly convincing. It may actually have the air of legitimate scientific speculation. Some of the theories based on theories based on theories of Fred Hoyle seem less convincing than the science in some SF stories.





I'm talking about the less restricted kinds of speculation now. The science in such stories as Herbert's THE DRAGON IN THE SEA is but a short step beyond that of today. But take something like Blish's YEAR 2018. The story of the Bridge and the development of the "spindizzy" have an air of reality which I find hard to account for.

One of the great improvements in science fiction doubletalk is the "all-is-not-known (yet)" line. In too many stories, the gimmick is glibly explained as if all were known about it. I don't object too strongly to a scientist's explanation of his invention. But I find particularly annoying the theorizing about some phenomenon which is presented with an air of certainty. For example, the explanation of the Gizmos in Leinster's WAR WITH THE GIZMOS (THE STRANGE INVASION) is strictly ad hoc; it covers everything neatly, but nobody ever suggests that there may be another explanation, part of some greater set of phenomena.

If "Fascination with the unknown" is a basis for the appeal of science fiction, something is lost when the unknown is presented as something about which everything is known. In Leinster's novel, the explanation is arrived at too soon, and the rest of the story becomes a typical Leinster opus of some people trying to persuade a rigid-minded world that they have some vital information. There should be some hint that, beyond what has become known, there is yet more that is unknown.

One of the finest examples I know of occurs at the end of Heinlein's METHUSEIAH'S CHILDREN. After a faster-than-light voyage by just-discovered means, the starship returns to the solar system...

"Let's answer it this way," said Libbey: 'The time rate in the ship and the time rate on Earth have been one and the same.' .... for Libbey there remained only the more interesting problem of inventing a mathematics which would serve to describe two apparently irreconcilable groups of facts, the Michelson-Morley experiment and the log of the New Frontiers. He set happily about it."

Pure doubletalk leaves the reader nothing to criticize. But once the author describes an effect in some definite terms, contradictions begin to appear. In time travel stories, for instance. I have nothing against time travel as a science fiction gimmick and will accept paradoxes presented as such. But, for example, there is the gimmick of the time traveler being snapped back to his own time. If this is going to happen, all the matter transferred to another time would go back. Furthermore, it would either go back to the location from which it started, or else to a location relative to its spacial displacement in the other time. No ifs and buts about it. There was my objection to the gimmick in de Camp's "Aristotle and the Gun" in the February '58 ASF. If the time traveler was snapped back to his own time, so would all the equipment that he had with him. It does not matter that the time travel gimmick was only a means to present the author's idea. My approach differs from his, and I would have treated the idea according to my own conception of science fiction. But please note that I say nothing of what the result would have been in terms of writing ability.

My major objection is that too many stories are filled with gadgetry which is completely unnecessary to the story. Various space drives are necessary to science fiction of galactic scope, but I am an implacable enemy of the zap gun, ray gun, blaster, scorchers, etc. It has absolutely the same function as the ordinary firearms in detective and Western stories. Just as a person may be nicked by a bullet, he is scorched by a blaster beam. Same difference. What's more,



the accuracy and range of most ray guns seems to be no better than of ordinary weapons. This is a fiction.

It's a matter of appeal to the writer of science fiction. I'll make no flat statements about the quality of writing that goes with too free use of gadgetry. But ask yourself how many of your favorite writers are addicted to the use of rayguns. The answer may be a revelation.

----- Dainis Blisenleks

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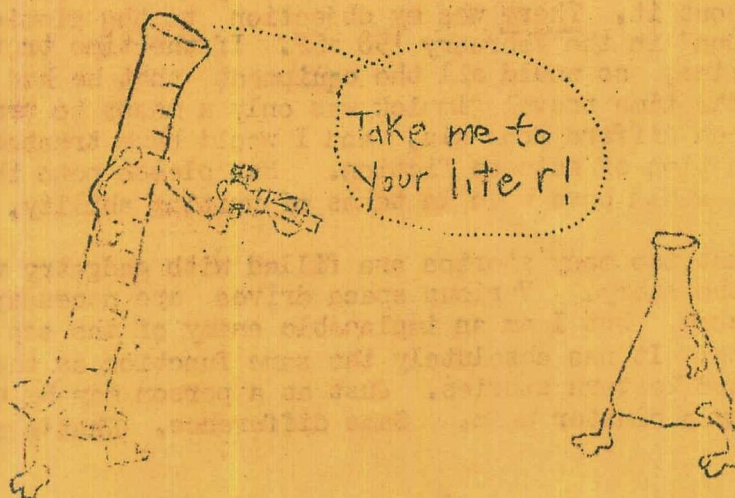
## REAUTHORED BOOKS:

