

YANDROO #95



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sired. We'll consider any reasonable of-
fer and if necessary some of the unreas-
onable ones. If you have a copy, set a
price on it. RSC



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The only successful culture in America is the mold.Bryer

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HO, HO, HO.



Dave Prosser's request that we publish his new address arrived a little too late for the lettercolumn so I'll put it in here: Dave Prosser, 1326 Oregon Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.....okay?

Last week I watched the latest in the special t-v series of specials for women. Most of the previous ones have found me rather interested, if not always sympathetic (the Frigid Wife, the Trapped Housewife)

and the dramas, while representative, did not seem too entirely contrived. But this latest one, on the working mother, rather appalled me. The major saving grace was the presence of Margaret Mead as a commentator on the problem in general. While the woman's plight was understandable, I guess, the way in which it was presented set up a series of straw men and women appropriate to the demolition by common sense. But the basic premise of the whole situation was enough to give me the cold robbies: here is this gal, presumably happily married, kid in school, plenty of time on her hands, extra money not needed, -but her only solution, her only means of 'fulfillment' is to go to work, even though it wears her out and irritates her husband. This leaves me with an appalling opinion of the intellectual depths of the educated American housewife; if she doesn't need the money, I fail to see what intellectual advantage there is to be gained in an eight-to-five labor as opposed to what she may creatively do on her own with her now admittedly greatly increased spare time. Idiocy.

Quite recently I finished two books laid aside long before the school term as items to be read when I had the leisure time to give them their deserved due; i.e. - now. These were Mary Renault's THE KING MUST DIE and T.H. White's THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING. I preferred the first, though I found both quite good. But both brought home to me once more the vaporous quality of that interesting dividing line known as fantasy versus science fiction. My own preference has always been for stf, and using the oft-favored way out by deciding those items I like best naturally fall into the category I have previously cited as my favorite, I define THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING as fantasy and THE KING MUST DIE as science fiction (in the broadest interpretive sense of "What if it had happened this way?"). White's tale of Arthur, discounting the fantasy touches of animalism in the delightful first part, is in a world that did not and could not exist....it is obviously and delightfully a springboard for the author's social commentary and satire - purposes that make it quite possible for him to ignore even the vaguest of attempts at historical speculation; he is not interested in explaining Arthur or his times, but using Arthur as an artform stage. Renault, however, has a chilling authenticity. Much of her research seems an echo of Robert Graves and other researchers in the dawn-era of Greece, with a wit, color, and swashbuckling beauty that the staid researchers never managed. Coupled with this, she has used the obvious common sense knowledge of people (Theseus, though legendarily gigantic, could not have been a bull leaper unless light; therefore she beautifully extrapolates the undersized, aggressive, height-sensitive compensator all amateur psychologists immediately recognize). The most telling effect Mary Renault achieves, however (hi, George) is the chilling believability of her retelling of the legend of Theseus.....JWC



Reactions on the "Forthcoming Books" column will be appreciated; with today's distribution I thought that a guide to what to look for might be appreciated. Column will continue if you're interested and if the publishers continue to supply the information. (Mostly, it relies on the publishers; somebody is bound to like the column.)

Book of the month is "The Organization Man" by William H. Whyte, Jr. (Anchor, \$1.45) Yes, Betty, I know it isn't new, but we just got it.

This quiet, factual summary of the increasing influence of "The Social Ethic" and executiveness in our lives is guaranteed to scare the hell out of any individualist in the crowd. If Whyte is right, I'm glad I'm alive now, because I'm not going to like our glorious future. (And his conclusions were brought home to me by an ICS lesson on "How To Be A Good Executive" that I was reading at the same time. Companies do act exactly the way Whyte says they do.)

Incidentally, I'm virtually through my course, so I promise much prompter replies to letters in the future. Most taping will probably be put off until after Christmas, but we should get caught up in January.

Next issue is the 8th Annish. Don't know what all will be in it; at the moment the only "set" items are a Tucker column, an article on Walt Kelly by Maggie Curtis and a DeWeese movie review. We have plenty of material to fill it, though.

When I gave CRY an "8" rating last time, Marv Bryer commented that this seemed a pretty low rating for a Hugo winner. This set off a long train of thought. After all, a Hugo winner is the one which most people like. Now, fans are dead set against anything which caters to large numbers of people. Look at the diatribes against the "slick magazines" in any fanzine. The chief complaint against MAD is that it has "gone commercial". The ideal, obviously, is a small, select audience. The more people who like an item, the poorer it is. (Notice the recent complaints that fans are incapable of choosing a proper applicant for a Hugo and the drive to restrict the selections to a small group of judges.) Now if you follow this reasoning to its logical conclusion, you come to the inescapable fact that since CRY drew a lot of votes for the Hugo, it obviously can't be very good. Equally obviously, the best fanzine of all time would probably be a close contest between SICK ELEPHANT and STAR ROCKETS. There's no sense in being halfway about our reasoning.

As you might gather from the above, I'm not particularly sympathetic towards proposals to revise the Hugo awards. They are presented by the World SF Convention, they are, presumably, the expression of opinion of all of world fandom, not just that of a few fanzine editors, and they are paid for by all convention members. I don't know about you, but I like to have a voice in the disposition of my money. There is certainly nothing preventing anyone who dislikes the present awards from getting together a group of like-minded friends and making his own awards to any items he feels deserving of the honor. Of course, he'd have to use his own money, which might prove a drawback.

Mainly, I don't like people who start yammering for a change in the rules every time they dislike the final score.

RSC

THE DRIP NEXT DOOR

—fiction by—ROG EBERT—

The constant dripping was driving him mad. Already the sheets were twisted. The pillow was lumpy. The bedspread sprawled across the bed and deposited most of its bulk on the floor. And he realized with an instinct born of ten years of insomnia that he must get to sleep in five minutes or not at all.

It was supposed to be a quiet neighborhood; that was why he'd rented the apartment, dammit. Al had lived here for three years, and said that it was quiet as a tomb after nine o'clock. And Al never lied. Al was taking a correspondence course in pre-divinity.

It was an odd sort of drip. Not the splat, splat of a round drop of water on porcelain. Not that. He had been lying here for three nights listening to the cursed thing, and it wasn't that at all. It was more of a ... more of a splish. The sound a square drop of water would make, as if a level surface of liquid was smacking against something and exploding in four definite directions.

Splish, splish. He swore mentally, then vocally, and threw the covers on the floor. Another eight hours of sleep shot. And the funny thing was, he was sleepy. So sleepy it was almost a battle to keep awake. But his conscious mind, his blasted curious conscious mind, had to keep worrying about the bloody drips and drops in the next apartment. Is it a splat? Or is it a splish? Or maybe a splosh, or a splash.

Despite himself, he chuckled wryly. It was a splish. A definite splish. And it had been damned inconsiderate of the tenant next door to go away and leave it splishing. The landlord had said the tenant would be back late tonight, but that was too long to wait. He walked to the window, and looked out over the mosaic roofs ringing the back yard. A silver moon sifted light across a cat digging its hole in someone's flower bed; the tulip bulbs would be either exhumed or well fertilized come April.

It was a peaceful neighborhood, where the intellectuals thought to themselves instead of out loud at three in the morning. And a five minutes' walk to the transit. And only \$65 a month, if you didn't complain about the cockroaches. The last tenant, Al said, had turned the cockroaches into marijuana addicts by wafting the smoke into their headquarters behind the sink. But now the bugs were cold turkey. What a hell of a way to treat a cockroach.

Splish, splish ... why did it have to go splish? Why not splat, and let him stop worrying? Why not not at all, and let him go to sleep? The fire escape was adorned with little clay pots filled to the brim with dry, hard-packed earth. The remains of the former tenant's garden. Tulips do not thrive on tea. He tested the window to be sure it would not slam shut when he was outside, and stepped over the windowsill.

It was cooler outside; there was a breeze playing around with a ratty dishrag hanging on the railing one flight up. He paused to consider. A dishrag, maybe left from last summer, survivor of winter's fury, soaked and frozen and covered with snow. But holding onto the railing for four, five months maybe. And now some night a breeze would blow it off into the alley, and that would be that. Maybe it would be wet when it blew off. Maybe it would go splish against the alley cinders. Or maybe splat.

How do dishrags go? He had never noticed.

The apartment next door was one inch away from him by plastered wall, three feet by doorway, and seven feet by fire escape. The white card on the doorway said "M. Havlesheck". Mister? Marcus? Michael? Or May? That would be a good name. May I Havlesheck. With an account in every bank. And a splish in every tub. The apartment was seven feet away by fire escape. There was an easier way.

He climbed up a flight of iron stairs, managing to dislodge the dishrag. He watched it circle to the alley three stories below. It didn't splish. It scraped. Dryly. Up here, the fire escape zigged four feet closer to the next series of iron platforms. He stepped across, clattered down to the third floor, and stood on M. Havlesheck's fire escape platform. M. Havlesheck had yellow plastic curtains in his bedroom window. He was not in bed, of course.

He pressed his fingertips against the lower outside edge of the window and pushed up. His fingers grated on the flaky gray paint, and the window slid up almost an inch. Enough to get his fingers underneath, and he opened it all the way and stepped through. The room was illuminated only by the moonlight and a three-inch sphere of glowing yellow material hanging without support in the center of the room.

