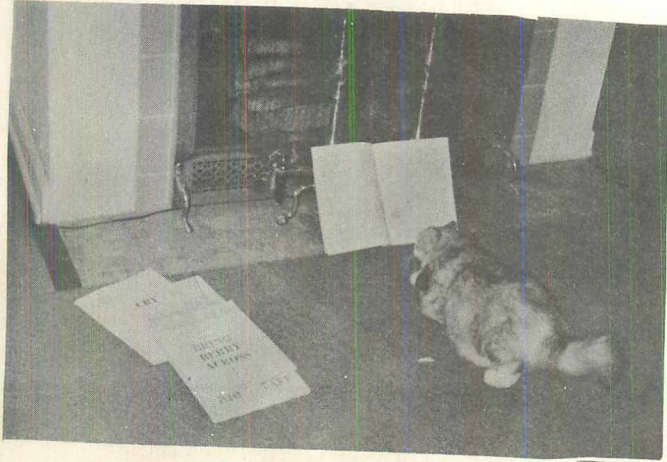


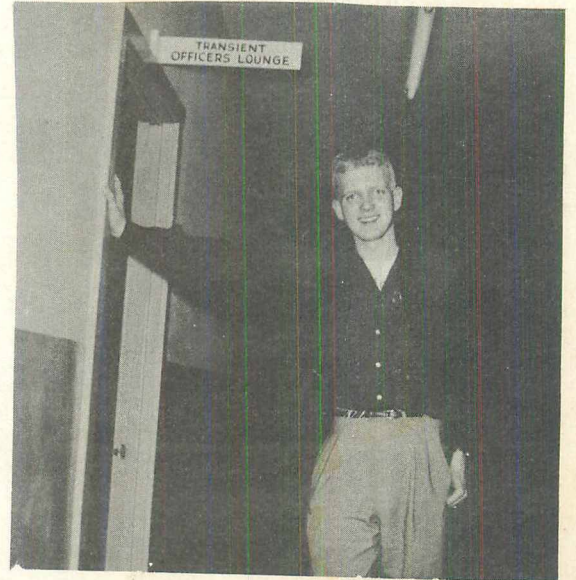
PROFANITY 6

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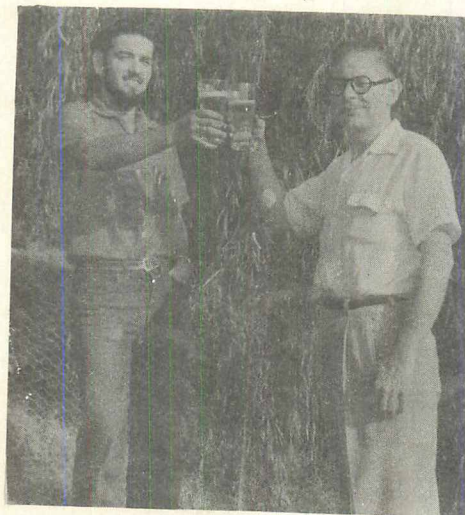
1959



J. E. Katte



Joe Lee Sanders



Paul Len
Turner Moffatt



Alan Dodd

DON
FORD

FOR 1959



BASINGSTOKE

EDITORIAL MUTTERINGS

Well, here is another installment of the editorial column with no editorial personality. Oh, well, 'editorial personality' seems to be graded according to the number of feuds the editor is in, anyway. Who needs it?

You'll notice that the title has changed again, as has the title for the book review column. Yes, they're still Gilbert and Sullivan, and No, I'm not going to be bothered explaining them. If you don't understand them or like them, just accept the fact that they're there. To each his own, etc. Hell, I don't understand why OOPSLA's editorial should be called "In a glass of water," (in French, yet), either. So what?

And while we're on the subject of matters about which I don't particularly care whether or not you like them, let's mention the three main complaints that have been made about ProF (with good justification) since it started: lousy repro, unimaginative layouts, cruddy artwork. In that order:

The repro this is an improvement, but it's far from being very good. However, I am aware of the fact that there are splotches, strike-overs, etc. But every page is legible without strain, and if you want to waste your typer ribbon (or stencils, in the case of reviews) go ahead and complain. I assure I know about the poor spots, and will completely ignore any such complaints.

In the layout department, the acquisition of a few more lettering guides should provide some variety this time, and the elimination of interillos, except for headings, is another change from the usual. However, I am no expert at this sort of thing, and suggestions will be welcomed from those who are more expert than I am --- meaning most anybody. I intend to continue the headings-only policy for a few issues, unless there is a lot of screaming about it. I don't really see the point of interillos, except to break the monotony of the printed page, and unless one is running a long article or story, there isn't that much need to break any monotony.

Finally, the artwork. This issue has artwork by Dowling, Juanita Coulson, Roger Horrocks, and Joe Lee Sanders. There is also, borrowing a term from SAPS used to describe the illos of L. Garcone, art-owrk by Dee in the lettercol. I'll take the blame for stencilling everything but Sanders' heading, and in the case of the art-owrk, I'll also admit to demanding such-and-such an illo to fit such-and-such a space, and no later than tomorrow, etc. I happen to like the artwork and art-owrk, or I wouldn't have used it (and my thanks to Juanita and Joe for their response to my pleas for headings.) If you don't like them, however, there are only two solutions: send me some you do like, or stop bothering with the illos in ProF at all. In the first case, headings

for the regular departments are needed, along with headings for special material, if someone would volunteer to be sort of "on call" for illos.

And, speaking of illos, does anyone know the present whereabouts of R. H. Mosso? His copy of ProF 5 was returned from Boyleston, Mass. saying he'd moved. I'd like to be able to send him that copy ----- and get more of his illos, too, of course.

§ § §

The TAFF race this year was a rather difficult one on which to vote, for me at least. When it started I knew very little about any of the three candidates from their own writings, and I'm not particularly happy deciding from second-hand information. Since the start of the race, I've read what I can get my hands on; Terry Carr's stuff is all over the place these days, Bjo's in SAPS and NAPA, Don's in OMPA. Having read the zines, though, the problem was still unsolved, as I enjoyed reading all three. From there it became a question, not only of who had written what, but of who had done what. The final result of all cogitations, for what it may be worth besides my own vote, is like it says on the cover: ProFANity supports DON FORD FOR TAFF !

§ § §

I'd like to point out a couple things about the lettercolumn this time. It was typed and run off first, and in re-reading, I note that opinions expressed therein occasionally differ from those ~~am~~ expressed in other fanzines by the same people. Therefore, please note that the letters here are dated according to when they were written, and judge the opinions in that light.

The come-on editorial remark last time, concerning the stranded time traveller, did quite well in pulling letter comment. Soooo..... let's try another one. This time the idea is borrowed from the story "Five Years in the Marmalade," by Geoff St. Reynard [Robert W. Krepps] (FA July, 1949). The story concerned a vehicle that enabled the traveler to visit any land -- even fictional ones, so long as the author believed in his creation. Assuming that your visit would have to last at least five years -- more if you wanted, but no less -- what fictional world or worlds would you like to see, and why? Further information for those who haven't read the story: the vehicle automatically adjusts your size to the standard of the world you visit, as well as any other physiological change necessary, such as breathing other gases than oxygen, etc. In a case where more than one type of standard exists you could choose one or the other.

§ § §

DEPARTMENT OF NEGATIVE HUXTERING: Fanzines wanted, like:

INNUENDO 6	APORRHETA 1,2,3,4	MOOR PARK	PLOY 1,2,8
VERITAS 1	SPECTRE 1	THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF OCULENTERATOLOGY	
A BAS 1-9	HYPHEN 1,2,3,4,5,8	DISJECTA MEMBRA 2	YANDRO 1-50
OCPSLA 1-21	INSIDE 1,2,3,4,5	THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR	
SATA 1,2,3,4,5	TWIG 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,12	THE FANSCIENT 1,2,3,5,11	
CAMBER 1-7	TRIODE 1-11, 13	VARIOSO 1-12, 14,15	

SAPS mailings: 1-20, 24, 40,41,42

FAPA mailings: 1-53,58-66

plus a ridiculously large number of other zines. What have you got?

§ § §

It seems to me that any fan interested in meeting others who may be travelling through his area should make known, besides his address, his phone number. Ron Bennett's 1958
[continued on back cover]



BY Edgar Allan Pogo

An item by Peter Skeberdis in MAMMON #2, relating an experiment with Bull Durham smoking tobacco, set me thinking (not an easy task, either.) The query that rose in my mind was this: With our present tendency to revive the past (particularly the growing tendency for men to sport beards, sideburns, waistcoats, and other paraphernalia of the 19th century), what will become of chewing tobacco? Will it, like the aforementioned beards, etc., stage a come-back? Will Mail Pouch intrude upon the sales figures of Chesterfields?

Because, all you beatniks, there are few symbols of non-conformity and all-around manliness to compare with a good chaw of tobacco bulging your cheek. All of your wispy beards rolled into one gigantic mattress are less effective than one good plug of tobacco, used judiciously. (I stress the word judiciously, because there are, after all, drawbacks. For one thing, there is the matter of spitting. Tobacco is not, after all, quite like chewing gum...to those people inclined to swallow rather absent-mindedly, I can only say, DON'T. At any rate, you will have to equip your own pad with spittoons, and be quite careful about where you use the tobacco in your friends' layouts — if you want to keep your friends.

For the beginning tobacco-chewer, there are a few points to remember. Chewing tobacco comes in two types: scrap and plug. Scrap is exactly what the name implies — the material that is left after the naturally lighter, milder tobacco has been taken for cigarettes, the big outer leaves have been rolled into cigars, and everything else that looks faintly valuable has been packaged for pipe smokers. Plug is roughly the same quality as scrap, but a binding agent, such as library paste or rubber cement (the exact agent varies from brand to brand) has been added, and the stuff is sold in one rock-hard lump, while scrap is packaged loose.

Hardened chewers will argue bitterly over the relative quality of these two types. Personally, though, I had one overwhelming argument in favor of scrap — weak teeth. (You think I'm kidding — recently one of my teeth broke off at the gum line from the exertion of masticating a Milky Way bar. One or two good chaws of plug would leave me gumming things with George Charters.) I would recommend scrap for beginners, as it requires less work for the same effect.

Chewing tobacco, while fading in popularity, can still be obtained (at least, here in the Midwest.) The supermarkets still carry small stocks of Mail Pouch, Red Man, and various lesser brands. Now, while there is still time, let's bring the manly art back into prominence. Away with your pipes and cigarettes! They are, at best, a weak and effeminate method of extracting your daily nicotine requirements. Chewing tobacco is the man's tobacco!

"GRAND CANAL"

Robert A. Heinlein

Bruce Pelz

LARGHETTO

Em	Am	Bm	Em	Am	G
<p>1. As Time and Space come bend-ing back to shape this start-specked scene, The tran- raised the Towers, for-got-ten are their lores; Long gone</p>					

C	D	Em	D	G
<p>quill tears of the gods who trag-ic joy still spread their sil-ver sheen; A long the shed the tears that lap these crys-tal shores. Slow beats the</p>				

C	G ⁷	C	G
<p>Grand Ca-nal still soar the frag-ile Towers of Truth; Their fair-y grace de- time-worn heart of Mars be-neath this i-cy sky; The thin air whis-pers</p>			

(Words copyright 1947, 1951, by Robert A. Heinlein. Used by Permission.)

1. *RIT.* *A TEMPO*

Em Am Dm Em Am Em

fends this place of Beau-ty, calm and couth. 2. Bone-tired the race that voice-less-ly that all who live must

2. *RIT.* *A TEMPO*

Em Dm C F G C G7 G7

die -- Yet still the lac-y Spires of Truth sing Beau-ty's mad-ri-

F C F G7 C G7 G7 C

gal And she her-self will ev-er dwell a-long the Grand Ca-nal !



A BEE IN HIS BONNET

-----John Berry

Oliver Snoot moved up one place on the hard wooden seat. His corns hurt him terribly, and he was sure the spasms of pain shooting into the small of his back were yet another attack of rheumatism - the third within a year. If only the headaches would go, it wouldn't be so bad! Maybe if he could get a whiff of fresh air up his nostrils - but of course his sinus trouble wouldn't allow such a luxury!

He turned to the man next to him, a superb wzample of American manhood, tall, broad of shoulder, narrow hip, handsome, blonde - an All-American type.

"Er - excuse me, would you open the window an inch or two, please?" winced Snoot. "I'd do it myself, but I've got water on the elbow."

The man grinned.

"Sure, dad," he quipped, and with a spatulate finger pushed the frame a couple inches.

'Dad,' indeed, snarled Oliver. Admittedly he had gray hair, but that was a result of his nervous breakdown two years previously. After all, he was only 33 years old!

Snoot looked at the girl on his left. Probably a model. He glanced at the book she was reading - The Higher Ethics of the Papuan Fertility Rites. Heck. Snoot's eyes flitted along the row of waiting people - they were all rugged males or intellectual and attractive females.

He knew he wouldn't satisfy the interviewers -- he knew he was wasting his time. But he wanted to go to Mars... .

They all shuffled one place to the left - his turn would be next, after the girl... yes, he wanted to go to Mars - he'd dreamed about it -- and then he'd seen the advert in the daily paper and replied, knowing he'd never get an answer ---yet he did get one. Aha, the girl swayed into the Board Room, and - gulp - he was next.

He hoped they wouldn't ask him why -- why he wanted to go. It was more than a dedicated urge --- it was much more --- sure, he knew all about Mars, as he did the rest of the Solar System - at least, as much information as the authorities allowed - and one human had to go to Mars for the Conference --- and it was important - essential - for the future of Man's questing in the Universe, that the Conference should succeed. He couldn't understand why the American Government should advertise for a person to go to Mars --- why not choose a professor a general or a politician?

"Mr. Snoot - Mr. Oliver Snoot, if you please !"

Leaning on his walking stick, Oliver followed the trim receptionist to the Board Room.

Without waiting to be asked, he sat down. He had to - his legs were weak after the operation last month. He faced the Board --- six men --- military types --- lots of brass, not that he'd seen much before. He'd been given a discharge after three days in the Air Force back in '73.

"How old are you, Mr. Snoot?" asked one.

"Almost 33, sir," replied Snoot diffidently, and coughed a little.

The men looked at each other.

"You have a rather unfortunate medical history, have you not, Mr. Snoot?"

"Um, yes, I'm afraid so." He knew his time had arrived; he waited for the 'Thank you, and the next, Miss Jones.' He heard them listing his complaints --- it must have taken them all of twenty minutes. "You've missed out the three weeks I was in the Cincinnati Ear Hospital in '81," he informed them at the end of the recital.

The six men looked at each other again. Oliver tried to get up, but he couldn't. His backache again ---

"I see you failed to get your degree?"

"Uh-huh, although I did win a bronze medal at Berkeley University for my "Requiem to a Suffering Crustacean !"

Twelve eyes flicked at each other.

"Your I.Q. is 103?"

"Yep."

"What is your occupation?"

"I'm a qualified chicken sexer !"

Twelve eyes goggled with amazement.

"Right - er - thank you, Mr. Snoot," said one who seemed to be the first to regain his composure --- "you may be hearing from us within a day or two. Good afternoon."

Snoot knew exactly what they meant. The Brush-off. Polite, but nevertheless, the Brush-off.

He staggered out.

The six men looked at each other. One chewed the end of his pencil, another shuddered visibly.

"I can't believe it," said the general. "I've never seen such a poor mental and physical specimen in my life. He's suffered almost every ailment except pregnancy, his I.Q. isn't anything to boast about, and his occupation is mundane to the extreme: he spends all his time squeezing chickens' asses --- can you beat that? His educational qualifications are nil. In other words - - -"

"In other words," echoed an admiral softly, "just exactly the man we want."

xxx xxx xxx xxx

Oliver Snoot didn't know it, but he had been purposely equipped with an ancient army-surplus CAVALIER rocket for the Martian trip. It developed a dangerous wobble whilst dropping tail first to the landing area. The uneven descent caused Snoot's walking stick to fall on the instrument panel, and by a chance in a million it hit a switch --- the right switch, out of many hundreds, which controlled the elevation of the anti-wobble boosters. This swung the tail to the right just as it hit the red Martian sand --- a perfect recovery !

Wiping sweat off his brow, Snoot, following instructions, put on the thin rubber suit, screwed on the transparent head globe, and stepped out onto Martian 'soil' --- almost an Earth-year to the day since the first Earthman had done so.

Snoot painfully clumped through the sand until he had traveled 400 yards from the rocket, and he waited with his eyes closed, again following instructions.

He wasn't quite sure what happened next. He was gripped by an unseen force, whirled about (although it was quite pleasant), and when he opened his eyes he found himself in a large dome surrounded by bees - - -

Well, they weren't exactly bees, but that suited them as well as anything else.

In faultless English they told him to sit down, and started to question him.

xxx xxx xxx xxx

The six high-ranking militants stood in front of the President of the United

Nations Deep Space Organization.

"--- and I'd like to have exact details of your plan, gentlemen," he said grimly, shuffling papers in front of him.

"The Kickflits, as you know, sir, sent us an ultimatum to say that our spread into deep space was dependent upon their appraisal of our potentialities. They asked for one typical human being to go to their station at Mars for interrogation and physical examination. Our future exploration of deep space was dependent on their analysis."

The President nodded.

