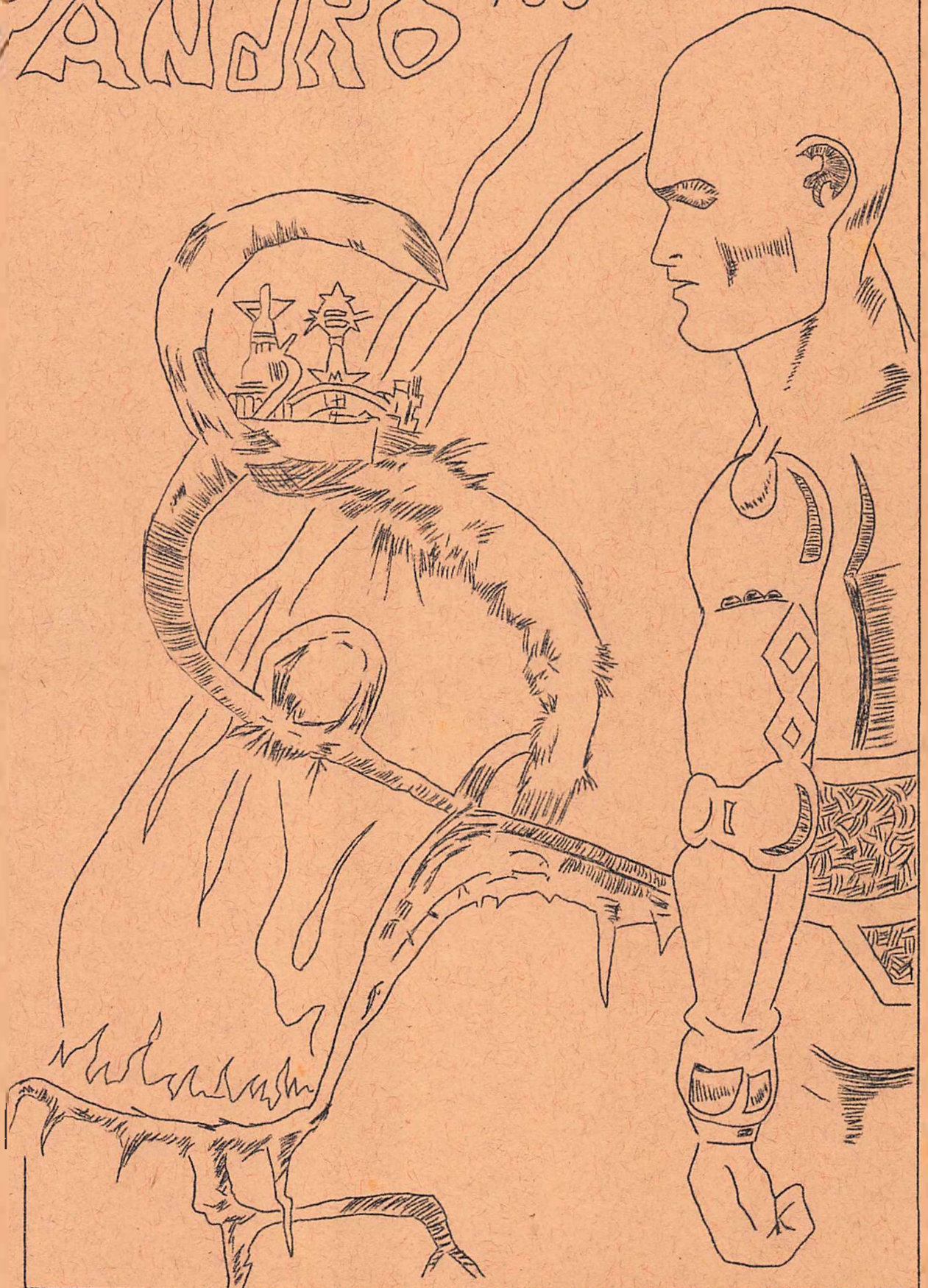


YANRO

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YANDRO

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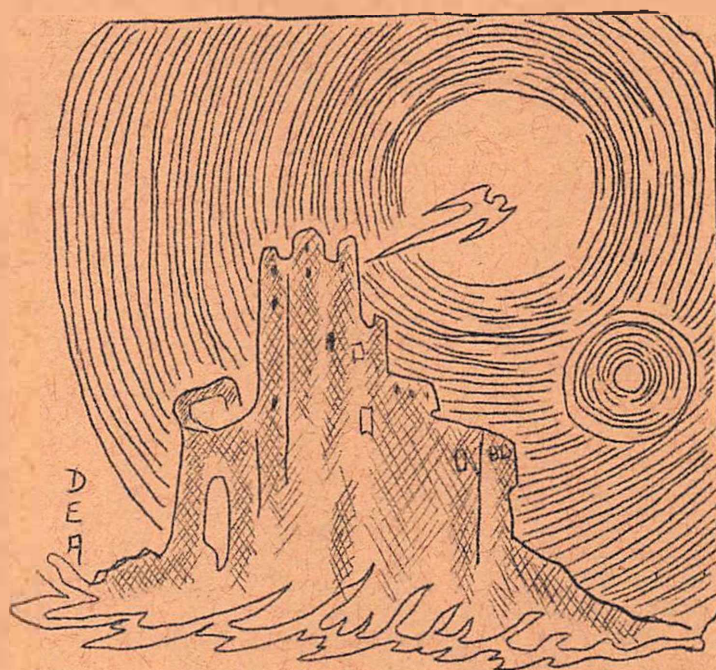
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If you attend the DayCon, note the St. Louis In '69 ad on our back pages and vote that way.

ARTWORK

Cover by Gene Turnbull

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" 2	JWC
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" 6	Maggie Thompson
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" 11	Maggie Thompson
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When we were talking to Gene Roddenberry at Desilu, he said that he would like to request fan editors who run any material concerning "Star Trek" to send a copy of their publication to Mort Werner at NBC. (Mort Werner, Programming NBC, 30 Rockefeller Pl., New York, N.Y. 10020). The object is to convince NBC that there are at least some intelligent people who watch the show. Roddenberry said that in his final clash with the NBC executives over the time slot for the show next season, he had carried a stack of fanzines to New York with him as ammunition. (He also said the stack was mostly composed of YANDRO because that was mostly what he had -- I gather that the NBC staff really don't believe in fanzines at all, and he would like proof that there really is more than one being published and that they are not the typical movie "fan club" manipulated by the studio.)

RSC



Although I don't have any official-like notification yet (like money or author's copies) I've good reason to think my second book from Ace will be on some news-stands this month. Reason we know is 'cause Ace sent Buck a review copy -- and I don't think that's fair, for him to get his copy before I get mine. At any rate, this review copy calls it Ace double H-77, and you can all rush out and buy a copy if you chose. It won't make any difference to me in the bank account department, of course, but it'd be a nice thought.

Once more, for some unfathomable reason (or maybe it is obscurely fathomable)

E. C. Tubb and I are sharing...er....covers. Tubb gets a Jeff Jones cover and I get Freas (who has a different idea of Wind-Eaters than I do, but is a good man nathelless).

Actually, I'm not as pleased with the second book as I was with the first. Not particularly with editing or anything, but just with the way things worked out. Better luck next time, I guess.

DEA's illo on page 1 of this issue is for all you hordes of DARK SHADOWS fans out there. I'm afraid I never became hooked on the series, even though with prodding and enthusiastic comments from dedicated watchers I sat through long sessions of the thing. I realize the time factor is a great limit on the writers, but is it really necessary for each writer to throw out the plot line of the previous writer? At least this seemed to happen with confusing regularity while I was watching the show. No wonder Frid when interviewed remarked that he wasn't sure what the series plot-line was. He has company.

Buck mentioned our recent vacation trip in his editorial, skimming the parts that were important to him. Like, he forgot to mention that after getting the two shots of ACTH to counteract my reaction to ivy-oak (which was given me to counteract my allergic reaction to poison ivy) that I developed a violently itching rash. Mid-way thru our stay in California my arms and the soles of my feet began itching; Kay looked up possibilities in some of her medical references and the possibility seems strong that what I exhibited was an allergic reaction to ACTH. I believe the next time I contract poison ivy poisoning, I will resort to teabags. (And probably discover I am allergic to those.)

Disneyland's 115 acre parking lot seems even larger when you're wandering around it on foot. Riding their cute little tram you get a distorted and mechanized view of the place which only blistered feet will fully convince you is unutterably WRONG.

We encountered a mix-up in communications during our first attempt to visit Desilu Studios, and it was pretty irritating while it lasted. (Now of course we can look back at it an ~~ah~~ laugh.) Actually, though, we gained one thing from the incident. Remember during the opening sequence to each MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE this on-tape voice assigning Briggs & Co. to the nether reaches of political skullduggery refers to capture and says that if such happens "the secretary will disavow all knowledge of your activities"? Well, we've met the secretary - and she does indeed.

Many of the places we visited or passed thru on our trip West and back might puzzle a number of people who don't dig history and aren't folk song enthusiasts. Such as

the Creek Council House in Okmulgee, Oklahoma. And Buck feeling regretful because we didn't have the time to drive down the main street of Roswell, N.M. Of course, I can only blame myself for the oven-like moments we spent in Needles, California; even before we started I had been nagging for us to cross into California at Needles so I could feel all Steinbeck-y. As it turned out we even crossed late at night, and I almost felt like being buried somewhere on the California side. I got even more of a feeling of Oakie-ism going thru Bakersfield, which is a graphic testament to making the desert bloom. We also spent some time at Donner Pass, both at the lake - which is now a resort area with boats skimming around on it and people fishing and staring at these crazy gawking tourists - and the memorial. Seeing first-hand and from a well-ventilated but still hot auto the actual route pursued by the California trekkers in the 1840s and 1850s is calculated to increase your admiration of those doughty types, who really do deserve to be called pioneers. We even went past the Humboldt sink and finally fully understood the reference in one folk song: "Until I struck the Humboldt, and I thought I was in hell."

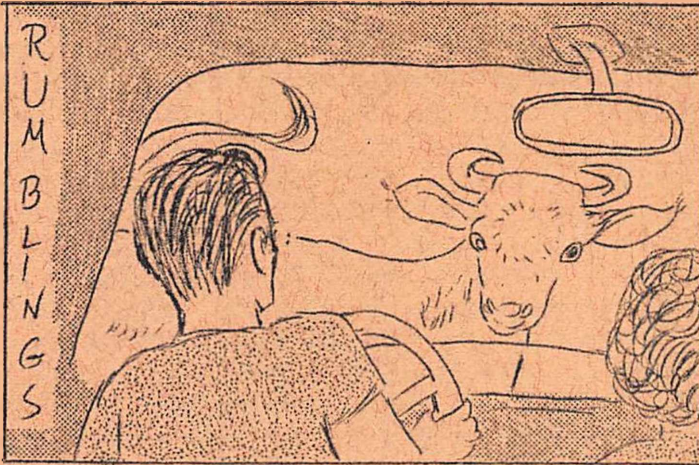
Seeing all the fans was nice too. How do people wrangle month-long vacations, so we wouldn't need to barely get to the West Coast and turn around and come right back? We stayed too late as it was and drove almost all night once to make it back in time. (Mundane employers have no appreciation at all of fannish vacations.)

The trip garnered me a collection of books from nice people, too. Chris Couch gave me a duplicate copy of *THE LONELIEST CONTINENT* by Walker Chapman, a very engrossing book of Antarctic discovery; I found some random reactions were pity for Scott and being appalled at his breaking so many rules (one is tempted to say he asked for it, but part of the tragedy was due to plain bad luck), and interested amazement to find in this age, with a IGY past history, there have really only been three land crossings of Antarctica to the pole. Kay Anderson gave me a copy of Loren Eiseley's *IMMENSE JOURNEY*, a collection of speculative essays by the naturalist; it is, I might say, an excellent book to read in preparation for seeing *2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*. Eiseley rather backs away from the conclusion reached by the film, but much of his other material fits in, particularly for someone who likes to take a step back, now and then, from the stream of life and try to get a broad picture. Both books much enjoyed and thank you, people.

Vera Heminger wants me to say that *Cry* is being revived. You'll have to come out pretty fast to catch up...we've gone past you. Anyway, send money to Vera at 30214-108th Ave SE, Auburn, Washington, 98002. 25¢ ☺ or \$ for \$1, maximum sub \$1.

I was most saddened to hear of Lewis Grant's death. Quite probably fans outside the midwest were never too well acquainted with him. Perhaps I can't even say that we were well acquainted with him, but we knew him well enough to talk to him, listen to him hold forth on favorite topics, print his articles and feel a loss. Most of all I'm sorry that Lew will not be able to see future history as it unfolds. He had an objective and mildly amused interest in current and developing events and made several predictions on approaching trends of the, as he called it, Terrene Age. Much of his speculation seemed valid, even if it was frightening to contemplate. And his speculations seemed all the more convincing because he took the trouble to research before offering opinion. I wish he could have lived to see what's going to happen - because interested observation seemed almost the essence of his personality.

What we need are a horde more enlightened observers who can not only point out things wrong with the way we're going but occasionally suggest methods by which we can remedy the situation. Bierce-like, I think Lewis would have found the last third of this century "most interesting".



WHAT I DID ON MY VACATION DEPARTMENT:

As some of you already know, this year I took my two weeks all at once and Juanita, Bruce and I toured the southwest. 6000 miles, altogether - not counting all the trips around Los Angeles we made using Kay Anderson's poor car. We left July 13 (Sat.), visited the Territorial Capitol Memorial and George Rogers Clark Memorial at Vincennes, Ind., and after some frantic efforts to find a telephone so we could get some native guides, we arrived late that night at the Couch residence (which is on the side of a small mountain somewhere

south of St. Louis). Beautiful place, and ideally located; no wandering fans are going to find them unless they want to be found. Got a late start the next morning because (a) it was raining, (b) we'd stayed up late the night before, and (c) it was more fun sitting around talking to the Couches than it was getting ready to leave.