(Thanx to Al Andrews for the first two of these)

BRAIN WAVE ..... by Charles van Doren  
THE POWER .....(autobiography).... by Harry S. Truman  
A WAY HOME ..... by Richard M. Nixon  
SIXTH COLUMN ..... by Orville Faubus  
THE TRANSCENDENT MAN ..... by Jack Paar  
NOT THIS AUGUST ..... by Walter O'Malley  
THE ALTERED EGO ..... by Christine Jorgensen  
WHAT MAD UNIVERSE ..... by William Gaines  
EMPIRE OF THE ATOM ..... by John Berry  
CHIX ..... by Ian Adams and Bill Pearson  
I AM LEGEND ..... by G. M. Carr  
THE LONG LOUD SILENCE ..... by Gertrude M. Carr  
THE MAN WHO JAPED ..... by B. E. Pellz

\*\*\*\*\*

AND NOW, JUST BECAUSE YOU PROBABLY THINK YOU'VE SEEN ALL THE POSSIBLE  
VARIATIONS ON THE "TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER" GAG:





# BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE WORKS OF

CYRIL M. KORNBLUTH

This bibliography is presented as a tribute to the late C. M. Kornbluth. It is easy to forget, over the years, just how many of the stories we have read and enjoyed were written by the same man. Let his works speak for him:

## PSEUDONYMS USED BY C. M. KORNBLUTH:

Arthur Cooke [With E. Balter, R. W. Lowndes, John Michel, and Donald Wellheim]

Cecil Corwin

Walter C. Davies

Kenneth Falconer

S. D. Gottesman [I -- Kornbluth alone  
II -- with Frederik Pohl  
III -- with Pohl and R. W. Lowndes]

Paul Dennis Lavond [I -- with Frederik Pohl  
II -- with Pohl and R. W. Lowndes]

Cyril Judd [With Judith Merrill]

Scott Mariner [With Frederik Pohl]

Ivar Towers [With Richard Wilson]

## THE STORIES:

|                                           |                             |         |    |
|-------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------|----|
| The Adventurer                            | Space SF                    | May     | 53 |
| The Adventurers                           | SF Quarterly                | Feb     | 55 |
| The Altar at Midnight                     | Galaxy                      | Nov     | 52 |
| Before the Universe (Gottesman II)        | Super Science               | July    | 40 |
| Best Friend (Gottesman II)                | Super Science               | May     | 41 |
| Callistan Tomb (Lavond I)                 | SF Quarterly                | Spring  | 41 |
| The Castle on Outerplanet (Gottesman III) | Stirring                    | Apr     | 41 |
| The City in the Sky (Corwin)              | Cosmic                      | July    | 41 |
| The Core (Gottesman I)                    | Future                      | Apr     | 42 |
| The Cosmic Charge Account                 | F & SF                      | Jan     | 56 |
| Crisis! (Corwin)                          | SF Quarterly                | Spring  | 42 |
| Dead Center (Gottesman I)                 | Stirring                    | Feb     | 41 |
| Dimension of Darkness (Gottesman I)       | Cosmic                      | May     | 41 |
| Dominoes                                  | Pohl: Star SF Stories       | No. 1   |    |
| The Education of Tigress Macardie         | Venture                     | July    | 57 |
| Einstein's Planetoid (Lavond II)          | SF Quarterly                | Spring  | 42 |
| The Engineer (with Frederik Pohl)         | Infinity                    | Feb     | 56 |
| The Events Leading Down to the Tragedy    | F & SF                      | Jan     | 58 |
| Everybody Knows Joe                       | Fantastic Univ              | Oct     | 53 |
| Exiles of New Planet (Lavond II)          | Astonishing                 | Apr     | 41 |
| The Extrapolated Dinwit (Gottesman III)   | Future                      | Oct     | 42 |
| Fire Power (Gottesman I)                  | Cosmic                      | July    | 41 |
| Forgotten Tongue (Davies)                 | Stirring                    | June    | 41 |
| [reprinted]                               | Worlds Beyond               | Feb     | 51 |
| Friend to Man                             | Ten Story Fantasy           |         | 51 |
| Gladiator at Law (with Frederik Pohl)     | Galaxy                      | Jun-Aug | 54 |
| The Golden Road (Corwin)                  | Stirring                    | Mar     | 42 |
| Gomez                                     | "The Explorers": Ballantine |         |    |
| The Goodly Creatures                      | F & SF                      | Dec     | 52 |
| Gravy Planet (with Frederik Pohl)         | Galaxy                      | Jun-Aug | 52 |