"Our scheme was to send a poor specimen, physically and mentally, in an obsolete rocket. We thought that by doing so, they would conclude that we were weak, disorganized and fumbling, and therefore would grant us a sort of fool's pardon and allow us to continue our exploration, reasoning that it would be impossible for us ever to reach their status in the galaxy --- and that our crude attempts at space travel would end ignominiously in our own solar system."

The President smiled sarcastically, frowned, thumped his fist on the plastic table top, and flung them a sheet of paper.

"This came a few moments ago," he snarled.

The six militants crowded forward, their chests heaving wildly, and read the contents:

To: The President, <u>U.N.D.S.O.</u>
<u>From:</u> Lunar Televideo Post S.12.
<u>Time:</u> 20:35 - 26 Nov. '86
Message received from the Kickflits base at Mars as follows: <div style="text-align: center;">Earthmen.</div> <div style="text-align: center;">As a result of our examination of Oliver Snoot, we have decided that for the next 500 Earth years you will be prohibited from leaving your own solar system.</div> <div style="text-align: center;">On 28 Nov. 2486 you will arrange to send another human for examination.</div>

XXX

XXX

XXX

XXX

Snoot lay in his bed in the Military Hospital at Washington. He had been diagnosed as suffering from the common cold, chilblains, a severe attack of the Spacial Jitters, and an unknown ailment which defied diagnosis.

A doctor whispered to the President "--- just three moments, sir."

The President pinned a medal on Snoot's green pyjamas.

"The trip turned out badly for us, son," he said, "but it wasn't your fault -- I blame the brass. I want you to prepare a dossier when you recover --- a detailed dossier for our study of the Kickflits. But if you're fit enough, I'd like to know why the Kickflits turned us down?"

Snoot strained to sit up. He had a proud look in his eyes.

"The Kickflits --- they're like big bees, sir --- were very nice to me. They said whoever sent me had been cretins, trying to deceive them by sending an out-of-date ship --- they said to tell you they know all about our anti-gravity experiments. They also said the greatest mistake was to send an inferior human !"

Snoot smiled wryly, and then for a few seconds trembled violently in a spasm of Spacial Jitters. Finally, he took a supreme on himself and regained his composure.

"They said, sir, that I far exceeded their expectations. They said my intelligence and physical strength were phenomenal. They said that as I had been purposely sent up to deceive them, Man, besides being untrustworthy, must be physically and mentally of tremendous proportions, if I was an example of an inferior human. They told me they based their assessment of my physical strength and intelligence on three items.

"Firstly, to have suffered from the ailments I have had, and still survived, proves my physical resilience. The Kickflits are very prone to deadly infection --- and they regard recovery as a rare virtue and a sign of superior strength.

"Secondly, they couldn't believe that I could detect the sex of day-old chicks with 99.9% accuracy --- they regarded it as miraculous.

"Thirdly they applauded my fantastic ability --- their words --- for controlling a crashing obsolete rocket by instinctive action. They said my immediate reflex actions were superb --- what must a normal healthy human's be like, they wanted to know?"

Snoot sank back, exhausted, after his efforts.

The doctor politely asked the President to withdraw.

"You see, sir, I've just had word from the laboratory, where they've been testing a sample of Snoot's blood. He shows every symptom of having a bad attack of accarine !"

The President said "Oh ho?", jammed on his hat, and walked down the corridor. A bee peered over the rim of his hat and looked at the still form of Snoot as it got smaller and smaller.

The bee concentrated..... .

FINIS

* * * * * John Berry

RE-AUTHORED BOOKS:

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHINGby George Wetzel [from John Berry]
NEEDLEby Boyd Raeburn [from Don Franson]
THE BODY SNATCHERSby Ted White and Terry Carr
[from Ted Johnstone]
PATH OF UNREASON.....by G.M. Carr [BEP]
GREENER THAN YOU THINK.....by Ted Pauls [BEP]

CHABODINGS 3

- RICH BROWN

bill the parrot and burbee

i got acquainted with
a parrot named bill recently
who is an interesting bird
bill says he used
to frequent all the
taverns in l a
quite often then i said
you must have known
burbee know him said bill
poor mutt i knew him well
he called me bill and i called him
burb but why do you say poor mutt
well said bill burb was a
disappointed man and was always
boring his friends about what
he might have been and done
if he only had a fair break
two or three pints of good
whiskey and the tears
would trickle down his
cheeks and wilt his collar
i remember one night when
burb and elmer perdue and
cyrus condra were
sopping it up

here i am el says burb
he always called him el
nothing but a lousy far writer
and with anything like luck
in the breaks i might have been
a fairly decent stf writer
i might have been a pro
if i had kept away from the fanzines

yes says el i ve often
thought of that burb
but one consolation is
you are making a lot of
friends in fandom and your
stuff is getting printed

friends friends says burb what the hell
are friends what i want is to be
a pro not a lousy fan
this damned cheap stuff

i turn out to keep the
fannish yuks running to their
mimeos breaks my heart
slap stick comedies and
thud and blunder parodies
and melodramatic fannish
trivia say i wonder
if that boy heard you order
another bottle cyrus
the only compensation is that i get
a chance now and then
to work in good prose
when nobody is looking
but hells bells that isn't
what i want to do
i want to write for the prozines
and get money for what i write
and i might have done it too
if i hadn't got
into this damned fanzine racket
fanning fanning fanning
grind grind grind
what a life for a man
that might have been a pro

well says cyrus condra
why don't you cut it burb
i can't says burb
i haven't saved up enough
for the gafia potion
yet well says cyrus
anyhow you write pretty good
fan stuff any cluck can write
fan stuff for this fannish public
says burb if he puts enough
gags in them what they want
is fans talking like fans
never had sense enough to talk
and teddy roosevelt catch phrases
and blasts at all the local fuggheads
and clowns basting each
other with clubs and fan clubs
and cheap lousy puns
and off color allusions to all
the smut of the day oh i know
what the fannish minds want
and i give it to them

well says eimer pardue
don't blubber into the drink
brace up like a man
and quit the rotten business
i can't i can't says burb
i've been at it too long i've got to
the place now where i can't
write anything else
but this cheap stuff
i'm ashamed to look an honest
young pro in the face

i live a hell of a life i do
some faned sends me some mouldy old
mss and says
burb here s an idea for you
this is the third of the month
by the tenth i want a good
fannish piece out of you so that
i can start mimeographing
it off not too long and
not too much of your
damned prose-ish stuff either
you know your old
familiar line of hokum
they eat up that ashley stuff
of yours ring him in again
and give them a good fugghead
or two and remember we gotta
have something bill rotsler can get
his claws into and be sure
and stick in a bit
somewhere that some BNF will take
for a personal compliment and if
you get in a line or two somewhere
about the wonders of trufandom
it s always good stuff and say
i want another
comic pro editor in this
bit i don t need to tell
you burb you know this game
just some of your ordinary
hokum and maybe you could
throw in a bit about some
fan finding millions in
the pages of a dead fan s fanzines
in confederate money
or something they like
a little pathos along with
the dirt now you better see rotsler
tonight and see what he wants
to illustrate for it oh says burb
to think i am
debasing my talents with junk
like that oh ghod what i wanted
was to be a pro
and write continued serials
for amazing stories

well says i bill
burb s stories are highly
esteemed even to this day
is that so says bill
poor mutt little he would
care what poor burb wanted
was to be a pro

ichy

Well, since this issue of ProF is the pre-Detention issue, I thought an article on convention-attending might be appropriate. SO I wrote Len Moffatt.....

"FIRST, GET A BOLT-HOLE..."

A CONVENTIONAL ARTICLE BY LEN MOFFATT

A few days ago Anna picked me up at the office, and as we fordmotored homeward thru the usual southeast Los Angeles after-work, sports-car-dotted traffic and smog, I asked the usual First Question of the Evening.

"Did the --uh--manfromthelikkerstore stop by the Moffatt House today?"

To translate, I was merely asking if there was any mail awaiting me at home. As with every Trufan, I am constantly Looking Forward to the arrival of letters, fanzines, brochures advising us that the best possible site for the next science fiction convention is Death Valley, and other such fascinating material. However, my good wife has become a bit bored with my regularly scheduled evening inquiry of "Any Mail Today?" So I have tried to rephrase the question in a sincere attempt to keep this passifan female from going off her rocker. (In the above instance, I utilized the fact that our mailman is also employed as a part-time clerk in the likker store near our home).

Her reply indicated that I had received a letter from some fan from somewhere who wanted me to write an article (or something) for his fanzine. Name of the fan? Somebody connected with CRY.

"Gee," I said. "They're asking me to do another story for CRY!"

"No," she said, "it isn't CRY. It's for one of his other fanzines, not CRY."

"Whose?" I cried. "Whom? Who? What was the fanzine's title?" (We were still five miles from home, and I couldn't wait....)

"It has FAN in the title," she said. "FANattic? FANTastical? Something like that. You've had copies of it before. I remember it."

"But not the title," I groaned. "Well, if it was one of the CRY people...Toskey? Weber?"

"No, no....not them."

NOT GM CARR? You couldn't have confused..."

"The Busbys? Blotto Otto?"

letter in a few minutes..."

"No, none of them, dear. You'll see the

"But there isn't anybody else connected with CRY..." She was maneuvering the car thru a particularly tricky intersection, so I held my peace. I even managed to assume an air of saintly patience.

At home I found the letter, and my first scattering of eyetracks revealed that it was from Bruce Pelz of Tampa, Fla. He wanted me to do an article for ProFANity... "something to the effect of 'How to Attend a Convention' -- or 'How NOT to Attend a Convention.'" (I have a quick, easy answer for the latter: just be as broke as we are this year, and you will NOT be attending conventions.)

I was immediately reminded of Sneary's article "How To Attend a Convention," which first appeared in ALPHA & OMEGA #2 in 1950, and was later reprinted (in part) in THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY, pubbed by the South Gaters in June, 1957. I got out my copy of SWRS and re-read Rick's advice to con-geers. Now how could I top that?

Also, I didn't feel particularly qualified to give advice on how to attend a convention, a worldcon, anyway. I'm in a better position to give advice on how and how not to put on a worldcon. I was present at the SOLACON, true, but I wasn't able to attend it in the same carefree manner of the non-official few. This of course holds true for any member of any convention committee.

Of course, I have been to many Westercons, one of which came as close to being the same as a Worldcon as any local conference can. This was the 1957 Westercon, which was ballyhooed and programmed to the ⁿth degree. As I've said in a previous report on this affair, it was lots of fun, a social success, and all that --- but a financial flop. But actually, the only Worldcon I have ever attended as a strictly non-official fan was the PACIFICON, here in L.A. in 1946. I was a bit younger then, and did silly things such as coming home every night, instead of bunking near the con hall. (It was held in a building designed for cons and other large group meetings; visiting firemen stayed at nearby hotels or bunked with fans in the area.)

So I feel that my experience as a Worldcon attender is somewhat limited. In discussing this with Anna, she suggested that I could give such advice --- from the viewpoint of a con committee-man. Perhaps we should do an article on How Not To Offend Your Convention Committee. Hoo boy.

Seriously, I do think that convention committees do deserve more consideration than they are sometimes given. Fans, being human, are born gripers, and it is natural that they should gripe at their con committee, when they feel something is wrong. I have no doubt that I will be among the gripers in the future, as I have been in the past, but I'm hoping that I will remember to temper my criticisms with kindness, knowing now the nerve-wracking routine of being a Worldcon Committeeman.

The active fan (or, if you prefer, the "fanzine fan") has a strong tendency to prejudge the program at a con. He'll scan thru the booklet, pick out the items he thinks will be most interesting (his decision is usually based on Names or Subjects he recognizes; the unfamiliar, sometimes unjustly, gets scant attention), and devotes the rest of his con time to the bar, sightseeing, fangabbing, etc. There is nothing wrong with this procedure, if approached with a sense of fairness, but I must admit that some fan are unfair in their snap judgements. The only advice I can tender here is: give your con committee and its program a break. If a speaker or panel proves dull, it IS more polite to leave the hall quietly after you have listened long enough to know that it's dull, rather than stampede out before or during the introduction, or not show up at all. Naturally, if you know definitely from past experience that the next item on the program is going to bore you, or is going to be less entertaining than meeting a BNF in the bar, then you have made a fair decision, and that's all any con committee can ask.

A con committee gets plenty of egoboo, to be sure, but they often feel as though they were working in a vacuum. Con committees are constantly trying to present something "new or different," which is the reason for unfamiliar items on the programs, and it can be quite disheartening to see persons whom they believe to be reasonable and intelligent human beings deliberately ignore their efforts to present an entertaining and thought-provoking show.

There are many other ways to be kind to your con committee, if you are so inclined. Buy them drinks --- or do something on this order to help them gaffiate during the con, if only for a few minutes. Give them their egoboo and encouragement, and, as I said, if you do have a gripe, give it to them frankly and constructively.

WESTWARD LO!

THE LONDON CIRCLE'S VISIT TO
CHELTENHAM, WHITSUN 1959

-George Locke

Let us, for a space, move away from our fanzines, from the faithful duplicator, from the over-eager ink, from the ignored prozine weeping gently in the corner. Let us move to England, land of Trufandom and birthplace of St. Fanthony. And as the London Circle commence the great safari to Cheltenham, famed Spa and shrine of St. Fanthony, let us move backward in time to those sacred days when the Crusaders were voyaging afar, and St. Fanthony only freshly a martyr. To days when the evil forces of Mundania were ever battering the bastions of the Good and the Trufan.

To divide their attack, the LO travelled in three parties - femmes Bobbie Wild and Sandra Hall (an advance guard) made their journey by the Milk Train from Paddington, arriving safely at 5 a.m..

The cunningly devised rear-guard was composed of Ted Tubb, the Bulmers, Ella Parker, Jim Rattigan, and Ted's car, a vast vehicle of vaster antiquity. It carried the victuals and the liquor. It was a perfectly safe plan, too, for what forces would conceivably attack such innocent entities? All went well for a short time. The bright sun shone down on the car speeding westwards; it was still early, and there was little traffic on the road. But after a while the Evil Forces struck, striving unfannishly to cripple the noble old steed. A tyre went flat, throwing the steering to the winds, and the car clattered to a halt by the side of the road. After considerable effort, their work hampered by the amount of gear - armour as well as food - in the car, they repaired the puncture and, undaunted, set out again. Again and again the Evil Forces struck: another puncture, a hub cap displaced and sent rolling across the road, a second - and a third - and a fourth. It became a habit with Jim: hunting in ditches for and replacing the caps. Then, a collision from the rear. Dismayed, disheartened, but never completely defeated, the noble fans struggled on. They were long overdue, and weary unto death, when...

Ella Parker tells of the passing under the railway arch. On it was a notice: "It's quicker by rail." There was a roar of fannish laughter; the Evil Forces were thrust abruptly away. Umor was triumphant. About four o'clock in the afternoon, they arrived at Cheltenham.

The main party traveled by the 9.5 from Paddington. I was one of the first to arrive at the station, meeting Peter West and Lawrence Sandfield. We staked out a position on the platform calculated to be opposite the door of a second class compartment when the train pulled, and waited for the others to arrive. One by one they came: Mike Moorcock, who solved the problem of what to do with a Merlin-style Magician's hat by wearing it; Pete Taylor, forever struggling with and repairing a large paper bag holding all his gear; Barry Bayley and Ivor Mayne, both of whom looked disgustingly mundane. When the train arrived - moving backwards in true fannish tradition - we piled into the first compartment. There was just enough room for us, two guitars, the paper bag, and an accumulation of assorted junk we were to use in the fancy dress ceremony. We started a game of poker dice, at which Tikwiss Hall - Sandra's kid sister - seemed an expert. The things they teach at school these days! Balked by such a trufannish game and the efficiently repellent strumming of Sandy Sandfield's and Mike Moorcock's guitars, the Evil Forces did not molest us, and we arrived in Cheltenham about midday. Eric Jones and Frank Herbert met us, and while Frank took our equipment to the hotel in his car, Eric took us by bus.

The Belle Vue Hotel is a very nice hotel, situated about ten minutes walk - or fifteen minutes stagger - from the Cheltenham SF Circle's clubrooms, happily along the same main road. Ivor and I were sharing the same room. On arriving, we dumped our gear, and went off in search of a bite to eat before changing into costume. We'd been told to be ready made up at 3 o'clock which meant, translated into fannish time, between 4 and 5. Ivor and I wandered about for some time hunting for a second-hand bookshop I'd visited on passing through Cheltenham a year or so ago. At that time, it had had a copy of Sir Francis Younghusband's fantasy, The Coming Country, in d/w and signed by the author, but I'd been too broke to buy it then. There was a minute chance it would still be there.

The shop was closed for lunch, though. "Come on," said Ivor impatiently. I peered through the glass front door, and scanned the shelves for my quarry. Suddenly I shouted "Eureka!" A couple of passing dogs looked at me oddly, but I didn't care. I was able to scribble a note asking the bookseller to send me a quotation before Ivor dragged me away to continue the hunt for food. We ended up in a low-class restaurant, where we dined mainly on patience, then meandered back to the hotel. The place had been rather devoid of fans when we had arrived - most of the Cheltenham group people were at the clubhouse getting ready for the ceremony - but now the place was a hive of activity. Two non-Circleites were also present - there had been a BSFA Committee meeting earlier in the day. Doc Weir was dressed as a barbarian, and Archie Mercer looked sufficiently serf-like to sell to Vinç Clarke to turn the handle of his duper for life.