Sunday afternoon we drove on across Missouri (beautiful state; I agree with you, Hank), ignoring signs inviting us to visit Jesse James' caves, and stopped at a motel in Venita, Oklahoma. Monday we visited the Will Rogers Memorial at Claremore, a Creek Indian museum at Okmulgee, and climaxed our stay in Oklahoma by running into a yearling steer outside of Aaurika. No damage done on either side; I think the "thunk!" must have been his hoof striking the fender as he finally made up his mind to move. But it's slightly unnerving to be bearing down on an animal that size that simply stands in front of you and stares stupidly, especially if you know you're going too fast to stop. (And I had to wait to see which way -- if any -- he ran before trying to steer around him.) We drove late that night, and first encountered a frustrating western phenomenon; being able to see great distances at night. We would see the lights of a town, apparently right in front of us, and think we had made great time until we kept driving for 45 minutes without reaching the blasted place. Stopped alongside the road in Texas and slept in the car.

Tuesday we saw Carlsbad Caverns, which are stupendous. I had been hoping to see the bat flight, but we were there in the middle of the day and couldn't wait. Before we left home, Juanita had contracted poison ivy, and our local doctor had given her a shot of "Ivy-Oak". This got rid of the ivy, but her arm swelled up to alarming proportions, so in Carlsbad she got a shot of ACTH from an allergy specialist (plus a prescription for another shot, good anywhere in New Mexico). Drove across the Sacramento Mountains with the car wheezing and clanking ominously and got to Alamogordo and the White Sands National Monument late in the day. I am always tremendously impressed by White Sands. It's wonderful to get out in the middle of the sands, where there is not a living thing (except for occasional tourists) for miles, and listen to the silence. (Juanita says this proves I'm a misanthrope.) I could spend a whole day there, easily, but this time we had to move on. (They didn't allow camping; no facilities.) We drove on north out of Alamogordo after dark, and noticed these lights in the sky. First I thought they were some sort of beacon fires on the side of a mountain -- but there wasn't any mountain there. Then we thought of the places we'd seen where they were burning off natural gas in oil fields -- but why would they do it way up in the air? And there were certainly no pipes under the lights. Then we got closer and saw that the lights were in clusters of three; they would begin high in the air, descend very slowly and go out, and another cluster would ignite. We - along with quite a few other people - pulled off the road to watch them awhile. (I wonder how many flying saucer reports were turned in that night?) Finally we drove on, and had given up speculating on what they could be when out of the corner of my eye (I was paying more attention to the lights than to road signs) I saw a sign that said "Ordnance Depot", with an arrow pointing in the direction of the lights. Of course; parachute flares. (I always thought those were magnesium, but these were yellow and flickering, like an oil or gas flame.) They made lovely fireworks, at any rate. We stopped that night, appropriately enough,

at Valley of the Fires State Park which, we learned next morning when it was light enough to see, was part of a gigantic lava flow; great ridges of the stuff extending for miles. Fascinating. We arrived at the Tackett domicile around noon Wednesday (undoubtedly endearing ourselves to Chryst by showing up, hungry, just at lunchtime, as we hadn't been able to spot a decent-looking restaurant on the way thru Albuquerque. I don't mean to malign the town; I'm sure it has decent restaurants, but we happened to come in thru the slums and factory district. That evening Bob Vardeman, Jack Speer, and Mike Montgomery came over and we sat around and talked.

Thursday was the big day. Some miles out of Albuquerque a large chunk of recap came off one tire, so we stopped in Grants, New Mexico, for gas, groceries, a used tire, and another shot of ACTH for Juanita. (Which she got from another allergy specialist; she was wondering, if the southwest is as free of allergy-producing material as it claims, why are all these allergy specialists there?) Somewhat refreshed, we pushed on, taking in the Petrified Forest, Meteor Crater, and the Grand Canyon that afternoon (we made it to Grand Canyon just about sundown, in fact, and it was dark when we left). I envied the people who were camping there, but we had been advised to cross the Mojave at night, so we kept going. Good advice, too. Leaving Kingman, Arizona, we went downhill for 54 miles, and I swear that for every mile we drove the temperature went up a degree. At 2:00 AM, Needles, California was the hottest place we were in during the entire trip; it must have been at least 100°. By dawn Friday we were in Barstow, and we got to the Andersons' house in Oxnard somewhere around noon, I think; by that time I was too tired to care about time. The rest of Friday we sat around making the acquaintance of Kay and Gary Anderson and recuperating. Saturday the 7 of us (4 Andersons and 3 Coulsons) visited Palomar and got in a short visit with the Grennells. (A major disappointment of the trip was the small amount of time we spent with the Grennells, but I guess you can't have everything in two weeks.) Sunday Gary and I sat around and talked while Juanita, Kay and the kids visited Disneyland (getting back around midnight because they neglected to note where they parked the car in Disneyland's 115-acre lot). Monday we visited the Desilu studios, met most of the cast of "Star Trek", etc. I'll let Juanita talk about that. Monday night the Trimblees took us out for a genuine Mexican dinner (great!) and a few fans came over. Lessee; the Moffatts, Coxes, Dave Hulan, Grennells, Ruth Berman, Jon and Shirley Jackson, Forry Ackerman. I'd wanted to see Morris Dollens, but apparently he couldn't make it. Anne Cox had baked a cake and decorated it with the inscription "Yandro #300"; Juanita let me break my diet enough to eat a piece. Tuesday I had planned to start back, but we had an invitation to return to Desilu to meet Gene Roddenberry, and we couldn't pass that up, so we saw the studios again. This of course was one of the high points of the trip, particularly for Juanita and Bruce.

Wednesday we had to start home, even though I would have preferred to spend another couple of days -- or another couple of weeks -- with the Andersons. Saw the Sequoia National Park and stopped that night along the road somewhere northwest of Lake Tahoe. Thursday we crossed Donner Pass, stopped at the Donner State Memorial, and drove across Nevada, which as far as I can see is an utterly useless piece of real estate. Went through Lovelock, and I wondered if they ever booked comedians in the town ("Laughsmiths At Lovelock"). In Elko there were big signs for a Deer Hunter's Contest in the Commercial Hotel; I got this picture of chasing bucks up and down stairways, in and out of elevators, and potting them from behind blinds in the lobby. Near Wells there was the impressive sight of a far-off storm; dark clouds, lightning ("God speaks with forked tongue"), and the works. Got to Salt Lake City that night, where we met Glen and Nettie Off (Glen even gave us a motorcycle escort into town) and George Barr. Friday, Saturday and Sunday were spent simply in an all-out effort to get home. We did stop at the Tucker residence in Heyworth, Ill. Bob was working, and again we were short on time, so we talked to Fern for awhile, rested a bit, and went on.

Arrived home at 7:30 PM Sunday; close timing, since I had to be at work Monday. (Almost forgot; after leaving Salt Lake City we did stop at Dinosaur National Monument, which was also impressive and a sight I recommend to other stf fans.) At home I had waiting for me 48 letters, 6 postcards, 6 magazines, 16 books, 23 fanzines, 19 ads, 1 rejected manuscript, a package of mimeo supplies, 5 bills, a package of TAFF sheets, a package of European stf mags and 8 YANDROS returned for better addresses. A fan climax.

How'd You Like To Meet

by

A Nice Gollum?

MAGGIE THOMPSON

"No, oh, no!... Dangers lurk in evil Marshes! Bold but cautious Gurgi fears for his poor tender head! He wants never to return there. Fearsome enchantresses would have turned him into a toad with hoppings and floppings! Oh, terrible Orddul! Terrible Orwent! And Orgoch, oh Orgoch, worst of all!"

Gurgi is a character who alternates between whimpering and fawning--seemingly a repellent toady. If covered with slime and possessed of brighter eyes, he might seem to be Smeagol--of Tolkien's Ring books.

But he could never really be Gollum, for he is also an amusing, bobbing haystack of hair, a little companion of deep courage, and a true friend. He shares Gollum's difference from the physical aspects of his fellows--but he is like them in heart in a way Gollum never is. His fears are greater than those of his friends--but that makes his bravery the greater, too.

Gurgi is one of the creations of Lloyd Alexander, whose series has recently come to the world of sword and sorcery and whose characters are, every one, memorable.

In 1964, his THE BOOK OF THREE was published by Holt, Rinehart, and Winston and, in short order, became an A.L.A. Notable Book. The second novel of the series was a runner-up for the Newbery Medal, (an annual award for the best U.S. children's book). Now, the series which began with those books is done, and the order of publication is:

THE BOOK OF THREE. 1964. \$3.75.
THE BLACK CAULDRON. 1965. \$3.95.
COLL AND HIS WHITE PIG. 1965. \$3.50.
THE CASTLE OF LLYR. 1966. \$3.95.
TARAN WANDERER. 1967. \$4.50.
THE TRUTHFUL HARP. 1967. \$3.50.
THE HIGH KING. 1968. \$4.50.

The ages of reader for BOOK, CAULDRON, CASTLE, WANDERER, and KING are estimated by the publisher as 10-14. COLL and HARP, picture books, are for ages 4-8, and they go back to fill in the beginnings of some main story threads--the prophetic pig and the truthful harp.

Alexander wrote another children's book, TIME CAT, which is outside the series. He has written six books for adults and translations of French works by Sartre, Eluard, and Vialar. But this is his first series, and it's a fine one.

It runs to five novels and two picture books--centering around the sword-and-sorcery adventures of Taran, an Assistant Pig-keeper (who

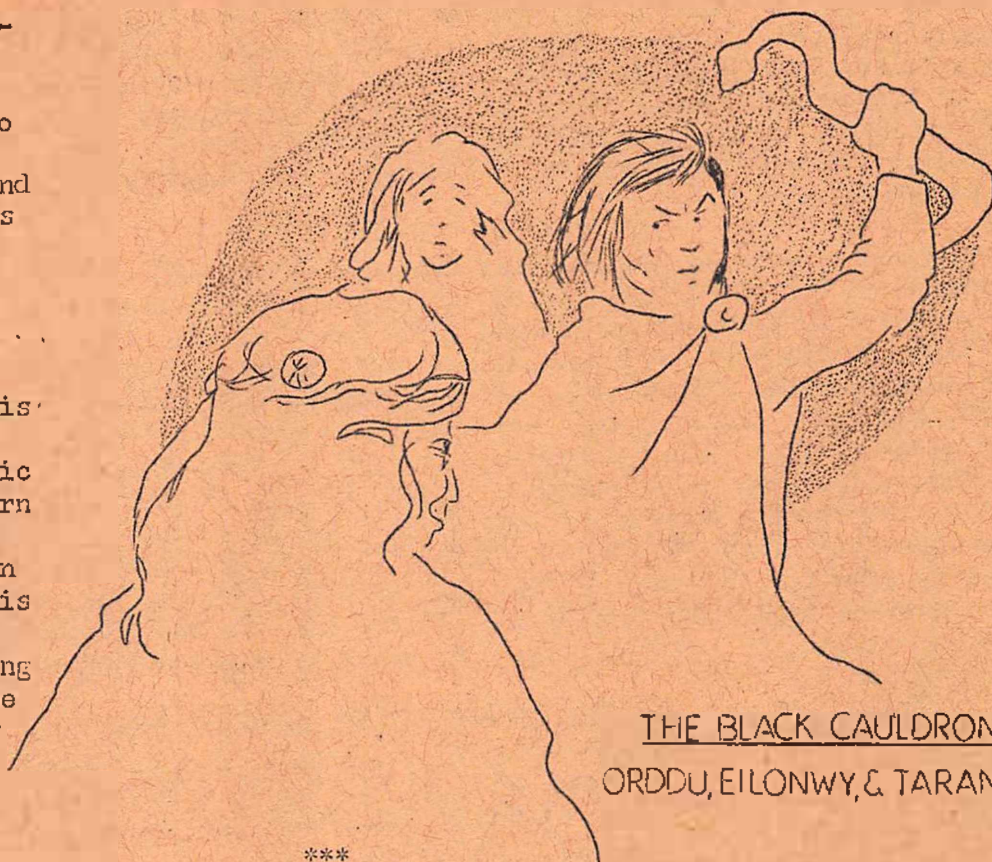
THE BOOK
OF THREE

ACHREN



initially becomes plunged in crisis because of the disappearance of a magic pig he is assigned to guard). Though each work is meant to stand by itself, the series is best read as a whole--and in order.

The books are strongly reminiscent of Tolkien's work, both in their emphasis on adventure, their characters, their epic quality, their concern with good, evil, and learning, and even in their background. This may, in part, be due to Alexander's working from many of the same sources Tolkien drew from--outstandingly, the MABINOGION.



THE BLACK CAULDRON
ORDDU, EILONWY, & TARAN

Those who enjoy epic adventure fantasy might do well to investigate the MABINOGION (the Welsh plural of MABINOGI--meaning "youthful career"), which is a sort of anthology from medieval Welsh story manuscripts called the WHITE BOOK OF RHYDDERCH and the RED BOOK OF HERGEST. The first four tales are called THE FOUR BRANCHES OF THE MABINOGI and are epic adventures of varying quality which range in age from really ancient stories surviving almost pure to those set down in the more civilized Middle Ages (which are of a type with Arthurian adventures).

Unfortunately, the best translation of the texts is to be found in THE MABINOGION: A NEW TRANSLATION, by T.P. Ellis and John Lloyd (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1929, 2 vols.), and that is long since out of print. In fact, the only edition in print is the Everyman edition--and, since Everyman editions lack footnotes, it's pretty tough going. (The other, "original" translation, by Lady Charlotte Guest, was heavily censored.) The Ellis and Lloyd edition, while heavy going at times, is coherent and comprehensible. The notes are enormously helpful. (And, if you want a strange sword-and-sorcery story, an extremely good one is MATH, THE SON OF MATHONWY, the Third Branch. Of which, more later....

When Alexander was working on TIME CAT, he became involved with a Welsh sequence based on the MABINOGION and grew so interested in it that he omitted the episode, saving it for a larger work. Slowly, it grew into the books about Taran, which take place in the ancient land of Prydain (pronounced "PRIDD-ain," it's the original word for "Britain").

The books' illustrations are by Evaline Ness--and include a series of maps, outlining the territory of each book. While Prydain resembles Wales--Pembrokeshire--it is not exactly the same. Alexander says, "After a certain point, I gave up trying for any real geographical location and pulled in landscapes and landmarks from all over as I needed them."