The Jolly Boys (Maneikis)  
Kangaroo Court (Maneikis)  
PCM1 (Maneikis)

|              |      |    |
|--------------|------|----|
| SF Stories   | Mar  | 58 |
| SF Quarterly | Feb  | 58 |
| Future       | June | 58 |

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CHRISTMAS EVE - 1956 M. Joseph [London]

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GUNNER CADE, by Cyril Judd -- 1952 Simon and Schuster

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[[A MILE BEYOND THE MOON - 1958, Doubleday]]

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NOT THIS AUGUST — 1955 Doubleday

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OUTPOST MARS, by Cyril Judd -- 1952 Abelard

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PRESIDENTIAL YEAR, with Frederik Fohl -- 1956, Ballantine 144

SEARCH THE SKY, with Frederik Pohl — 1954, Ballantine 61

1954, T. Allen [Toronto]

THE SPACE MERCHANTS, with Frederik Pohl -- 1953, Ballantine 21

1953 Houghton

1955 Heinemann [London]

THE SYNDIC - 1953 Doubleday

1955 Bentam 1317

TAKEOFF 1952 Doubleday

1953 Pennant P 15

A TOWN IS DROWNING, with Frederik Pohl 1955, Ballantine 123

[[WOLFBANE, with Frederik Pohl <sup>ed.</sup> 1959, Ballantine]]

+++++

[[ 11 ] - in preparation

# THE SOCIETY OF GIMLET-EYE SNOBS VS THE MOVIES

"MERRY ANDREW"

« DIABOLIQUE »

During a scene on an English road ("Everything Is Ticky-Boo"), Andrew cycles after an omnibus which is driving on the RIGHT side of the road, instead of the left.

When Mlle. Horner's tenants are listening to a radio broadcast of a play, the title of the play is announced as On Ne Badine Pas Avec L'Amour, by Musset. The sub-title in English translates it as Love's Labour Lost by Shakespeare.

[illegible]

"If there IS a convention in South Gate in 58 it will be the first  
with rhyme for a reason." --- SLANT, 1950

SLANT, 1950

[illegible]



SUPPLEMENT TO THE BIBLIOGRAPHY  
OF HENRY KUTTNER  
(ProFANity 1)

STORIES: (Kuttner byline)

|                     |      |        |
|---------------------|------|--------|
| Death on the Island | ThA  | Sep 43 |
| The Ego Machine     | SpSF | Jan 52 |
| There Was an Island | Arg  | Jan 43 |
| The Wolf of Aragon  | ThA  | Jul 41 |

STORIES: (Keith Hammond byline)

|                        |     |        |
|------------------------|-----|--------|
| Bells of Horror        | StS | Mar 39 |
| The Body and the Brain | StS | Jun 39 |
| The Invaders           | StS | Feb 39 |
| The Room of Souls      | StS | Jun 40 |

STORIES: (C. H. Liddell byline)

|                    |     |        |
|--------------------|-----|--------|
| The Visitors       | SFQ | May 53 |
| We Shall Come Back | SFQ | Nov 51 |

STORY: (Peter Horn byline)

|               |    |        |
|---------------|----|--------|
| 50 Miles Down | FA | May 40 |
|---------------|----|--------|

STORIES IN ANTHOLOGIES:

Home There's No Returning --  
Kuttner-Moore, NO BOUNDARIES  
Year Day -- Kuttner-Moore, AHEAD  
OF TIME

BOOK: Murder of a Wife -- 1958, Perma

MISCELLANEOUS:

These stories, under the Lawrence O'Donnell byline, are usually credited to C. L. Moore alone:

|                     |     |        |
|---------------------|-----|--------|
| The Children's Hour | ASF | Mar 44 |
| Clash By Night      | ASF | Mar 43 |
| The Code            | ASF | Jul 45 |
| Heir Apparent       | ASF | Jul 50 |
| Paradise Street     | ASF | Sep 50 |
| Promised Land       | ASF | Feb 50 |
| Vintage Season      | ASF | Sep 46 |