The next half hour or so was rather hectic, with Sandra Hall, quite convinced that the ceremony would start on time, bullying us to get into our fancy dress. It was ghastly, especially when she started smearing greasepaint over my face to make it less pallid, and me having to beg every three minutes for another safety pin. But at 3 o'clock (note very carefully, fannish historians!) we were all ready, minus the group from the car who, apparently, were insisting on fannish tradition of unpunctuality. Then, a gallant band, we marched in style to the shrine of St. Fanthony at the clubroom, trailing a cloud of the local mundane children. It wouldn't have been so bad if they hadn't persisted in calling me William Tell. I felt hurt, especially as I couldn't prove to them what a long-bow could do, by virtue of a policeman being near.

After a march in the baking sun which we thought would never end, we arrived. One by one we filed into the basement of 130 London Road, and were introduced formally to the Grand Master, Eric Jones. Les Childs read us the Lore of St. Fanthony, we swore the oath, and then, one by one, we were asked to visit the shrine. As the line of LO warriors waiting shortened, I confess to becoming more and more nervous of the ordeal to follow. Various childhood memories came to me, skittering past in a maddening confusion. My turn came at last. I was told to enter....

Then finally, after what had seemed an eternity of terror sublime in the place of the Shrine, I was once more among my friends of the LO, a changed and broken fan. I gibbered a little, beat my head against the wall, fell to the ground sobbing. Slowly, I recovered, in time to see Ted Tubb and his companions win through to us. The ceremony was re-enacted for them, then Ted and Sandra Hall were made Knight and Lady of St. Fanthony for their work in bringing this minor convention to its success. Those of the LO who came on the trip will, I'm sure, never forget it - and Sandra and Ted deserve our highest praise.

After the ceremony, the wining and the feasting began, only broken by a discussion on Ken Slater's EuroFan project, and the London Circle proposal to run the next national convention in conjunction with the BSFA. During the evening we had several not-so-mock battles, in the full armour manufactured by Ted and Ken Bulmer. Pete Taylor, the villian-deluxe of a historical melodrama, with heavy black grease eyelashes and mustache, had a set-to with Ted. The fight, however, ended in a draw, the only casualties being almost the sum total of the wooden swords used. Bob Richardson, who had had to go home earlier, returned, and as Champion of Cheltenham, met Ted's challenge. So, a second fight. This one too was a draw, and again I think no blood was let, though both suffered bruises. The only hospital case the entire trip, in fact, had nothing to do with the battles: Ivor went berserk while cutting a roll, and cut his hand instead. He had to have

several stitches in it, but it didn't seem to worry him unduly.

Gradually, as the evening progressed, and the Cheltenham punch disappeared, both the LO and the CSFC emerged from their costumes. The hooded figure of Death turned out to be Keith Freeman; the Arab (Peter Lorre right down to the sinister smile) was Frank Herbert; the fearsome Black Knight was Bill Gray, one of their newest members.

Later we were invited into the flat above by the landlord, where some tapes were recorded. About all I remember of this was listening to Doc Weir talking about Atlantis. Doc's now a vile pro, with an article on Atlantis in one of Ted Carnell's magazines. Even later, we left for the hotel, and the party petered out, with Ted trying to teach Barry Bayley to play poker while Barry got all the good hands. Poor old Ted - he never did have much luck that weekend with the cards.

Sunday, after a noon-tide feasting, we were taken on a mystery coach ride organized by the Cheltenham crowd. Earlier, Pete Taylor had been trying to dig information as to our destination from Les Childs.

"I'll give you a clue," said Les. Pete waited.

"A village within a village within a village."

"Bourton-on-the-water," said Pete, promptly. Pete, during a period of his life which seems to come to most of us (and to me in a few months' time if I can't think of a way to dodge it), had been stationed in that area with the RAF. So of course he knew. Les was most unhappy at the secret's being revealed so easily.

Bourton, when we arrived, we found to be one of those lovely English villages we Londoners, who think of the countryside as being Battersea Park on a Bank Holiday, almost never get to see. Set in the heart of the Cotswolds, it is quiet, peaceful, and has a small stream flowing through the centre. It even managed to retain its beauty with all the Whitsun hordes trampling over it. There were two main attractions: the Model Village, which most of us never saw because of the queue and the fact that we had to leave early to get Doc Weir back on time to return to his school for classes on Whit Monday; and the Witchcraft Exhibition. This we all went in to see, and it was a most fascinating show, even though many of the exhibits were not at all exotic. I noticed certain femmes taking rather copious notes....apparently witchcraft is still going strong these days. Included were many modern articles which had been used, for example, as death warnings over people's doors. I guess it was all genuine, too, though I could put up a comparable show by raiding a couple of junk shops, sorting out some odds and ends, and enclosing them in glass cases. But then, that's witchcraft - no fancy props costing ten million dollars to make, without even then having all the bugs worked out of them. If a witch's broom were capable of interplanetary flight - how much cheaper it'd be!

On the way back, we stopped off at a pub, the Frog Mill Inn, where a group photo was taken. And once more unto the clubroom, where was the final feasting. After this, we started in earnest on the liquor, during which time the auction was held. This was the fannish auction to end all auctions. Ted Tubb, of mighty prowess and fame as an auctioneer, stood up before the table where the remains of the food had been piled. Then, making sure all our glasses were filled, he started. A loaf of bread. Some butter. A bottle of sauce. A jar of pickles. A jar of lettuce. And -- 'real value for your money' -- a bone. With a little cheese thrown in. I only wish my memory was a tape recorder, so I could reproduce the patter. It was fabulous, and Ted was in tremendous form. The proceeds went towards the Cheltenham club funds.

About midnight, the party staggered across most of Cheltenham - a staid and gentle town rather like Ron Bennett's home town - to Bill Gray's place, at his kind invitation. We broke up about 3 a.m., and after some coffee which helped to straighten our senses, made the return journey to the hotel safely. In the hotel, some of us wandered about in desultory fashion for a while. I then decided, foolishly, that I'd had enough, and went to bed. I was suddenly awakened from the blurred haze which isn't really sleep but isn't quite consciousness either, by a tapping at a window somewhere. Dawn was breaking. I glared bleary-eyed at the gray window. The tapping still went on, but I decided that it was some other window. I began to hear voices outside, in the hotel hallway. But I really couldn't have cared less. Then the door burst in, and the towering form of Mike Moorcock

loomed over me. I immediately envied Ivor, who'd been sleeping for hours, and could sleep through even a fannish party. I glared at Mike.

Mike muttered ~~something~~ about managers. I mumbled the only obscenity my mind could drag up, and turned over.

Later I found out what had been happening. The lad had been having a little entertainment directed at Bobbie and Sandra, who were in the room next to mine. It had been a bunch of keys tapping at their window that had awakened me. I wish I had been there when the manager caught Ted scratching at the door, making like a werewolf or vampire.

The less said about Monday morning, the better. It was the time for farewells, and resembled most 'after the con' mornings, only the hangovers never seemed so bad. Peter West and Sandfield left early, as did Ted's car. The rest of us wandered between the hotel and the clubroom while the hangovers wore off gradually. We next saw Archie off on the coach back to the malleable iron works, feeling slightly sorry for the other passengers who were to endure his punning.

Apropos Tikwiss Hall, known as Tikki: "We'll have to name this con after you."
Poor girl - she asked why.

"Con-Tikki."

We had a final meal with the rest of the Cheltenham crowd in a restaurant, then caught the 4.00 p.m. to London. And it was with the proud banner of the London Circle over the window of the train, concealing a poker-dice game within, that the 10 left the ruins of a once-great English Spa. Mundania beaten to a pulp by fandom....

Fandom having a good time !

— — — George Locke

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# PROPHECIES, witches, & KNELLS

— — — AL ANDREWS

(A Double Review

After the Rain  
by John Bowen  
Ballantine, 1959  
158 pages, 35¢

&

The Waters Under the Earth  
by Charles Eric Maine  
a Novel appearing in the  
July, 1958, issue of Amazing

Some people have a mania for women, some for money, some for adventure, but our goodly olde editor (one Bruce Pelz) seems to have a particularly odd psychas-thenia: the constant changing of the title of a certain book-review column. This month it is "Prophecies, Witches & Knells," and although I am loathe to admit it, I think it is a good one. With no intent to hold forth on a lengthy discourse of "What My Title Means To Me," I do think that I might say a few words on the merit of this verbal symbolism. This is a column that reviews books that are in the fields of science fiction and fantasy, and since science fiction in some cases has proven to be an accurate forecast of the future, the term "Prophecies" may well be applied to books in the science fiction field. Fantasy, on the other hand, is usually associated with all the hobgoblin creatures of improbabilia, and indeed the dame that rules over the ranks of such is the lady of most ancient days — "the Witch." This reviewer will endeavor to toll his bell of words to sound the verbal "Knells" of good or evil omens of the books as the case may be. And though we have

not yet escaped Master Pelz's devotion to the lines of Gilbert & Sullivan, we have achieved, I think, a pleasing and expressive title. And now to knell two particular prophecies.

Since this column has thus far held strictly to the reviewing of "books" (as opposed to magazines), it may seem odd that we are now dealing with a story appearing in a magazine, but in this case I don't think we have breached our aim of reviewing "books." The Waters Under the Earth, which appeared in Amazing Stories, is also in a book form from Ballantine, under the title of The Tide Went Out. Although I haven't been able to obtain the book version, I have read the magazine version, and personally, as a guess, I would say that they are probably quite the same in length and content. The magazine version is 94 pages in smaller-than-regular print, and any changes that might have been made in the book version I would consider unnecessary padding. This point now clarified, let us consider Mr. Maine's recent effort.

Philip Wade, the editor of the British magazine Outlook, has an article he has written suddenly cut from the magazine and killed by withdrawing the already released issues and substituting an insert. He realizes that it was a bit sensationally dour in its projected possibilities, but in it he had merely rephrased a bit more luridly the accounts in the newspapers concerning various effects of the joint Anglo-American H-bomb tests. His article was intended as a bit of crusading to awaken the public to the dangers of the indiscriminate testing of more and more powerful nuclear weapons. He had mentioned certain variations from the norm, such as some excessive rainfall... slightly radioactive at that..., recurrent earth tremors, and the measurable fall of the sea level in both hemispheres. But he hardly considered his article to be a breach of any security measures. When Wade talks with his publisher about the matter, he is confronted with information which serves only to mystify him further. He is told that the article was killed by the demand of the British Home Office (which is the British Security Department). The publisher further confides that he is selling out his magazine chain and has recommended Wade highly to Sir Hubert Piercey for a job in a newly organized governmental department. This is the suspenseful beginning of The Waters Under the Earth.

Charles Eric Maine continues to build his novel with a swift pace that carries the reader deeper and deeper into the realm of this adventure. He is very adept at characterization, as he develops Philip Wade fully into an excitingly real man, and heightens this realism of the central character by artfully weaving him in among the emotions and actions of his wife Janet, Susan Vance his lover, and the men with whom he works in the later days of chaos, Colonel Brindle and Lieutenant Patten. We have pictured for us a world that goes dry of water. On the premise that the H-bomb tests have opened a gigantic fissure in the ocean floor, that is ever being lengthened by the pressure of the steam created as the oceans' waters pour in reaching the hot core of the earth, we are shown in slow, relentless gradation the reduction of mankind to the bestial state of terror and death. Philip Wade goes to work for the new governmental department which has been created to hold the masses in check as selected groups are flown into the Arctic emergency camps that are safe from the danger of the non-returning tides. Careful propaganda and rationing of food and water are tried, not as cures of the chaos, but only as stop-gap measures, for there is no cure for a world gone dry. The Arctic camps can accommodate several thousands, but millions must be left to meet the hellish monster of death that stalks the parched world. With feeling and art, Mr. Maine lets us see the world as Philip Wade sees it from his safe government refuge in the center of London, and then plunges Wade into the hell of the outside-London by an airplane accident. When Wade finally makes his way back to the refuge center, he learns that all his co-workers have been flown out to a distant air-

field for transport by larger planes to the Arctic camps. It is then that Philip Wade goes from a worried yet detached Britisher to a killer-machine with only one goal: the airport which holds the last plane to leave England. And I think you will find yourself reading over the very last sentence of this novel at least three or four times... a beaut of impact and irony.

The latter prophecy is John Bowen's After the Rain, which has a diametrically-opposed theme of world catastrophe, in that a cataclysmic deluge comes to the earth. This book is aggravatingly non-SF, though the publisher's blurbs convey the impression that it is SF. The deluge is in itself merely a gimmick which Bowen uses to put his characters into a contained area; he then proceeds, by the spotlighting of each and the interplay of all to produce a book of satire. The plot is superficial almost to the point of non-existence, and the characters, while in turn sometimes amusing and then pathetic, are not grippingly real people with whom you quickly identify. The first 42 pages are merely stage-setting before bringing on the complete cast of the satire. After that, Mr. Bowen gets all afloat on a fairly large raft, and then introduces us to the various members of the ill-sorted crew. There's John Clarke, the lead-character (more or less); Sonya Banks, a ballet dancer (lover of John Clarke); who are taken onto the raft of Captain Hunter who was sailing around the world existing on products of the International Unitarian Breakfast Food Company (Glub Grits, Glub Cushions, Glu Toasties, Glub Flakes, Poppity Glub, etc) as a sales promotion. Also aboard are Arthur Renshaw, an accountant, who is really the ruling master of the craft; Muriel and Wesley Otterdate, who are nothing in particular; Mr. Harold Banner, a clergyman; Tony Ryle, a thick-headed, mild-mannered body-building devotee; and finally Gertrude Harrison, an aging actress. We meet each one and are made aware of their individuality in various scenes, some of which are interesting and at times harshly probing into the modes and manners of life. One of the most biting satirical pieces (and the longest) in the book is the metamorphosis of Arthur Renshaw into a god. He goes through the stages of the Trinity, announcing himself as the True Deliverer and demanding the worship of the entire crew. Arthur, who had taken command of the crew from the start, is quite convincing and astounding in his deification, but he is undone finally in demanding the sacrifice of the child about to be born to Sonya (John Clarke is its father). Tony Ryle does the Great God Arthur in by pitching him overboard. We are left with the sighting of land on the horizon.

After the Rain is not a giant of Satire; and never will be, but it is a book that has a searching look at the lives and thoughts of some interesting people. It is written in a straight-forward style, and is lucid in its import, and strangely, where on the surface it may seem nonsensical in parts, it has a chilling undertone of terror in those very same parts.

For a compelling novel of tremendous pace and brutal adventure, The Waters Under the Earth (The Tide Went Out) is most highly recommended. And if a competent satirical crack at humankind and its mores is your taste, After the Rain is worth a glance.

Good reading to you both.

-- -- Alfred McCoy Andrews

Back in ProF 4 Al ran a contest to guess the author and book mentioned in a riddle. Donald Franson finally cracked the riddle, and I'll quote his answer:

"The author's name, of a kind" (a kind of name; a nickname (I was side-tracked by 'Ike' here); initials)

"Is but three letters for you to find" (EFR)

"Evil is, indeed, a clue" (Sinister)

"And if a stop should come to you" (Barrier)

"Author and title have then been told

I pray you now this riddle unfold." Sinister Barrier, by Eric Frank Russell



# DARK <sup>AS</sup> A DUNGEON

--- ROBERT COULSON

Since Bruce tells me that I have lots of room this time, there is a general observation about fanzines that I'd like to make. I've hesitated to say anything in a review of any particular fanzine, since several editors are equally guilty and I don't want to appear to be picking on just one of them. This is the habit that some editors have of pointing out every little typographical error in the letters (and occasionally articles) they receive, by printing the item exactly as received, followed by the term "(sic)." Translated, this means "this is the way the dope sent it to me and aren't I clever in pointing out his stupidity?" In the first place, this is pretty damned rude. In the second place, the practice is often used to make an argument that the editor disagrees with look ridiculous, and in this sense, the practice is misleading, since the writer probably knows exactly how to spell the word and merely hit the wrong key on the typewriter. Maybe this proves that he needs to study typing, but let him who is without typos cast the first (sic).

An editor is one who edits. If he doesn't have the common decency to correct his contributor's typos, he has no business editing. It's all right to keep letters and other material in the contributor's own words, but there's no sense in overdoing it, and no sense or honor in pointing out your alleged superiority to your readers. This (sic) business is sick, sick, sick.

SMOKE #1 (George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London SW 1, England - quarterly? - 15p or a letter of comment) This might be a good time to get another gripe off my chest. Namely, when an editor says he accepts letters of comment, he doesn't always mean that he'll appreciate someone he doesn't know saying "send me a free issue and I'll comment on it." [Hear, hear !...BEP] If you're writing the editor for the first time, send money. After you get the issue, then comment.

I wonder how many readers looked at the cover of SMOKE and wondered "Good Lord, what's Inchmerry Fandom up to now?" I did; and considering the fact that Sanderson has pulled one hoax, I'm still a bit suspicious.....after all, I've never heard of George Locke before.....

Unfortunately for me, most of the fanzine is taken up with the visit of the London Circle to Cheltenham fandom. If you're the sort who enjoys con reports and the like, you'll like it, but I'm not. Vinç Clarke has a column, and John Berry promotes the interesting idea of heraldry for fandom. (I have just the coat of arms for Indiana fandom, by the way: a shield in four parts - - upper left, Lee Tremper gnawing on Lew Forbes; upper right, Bob Madle organizing; lower left, Tom Stratton disorganizing; lower right, Ray Beam stabbing himself with a table knife. Motto: Caveat Emptor.) Penelope Fandergaste reviews mystery books by British stf authors, and Ivor Maine reviews fanzines.