COLL, being a picture book, has much of Ness' work showing Prydain--and how the series began (it being the first chronologically in the epic's events). HARP (also covering incidents prior to the novels) is similar, though the color is not as exciting. In the Author's Note to THE BLACK CAULDRON, Alexander mentions "Evaline" 7

Ness of clearest vision," and her book jackets and illustrations are effective, if highly stylized. Rapport between author and artist was such that Ness painted Taran dark haired--as Alexander thought of him, despite his never describing Taran physically in the series, "hoping the children would see him as seemed best to them." But her pictures are, though extremely fine and fitting for the text, not "realistic," and it would be interesting to see how a Cawthorn or a Gaughan, for example, would picture the adventures.

The books have become, not only fine units, but also a unified epic with the publication of the final book of the series. A brief idea of each book can be given, but you won't find the endings of each here. Read the books for that.

COLL AND HIS WHITE PIG introduces Coll: "No man was as good-natured with a garden, as tender-hearted with a tree, or as agreeable with animals. He loved his vegetable plot, his apple orchard, and, above all, his white pig, Hen Wen." It is here that the power of King Arawn of Annvin, Lord of the Land of Death, is first felt. The wizard Dallben, "a gray-bearded stranger, so ancient that his hands seemed brittle as autumn leaves, his face lined like frost tracings on an ice-bound river," appears for the first time with THE BOOK OF THREE ("in it is set down all that will happen in the days to come"). The humor of the book is well supported by the illustrations (especially those of Hen Wen and Coll), and the book is beautifully suited for reading aloud. (Anyone wanting to introduce the very young to sword-and-sorcery fiction couldn't do much better.)

A second picture book, THE TRUTHFUL HARP, contains "the tale of Fflawddur Fflam, the breaking of the strings, and the harp he carried in all his wanderings from that day forward." Funny and yet moralistic, it is also an excellent story for children. The pictures are unfortunately in red and sepia--and not nearly as attractive as those for COLL. But they are just as well executed.

Both occur prior to the action of the principal series, which begins with THE BOOK OF THREE.

This concerns the quest of the boy Taran and his part in fighting the Horned King, "Arawn's avowed champion" and "the man most to be dreaded in all Prydain." The book takes Taran on a series of adventures in which he meets a variety of well-created, individualistic, memorable, and thoroughly intriguing characters. Among these are the prince Gwydion, Eilonwy (a rather talkative gamin of a princess), Achren (malevolent sorceress and guardian of Eilonwy), Fflawddur Fflam (king and would-be bard), Gurgi (a well-meaning if cringing creature), Doli (a bad-tempered dwarf), and further assorted evil and not-so-evil creatures.

THE BLACK CAULDRON gathers the Companions again in order to destroy that cauldron which gives Arawn his hordes of evil knights.

"Who has not heard of the Cauldron-Born, the mute and deathless warriors who serve the Lord of Annvin? These are the stolid bodies of the slain, steeped in Arawn's cauldron to give them life again. They emerge implacable as death itself, their humanity forgotten. Indeed, they are no longer men but weapons of murder, in thrall to Arawn forever..."

"Now, throughout Prydain, there have been strange disappearances, men suddenly vanishing to be seen no more; and Cauldron-Born appear where none has ever before been sighted. Arawn has not been idle. As I have now learned, his servants dare to strike down the living and bear them to Annvin to swell the ranks of his deathless host. Thus, death begets death; evil begets evil."

In THE CASTLE OF LLYR, the Companions change the scene of their adventures, since time has passed and Eilonwy is becoming a young lady--and must, therefore, be removed from the scenes of rusticity and violence. She is taken to the Isle of Mona and the castle at Dinas Rhydnant to be taught proper court manners; unfortunately for those plans, the evil Achren makes her appearance again to spirit the girl away. And Taran, Fflam, Gwydion, Gurgi, and young Prince Rhun of the Isle (something of an accident-prone bumbler) attempt to rescue her.

The fourth novel is TARAN WANDERER. Since Taran has no knowledge of his origins, he adopts "Wanderer" as his surname and tries to replace it with his true name. His hunt to discover who he really is occupies this, the most Odyssey-like of the series. It is the most fragmented book--and the most filled with "lessons." There is less action and more learning here than in the preceding books.

But it is nonetheless exciting, it introduces another memorable group of characters, and it is integral to the series. It may stand alone less well than the other books, but it supports them best. Since, by this point, the reader cares about Taran, he cares about this book--which prepares the scene for the final book, the end of the series.

THE HIGH KING is a book about which I'll simply quote comments made by Alexander in February 1968. "I'm practically choking to tell you what it's about, especially the mystery about Taran. But I've kept it a secret this long, I'm bound and determined to go all the way to publication date (March 1). ...You might already have guessed the resolution--well, I won't say anyone could really guess. There are no specific previous clues (yes there are, in a way); or, put it that the whole sense of the book and its general attitude is one big clue. You could deduce (not guess) the end by sort of working from the inside out. ...but I can tell you--and this, I'm sure, you must have foreseen--the background is a Prydain-wide war, good against evil. I know the use of a final big battle is comparable to Tolkien. But, given the heroic romance genre and conventions, it's inevitable, almost an obligatory scene. It's also standard in the genuine mythologies. But the ending in THE HIGH KING--ah, that's something else again."

I'll say no more than that. Reviewers who give away the ending to a work spanning five years in publishing alone are a breed to be ostracized. I will only say that I found the book the perfect ending to the epic.

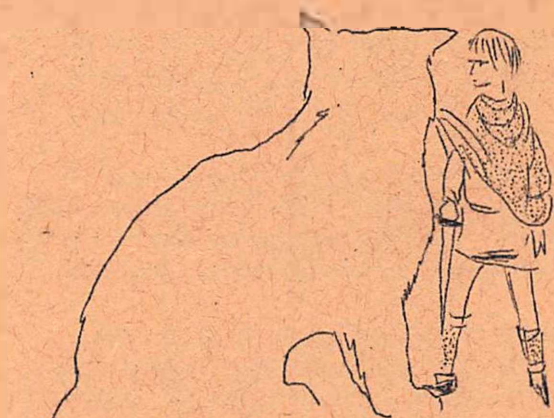
According to Alexander, the tales take place roughly in the fifth century A.D. in a rough equivalent of Wales.

In a speech made to children in the fall of 1966, Alexander claimed that his reason for writing the series was that he had read most of the fairy stories around and, therefore, decided to write his own. With the need facing him to invent a country for the action of his tale, he turned to Wales, a country in which he had spent some time. He let the thought of that country carry him from that point.

He went on to say that he didn't want to invent a big, flashy hero, preferring to deal with an ordinary person--and he couldn't think of anyone more "ordinary" than a pig-keeper. An Assistant Pig-Keeper, at that. And he wanted a princess he could believe in and, "since girls never stop talking," he invented the garrulous Eilonwy. For other characters, he picked traits from himself, he claimed: from his cowardice grew the character of Gurgi; from his trying to do the impossible and failing (with growing bad temper) came Doli; a tendency to exaggerate was itself exaggerated in Fflewddur--and so on.

Actually, he told me later, the process was not as simple--or as deliberate. He began with the MABINOGION, steeping himself in it. His original idea, in fact, had been simply to produce a children's version of the MABINOGION. He soon discovered that it (1) just wasn't suited to being rewritten for teenagers (being extremely disjointed, complicated, and not even written in one era), (2) was a fascinating work, and (3) was full of extremely stimulating ideas for "original" works. He did further research (it is interesting that he couldn't get the Ellis and Lloyd translation and had to work with the Guest and Everyman editions), which included "all sorts of volumes from anthropology to the writings of an eighteenth-century Welsh clergyman."

This was the Rev. Edward Davies. "The book I had, from Swarthmore College Library, was 'Mythology and Rites of British Druids' (dated 1809--so technically, I suppose I should have said 19th Century. I didn't, because he lived mainly in the 18th Century, and 19th Century would have been misleadingly Victorian-sounding). Robert Graves, in THE WHITE GODDESS, mentions Davies as 'brilliant but hopelessly erratic' but says he was on the right track in sensing an alphabet secret in the pied verses of the Cad Goddeu, the 'Battle of Trees.' I've long since returned the book to the



THE CASTLE OF LLYR LLYAN & FFLEWDDUR FFLAM

library, but my recollection is that Davies honestly believed Noah's Ark landed in Wales! The first portion of his book is a long explanation of this thesis and how it relates to Welsh Druidism (he must have been a druid in his secret heart!).

"Anyhow, later on, he gives numerous names, characters, religious figures, etc. I think he defined the gwythaints as 'birds of wrath.' In addition to them, he gave me the idea for Medwyn (I thought of that name) as Noah. Davies, in fact, called him 'Nevvyd Nav Neivion' (which I also used) and translates it as 'The Celestial Lord Neivion.'"

Alexander needed a particular type of character and bogged down in his creation until awaking suddenly with Gurgi almost complete in his mind one morning--except that he wanted the character to be evil and Gurgi wouldn't fit that mold. "Gurgi's name and a little of his personality comes from Davies, too. I noticed an entry, 'Gwrgi Garllwyd, half dog, half man, hideous and gray.' It caught my eye, it sounded as if it might be villainous

enough (this was when I was still thinking of Gurgi as a sinister character), but it just didn't jell. Then, finally, at 4 AM one day, Gurgi appeared as you know him."

But, in the first novel especially, the MABINOGION holds sway, and Alexander applies it neatly to his own work. He comments in one of his "Notes" that "Arawn, the dread Lord of Annuvin, comes from the Mabinogion...though in Prydain he is considerably more villainous. And there is an authentic mythological basis for Arawn's cauldron, Hen Wen the oracular pig, the old enchanter Dallben, and others." (Taran, Eilonwy, and even Prydain, however, are Alexander's own.)

One example may make the derivations clear. Alexander's Cauldron has been mentioned. But the Cauldron is hardly as menacing in the source material. It is in BRANWEN, THE DAUGHTER OF ILLYR (Second Branch) (in RB31; WB44-45):

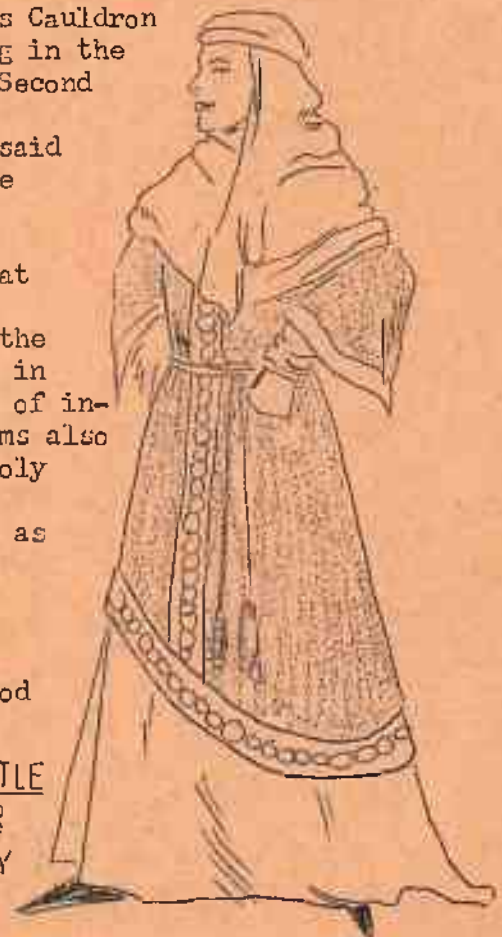
"And I will augment the atonement to you also," said Bendigaid Fran. "I will give you a cauldron, and the property of the cauldron is that if a man be slain today, and be cast into the cauldron, by to-morrow he will be as well as he was at the best, except that he will not have the power of speech."

(Ellis and Lloyd note that this is the introduction of the "cauldron of regeneration," which plays an important part in Celtic myth. It is sometimes referred to as the 'cauldron of inspiration,' the origin of all poetry and arts...and it seems also to be connected with the 'mys,' which developed into the Holy Grail." Not a menacing concept.)

The end of the cauldron in BRANWEN (WB 56; RB 39-40) is as follows:

Then the Irish began to kindle a fire under the cauldron of regeneration, and the dead bodies were cast into the cauldron until it was full, and next day, in the morning, they arose, fighting men as good as before, except that they were not able to speak. Then when Efnissyen (who had caused the battle to begin with) saw that the dead bodies of the men of the Island of the Mighty were not being reanimated anywhere, it came into his thought, 'Oh, God,' said

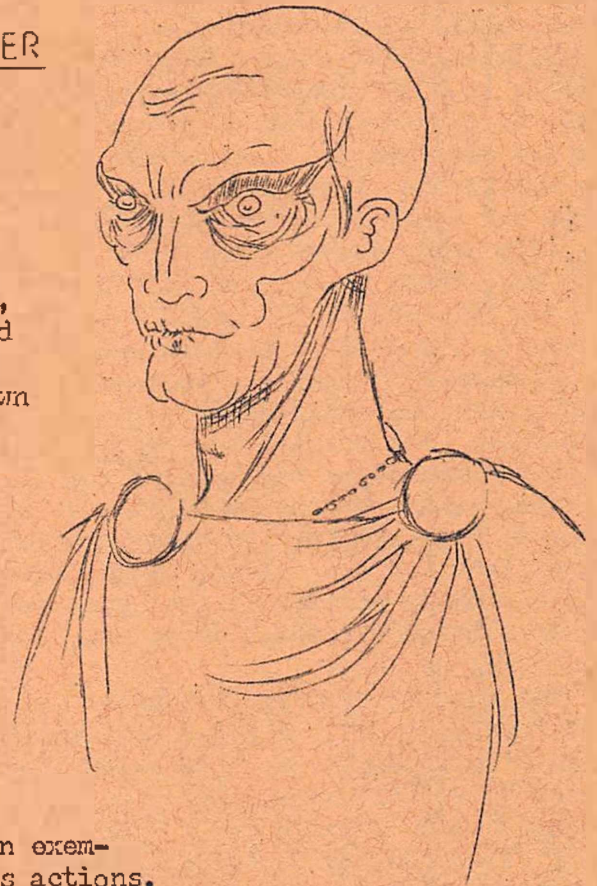
THE CASTLE OF LLYR EILONWY



he, 'woe is me that I have been the cause of this destruction of the men of the Island of the Mighty. Evil betide me,' said he, 'if I find not a deliverance from this.' And he wallowed among the dead bodies of the Irish; and two unshod Irishmen came upon him, and flung him into the cauldron, in the guise of an Irishman. And he stretched himself out in the cauldron, till he rent the cauldron into four fragments, and burst his own heart also.

