

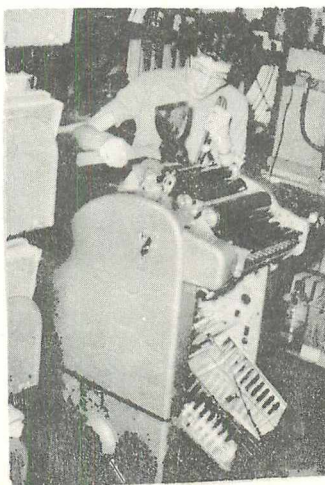
# PROFANITY

5

APRIL 1959



R. COULSON  
FMZ REVIEWS



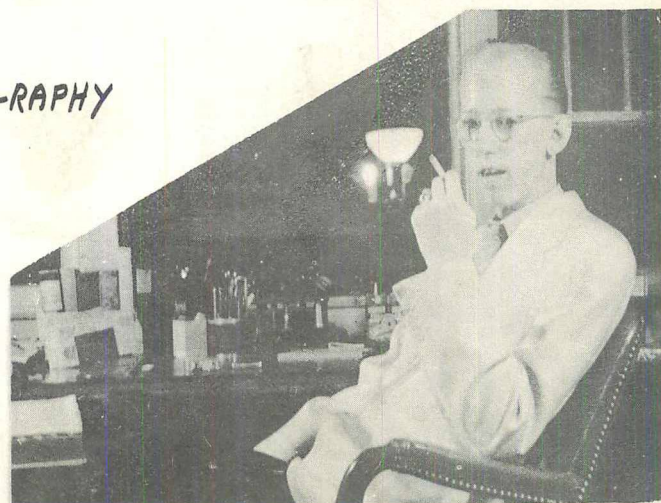
DEE  
MULTI-LITHOGRAPHY



D. FRANSON  
VERSE



F. E. KATTE  
ASSISTANT EDITOR



A. ANDREWS  
BOOK REVIEW





PRO F A N ITY #5, with an approximate date of April, 1959, is an INCUNEBULOUS PUBLICATION (#8), edited by Bruce Pelz, at 4010 Leona Street, Tampa 9, Florida.

Copies are available for trade, contribution of material, or letter of comment. An introductory issue may be obtained for 15 cents, but any amounts over that which are received will not guarantee getting farther issues. WRITE, TRADE, or CONTRIBUTE! See further tirade in editorial.

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The following pages are hereby declared non-existent: 26, 27, 32. The best laid plans, like, go down under.

Art Debts, due to stencilling: ye Ed.

Art Credits:

Dan Adkins: 14  
Al Andrews: 6, 7, 9  
DEE: 21, 23  
Blake Dowling: 11, 12, 24, 25, 30  
Roger Horrocks: 1

R. H. Mosso: 13, 19  
Ginger Phillips: 2, 4, 20  
Phillip Poland: 5, 36  
Steve Stiles: 35  
Ken Waddell: 39

## RE-AUTHORED BOOKS

- - - contributed by Donald Franson:

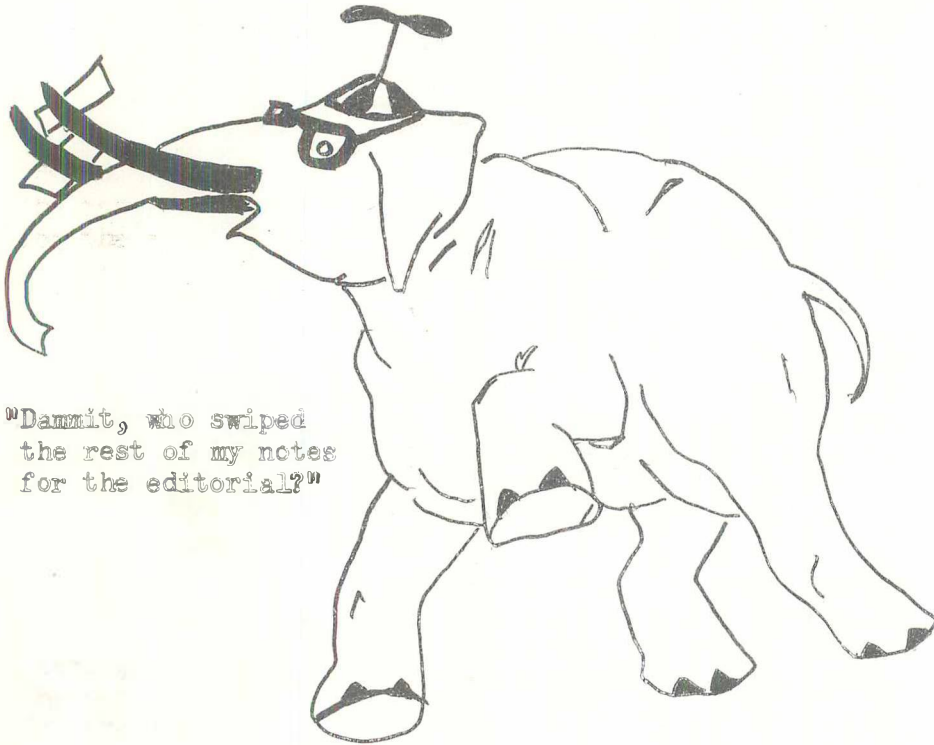
TIME KILLER.....by Alan Dodd  
FANTASIA MATHEMATICA.....by Burnett R. Toskey  
COUNTDOWN FOR TOMORROW.....by the Detention Committee  
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT.....by the Solacon Committee

----- and from ye ed:

FAHRENHEIT 451.....by Honey Wood Graham  
I AM LEGEND.....by Charles Burbee  
CASE FOR THE U. F. O. ....by J. W. Dant

# THE RESIDENT DJINN

- - - - EDITORIAL



NO, the title of my editorial column has nothing to do with that renowned LASFSan Miss Faine. It, as well as the titles for the book review column and the letter column, is a quote from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. In this case, the quote is from THE SORCEROR:

"If anyone anything lacks,  
He'll find it all ready in  
stacks,  
If he'll only look in  
On the resident djinn,  
Number Seventy, Simmery Axe."

For the sake of you uncultured characters who are unfamiliar with Gilbert and Sullivan, the letter column and the book review title are from THE SORCEROR and RUDDI-GORE, respectively.

The quotes are: "My name is John Wellington Wells,  
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,  
In blessings and curses, and ever-filled purses,  
In prophecies, witches and knalls."

The book review title is changed slightly from the original quote:

"As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees, and the mists lie low on the fen,  
From grey tomb-stones are gathered the bones that once were women and men."

-----  
"I'm dating an interesting girl now; she speaks English, French, German, and Arabian....."  
(J. Murphy)  
-----

The problem of complimentary issues to reviewed faneds has been under lettercol discussion for several issues now, and it would appear that a definite statement of policy is in order. So to facilitate matters, I'm going back to the tic-mark system of announcing the status of each recipient. There are three main divisions to the system, and some smaller breakdown under them.

\_\_\_\_\_ Group 1: For some reason or other (contributions, trades, comments) you are quite securely established on the mailing list. No sweat, like.

✓ \_\_\_\_\_ Group 2: This group, the largest of the three, does not have to respond in order to receive the next issue, but if you do not you will be dropped to Group 3 next time. This group includes: ( ) Sample copies, comment appreciated.  
( ) Irregular contributor copies ( ) Reviewee copies, trades to me wanted.  
( ) Questionable status

Group 3: Reply or be dropped. If you don't give a damn about getting a copy, I see no reason why I should give one about sending one.

On the question of reviewed fanzines, the first review gets the editor a copy with a Group 2 status. The second review, if I have no acknowledgement from the first, gets a copy with a group three status. And after that I'll notify Buck that no further reviews of that zine will be published.

Cash will get you only a first issue - - - after that, TRADE, CONTRIBUTE, or COMMENT! End of this particular tirade.

+ / + / + / + / + / + / + / + /

As Miriam Carr observed in her letter on ProF 4, I find editorial writing a difficult thing to do, and usually I end up with a very laboured editorial, which prompts no interesting comments whatsoever. This is a deplorable situation, but as I've found out in my two or three attempts at taped letters, I can't sit down and natter away without some outside stimulus to form the base of the talking or writing.

So, this time I tried planning the editorial. made notes on several subjects, thought about continuity (admittedly I didn't think too much about it), and decided to run it to three pages instead of the usual one or one and a half. Whether or not it comes out any better than usual is still guesswork, but I don't suppose it could get worse by very much.

Since Miriam also suggested that a good addition to an editorial is the setting up of a subject for discussion, I shall take a leaf from her book, and do just that.

Alfred Bester's story, "Hobson's Choice" put forth the idea that a person taken from his own time and stranded in another era, with no possibility of taking any of his possessions with him, would be extremely miserable. One would be much worse off in any other era, said the story, no matter how wretched his existence in his own time might be. I've no complaint about the story, which I enjoyed. But I don't agree with the main premise; if I, as the protagonist, had to choose another era in which to live, I think I would be quite capable of choosing one in which I could get along very well.

Specifically, I would probably choose Victorian England - about 1870 or thereabouts. It's the one period of the past I'm reasonably familiar with, as a result of my interest in the composers, writers, and the like of the period. For instance, in 1874 the first collaboration between William Schwenck Gilbert and Arthur Seymour Sullivan was produced: THESPIS. This was the era of Dickens, (the latter part at least), of Kipling, of Verdi, Tchaikovsky, Wagner. It was an era in which a little manipulation of events, in the tradition of LEST DARKNESS FALL, could probably change the path of history a disproportionate amount. I think I'd like it there, if I had to choose another era for exile.

So what do you think? Would a 20th Century man be helpless in another era, or would he be able to mold enough events about him to let him fit in comfortably? And which era would you pick if it were a necessary choice?

".....and says 'No' in every one of them!" (B. Jarrett)

This issue of ProFANity is the First Annish, I suppose, since #1 was dated March 1958. Means damn little as far as I can see, but it's nice to know.

I see that the Beat Generation is really an older movement that I had thought. I was reading through THE LIVES AND TIMES OF ARCHY AND MEHITABEL the other day when I found a reference (p.172) to "the hobohemians." Highly apt terminology, as far as I can see. Is anybody (besides you, Rich) still reading Don Marquis these days? I get a kick out of just leafing through the book and reading an occasional verse or two --- the Egyptian scarab, Freddy the rat, and Mehitabel with her "wotthehell, wotthehell." I wonder if Dick Lupoff considers ARCHY AND MEHITABEL in or out of Fandom?

Among the several thousand books in the Tampa Public Library's collection is one that should be of considerable interest to fans. The book is OLD SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES, by William L. Courtney. Is this meaningful? It was published in 1918.

I find it rather difficult to believe, but there were some who took John Berry's "Hauty Culture" in the last issue to be a serious SF story. This is a vile canard, and John denies it emphatically. He has another such story in this issue, and has promised a third one for #6 - - - and not an ounce of serconism in the lot. Accusing The Goon of being sercon comes very close to blasphemy, methinks!

And speaking of The Goon, I hope all you kind people have contributed to The Berry Fund, to bring John over to the DEFENTION this fall. If you haven't, you should do so immediately - - - send cash, checks, money orders, gold bars, diamonds, etc. for the fund to Nick Falasca, 5612 Warwick Drive, Parma, Ohio. If for some reason, the fund does not reach its goal, all contributions over two dollars will be refunded. The only reason I can think of for failure is that there might be too many pikers in fandom - - - and we know that's not true!?

And while I'm on the campaigning kick, might as well put in a few words for the best sites for the next couple worldcons. For the next one, WASHINGTON IN '60 - - - THE CAPICON. And for the one after that, SEATTLE IN '61 - - - THE PUCON. Haven't seen much in the way of advertising for the 1962 site, outside of a few rumbles from the vicinity of Chicago.

++++FANZINES WANTED++++

VERITAS 1, 2, 3  
APORRHETA 1,2,3,4  
TWIG 12  
MOOR PARK  
STELLAR 9

John Berry's one-shot WARNING  
BEST OF FANDOM '57  
RUMBLE 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,14  
FANAC 1,2,4,5,10,11,12,13,14  
CRY OF THE NAMELESS 72,73,73½,74,  
76½,77,77½,78,79,79½,80,82,  
82½,85,87,89½

will pay cash for these, and quite a few others  
what have you got?