Peter Horn Biog Sketch Amz Mar 40 (Thanks to Robert Briney for most of these additions to the Kuttner Biblio)

Abbreviations: Amz = Amazing Stories  
Arg = Argosy  
ASF = Astounding  
FA = Fantastic Adventures

SFQ = Science Fiction Quarterly  
SpSF = Space Science Fiction  
StS = Strange Stories  
ThA = Thrilling Adventures

# THE COLD CHISEL

PHOTOSTAMPS: The convenient way to send pictures to all your friends. Send negative or print and \$1.50 for 100 photostamps. (Larger size 50 for \$1.50)

Send to:

Marijane Johnson  
1011 E. Hoffman Ave.  
Spokane 22, Wash.

I have many old mags or pb's that I will sell or will trade for back issues of UNKNOWN.

Clay Kimball  
106 W. Del. Ave,  
Draper, N. C.

I still need hardback editions of Charteris's "The Saint" mysteries, and I still want All Star Comics. Hasn't somebody got some of these they'd like to get rid of? Will pay any reasonable price, and some half-way unreasonable ones, depending on condition.

Bruce Pelz  
Box 3255 Univ. Sta.  
Gainesville, Fla.

(small ads are still free in The Cold Chisel)



# THE PSYCHOTIC MACHINE

A certain Mr. Camel  
Heard of a machine  
Decided he would build it  
To see what it could mean

He sent for the instructions  
And bought parts by the ton  
Encountered lots of problems  
But conquered every one

Finally the thing was made  
He fairer e'er was seen  
Honoring the maker  
'Twas named the "Heinous Machine"

The theory used was very new  
Called erotic radiation  
It tested animals to see  
If they had that fascination

It had an exploding electrode  
A prism — erotic shields  
Coils and conductors aplenty  
Copper tubes and fields

The jewel was the detector  
Made from plastic plates  
An empty candy box, cement  
Just as schematic states

All is ready for the test  
The subjects placed in field  
The time has come for him to see  
What climax this will yield

Wire coils conduct the waves  
Of radiant erotic joy  
As subjects being tested  
Find they are girl and boy

As radiation falls thereon  
The glass prismatic gleams  
Refracted light is measured  
In all its colored beams

From here to there and there to here  
It travels every sector  
Until it rings a little bell  
In the final stage detector

And this complex contraption  
Proves a former theory sound  
Not science, Mr. Camel — Love  
Makes the world go 'round

— — — Eliner Poland



# FROM THE MANIAC'S BIBLIOS

THE GRAVEYARD READER -- Groff Conklin Ballantine

In The Graveyard Reader, Groff Conklin has put together an anthology that almost matches some of Derleth's, Night Side and Night's Yawning Pail, for instance. However, I wish he would stick to straight sci and leave the fantasy to Derleth, who does a better job consistently. As the title indicates, it is an anthology of weird and horror stories, which probably won't sell in the face of the "modern" trend to scientification.

The stories are generally above-average fantasy. A run-down:

"The Screaming Woman" -- Bradbury -- mediocre. Starts with a child who hears a woman screaming under a vacant lot; at first he can't believe her and you know the rest. Bradbury's style (one of the many) helps it some, but doesn't save it.

"A bottomless Grave" -- Pierce -- not his best, but it shows that he can be funny, even while he pursues his favorite pastime of cutting people to bits.

"The Cart" -- Richard Hughes -- gruesome. Shows why children should be taken seriously and not laughed at.

"The Graveyard Rats" -- Kuttner -- written when Kuttner was 19 and published in Weird, it shows the strong influence Lovecraft had on K's earliest writings. It's one of the best stories in the book and contains a gravedigger who loots coffins. When he gets too greedy and tries to keep the rats from stealing a particularly desirable body, he meets a Lovecraftian end.

"Skin" -- Roald Dahl -- good. It shows the dangers of owning a valuable original by a famous artist -- at least, when it's tattooed on your back. For people who like this story, I suggest Someone Like You, a collection of stories by Dahl along the same line.

"Night Court" -- Counselman -- one of the fillers from Weird. Moralizing should be left in church.