At intervals of ten seconds, the yellow sphere emitted a square drop of yellowness which fell to the floor and splished. Tiny octagonal droplets of yellow vibrated several inches across the floor and then climbed back to the sphere and were absorbed by its upper side. And every ten seconds, a new drop was born and delivered to the floor.

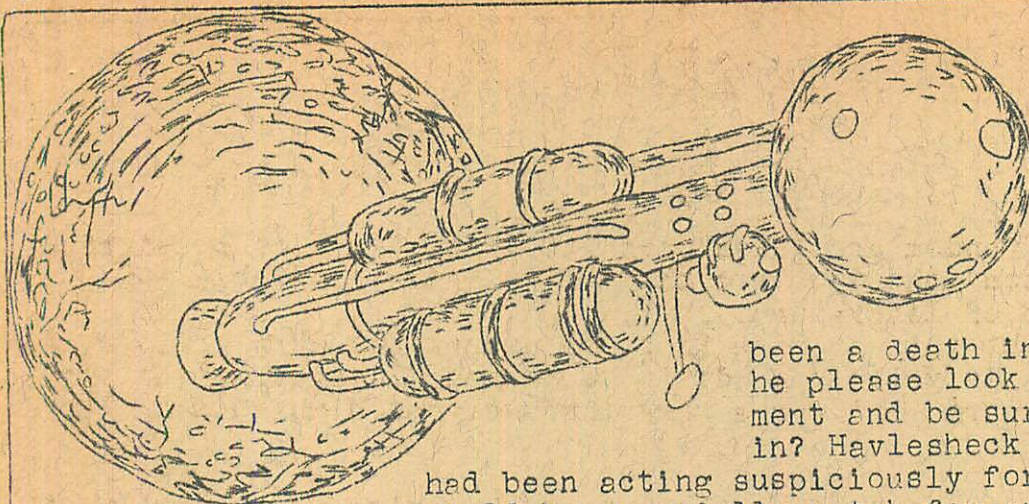
Stepping carefully around the sphere, he walked down the apartment hallway to the kitchen and found an aluminum pot in the sink. He picked up a lid to fit it, and returned to the bedroom. There was no real hurry; M. Havlesheck wasn't due for awhile, and anyway he could hear any approaching footsteps from the first landing on up anyway. He judged the drift of the yellow squares in the moonlight, which seemed to push them away from the window. Then he intercepted one in mid-air and followed it to the floor, where he left the pot.

The square shattered into pentagons, according to formula, and they began to rattle across the bottom of the pan. But when they bounced against the sides, they melted into round droplets and milled around in confusion. And the splish had stopped. Now the yellow squares went "sklang" as they hit the bottom of the pan. In three minutes, the original sphere had exhausted itself, and all the yellow material was in the pan. He put the lid on, picked up the pan, and left.

Back in his own apartment, he tilted up the lid and saw that the yellow mass had reformed into the large sphere again. He lifted the pan to eye-level and carefully turned it over. As he had expected, the sphere remained suspended and began emitting little squares of yellowness that splished against the floor and broke into dozens of tiny octagons.

A very satisfying splish. He repeated the original collecting process with the aluminum pan, and carried the gathered yellowness to the clothes closet nearest M. Havlesheck's apartment. Waiting until the sphere-square-splish-octagon process had reestablished itself, he shut the closet door and locked it.

Then he took a board from underneath his mattress, where it had been useless anyway, and fastened it across the closet door with screws. Screws, because they made no noise and couldn't be pulled out with a



claw-hammer. Then he locked his fire-escape window, pulled the curtains across it, and left.

On his way out, he woke the landlord and told him there had

been a death in the family. Would he please look after the apartment and be sure that no one broke in? Havlesheck in Apartment 311

had been acting suspiciously for several days. Would he especially watch for any funny business

from him?

The landlord, a former third-team All-American guard from Columbia, sleepily said yes. He preferred landlording to eight hours a day in some office, he always explained. Meet more interesting people. Yes, he would keep Havlesheck and anyone else out of the apartment. The landlord yawned and shut the door.

When he heard the landlord's chain rattle in the night-catch, he turned and walked out to the street. When he reached the corner, he permitted himself one gleeful chuckle.

M. Havlesheck would have one hell of a time sleeping tonight!

"Professor Asimov is one of the rare ones"

....George W. Beadle

AT NIGHT IN MY ROOM

by Tu Fu

From the limits of heaven the snow falls, and fallen frost
brightens the cold night.

Now, between the two extremes, the late year gives us
brief daylight.

Above flows the River of Stars and shadows move like waves
on the Three Mountains.

It is the fifth-watch; I hear the sad sounds of drums
and the brave bugles.

From every place in the night arise the primitive songs
of fishers and wood-cutters.

In their wild huts the women are weeping, for there is
fighting in the land.

Mothers read letters from their sons, and pray for peace
and silence.

Of what good is war? The Lying Dragon and the Jumping Horse,
for all their glory, end at last as yellow dust.

....translated from the Chinese by Lin Carter

A POLLUTED PROMISE

article by ED GORMAN

In recent years, fandom has taken upon itself the task of convincing (or trying to convince) the doubters that sf is a very valuable and very earnest stratum of literature.

To say that I doubt this premise is to be understating my beliefs. I don't think that sf, as yet, is ready to be termed "literature" in the purest sense of the word, and for a very obvious reason which many fan seem oblivious to.

Plot value.

In two words, one can summarize the process by which the majority of sf is judged. Plot merit; the smooth-working co-ordination of a preconceived number of events placed together in a (supposedly) logical pattern.

No matter what we say, or how passionately we say it, we can't actually prove that sf is different (basically speaking) from any other form of popular fiction. Certainly, in the things that sf writers embrace (modes or morals, satire, streams of thought) the field seems different, but actually it isn't.

And because of the plot-structure. The pattern of an sf story remains the same as that of the western. There must be a beginning, a middle, an end. True, some of GALAXY's story-ideas are not the three-phased jobs aforementioned, but still they have a very definite conception, exploration and end, therefore remaining basically the same.

If sf wants to divorce itself from popular fiction forms, it must break away from the plot-chains to which it clings so readily. So far, there have been few, very few, sf writers who seem willing to experiment with serious forms of the novel. Rather, they like their checks and steady-selling books and don't want to take the chance.

One writer, however, did. Fred Brown's "The Lights In The Sky Are Stars" was certainly no commercial success. It



had one original printing, a modest one, an sf book club promotion and a year or so later was brought out by Bantam in pb. P. Schuyler Miller in ASTOUNDING, June '54: "This probably won't be popular with a wide segment of the space-happy younger set. They may not ever consider it a space story. But it's an indication that Fredric Brown, along with all his marvelous gimmicks in science fiction and mystery, has the stuff of lasting books in him."

To me, Miller's comment was noteworthy, intelligent and somewhat brave, considering the fact that here was no mere pulp novel, laboriously plotted, well-characterized and smoothly written. Novels such as these are not infrequent, despite the contention that many hold. But Brown did even more than that; he not only wrote well of Max Andrews, but examined him. There is a definite difference in creating a believable character and scrutinizing and evaluating him. Brown did the latter, most writers do the former and then attempt to pass off the result as "literary".

Miller must have realized that this book was experimental; that to the majority of sf readers it would seem skimpily plotted and naked. But he also must have realized that here was a book of merit in the truest sense and that despite the minor commercial value of the novel, it would certainly hold up on its own.

Some will claim that Brown sacrificed plot for character, which, I suppose, is true. There wasn't much of a plot, but in this instance, there didn't have to be. Brown, besides attempting to entertain, which he certainly did, was also laying bare the heart of an idealist turned cynical in his old and anxiety-filled age.

But by doing this Brown produced one of the few sf books which I would consider of literary value. For after all, that is the difference between literature and entertainment. Both, usually, excite, but the popular novel ends there. In physical example, this is the difference between John O'Hara and William Faulkner. O'Hara has always given us true-to-life characters and adequate plots; Faulkner has always done the same, yet simultaneously added the value of consideration of ageless truths. Faulkner can be read by people of many ages, O'Hara only by ours.

In this also we can add the value (or valueless) asset (or debit) of conversational versatility. Robert Sheckley is, for example, a truly agile dialogue man. After reading no more than fifty words by one of his characters, we form a very clear image of him. But just because of the realism of conversation, Sheckley still isn't a serious writer. Just a good one, and there are quite a few of those around today, in any field of fiction.

"Moby Dick" is filled with dialogue that, in Herman Melville's age, was true-to-the-ear. But today that dialogue is stiff and formal to us, yet we still read and re-read Melville's saga. In other words, though the words and speaking-manner of his people have died, and though the setting has crumbled to the ground, there still remains the great turbulence, the ageless turbulence which confronted Ahab.

"Moby Dick" will last for two or three hundred years, and in three hundred years the dialogue will be even more alien to the people. But still they will understand it and because of one factor. Melville used no props or gimmicks; he wrote of the heart and the soul and wrote well. That is something that no one, in any age or society, can deny.

SF must remember this. Literature is ageless. Take away the surroundings and the dialogue and there still must remain the very meat of the

book. The props should not be important, for in no time they become obsolete.

Brown in "The Lights In The Sky Are Stars" wrote of a problem; Max Andrews' dilemma was not just in the singular sense of getting to Jupiter. It is comparable to any obstacle, to any man with an obstacle, who is searching for a way to overcome it.