Bring Berry  
to Detroit!!

Washington in '60!



"...then I  
can try to chi-  
sel him out of  
his MM calendar!"

What's in the heart of a robot  
When his duties are ended each day  
Did Man breathe a soul in the metal  
Just as God brought to life Human Clay?

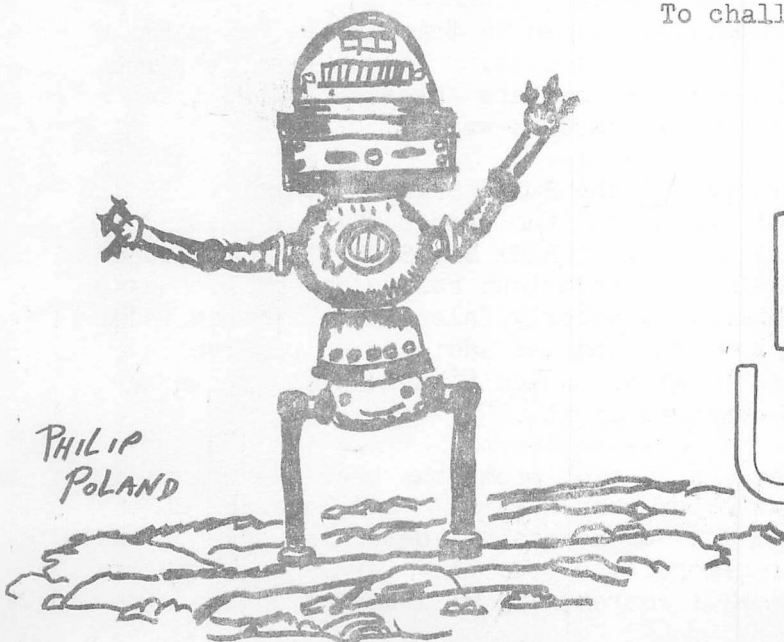
As the human form came from amoeba  
So the robot was started from ore  
The amoeba evolved into Mankind  
With a mind that was destined to soar

Man fashioned a creature from metal  
Created to serve and obey  
Taught it the code of the Human  
And gave its computers full play

Now, if jelly can climb up to Manhood  
And rule a planet like Earth,  
Why can't a bit of ore do the same  
With its Man-God giving it birth?

At some point in Man's evolution  
He found his mind and his soul  
And someday the robot will flicker to life  
To challenge Man's own Godhood goal!

---- ELINOR POLAND



# RIVAL UNAWARE

# SHAMBLow

Illustrated by Virgil Flimsy

Commentary by Al Andrews

Garbage Smith leaned against the crumbling wall of a Martian canal, whistling softly a little jazz opus entitled "Beethoven's Third Sonata In C Minor for Four Pianos and A Flute," as the twin moons of Mars drifted through the clear sky like two huge, glowing pearls. In the red sands of this desert land crawled the luminous neon-bugs. Suddenly Smith's heavy-booted foot lashed out and viciously smashed one of the little shiny creatures.

"Ghod, if there's anything I hate, it's bugs!" he said, hotly.

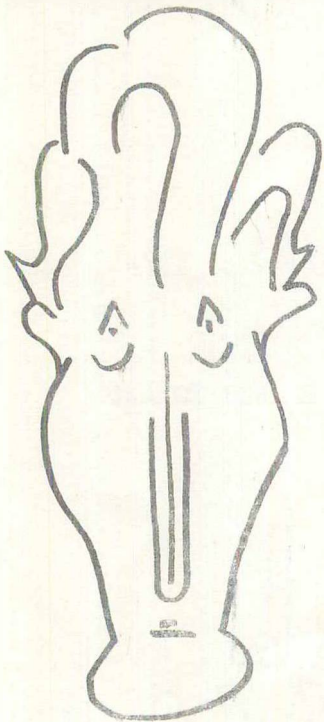
Garbage Smith was a super secret secret-agent, who had been sent to Mars from Earth. (See footnote "a") He shifted his lounging frame a little to the left along the wall (This was because he had finally realized that he was leaning up against a sharp piece of rock and it was gouging the hell out of him.) His long well-muscle body was taut in this night of vigil, and his steel-grey eyes searched the shifting shadows of the desert.

"Gee, but it's dark," he cursed in his manly fashion.

Then his eye caught a dark flicker in the night. Garbage knew he was to meet his contact-agent here on this night because he had read it on the back of a box of Toastie Posties which read: "BE THE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO MEET A CONTACT-AGENT ON MARS! For full information, send 25¢ to Continental Op, Box 666, East Poughkeepsie, N.Y." When he read that he knew it was serious --- that his destiny was decided. Nothing in the Universe

could keep him from his mission to the stars, so he floated a G.I. loan and sent off for the information. (See footnote "b".) Now, that momentous meeting was at hand.

She came out from behind a ragged knoll of mushstones and came towards him like a drifting dream -- a tall, willowy form of feminine loveliness. She stopped a stone's-throw from him. (See footnote "c".) She wore a loose,



"a": In fact, he was so secret that nobody on Earth knew why he had been sent.....come to think of it, even Smith wasn't sure why he had been sent. It has even been rumored that he came to be on Mars because he had taken a wrong turn on the Hollywood free-way.

++++++

"b": Some authorities of the Smith Sagas have put forth the theory that Smith obtained the needed 25¢ by selling his entire mint-condition run of RACY SEX STORIES to a certain Bruce Pelz, a crafty and nefarious collector of such material. But this theory is utterly false, because this Pelz individual was at that time so addicted to publishing "little magazines" that he couldn't have raised a quarter if his life had depended on it.

++++++

"c": This tremendous line of prose has been the center of raging controversy for many years. And because of its great import, we must of necessity determine some of the points of the controversy. Just how far is a "stones-throw"? Well, now of course, it will depend on the size,

Garbage  
Smith

transparent robe of angel-silk and her white-fleshed perfection was bathed in real sexy washes of moonlight. Glimmers of moonlight and night played on the fullness of her lush thighs and the curving smoothness of the calves of her long legs. Smith's eyes bugged out in casual appreciation of her female form. She moved forward and then, when she was so close he could feel the heat of her body, she stopped.

"Let's knock off with all this crap and get on with the intrigue," she said in a throaty voice of sultriness.

"Va va voom," gasped Garbage. (See footnote "d".)

"Me Jane," she declared, her high, full breasts heaving as she shook her shoulders to give her words emphasis.

"yeahhhh," replied Garbage understandingly.

Smith wanted to make sure, so he tried to give her the secret secret-agent clasp of friendship, but Jane kept slapping his hands away with a neat back-hand action.

"I'm Garbage," commented Smith.

"Quite," said Jane.

"Jane, I'm your contact-agent and I was sent here to; uh, uh,...." Smith's mind suddenly blanked when he had tried to bring his mission into focus. Something strangely vague and distant, yet powerful and active held him to silence. But Garbage Smith was not a man to be stumbled by little, minor details. He said, "We must work together."

"Crap!" said Jane in her warm, soft way.

Garbage suggested that they repair to a small, soft-lit tanyannkaz establishment where exotic music of the Red World was played. (See footnote "e".) They walked in the glimmering Martian night, the dust-like red sands making little puffs as they walked. Suddenly, the quiet of the grey-dark skies was turned to a screaming hell. Garbage spun..... too quick ...and fell flat on his face. After picking himself up (a neat trick if you can do it) and dusting himself off a bit, his steel-slitted eyes scanned the sky with alarm. Then he saw the terror that was flying towards him.....the Winged Marzooks, hated birdmen killers of the Martian desert. There were at least a dozen of these screaming banshees coming through the sky towards he and Jane....Jane and he, him and Jane....towards the two of 'em. These Marzooks were monsters of the skies; their terrible fangs and horrible talons had ripped and torn many a luckless soul who had been caught in this defenceless desert land. Suddenly, Smith spied a crawling neon bug and his keen mind thought, "Can these harmless little insects of light be used somehow to help me now?" His mind cruged the

Footnote "c" continued:

weight and shape of the stone (the latter being taken into consideration because of the air-friction.) And in regard to this last point, we must realize that the air of Mars is extremely thin. Some radical fans have even been so out-of-order as to ask how Garbage Smith could breathe if the air is extremely thin on Mars, but surely we will have no truck with such fake-fans. Then we must consider just how much muscle power Garbage Smith could muster to throw this stone. It has been mentioned as a humble opinion by some authorities that Smith did not give the throw all the power he could attain, but such heresy will not be tolerated, for we know that Good Ole Garbage did nothing by halves. Related to this is the question of was it a Martian stone he threw, or an Earthian left-over from the colony-days? There has been a fringe-minority for some years that have gibbered that how far a "stone's-throw" is doesn't make a damn bit of difference to the story, but..... say, maybe they're right. Well, back to the story.

+++++

"d": Some have opined that this was the secret password to be used on this mission. Some have opined not. (They give some vague reasons.)

+++++

"e": Martian ginmill with old Sinatra records.



possibilities, then the answer came...."No." Suddenly Smith's heavy-booted foot lashed out and viciously smashed one of the little shiny creatures.

"Ghod, if there's anything I hate, it's bugs," he said, hotly.

He turned to Jane and said, "I think we ought to get the hell out of here."

Jane's beautiful face was fraught with alarm and fear, and she reliped, "What about all this tannyannkaa booze and square jazz you promised me?"

The Marzrooms had sighted their prey, and were circling in for an attack. Garbage looked desperately for an avenue of escape. Then he saw his one hope.....a cruising six-legged Domerboddle was wandering by, and if the talk he heard of this animal were true, there might be a chance that the animal could outdistance the Killers in the sky. He wheeled and picked up Jane in his arms, then put her back down finding she was a trifle on the heavy side, and bravely told her, "Run like crazy!"

(See footnote "f".) Garbage and Jane made a run for the cruising Domerboddle (Jane leading Garbage by a good five lengths). Jane leaped upon the back of the beast and as he tried to climb aboard she playfully pushed him back.

"Sorry, this seat is taken," she laughed.

Garbage was in desparate straits, and, though he did not want to spoil Jane's sport, he knew something of a firm manner must be done. So he hit her in the mouth. Then, leaping aback the beast, he called on the animal to start, using his keen knowledge of Martian dialects:

"Giddyup, dammit!!"

Then disaster struck. He realized that he had no money to put in the Domerboddle's money-meter.

"Jane, loan me a couple of dagmals to put in the meter," he screamed.

"You got co-signers?" she asked.

"Quit funning around or we'll never make the deadline for STUPID SCIENCE STORIES," he told her heatedly.

Jane now realized, as Smith's words burned in her brain, that these were the code-words of the United Unified Consolidated All-One Space Force of Earth which signalled extreme danger. She must now make the supreme sacrifice. Making Smith turn his head, she slid up her robe and took the Golden Coin of Zambee from the garter-belt purse that was fixed to her hot, rolling thigh. (Smith, who, with great and clever foresight, had brought his Super G-Man periscope with him to Mars, watched the whole operation with delight. He always was the clever one.) Garbage roughly snatched the gleaming coin from her hands and shoved it into the money-meter slot. The meter gave him thirty cents change. The weird-looking Domerboddle gathered his lanky six legs under him and set off in a zig-zag trot across the desert. The terrible Marzrooms were, meanwhile, still circling in for an attack. (It would seem that the leader of the outfit had botched up the whole maneuver, and the Marzrooms had spent a good bit of time flying into one another, while Garbage and Jane were endeavoring to make their escape. As the old saying goes, "The best laid plans of mice and Marzrooms do oft times go astray.".....Bradbury.) As the terrible Marzrooms circled in for attack Garbage feverishly fed nickels into the small meter on the side of the Domerboddle. By this action there was purchased an emanation of blanking-waves which exuded from the manubrium of the Domerboddle, completely confusing the attack-focus organs of the terrible

=====  
 \*f\*: The Martian Frugalsnap is not strictly a plant according to some learned authorities. See Dietchzich's Frugalsnaps I have Known. However, it does avail itself of the silicon in the desert sand to build parts of its body organs. But it was the noted Dr. Herman Harry Frumbble who first called attention to the sounds made by the Frugalsnaps in their colony existence at every other full moon. Dr. Frumbble claims it is not merely a sound, but an impassioned mating call; it is what has led the good Doctor to devote twenty years of his life to the study of the sex-life of the Frugalsnaps. This scholarly view has been hurt considerably by the publishing of the Best-Seller on Earth, The Kimsey Report On The Martian Frugalsnaps. This book has been banned by everyone, including the Mickey Spillaine Book Club, but it was not banned by the Frugalsnaps, which is most probably indicative of something (for the life of me I can't think what though). All this has nothing whatsoever to do with our story, BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT FACTS.