"Free Dirt" -- Beaumont -- about a man who couldn't resist something for nothing. However, free dirt from a graveyard led him to a dirty end -- literally.

"Listen, Children, Listen" -- West -- another filler, this time from Fantastic Universe. Better than Counselman's, though. At least he tells a story instead of preaching.

"Special Delivery" -- Collier -- one of the 50 stories in Fancies and Goodnights, and one of the lesser ones. Collier is the best fantasy writer in the field today, in my opinion, and his book is worth reading. Somewhat like Dahl with a touch of Puck thrown in.

"The Child That Loved a Grave" -- Fitz-James O'Brien -- a really beautiful love story. This nineteenth-century fantasy writer could hold his own with the best of today.

"The Graveyard Reader" -- Sturgeon -- as I understood it, Sturgeon wrote this after Conklin gave him the title. Very good. About a man who -- naturally -- reads graves.

"The Outsider" -- Lovecraft -- I don't suppose any anthology of his



for stories is complete without a story by HPL. This is perhaps his most widely known one. It has appeared eight other places, to my knowledge, and deserves a rest, although it is a better-than-average Lovecraft story (automatically making it a great story to many people, myself included), written in his curious old-fashioned style that is slow reading but more solid than any of the styles of the money-hacks of today.

----- Tap Reklaw, Alien  
~~~~~

EYE IN THE SKY ... Dick (Acc-single, 1957 255pp. 35¢)

Philip K. Dick is a skillful and sometimes artful writer; here he is merely a skillful writer plying his trade. The story concerns eight people who are on a sight-seeing tour of the newly constructed Bevatron, which Mr. Dick tells us is an apparatus invented "for the purpose of advanced research into cosmic ray phenomena artificially generated within controlled conditions." The Bevatron goes awry and its proton-beam sweeps the platform on which the eight people are standing and melts it plunging them downward into the great magnetic field below. Though slightly injured, none were killed, and were released from the hospital sometime later. Here everything goes awry and the mad tale begins.

Their fall and clash with proton-beams and magnetic fields has somehow (even Mr. Dick isn't quite sure) catapulted them into a different world. But this "other world" is not one of strict existence, but is a mental-world conjured up by one of the eight people. This world is one in which angels appear, miracles happen and hordes of locusts descend on those who tell lies. It is a mad God-rule world ruled by an equally mad Theocrat. This is the world of one Arthur Silvester, whose world is built on his association with fanatic religious cults. The Silvester-world lasts for 85 pages. To those readers of a religious turn of mind this section may at points become offensive, but Dick is here wearing the blessed mantle of Satire and may be perhaps excused. The crux of our hero, Jack Hamilton, is to find whose world it is and get to that person and somehow (once again Mr. Dick isn't quite sure how) get back to the real-world. Silvester is found; a fight ensues and we are launched into another mental-world.

And so we find ourselves jumping merrily, errily and sometimes frighteningly into successive worlds of madness and improbability. This jolting journey takes us through three more worlds, Edith Pritchet's sexless, Victorian world; Joan Reiss's schizoid land of paranoid delusions of persecution and Charley McFoyffe's domain of Communism battling Capitalism, then back to our same little sphere....and sometimes I wonder.

The plot of Eye in the Sky is a stock chase; its characterization is standard and occasionally above-standard and some of its concepts are finely original and excellent in execution, but there is a fault that runs through the whole work and warp of this novel. This is "implausibility". In the natural course of things the hero is trying to escape death, in many forms and this is where the spectre of implausibility continues to appear. Why try to escape these deaths? If he allowed himself to be killed or even took his own life in these mental-fabricated worlds wouldn't it collapse the world itself? Mr. Dick is by no means oblivious to this problem, but he is constantly side-stepping it. One feels as the action runs that the author on numerous occasions found himself getting awfully close to this problem and rather than squarely facing it he jumps into more excited action.

sections of bright, hard characterization and philosophizing satire. Even if his own pseudo-death would not end a world, why not destroy those eight people that are always in it; this would surely bring it to a fast end. Mr. Dick continually writes around this problem, unfortunately, never through it.

In the final analysis, for those who can dismiss this piece of implausibility Eye in the Sky will provide several hours of exciting and fast-action reading. It is recommended, except for those who demand that an author always writingly resolve each and every problem.