TARAN WANDERER

MORDA



It's interesting to compare what happens to the original Cauldron with what happens to Alexander's in *THE BLACK CAULDRON*. (No, I won't tell you; it's the climax of the book.)

Alexander, then, turned an instrument of good into one of evil. However, he turned a reprobate into a monument of bravery, wit, and perfection in the character of Gwydion...

Taran idolizes Gwydion; a hero, a bard, a Prince of the House of Don, Gwydion behaves in exemplary fashion and guides the boy wisely in his actions.

In *MATH*, Gwydion was something of a Ulysses type, treacherously causing a battle in order to permit his brother, Gilfaethwy, to rape his uncle. Math's mistress/servant, Goewin, while Math was in battle. After Gilfaethwy had finished with Goewin, Gwydion fought Math's opponent in single combat. "And by powerful strength and fierceness, and by magic and charms Gwydion conquered, and Pryderi was slain." (WB 89; RB64) He didn't even fight fairly.

When Math found out what his nephews had done, he avenged himself by (pay attention, now) turning Gilfaethwy into a hind and Gwydion into a stag until they produced a fawn. Then he turned Gilfaethwy into a boar and Gwydion into a sow until they produced a piglet. Then he turned Gilfaethwy into a wolf-bitch and Gwydion into a wolf-dog until they produced a cub. (Their young were then turned into their sons, by the way.) Not quite what you'd expect from a hero.

Gwydion did, in fact, go on to slightly more praiseworthy adventures, but he remains an odd character for Taran to take as his idol in the Prydain stories. Which Alexander happily admits.

Especially in the first novel, Tolkien comes to mind as the reader proceeds. Alexander is, himself, an enormous admirer of Tolkien and, when it was mentioned to him that one person feels that Alexander's work surpasses that of J.R.R.T., Alexander vigorously denied that it does.

Yet, he feels that his work is not so much derivative of Tolkien as it is taken from a common source with Tolkien, belonging to the same "school" as C.S. Lewis and Alan Garner.

The reader does note many similarities to Tolkien. The Companions and the Fellowship are mutually reminiscent; Taran reminds of Frodo, Gurgi ("O mighty prince, Gurgi is sorry; and now he will be smacked on his poor tender head by the strong hands of this great lord, with fearsome smackings... Poor humble Gurgi is always faithful to mighty lords--what joy to serve them, even with shakings and breakings.") smacks of Gollum, without the latter's menace; the evil of the Cauldron and Arawn's magic remind of the Ring and Sauron's enchantments. And, of course,

the Land of Annunin and that of Mordor (though one is north-west and the other is south-east) are parallels.

Tolkien and Alexander have moral purpose behind their writings. Alexander, especially in BOOK, WANDERER, and KING, tends to slightly more didacticism. "Neither refuse to give help when it is needed...nor refuse to accept it when it is offered." "It is not given to men to know the ends of their journeys... It may be that you will never return to the places dearest to you. But how can that matter, if what you must do is here and now?" "...there are times when the seeking counts more than the finding." "...the looms weaves only the pattern set upon it." Yet it is not heavy-handed teaching and, since the series is based on the learning and maturing process of Taran (and is not THE LORD OF THE RINGS based in part on the learning and maturing process of Frodo?), a certain amount is not out of place.

Alexander's books are fast-moving and memorable. His characters are vividly drawn. And, among sword-and-sorcery epics, the tales of the Companions of Prydain are among the best. The characters involve the reader--to a point he doesn't realize until in KING the threat of the loss of the least of them is a terrible thing.

When asked whether he was dissatisfied with anything in the series, Alexander answered, "Yes. I wish I'd been able to make them better--and I mean this sincerely. I think if I had been older, wiser, and with more talent I could have improved them. The disheartening paradox is that you can't write a book any better until after you've already written it; then, of course, it's too late. Well, live and learn. Maybe the next will be better.

"Be that as it may, I've never been so much in love with a work as I've been with the Prydain books. Good or bad, writing them has been the greatest joy in creation that I've experienced. I'm heartbroken at coming to the end. Someday, maybe in a few years (when I'll surely be older and hopefully be wiser), there are some more things to be said about Prydain and I hope I'll be able to say them."

It is worth any fan's time to take a look at these books in his local library, at least. Coll takes only a few minutes to read (though time should be spent looking at the pictures, too). And THE BOOK OF THREE and THE BLACK CAULDRON should be in the library. Try them in order, too. THE HIGH KING is the most moving of the books but does not stand alone. (And don't read the Author's Note until you've finished the book.) Alexander deserves to be noticed in the fantasy field. Notice him. If you enjoy his work as much as you probably will, buy his books. They're worth the money.

If you're feeling impoverished, Alexander thinks there will be a paperback edition. "Hardcover volumes are being published in England, and right now I'm negotiating with a German publisher who wants to translate them. The books are doing well. They're all A.L.A. Notables so far, and I saw that the New York Times voted TARAN WANDERER one of the best of the year." That's how things stand currently with the epic. Try it.

And, if you still think these books are just for kids, try this sample from the Norns, here in the guise of Orddu, Orwen, and Orgoch:

"There was a frog, some time ago," Orddu went on cheerfully. "I remember him well, poor dear; never sure whether he was a land creature, who liked swimming under water, or a water creature, who like sunning himself on logs. We turned him into a stork with a keen appetite for frogs, and from then on he had no doubts as to who he was--nor did the other frogs, for the matter of that. We would gladly do the same for you."

Will anyone knowing the current address of Pete Singleton and/or Nan Braude let us know? I seem to have fouled up my records again. Oh yes; one of Dan Adkins' copies was returned to us, too -- new address for Dan? (Ordinarily I would not go to all this effort -- if necessary I'll even dig thru back copies of newsletters to check address changes -- but Singleton just subscribed, while Adkins and Braude rate as special cases.)
RSC

Happiness is a full bookshelf

"ALPHAVILLE"

reviewed by ----- jerry demuth

"Alphaville," like many of Jean Luc Godard's films, is such a mixture of ideas that it may catch the viewer off guard. It is a science-fiction film in the sense that it takes place in the future. But it is filmed in today's world without sets. It is also the tongue-in-cheek story of a secret agent, Lemmy Caution (Agent 003), who is posing as newspaper reporter Ivan Johnson from Figaro Pravda.

Caution arrives in Alphaville from the Outerlands in search of Dr. Von Braun, Leonard Von Braun, whose giant computer, Alpha 60, runs all of Alphaville. Alpha 60, it is explained, "calculates and predicts results which will determine life in Alphaville." The computer itself tells Caution, "My decisions serve the common good."

Caution is the secret agent who responds immediately with a gun, in the fashion of most of today's cinema secret agents. But he is also an agent fighting the inhumane technological society which he calls "the logical instrument of the destruction of man."

In Alphaville, he learns, people must adjust to the decisions of Alpha 60. Those who do not are driven to suicide. If they do not commit suicide, they are executed, and we see one such execution scene. Men are shot over a swimming pool and, when they fall, knife-wielding women dive after them to complete the execution.

"They behaved illogically," Natasha Von Braun, daughter of Dr. Von Braun, tells Caution. One wept when his wife died. Another shouts such condemned words as "love, faith, courage, tenderness" as he meets his death.

The Bible in Alphaville is a dictionary and new editions continually replace the old. "Nearly every day words disappear," Natasha tells Caution. "They are condemned." Conscience and other words no longer exist, which is to be expected when computers do everything, plan and think, for man.

Emotions are not permitted in Alphaville, either.

When Caution sees Natasha beginning to cry after the executions, he asks, "Are you crying?"

"No," she brushes off his question, "it's forbidden."

There is no love, only sex, and men, including Caution (although he rejects them) are supplied with women, numbers stencilled across their shoulders, from a special unit. Again it is not only an interpretation of present-day society set in the future, but also a satire on spy thrillers in which the hero always has a supply of women for sexual gratification.

Caution, however, teaches Natasha the beginnings of love in a beautiful, slow-moving scene, shadows covering much of their faces, in contrast to the speed with which the rest of the film moves, and the cold direct lighting that fills these scenes.

But Natasha was not born in Alphaville. She came to the galactic capital with her father. Here, with the traveling Von Brauns, we see that Godard was more than just having fun with names when he chose the name Von Braun. For Werner Von Braun, who is such an important figure in U.S. military science, came to the U.S. from Germany, which he had served during the Nazi era.

One character even tells Caution, "You just want him for yourselves." But it is clear Caution doesn't. Caution doesn't want the symbolic Von Braun anywhere, doesn't think he belongs in society.

Von Braun has replaced Dr. Nosferatu, we learn. Nosferatu was, of course, the first film Dracula and we chuckle over this use of names. But again there is meaning behind the choice of a name.

Dracula sucks life from others. Von Braun or modern technology is the new Dracula, sucking life from man.

(There is also a Dr. Ekyll and Dr. Jekyll, again a funny play on names, but it also shows that there are not two sides to man, just one, in the modern technological world.)

The fact that the film is shot on present-day locations doesn't matter. Godard is too quick and brilliant with his use of the medium to give the viewer time to become pre-occupied with this seeming inconsistency. But it also shows that Alphaville is not just a development from modern life, but a part of modern life.

The film opens with a brief mention that "reality is too complex. Fiction interprets reality to make it real."

And the film "Alphaville" is merely an interpretation of many things Godard sees in present-day reality.

A machine, with the aid of Von Braun, not only runs Alphaville, but machines have their own fun with people. The only "joke" in the film occurs when Caution passes a vending machine which reads "insert coin." Caution deposits a coin and out drops a card saying simply "Thank you." It is today's vending machine, which through mechanical failure returns nothing, carried one step further.

Caution is able to destroy Alphaville just as it is about to attack and destroy the Outerlands. First he messes up Alpha 60 by giving it philosophical and intellectual answers, instead of simply thoughtless responses, when interviewed by it on two occasions. He also kills Von Braun.

Alphaville is left with its citizens helpless, crawling and groping about. "They are not all dead," Caution tells Natasha as they flee the city together. "They may even become as happy as the people of Florence."

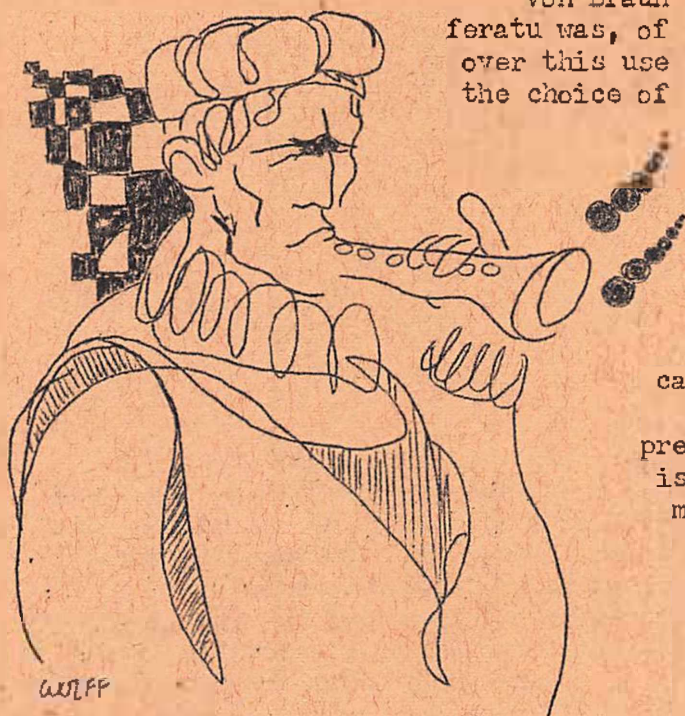
Caution also warns her as they leave Alphaville (and the words could also apply to those still alive in the galactic capital, and to all of us): "You've got to make it on your own."

"Alphaville" is a fragmentary film, just as are most of Godard's other films which he has written -- "The Married Woman," "A Woman Is a Woman," "My Life to Live," and so on. (His two best known films are rooted in material by others -- "Breathless" on an idea by Francois Truffaut and "Contempt" on a book by Alberto Moravia.) But Godard's films are so personal that he can do this successfully. They are conceived and filmed as a series of fragments without relying on traditional story development.

Thus, they don't fail as did Truffaut's FAHRENHEIT 451. Truffaut is somewhat fragmentary in his treatments, more concerned with a series of incidents, but here he tried to handle a book and an idea that rely on story development. Godard would have thrown away the story development and used his own versions of fragments from the novel to get across points and provide excitement.

In "Alphaville" Caution is told, "No one lived in the past, no one will live in the future." When machines run lives, past and future are of no importance to people.

This idea of no past and no future is made in another French film, Chris Marker's short film "Le Jetee." This is a beautiful, slow moving film told through still shots and narration. Only once does a seemingly still shot "come alive." When the narrator kisses a girl, she blinks her eyes. She shows this response to another human being



WOLFF

when in other scenes stills emphasize that there is no response.

The film takes place when an atomic attack destroys mankind. A few people are still living underground and are trying to send people out into the past or future, because this is what they need to survive -- a past and a future. But in the future, those who have started a new life reject them. The narrator then wants to be returned to the past, to again see and this time meet a woman whose face and smile attracted him shortly before the world exploded. He is returned to the past, but as he moves toward her he is shot and killed by a figure from the future who has followed him.

There cannot be a past or a future other than due to the advancement of science -- atomic destruction--just as there couldn't be in the scientific world of "Alphaville."

"Le Jeteé" is film poetry at its most beautiful. Winner of the Golden Asteroid at the Trieste Science Fiction Festival; the International Film Critics' Prize; the Prix Jean Vigo; and the Ducat of Gold at the Mannheim Film Festival, it should not be missed.