This, then, should be sf's criteria for itself. Sf is, to me, the most adaptable, versatile and delicate strait of fiction. Clarke's "Childhood's End" proves this. It is filled with serious and lasting philosophy. It is the inevitable simile of man and the universe. And I doubt that Clarke could have achieved as much, had he chosen another manner or field to write it in.

But there are other manners in which sf (if it is to be considered literature) must grow, as well as in plot-structure. And I think the number one way is through criticism and critics.

At the moment, there is Damon Knight, who usually gripes because he obviously feels that it is the critic's job to do only that. But Knight could become an H.L. Mencken to sf if he would tone down his temperament. Schuyler Miller would be better if given better books to read. And for strict popularity and mass-audience reaching, I would select Anthony Boucher because of his innumerable contacts and knowledge of sf, detective and mainstream fiction. It will be the job of these men to help mold the writers who have something valid to say. It will not be the job of these men (serious sf critics) to harp on scientific flaws (for it's like the cliché goes; Today's fiction -- Tomorrow's fact), or on lack of pulp plot (and here I don't mean to pacify poorly structured books because of their "literary" attempt; a serious novel must be very strictly co-ordinated, but not in the sense that the unbelievable is constantly before us, vainly trying to be believable), or on the Sense of Wonderlessness in any given sf novel.

At this time, there are several very capable sf writers who, I think, could produce something lasting. Assuming as I do, that Brown's "The Lights In The Sky Are Stars" is literature and hence he has already done one literate book, I would add that Bradbury, Blish, Simak, Clarke and perhaps Budrys could produce a truly serious novel.

And the other writers, and the other books that come along are to be enjoyed. For the time, they may be good, entertaining, smoothly done; but lest they have something to say, lest there remain something after we have dissected story-line and setting, let's not call them literature.

They are fiction, perhaps good fiction, but not serious novels.

In other words if there are to be lasting sf books, let's forget the machines and look into the heart and soul.

Corny but true.

 Aside from a personal opinion that when a serious stf novel is written, Theodore Sturgeon will write it, I have only one comment on the above article. Do we want science fiction to become serious literature? I don't, particularly....I wouldn't object, certainly, to a few literate novels in the field, but when I talk about better stories, I want better entertainment. Now. Whether it entertains the next generation or not doesn't bother me. The ideal balance, for me, would be a few literate novels, lots of well-written science-adventure, and no popular stf novels like "On The Beach". At least, here is a chance for a new argument; not "where is stf going?" but where should it be going? RSC

REVELATION

fiction by MIKE DECKINGER

Sweet, soft, tender evening breezes parted the lush, flowing hair of the newly engaged young woman as she watched in silent admiration while the man who would soon be her husband carefully tended their beasts of burden.

They had been travelling for a short while, but the hot sun had seemed to grow hotter, and they had decided at last to seek lodging in this unknown town until morning when they could again be on their way home.

She was very pretty as she stood there in the evening shadows, feeling proud of herself and her betrothed. Soon they would be wed and then she could at last experience the true ecstasy of marriage that their

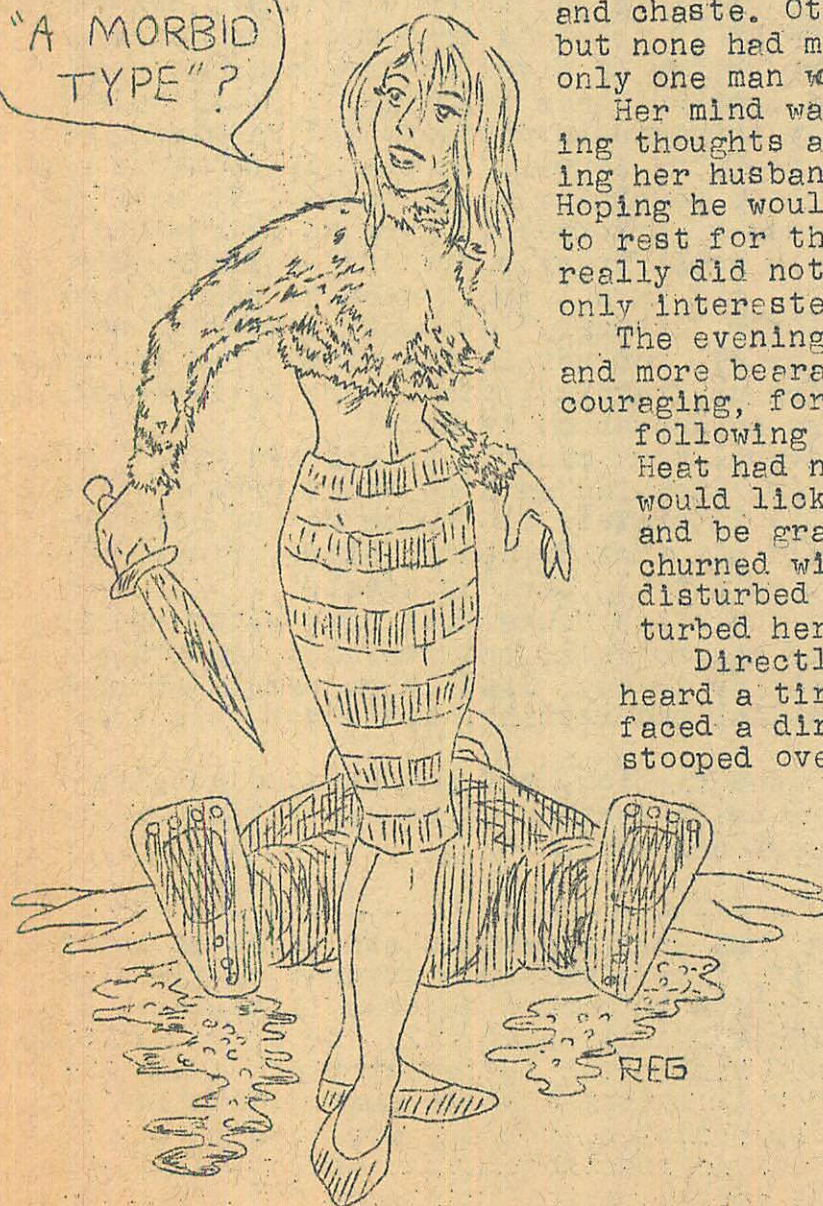
love would create. The young woman was pure and chaste. Other men had longed for her but none had more than looked upon her. To only one man would she express her love.

Her mind was untroubled by any disturbing thoughts as she rested by a tree, hoping her husband-to-be would return soon. Hoping he would be able to find some place to rest for the night, and knowing that she really did not care if he did, for she was only interested in remaining with him.

The evening air was becoming less humid and more bearable, a sign she found encouraging, for it meant that perhaps the following day would not be quite so hot. Heat had never annoyed her before; she would lick it up as a cat lapped milk and be grateful for the emotions that churned within her. But since the heat disturbed the man she loved, it disturbed her.

Directly behind her, she suddenly heard a tired shuffling. Whirling, she faced a dirty looking, ragged beggar, stooped over and clutching an outstretched hat. She had seen many of his kind before, and while she tried to avoid them, she still felt compassion and pity for the poor who were forced to beg for a living.

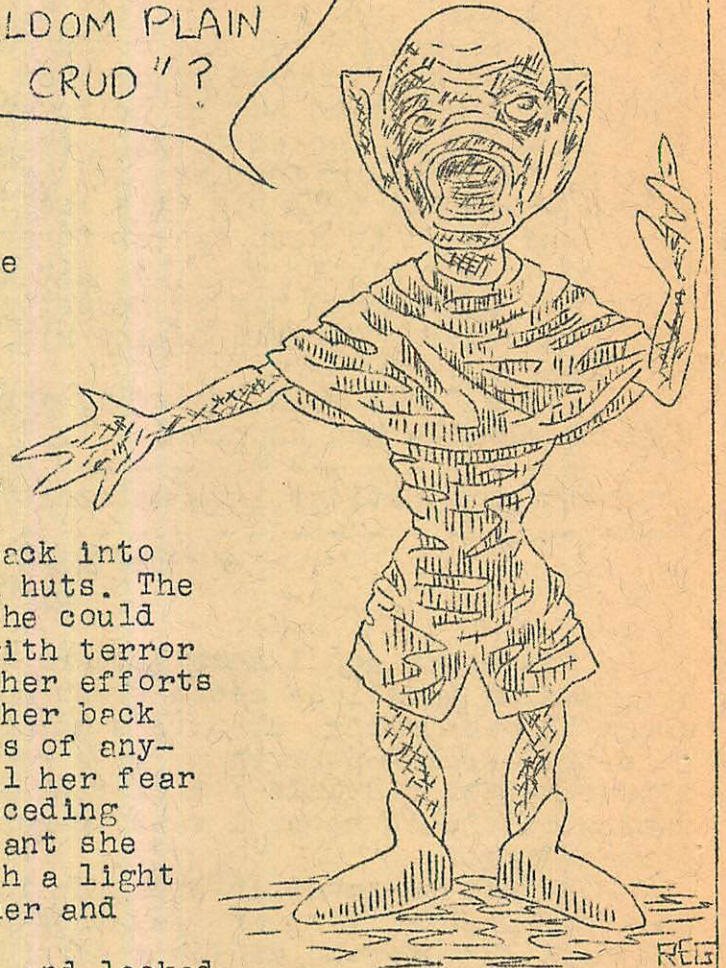
"Here," she said, a trifle weakly, and dropped a coin into the cap. The beggar stood looking at her for a moment, staring into the woman with eyes encrusted with



grime, rimmed by a greasy face and short, infested hair. His hands were crooked and bent and she could not repress a shudder. The fellow looked as she imagined a recovered leper might. He continued to look at her oddly, ignoring the offered coin.