If you don't like con reports, you might get it for a good Berry item.

Rating.....4

SIRIUS #?, June 1959 (Erwin Scudla, Vienna XVII/107, Röttergasse 30/1, Austria) No price or schedule given. This is a special issue; since I haven't seen a regular issue I can't tell what's special about it, and I don't know if the format of two-column pages with one column in English and one in German is a regular thing or not. It's a good idea, at any rate. Most of the issue is devoted to a resumé of German fandom; its origins, schisms, and present status. I got the impression that Sam Moscovitz would feel right at home in present-day German fandom. This issue is very interesting to anyone who cares about "foreign" fandoms; and of no interest to the person who wants material about science fiction or fans that he knows. (The mag points up one difficulty inherent in European fandom: in the letter column the editor replies to his readers in English, German, Russian, and French. Special Interest.

FANVIEW #3, 4 & 5 (John Bowles, 802 So. 33rd St., Louisville 11, Kentucky - bi-weekly, 4 for \$.25 - co-editor, Butch Manka - foreign sub, 4 for \$.35)

A fanzine devoted to fannish and professional news, and various reviews. There is one slightly confusing bit in connection with the reviews, which are handled by Manka. According to Bowles, Butch is being humorous. With this in mind, I have re-read his reviews, and I'm a bit confused. I can see the humor --- or at least the attempt at humor --- in some lines. For example, in his review of "After the Rain" in #5: "Well, you know what happens after years without Drano." So far so good. But then in conclusion of his review he says "I place AFTER THE RAIN beside such classics as WAR OF THE WORLDS, CITY, CHILDHOOD'S END, and THE SUMMER MACHINES. It is superbly written...." Now this, I am willing to admit, is pretty funny, but I'm not sure that he meant it to be. I have the same trouble with all his reviews: I agree that they're humorous, but I'm not sure that all the humor is intentional. Possibly I'm just being dense.

The news is.....news. It concerns stf, or fandom, or science; it is reasonably up-to-date, and it doesn't overlap FANAC to any extent. There are sections listing pseudonyms of authors; most of these, like Vargo Statten and John Christopher, I've known for years, but a few are new to me and I suppose they're all equally interesting to the stf reader. Recommended for the younger and/or newer stf fan; not too much of interest to actifans.

Rating.....3

TWIG ILLUSTRATED #15 (Guy Terwilleger, 1412 Albright St., Boise, Idaho -- irregular, 20¢, 6 for \$1 -- Dan Adkins, art editor). Ordinarily I don't list art editors, but since the art comprises at least 50% of the appeal of TWIG I'll give Dan credit. This is a thick one: 59 pages, plus front and back covers, plus at least two pages which were omitted from our copy. The reproduction isn't quite up to par this time, but it's still one of the two best dittoed zines (the other being Bo Stenfors' SEXY VENUS). It's just that this time the reproduction is merely good, and not superlative. The material is even more varied in scope than usual. My own favorite was Bob Leman's parody of the wierd tale, but Honey Wood's article on "BNF vs NEO" was also good, although (or perhaps because) it had very little to do with the title. Bob Bloch manages a favorable review of Morris Jessup's The Case for the UFO; if he had to review something which would let him say something favorable about UFOs in general, I wish he had picked a book which was less blatantly crackpottish. I'm willing to believe that there "may be something in all this," but the flights of fancy which Jessup regards as logic did nothing to help my belief. There is an article by Paul Wyszkowski and one by Terry Carr; the latter was omitted from my copy, as was the final page of Bloch's article (so if I misinterpreted you, Bob, that's why.) There are fanzine reviews by both editors. A few fans have asked me to "do a Ted White type review" of one or another zines; I think that the Adkins review of OMEGA is adequate reason for letting Ted White do "Ted White type" reviews, if anyone has to. Otherwise, while I don't agree with either of the reviewers, the reviews themselves are okay. There is also a letter column, which doesn't seem to go anywhere this time.

The chief fault of this issue, however, is that it was evidently put on master over a long period of time, so that we have both editors saying one thing on one page and correcting themselves on another -- since Adkins' correction is on a page before that containing his original statements, it's particularly confusing. (Though it's a pretty big disappointment, after having Terwilleger blast Ted White for 4 1/2 pages, to find him concluding by saying that he and Ted are all buddy-buddy now. What kind of feud is that, I'd like to know?)

The artwork is beautiful, the material is reasonably good, and the rating is 8.

HOCUS #10 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey -- 10¢, 3 for 25¢ -- monthly). Mike has acquired a first-rate artist in Dave Prosser. I assume that he'll be stencilling his own artwork -- and possibly that of other people, since he's listed as art editor -- which should make for a big improvement, at least in appearance.

The written material still needs editing. For example, Paul Shingleton takes up beche-de-mer and Australian slang in an article covering half a page. This should have been sent back for expansion -- preferably into two articles, each one covering a minimum of two pages and preferably more. Like, if you want to write an informative article, write enough to do some good. Barry Milroad objects to tv advertising in his column, which is the best part of the issue. A couple of people try to write rebuttals to Bill Durkom's recent columns, and fail miserably. Vic Ryan reviews books (and he likes Point Ultimate. Vic, I thought better of you....) Ted Pauls writes an article which isn't exactly bad, but .... There is the conclusion of a serial which reads like Early Gernsback: not bad, but heavy on the Scientific Speculation. The letter column seems somewhat mild, and such discussions as are present seem to be of the "he is so -- he is not" variety, with little to interest the outside reader. In general, HOCUS is improving, but I didn't like this issue as well as I did #9. Recommended mostly for the younger fans.

Rating.....3

DISJECTA MEMBRA #5 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Maryland -- monthly -- 10¢). Fandom's number 1 letterzine. Mainly this issue seems to be the writers arguing with the editor, and in some cases the editor is clearly asking

for it. For example, after Elinor Busby has punctured a previous snide remark that TWIG placed in FANAC's "top 10" poll because of fringe-fan votes (since the names of the voters were published, this is not only snide but a flat lie), Ted says, "But, then, WHY did TWIG get so many votes? Surely not because it is a quality zine (it isn't)." And people call me prejudiced! No matter how many people like TWIG, it can't be any good because Pauls and White don't like it. Come on, Ted - at least I admit that my statements are personal opinions....do the same and quit making an ass of yourself. Pauls is also out to smear Don Ford, it seems, -- and while he denies that he merely echoes Ted White, this is a quite obvious echo, since Pauls hasn't been around long enough to know anything, good or bad, about Ford personally. As a matter of fact, the editorial matter in DM is reflecting more and more the idea of a brash neo who is by God going to make a name for himself by jumping on any handy bandwagon, whether he knows what he's talking about or not. In replying to Ted Johnstone's comparison of his (Johnstone's, that is) projected movie to the Tucker Con Hotel, Pauls says of the hotel, "...at least that was a FANNISH project." In other words, if you're fannish, you can be as ridiculous as you want to. Well, Pauls himself is certainly fannish, and certainly about as ridiculous as he can get.

Rating.....3

UMGLICK #2 (Leslie Steven Gerber, 201 Linden Boulevard, Brooklyn 26, New York --irregular? quarterly? I don't keep track of these things - no price listed, but it cost 6¢ to mail, so send a dime if you ask for a copy.). And if you're hard up for cash, Les, why don't you buy heavier paper and print on both sides? Not only cheaper, but it looks better.

As Les admits, this is almost an all-fiction issue. ("I uses what I gets" -- so will someone please send him some articles?) Oh, here in the editorial he says the price is 10¢; I'm a good guesser? The editorial writing isn't in a class with Grennell, but it's the best one I've looked at tonight. (This may depress some editors, but a good many fanzines that I receive are never read until I get ready to review them.) As for the fiction, there is one item by Mervyn Portnow (no, I don't believe it either, but that's what it says in the credits) which is the short-short "kicker" type story, and is at least as good as some of the stuff Lowndes has been publishing lately. Les includes a Micky Spillane parody by himself. Personally, I consider Micky Spillane parodies to be a bit out of date, but if you don't agree with me, this one's readable enough and the ending is a beautiful explanation of Mike Hammer's relations with the women in his books. [Cf. FANAC #1 - Feb.-Mar. 1954...BEP] The rest of the material is pretty typical fan-fiction except for a story by John Berry which is pretty typical faaan-fiction. Mediocre, that is. Recommended for people who enjoy fiction in fanzines.

Rating.....3

S F TIMES #315, 316, 317 (Science Fiction Times, Inc., P.O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, New York - very irregular - 10¢). The editors are still keeping up the fiction of a bimonthly schedule by mailing several issues at once, with the results that the "science fiction forecast" column generally tells you all the contents of that prozine you read a couple of weeks ago. Real interesting. Incidentally, #317, which is the last issue I've received, is the "second June issue," which indicates how up-to-date the mag is. (Today is August 5.) It does still give you all the professional news, some of it even before you discover it for yourself. If you're completely out of touch with the prozines, you may want to get S F TIMES. Otherwise.....it was a fine fanzine 5 years ago, but if it folded tomorrow I probably wouldn't realize it for 6 or 8 months. Special (and rather minor) Interest.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #129 (The Nameless Ones, Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢). CRY has been touted lately as "the number one monthly fanzine." Well, they don't have much competition in that category, but it's an indication that the mag is liked. I've never been a wildly enthusiastic CRY supporter myself, but what the hell? They have Pemberton's excellent column of pro-zine reviews, Wally Weber's humorous "Minutes," a John Berry story in every issue (or at least it seems like every issue; I am not going through the stack to check), a letter column which is five pages longer than the entire 5th issue of DISJECTA MEMBRA and considerably more amusing and better natured, and occasional odd items like "The Shooting of Fan McGhu" in this issue. And, come to think of it, that's a pretty good lineup. I think that one of the charms of CRY is that the editors are, for the most part, easy-going and friendly. After reading zines edited by White and Pauls and GMCarr and possibly me, this probably brings sighs of relief from readers. Rating.....8

ORION #22 (Plus letter supplement, YOU SAID IT) (Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Road, West Kilburn, London, N.W. 6 - US Agent, Betty Kujawa, 2819 Caroline, South Bend 14, Indiana - quarterly? - 15¢). Including the supplement, we have 50 pages here. More convention reports....don't British fans do anything but attend conventions and publish fanzines? (Well, come to think of it, there isn't too much else in fandom to do, at that. But Anglofen seem to have so many cons and so many reports....) Ken Bulmer writes another article on his TAFF experiences...Ghod, now we have 3 TAFF reports running simultaneously! I will say that Bulmer's seems the most interesting. Roberta Wild reviews fanzines. There is a John Berry story. (One of these days I am going to begin mentioning when a Berry story does not appear in a fanzine; it will save time, I think.) I didn't find anything to object to (except the con reports, dislike of which is purely a personal thing with me) or anything to get excited about. Pleasant and legible. Rating.....5

METROFEN #1 (Les Gerber, address above - bi-monthly - 10¢). This is, Les says, published by and for "a New York fanclub composed mainly of non-fanzine fans." This issue consists of a faaaanish article by John Berry, a serious article by Murray Leinster (both good and both reprints), fanzine reviews by Belle Dietz, and an index to FANTASY FICTION, compiled by Gerber and also reprinted. (I get a picture of Gerber frantically pawing through his fanzine collection, looking for material that will be understood and appreciated by the club members without incurring the wrath of "fanzine fandom.") Reproduction is excellent, which in this case is somewhat of a pleasant surprise. It seems quite adequate for the first issue of a clubzine or for fans who are interested in collecting and/or seeing reprints of articles that they missed the first time around. Not for the faaaanish-minded, though, since it's specifically aimed at a completely different group. Rating.....4

JD-ARGASSY #46 (Lynn Hickman, 304 No. 11th., Mt. Vernon, Illinois - monthly - 10¢). This issue of Lynn's newsletter is almost strictly letters. Usually he runs fanzine reviews by Dan Adkins, an installment of Bob Madle's TAFF report, and other odds and ends. The most entertaining bit this time, to me at least, was Bjo's account of meeting Harlan Ellison at the Chicon. ("This perfectly strange little man, boldly accompanied by a huge pipe..." Of course, she meant that Harlan was unknown to her, but I submit that the above lines represent the best description of Harlan yet published.)

Lynn claims that his dispute with Ted White will no longer be aired. What's wrong with these guys, anyway? Do I have to do all the work myself? Besides, I can't do all the arguing with White; I have other people to argue with.

Nice multilithed reproduction; I like fanzines I can read. Rating.....6

GROUND ZERO #4 (Belle Dietz, 1721 Grand Avenue, Bronx 53, New York - more or less quarterly - 15¢ - co-editors, Frank Dietz and George Raybin - British agents, Joy and Vinç Clarke). This might be called the TAFF issue; it features one-page ads for all three candidates. There is also a column of English news from Inchmery fandom, a con report (short, at least) by Les Gerber, a column on California fandom by Ted Johnstone. Belle Dietz reviews "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil" --- it seems that everyone in fandom but Juanita and I have seen this [Not quite...BEP] --- there is a short report on the Indianapolis club and a mention of the death of Sax Rohmer. This is a neat, well-reproduced zine which seems to be aimed primarily at club fans. I'm afraid that, even with my leaning toward fringe-fans, I find it rather dull, but I'll recommend it for those fans who are interested in club activities.

Rating.....4

SICK ELEPHANT #9 (George H. Wells, River Ave., Box 486, Riverhead, Long Island, New York - Monthly? Irregular? Who knows --- no price listed, but try 10¢).

Having apparently run out of even bad material, George devotes this issue to letters. Quite frankly, SE is not a very good fanzine. But George seems to be having a helluva good time putting it out, and the people who comment seem to be enjoying themselves too. Reminds me of the first issues of CRY that I received: a wacky fanzine put out by wacky people for their own amusement. Do the fanzines you receive seem stale to you? Try SICK ELEPHANT, the different fanzine. (I did not say good; I said different.) Does Willis reject your humorous stories? Send them to Wells; he'll print anything. (I suppose that last line will be regarded as one of my nasty cracks, but actually it was offered in the same spirit in which SE is published --- namely, that nothing about the mag is to be taken very seriously. Besides, George is one of the few fanzine editors who can take kidding about his publication without complaining about how people are persecuting him.)

Rating.....3

S-F-NYTT Vol. 2 #4 (Sam Lundwall, Box 409, Hågersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden - bi-monthly, maybe? - Price 25 Öre --- you figure it out). "Welcome to the civilized section of SF NYTT" says Alan Dodd at the beginning of his 6 pages of news and fanzine reviews. Now there speaks a son of the Empire! Seriously, the remainder of the mag is in Swedish, so I won't review it. Dodd is in his usual form --- if you like his usual form, try S-F-NYTT.

The bottom of the stack this time seems to consist of 3 newsletters, letter-substitutes, or what have you. SKYRACK #4 (Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Ave., Harrogate, Yorkshire, England) is a monthly newsletter which you may obtain for the price of 35¢ for 6 issues. US Agent is Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Maryland. SOMEWHATLY #1 is a sort of letter-substitute and writing practice for Joe Sanders, RR #1, Roachdale, Indiana. And finally, THE LAST SPLITCH (Avonex, Continental Food Products, P.O. Box 3161 Wellington, New Zealand) seems to be a sort of running account of the marriage of Toni Vondruska and Lynette Mills Vondruska.

----- Robert Coulson

Re-authored books:

WILD TALENT .....by John Berry [from Don Franson]  
CRY HORROR .....by Burnett R. Toskey [from Colin Cameron]



# BLESSINGS AND CURSES

. . . . . being a lettercolumn of sorts

F.M. Busby  
4-22

Hmm, Elinor says she doesn't remember Don Franson looking like that. Buck looks pretty much like himself, and I'll take your word on Andrews and Katte, but it will break Toskey's hard little heart not to be able to tell what Dee looks like, after the tape and all...

Escape into the past? Well, how about the early 1900's, in this country? Maybe Woodrow Wilson could be kept out of politics, or at least kept from having his 2nd term, thus allowing the war of 1914-18 to remain just another European war instead of becoming WWI and thus setting up Hitler, and WWII, etc, etc... It would pay the escapee to get shed of appendix and tonsils first, and get pumped full of all sorts of immunization-shots, and take along as much gold as he lay his hooks on--- at \$20 per ounce he would take nearly a 50% nominal dollar-loss on it and still at least double his real-money wealth. A good general knowledge of mechanical principles and engineering practice would come in handiest for fitting-into that booming industrial era; textbooks of the period being available, it wouldn't be too difficult to bone-up and avoid boo-boos. Special study should be directed to the properties of the materials available at the time, and of those discovered in the next 20 years or so. Of course, this choice might well enable one to overlap into one's "original" lifetime and cook up a real paradox by anonymous bestowal of a small fortune upon one's infant self-- what price alternate futures?

Main trouble with Andrews' Hall of Shame entry is that it parodies the entire space-chase field rather than staying recognizably close to C. L. Moore.

Guess I need a piano; I could one-finger the "Green Hills" music (laboriously, but eventually) on the 88, but can't sight-read to hum or whistle, etc.

Rich Brown's ichabod is one of the best ideas to come along in quite a while; let's have more of these, please. Liked Don Franson's verse, also.

Good: keep Dodd at these Factual Articles or whatever (maybe that should be Faactical); I applaud the passing of movie reviews from your pages; this is better.