Alfred McCoy Andrews

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SHAMBLEAU --- C. L. Moore (Galaxy Pub. Co. 1958. 127pp. 35¢)

This is number 31 in the series of reprints by Galaxy and the book (actually a "magazine" rather than a "booklet" construction-wise) gets its title from the lead-story, Shambleau, but it contains two more stories, Shambleau (the story) first appeared in WEIRD TALES, November 1933 and its two companion-pieces, Black Thirst and The Tree of Life appeared in WEIRD TALES of April 1934 and October 1936 respectively. Galaxy isn't the only one to dredge back this far for such tales. Gnome Press in 1953 brought out an anthology entitled SHAMBLEAU AND OTHERS (24pp. \$3.00), which carried these three stories plus Scarlet Dream and three of the Jiral of Jolry yarns. But this present inexpensive three-piece anthology chronicles the amazing adventures of Northwest Smith, that fabulous rogue of the spaceways.

Northwest Smith is a very weak man, I have deduced this from the fact that he is invariably leaning against a wall as the stories open, such as "Smith, lounging negligently against the wall....." and the very first line of Black Thirst tells us, "Northwest Smith leant his head back against the warehouse wall...". Although being an inveterate wall-leaner Smith does possess other qualities of interest. We are told by Miss Moore (she was not married to the late Henry Kuttner at that time) that Smith is tall, with colorless eyes and scarred face deeply tanned, and he wears a brown leather suit complete with an old, trusty heat-gun strapped to his side. And it would seem that Miss Moore was playing a game to see how many times she could so describe him in these stories without becoming a bore.....she almost lost. As far as characterization goes, Northwest Smith is no more than a tall rogue of colorless eyes, scarred, tanned face and brown leather suit with gun, but it is his fantastic adventures that carry the power and interest in the stories. Another earmark of the Northwest sagas is that Smith attracts beautiful women on a par with the famed Mike Hammer. Smith meets and adventures with the scarlet Medusa on Mars, the Minga-maid, Vaudir, and her subsequent sisters of unendurable perfection and the filmy priestess of the invincible Thag who was the Tree of Life. All these damsels are extremely beautiful and fantastically dangerous. This is not science fiction, but is merely high fantasy-adventure with the sf markings of spaceships and planets.

Miss Moore's writing is artful considering the vintage and moving with vivid colors, but it is at times sapped of its power by redundancy. A horror is revealed to the reader and through trying to clarify this strange terror the author succeeds only in re-stating what



she has already said about it and pretty much the same manner each time. This is unfortunate, for rather than building excitement in the reader this samely retelling dulls the sensitivity to the strange terrors and horrors with which Smith meets. Yet we realize that these are some of the "early" writings of Miss Moore and, therefore, allowances must be made for she is a much more skilled writer today.

All things considered, this is good fantasy reading and fast and fantastic adventure writing. If one has not met Northwest Smith he will enjoy sampling with this book his strange encounters on Mars and Venus. For the collector it is a must.

Alfred McCoy Andrews

# JANUS

I think I will use "Janus" as a sort of report on the previous issue, and a sounding board for ideas for future issues. Of course, Janus is two-faced, so not all the ideas will see actuality.

Firstly, I have been wondering just what percentage response other faneds get from their mailings. On Prof 1, 46 copies were sent to other zines, resulting in 25 responses -- ranging from trades and letters of comment to simple acknowledgements. Is this supposed to be about par for the course, or what? I have heard through devious routes that a few of the other copies had indeed reached their destinations -- for instance several letters mentioned seeing a review of Prof in a zine that I hadn't seen a copy of. (Muffled noises of outrage).

As for future ideas, someone said he was sending a fanzine review column, but so far no column. In case it's my fault for not acknowledging and saying I want it -- I do want it. I think I wrote and said so, but I may have goofed.

Also, the book reviews from here on will be in the hands of Birmingham's own (no other place will claim him) Al Andrews. The Ecklaw, Alien, is being deported. I'm tired of editing out "sf-has-gone-to-pot-let's-go-back-to-good-old-fantasy" tirades.

Articles will be kept down to one or two per issue, but the subjects will cover damn near anything that seems interesting, whether science fiction, fanish, or only on the fringe of one or the other. Like it or not, there will probably be a bibliography in each issue. If only for the use of rabid collectors.