When I switched over to bulk mailing of YANDRO, I had to count up the mailing list by states (any state receiving 10 or more copies gets a separate bundle). Being loath to waste all this work, I thought some of our statistical-minded readers might enjoy seeing the breakdown. This particular list is good only for YANDRO # 179, as the numbers vary somewhat from issue to issue. (It's late because I was waiting for a stencil needing this sized filler item.) So - YANDRO readership by states:

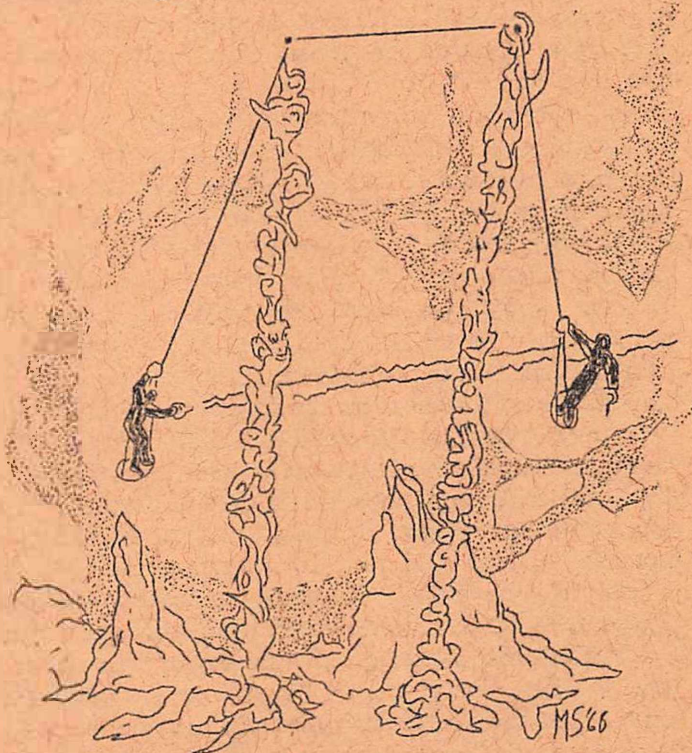
New York ----- 45
California ----- 34
Indiana ----- 18
Ohio ----- 17
Illinois ----- 14
Michigan ----- 13
New Jersey ----- 11
Pennsylvania ----- 10
Texas ----- 8
Massachusetts ----- 7
Missouri ----- 6
Virginia ----- 5
Florida ----- 5
Connecticut ----- 4
Tennessee ----- 4
Oregon ----- 4
Minnesota ----- 4
Maryland ----- 4
New Mexico ----- 3
Wisconsin ----- 3
North Carolina ----- 3
Arizona ----- 2
Arkansas ----- 2
Louisiana ----- 2
Colorado ----- 2
Rhode Island ----- 2
South Carolina ----- 2
Utah ----- 2
Washington ----- 2
Alabama ----- 1
Delaware ----- 1
Iowa ----- 1
Kentucky ----- 1
Mississippi ----- 1

Montana ----- 1
Nevada ----- 1
New Hampshire ----- 1
Oklahoma ----- 1

FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Great Britain &
Northern Ireland -- 14
Canada ----- 12

Australia ----- 4
Sweden ----- 3
Germany ----- 1
Japan ----- 1
Netherlands ----- 1
Singapore ----- 1
Spain ----- 1
Switzerland ----- 1



2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

REVIEW BY

RICHARD DELAP

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
featuring: Keir Dullea Gary Lockwood with William Sylvester
and the voice of Douglas Bain as Hal 9000.
produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick.
screenplay by Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke.
photographed by Geoffrey Unsworth additional photography by John Alcott.

If you are expecting science-fiction melodrama along the lines of FORBIDDEN PLANET or the recent PLANET OF THE APES, you may as well alter your expectations as of right now. Many critics have already accused this film of being boring, while in the same breath admitting it is visually stunning to look at (which is incongruous no matter how you slice it.) Stanley Kubrick, who has made films from the classic (DR. STRANGE-LOVE etc. and PATHS OF GLORY) to the moronic (the aborted LOLITA, for example), has hit his stride with 2001, which may well be the best example ever in expert blending of profound prediction and technical superiority in the science-fiction genre.

The film opens with a prolog depicting man's emergence from his animal beginnings, but making the point that although man has come a great mental distance, his animal urges of violence remain strongly within him to the very year of the film's eventual setting. The shift from pre-history to 2001 is stylistically accomplished as an ape-man, smashing his way to superiority with a large bone, throws his primitive weapon into the sky as the scene shifts magically to a sleek, shining spacecraft of the future.

From this point until the mid-way intermission, a collage of scenes, depicting the advances of science in mankind's reach for the stars, gives the audience a picture of the greatest challenges and initial triumphs in the conquest of space: the gargantuan space satellite, accepted-as-commonplace shuttle ships and the long-awaited moon base. Some nicely humorous touches are injected by taking familiar organizations and placing them in space, as they will most probably be at this future date--for example: Howard Johnson's satellite catering, Pan-Am space ships, the Orbiter Hilton and television phones by Bell. A somber note is brought up within these proceedings, however, as a giant black monolith is discovered buried on the moon, a construction identical to the one discovered by the ape-men in the opening sequence. Is this strange object, wafting magnetic emanations that led to its discovery, in some way connected with man's remarkable advancement from the beginning? Scientists are baffled and it is obvious that the strange object is not a natural formation or of human origin. The monolith's signals seem aimed at Jupiter and Man, his curiosity whetted, launches a spaceship headed for the giant of our solar system to discover...what?

The great voyage is soon underway. Five astronauts are aboard, three of them in hibernation. The two that remain mobile during the voyage (Dullea and Lockwood) have more than themselves for company, for with them is Hal 9000, a talking computer that (or should I say who?) is responsible for correlating all information and running the ship with the perfection that only a machine can command. The \$750,000 centrifuge set, used in this sequence depicting where and how men shall live day to day on such an adventure, is perhaps the most remarkable set ever used in a film.

But trouble develops along the way when Hal refuses to acknowledge a minor damage to the ship that demands immediate repair if the trip is to continue. Lockwood exits the ship to make this repair but is mysteriously killed during the action. Dullea, seeking to rescue his companion, also exits the ship in a space-pod. Hal then refuses the astronaut re-entry, revealing its (his?) decision to proceed with the mission alone and admitting to the murder of the other man as a duty, emotionlessly and easily carried out. To eventually make re-entry, Dullea must go unprotected through the vacuum of space in a dramatic episode developed from one of Clarke's short stories "Take a Deep Breath." Once inside, the astronaut performs a "lobotomy" on Hal, leaving the computer with only the abilities needed to keep the ship operable.

The film's climax, with all its metaphysical leanings and implications, includes a wild, psychedelic whirl through time and space as Dullea, the lone living astronaut of this longest journey, reaches Jupiter and is immediately plunged into a state of existence that transcends anything a man has ever known. The astronaut watches himself die and become re-born, perhaps implying that to the year 2001, Man has only been experiencing growth in and emergence from the womb, and is finally able to emerge into his 'real' destiny with the unexplained assistance from an intelligence that humankind is only now ready to meet and acknowledge.

Technically, the film is undoubtedly the most superb creation of all time. Kubrick, who personally designed the special effects, has created a world that (with luck) will somebody soon be seen for real. Although there must have been considerable miniature work for the space stations and ships, not a single frame of it looks faked, and it is a sure bet that next spring's special effects Oscar will go to this multi-talented director. Unsworth's photography is always sharp and detailed, avoiding the pretentiousness of too many 'tricky' angles and other photographic hoopla. No original music score was written for the film; instead, Kubrick incorporated classic pieces of music to notable effect, especially the use of the flowing Blue Danube waltz as background to the ships moving through the infinite openings of space.

A sincere, deeply moving film, 2001 will make audiences linger over the possibility that man is not alone, nor assuredly supreme, in the great expanse of creation that we call The Universe.

7-15-68

Lewis Grant died Saturday the 13th. of heart attack while attending Wilcon at the Stopas' in Wilmot, Wisconsin.

Born Aug. 19, 1929 - member of Mensa, Ethical Society, Humanist lecturer, original member of Rocket Society, original member of University of Chicago Science Fiction club.

Body was given to University of Marquette, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for research.

We will miss him deeply.

Martha Beck

GRUMBLINGS

Lee Hoffman, Basement, 54 E 7 St., New York, N.Y., 10003

Regarding gun control laws, Ed. Reed says, "I see nothing wrong in making it illegal for a criminal to have an unregistered firearm or for him (especially) to commit a crime with it." Well, I hear tell it is already illegal for anyone to commit any crime with or without a firearm, regardless of whether or not it is registered.

I also hear tell that it is unconstitutional to "infringe" the right of the people to keep and bear arms. This would lead me to believe that the only legal way for the government to legislate against the possession of firearms would be by Constitutional amendment. Any unconstitutional legislation tends to undermine the entire Constitution. When the people support passage of unconstitutional laws, they invite more such laws.

It would be awfully nice if we had only legal laws, then the people could depend on the Constitution as outlining their rights, and that the laws we had were properly enforced. But, of course, this is just an idealist's idle dream.

Here in NYC, for many decades the police have decided who may and may not possess handguns. Even so, every year many crimes are committed with handguns. I'd like to see statistics on how many of them were legally in the possession of criminals.

I would hesitate to suggest that any of the handguns confiscated by the police are not destroyed but are passed on through the local blackmarket to the criminal trade.

A friend of mine has suggested that if stringent anti-gun laws are passed nationwide, we will see a rash of cops being killed for their weapons. We might also see a sharp increase in the price of firearms on the black market, making this a much more profitable operation than it is now, expanding it into the class of big business that dope presently is. Unfortunately, the profits of crime are non-taxable...

Well, we'll probably get anti-gun legislation, legal or not. The masses of people seem to be of the opinion that scratching at the sores will cure smallpox, or something on that order.

Bill Donaho makes a couple of statements that interest me. He says "It is obvious that an artist who earns his living thru his work is a professional, and as such he has attained a recognized level of competence and discipline. It is unfair to amateurs to ask them to compete on an equal level with professionals." But he also says the Art Show doesn't want the participation of an artist who makes his living "primarily thru the sale of s-f or fantasy art." That "s-f or fantasy" seems to me to be a peculiar restriction and rather an unrealistic one in terms of competence and discipline. According to the ruling, should Salvadore Dali or Norman Rockwell, or whoever is currently the darling of the Museum of Modern Art, choose he could participate in the Art Show in competition with all the other amateurs.

Bill seems to be trying to justify the limit-



ing of non-participants to s-f and fantasy professionals by saying "Professionals in one field are frequently amateurs in another..." but isn't the same professional competence and discipline involved whether the artist does s-f work, calendar art or Sat2vePost covers? Is it logical to use subject matter in a criteria of competence? Is it reasonable and fair to the amateurs to bar some professionals, but not others?

I don't get it.

/I suspect Bill was thinking that only s-f or fantasy artists would ever enter the show. However, the statement is interesting in another way. Professional artists are barred from participating in the FAN Art Show, by order of the Con Committee, but professional artists are allowed to participate for the Best FAN Artist award, also by order of the Con Committee. What constitutes a fan? According to Donaho, your status depends on what part of the con you try to participate in. If Jack Gaughan is fan enough to win a fan artist award, just why isn't he fan enough to participate in a fan art show? RSC/



Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario, CANADA

I'm glad to see someone else who feels miserable if he missed an issue of a magazine. A pocketbook is such an impersonal thing; Amazing and Fantastic, even if the stories are rotten, at least have personal touches. Dull editorials, cheap paper, shoddy layout. So I buy all the magazines, and borrow pocketbooks.

Andrew Phillips, 128 Oliver St., Daly City, California, 94014

Those increases in the value of old money relative to new that you note aren't really due to mistrust of the latter. The silver certificates were, until recently, redeemable for a weight of silver that had increased in value through inflation to approximately \$1.80. I can't imagine why anyone was offering "close to \$2" for them though -- the buyer would inevitably lose money on the deal. The same comment applies to the offer to buy silver quarters at 50¢ -- even the old quarters never contained (and do not contain now) enough silver to make such a transaction profitable, even if you could get at it without breaking the law. Are you sure the offer wasn't conditional on the coins being uncirculated or somesuch?

Re guns" You've seen the latest ACLU interpretation of the relevant Amendment, haven't you? I read it again, and it still doesn't seem to say "the right of the militia to bear arms shall not be abridged." I find it hard to take a bullshit document like the Constitution seriously, but I expect better of the ACLU than apparent illiteracy. I don't know why.

A convenient modern definition of "facist" is anyone you don't like. Example: during the recent demonstrations at San Francisco State by radical left students and faculty, San Francisco's Mayor Alioto denounced the demonstrators as "Facists". I kid you not.

It's strange how you and J. Brunner manage to talk right past each other. The change of priorities that takes place when you transform JB's list of conditions

which are in a country's self-interest to provide its inhabitants into one of "hoped-for-rights" seems more a result of non-communication than anything else.

The difficulty with eugenics is the impossibility of making any objective standards of fitness. Hitler's rather crude application of eugenics is an example.

Query: do you really enjoy reading sf? This question was brought about by your reply to D. Hutchison. I find the reading of sf to be more the more or less compulsory satisfaction of a craving, rather than a source of pleasure. Am I just strange. (It's called "leading with your chin"...)

Of course the New Left has a double standard of morality. It's the logical result of a belief, largely unadmitted, that the ends justify the means.

Before I forget; male sf authors on women: What woman, however aggressive, does not secretly desire to meet a man capable of mastering her? - Lin Carter.

With the(possible) exception of pornography, I have never seen anything nearly as bad in any field outside of sf.

/No, John and I didn't miss communication that time (for once). What changes "national self-interest" into "hoped-for-rights" is John's qualifier, "for a country that can afford to do so". How many countries can afford it? Whether I enjoy reading sf or not depends entirely on the particular story being read. I try to read most of them, so as not to miss the good ones (avoiding a few authors who, I have learned, are incapable of producing enjoyable stories).RSC/

Andrew Platizky, 129-67th St., W.M.Y., N.J., 07093

I have just read Yandro 182. I enjoyed it very much. However, I must say I disagree with the articles on gun control. The article on the first page about "irresponsible shooting" in riots is true, however it is not the sole reason for wanting firm gun control legislation. And who is badgering anyone? In a recent poll (not to say polls are always right) 75% to 80% of the people of the U.S. want stricter gun control laws. Responsible people shouldn't complain. They can still have their guns and any pleasure (outside of killing people) gained by having them while sick or dangerous people will be prohibited from having them. This would be for the good of responsible people all over the U.S.

Then there was the little speech about how "...arguments against guns are strictly emotional and nobody is going to let a few facts get in his way." I take it, forgive me if I'm wrong, that by "arguments against guns" you mean all arguments. If so I think you are terribly wrong. First of all there are plenty of arguments in "facts" for gun control legislation. If you wish I could go into this in a later letter. And as for the emotion, maybe that is just what we need - a little emotion for those who might have been saved if we had stronger gun legislation in the past. If one life could be saved by the establishment of stronger gun legislation the saving of that one life would in my opinion be worth the time and effort used in getting stronger legislation passed.