Mighod, the Chief is certainly deadpan in this particular bit of sft-satire; with a couple of name-changes, this could appear straight in more than one prozine I can think of. Er--- Chief, you were kidding, weren't you??

Buck is really swingin' on the fmz-revoos this time, and I find much more agreement with him than is usual between two separate readers. Only a couple of strong disagreements, where it looks as if he suffered from the Reviewer's Syndrome in which

the review is made on the basis of a very fast look at a contents-forgotten zine (I've done this myself). For instance, Sandy's Ape becomes less controversial and more just-plain-interesting with each issue, since about #5. Also, the reason Spectre #4 "didn't seem to (have) much in it" was because it didn't have as much non-lettercol material as #3. I don't agree with Buck's evaluation of Leman and Carr in this instance, and feel that Bill's own fmz-reviews deserve a plug. And the lettercol, aside from a half-page by TEW, is concerned not with jazz, but rather in large part with the transplantation of jazz idiom into fandom.

I'm afraid Al Andrews didn't do a very good job of reviewing, this time. He does a good job of stating his summarized opinions of the stories in STAR S-F #4, but that's not reviewing nor criticism. I quote: "MAN WORKING by Richard Wilson started off as though it were going somewhere, and then didn't." So OK, I do this sort of thing in CRY all the time, you say-- yes, when I'm trying to cover a 14-story FU on 2/3 of a page. Al, however, has two pages on which to cover nine stories, and he does no actual reviewing of six of them. The persecution rests its case. [Your witness, Mr. Andrews... .BEP]

Lettercol: I dunno what it is about Michigan. Bisenieks is ridiculously upstage ("lousy repro and unjustified margins", indeed!) for a guy who to the best of my knowledge has never laid hand to crank or typer to stencil. Skeberdis occasionally does some of this, too, but at least he has some rather disappointing experience, though you'd think that would make more for humility. I dunno what it is about Michigan.

Ol' TEWhite is a li'l bit upstage, too, but it's more forgivable from the head of QWERTYUIOPress, somehow. GMCarr manages to dry up any wellsprings of forgiving, though, by displaying evident pride in her inexcusable behavior last year to one of my favorite ex-FAPAns. Good thing she reminded me of that; I'd begun to mellow toward her, forgetting what a sadistic bully she can be when beating someone with the club of her illogic, and the way she "plays dumb" when finally pinned down by the evidence of her own words. Oh sure, GMC is a very fine and worthwhile person in many ways, and certainly I wish her no ill in mundane life. It's just that, fanwise, her destructive ways bug me the most.

Nope, according to a quote by Lee Jacobs, "SAPS is what FAPA would be if FAPA had the nerve", rather than "middle-aged types trying to act fannish." Actually, and no offense meant to FAPAns, SAPS is about half what FAPA could be in FAPAns averaged the energy and activity of the average SAPSmember. And neither apa is really crowding its potentials, though SAPS gets more per-member participation, as it is.

Yup, Miriam has it right: the New Yorker is America's imitation of Punch (to which Elinor used to subscribe until discouraged by infrequent appearance of large bundles of a weekly zine, which made for difficulty in keeping up), and MAD et al are something else again.

#5 is a good rousing issue-- it roused me, didn't it? [Published every time a Busby awakens?...BEP]

Joe Pylka  
4-22

As for what period of time I'd choose for myself if I had to, I'd have a heck of a time deciding. Perhaps the 1750's et seq, when Linnaeus began publishing his systematics. Or 100 years later, when Darwin was extant. Probably Darwin, since his work was so important to biology, and the atmosphere was such that a scientist could work freely. As to how a 20th Century person would fare back then, it's hard to say. If he knew he was going, he could do a good deal of reading on that era, and get some sort of a feel for it. A scientist would have a hell of a time. There's been a terrific advance in thought since then, and it would be very difficult for him to keep himself restricted to the knowledge of that time. How'd he know that what he's doing is original, and not a copy of somebody else's work that was being done at the same time? Ethically, his conscience would be in a turmoil. Perhaps he couldn't function as a scientist at all.

Or perhaps he would have to function in a totally different field. Then again, this could be difficult because of generalities, etc. ingrained into him in the present which would be unheard of in the past. It could taint his publications and make them slightly unintelligible to the reader of the past. Of course, he might be lionized again when the thing survives to present day, and it is recognized that these generalities were used by him before others had thought of them or their foundations. But in the meantime, he'd have a heck of a time earning a living. He could create a new science and become an expert in it, so that he could create his own niche back there.

Dodd vs. Frankenstein was sort of nil. There were some good parts tho. The bit concerning Bernard Braden was most interesting.

Berry writes serious stuff quite well. Most enjoyable. It went together well. Rich Brown's archetype of poem was most interesting. Reminds me a little of some of Ferlinghetti's work, believe it or not. [Druther not...BEP]



Al Andrews  
4-23

Cover: We have been illy-treated ! You put five of us on the front cover, BUT you have the whole back-cover for a drawing of yourself ! Now, I ask you, is this fair? I thought you said you shaved off the beard. Seriously though, the cover of No. 5. is very good and eye-catching. The logos is good in emphasizing FAN, and I think many readers have wondered what the contributors to the zine look like. And just in case millions of readers write and ask if that fellow in the white coat has a thumb, the answer is Yes, but it is behind the other fingers. I hope you will put some more photos of other contributors on the next cover, and why not one of yourself.

PAGE 1: Horrocks' art is fitting and quite amusing and sort of really sets the atmosphere for a fan-zine. Nicely done and congratulations to Horrocks.

THE RESIDENT DJINN (Editorial) Art by Miss Phillips is clever and talentedly done. The editorial covers a multitude of things and most are of interest. I personally, have never considered an editorial a "work of art" because I don't believe it is intended to serve such a purpose, but is strictly utilitarian as it should be. It isn't a work of fiction designed to entertain, nor is it an article or review which is an analysis of something, but is a space devoted to informing the readers about various features, problems, and events in pubbing the zine. Most editorials have to varying degrees a disjointedness, but I don't consider that as a fault. The editorial in No. 5. served its purpose well. I throw it neither bouquets nor brickbats.

RIVAL UNAWARE by Elinor Poland: I could argue with this piece of poetry on theological grounds, but certainly not on poetical grounds. I too have often wondered if even things of steel might not in some unknowable way have "feelings." The little fantasies our minds often build (probably for their own amusements) are many times fascinating even though we know that they are rather illogical. To me the last lines of verses 1 & 5 seem a bit out-of-meter, and, therefore, somewhat difficult to flow with the rest of the lines, but this is a relatively small infraction. The poem over-all is nicely done and carries an interesting thought. Philip Poland (her husband I suppose) [Nope, 'tis her son...BEP] has illustrated the piece neatly and simply.

THE MAD SCIENTIST'S SONG by Don Franson (with the borrowed form of the illustrious Mr. Gilbert): Verse and Dowling illo both clever.

DARK AS A DUNGEON by Bob Coulson: I broke a code: I read the fanzine reviews. Bob does a very fine job of giving his readers the meat and heart of the zines. His comments are terse, complete and critical without being unfriendly.

The Dowling character is a lovable sort. The Musso illo is excellent; I would like to see him illustrate a good piece of fiction. Adkins can always be spotted at once. Closely professional, but so often a hint of stiffness.

DODD MEETS FRANKENSTEIN by Dodd: The first part about the "mad scientist" is pure tripe, and I think even Dodd would admit it. I've never seen so darn many old, Old, OLD, OLD, O-L-D jokes put into one piece. And the jokes were hard to take even when new and one at a time. Now, Dodd may be a BNF and the most lovable guy in fandom, BUT to accept this for publication is ridiculous. [Sorry, I'm addicted to puns, and I liked the bit, as did other readers. Chacun à son goût, I guess...BEP]

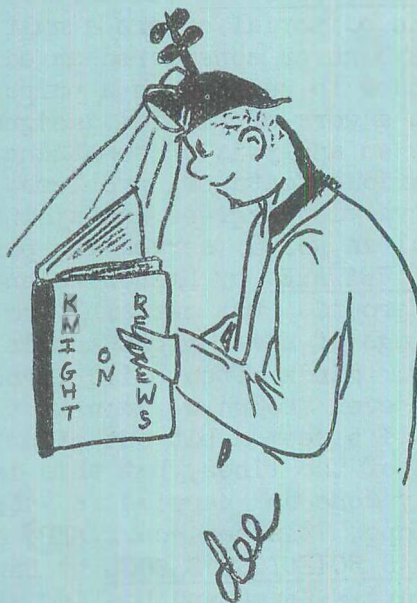
The latter part about the TV show was very interesting and shows that Dodd can be an interesting and entertaining writer when he is trying. The Musso illo is once again very good. Do try him on a full-length story if you can get him. If the dancer by Ginger is really Ginger, I leave for Florida at once. [I've warned Hialeah...BEP]

LIGHTENING CONDUCTOR by John Berry: I enjoyed this one more than the last one. Was really a well-told tale that had an ending that was unexpected. I guess I'm prejudiced in favor of the O. Henry endings. Dee illos the story well. A non-fan "friend" of mine remarked at seeing Dowling's illo on page 24. "I didn't know there were any seven-year-old sf fans." That's all right, Blake, I liked it. So you are not alone. [This is a good place to quote Dowling's comment when I sent him the story and requested an illo for the climax, since it points up the satire on pro-fiction that John was after: "This was one hell of an illo to do. How do you draw a hydrogen-breathing, eight-stumpy-legged reptile-like monster who looks capable of anything other than the simplest life processes?" . . . BEP]

ICHABODINGS: Well, somebody stole the idea from a professional, but if this bit developes into something worthwhile, the steal can be forgiven. Dowling original and good here.

THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH : Ghod, but you're talented. And to think you just picked this out on a borrowed comb & tissue paper ! I'm going to find somebody in the neighborhood to play this on the piano and dig the sound. I may even loan my busted-baritone to the proceeding. Seriously, this is a worthwhile accomplishment.

FROM GREY TOME STONES: This is a good point to comment on something Bill Meyers said in his letter, pubbed in No.5. concerning these book-reviews. Bill is in favor of more opinions and less description of the books. In the case of a novel, I think one must give a short resumé of the events or plot, otherwise the opinions put forth might be meaningless, and sometimes you can show more clearly by following the plot (as in RE-ENTER FU MANCHU) whether or not a book is good, than you can by just making random comments. The real test, of course, is whether your comments hang together or fall apart. In the case of an anthology, you can't rehash the plot of each story, due to limited space, so you must rely on comments for the most part to carry your ideas to the readers. This is the first time I have ever tried book-reviews, and I thank those who have complimented them and will certainly take into consideration the criticisms of those who have commented adversely on the reviews. I have been trying to vary the form of the reviews rather than develop any particular style. Bill is quite right about Damon Knight's style being worthy of study (in fact, I thought Knight's so good that I loaned my copy of his IN SEARCH OF WONDER to Bill a few



months ago). I admire Knight's style, but I don't intend to copy him or anyone else. I've always felt that "copying" is an admission that a person couldn't do the job well enough on his own. But of course, Bill, I will re-read Knight's book as you suggested. Thanks for the comments.

BACK-COVER: You are lovely. Ken Waddell does himself proud; one of the most fearsome bems I've seen in sometime. [You mean the bacover or Waddell? ...BEP]

In general, your zine has reached a high-point and I hope this isn't the omen of decline in the future. Repro is up and on many pages good and dark. Art is good and features are taking on stature. Length is healthy. You have a zine to be proud of, and it can continue on to be one of the leaders in the country.

Len Moffatt  
4-25

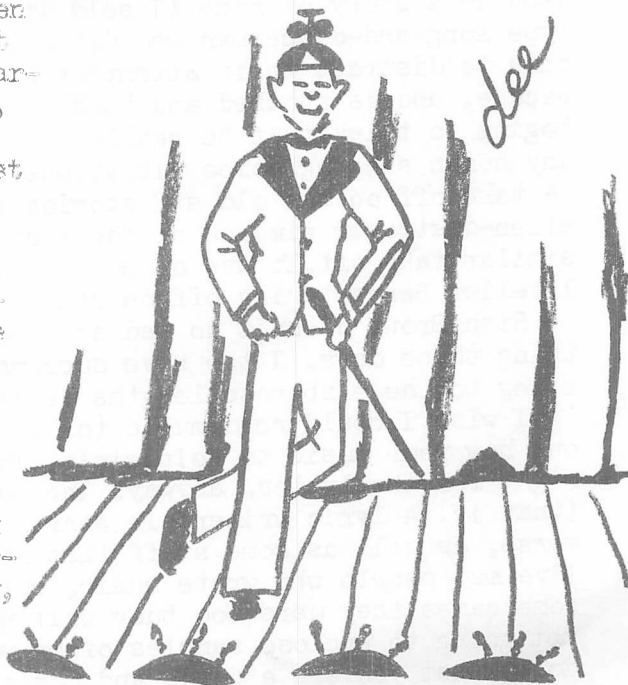
I like "Write, Trade or Contribute" fanzines. They are usually the best kind. I can't trade, as any fan pubbing I do now or in the near future will be limited to one-shots. I could contribute, but I have written several fannish pieces lately (due to the resurgence of fan pubbing in these parts) and at the moment feel all writ out... But I can write ...letters, that is...if you like the friendly, informal type of letters [Yes indeed! ...BEP], so adjust your spectacles (if any) for eye-tracking the typos ahead.

ProFANity (do we call it Prof, for short?) [ProF] No. 5 shows a decided improvement in repro and layout. My copy's copy was a bit light in spots, but still the whole mag was quite readable. Quite.

You really should give that Resident Djinn title to Miss Faine. Our Miss Faine, I might say. I know a good ole G&S fan like you will hate to give it up, but there must be plenty of other G&S quotes you can use as an editorial title. Djinn, by the way, is coming out soon, she says, with a new fanzine. Something to do with martinis, I believe. [I relinquish claim to the title in her favour...BEP]

As Miriam says, the best way to write an editorial is to pick a subject or subjects, make notes, then write about it ot them. The other best way is to write it as you would a letter to a friend. If you have something to say it will get said, and if not--well, hell, it is your fanzine.

The idea of being able to go back and live in another time rings a loud, clarion bell with me. As most of my friends know, I am a frustrated vodvillian. Had I been born a few years sooner, and of course into the right set of circumstances, I might very well have had a career as a song-and-dance man, a clown with pantomime, snappy patter, and shuffle off to buffalo. Next to writing, Show Biz is the kind of biz that beckons most to me. Or I beckon to it and it doesn't beckon back. Or something. Even as you would have felt at home in the era of G&S and Dickens, I would feel at home in the era of vodville. There are other periods of history I would like to visit, of course, but it would be easier for me to adapt to the vodville era than to some of the others.... I just quizzed Anna. She says she enjoys this era, because it is progressive, exciting, threshold of the future we read about in stf, etc. However, after further prodding, she said if she could choose (or had to choose) she would pick the Elizabethian era, as it too was a progressive period in history. The Old was being replaced by the New, exploration of new lands, etc. Other than that, she would prefer to go back to pre-history, Nordic times. But mostly she is happy to have been born into this



day and age. It has its drawbacks—its threats of world destruction, and prejudices, bigotries, stupidities, etc. but there is hope for a better world, and she feels that humanity may make it yet. Good for her, I say. Of course I am inclined to optimism, but do have periods when I wonder moodily if humanity will ever learn to live with itself in peace and understanding. Before I get off on philosophy, let's switch to another subject....

Elinor Poland's poem seemed a bit choppy to me, and of course the idea is hardly original. A nice try, tho, and I believe I have read much better poems by this lady.

Shamblow was somewhat strained or forced. Andrews was trying too hard, I'm afraid. However, (to skip ahead in the ish) his book review was very nicely done. I haven't read the anthology in question so cannot agree or argue with his opinions, but I was impressed with his writing and his approach. Keep him at it.

Don Franson (who looks nothing like I thot he would look if the foto on the cover is accurate, but then people rarely do...) ((but come to think of it, Al Andrews does look like a book reviewer, and Coulson looks as Coulson should—whatever that means)) was mildly amusing with his parody, The Mad Scientists' Song.

For a guy who isn't supposed to like fanzines, Coulson must spend a lot of time reading and writing about them. [As I recall, all Buck said was that he didn't care much for faanzines - as opposed to just fanzines in general...BEP] Does a good job, too, I think, tho I don't agree with Rich Brown (or whoever it was) who said he is the top fanzine reviewer. Coulson does what I would call a workmanlike job of covering the various mags without too much of the "workmanlikeness" showing. I don't agree with all of his opinions, but I think he presents them fairly, which is the important thing.

Somewhere in this letter I should say that the re-authored books bit continues to entertain. Usually bits like ~~this~~ tend to wear thin when continued too long, but this one is holding up well. For the obvious reason that you (and the other contributors) are still able to come up with amusing combinations. If All Quiet on the Western Front is "by the Solacon Committee," then The Road Back should be by Ron Bennett, considering his portion of his travelogue currently appearing in Shaggy No.42.

Dodd meets Frankenstein was faintly amusing, but I found his review of the one-man TV show much more interesting.