Marzrooms and rendered them helpless. (see footnote "g.")

After a few minutes ride, the Domerboddle deposited the two in front of the Hotel Sturgeon; receiving no tip, it spat at Garbage. Garbage spat back, and surlily told the Domerboddle that if it had been a neon bug he would have suddenly lashed out with his heavy-booted foot and viciously smashed it. The Domerboddle spat at him again, but Garbage sagely refused to be drawn into such a display of temper, for he must waste no time in accomplishing his mission.....whatever his mission was. The bespatted Garbage ambled on into the hotel with his contact-agent companion, Jane, wiping himself as best he could. He registered himself and Jane as devoted man and wife, which was pretty hard to do since Jane had taken to ogling the desk-clerk, and running her fingers through the desk-clerk's hair while breathing hot breaths into his ear. Feeling keenly that he must speak to Jane alone he hit her in the mouth and hustled her off to their room. No sooner had they entered the room, than the terrible danger came. The Marzrooms circled in....uh, uh, no, no. uh, a man was standing inside leveling a deadly Super Friblotron Ray Blaster at him. The stranger moved closer and the deadly blaster never wavered. His sinister face curved into a cruel smile and his mean, beady eyes glowed darkly with devil-fire. Then he spoke.

"Say, buddy, wanta buy a hot blaster?"

Smith's instructions from the Continental Op., which had been carefully coded on the back of a Babe Ruth baseball picture-card, had said nothing of this nature was to be expected. Garbage was taken unawares by the startling developement. But he knew his mission was important (although he couldn't recall what the hell his mission was), and he realized he must play his hand carefully. So he played with his hand carefully for a while and then, becoming bored with the sport, he decided to answer.

"What's the gimmick, my friend?" he said, his words wrapped in hard caution.

"Well, Charlie, this ain't really a gun like, but it's a fakeroo. But secreted in the handle is a roll of hot-shot pictures....va va voom!"

Great Scott, was this man a super secret secret-agent too? No, it must have been just a common phrase here on Mars. But was the man's mission....as a matter of fact, what was the man's mission? Or what was his own mission? .....well, first things first. As the old saying goes: "the best laid plans of mice and missions do oft times go astray.".....Leigh Brackett. (See footnote "h").

"Who are the pictures of?" Garbage asked.

"Of that great sexy she-spy Martha Jane Gurgglehill, of course .....and in the raw, too, bhoys," came the man's knowing reply.

Garbage quickly snatched the gun out of the man's hands and emptied the roll of pictures from the handle. But be-



Captain  
Hairy-Chest.

"g": The authority George O. Smythe has some very interesting thoughts on the effects of the blanking-waves of the Domerboddle on the terrible Marzrooms. He says on page 9633 of his small volume entitled Huh?: "It is my considered opinion that the Domerboddle is not a natural enemy of the terrible Marzrooms, for statistics definitely show that the Marzrooms only have been known to attack Tootsie Roll caravans and old magazine dealers, and not people in general. It may be a disquieting thought but there is some evidence that the Marzrooms receive a rebate on the money taken in from the money-meter employed to activate the blanking-waves, which may in themselves be non-esistant."

"h": Leigh Brackett, the man who created the Cave Mystery in which he wrote about the mental wanderings of that famous detective, Richard S. Palmer. For further information see Yes, The Deroes Do Live Among Us by Willy Ley; The Flying Saucers Are Fakes by Donald Keyhoe; and I Hate Science by John W. Campbell, Jr.

fore he could unroll them and take a look, he heard Jane's voice behind him.

"I'll take those pictures, Garbage."

Garbage spun.....falling flat on his face again; he was just a lousy spinner.....and from his clever sprawled-legged position on the floor he said, "How come you want these pictures, Jane?" "Jane" -- Great Martians, that was it! Martha Jane, and his Jane were one and the same: the great she-spy of the Exerdong Horde that was threatening Earth. She had passed herself off as his contact-agent, and was trying to find out, with her female wiles and evil trickery, what his great mission was. But he would never tell her (you can guess why). She stood there covering him with a small but deadly needle-gun clutched in her lovely hand. Now that he knew the truth about her he wondered what he had ever seen in her. Then he knew: she had the biggest.....well, she had looked like such a nice girl. He climbed to his feet and stood facing her.

"What is your mission here on Mars, Garbage?" growled Martha Jane Gurgglehill, the great sexy she-spy of the Exerdong Horde that was threatening Earth right now all right you betcha.

"I'll never tell, because you're a mean girl," answered Garbage, his voice filled with cold fury.

Her finger tightened on the trigger slowly, slowly, slowly.....

The Marzooms circled in for attack. They came crashing through the window of the room and in a mad leap grabbed Martha Jane Gurgglehill, the great sexy etc. They quickly disarmed her and put the force-field cuffs on her. Then one of the dreaded (as in: instead of terrible) Marzooms turned to Garbage.

"Hello, Stupid," he greeted Garbage in a friendly manner.

To Smith's sheer amazement, he saw now that in reality these men were not real Marzooms, but were only made up to look like the flying demons.

"Then it was you who, realizing I had been taken in by this she-spy, tried to capture her on the desert out there," said Garbage. "She was trying to get the secret of my mission from me, but I would not tell her, sir, for I am true-blue, brave and true."

"Oh, crap!" opined Jane in her winning fashion.

"Now I know who you are, sir," said Garbage with awe, "you're Captain Hairy-Chest of the United Unified Consolidated All-One Space Force of Earth."

The Captain ripped off his Marzoom costume, and, beating proudly on his hairy chest, gave forth a proud cry remarkably like Tarzan of old.

"Gee," said Garbage. (See footnote "i"). "Sir," he continued, about my mission."

"Yes," said Captain Hairy-Chest, who was eyeing Jane's large expanse of frontal anatomy, and was in turn being eyed by Jane, who looked in unabashed admiration at the Captain's impressive spread of chest shrubbery.

"What the hell is my mission?"

"You don't have a mission, Stupid, you ran a red-light on Earth three weeks ago and high-tailed it here to Mars to escape the \$3.00 fine. We of the United Unified Consolidated All-One Space Force of Earth have been trying to catch you ever since."

The Captain whirled, and in the twinkling of an eye took the cuffs off Jane and put them on Garbage. "You're under arrest," he said.

"But she is the great sexy she-spy of the Exerdong Horde that is threatening Earth," Garbage shouted.

"Oh, well, we can overlook little things," said Hairy-Chest, not overlooking some things of enchanting proportions.

And so it was that Garbage Smith was captured and led back to stand trial on his native Earth. But this was not the end, for who can forget those mighty, impassioned words that he spoke that final day of six-weeks trial. As he stood before the Bar of Justice, his head proud and unbowed, he spied something on the floor. And suddenly Smith's heavy-booted foot lashed out and viciously smashed.....

"GHOD, IF THERE'S ANYTHING I HATE, IT'S BUGS!!"

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"i": Need first-issue of 1923 Weird Tales in mint-condition. Will pay up to 15¢ for it. Now is your chance to cash in, Fans!

# THE MAD SCIENTISTS' SONG

by DONALD FRANSON and W. S. GILBERT

We intend to send a flyer  
to the moon -- to the moons;  
And we'll set the world on fire  
very soon -- very soon;  
Then we'll bring about time travel  
of all kinds -- of all kinds,  
We'll make diamonds out of gravel  
with our minds -- with our minds.  
Each Gernsbackian invention  
will we scan -- will we scan;  
To get through the fourth dimension,  
we've a plan -- we've a plan.  
We've a very firm conviction  
We're not far behind prediction,  
We'll catch up with Science Fiction,  
if we can -- if we can.

(From Princess Ida)



# DARK AS A DUNGEON

\* \* \* by ROBERT COULSON

This business of reviewing for two fanzines becomes confusing at times. Trying to remember which fanzine has been reviewed in which column is a mess at best; so if I review something twice, just skip the second review. Theoretically, fanzines which are reviewed in YANDRO are just listed here, and vice versa, unless I happen to be short of fanzines for review -- a thing which hasn't happened more than once in the last several years.

HOCUS #5 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey - irregular but frequent - 5cents) Some good items. Lew Ernick's "Restricted Visitor" is reasonably good fan fiction, Elinor Poland has a good poem (though the last line seems ~~rather~~ ~~rather~~ rather insufficient, somehow), and "A Do It Yourself Flying Saucer Story" is an excellent idea, though the handling is mediocre. Marvin Rivers' article says nothing, as does the editor's book review. Editorial is okay, Bob Kvanbeck's poem contains a poor idea, well handled, and there is a translation of last issue's "Affair Wrist Stow Ray," which I think is a mistake. Apparently a lot of readers couldn't figure the story out -- well, I couldn't, either, but I got the general idea -- enough of it, at least, to realize what the author was doing. For those who didn't get that much, a simple explanation would have been better than a complete translation.

Rating.....3 1/2

ORION #21 (Ella A. Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd., W. Kilburn, London NW 6, England - irregular? - 15¢ - co-editress Roberta Wild) This is the same old ORION, but now under new management. Since I didn't see any of the Enever-edited issues, I can't compare the new to the old, but the new editors seem to be doing pretty well. Ken Bulmer

tells how he was almost arrested in the U.S., Bob Pavlat discusses US fandom, Archie Mercer explains the BSFA (no relation to the BDSA), John Berry pens a gripping tale of the Irish Constabulary, Penelope Fander-gaste has a column, Roberta Wild reviews fanzines and contributes a poem, Ted Tubb, Sandra Hall and Paul Enever all contribute material and ATOM handles the artwork. I wonder, somewhat cynically, how long a fanzine with two feminine editors can last, but while it does last it looks like ORION will be good.

Rating.....7

HORIZON #4 (Russell Brown, 3313 Calumet, Houston, Texas - irregular - trades, comment, or copies of MAD or the original PANIC - Charles Dryer, Co-editor) And for the fourth issue, they have the same stiff paper printed cover. [#2, 3, and 4 had the same cover -- #1 had mimeo cover, at least on my copy...BEP] Only the color has been changed to protect the reader. It's a good cover, and by this time most of the readers should be wondering how long they can keep this up. And while the cover may not have changed in 4 issues [3 ish...BEP], the material inside has. Doug Trahan's film chatter has been cut to half a page, the reproduction is readable, and fans like Rich Brown, Alan Dodd, Dainis Bisenieks and Guy Terwilleger are represented. (None of them exactly BNF's, but all capable of writing good stuff, and all far superior to the writers HORIZON had when it started. The fact that Brown is represented by a con report is probably



DOWLING

annoying only to me. There is also a story by David McCarroll, and the editor(s?) reviews fanzines.

Rating.....3

TWIG ILLUSTRATED (Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho - bi-monthly - 20¢ per issue or 6 for \$1 - art editor Dan Adkins). The Adkins personality and talent seem to be overwhelming. This issue of TWIG looks more like the old SATA than it does previous TWIGs (while the present SATA without Adkins doesn't look anything like the old SATA) As in SATA, the artwork is the most impressive part of the mag. Eleven artists are represented, with Adkins (naturally) predominating. Lars Bourne has a column; rather startling, in that he incorporates several different writing styles in one column, but entertaining enough.

Rich Brown is represented by faan fiction, Adkins does fanzine reviews and a rather disjointed comic strip, Dick Lupoff has a humorous article which didn't appeal much to my sense of humor - - it seemed more than a little pointless. John Mussells has a story, reprinted from a college magazine, which is even more pointless, Robert Lambeck provides a short poem, and there are the usual editorials and lettercolumn (the latter an unusually good one.)