Fiction, verse, and art will be quite welcome, too. Particularly art, since my local source of supply is leaving for the summer, and I can't go screaming that I need an illustration such-and-such by so-and-so to fill out a page. Both interillos and cover material needed.

And if anyone thinks they might like to do some sort of column, other than the ones I've got, I'm open for suggestions. Some consideration has been made of a column called "Enjoying the Ob-Scenery." After all, this is PROFANITY. Next issue July, I hope.



## THE NEW BRANCH

by Elinor Poland

From out a genetic chaos mutants appeared  
Complex mentality to new patterns geared  
The speeding years were but afterthought  
To the initial creation of the Telepaths

Maturity brought awareness both swift and keen  
That spoken word masked thought unseen  
No true image in the mind's warped glass  
But distorted likenesses of dreams long past

And yet there's a beauty in hidden thought  
Depths of emotion gropingly sought  
Roseate fires of love's first thrust  
Flowing ebbers of loyalty and trust

But being human the mind is twin  
A bolt of hatred can flash like pain  
Thus always the struggle between the two  
What we should be and what we do

Days become lonely in the midst of sound  
Silence only in isolation is found  
The sibilant whispers bombard mental ear  
As long as one sentient entity is near

Until one day from source unknown  
A stab of thought pierced like his sun  
A probing finger seeking mate  
Two minds were interlocked by Fate

A searching glance revealed the one  
Their married life was soon begun  
Together they found the ecstatic bliss  
Experienced when telepaths merge in a kiss

The mental blending of these two precursors  
Was full of a shimmering opalescence  
The colorful striations of emotions shared  
Intermingling of soul and mind unspared

The small ones came, as the years did flee  
Two little sons and a girl made three  
With mother and father, a family of five  
Telepaths all, the only true ones alive

As they grew, these siblings, a girl and two boys  
The household was strangely without a noise  
No need for shouting, for calling to find  
They simply communed in the world of the mind



But their parents, uneasy, Knew that they were unique  
That some day a refuge they'd be forced to seek  
With encephalic pseudopods they wandered far  
Testing and probing each distant star

As time became short and earthlings stared  
The search grew fevered, they nearly despaired  
But then one memorable night they knew  
A tingling, an answer, a Power that grew

A promise was given they had but to await  
The ship of Destiny that was nearly too late  
Aloft to the skies, a journey so swift  
Adown to an earth way beyond the Red Shift

What wondrous things they beheld on descending  
The people gave welcome by group mental blending  
By choosing to leave and through space been hurled  
They had come to rest on a telepathic world

The years sped by and much was learned  
A peaceful existence must be spiritually earned  
This culture was perfect, no crimes and no sin  
Where all mental eyes could pierce bone and skin

If only this Truth could be taught there on Earth  
The newcomers longed for the place of their birth  
So they learn and they plan for some great day when  
They'll go back home once more and bring peace to all men

#### COSMIC TRADE

Were I a sprite on some far-distant world  
Dancing over diamond-dusted sand  
Where vivid flowers -- tendrils soft, uncurled --  
Caress each passerby upon the hand

What could earthly flowers offer, standing mute  
Next those I love at home with whispers gay?  
And what of trees? Mine, singing in the wind like lute  
Or Terra's winter forest, bleak and gray?

Who would exchange the lakes wherein I float  
In golden nectar, sparkling sweet and light --  
So volatile one seems to drift in space, like note --  
For that which Earth can use with frightening might!

Would I relinquish life on such a land  
For Earth's strident cacophony of sound?  
Where all is contradiction -- harsh and bland,  
Accursed -- blest, good and evil -- all abound

And yet a perfect world can cloy upon the soul  
When day-by-day perfection becomes a trial  
Then can some alien being understand and pay the toll  
Of sorrow, just to stay on Earth a while

For bread tastes sweet as cake when food is gone  
And water can be wine to tongue as dry as bone  
Despair and suffering can be endured -- so long  
As days to come hold joys as yet unknown

--- Elinor Poland



john berry for taff

JOHN BERRY FOR TAFF

JOHN BERRY FOR TAFF

JOHN BERRY FOR TAFF

JOHN BERRY FOR TAFF

DRAGOON THE GOON

GIVE THE GOON THE GATE

GOON TODAY -- HERE TOMORROW

|   |   |     |      |      |      |      |      |      |   |   |
|---|---|-----|------|------|------|------|------|------|---|---|
| V | V | 000 | TTTT | EEEE | BBBB | EEEE | RRRR | RRRR | Y | Y |
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