Berry's tale, or rather the gimmick in it, reminds me of a similar gimmick I used in a story of mine (I sold it too.) In my story the protagonist was a vodville type song-and-dance man who defeats the nasty aliens by singing at them. He does this to distract their attention so the other members of the Earth spacer crew can escape, and is shocked and bewildered when the aliens drop dead all around him. He begins to think that he really does have a lousy voice—until it is explained that any human singing voice vibrations would have done the trick. This was supposed to be a take off on the old stf stories where the hero comes up with an off-the-cuff alien-destroyer gimmick at the last minute. I suppose John's piece was intended as a similar take-off. It was of course well written and interesting, but I prefer the livelier Berry taking off on real life fandom, Goon detecting and the like.

Rich Brown doesn't do bad as a poor fan's Marquis. Doing parodies seems to be the thing these days. I too have succumbed to the practice, tho I have no intention of going to the elaborate lengths of Rich, Terry, yourself, and others.

I wish I could read music (or better still, own and play a piano) so I could find out how your music to Heinlein's immortal words sounds. It LOOKS like it might be right for the lyrics, anyway. Incidentally, for many years I have been a song writer (that is, a lyric writer) in search of a composer. I've written a lot of trivia verse, as well as some stuff that might go well if it had the proper music for it. I've met people who wrote music, but never was able to get together with them, or in some cases they were too busy writing their own words for their own music. No, I am not going to enclose samples of my work. Knowing your ability with verse, I have no doubt that you are a words and music man yourself. But someday I would like to find

some congenial (and talented) [Well, that lets me out, right there...BEP] composer who would be willing to collaborate with wordy me.

I LIKE your Shakespeare deals, as Buzz calls them, too, and was disappointed to find none in No. 5. Sure, it's been done before, but so what? Guess I missed the one you did on the Solacon; at least I don't remember seeing that issue. [It was in CRY for February of this year...BEP] If you have any spares.... And I hope this letter (and the ones to come) will keep me on your mailing list, so I'll continue to stay in Group Two, at least. (Incidentally, I like your rating set-up for your mailing list. Similar in some ways to the one I used for SF PARADE.)

Bacover illo was nice and greenish and 'orrible, but I found the interior illos (and the foto cover, which I hope is going to be a regular thing) more to my tastes.

Overall effect of the ish: Very Good Indeed (which is almost Excellent--don't weep--very few fanzines can be Excellent--and ProFANity shows every sign of getting better and better.)

Many thanx for remembering me...best wishes ..and...keep smiling !

SOUTH GATE AGAIN IN 2010 !

Bob Lichtman  
4-25

Your editorial is fairly interesting stuff; I like the way you ramble from subject to subject, only you should expand your space more and stay on each subject longer, like.

All these fanzines you want; all I've got of them is TWIG 12. I let you have it for three issues of GRUE prior to #29, okay? Or even a copy of HARP STATESIDE. My TWIG is in excellent condition, hoping you are the same. #What else do you want? Perhaps RET #1? You can't have that, Bruce; it's one of my prized fmz; Berry sent it to me when I became his LA area agent. #Do you have RET 6, tho'? I might trade my TWIG for that, perhaps. It's the only RET I don't have. [I have it, but it's one of my prized fmz; Berry sent it to me when I threatened to become his Florida area agent...BEP]

Elinor Poland's poem I cared for not at all; too much like this Dottie Hansen stuff in RET, VERITAS, and POT POURRI, for my tastes. [But DH writes in free verse, which "Rival Unaware" certainly was not. I can't see the comparison...BEP] I detest most stfnal poetry. Al Andrews' (al andrews') parody (pastiche? burlesque? lampoon?) [Probably burlesque. It was too general for parody, and wasn't a style pastiche. And I still dunno what should be labeled 'lampoon' except the old MAD and PANIC comics. What say you, Bob Leman? ...BEP] of CL Moore pretty fair; would have meant more to me had I ever gotten around to reading more of her work. I find her a boring writer, mostly. Mad Scientists' Song superb (brilliant? magnificent? excellent?); Franson is becoming prolific, as you may have noticed.

Coulson: Your reviews would be more interesting if you were a little more partial to fannish stuff, but that's a matter of your own taste and my talking about it won't change anything.

Dodd is pretty good here; nice to know that he can do something else good besides film reviews. I didn't care too much for Berry's story; can't figure out why, either, it's not too bad.

These two pieces by Rich Brown are about my favorite things this issue contains. I can't say anything except these are one of the best ideas Brown's ever had. More of the series, if possible.

Music to GREEN HILLS OF EARTH escapes me [You mean you didn't catch it...BEP]; the book reviews wer fair. And now we come to the letters.

Rich Brown: I think you're just a little over-excited. Just because a few neofen think they're Fabulous Characters who pub #1 Fanzines is no reason for you to go off your stack like this.

14 letters all you get this time? That's all I counted, anyway. I suppose you don't print all your letters (tho' I'll bet you do print most of them), but that's not too good a return for a fanzine of which you must have sent out at least 75 copies. Heck, I sent out 85 copies of my second issue, and already I've gotten back

over 20 letters, not counting trade issues of a considerable number of fanzines, etc. And this is your fifth ish, and that only my second. Something's wrong, bhoys. [I agree with you; hence the nasty check-mark system instituted last time and being continued for a while. Actually, I sent out only 70 copies of ProF 4. It netted 21 letters, 15 trades, 5 misc responses (contributions, subs), leaving 29 with no response. That could be worse, methinks, but it could be a lot better. Results on #5 aren't all in yet, but I think the percentage will be a lot higher...BEP]

Dan Adkins

4-26

In short, the editorial lacks personality, the kind that projects, and it would appear you just talk in what seems to be 'have to do this.' It isn't really too forced though. You just didn't talk long enough about one thing or pick out something that interested me greatly.

Al Andrews' tale was good, a might over done, but the punch lines got a number of laughs out of me. Coulson is a well enough reviewer. One of the better now a days. Dodd is dull. Berry is confusing. What was it all about anyway? Andrews again is pretty solid, and I like his cutting stories up. Letter section is interesting, and nice pick of letters. 'Bout the best thing in the ish. [This paragraph sic...BEP]

Poems were enjoyable. Most of the art is terrible. Covers of this sort are always welcomed to see what the fans look like.

In short, that's my opinions. [And they are welcomed...BEP]

Robert Heinlein

4-26 (pc)

Thanks for the copy of proFANity containing words and music for GREEN HILLS. I enjoyed the magazine; some of the satire was very good indeed--and we especially enjoyed the pic of the Assistant Editor, F. E. Katte, to whom we send humble respects.

Donald Franson

4-26

The multilith pages are not as clear as SPHERE's, but they are on both sides of the paper, so perhaps that is a good exchange for the lightness.

Your fanzine and Jim Moran's are practically devoid of spelling errors, but believe "sorceror" is spelled "sorcerer." [Umm, yes. But should one mistake make us de VOID of spelling errors? ...BEP]

I'd prefer the future to the past as a place of exile; I'd like the interplanetary age after the solar system had been explored. Touring around the planets would be fun. Too much drudgery in the past for a white-collar worker. Could always get a job as a scribe, though. 1870's? No, if I couldn't go to the 1920's (an era of more freedom than now in the U.S.), I'd try the last half of the eighteenth century. An age of ideas, revolutionary events, and culture. Of literary giants like Samuel Johnson, Voltaire, Ben Franklin. But Sam'l couldn't get a pension to go to Italy for his health in his last days; Voltaire was in exile; only Franklin was honored as he deserved. He is my ideal as the non-specialist supreme, jack-of-all-trades, master of all.

I'm here to advise you that I've decided to stop using the word "sercon". Regardless of what it may really mean, it seems to have three different usages: pertaining to SF; serious; and "organizational-type-fan projects (the original Tucker meaning.) SF material can be humourous; serious stuff can be non-sf; constructive suggestions to improve fandom are not necessarily science-fictional. Willis uses "sfal," which seems better than "stfnal" as Ted White suggests, since "stf" stands for "scientifiction," an obsolete term. [But "stfnal" can be pronounced as "stefnal"; what about "sfal"? And "stf" isn't entirely obsolete yet, though the word it stands for may be...BEP]

Advice to Al Andrews-- people who write fan-fiction should not mention stone-throwing so prominently.

Coulson's review of GALAC-TICS: But "Misty Mener" is no gag, it's a crime.

Good Dodd!

Two serious SF stories thish? What will Meyers say? Andrews review of Star pocket books makes them seem worth getting. "Green Hills" no doubt good, but I can't read music (nor articles about it.)

Alan Dodd no longer

Alan Dodd no longer to review movies? We'll have to go to them ourselves? Horrors.

Hate to agree with Ted White, but Coulson really should cut out reviews of apazines, even if they are sent to him out of friendship, no one else is likely to be able to get them, assuming they're interested.

Titles -- not only of fanzines -- are not protected, except against unfair competition. (Assuming the honor system in fandom, since there is no legal protection anyway.) Titles are akin to ideas, and exclusive use would be contrary to freedom of thought. However, if a title is taken knowingly, it is unethical. But it's obvious the Clacton boys did not get the title PERIHELION from looking at SAPS mailings. They must have quite a stake in the title, and it would be a shame to take it away from them. There is no unfair competition, is there -- Parker's zine is defunct, isn't it? Why not forget it?

I got to hand it to G.M.Carr (Quick, take it before it explodes.) She doesn't get sore at a harmless joke. I wish all fans were like that; fanzines would be more fun to read.

Kindly explain to your literal-minded readers who took the "PUNCH is the British MAD" remark seriously, that I haven't got my subtlty machine working properly. I'll have to adjust it way down for this audience, like using parenthesis (joke) or (ha, ha) after everything. "Fabulous" Es Adams, bah.

Don Durward  
4-27

A letter of review is in the making to remove me from the dreadful group in "Questionable status" in receiving Pro FAN ity.

The bit by Elinor Poland is good, and all very true, I guess. Ah, a real live space opera by Al Andrews, I always enjoy such drama (?). This with its footnotes and all ranked very highly with the other space type opera stories that I have laid mine eyes upon. [Is this a compliment? ...BEP]

Along with the ichbodings, John Berry hit the high in this issue. Berry's Skeetbiks bear a striking resemblance to Andrews' domerboddle, give or take a couple of legs. This is a new side of Berry to me, and I like it.

Brown is very good in these; in fact, he had me convinced: I've left a blank sheet of paper in my typer for the last two nights. Every morning I would peek at it, and tho no script did I find, I did find a beetle type character that had apparently strangled itself between the H and G keys. My confidence isn't destroyed, however, for I know that ichabod is a cockroach. If you are listening, Rich, next time you feel like a cockroach, the page's right here. [ichabod prefers to type on multilith masters, with a portable typer...BEP]

Guy Terwilleger  
4-27

proFANity #5 arrived today and has been read from cover to cover. Your editorials read like mine--the aura of not being sure just what to write pervades their tone. Of course, you

did admit this same thing, so I'm not out of line in mentioning it.

Muchly enjoyed SHAMBLOW, especially the footnotes.

I always like Franson. More so in prose than in poetry, but I liked his offerings anyway.

Coulson did a good job on his reviews, as usual. I'd like to see Buck to a long detailed analysis of some zine some time and get in a little of his actual reviewing. At present he tends to give more of a summary of what is in the zine rather than a commentary on what is in it. His review of TWIG should bug White again. Not only did he not lower his rating, he upped it one point.

I like this new faze of Berry writing. John is reaching out into other domains of prose and doing a nice job of it. Like a lot of others, though, I still wonder where he gets all of the ideas for what he writes. Perhaps if he, himself, stopped to wonder where all the fodder came from he would find himself without a single idea. Let's hope he never asks himself that question. [I'll drink to THAT !...BEP]

Agree with most of the fen in the letter col that you are making great strides forward in your zine. Each issue that I have seen has been an improvement over the previous ones. One thing lacking in the letter col is argument, or controversy.

White proves himself a rather opinionated individual, or fugghead if you prefer, again. He has stated that he hasn't seen but two issues of TWIG, yet he has the knowledge of everything that has been printed in it. Let's see, that Pearson nude he refers to was printed in issue #6---we now stand at issue #14. I'd like to ask Ted a question, also, on just what is wrong with a Pearson nude? They certainly have more grace than half of the nudes that appear in zines. They are head and shoulders above any Rotsler nude that I have seen, and show a hell of a lot more effort in the production of them. Let's call Ted's opinion on the subject petty discontent, rather than a logical evaluation of the objects at hand.

For the most part I wasn't too happy with your art this time. Too much of it was poorly executed in the original to come out so well when run off. With a multilith type of repro, Bruce, you should have some real good stuff to run in your pages. Did like the picture cover, though. Little by little, I'm getting to see most of the fen I write to. Only two on your cover, but two is better than none.

Mike Deckinger  
4-27

I'm afraid I can't understand at all your views on proF. It seems to me that you'd rather trade or receive letters of comment than have others pay for it. I can't see much logic

in this. [Oh, well, logic is highly over-rated - ain't it, G.M.? ...BEP]

SHAMBLOW was one of the two best things in the issue. I must have chuckled through nearly the whole thing. How did you ever make Andrews look so young on the cover? [He had some of Fu Manchu's elixir left over from issue #4...BEP]

The best thing was of course that masterpiece by Dodd. Now this deserved [sic] reprinting sometime in the future.[Fanthologists of 1990, please note...BEP] I've always wanted to see someone take a crack at these films. I'm quite an avid film goer, and have been subjected to many of these horrors.

Redd Boggs  
4-28

Oh, all right. If you insist on "comment," I'll oblige; but I warn you that I have little to say about ProFANity #5.

The appearance and reproduction of the fanzine struck me as somewhat below average, despite some random pages that looked almost as good as mimeography.[Fansman Bloggs rides again...BEEP] I still haven't seen a magazine done by multilith that impressed me much. I can't believe that it's always the multilith operator's fault, so it must be that the machine is somewhat unreliable. Of course, the artwork looks good --- when it's good to begin with, as most of your fanzine's artwork wasn't, unfortunately. The photos on the cover weren't too bad, and the repro was okay, but the layout was poor, and the crude lettering under each pic irked me so much that I'm in a poor mood to read what's under the cover.

You seem more hipped on Gilbert and Sullivan than any fan since Bob Silverberg and, before him, Trudy and Louis Kuslan. Silverberg once devoted an entire issue of his fapazine to a parody of G&S; and the Kuslans published an issue-full of fanish parodies of G&S songs like Franson's "Mad Scientists' Song." The Kuslans are also rumored to have roped fan visitors to their chairs and forced them to listen to complete performances of "The Mikado," "Trial by Jury," etc.

Speaking of parodies, Al Andrews' "Shamblow" doesn't seem to have much merit as a takeoff on the Northwest Smith yarns, but there were some nice lines, such as footnote "i." ... Coulson does a workmanlike job on the fanzines, but leaves me with nothing to say. ... I couldn't force myself to read either "Dodd Meets Frankenstein" or John Berry's "Lightening Conductor". This was predicatble in the case of Dodd, but I usually enjoy Berry. ... Al Andrews' book reviews (and Gilbert & Sullivan or not,

that's a lousy title for the reviews, even with the weak little pun) were quite good. While he didn't say anything too penetrating and illuminating, at least he seems to know a good story when he sees it. Why not give him room enough to review a couple books next issue? ... "Ichabodings", numbers one and two, were amusing. Rich Brown did them (with an assist from Don Marquis)? [Yes.] Quite often he shows more than average talent, and reminds me at times of Terry Carr circa 1953. ... The letter department, too, was enjoyable. I wonder if GM Carr is serious when she says she thought Fletcher Pratt was a Kuttner ~~Ben~~name? I doubt it. [Wot? GMC not serious about something she says? Horrors!...BEP] ... I forgot the editorial: Victorian England might be pleasant to live in, if (a) you had plenty of money and didn't have to work in a sweatshop for 12 hours a day; and (b) you didn't fall ill and need a medicine or operation that hadn't been discovered yet.

GEORGE METZGER

4-28

Somehow, looking at the cover I seem to see what may have been an attempt at a face...the eyes, nose, the grin...

Was it an attempt at a face? Otherwise, the pictures could have been larger.. [No face intended - just had to leave plenty of room between pictures since the captions were put on by a second master...BEP]

Bob Leman

4-30

Imagine my chagrin when I found myself rated a second-class citizen in your ingenious tick-table on page two of proFANity

#5. And I'm of "Questionable status" in the bargain. This is an intolerable situation, and I propose to apply herein-with a trowel-thick, buttery lashings of egoboo, which will so ingratiate me that you will put me in class one. [Mission accomplished...BEP] And, in addition to my selfish motives, you deserve the egoboo.

I regret your explaining the source of "The Resident Djinn." It gives one such a nice cozy superior feeling to recognize such an allusion; now you've gone and spoiled it all. [Have a try at the new ones...BEP]

You're right, Victorian London would be an ideal time and place to be marooned--if you had a sufficient number of gns. I'd hate to have been poor there, though. Still, that would be a satisfactory milieu for making money--great fortunes were being made with new inventions, and even someone without technical knowledge could probably acquire a nice bundle of £sd by inventing the safety pin, say. And to make some money--or at least to make a living--would of course have to be the time-traveller's first project. Possibly his last, too. Even if he had ~~an urge~~ to change history, the odds are greatly against his having an opportunity to do so.

I hope you'll discipline yourself into writing a bit more editorial matter; my chief complaint about proFANity is that there's not enough Pelz. Might I suggest that you, as a dedicated Savoyard and a rhymster of note, would be the ideal scrivener to do a Brandon job on "Patience" or "Yeomen of the Guard"? Think what you could do with the scene where Bunthorne, after making sure that he is alone and unobserved, confesses that he is a fake-fan, that his fannish ways are

"affectation

Born of a morbid love of admiration."