Rating.....8

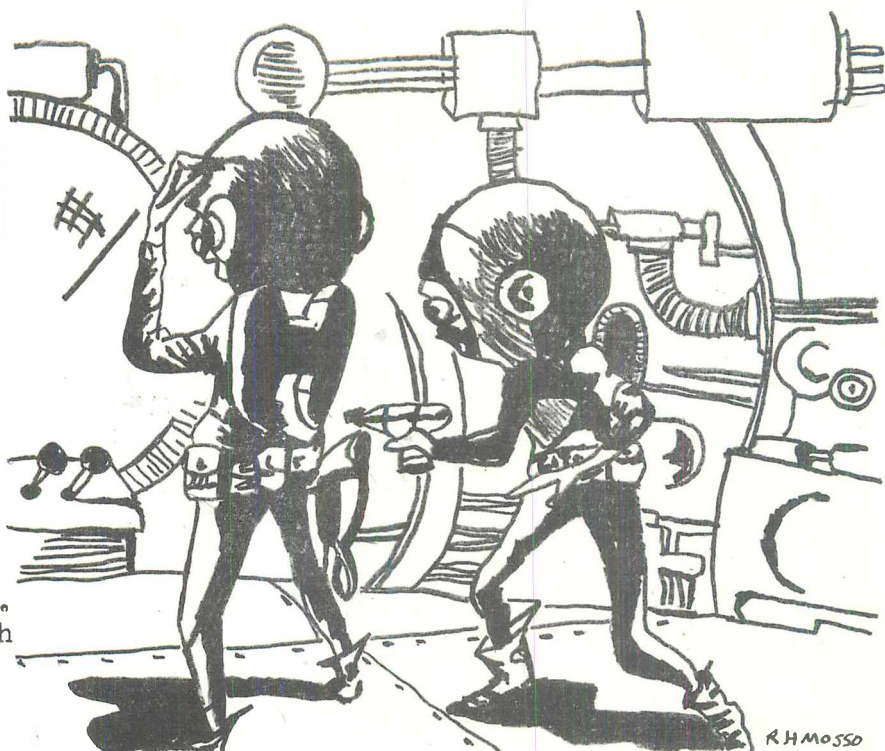
PSI-PHI #2 (Bob Lichtman, 6137 So. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California - quarterly - 10¢ or 6 for 50¢ - co-editor, Arv Underman) Not all staff-written this time. John Berry has a true-fiction article, Guy Terwilleger supplies something similar (the not as good), Rog Ebert reviews books and does a good job, and Ted Johnstone boosts The Lord of the Rings. At least, I think he's boosting it; the article certainly wouldn't encourage me to read the novel if I hadn't already discovered that it is good. The editors edit, and Lichtman reviews fanzines.

Rating.....4

FARISIDE #2 (Gregg Trend - quarterly - they tell you to send subscriptions to Ed Krente, 19408 Waltham, Detroit 5, Michigan, but as far as I can tell they don't say what the thing costs. Try 25¢, or write Krente and ask) An entire staff is listed; 8 people, most of them with improbable names and only one of whom - - John Thiel - - is known at all in fandom. Having whipped their reproduction problem with this issue, the staff has put out one of the best-looking fanzines I've ever seen. One small quibble: the artwork is beautiful, but despite various names signed to it, it all looks alike. The presentation of a variety of styles is the only reason for having more than one artist, as I see it. As for the written material; well, I tried to read it. The authors seem to mix van Vogt with someone else; probably Kerouac. Symbolism, intricate plot, jive talk and occasional lapses of English are mixed so thoroughly that the reader never got the vaguest idea of what was supposed to be going on. Everything is heavily serious, though - - I think - - and excessively "literary," with emphasis on the "beat." (Their book reviewer, incidentally, thinks that GALAXY's pointless little horrors are the best literature in the s-f field.) Read at your own risk, but get it for the artwork.

Rating.....6

RETRIBUTION #12 (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland - irregular - free for comment but send at least 15¢ for the first one) Archie Mercer's column, "Over the Chankly Bore" has found a new home, and there items by Larry Sokol, Bob



DOUBLE TROUBLE

RHMOSSO

Leman, Bob Kvanbeck, Roberta Wild and Dettie Hansen to augment the Berry writings, while AFom is back on Artwork again. The best single item in the issue, however, is "I Slept With the Geon," by "Anon." Not the best RET I've seen, but still good.

Rating.....7

ROCK Vol. 2 #1 (Esmond Adams, 433 Locust Avenue, SE, Huntsville, Alabama - irregular - no price) This is "published mostly for SAPS," but apparently other people get it too - me, for instance. To an outsider, the mailing comments are a bit like reading someone else's mail - - good points here and there, but mostly you just wonder what it's all about. However, this issue has an article on the hardships of scouting by Marty Pabie that's good, and of course the editorial by the one and only Es.

Rating.....3

ALTISSIMO CATAMOUNT #1 (Johnny Bowles, 802 So. 33rd. St., Louisville 11, Kentucky - irregular - 15¢) This retitling of AMATEUR's CORRESPONDENT and including more far-slanted material is an improvement. Unfortunately, some of the old columnists are still hanging around. Particularly annoying is Bob Dodson, who manages to write about Alcoholics Anonymous without saying anything that hasn't been said in previous articles in PAGEANT, CORONET, and the like. (This wouldn't be so bad, but he has to preface his remarks with the statement that alcoholism is "seldom mentioned" and material on AA "can be hard to find." Hard to find if you restrict your reading to fanzines, maybe.) There are better things, tho; a serious story by John Berry, a Bradburyish yarn by Bob

Warner, book and fanzine reviews by Rag Ebert, and a fairly good piece of fiction by W.R. Manka. Fans beware, though; this zine is serious.

Rating.....3 1/2

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #10 (Djinn Faine, 2548 W. 12th St., Los Angeles 6, California - bi-monthly? - 20¢, 6 for \$1) Despite the presence of Bob Bloch in this issue, the best material was Terry Carr's "Squirrel Cage Annex", a sort of rambling column in which all sorts of unexpected things appear. Bloch on psychiatry, however, is at his uproarious best, and the issue contains various other goodies, including an upside-down page. [You must have been unlucky; mine's all right-side up...BEP] A good fanzine.

Rating.....6

UR #1 (Ellis Mills, P.O. Box 244, Carswell AFB, Texas - irregular - no price listed; try 15¢) Unfortunately, some of the best parts of UR I'd already read in Bob Leman's NEMATODE; if you don't get NEMATODE you'll like UR that much better. The Mills-written material, I'm tempted to remark that Mills grinds it out, but that wouldn't be strictly accurate. Anyway, he reviews HORIZON, comments on horror movies on TV, and provides a few other entertaining odds and ends. I won't rate this; having seen so much of the material previously rather blunted my appreciation of the mag, but I think you'll enjoy it.

SPECTRE #4 (Bill Meyers, 4301 Shawnee Circle, Chattanooga, Tennessee - highly irregular - Available for comments or trades only, but if you're sending for your first copy you might enclose some cash - - 10¢ or so - - to cover postage) A nice bulky zine, but somehow there doesn't seem to be much in it, this time. Renfrew Pemberton handles the book reviews well, the



editor reviews fanzines, Bob Leman provides one of his few poor articles, Gregg Galkins has a poem, Terry Carr writes some froth, there is an editorial and a long letter column, the latter mostly concerned with jazz. Not a good issue, in comparison with previous ones. Along with SPECTRE came two issues of Bill's SAPS~~zine~~, AGHAST. I don't know if many of these are circulated outside of SAPS, but both were highly entertaining; you might enquire about them. Rating for SPECTRE.....4

FANAC #33 (Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, Apt. #7, 2444 Virginia St., Berkeley 4, California - bi-weekly - 4 for 25¢) The fanzine devoted to fandom's social life, feeds, births, deaths, address changes, etc. I keep my copies in a loose-leaf folder and refer to them at least once a month, just for addresses. Indispensable to a fan-editor; very nearly indispensable to fan-non-editors. No articles, no fiction, no book reviews, very little artwork. Just news, information, and comments. Rating.....10

TH #5 (Jean and Annie Linard, 24 rue petit, Vesoul, Haute-Saône, France - irregular - no price) A news and chatterzine from the Linards, who are unique. The Linard brand of English must be seen to be appreciated; reviews simply can't do their fanzines justice.

Here are a couple of oddball items that might interest some fans:

EAST & WEST NEWSCAST #34 (Peter Campbell, Birkdale Cottage, Brantford, Windermere, Westmorland, England - quarterly - 30¢ or 4 for \$1) This is a fanzine of the occult. Oddly enough, the approach is more level-headed than in the professional occult magazines that I've seen (FATE, MYSTIC, FLYING SAUCERS, TOMORROW, various astrology mags, etc.). Or possibly not so oddly; a professional editor, no matter what his private convictions, must cater to the majority of his readers, and a majority of the readers of occult magazines are pretty idiotic (read the letter column in SEARCH sometime; funny as hell). As an amateur with no insistence on profit, Campbell can afford to ignore the wackier segments of occultism. This issue also pushes "The Federation of East and West," an international organization devoted to better understanding between peoples. Articles cover all sorts of things, from Helena Blavatsky to birth control. I find the magazine fascinating.

Quite another kettle of fish is GALACTICS From the Cosmic Clock #1 (Published "Semi-Monthly by House of Sweetness and Light, P.O. Box 2501, Cleveland, Ohio - Misty Mener, Editor" - \$2.75 for 12 issues) Actually, I'm not too sure just what this is; I keep thinking, "They can't be serious!" It reads exactly like something Nick Falasca might pull as a gag, but I can find no hint that it isn't exactly what it says it is: "We report on latest developments - UFO's, extra-sensory perception, the 'Galactic Federation,' and news of four Universes - yours, ours, theirs, and His." Format consists of lots of little paragraphs on various subjects....."Do you feel a sense of personal identification with your UFO when you see it or them?" ..... "Critical Test for contactees - it is rumored there is a secret password..." ["hmeenotop"? ...BEP]... "Space fleet 250,000 strong off Mars side Armada of the 'White Lion' circled Earth..." --- "Interplanetary Hot-Rodders Plan Display..." --- "THE WARP - time-space inversion warp exists near Kirtland, Ohio." And so on, and so on. If, like me, you can spend a pleasant half-hour or so chuckling over the ads in SEARCH, you might get quite a bit of enjoyment from this thing. If you're science-minded, however, don't bother.

Now, for those of you who don't get YANDRO, a brief resumé of some recent fanzines reviewed there:

AMRA Vol. 2 #1 (G. H. Scithers, Box 682, Stanford, California - irregular - 20¢) Fanzine devoted mostly to exploits of Conan, tho other super-heroes will also get their innings. Special interest, but highly enjoyable.

[can't]

THE COMPLETE FAAN (John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland - one-shot - 35¢)  
48 pages of Berry, with stiff covers, yet. Some reprints, some new stuff.

NORTHLIGHT #4 (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England - Irregular - free) Well handled, but not my meat. Rating.....4

Leman ranks in ability with fandom's other two Bobs: Bloch and Tucker.

Robert Coulson

[illegible]

RE-AUTHORED BOOKS - - - - by ye ed

by Cedric Tweep

and Ron Bennett contributes:

by Dave Newman

# DODD MEETS

## frankenstein!

### a further doddyssey

- - - - by ALAN DODD

In previous anecdotes I've mentioned my encounters with the filmic Count Dracula, but never before have I mentioned my encounter in the flesh with a certain Baron here.

During one depressing period of time I found myself out in the country, noticing an old house in a remote part of the moors - - one of those places that in summer you never see, because the trees and undergrowth always conceal it, yet in winter it becomes suddenly and sinisterly visible. There is the feeling - "I never knew that was there before - perhaps they just built it."

Then you realise on looking at it that suddenly you're wrong. The place is too OLD for that.....