WHAT DOES HE
MEAN, "THEY'RE
SELDOM PLAIN
CRUD"?

"What is it you want?" she demanded, instinctively backing away. Of a sudden, for a reason she could not explain, she was frightened. The evening seemed even chillier. The beggar came at her. Came at her so rapidly that she could not move. A strong, grimy hand clamped over her mouth and another one bent her arm up against her back. She tried to cry out in pain but the hand at her mouth blocked any sound. She could feel him pulling her, pulling her back into the darkness behind the row of dark huts. The bitter, uninviting darkness where she could not be seen or heard. Now frantic with terror she struggled in his grasp but all her efforts were worthless. The intruder eased her back into the shadows, away from the eyes of anyone and threw her to the ground. All her fear fled as darkness blotted out the receding light in her eyes. For a brief instant she was tumbling down a mighty well with a light at one end and blackness at the other and then even that was gone.



Very slowly she raised her head and looked up. For a brief moment she could not remember where she was or what had happened, and then the thoughts of the beggar began to flay her mind and she started to cry. He was gone, she was glad for that. He had taken what he wanted and then left. From the looks of the sky, she judged she had not been unconscious for more than half an hour.

Then new fear struck her as she thought of her husband-to-be. He must never know of this. The shame was too great to bear; she could not reveal what had happened. Carefully she gathered up her clothing and fitted it over her shivering body. She would tell him she had ripped her dress by some brambles and that was all. Uneasily, she got to her feet and went to look for the man she loved.

Several months later they were married. All the joy and gaiety they experienced almost drove the unpleasantness of the incident with the beggar from her mind. But something else troubled her greatly. The signs were unmistakable and she soon began to realize that in her womb she bore the unborn child of the unknown village beggar.

This frightened her. After their marriage she had not let her husband touch her, and while he was puzzled at this, he had accepted her wishes, blaming them on nervousness more than anything else.

But she knew that soon the crime would begin to show. She could not hide the fact of her pregnancy any longer from her husband and she knew she had to tell him. Could she relate to him straightforwardly the happening in the village? At times she was on the verge of doing so, but each time she could not. To tell her husband this would be wrong. It would be the truth, but she could not force herself to say so.

And then she thought of another plan. It would require a lie; not a small lie that might not be believed, but a lie of such proportions that it would be looked on with speculation and doubt, but possibly with belief. She decided that it was the only thing she could do, and resolved she would tell him this lie, this lie to cover up a greater crime she vowed to keep secret forever.

And so one night, when the air was still and fresh and alive with vigor she approached him as he sat on the ground, gazing out across the land and seating herself behind him, gently cradled his head against her breast.

"Joseph," she said tenderly, stroking his hair, "Joseph my beloved, a great miracle has happened....."

Information - patient in a maternity wardGeorge Willick

FORTHCOMING PAPERBACKS
by RSC

A few weeks ago I sent letters to all the major paperback publishers, asking questions about their opinions of science fiction, future plans in publishing, etc. (I'm nothing if not nosy.) Most of the information will appear in my book review column in BANE, but due to the difference in schedule I'm listing the publisher's information on forthcoming pb titles here. I want to get them listed while they're still forthcoming.

Possibly the most interesting information is that Ballantine plans to issue a pb edition of "New Maps Of Hell" by Kingsley Amis. Now all the fans like me who couldn't afford the hardcover edition can read the thing and see what all the furor is about. Ballantine also plans a collection of James Blish's short stories, titled "So Close To Home".

Pyramid, which has been publishing some good stuff of late, will bring out "A Place For Liberty" by Poul Anderson, "based in part on stories which have appeared in magazines". They also have in the offing "The Green Rain" by George Tabori, and "The Unexpected", an anthology selected from WEIRD TALES by Leo Margulies.

Ace listed quite a few titles. For December; "To The Tombaugh Station" by Tucker (the long version; hooray!) doubled with "Earthman Go Home" by Poul Anderson. Also a single, "Spacehive" by Jeff Sutton. The double for January is "The Puzzle Planet" by Robert Lowndes & "The Angry Espers" by Lloyd Biggle. The single is a reissue of van Vogt's "Weapon Shops of Isher". Double for February is "The Big Time" by Fritz Leiber and "The Mind Spider And Other Stories" by Fritz Leiber. Single is a reissue of "Adventures On Other Planets", edited by Wollheim. The March double is "Wandl The Invader" by Ray Cummings & an untitled novel by Keith Woodcott; single is "Galactic Derelict" by Andre Norton.

To date, these are the only companies who have listed forthcoming books, though I've also received a long reply from Robert M. Guinn of GALAXY and a polite brushoff from Bantam Books. Watch this space for future developments. (Dig that "who" up there; I've been studying too much about corporations being legal persons, I guess.)

STRANGE FRUIT

NEW FRONTIERS #3 (Norm Metcalf, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida - irregular - 30¢) Stf's leading serious fanzine goes in for book and fanzine reviews this time. 18 pages of book reviews suffer slightly from the variety of reviewers; but possibly this is strictly my own prejudice. I like to find out how my viewpoint agrees with that of the reviewer, for future reference. It's hard to do when the reviewer changes every couple of books. The same can't be said of the fanzine reviews; my opinion is diametrically opposed to that of "Arthur Wilcox", but I found this out in the first half-page and enjoyed the rest of the reviews. In the proper mood, one can derive amusement from anything. Articles include Damon Knight's Detroitcon address, Derleth talking about Arkham House, Boucher talking about Sherlock Holmes and stfish parodies thereof, and Mike Deckinger reviewing "Journey To The Center Of The Earth" (the movie, that is). Knight is excellent, Boucher too short, Derleth repetitious (he doesn't appear in fanzines often, but when he does he always says the same thing), and Deckinger good enough, considering he was reviewing a fairly decent (comparatively) movie. The bad movies are the ones that are fun to review. Good illustrations; considering the offset format I wish there were more of them. Rating....8

PARSECTION #2 (George Willick, 306 Broadway, Madison, Ind. - bi-monthly - 8 for \$1) Well, you can't expect miracles every time. This is a let-down after #1, but couldn't be considered a bad second issue. Almost entirely letters, it promises to develop some lovely feuds, with the belligerent editorial personality helping matters along. He could stand some artwork. There are a lot of Ralph Rayburn Phillips fillers here if you like that sort of thing. If you don't like that sort of thing -- and I don't -- there are only 4 decent illustrations in the mag; 2 each by Terry Jeeves and Maggie Curtis. (Well, one decent one and a couple of things by Curtis.) Rating....5

SPACE CAGE #8 (Lee Tremper, 3858 Forest Grove Drive, #A-3, Indianapolis 5, Ind. - irregular but frequent - 10¢) I wonder how many other fanzines have "local jokes" that most of the readers don't get? The idea of Lee trying to explain George Oshry to Redd Boggs -- the idea of anyone trying to explain George to anyone else -- gave me the best laugh of the month. You can't explain George; he has to be met to be believed. F.M. Busby contributes what I consider (for no particularly good reason) to be an outstanding piece of fan fiction. Remainder of the issue isn't as good, but is readable. A variety of fair-to-good artwork, very good reproduction (but Lee cheats on her reproduction; she bought an expensive mimeo. Almost as underhanded as using multilith.) Rating....5

XERO #2 (Dick & Pat Lupoff, 215 E. 73rd. St., New York 21, New York - irregular - free for comment or trade) A nice thick one. Major article is Ted White's resumé of the old Gaines comics; well done if you like comics, moderately interesting if you don't. Support comes from the Ray Beam plan to improve fandom (numerically, that is), a very good letter column, and other odds and ends. Good reproduction. Rating....7

KIPPLE #7 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland - 10¢ - monthly) Ted White again; his "Uffish Thots" column is the most thought-provoking material in this issue. On sex without love, this time; a theme which seems to be intriguing professional writers as well. There is a "short symposium" on comic books, Nan Gerding presents some feeble ideas on humanity and history, Les Nirenberg's contribution to "The Death wail Of Science Fiction" in YANDRO #92 shows up here as an article in itself, the editor and Marion Bradley dissect fanzines, and there are various short items, some of them quite good. Considering the editor's alleged non-conformity, I was interested that in his acclaim of Russell Chauvenet's recent WARHOON article he failed even to mention Chauvenet's assertion that a good reason for publishing a fanzine is the need to be accepted as a member of a group. Certainly it's a reason which is behind a lot of fanzine publishing, but I have my own opinion of the editors who are affected by it. Even the good ones. Rating.....6

CANDY F #2 (Bo Stenfors, Bylgilavägen 3, Djursholm, Sweden - irregular - trades only) Or maybe in return for letters; he isn't too decisive about this. Lovely pinups, enhanced by outstanding color ditto work; that gal of yours on page 7 shows the best color work I've seen in fanzines in a long, long, time; Bo. The cover's not bad for a kid, either. Not much written material, though Deckinger has a good suspense story. But then, you don't get a Stenfors zine for the written material. Rating....7