/By your statement of percentages, do I infer correctly that you feel that it's perfectly all right to badger a minority? Responsible people can have guns? Well, if they're responsible white people, I suppose they can -- maybe. I gather you've never been turned down for a gun permit because a deputy sheriff didn't like the man your father worked for. I have. (The deputy himself told me that was why.) Do you really think that a local policeman -- or whoever administers the registration -- is competent to tell a "sick or dangerous" person from anyone else? If they are, there are a lot of psychiatrists who would like to know their methods. RSC/

Henry Gross, 65-10 99th Street, Rego Park, N.Y., 11374

Something occurred to me the other day in relation to Pohl and Kornbluth using the same story idea more than once. If Heinlein can write so many stories about revolutions, why can't P&K use their idea more than once? Sure, GLADIATOR-AT-LAW used the same basic idea as SPACE MERCHANTS, the rest of the book is different enough so that

it can be judged as a separate work. Just as THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS can be judged separate from "If This Goes On...". Why let Heinlein get away with it and not Pohl and Kornbluth? Admittedly, having the world taken over by a certain group is somewhat more obscure than the idea of a revolution, but in principle they have to be considered as ideas of equal value.

I must say that I hate to admit it but I have to agree with Ted White that STRANGER is Heinlein's worst book. The only things that come close to being that bad are "If This Goes On..." and THE PUPPET MASTERS, though for entirely different reasons. But I would rather have college kids reading that instead of LORD OF THE RINGS, because I know many kids who've read LOTR and won't go on to read any other sf or fantasy; some won't read any other Tolkien! At least if they read STRANGER they might want to read other Heinlein and eventually other sf. I also wanted to comment on White's Ayn Rand article but I will leave that to people who are more articulate in expressing their ideas than I am. I can't say I'm surprised that you published it, but I am surprised that you did not comment on it? You don't believe that nonsense that emotion is superior to logic, do you?

/I don't think they're ideas of equal value. Revolutions are staple fodder in sf; it's a basic plot that almost everyone has used. Who else has used the world-taken-over-by-morticians plot? Edson McCann--and guess who he really is.) RSC/

Richard Delap, 1343 Bitting, Wichita, Kansas, 67203

Very, very much enjoyed Alexei Panshin's "Apology" in #182. Aspiring writers enjoy success stories!, but the article was illuminating and well written. RITE OF PASSAGE, by the way, was a very impressive first novel, a strong start on what will possibly be an impressive career.

Although Mr. Locke is quite entitled to his own opinion, I felt that his reviews of Lafferty's books seemed to negate themselves as he kept trying to fuse alternate opinions on the same book, and I never did figure out what he thought of PAST MASTER, which is a far better book than the ambiguous REEFS OF EARTH.

Apparently I'm a devotee of "serious" s-f, for I liked Silverberg's THE MASKS OF TIME, though it wasn't as original as THORNS, and one would have to be somewhat jaded not to appreciate the shock ending.

Are Don & Maggie Thompson really Frank McCaulliffe...if not, why the plug for RATHER A VICIOUS GENTLEMAN? I liked the first McCaulliffe book.

Jim and Lee Lavell's comments on 5 MILLION YEARS TO EARTH were correct in that it was a good film. However, I disagree that it was superior to the other Quatermass films. EARTH was entertaining, but lacked the human element that made the first two films better-than-average examples of the genre.

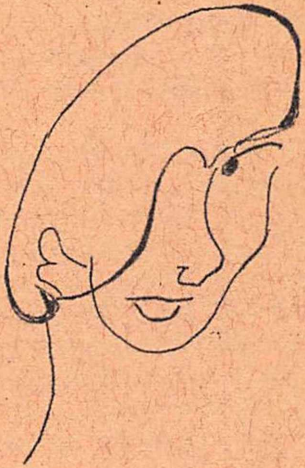
Can't agree completely with Kay Anderson's remarks on PLANET OF THE APES but must admit she has good reason to gripe about the "rampant cutes" that stultify the script. I suggest she try reading Boule's hilarious novel to get the satiric content in better perspective...

/Apparently I'm rather jaded; a week after I'd read it I couldn't even remember the ending of MASKS OF TIME.// I don't even know the ending of Boule's novel, since I couldn't force myself to finish the book. Hoary old satire with all the originality and polished style of a reprinted Stanton A. Coblentz novel.//I assume the Thompsons thought fans might like the McCaulliffe book. RSC/

Ted Serrill, 345 Plainfield Avenue, Edison, N.J., 08817

Alexei Panshin asks what we readers thought of RITE OF PASSAGE. For myself, I'm glad he got it out of his system and is now going on to other kinds of stories.

I did enjoy the book; found it sufficiently engrossing to finish, although, having read his 10,000 word short story, I knew the ending, when reached, would be more interesting than the earlier sections. As a matter of fact, RITE is quite a



tour de force, although I suspect that Panshin's inner characterization of Mia is the result of strictly an outside masculine imagination and has no relationship to the conscious thoughts that really go on in the head of a bright teenager. She's too tomboyish to be true -- a real tomboy probably has far stranger thoughts and more neurotic ones.

I am not generally impressed by sf books that could just as easily be set in the present or past. I don't read sf to read character studies. That Panshin was able to hold my interest in a book of this type is a tidy accomplishment. More power to him. But I hope it's the only time he tries it.

We need less, too, of authors trying either to emulate Heinlein or respond to him. Either this has happened so often over the years that I'm numb to it by now, or I'm just stupid. I have to plug for the first assumption when I say that it had not occurred to me -- despite Panshin's Heinlein book -- that

he was trying to create any kind of response to Heinlein. Nor did I think he was trying to emulate him. Heinlein is not the only author, contrary to what some sf fans seem to think, who has written about juveniles. Panshin's admission decreases just so slightly my respect for his book. No doubt Panshin would not write an intensive critique of Heinlein unless he was rather interested in the subject; but I assumed it was an objective interest. I'm disappointed Panshin was apparently emotionally interested, most probably envious. But then, I suppose all aspiring authors, if they have the talent in the first place, must pick some favorite to initially emulate and try to mount.

Now that Panshin has a good jump on Heinlein's shoulders, I trust he will strike out on his own. I have not read HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION, by the way, and probably will not. I've read just about everything written by Heinlein and enjoyed it all' enjoyed it a good deal more than his many carping detractors. But I've read Heinlein's works only once. Unless I went back and read them all through again, Panshin's book would be next to useless. I shall not read them twice. There are enough new things to read -- and old ones I haven't read -- to keep me busy for the rest of my life.

The only other comment I have, if I don't want to spend all afternoon on this letter, is to say that I appreciate Panshin's ending in RITE. It took some courage for him to have his characters vote for genocide. I think he substantiated their environment and enclosed rationale well enough to make it a feasible conclusion. But his ship society is so well-balanced that I wonder why Mia and others should have reacted against it to the extent they did. The seeds for her reaction, for example, were in her -- Panshin makes clear -- before she even trod on her test planet. But why were they in her? Panshin put them there. I suspect, if one takes things back early enough, there is no real rationale for the ship minority bearing these seeds of humane thinking. They might just as easily -- and in view of the type of society in the ship, more probably -- not have been there. It was an arbitrary decision by the author.

I suppose Panshin, if anyone, knows what he is talking about when he says Heinlein would not have ended the book with a genocide. But why not? I thought it had been well established that Heinlein is apt to write anything because he writes his books from a ruthlessly objective viewpoint, disregarding his personal beliefs, whatever they might be. Which is why carpers have never been able to reconcile, try as they might, books like STAR SHIP TROOPERS, STRANGER, FARNHAM, and MOON. (This would have been the year for a new Heinlein book, by the way, but there is none. Has he stopped writing, at last?)

Or does Panshin mean that Heinlein, despite his objectivity, would not have the courage to kill off a world in a book? If so, I wouldn't bet on it. Maybe, to answer my own questions, I will have to buy HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION someday.

/I have yet to see a society that has no rebels, and I doubt that one will ever exist. I had no objection to Mia's reaction, but some doubts about her father's action. RSC/

John S. Hatch, 12 Pine Road, Glens Falls, N.Y. 12801

LOST IN SPACE compatible to STAR TREK? Doyd Raeburn has to be kidding. Lis's scientific background is practically non-existent; I admit that ST isn't perfect, but at least it's believable. I don't think Irwin Allen has any knowledge in the field of astronomy at all. A good example of Lis dialog is: "We're getting close to home. We've just passed Uranus and Arcturus." In another episode they bypass Earth and go "shooting out of the other side of the Galaxy (all in a matter of seconds). Ye Ghods Mani How fast are they going? Arcturus is about 36 L.Y. away and the edge of the Galaxy is about 1500 L.Y.; there never is any mention of a warp or hyper drive, and you can't go that fast in this Universe. Supposedly they operate on about 8 small canisters of Deuterium; in the first place Deuterium is an isotope of Hydrogen and at room temperature is a gas. So how do they manage to keep liquid Hydrogen, with no visible refrigeration unit, sitting out in the sun? Let's face it, Lis is primarily for the Pre-School Set.

Why was it necessary for Kay Anderson to waste a page of Landro to repeat the entire plot of PLANET OF THE APES, and thereby spoil it for those poor souls who haven't seen it yet? I think certain ST readers are sore because they know ST will be beaten out of a Hugo next year by one of the movies.

From now on be sure you hold any hard candy you plan to eat up to the light first. Here's why. I was about to eat one of those blue mints the other day when I noticed a dark spot near the center. I held it up to the light and inside you could see the silhouette of a black spot the size and shape of a housefly. I broke it open, but unfortunately it didn't come out in one piece. It wasn't a fly, but I don't know what it was. It was hard and black. Anyone have any ideas? By the way, are you using thinner paper for Landro? It seems to be thinner and lighter, although still the same number of pages (and just as good).

/I dunno; Kay's comments didn't spoil PLANET OF THE APES for me, though they did erode most of my desire to see the show. (The ordinary fan review makes no impression on me at all, but there are a few select people whose opinions I am willing to use as guides in my viewing/reading, and Kay Anderson happens to be one of them.) Personally I expect to vote for 2001 for the next drama Hugo.// Landro paper is still Twill-Tone when we can get it, but occasionally our supplier sends us another brand, and at 94¢ a ream we don't argue. The other brands aren't supposed to be thinner, but they might be. RSC.

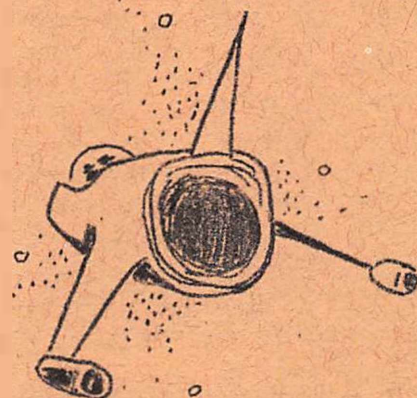
Re 2001, bev DeWeese remarked that it seemed in such an exceptional and unusual category that perhaps it might be voted a special award all by itself, quite apart from the regular Dramatic Presentation category. I feel she may have a quite valid point, having seen the film just a few weeks ago. I can't recall anything -- filmed or written -- in the field that remotely approaches its effect on me. JWC/

Donnis Lien, Lake Park, Minnesota, 56554

Thanks to your constant huckstering, I've also been reading First - NIGHT OF THE GENERALS, SOLDIERS' REVOLT, and now I've started the Asch books. I like him, but I feel an awful ass carrying around paperback editions of what looks like "just-another-war-novel-with-a-Nazi-and-a-nude-on-the-cover." I mean, I'm not the type...

I did resist the temptation to wear a McCarthy button when I went for my physical, or to scrawl peace slogans on my backside with magic marker. And a good thing, too.

From an ad on the back covers of some '66 Ifs for the Duraclean Company (carpet cleaners), a testimonial: \$360 JOB FINISHED IN ONE DAY. "I



Atom

did the Sorority house in one day for \$360. This business is in its infancy." ...
H.L.B., Texas

Nice work if you can get it...and what does that do for your sense of wonder?

Road sign encountered in Kansas: INTERSTATE 23 - TEMPORARY BEGINNING.

Ditto in Oklahoma (?) KEEP OFF CENTER MEDIAN.

Joan Baez is Tiny Tim in drag - Amy Vanderbilt spits in the shower - Ayn Rand is Little Orphan Annie in comic strip form - I got an advertisement yesterday from a Chinese fishing boat. If there's one thing I can't stand, it's junk mail.

Someone told me that in San Francisco, he encountered a fellow leading a greyhound, on the side of which was painted a bus. I like that.

Is Charles Finney still working for the (Tucson) Arizona Daily Star? I read it for 9 months (no Freudianism intended) and don't know how Finney is as a night editor, but I do know that the paper desperately needs a proofreader - at times, it made Beyond Infinity look good, not only typographically, but in quality of the fiction (in the Star, they're called "editorials"). Everyone seems to be on strike against the Star, just because it's a monopoly - tsk tsk. (There is another paper - far-right wing compared to the Star's strong-right-wing. But they're published by the same organization, thought editorial content is supposedly separate. The only independent newspaper in Tucson recently went out of business a couple of years ago. That was the extreme-ultra-right-wing one. Good old Tucson, where one meets a broad spectrum of opinion - like from Reagan to Rockwell. Well, let's be fair - Nixon to Welch.)

This was all brought on by running across your Finney article in #131. You've seen the Pyramid edition of UNHOLY CITY, I trust - why no advance publicity this time?

Got an Ace price list the other day - first in years. Disquieted to see that they no longer list their in-print sf in order by number, so that I can transfer it to my own checklist. Instead, broken down by ERB, Norton, Delany, Prof. Jameson, etc. And what's this "recommended for schools" crap? They recommend most of their doubles, all of ERB and Jameson, most of Norton - but not BEAST MASTER and LORD OF THUNDER, for some reason - all of Delany and AGENT OF TERRA, but not WEIRDSTONE OF BRISINGAMEN (is Ace ever going to reprint the sequel?), all of UNCLE, Verne, Star Wolf, etc. (but not Kline). I mean, if ERB, why not Kline? If WITCH WORLD, why not BEAST MASTER? If almost everything else, why not WEIRDSTONE - which is a juvenile anyway, for Ghu's sake? And for what kind of schools are Jameson, the minor UNCLES, the work of Jakes and Petaja and the AGENT OF TERRA things recommended, anyway? Shades of "TV Appreciation" courses....