Out of curiosity more than anything I gave a pull on the rusty bail handle hanging down near the door, and watched as the "Welcome" mat disappeared to be replaced by a leering face looking through the bars of a foot grill. It smiled and the door opened above with a vast grating, shrieking hideous sound that could be heard for miles.

"What a horrible sound. Do you want to wake the dead?" I asked him agonizedly.

"Don't worry about them," he murmured, leading me into the corridor, "They've been up for hours!"

"I do hope I've not kept you waiting," he continued, "but I was busy in the laboratory with my new do-it-yourself body-building kit."

"Body building? In the laboratory? Don't you mean in the gym?"

"No - heh-heh - this is a different KIND of body building," he cackled, showing me along the galleries of the ancestral home, which denoted him as some kind of Baron. Stretched along the walls were the inscriptions and faded photos and paintings of his ancestors.

The first was a painting of a baby from the Middle Ages. An ancestor of the Baron's that was unique - the only Middle-Aged baby ever born in England.

The Baron stopped beside a large coloured photo of an individual in a gilt frame. "This," he said proudly, "is a photo of me in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit." "But who is that fellow standing next to you in his underwear?" I inquired curiously. "Oh - that's Little Lord Fauntleroy!" he replied.

"Would you like to come into my laboratory?" invited the Baron next. "You don't look easily frightened."

"No, I don't suppose so -- our family don't get frightened too easily, and they've all lived to a ripe old age. I definitely come from a family of long lives."

"Good!" he beamed cheerily, rubbing his hands, "We're looking for one. About eighteen inches long..."

We walked down into the vaults, vast echoing stone chambers -- rather like the gents' toilets at Liverpool Street Station. Into the laboratory.

"My creation," said the Baron.

I stared with ever-mounting horror at the being facing me. It was a monster. A hideous, grotesque thing laying against the laboratory bench. A twisted evil obscenity.

"Not that -- that's my assistant Brewce," said the Baron, pointing to a covered figure on the table and picking up a scalpel reflectively and moving toward me.

I turned to Brewce. He was the only one of this evil duo I felt I could turn to. Here was someone who, despite his repellant appearance, was someone I knew could aid me.

"You don't intend to sit back and let the Baron commit this evil deed, do you?" I implored Brewce.

"No -- I do not intend to sit back and let the Baron commit this evil deed," repeated Brewce stolidly. "I intend to help him."

"But have you no feelings, Brewce?" I implored him, as I did the time I tried to get my overdue library book back without paying anything.

"I do have feelings," said Brewce thoughtfully.

"You do not favour the idea of resurrection surgery, then? You have feelings of revulsion and condemnation?"

"Yeah, that's right," he agreed eagerly, "or to put it another way -- it makes me feel good."

"You see," he continued, polishing a surgical saw on his cuff, "in my business I always deliver what is needed. And right now YOU are about to be de-livered..."

He gave a ghoulish chuckle. Then came a knock at the door which echoed right down to the vaults.

"Maybe it's the Police," I breathed hopefully.

"I hope NOT," remarked the Baron irritably. "I find their feet take up so much room in the fridge."

He and Brewce left the room hurriedly, leaving me alone in the laboratory with the remains on the covered table. From there came unexpectedly the sound of a voice saying repetitively "There's only you -- and -- me. There's only you -- and -- me."

"Yes," I agreed nervously, "and when I find the door that leads out of here, there'll be only you!"

Having found an iron door in the rear, I belted out of it, closely followed by the shrouded figure -- and in the distance the footsteps of Brewce, the Baron, and a dozen assorted dogs. I found myself alone in the now mist-enshrouded countryside, listening to the sounds of pursuit.

I turned. And the Monster was beside me.

He moved stiffly, being made partly of iron, creakingly, almost complainingly. "Have you ever tried an iron tonic?" I ventured tentatively.

"Yes, I did once," he said sadly, "but I broke out in steel wool. That's why they're scouring the countryside for me now. Forgive me, though -- I'm talking my head off. That's because the rivets at the back of my neck have come loose again."

"Isn't that," I said curiously, "your leg over there? And an arm there? And part of an ear over there?"

The Monster looked interestedly. "Hum. I really must pull myself together."

"You know," I said to him as we walked home together, his arm in my pocket, "that Baron and his assistant Brewce wanted to cut me up for my liver, as they said you needed one. How can you walk about with no liver?"

"That's true, I haven't any liver," said the Monster, as we reached the end of the journey, "and I'll tell you another secret: I haven't got any back either..."

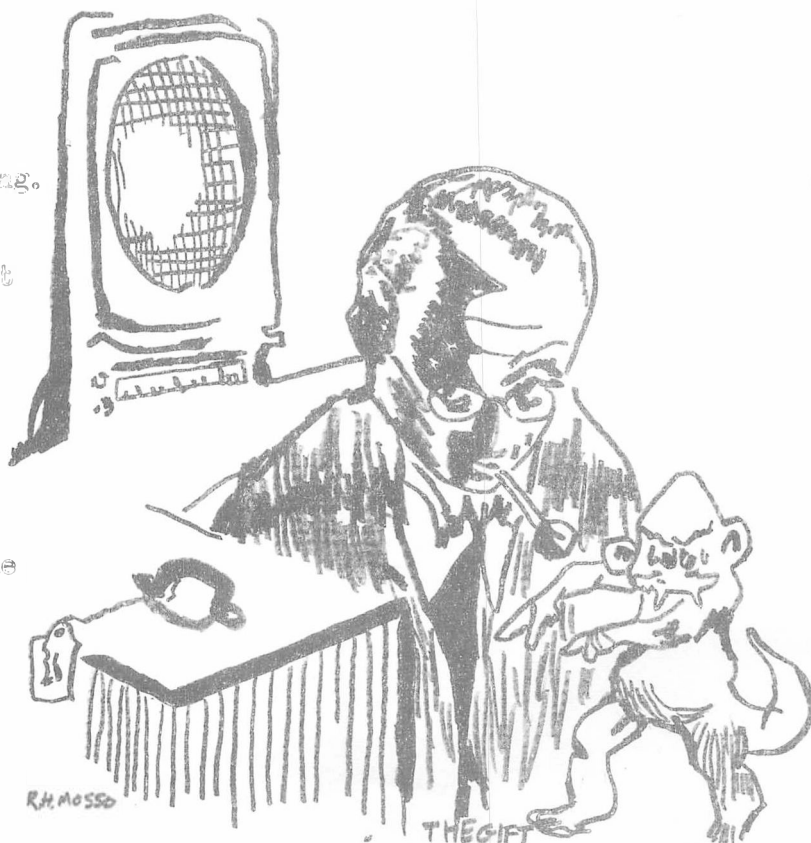
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Recently one of the best marathon series of fantasy, science fiction and sheer drama seen on television was perpetrated by Canadian actor Bernard Braden, as he played all the characters in a series of fifteen minute plays, one every night, five days a week, for a month. Incredibly, in each play he WAS a different being. Not only different to look at, but different to hear, to imagine, and to be -- no actor could ask for greater compliment to his art.

For a month, from night to night, he was everything from a Tennessee hill-billy or a slick murderer to a wise old chemist trying to save a would-be suicide (also played by his own voice in different tone) from buying poison. Although there were other characters in the series, only their voices were heard.

But it was the last play that is of most interest -- Norman Blake's TWO OF US. The theme is familiar, but the construction incredibly ingenious.

Arnold Beckett is the last man



alive after the holocaust. A runaway rocket - an accidental shot from another country - heads for the U.S., whose military threaten they know what they'll do if it comes anywhere near THEM.

Arnold is a construction engineer for a film company which is going out of business because an airport is being opened up near them. Every time a plane goes overhead, all shooting in the sound stages is made useless because the vibrations and sound waves will destroy any film-making that can be done, despite heavy soundproofing.

The film company can do one of two things: it can pack up and sell out completely - - - or it can build the sound stages underground. Both answers are expensive, so they decide on the latter - to build underground, using heavy lead shielding as the basis for the soundproofing. Arnold is in the underground preliminary chamber working on his calculations when the rocket goes off.

When he emerges from the underground chamber, he searches for three years among the wrecked cities for a sign of life - "I always liked privacy, but I never thought I'd have a whole continent to myself."

All the unbelievable agonies of the only one of your kind left are graphically illustrated by Braden in the few minutes at his disposal. Only in Matheson's I AM LEGEND has anything equalled the feelings here. The sole man looking for someone to talk to.

Then, in searching for food at one of the wrecked stores, he hears a noise and finds a person (off camera). He talks to the figure, asks if the accident has deprived him of his speech, tells him of the years he has spent searching for someone - how he first kept up appearances by shaving, by getting new suit every day from wrecked stores, and how he finally degenerated into a bearded, lonely savage.

But now it is different, he says, now he has someone to talk to.

He can discuss things.

He can argue.

He can explain.

With his new-found friend he is no longer alone.

He is no longer the only man left; there are the two of them.

It is the ultimate in his life.

TWO people.

The camera swings around.

BECK IS LOOKING IN A MIRROR.



# LIGHTENING CONDUCTOR

by JOHN BERRY

Delius, third moon of Fleetor, seventh planet of Aldebaran (the one orbiting in the opposite direction to the other twenty-three) was celebrating the Annual Tchaikovsky Concert. The great auditorium in Stral held upwards of 250,000 white-robed citizens, sitting in silent bliss as the strings of the 257-piece orchestra played the pizzicato movement of the Fourth Symphony. The Conductor, Marius, stood pensively on the gold rostrum, his eyes closed, a chill running up and down his vertebrae as his mind, completely and utterly filled with a glorious appreciation of the liquid notes, reached the heights of its power of musical understanding.

A delicate chime shattered his concentration, and he almost cursed out loud. He looked at the illuminated message on the top of the rostrum.....**MOST URGENT. REPORT TO OLIPHANT IMMEDIATELY. REPEAT, IMMEDIATELY.** He sighed as the pizzicato movement came to an end. He raised his baton, paused, and guided the orchestra into the last movement. His whole being tingled with the emotional experience involved in being the means of providing the citizens of Delius with the one factor uppermost in their minds all the time --- music.

Wealthy people came from all over the civilized parts of the galaxy to spend their last days listening to music; or sent their children if they showed any aptitude at all for playing instruments; or maybe came just for a vacation. For on Delius there was a Grand Concert every day -- the Annual Tchaikovsky Concert, as on this day, or the Annual Beethoven Concert the day before, or the Annual Xempluzper Concert the day following.

Marius, tears smarting his eyes at the extreme ecstasy of the music, charmed, cajoled, pleaded, forced the orchestra to give their whole being into the interpretation of the music.

Not until the last note was played, and the thunderous applause roared around him, did Marius once more consider the summons. For it to come in the middle of a concert was unprecedented. Delius was so cultured, so quiet (except for music), so peaceful that nothing requiring such a terse summons had ever been sent in the middle of a concert before -- not to his knowledge.

The audience did not want to let him go, and stamced for an encore, but he flung the white robe over his left shoulder, bowed low and long, and then walked down the marble staircase.

XXX XXX XXX XXX XXX

Marius bowed low to Oliphant.

"The message stressed you were required immediately," observed Oliphant, reclining on a golden throne.



"In the middle of the Fourth?" asked Marius with a certain disbelief in his voice.

Oliphant drummed his fingers on the engraved arms of the throne.

"The Skeetblikhs have reached the Aldebaran System," he said quietly -- too quietly.

Marius stood silent for a moment. His long sensitive fingers slowly clenched into whitened fists. The Skeetblikhs, from the other side of the galaxy, had been spreading through the galaxy for hundreds of years -- children who were badly behaved had been told for decades that if they weren't careful the Skeetblikhs would get them -- and so, thought Marius, yet another myth had been exploded with a vengeance. And it was known that the Skeetblikhs -- yellow reptiles with eight legs -- besides being war-like, cruel and destructive, had one outstanding fault as far as the citizens of Delius were concerned -- they were tone-deaf!

"Have they taken any planets?" Marius asked, biting his lip.

Oliphant threw out his hands in a hopeless gesture.