CILN #2 and 3 (Ed Gorman, 242 10th. St. NW, Cedar Rapids, Iowa - monthly - 15¢) Interesting improvement shown here, both in reproduction and content. #2 isn't exactly bad, for a second issue, but it isn't particularly good, either, and the smeary dittoing doesn't improve matters. Dave Courtland's long article on "The Vintage Amazing" is all right except that I simply can't respect the judgement of anyone who actually liked the Palmer-edited AMAZING. (Courtland has some criticisms, but the article seems to be mostly "pro".) Remainder of the issue is so-so, except for a couple of short letters from paperback book publishers. Issue #3, while retaining ditto for the cover (I'm not sure whether this was a mistake or whether Kane is just a bad artist), goes to fairly good mimeographing for the inside pages. Material also improves. Greg Benford does a nice axe job on an article from #2, Courtland continues with the vintage years of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES which seems a bit more impartial, or maybe I'm imagining things. (But I wish that the people who keep dropping comments about FA "going digest size" would do a little research. FANTASTIC is not a continuation of FANTASTIC ADVENTURES; aside from the complete break in volume numbering both magazines were being published at the same time for a period of several months.) Clayton Hamlin does an article on FFM that is too short to allow him to say much, and Mike Deckinger and Bob Jennings present fair columns. No single item is a vast improvement over the material in issue #2, but the overall impression is far better. CILN could be the major outlet for the better writings of younger fen that HOCUS tried to be (and, though it came close at times, never quite managed). Rating.....4

TONGUE IN CHEEKLY WEEKLY #2 (same editor as CILN - free for comment) A short personal-type mag. Not up to Boggs' DISCORD, but not bad.

QUE PASADO? #1 & 2 (Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada - quarterly - 25¢) First issue presents a con report in jazz talk. To quote, "Even if it was good I wouldn't like it." It was, and I

didn't. However, the second issue is more to my biased taste. Even if he doesn't like Tom Lehrer (the only modern comedian whose routines can be listened to more than once). I don't know if Nirenberg's routines can stand the repeat test, but they're pretty good the first time around and who reads a fanzine more than once, anyway? In fact, I'd say that issue #2 was a real fun-zine. Rating....6

SIRIUS #2 & 3 (Erwin Scudla, Austria - American agent Arthur Hayes, RR #3, Bancroft, Ont., Canada - monthly - 6 for \$1) Official publication of the International Science Fiction Society. Primarily a news mag; reports of fandom and pro news from Austria, Australia, France, Norway, and other countries. You may feel that the ISFS goes in for too much organizing just for the sake of organization, but SIRIUS is probably the best way of getting a quick acquaintance with European fans. Sort of a European combination of FANAC and S F TIMES. Rating....5

TERROR #3 (Larry Byrd, P.O. Box 714, Costa Mesa, Calif. - bi-monthly - 30¢) Lovely cover by Jiro Tomiyama. Contents are aimed at horror movie fans. A review of "The Thing" (aren't you a few years late, boys?) is seemingly included as an excuse to present a couple of still photos from the movie. (A suggestion is made that Hammer Films should remake or do a sequel to this movie; how about having them film the original story? That would be a real horror film! The people who quiver at the present crop would be too scared to even run for the exits.) The first half of an article by Jim Belcher on mummies is the most interesting item in the issue. Even when run in two parts it's going to be too short to be really informative; all his sub-information on Egyptian religion, etc. provides enough material for a series of articles rather than a two-part one. But considering the length restriction, he does a good job. A cartoon feature is a very bad imitation of the early MAD, but the rest of the mag should be of interest to horror movie fans. Rating... Special interest, but seems to be good example of its type.

HYPHEN #25 (Ian McAulay and somebody named Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast, Northern Ireland - irregular - 15¢) Irregular is hardly the word for it; frankly, I never thought I'd see another issue and since McAulay seems to be getting the blame for the enthusiasm behind this issue, fandom should thank him. I always end up by saying that HYPHEN is enjoyable and letting it go at that; this is because the thing is a monster to review. Actually, when critically analyzed the material in it isn't so much better than that in a dozen or so other fanzines; I can't pin down a reason for HYPHEN to be one of the most entertaining fanzines published. (Saying that Willis is great is merely avoiding the question.) Anyway, it is entertaining, so get a copy. Rating.....9

SCRIBBLE #3 (Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hospital, Ripley Rd., Knaresborough, Yorkshire - irregular - 6d; Americans ~~6d~~ ~~10d~~ try 10¢) Aside from the apparent editorial determination to publish humour whether it's funny or not, it's a pretty good mag. Some of the jokes are funny, some are not, and some are pointless (which means that whether or not you consider them funny depends on your opinions of pointless stories. I rather like them.) Neville Goldberg, who appears to have a voltmeter for an editor, contributes probably the best item, and one of the few to approach a page in length. I'd think some long humorous material would be appreciated...contributors? Rating.....3

MONDAY EVENING GHOST #7 (Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tennessee - 15¢ - six-weekly, it says) Mike Deckinger comments on letterhacks, the editor states that it's a rare event for a magazine to build a personality without the aid of a lettercolumn (let's see; GALAXY, F&SF, VENTURE, AVON FANTASY READER, SATELLITE, SCIENCE FANTASY... the event doesn't look all that rare to me). Then Rich Brown discusses TAFF, Art Rapp covers stf poetry, there is another of Clay Hamlin's "Forgotten Classics" columns (again covering an item that I bought new off the news stand; the man is making me feel positively ancient) and the first section of Emile Greenleaf's con report. Brown, Hamlin and Rapp are all reasonably good; I ignore the con report as usual. A cover by Prosser looks crudely stencilled to me, even if the editor does say it was stenafaxed. It's still good, but seems coarse when compared to the Prosser originals I've seen. Rating....4½

SOLAR ZINE #1 (Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk, Virginia - irregular, probably - 12 for \$1) Biggest fault here is the use of hekto-graph; the editor makes a good try, but hekto usually manages to look sloppy no matter how much care is expended on it. This is completely legible, which is better than average. Material by Marion Bradley, Bob Farnham and Paul Edmonds is quite readable, and Marion's poem is very good. Material and a publisher for a mimeographed mag is requested. He seems able to get the material; if a publisher is obtained it should be a good mag. SOLAR ZINE is to be primarily an advertisement that Harrell intends to publish; it's no great shakes as a fanzine but satisfactory as a notice of intent.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS #144 (Box 92, 920 Third Ave., Seattle 4, Washington - monthly - 25¢) Renfrew Pemberton is back with astute critical analyses of promags, and under his pseudonym of F.M. Busby offers some comments on TAFF. Don Franson continues his noble (but, I fear, futile) efforts to improve fan spelling. Hugo Gernsback gives his opinion of science fiction again (as I said about Derleth, Gernsback doesn't appear very often but you always know what he's going to say when he does). Elinor Busby discusses theft, Negroes, humility and John Berry; next month she's going to show how these are related. (No, Elinor, I am not criticizing; I am amusing myself.) Wally Weber continues his libelous Minutes of Nameless meetings, Terry Carr describes Los Angeles fandom, John Berry contributes a story and everyone contributes letters. The letter column has one of these real intellectual arguments going now; all about whether this hypothetical moron who steals a loaf of bread to feed his dying family should be strung up by the thumbs as punishment. I even wrote them a letter of comment about it; naturally I said he should be drawn and quartered, but they probably won't print it. Anyway, Pemberton and Carr are worth anyone's quarter. Rating....8

SI-FAN #2 (Jerry Page, 193 Battery Place, NE, Atlanta 7, Georgia - bi-monthly - 20¢) Most interesting item to me was Jerry Burge's commentary on the Vardis Fisher books; it might mean less to someone who either knew Fisher better or didn't know him at all, but to someone just encountering the man's writing it was fascinating. Fred Chappell's cartoon-parody of Mike Hammer is obviously old (since the editor wants to know where Chappell lives now) but even when Spillane-parodies were newer I doubt if this one would have been worth reading. West, Mike Deckinger and the editor do better. Rating....5

ESPRIT #2 (Daphne Buckmaster, 8 Buchanan St., Kircudbright, Scotland - irregular - 20¢) The first experimental issue seems to have been successful, since we have a second one. This one is more stf-centered, with John Rackham and Bill Gray writing about stf and fandom. However, we also have Nan Gerding defending history, Jack Wilson presenting a theory of the afterlife that I've sometimes wondered about and the editor telling us that science has proved that we all have lousy judgement (at last! science is on my side!) Then there are 26 pages of letters on the subjects presented in the last issue. All very good, though Nan Gerding's choice seems a bit arbitrary. With her approach, she could have defended literature, spelling or archaeology with equal reason. Interestingly, Daphne and Dick Lupoff (of XERO) have come up simultaneously with the idea of classifying letter excerpts by subject, rather than publishing all the comments of one writer together. It's a good idea, too, though it's far too much work for me to bother copying. Rating....8