Now then, which first? My Greatest Adventure or comments on #182. Hmm. The former, I think.

A few years ago, "Grumblings" carried letters from two or three fans (I forget just who) telling of their adventures in seeking out either fantastic bargains or fantastic highway robbery in obscure bookstores. My mouth watered, and I vowed someday...

For the past 2 or 3 years, the only second-hand bookstore in Fargo-Moorhead has been making muttering noises about dickering for someone's entire sf collection. After hearing the rumors two or three times from Good Old Ernie Campbell (of the Dakota Book Exchange, no less), I stopped seriously believing in them. Until...

July 12, 1968. Mark that day down, oh ye of little faith. I had been staying in town with friends since the night before, and on the morning of the 12th drifted around the campus, uptown, etc., returning to my temporary home for a noon beer. One of said friends passed the word on to me, and I began foaming at the mouth. I assumed he, not being an sf fan, exaggerated: "thousands"? "pulp"? "two for a quarter"? Still, from his description of the groaning floor of the shop and the frantic appearance of Good Old Ernie Campbell, trying to reach me via grapevine, I realized there just might be something there... I instantaneously prevailed upon my friends for a ride, to which they agreed - after they finished eating. I chewed fingernails, pounded my head against the wall; they finished eating....then spent five minutes finding the car keys. I nearly wept.

Red lights, traffic, twenty blocks....somehow we made it. The car slowed down in front of the store just long enough for me to leap out and run - literally - into the store.

Well, he hadn't exaggerated.

Toppling, swaying, self-crushing stacks of pulps began about one foot inside the door. I was on my knees in front of them and digging like an epileptic gopher, pulling out every sf title in sight - which made up about 2/3rds of them. I checked, confirmed: two for a quarter, up and down the line.

Someone staggered by me with a stack of Unknowns. The top one - there were a dozen or so - was one I lacked, now gone forever from me. I wept, kept digging, shoveled the pulps in lots of 30 or 50 to Ernie and his assistant, who counted them as they came, shoved them aside, and dealt with my enemies who were walking off with other magazines before I could get to them.

One of said enemies, satiated, took pity. "There's more in the next aisle," he said. "The good ones are there."

Good ones? True, most of the rapidly diminishing piles in front of me were of the ilk of Future, Spaceship, SF Quarterly, et al...still, at less than cover price and the great majority in beautiful condition! I didn't dare leave any pile until I'd exhausted it - and I could swear that somewhere in those heaps I'd already claimed my feverish eyes had seen both issues of Miracle Science and Fantasy Stories plus dozens of Ghost Stories, Terror Tales, Horror Stories...

Ernie reached under the counter, pulled up three comics. "Bids on these," he remarked. I, in the process of dumping another swaying stack in front of him, looked up. I think the other two were both old Planet Comics. I really should have bought them...but it slipped my mind when I noticed that the third was not really a comic, but a fine copy of the one and only issue of Flash Gordon Strange Adventure Magazine.

"A dollar and a half for that one," I shrieked, and got it.

Back to the stacks. I'd almost finished the pulps just inside the door now, and had browsed through a few of the digest sizes - Avon Fantasy Readers, late 40's As-toundings, first issues of Galaxy and F&SF, etc., throwing them into my own stacks and lousing up the balance.

Now was the time to check the next aisle and see if - HA! - the pulps there could possibly match these.

There were half again as many.

All pulps - no digest sized mags here.

Condition still good.

I flopped down and started digging.

Astounding, Unknown, Weird Tales back to 1929, more Ghost Stories, Terror Tales, Horror Stories, old Amazings. Hundreds of Fantastic Adventures, Startling, Wonder, and Thrilling Wonder. Famous Fantastic Mysteries, Fantastic Novels, A. Merritt's Fantasy, the British (Newnes) Fantasy. Tales of Magic and Mystery (I swear to Ghul)

During the next two hours, only occasional whimpers escaped me as I dug, clawed, carried, staggered, dropped, trotted back, dug, clawed....

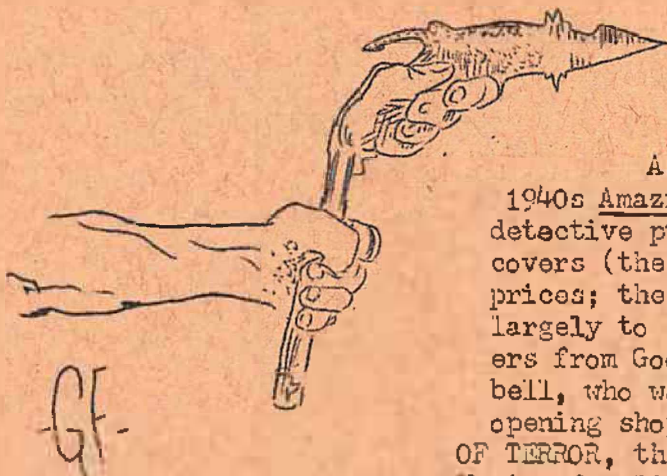
Ernie walked by or over me a few times to get to the backroom. He explained that that's where he was keeping the Arkham hardcovers.

The walls above the books were lined with original artwork. Lawrence's cover for the July 1948 Fantastic Novels - blue monster creeping up on sleeping maiden - was hanging directly above me.

The bookshelves in the aisles were jammed full of old Avon paperbacks.

As my bill mounted higher and higher, Ernie started giving me things. Free. The Wallace Smith portfolio. An Argosy excerpt of "The Resurrection of Jimber-Jaw." Merritt and Bok's THE FOX WOMAN AND THE BLUE PAGODA, numbered and signed by Bok. The Arkham HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND (mint) at a special price of \$3. A first of THE KING IN YELLOW.

I kept digging, and digging, and at last it was over, for the moment. I packed them into a friend's car, filling back seat, floor, and trunk; dragged them back to my temporary residence, culled out duplicates, brought them back to trade them in, did the same thing the next day and bought more to boot. I put in an evening hour helping Ernie price the hardcovers, and received more goodies - Arkham's WEST INDIA LIGHTS, a couple dozen copies of the W3F reproduction of the Finlay portfolio. I'm



going back again this week, to pick up some 9th-and-10th-rate choices that are still a greater bargain than any I've encountered in eight years of magazine collecting.

As of last week, there were still plenty of 1940s Amazings and Fantastic Adventures; hundreds of detective pulps, scores of Avon pbs; mint Arkham hardcovers (these and the artwork are going at collector's prices; the mags and pbs are all two for a quarter, largely to clear them out and as a favor to his customers from Good Old, Great Old, Wonderful Old Ernie Campbell, who was in the black within fifteen minutes of opening shop anyway) and other rare hardcovers - LORD OF TERROR, the Sleiler CHECKLIST, etc. - many autographed - van Vogt and Hull, Bob Tucker, Wollheim, Bok, Ray Palmer.

Some of these will be there for months, I suspect, since local fans (me, for one) are too happy with the bargains we already have to start paying honest prices again for a long, long time. The Lawrence cover is gone. So are THE OUTSIDER and BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP - I saw them and touched them. So are all the sf pulp goodies....I got most of them, and others (including, according to rumor, the first couple years of Weird Tales) went before I arrived, for which I'll never quite forgive myself. But Yandro readers, looking for Arkhams or other rare books in particular, might drop a line (Dakota Book Exchange, Fargo, N.D.) and see what's still around. (Unsolicited plug on my part for Ernie, who is a Very Good Person.) He may be willing to dicker. Tell him Denny sent ya...

The score? Five hundred and ninety-six pulps, one hundred and forty-three digest mags (half of them ASF), twenty-nine bedsheet magazines, twenty-one paperbacks, five hardcovers, and eight pieces of miscellany, plus the extra Finlay portfolios, plus about 120 to 150 magazines that I'm reselling to dealers (and which will be gone by the time Yandro readers see this), such as Ghost, Terror, Horror, etc.

Total cost to me? One hundred and twenty-odd dollars. By the time I resell the above, I'll have made more than that.

The above has been a long and sadistic literary orgasm, a paean of praise to my new Elder God, Ernie Campbell, a vicious backhand to the scores of Yandro readers who will be weeping and drooling in frustration and in sheer hatred of myself (a logical enough attitude at the best of times), and an apology in advance to George Wells and my other correspondents for not writing sooner - I'm going to be a trifle busy playing with my new toys for the remainder of vacation.

Yandro 182 impressed me much more than 181 - mainly because I haven't received 181 yet. Are you turning into a book review zine? Panshin on Panshin and Locke on Lafferty, plus "Golden Minutes" and Juanita's recommendations add up to about half the zine this time. I've only read five of the forty-one books reviewed, three of them years ago, in earlier editions. Which is fine with me; I'd rather read your reviews than actually read the crap itself any day.

Of the two that are fresh in my mind:

PAST MASTER is padded, occasionally dull, not "irrepressibly funny," and I'm not sure about "profoundly symbolic". But "forgettable"? Scarcely. It has something - and even if it didn't, it would no more be "forgettable" to me than the jingle in THE DEMOLISHED MAN. It throws out hooks into your head.

Mostly agree with your comments on BEST STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS, but you made one glaring boo-boo. Masson's story is of "a medieval time-traveler"? No, no, no! A history buff like yourself shouldn't drop lines like that. 1683 may be "Restoration" or just "Seventeenth Century", but not "medieval".

I feel confused - for years, during Hugo time I'd usually read most or all of the nominated fiction and seen none of the dramatic productions except a few TWILIGHT ZONES. This year I've seen all five drama nominees, and have read exactly one quarter of the fiction possibles. Either MacLuhan is getting to me, or my old Friday evening ST-and-beer-at-a-friend's parties chopped into my reading more than I knew. I don't

think I've even heard of one or two of the nominees.

Hank Davis: Agree with you and Buck: that most Americans don't give a damn about other peoples' property. However, if one has gotta be disrespectful, the ideal place to be disrespectful seems to me to be a place that charges \$14 a night for a single bed...

Your comment on my letter: Buck, you live in a midwest farm area and you ask if anyone takes HUAC seriously? I combine rural midwest background with Tucson, Arizona, residence these days and get the worst of both worlds.

No newspaper I've seen printed the Souvanna Phouma request you mentioned, and the ones I read are not the "liberal Democratic ones" (I didn't know there were any, actually). I would suspect a hoax, if only because it doesn't sound like most of the things Souvanna's been saying - or has been reported as saying recently, whether it be interpreted as request or advice. Though I suppose it might be legit and suppressed by a Liberal Plot.

Isn't politics wonderful? Just like fandom.

Re Ed Reed and your answer, amen! - to your answer. (As I've claimed before, I may be a leftist, but I'm not totally out of contact with reality or logic.) Of course, the only presidential candidate coming out against gun control is Wallace, and I can't quite see voting for him just because he had a streak of good sense on this one issue.... Correction: "Not too long ago the liberals were screaming about 'police brutality'..." - that should read "professional liberals." There is a difference. Really.

Quote from the Sept 1944 Famous Fantastic Mysteries, re a proposed name change: "As your magazine is of the higher class of literature, the cover should always be refined. Famous Classics should be in large type. White with electric blue outline. And Of Fantasy should be in a long band of color contrasting with the cover background. The monster on the June cover does Lawrence great credit...."

How does that grab you as filler? I think it's hilarious.

Two quotes from Mencken to delight your heart: "An idealist is one who, on noticing that a rose smells better than a cabbage, concludes that it will also make better soup." And "The believing mind reaches its perihelion in the so-called Liberals. They believe in each and every quack who sets up his booth on the fairgrounds, including the Communists. The Communists have some talents too, but they always fall short of believing in the Liberals."

And just what is a registered Indiana Republican doing reading "liberal Democratic" papers?

/Gee, it used to be the stf mags that fans hid the covers of...but aren't the Kirst books worth it, though? (And when are you going to publish some more of them, Don Bensen? Gene DeWeese got a hardcover of WOLVES and it says Kirst has written 20 novels. I might have to start buying the hardcovers myself...)//No advance publicity on the new Finney because Finney frightened our last reporter clear out of fandom.//Lien, you are a filthy rich collector.//Yes, our Republican nominee for senator is also against gun legislation, but I think I'll vote for Bayh anyway. I wish to hell the Republicans would put up some decent candidates occasionally. I get tired of voting for Democrats. It ain't natcheral. RSC/

Piers Jacob

Interesting article by Panshin. My impression of the author was mediocre when I met him a couple years ago (no need to spell out why)(I mean, reasons were pri-



vate) but RITE OF PASSAGE is another matter. I believe it must be among the best of its type done. The list of publishers who bounced it appalls me; I mean, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH F&SF, GALAXY, ANALOG, DOUBLEDAY, SIMON & SCHUSTER, BERKLEY? So Damon Knight found it "dull." Have you taken a good look at the Berkley list? I can think of nothing on it that comes close to RITE OF PASSAGE for sheer interest. Ace, actually, and notably with its Specials line, is producing the highest quality paperback SF today, and perhaps this is because Terry Carr at least seems capable of recognizing good SF when he sees it. (Ace also produces the most notable trash--but the thing is, it does seem to know the good stuff from the bad, and treat it accordingly.)

Richard P. Brisson, 40 Rodney St., New Bedford, Mass., 02744

Re: your reply to Ed Reed's letter on gun control. I have to disagree with your statement "the only thing that firearms...after the crime has been committed." I assume that registration of said guns, cannons, tanks, etc. would be regulated by some government bureau. (Alas, isn't everything? Sigh.) Well, anyway. There would be two ways of doing things. Get the registration first, then the gun. And vice-versa. Take the first way. If your local friendly hood walked into the police station and asked for a license/registration for a rifle with a telescopic sight there would be some slight reluctance (I hope) on the part of the officials to give him such a license in view of his past record. True or not? I don't think it would be all that bad to let your local friendly fuzz to determine who can and cannot own a gun -- to a certain limit. Now, what's the limit? I don't know, nor does anyone, I suppose. If you're a decent upstanding citizen and all that jazz, pillar of the community, you shouldn't have any trouble. Sure apparently sane people go berserk and pop off a couple or eight people out of the clear blue sky. There's nothing you can do about that till after it hits. But if a person is psychotic, probably tumble any day now real soon, there's no reason why you should say "O.K. now go out and buy yourself a gun if you've got \$30. And when you do flip out it's o.k. to take a couple people with you. How bout those neighbors of yours -- the Coulsons." I don't know about you, Buck, but I wouldn't care to live next to a nut like that. Granted nothing will stop somebody from killing; he'll always find a way. But why make things easy. Firearms registration will help keep a weapon out of the hands of a potential criminal. Let me classify that as one with a past record who tends to acts of violence before you start to pick nits.