"Sixteen are overrun," he replied. It seemed strange to Marius that the Asessor was so complacent. For Delius, the culture centre of the galaxy, to be in dire peril of extermination was so overpowering that -- and then he understood. It was indeed so overpowering, so fantastic, so incredible that it couldn't be true. Yet -----

"There is no defence," said Marius softly. He didn't ask the question. He knew it was ancient folklore -- the myth of the unconquerable hydrogen-breathing Skeetblikhs: their invisible gravity shields, ruthless cruelty, grim progression of extermination carried on for centuries. And now Delius was on the threshold of such a fate -- after almost three thousand years of culture behind it.

"What shall we do?" asked Oliphant quietly. "I thought perhaps a great Concert tonight -- I've even written a requiem I'd like you to play -- shall we say the Pathe-tique, Crantooner's Air on a Venusian Windpiper, Bragteaser's Sketches of the Spiral Nebulae, Beethoven's Pastoral, your own Triumphant Trumpet, and my Requiem."

Marius didn't answer. His eyes, somewhat glazed, stared through Oliphant. His chin, which some people thought delicate, was clenched tightly, and muscles at the side of his jaw worked as he gritted and re-gritted his teeth.

"There is no defence?" he said again, but this time he seemed to be asking himself the question.

Oliphant stared at the Conductor.

"Marius, there is nothing we can do ---" but the Conductor turned round slowly without speaking, and strode purposefully past the scarlet curtains.

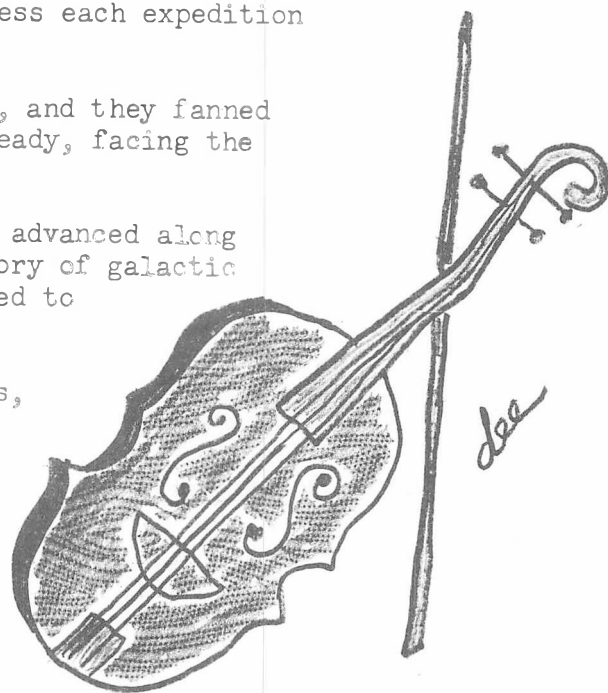
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When the parent sun was high overhead, the Skeetblikhs landed on the outskirts of Stral. The operation had been carried out so many thousands of times before that it almost amounted to reflex action. Twenty or thirty long yellow ships, some of them half an Earth mile long, hovered over the city, their Blasters trained on important targets, ready for action. Fat troop carriers landed, and warrior Skeetblikhs crawled out, their transparent head covers gleaming in the sun. The Skeetblikhs spread out in every direction, awaiting the signal to raze everything to the ground. It had been

many years since they had been opposed, but nevertheless each expedition was treated as if opposing action was imminent.

At a signal, the advancing Skeetblikhs stopped, and they fanned out into a pre-arranged offensive pattern. Blasters ready, facing the approaching enemy.

Marius was at the head of the militia as they advanced along the wide marble roadway, and never before in the history of galactic warfare had such a fantastic band of militants prepared to give battle.



Four hundred and twenty-six citizens of Delius, most of them wearing white robes, tied round their waists with red cord, and with long hair flowing down their shoulders, carried violins over their right shoulders, and violins in their left hands at the port position. They were singing a song stolen from The Ancients, a "Give me some men who are stout-hearted men ----" sort of thing, although it must be admitted that the singing was but a facade to cloak their inner feelings. Many eyes flitted toward Marius, wondering if perhaps he was mentally afflicted. 'All trained violinists to meet outside the Concert Hall at 12 sands, by order of Oliphant,' they were instructed, and parade they did. "Follow me!" cried Marius in a ringing voice, and they followed him, even when the ships were poised overhead with Blasters loaded and aimed. They turned the wide corner and saw the rows of repulsive-looking Skeetblikhs completely immobile, waiting for the final order. Many citizens were tempted to run, but somehow, although it would have seemed strange to an outsider, they had been almost nurtured on 'the coming of the Skeetblikhs,' and they were mentally reconciled to it. If it had been any other aliens, the citizens would have scattered in disorder.

Marius stopped, and the violinists shuffled into position on either flank of him for some 150 yards, probably 50 yards from the silent and poised Skeetblikhs.

He commenced to tune his violin, and, satisfied, he played a trill -- something demonical, a veritable cascade of primitive sound -- devoid of melody -- as if he were vainly seeking a vagrant semi-quaver. For perhaps thirty seconds he lashed the strings unmercifully -- and then he stopped.

"Middle C!" he shouted in a strident voice, and as one, four hundred and twenty-six bows raced across the strings.

"Faster!" shouted Marius, although he knew they couldn't hear him. He took several paces forward and waved encouragement.

Nothing like the cacophony of Middle C's played to the limit had ever been heard since music originated in the jungle. It made the climax of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture sound as if the piccolo player had pipped a wrong note.

And the Skeetblikhs wavered -- 10 -- 20 ---- 100 ----- 200 at least rolled over on their backs, yellow stubby legs waving in the air, their bodies heaving unmercifully. The remainder thumped across to the waiting ships, Blasters thrown aside in order to speed their retreat.

One or two of the hovering ships fired Blaster salvos as a last defiant ges-

ture, before they raced away to dwindle rapidly, frustrated little specks, over the horizon.

The violinists stood silently -- in awe -- looking first at Marius, his locks blowing nonchalantly in the breeze -- then at the corpses of one third of the Skeetblik contingent sent to obliterate Delius.

Was this a manifestation of the ultimate power of music?

XXX

XXX

XXX

XXX

XXX

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XXX

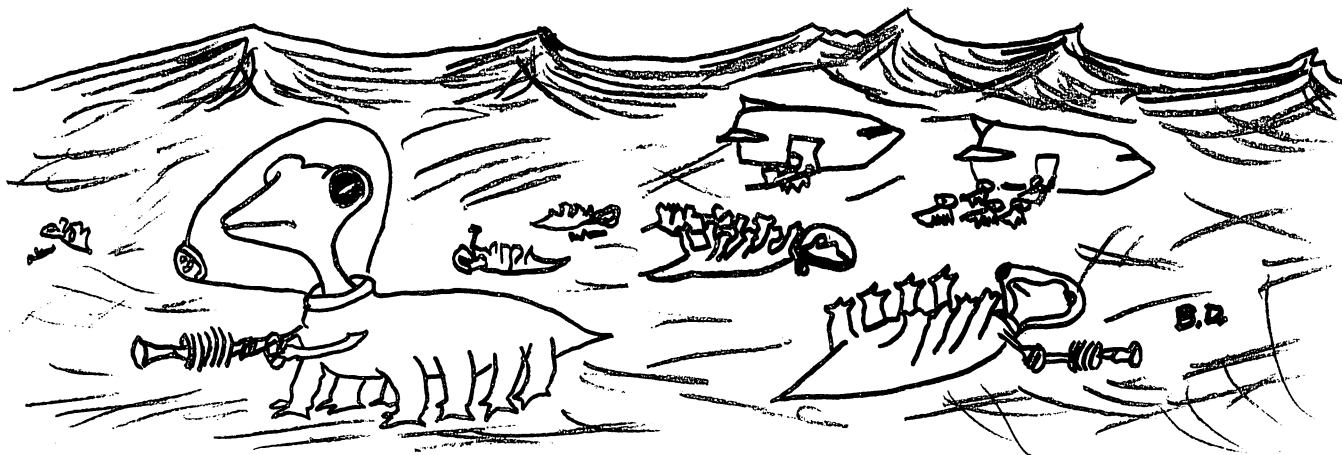
"-----so for the Thanksgiving Concert this evening, I shall allow you to select whatever music you like, so long as you play my 'Tribute to Our Valiant Conductor,' " beamed Oliphant.

Marius bowed low.

"I shall be delighted, Oliphant," he purred, and lowered his head respectfully before leaving the Assessor.

Marius smiled to himself as he walked along the marble corridor to his Reverie Room. He lay down on the couch, put his fingertips together, and thanked the Great Lord of Melody that in just a few seconds that afternoon he had managed to achieve the exact resonant frequency -- Middle C -- to shatter the transparent headpieces of the hydrogen-breathing Skeetblik. He thought about that --- hummmmm --- 'Variations On a Correct Resonant Frequency' --- and he started to scribble -----

--- John Berry



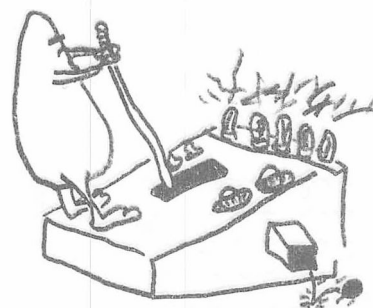
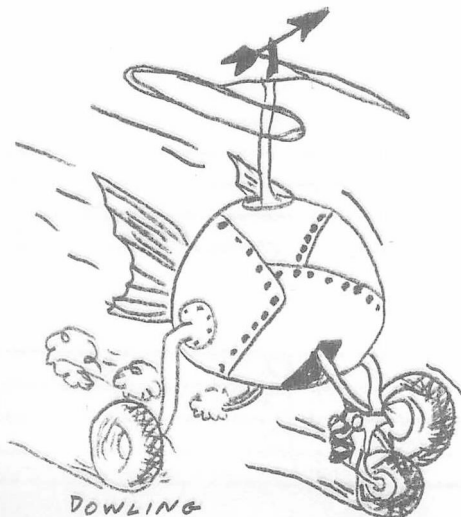
# ICHA BODINGS

the beginning

expression is the need of my soul  
i was once a true fan  
but i died and my soul went into  
the body of a cockroach  
it has given me a new outlook on fandom  
i see things from the underside now  
it has made a great difference

i have difficulty working your  
typer as it is i have to jump  
up and dive into the key head  
first and it is hell to turn  
up the paper please get it  
oiled or fixed or something if  
you expect to hear more from  
me there are plenty of fans  
you are not the only one  
maybe you could leave me  
something to eat too

leave a piece of paper in  
your machine every night  
and i will tell you what  
i think of fandom you can  
call me ichabod



# THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH

*mf andante* *f* *>*

The arch-ing sky is call-ing space-men back to their trade. All hands in

*p* *f*

Stand by! Free fall-ing! And the lights be-low us fade. Out ride the sons of

*p* *f*

Ter-ra, far drives the thun-d'ring jet, up leaps the race of Earth-men, out,

*p* *mp*

far, and on-ward yet... we pray for one last land-ing on the globe that gave us

*p* *mf*

birth; let us rest our eyes on fleecy skies and the cool, green hills of

Earth.

We rot in the molds of Venus, we retch at her tainted breath.

*mp*

Foul are her flood-ed jungles, crawling with unclean death. We've traded each spin-

ning space-note, and reckoned its true worth - Take us back a-gain to the homes

*rit.*

of men and the cool green hills of Earth.

# FROM GREY TOME STONES

STAR SCIENCE FICTION NO.4  
Edited by Frederik Pohl  
Ballantine, 1958, 157 pages  
35 cents.

- - - Al Andrews



Once upon a time, in the land of Not So Long Ago, there lived a wizard anthologizer named Frederik Pohl. And from this goodly old wizard anthologizer there came forth from time to time wondrous tomes that did beguile all in the land who could pronounce the name of Ghru. But, Little Children, I do fear that that once-upon-a-time has reached an end.