BUDDHA'S BULLETIN #5 (Paul Shingleton, Jr., 320 26th. St., Dunbar, West Virginia - irregular - 3 for 25¢) Bigger and better this time. Clay Hamlin has an intriguing defense of hekto (not convincing, you understand -- after all, I've seen the results of the process and even experimented with it myself -- but intriguing.) Les Gerber has a good short article, Mike Deckinger rambles rather pointlessly and Vic Ryan discusses fannish pseudonyms. Deckinger usually does better; the others are up to their regular standard. Rating....4

LES SPINGE #3 (Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Rd., Stourbridge, Worcs., England - irregular - 15¢ - US agent Don Durward, 6033 Garth Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif.) George Locke has a long (16 pages) fannish parody, "The Purple Clod". While I haven't either read the book (due to lack of interest) or seen the movie (due to lack of opportunity) I suspect that the plot is that of the movie. It's a good enough story, but I wonder why everyone who writes fannish parodies writes them about stories that I've never been enough interested in to read? Then there are 13 pages of S.A.D.O. history, a 9½ page extract from a Dick Schultz letter concerning Count Kozlov, and a piece of fan fiction by Mike Deckinger, who seems to be turning up everywhere these days. (And this time I'll give him top honors, or at least a tie with Schultz.) The zine is a little too fannish for my taste, but should be fun for those more fannishly inclined. Rating.....5

SMOKE #4 (George Locke, 3 Company RAMC, Connaught Hospital, Bramshott, Hindhead, Surrey, England - bi-monthly - 15¢) At last, a fanzine with a radiation-proof cover. I'll get my main gripe over with first; Locke has gone in for fancy layout and lettering to the point that it is virtually impossible for the reader to make out either the title or the author of some of his material. He'll probably get compliments, too, from the fans who equate elaborateness with quality. More fannishness; Bob Lichtman exposes Unicorn Productions, Dick Schultz exposes Detroit fandom, Archie Mercer exposes the Lincoln Interplanetary Society, and John Berry, in the best item in the issue, reveals the hidden depths of Irish Fandom. Ella Parker has a good short item on the soap-box orators of Hyde Park, and there is a reprint from a scarce science-fiction book published in 1873 (interesting at least partly due to the author's practice of throwing the word "electricity" into every scientific explanation.) Mostly of interest to the more "fannish" types. Rating....4½

GRUMBLINGS—

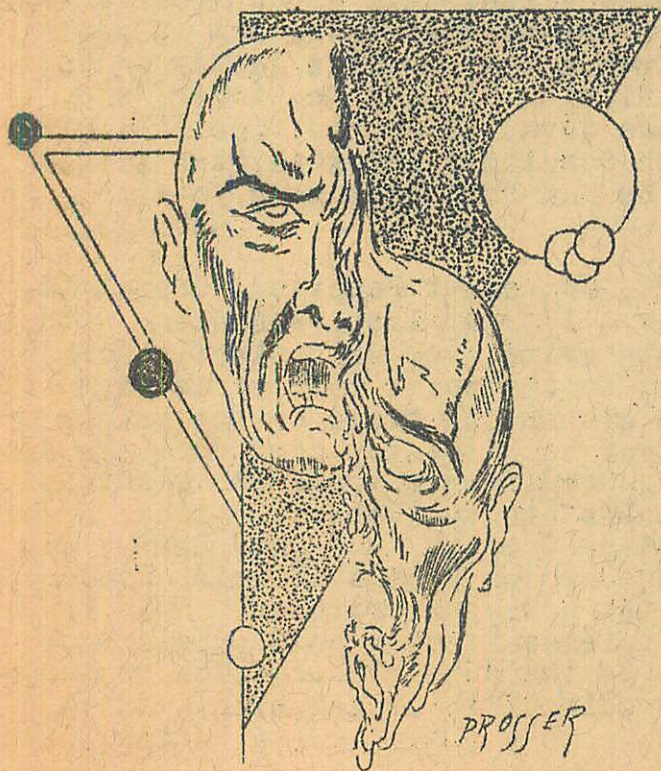
SETH JOHNSON, 339 Stiles St., Vaux Hall, New Jersey - That letter by Les Nirenberg just about sums up the problem of science fiction and seems to be just about typical. Here in Jersey there is only one distributor, and this one follows the policy of striking any mag off his delivery list that is returned. Thus if my dealer has one copy of each sf mag then if I don't buy them all I'm liable to find those I missed missing from the rack next time.

One thing that enters my mind from all these comments on newsstand handling of sf. When did they ever give sf much of a display? As long as I can remember I've had to hunt under stacks of mundane mags to find the sf mags, and this was when they were in pulp size yet. Seems to me if the market is there the readers will find what they are looking for. Thing is to get them to looking for it.

Seems to me it's an endless cycle. The best writers are leaving the field because there are so few mags on market for their writing that if script is rejected five times it's done with. Think if the editors got together and offered van Vogt, Heinlein, Blish and the other top writers a guaranteed publication of ten stories per year they would go a long way towards keeping the best writers busy writing the stuff we love to read.

/I doubt it. With the quality of the present competition, the top authors can sell anything they write, almost, and I imagine they know it. But why should they? Why should they waste time writing 10 stories for ANALOG and F&SF when they can make more money by writing 2 stories for PLAYBOY and ROGUE? On newsstands, I seem to be blessed. I'm used to stands that always have displayed sf mags in a separate section, and still do.

Of course, I have to work to find some pb titles, but I can usually get all of them, eventually. RSC/



VIC RYAN, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Illinois - Dodd obviously hasn't been keeping up with his gangster movies, or he'd realize the effectiveness of a sawed off shotgun. One doesn't have to be a Grennell to realize the devastating effect of expanding buckshot, bird suet, or whatever. You might also point out to Alan, as a matter of possible interest, that the regulation of the sale of sawed-off shotguns is one of the few regulations, thru legislation, which the Supreme Court has allowed our Congress to institute. The only other example I can think of regards red phosphorus matches. Perhaps Supreme Court expert and critic Lynn Hickman can add something. /Oh, I imagine Alan knew all about

sawed-off shotguns, but possibly he had forgotten that the sawing is strictly for ease of concealment. Barrel length is immaterial as far as killing power goes, so that with the proper load a fowling piece that Alan could buy openly is every bit as deadly as anything seen on "The Untouchables". RSC/

Don Thompson, Room 36, 3516 Prospect St., Cleveland 15, Ohio - Because I just poured myself my eighth cup of coffee for today, I was reminded of Rod Serling, who consumes coffee by the gallon. This, in turn, reminded me of my still-pending YANDRO which contains the comment that you "still think Serling told a secretary to write an answer to the con committee and lay it on thick".

Well, I think it sounded like Serling, but that's immaterial. First of all, Rod Serling is Big Time, holder of many more important (no matter what we'd like to think) awards than our paltry Hugo, of which he had never even heard. To us it's important; to Serling, it's as meaningful as if you ran an article dealing with plumbers in YANDRO and received notification that you had won the Golden Plumber's Friend for your contribution to the field of PF (Plumbing Fiction).

Well, what the hell. Would you be impressed? As I said, it sounded like Serling, but I hope he had the sense to turn the job over to a secretary; he has better things to do than personally acknowledge every award given him by Ladies Aid Societies and crackpot fringe groups. He gets quite enough awards, thank you.

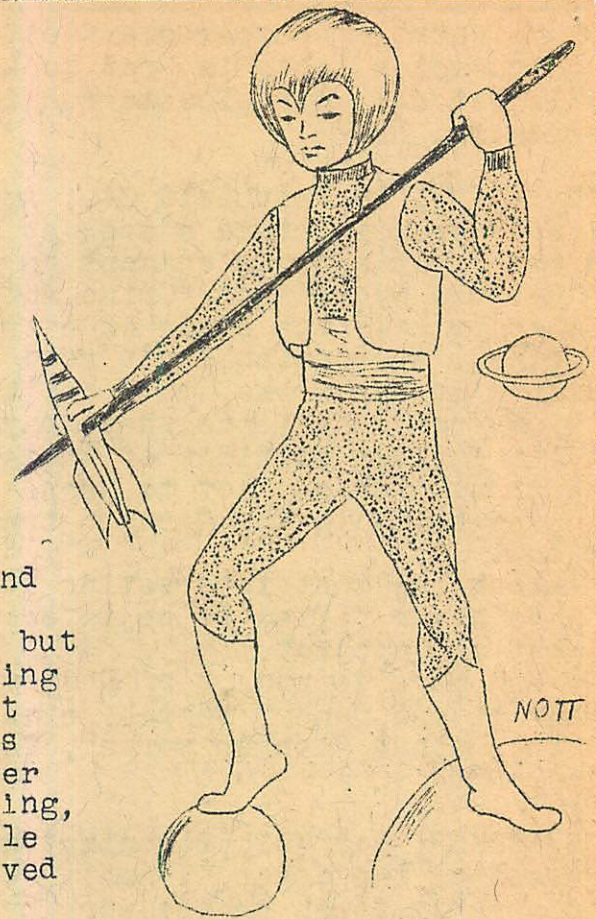
On the other hand, he might even use it to plug his show. Stranger things have happened, such as "The Monster of Piedras Blancas", a new crudmovie, proudly proclaiming that it won an award from "Forry's Famous Monsters" for being horrible, which it undoubtedly is.