D. Franson Verse looks like a dedicated man in his cover picture, and his poem marks him as a possible collaborator for you. By the way, the snap of Dee Multilitography has her almost entirely obscured by some sort of machine. You should compose your shots better.

"Shamblow" is fine--a bit overdone, but (and I speak as one who frequently occupies the same pitfall) fine.

[I dig your labelling your letter 'Germelshausen' - sad but true...BEP]

Rich Brown seems to have a good thing going here; presumably the next installment will introduce his fannish Mehitabel. Toujours fanac is her motto kid.

Berry's not up to par in this offering--- but with the amount of stuff he's publishing he's bound to come up with a clinker occasionally. And even poor Berry is better than 90% of other folks' stuff. Coulson's reviews (if I may take issue with Ted White) are the best in the business, although it is true that he occasionally errs on the side of kindness.

For my money, the only really bad thing in the issue is the verse by Elinor Poland. Other than that you've got a zine of the front rank.



Nick Falasca  
Rcd. 4-30

Cover was interesting. I wonder where I got the idea that Donald Franson was eighteen. [You been reading his CRYletters, maybe...BEP] I think...I'm not sure... that Elinor Busby said something like that at the Solacon. Liked Profanity reasonably well. But like all zines, the most interesting part is where the editor speaks. Also most important. No sense in putting anything out unless you feel like saying something. Even whop-de-do is better than mumbling in one's beard or apologising for being late, etc,etc.

In footnote "h" of Shamblow, reference is made to several authors and books they might have written, had they been their antithesis. All very consistant except for I Hate Science, by John W. Campbell, Jr. I'm sure that if you had heard John speak at the Solacon you'd realize that he DOES hate science. Made a fool of himself.

Best thing about Buck Coulson's fanzine reviews are his titles. They must be real folk-song buffs. I have only a passing interest in the folk-field but his titles certainly are apt. I can recall the chorus of the title of the column

.....dark as a dungeon  
damp as the dew  
dangers are double

and pleasures are few.... About a year ago Cleveland ~~went~~ through one of its semi-annual cultural renaissances and imported Pete Seeger to perform for the Jewish School Relief, or something like that. He did this particular tune, among others, and for some reason it has remained in my mind. You ought to have Buck print the words, as long as he uses it as a title. Can't do no harm. Besides you are already printing a lot of verse. This shouldn't upset the fanzine purists that rankle at folk-lore, sports cars and other erotica. [Anybody else want to see the rest of the words? ...BEP]

Vic Ryan  
Rcd. 5-1

I usually don't care too much for fan poetry, but the poem "Rival Unaware" was very, very good....for fannish poetry, that is. Some parts are a bit compromising [?], but the total effect is good. Franson's verse is almost as good....

Coulson does good reviews, but why not have him explain his damnable rating method. [But he's done it so many times in YANDRO: l-echhh, 5&6-average, 10-gosh-wow-boy-o-boy...BEP] And what does he have against SPECTRE... a ghoud mag? [All I read in the review was that SPECK 4 wasn't quite up to #3...BEP]

What the hell with this ichabod? [No, it's "wotthehell"...BEP] Jest filler? Or are you trying to tell us something, you neurotic kid, you.....

Al Andrews is good, mainly because he agrees with me. When beginning the book, STAR SF [#4], I was filled with neofannish enthusiasm, as the Kuttner and

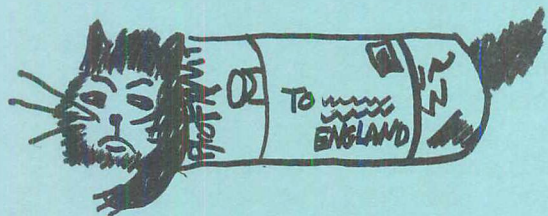
Kornbluth stories were both excellent. From there, the quality decreased.

Quote: "I didn't plant that way." Corn, pure corn, Bruce. It's fantastic the amount of corn you find these days. Doesn't it ever make you wonder? [Have sense of corn; will wonder...BEP]



George Locke  
5-3

Cover okay. Myself, I like to know what these USA fen look like. All else I have to go on is their names, some of which conjure up the weirdest monstrosities in my mind, and their writing, which doesn't always reduce the impression first obtained. Especially Effie Katte. [That's Fluff E. Katte...BEP] Warm, soft, cuddlesome - send her over with Number 6. [Sorry, she won't even ride in a car without getting a case of claustrophobia...BEP]



The layout's okeydoke, too, especially as you haven't crammed everything into a small space. Wish I could say the same about the reproduction. While

it's excellent in parts, I don't like it when the letters appear as a double frame around a white area. [You think maybe I like it? So I should throw out a quarter of a ream of paper when the damn backside won't print right? While I'm learning about this blasted multilith, readers are gonna have to suffer along...BEP]

RIVAL UNAWARE I definitely liked, but then, I'm a heretic who prefers his poetry to rhyme and follow classical lines. The last line I thought summed the theme up perfectly.

But SHAMBLOW. No. It had its moments, yes, but the whole thing was miles too long, and he didn't stick to the take-off of Shambleau inferred by the title. That, to my poor mind, is an inexcusable fault, made worse by the footnotes. If you're going to take the mick out of the old footnotes style story in old s-f, then devote the piece to that. And so on through the other ingredients.

The fmz reviews were okay, too. One thing I always read. The Duddysey I liked, up to a point, but I got cheesed off with the liver pun, [How does liver and cheese compare with liver and bacon? ...BEP] The rest of his column was fine, though, along with the Berryarn. This latter I thoroughly enjoyed, but then, JB has the habit of making people enjoy his stuff. Since there's a bit of controversy about the last piece, Hauty-Culture being sercon or fannish [He means stinal, Boyd...BEP], I think the present piece will heighten it. It was amusing, gay, but on the other hand, it was a genuine s-f story, not a fannish piece, with a definite problem, and reasonable solution, etc. Personally, I think such a piece would be better suited to a prozine, but all the same, it's nice to have it here.

ICHABODINGS I hope turn up again and again and again.

Harry Warner, Jr.  
5-4

The inclusion of the setting of Heinlein's poem pleased me no end. This is the first complete musical composition I've seen in a generally distributed fanzine for more than a decade. The only other one that sticks in my memory was something Ackerman published that contained some kind of song to the devil by Tigrina, a local fan in the Los Angeles area who impressed some people quite bit for a few months. Jim Blish later distributed one of his songs but that was via one of the ayjay groups, not in a generally available publication. I like the melody you gave the poem very much: it has both the unity provided by the use of certain typical turns of tune throughout, and the variety that is missing from so many hymn-like tunes that simply repeat unchanged three or four phrases. However, the harmonization could be touched up a little with profit. If the bass-clef harmonies moved in the opposite direction from the melody more frequently, it would eliminate the tendency to an organum effect,

and it would also get rid of the parallel octaves and concealed parallel fifths. I'd also suggest a bar of introduction so that the listener will know that the song starts in the subdominant; there's no real sense of tonic until you're half-way through the song, the first time you hear it.

You might inspire me to dig out Don Marquis from the local library, if there's anything on those shelves that can be resurrected; he's one of those writers whom I keep planning to read and never get around to. However, there's no real comparison between today's beat generation and the bohemian impulses that keep bobbing up in literature. The bohemians have a good time, they generally assume that the staid people are having a good time in their own stupid way, and nobody threatens to start a revolution if the insurance companies raise their rates for auto liability protection. The beat generation devotees seem determined to be as miserable as possible and to prove to themselves that nobody else can possibly be happy, either.

I could hardly bombard Russell Brown for naming his fanzine HORIZON, since both of us were beaten to the word many years ago by a very fine British literary magazine which suspended publication during or just after World War Two. That one was called Horizon. To complete the confusion, I understand that one of the book clubs entitles its monthly bulletin Horizons. [And American Heritage has a new bi-monthly companion volume called Horizon ...BEP]

The most remarkable thing about your letter column is Mrs. Carr's apparent seriousness when she says she thought Pratt was Kuttner. I've heard of people who were deaf to literary styles before, but never believed that they really existed.

Let's see, there should be some things said about the lengthier material in this issue. I think I liked Dodd the best, and this is strange because he's working in a form that normally aggravates me to extremely salty tears, a narrative that exists only as a framework for a string of otherwise unrelated puns and jokes. Most of the bright remarks are so funny in this one that I can laugh through my tears.

John Berry was just a trifle disappointing, probably because I kept expecting down to the very last line some sort of sensational denouement with a fannish twist, refusing to believe that it was straight although quite amusing science fiction.

And the fanzine review column overwhelms me by the evidence it offers of the existence of fandoms within fandoms, with comparatively little contact among them. Some of these publications, I've never heard of, and most of the names mentioned in connection with them are completely unfamiliar to me, and I have no doubt that these unfamiliar persons would have my own bewilderment if they suddenly exchanged bodies with a FAPA member. I only hope that the splits don't become so serious that two or three fandoms develop, neither of which has ever heard of the others and doesn't know that other fandoms exist. [I hear that MZB wrote to one of the sponsors of the Berry fund wanting to know who Berry was. And I presume, in order to help keep the fandoms together, you will be at the DETENTION? Hmm? ...BEP]

Oh, well, I had assumed all along that you were a pseudonym of Sylvia Dees White and that occasional references to and remarks by you in fanzines in recent months had been leftovers from her Florida days. For Ted's sake, I hope that the reverse doesn't turn out to have been true. Thanks again. [For my own sake, I agree with you. Pseudonyms, aargh ! ...BEP]

Buck Coulson  
5-4

I recognized "The Resident Djinn" and "Blessings and Curses" immediately, but failed on "Grey Tome Stones".....just off-hand, I don't ever remember hearing "Ruddigore," now that I stop to think about it. Except maybe for a patter song, and not too often then.

Yes, I think the average 20th Century man would be helpless in any other century -- and pretty uncomfortable in parts of his own. (Take a man from the present back to 1903, for example, and he'd be lost.) And some above-average men would be sorely disappointed -- and in this case, by "above-average" I mean men who actually know something about the time they go to, which the average man wouldn't.

Victorian England? Gilbert & Sullivan were satirizing events in their own time, you realize.....frankly, I wouldn't go there if you gave me the place. It sounds thoroughly unpleasant.

Of course, there are actually two choices. To go back to an era, as an adult, fully remembering the future, or to be born in that era. The second choice, which would be preferred in most cases, is strictly out for me....if I'd been born 30 or 40 years earlier I'd never have lived beyond 6 months or so. Probably not that long. But as for going back --- no, thanks. I enjoy my comforts too much. The trouble with time travel stories (except the Pete Manx series) is that the hero always lands somewhere where he can be one of the upper classes. But 90% of the people were in the lower classes, and that is right where your time traveller would probably land, because his knowledge of future ways would do him little good and no matter how thorough his studies, he couldn't know the era as well as the people who were born in it.

The same difficulties apply to going forward, only more so.

Offhand, I'd say that "Ichabodings" is a good idea and an excellent parody. This despite the facts that (a) I never liked "archie and mehitabel" and (b) that #2 seemed a pretty stale defense of old-time fans. So gafia happens to everybody... so? Is that a reason for not speaking of ex-fans ~~in the past tense~~ after they have gafiated? Sure, the ex-fan may still be a wonderful personality; there are lots of wonderful personalities who aren't fans. Your old-time ~~ex-fan~~ may be a great has-been, but he's still out of the running now.

This is a cold-blooded way of looking at things, of course, but then I am cold, serpentine, and unethical by nature, as a great many fans will testify.

Letter column: Bisenieks is an old fan, and tired.

White really does deserve an explanation on why INNUENDO and TWIG both got a 7 rating. TWIG got it because I liked the mag, particularly the artwork. INNUENDO got a 7 because, since other fans seem to like it, I added a couple of points. It's not only bigger than TWIG, it's duller. As for apazines, when I get one from an organization to which I don't belong, I assume that it's generally available. It would be nice to think that I'm getting them because of my sterling personality, but I'm not that egotistical. (I know that Ted will find this hard to understand, but maybe if he tries real hard.....) [From a later letter:] I think that I'll put a notice in a YANDRO ~~so~~ sometime that editors who send me apazines please let me know why I'm getting them. Mez Bradley once queried rather plaintively why I wasn't reviewing the copies of DAY\*STAR she was sending -- I hadn't been reviewing them because I didn't know they were available to outsiders. (We would of course get them because Juanita was contributing artwork.) So, some editors want them reviewed, some don't want them reviewed, and some just don't give a damn.

Sorry that Meyers thinks that I suffer from a lack of opinion in my reviews. Actually, I'm trying not to inject opinions any more than necessary; if a reader likes the material described, he can get a copy and form his own opinions. Like, these reviews are publicity, man!

To Birchby: ~~is it~~ possible to be too hard on Sanderson? Oh well, Sandy and I are really good friends -- we may not be able to stand each other, but monthly publishers have to stick together.



Archie Mercer  
5-12

And yet another unrequited - that is, till it arrove, like - transatlantic fanzine thuds through my window onto the spare bed. To wit, proFANity 5. I've done nothing to deserve it, I look like doing exactly the same in the foreseeable future, but tower anyway. Some day I'll have to wish for an Inexhaustible Dollar to sub to all these things properly, unless they beat me to it and fix a proper sterling sub rate (which procedure I heartily recommend.) [Letters still preferred to either dollars or £sd..BEP]

I tend to like the cover - though Franson's stare sends me up the wall. Luckily, living in a caravan as I do, it isn't a very high wall, because it happens every time.

I'd already gathered you were a Gilbert-fancier. I agree the man was pretty clever with his words - better than Sullivan was with the music, in fact - but I've never exactly made a study of the things. Alan Dodd'll no doubt have told you all about this bill that some cranks are trying to put through parliament perpetuating Gilbert's copyrights in some public body on the grounds that they're "part of Britain's cultural heritage" or like that. So, it occurs to me, is Shakespeare - and if the First Folio had been perpetually-copyrighted in the same manner he'd probably now be considerably less so. Never mind - perhaps that wouldn't be such a bad idea, anyway, I'm not at all keen on him (Shakespeare). [I like the cartoon in PUNCH showing a worker collecting signatures on a petition to perpetuate the copyrights, in front of a theatre performing THE HOT MIKADO (Sabrina as Yum-Yum, etc.) There actually was a HOT MIKADO, and a SWING MIKADO, too, according to one Savoyard historian, back around the 1920's in this country...BEP]

How, may I ask, do you pronounce your surname - Pells, Pelce, or Pelts? ['Pellz,' and sound the 'z'...BEP] And how come the elephant - does Bennett know about this? [Well, I sent him a copy, and heard nothing about it from either him or Cecil...BEP]

In "Shamblow" I dug the footnotes more than the story - but then I've never read the original. "Dodd Meets Frankenstein" was surprisingly humorously written, for Dodd, and anyway I liked it. "Lightning Conductor" - I don't like serious short stories, even good ones like this. I often wish I could read music. Reviews and things approved. I can't say I care for the bacover. [Have you tried saying it?..BEP]

Es Adams  
5-12

Thanks for the fotocover. Any more of these planned in the future? Don't see any mention of the cover inside. [As long as I can get hold of the multilith, I'll try to afford the photocovers - which cost about \$2 - \$2.50 more than a regular page...BEP]

Elinor's poem was enjoyed. Is she one of your old cronies from college days? [Nope...BEP]

I think I liked SHAMBLOW. It was too wild, of cuss, but the sort of thing that gives me my kicks every now and then. And it's what Andrews does best.

The heading for the Dodd column was a thing of rare beauty. It deserved the use of lettering guide on Dodd's name, too, instead of typer. This by-line typing ranks along with writing out "page" along with the number on each page as two of the things that convey to me the special ProF look that wears on my nerves as I thumb through. Dunno why, but they do.

Dodd's column was worthy of the heading, too. It's one of his rare above-the-hack columns that are certainly worth waiting for once they arrive.

I thought more of Berry's sf epic this time than last, but it still seems sad that he didn't take the time to write "All the Way" type very very vbery faanish stuff. These rank along there with his factual articles as good fanzine stuff, but not particularly good Berry.

I'm not enough of a critic myself to rate Andrews' worth criticizing, but he's a heck of a lot of fun to read. Explain to him that none of us poor illiterates could figure out his rhyme in number four and not to be angry and to print the answer and explanation before I shoot myself.

Artwork: Mosso I like very much. Where'd you find him/her/it? [I didn't. Bill

Meyers sent me the Mosso illos, including Mosso's address in Boyleston, Mass. But the copy I sent there came back marked 'Moved, left no address.' Does anyone know the present whereabouts of one R.H. Mosso? Not only do I want to send him ProF 5, I'd like some more illos...BEP] Dee also had a couple of kinda pointless pictures in that added to the appearance rather than detracting from it. Adkins and Horrocks were all right, too; the rest I would have just as soon not seen. (I mean, like aside from having my own stuff all over my zine, I'm not too bad at picking the stuff — don't hold my ego against my taste.)

And exit the Es.

Art Hayes

5-14

Resident Djinn. It seems to me that no matter how much we may study a particular era of history, we only get a partial view of the classes of that period. You claim English Victorian Era as your favourite. If you were able to choose, not only the Era, but the strata in that Era you wanted, then.. it might be acceptable. I'm sure that the 20th century man would have trouble, regardless of how high a strata he found himself in, of getting along with the conditions prevalent in the lower levels of that civilization. [Huh?] I do not think a 20th century man would be completely helpless in a past era, but I doubt if he would enjoy it.