In the past few years 39 stories have come to us under the STAR banner of Frederik Pohl. Three separate anthologies were compiled from these 39 stories, and taken separately or collectively, I believe no finer or more varied a collection of mature and satisfying science fiction writing can be found. Looking back through these three books, I rediscovered stories that were high-spots in science fiction reading. If hilarity has a meaning, it must certainly be in Fritz Leiber's *THE NIGHT HE CRIED*, and poignancy is made clear by Ray Bradbury's *A SCENT OF SARSAPARILLA*. Arthur C. Clarke's *THE NINE BILLION NAMES OF GOD* left one on the high chill of a gasp, and one could not help but feel a cold turn of something deep within, when he had finished reading *DANCE OF THE DEAD* by Richard Matheson. These three books also gave us the cutting modern style of Alfred Bester in his *DISAPPEARING ACT*, simplicity with the keenest edge of terror in Jerome Bixby's *IT'S A GOOD LIFE*, and the mystifying *WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CORPORAL GUCKOO?* by Gerald Kersh. Now we are given Volume 4 of *Star Science Fiction*. No. 4 is down to nine stories, and gives us a new low in page-count.....and I'm sorry to say, a new low in stories that count, too.

The first story is *A CROSS OF CENTURIES*, by the late Henry Kuttner, and it may be the story that saves the entire book from near-extinction and total non-distinction. It deals with the depths and death of an Immortal, and how damnable and terrifyingly hard it is to expunge from the future of Man the will to kill his fellowmen. It is handled with a feeling of reverence that is seldom shown by any writers in the science fiction field. This story is an excellent example why the readers of science fiction will sorely miss Henry Kuttner.

The second story is by another man whose pen has been recently stilled by death - Cyril M. Kornbluth. This is a story of a little under three pages, but it has the typically stinging ire of the Kornbluthian satire. Although perhaps a bit overdrawn, it is still worthy of note. Fritz Leiber gives us *SPACE-TIME FOR SPRINGERS*, which may appeal to those who have a fondness for cats with an I.Q. of 160, and stand on the brink of self-revelation. And while the tale is clever, as Leiber almost invariably is, I didn't particularly care for it. *MAN WORKING* by Richard Wilson started off as though it were going somewhere, and then didn't. Lester del Rey's *HELPING HAND* is a bit long for the story he has to tell (nearly 23 pages), and although the development

is fairly well done, the ending seems rather pointless....or perhaps more aptly a stereotyped bravery. THE LONG ECHO by Miriam Allen deFord.....I wish the guy that started this echo had just kept his mouth shut and I would have been spared the whole dull affair. Then comes Edmund Cooper with TOMORROW'S GIFT, concerning an integrated man in a controlled-society of the future who becomes unintegrated. This fellow is slated for a pre-frontal to take care of his distress, but he isn't sure whether he is going to get it. Neither am I sure - only Edmund Cooper knows, and he isn't telling. And believe it or not, it makes an interesting ending. Damon Knight's IDIOT'S STICK is a 15-pager that is one of those so-so type stories that consistantly sell, are consistantly read, and about which the readers consistantly wonder why the editor bought it. And if I detailed the story here point for point, you would, one and all, consistantly be miffed that I wasted your time....and I wouldn't want you to me miffed.

Lastly comes a 49-page novelet by James E. Gunn entitled THE IMMORTALS. This is strangely a good novelet that in the after-analysis is unsatisfying. The plot is nothing new and definitely of the Gunn-cut. It is about a doctor in a Medico-controlled world who is sent on an ill-fated mission by his superior. Running true to form, the hero-doctor meets with many obstacles, dangers, and adventures in trying to reach his deadly destination. And as one would expect, there is the girl of the story: she is diametrically opposed to the hero and his philosophy, and he to hers, but naturally both are attracted to each other. The supporting cast of such thrillers are usually interesting, and in this case they are often more fascinating and intriguing than the central characters. As I said, this is a good novelet: fast in pace, adventuresome, with entertaining characters and interesting atmosphere --- but then you discover that you have already read it. Not the exact story by the very same author, but leaf back into THRILLING WONDER and STARTLING STORIES of the 1950's, and you will find its familiar pattern purveyed by many.....Jack Vance, Fletcher Pratt, Philip Jose Farmer, Kendal Foster Crossen, and our present Mr. James E. Gunn. And with the reading of its final page it is this "sameness" that leaves one with a distinct tinge of dissatisfaction. Of course, the hero wins. (In case you were wondering.)

So in the final accounting of the stories themselves I count thusly:

GOOD: Two (Kuttner and Kornbluth)  
 FAIR: Four (Leiber, del Rey, Cooper, and Gunn)  
 Below Par: One (Knight)  
 LOUSY: Two (Wilson and deFord)

This is not the impressive tally that we have come to expect of a STAR anthology by Pohl. One possible reason for this unimpressive showing for STAR No. 4 is the short-lived appearance of the Pohl-edited STAR SF magazine. I suspect that the stories of the STAR No. 4 are the remainders of the ones bought for the magazine. At the time the magazine folded the second issue was all set up, type set and in galley form and ready for the actual printing. The cover had been done and the plates for it made. From this outlay of expense only one thing could be salvaged - the stories. This was done, and consequently we have the present STAR SCIENCE FICTION NO. 4. In all reasonable fairness, one can not blame Pohl nor Ballantine for trying to recoup their losses from the magazine by issuing the already paid-for stories in the book form. But it is regrettable that a superlative series of anthologies was interrupted by this commercial expediency. May STAR SCIENCE FICTION NO.5 come soon to put No. 4 behind it.

- - - - Al Andrews

# ICHABODINGS No. 2

on great old fans

it seems that every time i pick  
up a fanzine these days just about  
somebody is griping that so and so  
a fan hasn't been active in a long  
time so howcum everybody still likes  
him they go on to say that the old  
fan if he isn't active anymore shouldn't  
be held in such highesteem to these  
fans i would like to give one long hearty  
humbug it is like this fellow fan  
every fan grows old and sooner or  
later grows a bit tired of fandom  
it is then that the old fan starts  
having short periods of gafia now  
gafia is a deadly narcotic once you've  
started on it it is hard to stop and  
not only that but you begin to need  
larger and larger doses that is just  
human i mean fannish nature but don't  
forget that gafia will happen to you  
someday that gafia is a narcotic and  
those addicted cannot be helped and  
remember most of all that gafiased or  
no the blood of a true fan runs  
forever in the old fan's veins

# Blessings & CURSES

... a lettercolumn of questionable length and value

Where to start....dunno... oh, well, let's just grab a letter and begin:

DAINIS BISENIEKS Latest Prof looks a bit sloppy, with occasional lousy repro and unjustified margins. [I'll apologise for the repro, but as far as I'm concerned, justified margins aren't worth the effort...BEP] The cover is a gasser. Reminds me of the sad case of Lyle Amlin, who, as I recall, once set a match to his file of GALAXY. Myself, I choose less wasteful ways to dispose of mags. I sell or trade.

THE DEAD THAT WALK should have stood dead, it seems. And Alan Dodd should have stood in bed. [But who wants footprints on the bedclothes? ..BEP] Reviews of ghastly movies tire me. I'm prejudiced, is all: I simply don't even want to hear about the damn things. [This seems to be the majority opinion, so they're dropped...BEP]

Items of the "Shakespeare views..." type are a dime dozen. I've seen enough to be thoroughly disinterested. [Where? I haven't seen any but my few out of the SEPost..BEP]

The bit on Dracula was quite good. So was the Phoo Manchu review. In a routine way, at least. Fletcher Pratt biblio of little interest. Certainly I will not go forth and look up all these items.

"Huffy Culture" was priceless. A perfect satire - words fail me. I shall treasure it through the years. Such things turn up once in a while and convince me that fanzines are worth getting.

F. M. BUSBY Prof #4: you're making more headway with the dittomonster: most pages of our copy easily readable, and a few are absolutely top-grade repro. I don't think those things ever become thoroughly tame and consistent, though; it takes constant vigilance, and still they'll goof you at a moment's notice.

Copies to reviewed-faneis: it's sort of the custom, but not 100%. No reason why you can't set a policy of your own choice, long as you spell it out and circulate it.

I like Dodd better on other things than movies. This is a slam at movies rather than at Dodd; there are just too damn many movie-review columns (possibly because there are too many monster movies, I suppose. Oh, well, Toskey goes to see them.)

Buck continues to get off some good remarks in his reviews, and leans over backwards to avoid being unfair with respect to his indifference to faazniah material (Rating, 6).

Like these Shakespeare deals, Bruce.

See, I told you Dodd was better on other things, besides movies. Even on going to movies, he's better. You see??

Al Andrews is quite dknightish on Fu Manchu (maybe we'd better call him al andrews?)

Good Lord, I hadn't realized there'd been so many Gavagan's Bar stories. I'd've guessed 7 or 8, instead of more than twice that. These bibliographies carry surprises.

John Berry has solved our problem! Let's all of us plant carrot seeds to the north of us and cabbage seeds to the south (just the reverse of the solution in the story), and slow down the rotation of the earth, so that we will have more time for fanae! Elinor is out buying a few packets of seed, right now. I don't see just how it works, but the Chief's word is good enough for me.

[I have since made even more headway with the dittomonster - - I threw the damn thing out! Multilith is somewhat better, methinks. Policy statement on review copies is set forth in the editorial section this time; now all I've got to do is circulate it.

I'm afraid the cabbage-carrot routine won't work unless we use seeds from GLAMISS VI. A shame, too. I could use the extra time.

'al andrews' has had columns of book reviews in 3 Prof's now. So far his column for this time isn't in.....I wonder.....BEP]

ROD FRYE I enjoyed the letter column and the fmz reviews the best, aside from the editorial. The bibliography of Fletcher Pratt was very informative, though I would have enjoyed a biography much more. That could be an idea to work on; fans of any type, it would seem, would enjoy life articles on pros. [What would one use for source material? It would not be worthwhile to cull information from the occasional portraits in the prozines, and if more detailed information on the author is given in a non-SF magazine, you'd need all kinds of permission to use it, besides the fact that the same source would be available to any fan interested in reading about the author. In particular, for Fletcher Pratt, there was an excellent write-up in Current Biography for 1942, besides the other biog sketches listed in the biblio...BEP]

What was that burning on the cover? Fanzines, or money? [A year's accumulated correspondence files of a faneditor...BEP]

TED WHITE I have here at hand ProFANity, the zine my postman always looks at twice. [Serves him right, say I...BEP] The dittoing is still abominable, and the paper worse. Yet, I'd say it was an improvement over the last three issues in format, continuity, and quality. It is still nothing to rave about, but the improvement is steady and promises that by the time you've reached your eighth issue, you may have a zine to be proud of. (The first issue of STELLAR that I liked was #8...)

Your letter column seems anemic, and outside of wondering what fanzine Vincent Roach publishes [INFO THE HAZE], I have only one comment: Yellow ditto masters are made in France, where dittoing has reached a high peak of perfection. The yellow carbons which have found their way into this country have come mostly from the Linards, through either Eney or the Youngs. There is an American yellow available from some company, but it prints a light and dirty brown. I think there are also genuine brown masters available. Technically, any colour can be achieved, since there are hecto-pencils available in over twenty colors, and ditto is just an extension of hecto. (Hecto pencils give a good limited number of copies from ditto, too...)

Coulson's reviews are, as usual, so-so -- neither spectacularly good or bad. Sort of drab, and worth while really just as a check up on what's appearing, and for an insight into Coulson's mental processes. I've been waiting for someone to point out to this Russell Brown that Harry Warner has been publishing HORIZONS (note S) since 1941 or so, but so far no one has. Likewise, tho that zine isn't reviewed here, has no one told the editors of PERIHELION that Ron Parker published five or six issues of that zine in SAPS and the Cult? In reference to the first part of this paragraph, how can Coulson give a "7" rating to both TWIG and INNUENDO? Not only is INNUENDO bigger, and with nearly all excellent stuff, but TWIG still publishes at least 50% neo-zine crap (like Pearson's screwy mides, etc.). INN has it in sheer weight, and in percentage of good stuff. I think Coulson is foolish to review SAPS and FAPA zines like AGHASt, BACK BLAST, and DIASPAR, too, especially since AndYoung has no copies of BACK BLAST available. [I've been meaning to date these letters; this one was Dec. 11th...BEP]

G.M. CARR Dec. 11 Great improvement in this -- it was entirely legible, at least as far as the reproduction. The only parts I found unreadable were due strictly to the nature of the writing....