Ah well, enough of this. It occurs to me that I should not be writing to you, subbing to YANDRO, reading YANDRO or having anything whatever to do with the amateur journalism aspects of fandom. You see, I am now a bona-fide member of the American Newspaper Guild, associated with the AFL-CIO and you guys represent non-union labor.

As long as nobody in fandom turns fink, I guess I can stick around, but if I'm reported, it will become my sad duty to organize goon squads and come calling on some of Fandom's Publishing Giants (and won't that shake up the folks at 1818 Grove St, Berkeley 9, Calif?)

I hope it won't come to that. You needn't worry, anyway, because I'm not fool enough to go near Wabash or Fond-du-Lac. I understand the black-leg labor in those areas goes about armed to the teeth.

/I didn't intend to imply that there was anything wrong in Serling's delegating his acceptance-letter to a secretary; I was just being amused at the fans who were oohing and ahing over the "wonderful" letter. (Because if he did write it himself, he obviously feels that fans will fall



for any sort of outrageous flattery -- and apparently some of them will. The non-union labor in Fond du Lac has pull with the local fuzz, too. He'll get all your pickets run in for obstructing street repairs or something. RSC/

BOB BRINEY, 10 Fairfield St., Apt. 8, Boston 16, Mass. - If you haven't already seen it, take a look at the cover of the EVERGREEN REVIEW #14. An excellent capsule comment on censorship.

Re: the quote from "Crime And Punishment". I don't think it quite kosher to hold the style of a translated work against the author of the original. My Russian isn't good enough to get me through any of Dostoyevsky's longer works, so I can't judge his style in the original. But I know from experience that many of the infelicities of style that occur in the English editions of Thomas Mann's works, for example, are due to the translator and not to Mann. I presume the same holds for Dostoyevsky -- especially in the Garnett translations, which I've been told are rather bad.

About the most interesting item in the issue was Sid Coleman's letter. I have never failed to be interested in his conversation and writing on almost any subject.

/We had more defenders of Dostoyevsky show up over that quote....I still think it was funny, though, even if it was the translator's fault. What is this about "longer works", though? I didn't know he wrote any other kind. RSC/

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - YANDRO here, and I'm impressed by the cover. I can't decide which is to be the most admired, the work by Beach or the work by Wilcox. I have noted a suspicious resemblance between the vampire and the human character on page 3, except that the character on page 3 has a downward slanted mustache.

/By page 3, I'm tired already. RSC/

Buck, you say "perhaps the Tucker column will save the issue from complete disgrace." And perhaps it would have, if Tucker could have found something else to write about. He seems to have nothing but sex on his mind, as Dodd noted. I for one am tiring of this, and hope he returns to the good subjects he used to do so well, such as dissecting Stendahl and Harold Bell Wright and those other cats.

A correction for Dodd on the progeny: daughter 23, son 20, both married, ghod knows how many grandchildren will come churning thru the mill. They sort of take after their father, who lacks the sense to quit. Et tu, Grennell? What's the word from Fond du Lac? Has the race petered out?

Another (infrequent) letter from Bloch, who is now with Warner Bros. studio working on a mystery movie script. I'll send along the title when I learn same and we can all go to the theater to boo his credit line on the screen. Bloch says Catherine Kuttner and Howard Browne are also working there.

/Not on the same movie, I hope. RSC/

But one fault of those incestuous Egyptian brothers and sisters has been consistently ignored: none of them could speak English.

BOB SMITH, 1 Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia - This business of "Hugo" awards and the International Fantasy Award: in the May 1952 issue of NEW WORLDS, Leslie Flood states that the IFA was born one evening at the "White Horse" Tavern; originators were John Beynon Harris, G. Ken Chapman, Frank Cooper and Flood. In any case, Eney goofed in his

description of the "Hugo" in FANCYC II.

TERRY CARR, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, Calif. - I suppose I should comment, but I'm too damn busy right now (as usual). But I will say that that "Clayfoot Troopers" article showed a wonderful new talent on the fmz scene, and we both agreed with your comments on it, Buck.
/So don't just sit there lapping egoboo, Peggy; write us something else/

Rev. C.M. Moorhead, R.D. 1, Box 87, Middle Point, Ohio /Note: the following is an editorially condensed version of a letter sent to various newspapers and public officials after the recent rape-slaying of Nancy Eagleson of Paulding, Ohio, and triggered by a newspaper quote that authorities were questioning a number of known sex offenders about the crime. RSC/

Why are they allowed to run loose? I have read many times of sex offenders being brought before a court to be tried, and they got off lightly with a 3 to 5 year sentence, and after serving part of that time they were turned loose to prey again upon other helpless victims.

Everybody passes the buck. The people blame the law enforcement officers for not being more alert, and the lawmen blame the people for not giving them adequate facilities with which to work. The whole blame lies with the people!

We certainly have a low concept of morals and personal dignity when we sit back with indifference toward our whole moral structure and are only aroused when some terrible crime is committed. An aroused citizenry can do a lot, but it has to be organized; it cannot be frenzied outrage that flares up for a while and then slowly dies down as time passes. An indifferent and unfeeling citizenry is a deadly peril and is guilty of the grossest sin -- cruelty.

We ought to bombard our state legislatures or our national representatives to enact laws with teeth in them against all sex offenders. Rape ought to receive the death penalty or life imprisonment, and once sentence is passed, the execution of the penalty should be swift! (The opposite of this is the infamous Chessman case that dragged on for 10 years or more!) One of the surest ways to stop these outrages is to either castrate and/or imprison the criminal.

I realize that all sex deviants are not known to society. But I am also of the opinion that were all "known sex offenders" held in some sort of restraint, either by the surgeon's knife or prison, there would be a great decrease in sex offenses.

If harsh legislation could be enacted and our judges persuaded to pass harsh sentences on such offenders, I am sure that such terrible crimes would decrease. If one girl's life could be saved, it would be worth all the effort.

Yet out of all the people who will read this letter if it is published, I doubt if 1% of them will take time to write a letter to their state capital or Washington protesting this social crime. People are just too indifferent or complacent to bother! And that is exactly why this sort of crime goes on and on.

/Comments, anyone?/

JOE ZIMNY, RR 2, Carbondale, Illinois - I am a bit disturbed by Peggy Sexton's "wild thought". I'm afraid she has her sciences a bit confused. Psychology is not a social science; it is a behavioral science. I am unfamiliar with just where "armchair psychology" should be categorized,

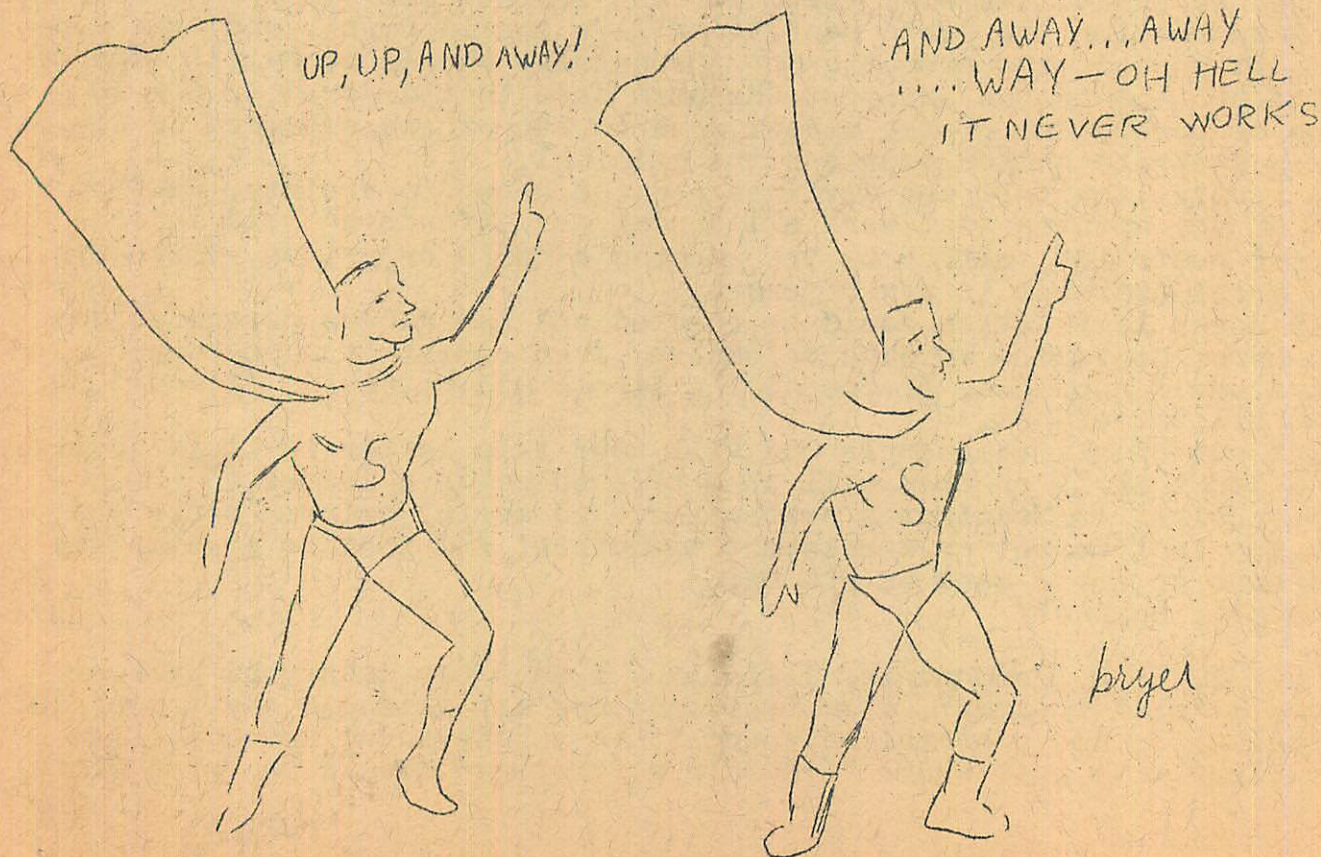
but I will agree that sometimes a little knowledge on the part of the uninformed can be a dangerous thing. However, norms are not necessarily bad. Mis-interpretation or mis-application of norms is unpardonable, especially in psychology or education.