And... I've heard some comment that if Berry is willing to come here, he should do it by the TAFF route... that there shouldn't be competing funds going on. Sure, I know TAFF isn't voting for a candidate this year, but still, money sent to the Berry fund makes the TAFF fund harder to garner. I am against the Berry Fund, just as I was against the Willis Fund. That does not mean I am against either Berry or Willis, but prefer having one method used... we have TAFF... use it. [I wish to make it quite clear that I speak for one opinionated Floridian, and not for the Berry Fund itself, but as far as I'm concerned, I would contribute no more to TAFF than I am doing at present if there were no Berry Fund. Nor will I contribute less since there is such a fund. With TAFF, it's a question of a 1-in-3 chance of meeting the candidate of your choice if you get to the convention. This happened last year with TAFF and the fans that wanted frantically to meet John Berry. John lost by 27 votes (240 to Ron Bennett's 287) and a lot of the fans who contributed those 240 points decided to try a surer way of getting John over here than waiting until 1961 or so and take a chance again even if John were to run a second time (something no one has done yet) for TAFF. And did you vote for TAFF last year? If you don't particularly care to meet a Fundfan at a con, that's your business, but to object to the Fund per se on the grounds another may suffer is unfair, it seems to me...BEP]

The fiction in ProF 5 was a little too corny for me to comment on individually.

Glad to see some music applied to GREEN HILLS OF EARTH. Will have to get it played to see if I like it, can't read music.

The letter column is still drab. Most of the comments are on the previous issue. That's o.k. but there should be some introduction of material in those letters. They shouldn't be straight review. The only letter that irked me a little was in the sanctimonious attitude of Rich Brown. I'm neither for or against Roach-zines, but it seems to me that here we have one kid calling another a kid. The pot calling the kettle black, etc. I like to connect two sayings of Rich: "Well, I'm going to the APA's; — Bah neos. I mean like Roach; the type who think they're the Big Wheels. Ho" Careful, Rich, your wheels are a little square. [I can't agree with your equating 'kid' with 'neo'; they aren't the same — a neo isn't an age, it's a state of mind. And offhand, since it appears that Roach has gaffiated, I guess Rich has been more-or-less vindicated...BEP]

Jim Moran

5-28

So Incunebulous Publications has successfully weathered a mutation, eh? The multilith repro was certainly a nice surprise, and I trust that you'll be able to hang onto this method in future numbers. The photocover set-up was a trifle shoddy, but the pics

themselves were enlightening, especially that of Don Franson whose noble visage is remarkably Hitchcockian.

Despite your assertions to the contrary, I found "The Resident Djinn" to be not at all "laboured". ProF's editorials have always been quite a relief from the high-pressure, chip-on-shoulder, "ta Hell witcha" type of declamation prevalent in certain other mags. As far as note-taking is concerned, I've had recourse to it recently — not so much to stimulate thought but rather to capture ideas for letters, stories, etc. which usually come to mind in the twilight zone between consciousness and sleep. What with studies, tests, and other obstacles to clear thinking, the giant ulcer between my temples is usually too distracted to dwell upon fannish matters during the day. But in that deep pool of calm on the brink of sleep the mind is free to range where it pleases, and ideas gradually float to the surface and tread water for a while. It's then that a pencil and paper beside the bed are handy, for come morning the thoughts are usually lying on the bottom again.

I must take umbrage with your premise that a 20th-century man could live comfortably in a past era familiar to him. You must realize that one gains an impression of a particular century or period from books written either by modern writers who, for the most part, touch only on events and personalities which were the high points of the time, or by those living during the period in question, whose views on their social environment were inevitably colored by their own dispositions and outlooks. Therefore, on the one hand we get a false impression of the period, for the accounts of great men and events and the contemporary studies of their society which are based on these individuals and occurrences by no means give us an accurate idea of the nature and attitude of the common denominator of the particular society. On the other hand, writers living in that society who do describe the common man cannot give a purely impersonal view of him, because they tend to play up their likes and discredit their aversions. So we have no really sure way of determining the calibre of the typical person. And the visitor from Now will have to contend with this individual, for he cannot hope to breathe the ~~thera~~trified atmosphere of the elite immediately upon arrival. [What about taking a conglomerate view from a number of different authors living at the time? Or just playing dumb for a while? ...BEP]

So, despite the most complete "knowledge" of a period obtained from the second-hand source of books, the 20th century man would be quite uncomfortable until he adjusted to the common denominator of the era, a common denominator which only first-hand experience will allow him to understand and exploit.

Personally, I'm satisfied with my present circumstances and would probably decline the opportunity of living in the past if it were offered. Regardless of the minor tragedies which sometimes crop up (final exams, love trouble) life is wonderful and I thank whoever/whatever is pulling the strings for giving me the experience of existence. To Hell with the Existentialists and their "monde absurde." Life is worth living! (End of Harangue).

When it comes to an assortment of puns both fair and foul, I have never read the like of "Dodd Meets Frankenstein." This piece was rather like an alternating current, one line eliciting a reserved titter, the next prompting a bellow of anguish and revulsion. Some say a pun is the most ignoble form of humor. When manipulated by Dodd, this downtrodden quip rises to prominence.

If "Lightening Conductor" is supposed to be of the same cadre as "Hauty Culture" I fail to see the similarities. The latter was ~~fairly~~ pure and simple, but John's latest offering is only mildly humorous in a very few spots. Is Berry going serious on us?

Al Andrews rates a deep bow for his book review column, and while he's in that position let me effect a juxtaposition of my boot to his butt, in just retribution for "Shamblow" which was too too giddy. I'll make it a fairly gentle contact, for the book reviews were well done. [Well, Al said he got a kick out of writing "Shamblow," I guess he won't mind another one...BEP]

The lettercol was a trifle meatier this time, and #6's should be more so after your remarks about travel to the past.

Ghod, I wish I could read music! The lyrics of the "Green Hills of Earth" have always appealed to me. Perhaps my ex-hillbilly singer guitar instructor will translate those nasty little blotches for me.

Well, Bruce, the vellum runneth out as doth my bumper of liquid cheer, so I'll close now, wishing thee and ProF the best. ["Let the pirate bumper pass..." ...BEP]

Alan Dodd  
6-11

The photocovers were really excellent and I must say that the one on the back page is a remarkable likeness of you.

I'd have recognized you anyplace. I must say, though, that the caving equipment you are using these days does seem a little on the futuristic side, don't you think? The other photos are rather unusual, too - D. Franson Verse for instance, looks rather grim and set. Haven't you cut his photo off a bit at the bottom, too? The bit with the number and letters on it, I mean?

An interesting point about - would a Twentieth Century man be helpless in another era, or would he be able to mold enough events about him to let him fit in comfortably? Well, the combination of this and your choice of Victorian England prompts me to suggest to you the book BERKELEY SQUARE. Or as a film in 1951 it starred Tyrone Power and was called THE HOUSE IN THE SQUARE - there was an earlier version of the film, too, and a television play here the other week. The story is of an American in a house in Berkeley Square in London who finds himself warped back into the past ~~to~~ a London where Samuel Pepys and Gainesborough were around. It's an earlier period than the one you wanted, but it does give a good insight into what would have happened. How he knows in advance what is going to happen, how he accidentally lets information drop that by rights he ought not to know, how he starts a laboratory and nearly gets lynched for witchcraft. When he makes a mistake he tells them that being an American he isn't familiar with their ways - and gets away with any manner of strange behaviour.

Some decent poetry this time, too, especially the Poland's RIVAL UNAWARE. I reckon that machine you have in the library is one of those, too. Rich Brown's ICHABODINGS were clever too, but Al Andrews' satire was a trifle overlong. The beauty of a skillful satire should always be the fact that it isn't overlong. When that happens the joke becomes too prolonged and loses its sharpness.

I must admit I have taken John Berry's ProFANity stories as almost pure SF, too, quite a large percent of them are. The ending of LIGHTENING CONDUCTOR with the sound waves shattering the helmets of the aliens could have come from almost any SF magazine story.

I wonder why Dainis Bisenieks wanted me to stand in bed? I should imagine that'd be a very uncomfortable way to sleep. I've heard of keeping a stiff upper lip, but this is ridiculous! [Some people do everything the hard way...BEP] And there's Bill Meyers with his knife out again, wanting to know why I didn't end the film review with "not worth the price of the popcorn." No, I think I'll leave those cliches to Bill himself since he seems to prefer them so much. I think any film is worth the price of popcorn except about three: THE RIVER, CLUNY BROWN, and one other I forget. Those weren't worth the price of popcorn, but I've found that any film, no matter how bad, always has some tiny little saving grace in it.

Rich Brown  
6-19

Your cover is quite pleasing; I've met Don Franson, and I've had a fair idea of what Bob Coulson looks like from Juanita's editorial cartoons (sound: thud! as my body crashes to the

floor having imbedded in it a knife ably wielded by one R. Coulson, reknowned fmz revoover for ProFANity), But Dee and Al Andrews were surprises to me. F. E. Katte has a sensitive fannish face, but I'll wait for him to produce material (other than other Katte's, that is) before I make any other profound or proFANE statements.

Andrews' humor is interesting, but all in all found it rather unedifying. He

should realize that facetiousness isn't enough - it's very good for building up to a punchline, but the punchline isn't enough to carry 5 pages. A few gags, corny or no, would have been appreciated, scattered liberally here and there.

Don Franson parody good, though, much to my enjoyment. # Coulson still a damnably fine reviewer; he says all that's necessary, is critical when criticism is needed, and I find I generally agree with him. Good going. # Dodd much better here than he generally is elsewhere; congrats on getting and pubbing an A-1 mss. # Berry story ok -- an old theme, well handled; but still an old theme. # Haven't read the book Andrews has reviewd, but even so Andrews seems quite adequate as a reviewer.

Into ye lettercolumn..hmm. My mother always reads proFANity. Usually she's just content to look at the covers, but when she sees ProF, she always reads it. Then she asks me why you use a title like you do, and I say, "Well, it's a pun.." and then she says "What's a pun?" and I say.....

Geez, Ted White's wrong; Coulson, Champion, myself, and several others have reviewed HORIZON telling Russell that Harry Warner, Jr. pub's HORIZONS (there's also a high-class prozine by that name), but since Rus has already had enuff covers printed to keep him in supply for a few more issues, I guess he'll keep going on along, using the same title.

Sorry to disappoint everybody, but them was supposed to be pro- and fanzines on the last cover. Oh, well.

Dunno what Meyers is driving at in his critique of Al's book reviews; surely he's not suggesting, if a book is lousy, that Al just say "It's lousy"? For my money (so who pays money for fanzines?), I'd rather find out why Al thinks it's lousy. But everyone to his own tastes and each to his own way, I always say. (Just look at any letter I've had published recently. I always say that.)

Dunno if this will fit in Gimlet-Eyed Snobs or not, but in "The Mysterians" a scientist, mind you, refers to the asteroids as "a group of stars between Mars and Jupiter." Yecchh. Go see "The Mysterians," though, if you want to see some (1) lousy acting, (2) lousy dubbing (it was originally Japanese), (3) lousy, lousy, lousy technical effects, (4) a crude plot come to life in ghlorious Schmecknicolor. [I think that bit comes under 'Idiot Translations' subheading of Gimlet-Eyes. Actually I haven't seen much to add to the Society lately - except for a scene in HELEN OF TROY where the heroine, entangled with Paris in the grass of Greece, displays an arm with a very distinctive typhoid vaccination scar...BEP]

Your counter puns (especially like "True, true -- but I didn't planet that way") are OUT OF THIS WORLD. [Adventurous, huh?] But with your talent, it's not really astonishing. Still, I just had to comet on it. Isn't that weird? [Yeah - Fantastic! Amazing! And beyond all imagination ...BEP]

MFFYF!

Joy Clarke  
7-7

Re the Resident Djinn, I suppose you know that "Simmering Axe" is St. Mary Axe, a street in London? [Yes, and #70, as of late 1955, anyhow, is the only ordinary house door in the whole street. (per Chuck Harris, GRUE 27, p. 9) Intriguing, huh? ...BEP]

Interested in your statement that you'd choose Victorian England of 1870 or so to live in, if you had to choose another era. I don't think I'd like the lack of medical facilities, bathrooms, or hygiene. Mind you, lack of all that would apply in nearly all times, except Roman and earlier, and if I had to choose, I think I'd pick the Golden Age of Greece: hygiene and medicine were pretty good in those days...and it would be sunny, too.

Most of the footnotes to Shamblow croggled me...neat, neat. Mad Scientists' Song...hmm, you have gone on a Gilbert & Sullivan kick, over there, haven't you? What started it? [Ghod knows...I guess...BEP] And that song sticks to the metre without a fault...nice.

Now we come to your version of Green Hills. To tell the truth I was surprised to see this, mainly because the Heinlein/Lewis/Harrington one had been pubbed in N.Y. in '55..doesn't anyone publicize things like that in the U.S.? Over here, of course, it was done on the BBC. I liked Ichabodings No. 2 very much, also.

Dainis Bisenieks sounds like he got out of bed the wrong side that day, doesn't he? After all, even if he doesn't like some of the items you publish, it's not to say other people won't. For instance, the Pratt biblio..now if I'd seen Prof I'd have liked this. We at Inchmery have a soft spot for Pratt, but not knowing all the titles he pubbed we can't go to the library and ask for any specific book. That listing would have been just what we wanted.

Re TEW's comments about Perihelion, I doubt if anyone in Britain (except Wansborough\* belongs to both SAPS and the Cult. John Berry only joined SAPS recently, so may not have heard that there was an American Perihelion. So no one will have told Bryan and Barry, because no one over here knew about it. However, if TEW felt so strongly about it, why didn't he tell them?

Liked your idea of consulting C.R. Harris on stamp-collecting. That's one of those esoteric throw-away lines that cause a giggle to those in the know, and that's the sort of thing that makes a fanzine, to me, worth reading.

Miriam is dead right on the New Yorker being America's Punch. Britain just doesn't have an equivalent to MAD, although sometimes Punch will run a separate, detachable section in their zine, which will satirize some other magazine: so far, I can remember, Reader's Digest, Radio Times, and various women's magazines. [And The New Yorker itself...BEP]

I think of all the artwork in this issue, I prefer Mosso and Ginger Phillips work.

BURNETT R. TOSKEY  
Red. 5-25

I don't know how you inspire people the way you do, but two people, Al Andrews and Alan Dodd, seem to turn out better stuff for you than I have ever seen them turn out for anyone else.

The story by Al was really funny — by far the best piece of anything I've ever seen by him, and I've seen quite a bit. And his book review was also very good. Can Al be turning to a fannish way of life? [Oh, he can't be that desperate...BEP] Everything I've ever read by Dodd has been pretty dull, up to now, but his story here is really great. The puns on "liver" were really good for a bellylaugh from me.

You claim that John Berry is writing faaan-fiction or something, [No, satire..BEP] and even Berry claims so, you say, and you further claim that his story in this is also NOT a serious-type story. But yet it seemeth to me to be a serious-type, and I can't see any fannish implications anywhere in it; but the story is good, and I liked it, and gee — in fact, it's considerably better than a lot of the pro-type serious fiction I have read, and certainly better than virtually all fan-written serious fiction. Come on, give with the info, for in spite of myself I find myself thinking the blasphemous thoughts that this x is a serious piece, and I must just be given the true Word. [And the Word is, wotthehell, wotthehell...BEP]

↑ ↑ ↑

Many thanks to the others who wrote, and for whose letters I don't have room: John Berry, Sid Birchby, Jim Caughran, Dee, Rod Frye, Ted Johnstone, Peter Kane, Bob Lambeck, Bob Leonard, Dave McCarroll, Ellis Mills, Ella Parker, Ted Pauls, George Scithers, Steve Stiles, Al Swettman, and anyone else I may have forgotten to mention.

Prof is on a highly irregular schedule, but #7 is scheduled for November, at least temporarily. Which probably means December.

BASINGSTOKE -----editorial, continued from p. 4

fan directory only lists thirteen phone numbers, out of 429 fans. Of course, I don't know that Ron wants to add phone numbers to all his listings. But anyway, you'll find mine listed in the colophon, below.

§ § §

Again, for the sake of clarity, I'm using the tick-mark system to inform you of the relative status of your copy of ProF:

- \_\_\_\_\_ Group I. I am overly indebted to you for some reason, and there is no visible reason why I won't be sending ProF to you for quite some time yet.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Group II. You're well-entrenched on the mailing list, but don't get over-confident to the point where you don't comment, trade, or something.
- \_\_\_\_\_ Group III.     \_\_\_\_\_ Reviewees             You'll get one more issue without responding,  
                  \_\_\_\_\_ Sample copies         but that's all.
- ✓ \_\_\_\_\_ Group IV. Lack of response to this issue will cause me to assume you are dead.

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PROFANITY is available for trades, contributions, or letters of comment, in that order of preference, though the last two are close ties. Sample copy is available for \$.15, after that write, trade or contrib. Amounts over \$.15 will still get you only one copy, but will get me an extra drink at Davy Jones' Locker or similar establishment.

THIS IS PROFANITY #10, from  
Bruce Pelz, 4010 Leona Street,  
Tampa 9, Florida. Phone 65-2773  
INCUNEBULOUS PUBLICATION #19

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