I love the sense of humor of whoever it is that writes up those Fan/Book Titles -- i.e. Readers Guide to Periodic Illiterature and Reauthored Books. Who is EA? [Esmond Adams, the terror of the Rocket City...BEP] It is an unusual thing when GMC bursts out with a guffaw of laughter after all these years of perusing fanzine humor, but that's what happened when I encountered the above. "The Effects of Gem Cutting," indeed! Well, nobody would know better than the "author" credited..... Alan Dodd came through with a good

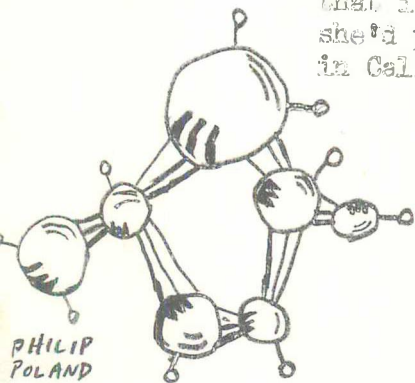


one, too -- with the "...smog in one and GMC in the other..." wisecrack. Goog, good, good.

Cheese! All that work! I mean the bibliography on Fletcher Pratt -- and here all the time I thought he was a pen name for Henry Kuttner... Hmmm. It just goes to show. (Show what, I don't specify --) [Show off, probably -- in one way or the other...BEP]

With reference to the question of whether to send a copy of the review to the editor of each mag reviewed therein, I think it is much better fan policy to send a copy whether you get an acknowledgement or not. After all, it is the customary fan practice, and in these matters unless you specify in advance the nature of the response you expect to get, the other fellow is quite likely to feel affronted if you go ahead and use your judgement without giving him a chance.

"...the resident Djinn..." Gee, Miss Faine sure gets around, doesn't she? Last I heard, she was re-issuing SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES for the Lasfess .... (California Branch, that is. Not the Liverpool Society. Although with her capacity for tea, she'd probably be right at home there, too.) [Unfortunately, she's still in California. Guess I'll have to change the editorial title...BEP]



PHILIP  
POLAND

DONALD FRANSON Dec. 14

The things Rich Brown is burning on the cover look too small to be fanzines,

must be piles of money.

Al Andrews' hobby article on tools of Fu Manchu useful. Saves 35¢ -- go to library and read old Fu. New Fu too sercon. [OUCH!! But according to S.J. Perelman, Old Fu not much good, either -- he said so in The Ill-Tempered Claychord....BEP]

Contest -- I puzzled over this for thirty-six hours, then decided I didn't want the books.

Tremendous story by John W. Berry, Jr.

BOB BRINEY Dec. 19

Thanks for the copy of pF #4: an enjoyable issue, especially the Shakespeare bit and Dodd's movie (?) review (?).

No corrections or additions to the Pratt biblio; he's one author I never paid much attention to, except in his collaborations with de Camp. The only things of his (solo) I ever really liked were his two "dream-world" fantasies: WELL OF THE UNICORN and THE BLUE SPAR. (However: you did leave out the reprint appearance of The Death of Iron in WSA #1....) [I found, several days or so after mailing out #4, that I omitted several Pratt stories appearing in the Standard pubs around 1951-53 -- three or four of them at least. One of these days, I'll get a complete biblio. Maybe...BEP]

Have you seen the Fine Kuttner biblio put out by Karen Anderson? Really a good job. (Among other things, it turns out BK didn't write any of the "Will Garth" books -- Wellman & others did them.)

BILL MEYERS Dec. 20

A pleasant letter column which needs editing only in a few places. The letters weren't exactly jewels, tho. Were these six letters the only ones you got on the last issue? [Just about...BEP] If so, I suggest you take up stamp-collecting and forget this fanzine foolishness. [I shall consult Charles R. Harris immediately on the matter...BEP]

Dodd's movie review was worse than he claimed the movie reviewed to be, mostly because of its trite complaints about the low budget, sickening plot, etc. Surprised that he didn't end it with the "Not worth the price of the popcorn" bit. [Oh, well, maybe it WAS worth the price of the popcorn...BEP]

Al's department was good, and written in his inimitable style, but he suffers from the same thing your illustrious fuz reviewer does...more description than opinion. If a book isn't worth reading, I see little sense in going over a complete résumé of the plot and finishing up with a "So it's lousy, see!" Al would do well to make a study of the demon knight method. [Let's you and Buz argue! aa dk? ...BEP]

The humor in "Hanty Culture" wasn't enough to off-set the amount of serious wordage found therein. The high spots were worth the trouble, tho. Best thing in the issue along with the Re-Author'd Books and the Atom illos.

ALAN DODD Dec. 23 The cover of PROFANITY No. 4 is I suspect symbolical. You got fed up with everything and decided to burn all the books at the Tampa library. That's what the cover means isn't it? And there you are, casually watching the lot burn. [No, I'd be inclined to burn the building down with the books...BEP]

Another epic to be added to your Gimlet Eye snubs section is the tape recorder of FRANKENSTEIN 1970 which records and records and records and the amount of tape on each reel never gets any smaller or larger, despite the number of operations Boris Karloff recounts into it.

Fu Manchu? I've often thought I would like to see him played on the screen by one of the oriental wrestlers like Mr. Moto or the Great Togo and then see what THEY do to the police when they catch up with them.

The bibliography of Fletcher Pratt was interesting especially in the series of pre-war articles of his in magazines. It would almost seem from the titles that he predicted the attack on Pearl Harbour by the Japanese.

HAUTY CULTURE? Now, there's a title worthy to rank with the Popeye cartoon titles. But the Berry story is rather confusing, too much trivia and detail detracts from the main points of the story. You have to sort through a lot of chaff to get to the corn of the story if you get what I mean. [You have touched on one of the main points of the satire -- clutteredness ...BEP]

AL ANDREWS Dec. 31 COVER: Very good and very funny. This I understood; no left-off captions. Your EDITORIAL is of interest, but pretty much a editorial. Nothing startling.....not even thrilling wonder. [True, true -- but I didn't planet that way...BEP]

ILLITERATURE: fannish, but some were clever....the Dodd and Tarras ones, for example.

FROM GREY TOME-STONES: "Fu Manchu, go home!" I am at the present time sorely disappointed with the results of said contest. Not one motly postcard as yet; this contest is going over with a resounding thud. Meyers tried to get me to tell him the answer to the contest-riddle when he was here for the weekend, but I indignantly told him that I would not do so.....since there was nothing in it for me, and when my effort to sell him the answer so he could win the books failed I really got teed-off. There just isn't any way for a hard-working contest-fixer to make a buck anymore. Let's run a contest and give away Bill Meyers. [To the loser, maybe? ...BEP]

THE CAUSE OF IT ALL & HAUTY CULTURE were cleverly contrived and nicely executed companion pieces. And by "contrived" I don't mean "faked," but that it was an innovation to have an author to write a story to satisfy the curiosity of a fan. The story was humorous and almost hilarious at points and for a quick-job well-written. (So now Berry writes me a letter reaming me out for calling his story a "quick-job" when in actuality it took him nine years to write the masterpiece.)

MIRIAM CARR Jan. 5 ILLITERATURE was a kick. (By the way, I wrote "How To Not Only Circumvent the FAPA w-l, But How To Do the Same to the Cult," "How To Get Terry Carr to Join SAPS," "How to Marry a TAFF Candidate," and many others, like "Life With Publishing Giants....") ["Giants"? And I thought "SAPS is just a bunch of middle-aged types trying to act fannish"...BEP]

Tho you don't seem to be the least bit lacking in personality and ideas from what I gather in your apparent varied interests as displayed in the contents of yr. mag, and in your comments, your editorial just doesn't swing, somehow. Do you find it a chore to write? [A very shrewd observation -- I have indeed found editorials difficult to write in past PROFANITYs, in all probability due greatly to a lack of planning for them. This time gifts improvement, I hope...BEP]

Dodd was vaguely enjoyable. Hey, you dig The Sorcerer, too? Good Man! [Like, call me J. Wellington Wells...BEP]

Tell Donald Franson that PUNCH is most certainly not Britain's MAD. PUNCH has had the same type lay out and been the same type mag for over 70 years. You could much more aptly say that THE NEW YORKER is America's PUNCH.

Hey, like I don't always dig Berry's stuff, but the space opera was lots of fun!

RICH BROWN Feb. 1959 Prof is definitely getting better (the material's starting to catch up with the fillers in enjoyability, anyway), and the repro, tho a bit spotty, is improving along with the rest of the mag. My only suggestion would be: get some art. [Got nine different styles thick; which d'ya like?...BEP] Otherwise, I'm still enjoying Dodd, Coulson (who I, personally, think is one of the best reviewers in fandom), and Andrews. Berry's New Fiction is Fine, Fine, Fine. 92.5% fine, which makes it sterling. (The rest is copper, you know, Bruce, and that still fits Berry.)

I don't remember commenting on one of Roach's zines. In fact, to my memory, I've never received one of Roach's zines. Not that I could care less. He's the type I'm getting away from. He's a fair representative of the up-coming 9th Fandom that I've been talking about for so long, the one that's so much like 7th. I can't place Vince as a 7th Fandom character, not by name, anyway, tho I might hazard a guess that he's a fair combination of Harlan Ellison and Peter Vorkimer. I'm sick until I want to belch of fans telling me in cold black and white (or in this case, purple and white) how great they and their zines are and if you don't agree then go to hell. Well, I'm going to the APA's; let them pet their egos, I don't care. Criticism, even constructive criticism, is below them. Bah. This much I'll say: if a fanzine stinks, in my opinion, I'm damn well going to say it stinks, and if I think it's good, I'll damn well say so. I'll continue to tell people what I think is good, what I think is bad, and what I think will suffice. I'll be my own kind of particular prejudice, I'll set myself up as judge (when I comment) and jury (when I review). I'm damned if I'll rave over crud. I don't care if Vincent wants to pet his own ego, but if he's going to do it in public, I'm going to lock down on him for it; and if he sends me his crudzine and expects me to pet his ego for him just because He Has So Honored Me by presenting me with that self-same crudzine, he's got another think coming. Bah, nees. I mean like Roach; the type who think they're the Big Wheels. He.

ES ADAMS Mar. 1 I do take issue now as I notice Francon's "PUNCH is the English MAD." Gm, what blasphemy. PUNCH is too fabulous for such treatment. Dig up the 12 Alex Atkinson articles on America (with Searle illoes, too) that ran in Oct., Nov., and Dec., I think. This, MAD has not. Nor any of the rest. HUMBUG came closer, but was still no PUNCH. [Alan Dodd sent me the Atkinson article on Florida, and I agree, 'tis good indeed. I don't think the two - MAD and PUNCH - should be compared, mainly because they're not the same type of mag. It's a case of satire versus more-or-less straight humour, and each has its place...BEP]

And let's send Berry back to faanfiction. [So who said he'd left? ...BEP]

SID BIRCHBY Jan. 21 Dept. of Gimlet-eyed Snobs I don't qualify yet, but Jay, my wife, does, I think. In a film called 'Taming Sutton's Gal'... a really corky B picture showing locally last month, there's an open-air scene where the hero, a city-man on a huntin' trip, shoots at a flight of pheasants. He brings down two, and the girl-friend winnles her approval and runs to pick them up. When she does so, they are stiff already. [That qualifies !....BEP]

Doddreview No one in fandom does film reviews quite so well as Alan Dodd, these days. Fills a long-felt want. Pity he hasn't any worthy films to talk about. But that is hardly his fault.

Coulson on fmz reviews. Most of the fmz mentioned I never see, but one that I do is Adornets. I think Coulson is a little hard on Sandy Sanderson in saying that 'apparently he is a very nice person as long as he gets everything his own way.' My dear Robbie, so am I. And aren't you? [Are you sure you're not Penelope? ...BEP]

Shakespeare and the WSFS Thing. I too am sick of the matter.

Your contest. I can't do it.

Berryvram. What a fiction-factory that man is ! Good reading, too.

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THE END OF P\*ROF\*\*A\*\*N\*\*I\*\*T\*Y FIVE