Education has not sold out to conformity. Perhaps those being taught sell out but not education itself. The real teacher should have absorbed the importance of INDIVIDUAL DIFFERENCES. The true teacher will account for the individual differences of each pupil; a job difficult to do in some circumstances, but the real teacher will try.

/And what percentage of the teaching profession would you say were real teachers? 1%? 2%, maybe? In the meantime, individual differences are used primarily as an excuse for "progressive" education. RSC/

BRINEY, again - I enjoyed Tucker's column; what a pity that "Hideaway In The Sun" was cut off in its prime... It would have been the perfect afternoon feature for the kiddies. The movie, along with "For Members Only" and assorted other British nudist films, has been doing a good business in various local theaters recently. Aside from some obviously unintentional comedy (including a hilarious semi-nude rock'n-roll number) they are a pretty sad lot. All the women look much better in the few scenes where they wear clothes. (Yes, I've seen a couple of the films. After all, they represent the New Wave of the future...) All of the local newspapers, including the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, have politely ignored the films, and only a couple of them had "Adults Only" signs in the box-offices. PSYCHO stirred up considerably more furor than the scenes of full-length male and female nudity in these films; which is exactly as it should be, of course.

Note: recently the Daystrom company has been running a series of ads in TIME and other mags, featuring gorgeous full-page paintings by Paul Callé. Now, in the Nov. 14 issue, they are offering -- presumably free



-- a portfolio of these ads. The address: Daystrom, Incorporated Murray Hill, N. J.

Note that Ace has put out a pb of Taine's "The Greatest Adventure". Hope they follow up with some of the other Taine sf novels. Especially "Quayle's Invention", which is the only one of which I don't have a copy.

Recommended: the Evan Hunter parody of Spillane in "The Comfortable Coffin" (Crest or Gold Medal pb, can't remember which). Not nearly as funny as Leiber's "The Night He Cried", but still good.

/Well, Taine would be an improvement over Ray Cummings, admittedly. RSC/

MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey - Beach's cover on Y #94 came out well, but the overall effect is that of juvenile grade school scribbling.

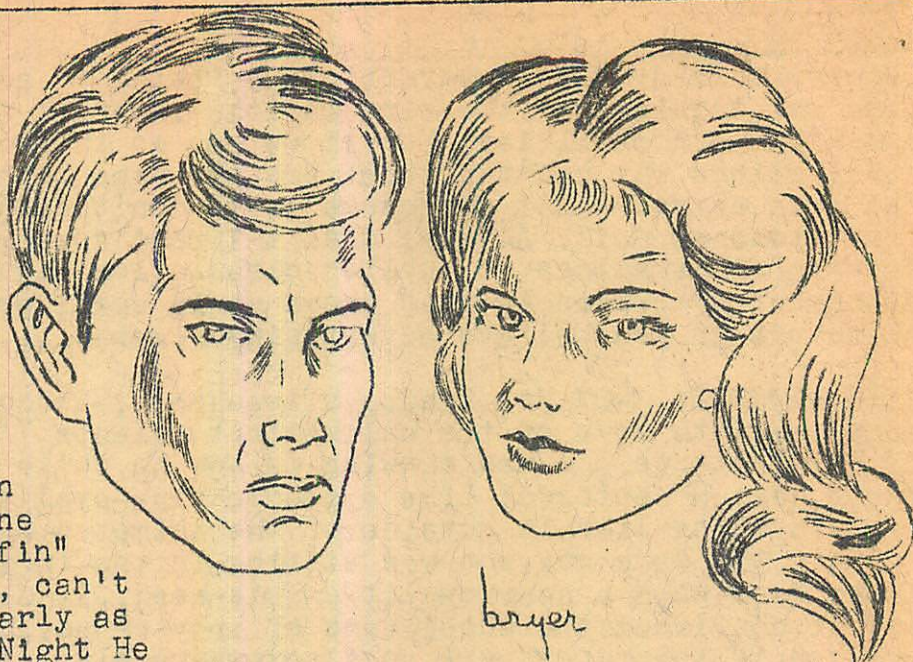
From what I heard at the hotel, the Aardvarks (I saw it spelled with a "D" too) were a group of nature lovers who stuffed and mounted animals, or something like that. Did you see the ridiculous coon-skin caps they were wearing? It looked like a meeting of the Davy Crockett fan club.

As usual Tucker was interesting. "The Hideous Sun Demon" isn't a Japanese import, though, it's purely American with Robert Clarke as a scientist who develops into a monster, and the less said about it the better. I fail to see what the great harm is in showing a nudist film to children. While nudist films are filled with nudes (naturally) they are all conducted in a tasteful, un-erotic manner, for the purpose of dispensing propaganda on nudism, rather than showing a lot of naked women.

I'd still feel safer having a loaded pistol in my possession if there was any danger of a prowler in the house some dark and lonely night. I, like most civilians, I would imagine, have not had much experience with a firearm but even if I missed, I'm sure that nothing would discourage a burglar more than a shot. The advantages to a loaded pistol is that you could probably scare a prowler away, without being forced to shoot him.

/Shotguns make more noise than pistols, too; not to mention the fact that you are a lot surer of intentionally missing (or hitting) with a long-barrelled gun. The only gun I keep loaded is a revolver, because it's the only one you can just look at and tell that it's loaded (fewer accidents that way). But if I had the time to lead, I'd relay on a shotgun for serious work. RSC/

About magazine circulation as Metcalf mentions, several months ago at an ESFA meeting in Newark, Sam Moskowitz mentioned that he had been interested in the circulation of ASTOUNDING. So he called up the pub-



lisher, said he was an advertiser thinking of advertising in the magazine and inquired of the circulation. The full figures were given to him with no formalities. Now if we are so interested in the current circulations why can't someone try the same thing?

/As long as you don't expect me to; I don't care enough to pay for a long-distance call. Anyway, didn't I read somewhere that it's now mandatory for magazines to publish circulation figures in their annual statement of ownership that shows up in small print in the mag? And then of course if you believe advertising figures..... RSC/

GENE DEWEESE, 3407 No. 22nd., Milwaukee 6, Wisconsin - One guy at work comes up with some of the unlikeliest talents I've ever heard of.

For instance, he was showing me how he could vibrate his eyes the other day. Honestogod! Like a couple blue-eyed tuning forks. Haven't seen anything like it outside of the animated cartoons.

He's the same guy who was sitting in the office playing chess one lunch hour when a sparrow lit on his head. It didn't stay there long, but it confirmed the suspicions of many of us....

Even if the money were good somewhere else, I'm not sure I'd want to leave the present insane group.....

Oh yes: This same person was adjusting one of the typist's chairs the other day and it came apart in his hands. Got it put back together easily enuf, but he had an unidentified part left over....

/Do these sort of things happen to other fans, or is Gene's circle of friends unique? RSC/

SID COLEMAN, Norman Bridge Lab, Cal Tech, Pasadena, Calif - Betty is quite right about incest, and I am in the wrong. Except for quite unlikely combinations of circumstances, the genetic disadvantages of the practice are negligible. Nevertheless, we find incest taboos to be very widespread, familiar features not only of cultures that share Greek and Hebraic ancestry, but of primitive Island civilizations that have never heard of Moses or Oedipus. If incest has no biological disadvantages, it is hard to explain why it should be so widely discouraged.

I have a wild guess. Perhaps the point of the custom is not to discourage incest but to encourage interfamilial relations, for the same reasons the royal families of Europe found it wise to encourage interfamilial marriage. I imagine a primitive agricultural community where everyone is more or less related to everyone else is more stable, less likely to dissipate its energies in intracommunity wars, than one which is split up into separated families. Maybe the social function of incest taboos is to prevent Hatfield-Coy situations from arising. Perhaps someone who knows a little more anthropology than I do can verify or quash this conjecture.

One final remark: This discussion, and many similar one, makes me realize how much I am -- how much we all are -- the prisoners of our childhood training. No matter how well I understand the arbitrary nature of our sexual taboos, no matter how rationally and ingeniously I analyze their origins, the fact remains that I find homosexuality repulsive, that even the thought of incest nauseates me. I suspect the same applies to you. As a test, imagine one of your parents (either one) making a pass at you. See what I mean?

/Well, in my case it's awfully hard to imagine, but I can't say that the idea nauseates me. There's a mild disgust, but then I feel a mild disgust toward so many things.... The primitive energy saved from intracommunity wars is dissipated in inter-community wars, so we don't seem to be gaining much.... RSC/