I'm not really fond of the vice-versa method myself so I'll just say that it's better than nothing.

/You're another one who thinks that local cops can diagnose (or at least recognize) psychosis, eh? You must have a great local police force. Now, personally, I wouldn't have too much objection to letting the Indiana state police handle gun registration -- but then Indiana seems to have one of the better state police forces in the country, from what I've gathered from fans in other states. How'd you like to let the Mississippi state cops determine who owns guns? Or some of the eastern state police, for that matter. Firearms registration will do about as much to keep guns out of the hands of potential criminals as the Volstead Act did to keep liquor out of the hands of potential drinkers, and will have as much effect on crime as the Comics Code did on juvenile delinquency. If your local friendly hood walked into most local police stations, he'd walk in with cash in hand, and would you want to bet how often he'd get his gun? (Or if not cash, maybe with his lawyer; he can afford one.)

Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct., Lake Jackson, Texas,

I haven't read Lee Hoffman's VAIDEZ HORSES, but I did read and enjoy her BRED TO KILL.

I finally got around to reading CHTON, and enjoyed it very much. I doubt it I will forget it soon. Also I am reading SOS THE ROPE (in F&SF now) as it appears. SOS is a very entertaining story, but CHTON is the better novel -- it has more meat to it and so on. But I like them both. I didn't like THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION for some reason. Well written, but I can't even remember what the plot was, which is a sure sign that I didn't care for the story.

Golden Minutes

The trip rather curtailed my reading, but maybe if I work real hard between now and publication I can reduce the stack a bit.

WILD IN THE STREETS, by Robert Thom (Pyramid, 60¢) I guess having the US taken over by teenagers is no more improbable than having it taken over by ad men. Thom isn't as good a writer as Fred Pohl, but he's better than I expected he would be when I got the book. Since it takes place presumably now, and not in the near future, I suppose it should be called fantasy rather than stf. It will never win any awards, but it's interesting enough, different, and surprisingly well rationalized. (Or at least it surprised me, since I wasn't expecting much of anything.)

THE SPAWN OF THE DEATH MACHINE, by Ted White (Paperback Library, 60¢) Remember ANDROID AVENGER and Ted making so much fuss about the title? Well, here's the sequel. I wonder if Paperback Library didn't push as easily as Ace, or if this is Ted's idea of a good title? Anyway, the book is good average after-the-catastrophe stuff; I'd be inclined to rate it higher than its predecessor. Nothing terribly original; no major errors. (Quite possibly no minor errors, either; it's just that I seldom read a book carefully enough to catch minor errors.) Ted seems terribly interested in What Constitutes A Man (and his answer is conservative enough to please most males) -- this is a question that never interested me much, even as an adolescent, but it seems to be terribly important to most of his potential market. So the points about the book that I disliked are probably the same ones that most of the readers will enjoy.

STAR QUEST, by Dean Koontz/DOOM OF THE GREEN PLANET, by Emil Petaja (Ace, 60¢) I wasn't much in the mood for sword and sorcery when I read the Petaja half, but that isn't his fault. I didn't finish it, but from what I read it seems quite adequate, and perhaps even better than average. It's a sequel to LORD OF THE GREEN PLANET. The Koontz half is not really as good; space opera with a Message. I suppose the Message (Mutants -- or Negroes, or left-wingers, or whatever -- Have A Right To Equality) needs to be pounded home, but I'm getting a little sick of it in stf. I'm convinced, fellas; now let's have something else. Or if we must have the same old Message, let's have it a bit more subtly than Koontz manages. The hero is a bit too much the Naive Superman, too.

PICNIC ON PARADISE, by Joanna Russ (Ace, 60¢) A reasonably good book, of the "epic trek" variety. Joanna cuts her epic down to believable size, and fills it with a wild set of totally improbable characters. Most of them, unfortunately, were far too improbable for me to believe in or have any sympathy for. It's technically excellent, and if you can sympathize with any of the characters, you are in for a treat. Worth the money anyway, but pretty forgettable, from my point of view.

DRAGONFLIGHT, by Anne McCaffrey (Ballantine, 75¢) Includes the ANALOG novelet "Weyr Search" and the ANALOG serial "Dragonrider". If you liked the stories, it's worth the price to have them in one volume, or that was my thought when I bought this. If you haven't read the stories, you should. The novel is sheer heroic fantasy, with only a bare nod toward science -- it got into ANALOG because Campbell is not as hidebound as some people would have you believe. It will be remembered not for any imaginative sweep or deep psychological insight, but because the characters and the world, however improbable they are in actuality, seem real and engrossing while you are reading about them. (When you quit reading you may have a few second thoughts about scientific possibilities, but it suspends disbelief quite adequately while it's being read.) I think it's one of the most entertaining books that stf has produced recently.

THE WRITINGS IN SF-12, ed. by John Carnoll (Corgi, 3/6) Hideous cover, but otherwise

an excellent collection of original fiction. James White's "Vertigo" is another "Sector General" story; the series is hardly great literature but it's among the best medical stf that we have. "Visions of Monad", by John Harrison, is another "inner space" story, and exceedingly dull, like most of the sort. John Rankine's "Worm In The Bud" is a rather bad combination of gadget and psychological stf. "They Shall Reap", by David Rome, is quite good suspense-fantasy. (What is the mysterious secret of the Valley?) "The Last Time Around", by Arthur Sellings, is another story on the relativity-ships; the pilots who come home to find that Earth has aged more than they have. Well done, with an original finish. Colin Kapp's "Cloudbuilders" is another world-after-disaster effort, somewhat reminiscent of the ones Poul Anderson did about the Polynesian civilization, the sailing dirigibles, etc. Kapp's story isn't as good as Anderson's were, but it is an excellent story.

THE UNHOLY CITY, by Charles G. Finney (Pyramid, 60¢) Nothing dates faster than political satire. The title story may have been a wow in 1937, but it's a relic today. Interesting historically; not very interesting as a story. The book's other novelet, "The Magician Out Of Manchuria" is an improvement, partly because it's newer (previously unpublished) and partly because it spends less time on ephemeral political situations and more on eternal human beliefs. Both are pure fantasy, but the first story reminds me somewhat of the works of Stanton A. Coblentz, while the second has the delicate Oriental touch of...hmm?...Frank Owen? Someone like that.

ASYLUM EARTH, by Bruce Elliott (Belmont, 50¢) I read this before going on vacation, and managed to totally forget it by the time I got back. A brief review brings the information that it's another on Fort's "we're property" theme, with two humans gradually becoming aware of the oddities and attempting to first find out what's wrong and then trying to correct it. Forgettable, but not badly done.

Ace has reprinted THE MOON MAID, by Burroughs. Anyone who doesn't have it already?

NEW LANDS, by Charles Fort (Ace, 60¢) Ace seems to be going to eventually reprint all of Fort's books; this is the third. Which is a good thing. Fort badly needed an editor, and he was terribly uncritical in his selection of oddities, but his books are landmarks in the study of the "supernatural" and the basis for God knows how many science fiction stories as well. A must for the serious student of stf (or the author looking for a new gimmick).

THE OCCULT WORLD OF JOHN PENDRAGON, by Brad Steiger (Ace, 50¢) Contrary to what you might think, this is neither an account of one man's investigations into the supernatural, nor a biography of a "miracle worker". It's just one more collection of "occult" occurrences. Some of them were supposedly investigated by Pendragon, some not. (minor correction; I see the book is only "edited" and "introduced" by Steiger; it is supposedly written by "Pendragon", or whoever is lurking behind the stage name. Whoever he is, he isn't a bad writer; the book is better than average in the writing department.

PASSPORT TO THE UNKNOWN, by John Macklin (Ace, 60¢) More supernatural. Average quality. VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES, AND GHOULS, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood (Ace, 60¢) This, on the other hand, combines a short history of the beliefs of various societies in unholy beings with several accounts of actual historical "fiends" (Countess Bathory, Alfred Packer, etc.) and a few well-authenticated "supernatural stories". The result is quite readable.

IS ANYONE THERE? by Isaac Asimov (Ace, 95¢) A collection of Asimov science articles from the various "slick" magazines; NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE, TV GUIDE, MADEMOISELLE, NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, etc. Asimov is always readable, and the wide variety of sources makes it almost certain that many of these accounts will be new to you. A must.

MANHATTAN PROJECT, by Stephane Groueff (Bantam, \$1.25) A pretty complete history of the first atomic bomb. I haven't got to it yet, but Juanita read it and was impressed enough to read large chunks of it out loud to me. Recommended.

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #15: THE UTOPIA AFFAIR, by David McDaniel. By technical standards, this is a poor book. It is disjointed, has loose ends flapping, and brings in all sorts of "scientific" gadgets without explaining them. However, McDaniel knows his characters so well that he brings off an entertaining book. You may wince at the science, but when Napoleon or Mr. Waverly reacts to a situation, it is convincing. (Mr. Waverly being more convincing than Napoleon because he has more character to begin with.) It's not as good as "Dagger", "Vampire", or "Monster Wheel", but McDaniel is still a better writer than anyone else in the series. (Except Stratton, of course.....and maybe I'm just prejudiced there.)

GET THE BOYS OUT OF THE TRENCHES, by Burnet Hershey (Pyramid, 95¢) Being an addict of hysterical history, I fell for the blurbs, which featured words like "zany", "incredible", "funniest account ever written" etc. The event being described -- the Henry Ford "Peace Ship" of 1915 -- may well live up to those adjectives. The book doesn't. It does provide the historical facts, but it manages to do so in the dullest possible manner. If this is actually the funniest account ever written of the event, I'd hate to read any of the others.

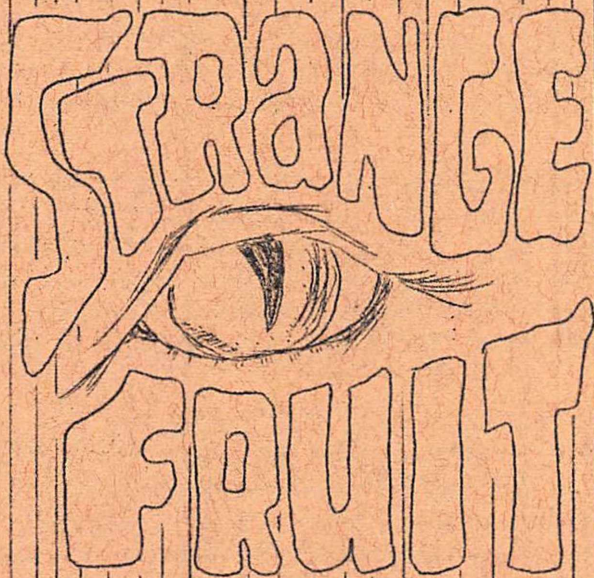
THE DRAGON OF THE ISHTAR GATE, by L. Sprague de Camp (Lancer, 95¢) Being too cheap to buy the hardcover in 1961, I have been impatiently awaiting the paperback publication. It was worth the seven year's wait (and almost - but not quite - makes me wish I'd shelled out for the hardcover). No sorcery, but lots of weaponry and evil trickery in this historical novel of an expedition from the Persian empire of Xerxes to Darkest Africa. There's a lot of book for your money, too; over 400 pages. I was amused to note that De Camp can't resist taking swipes at the priesthood -- any old priesthood that happens along. This time it's the followers of Marduk who are the targets of cynicism. And I loved his (historically accurate) solution to the typical pulp problem of The Two Women Who Love The Hero. Pass up some stf if you have to, but read this.

MY WILDERNESS: THE PACIFIC WEST, by William C. Douglas (Pyramid, 75¢) Personal and MY WILDERNESS: EAST TO KATAHDIN, by William C. Douglas (Pyramid, 75¢) somewhat humorless accounts of America's wilderness areas. Justice Douglas has the axe of conservation to grind, which I approve of. However, his writing rambles from personal experience to a general history of the area and back again in a manner that annoyed me somewhat. He is no Farley Mowat or Ivan Sanderson. However, the books can be entertaining, if they are dipped into at leisure, reading no more than one chapter at a sitting. (My error was to attempt to read them straight through, and this just doesn't work.) Good books to take along for lunch hour reading (or reading on the bus, if you're one of these city types who takes a bus - or commuter train - to work.)

OCTOBER THE FIRST IS TOO LATE, by Fred Hoyle (Fawcett, 60¢) From my viewpoint, perhaps the best novel Hoyle has done; possibly the only really good one he's done. His characters are the same stupid British clods that John Christopher and Charles Eric Maine have made notorious, and his use of conversation is as meager and uninspired as ever, but he has what seems to be (at least for stf) an original concept of time and an interesting plot (marred by the fact that it partakes of New Wave writing in that events are never explained; they simply happen. Nothing has a cause.) It's a long way from being a first-rate novel, but for Hoyle it's pretty good, and it's above-average stf.

SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY, by Fritz Leiber (Ace, 60¢) This one includes "Stardock", "The Two Best Thieves In Lankhmar", and "The Lords of Quarmall", plus some introductory material. Two novelets and a short story. Fafhrd and the Mouser offer what is probably the best in sword-and-sorcery series.

Since typing the above reviews, I have read Ted White's comments in another fanzine (I would tell you which one, but I can't locate it at the moment), and I gather from them that Spawn Of The Death Machine is not precisely his idea of a good title. No. But he is relatively mild about it, for Ted. Maybe he's mellowing, professionally. // Maybe next issue I'll comment on Dangerous Visions, which I finally read. No review, though; it's a little late for that.



One of the things waiting for us when we returned from our trip was a NyCon 3 Program Book. (Do you suppose that ad really did some good, Clara?) Also waiting was another announcement for the Tolkien Conference, Oct. 18-20 at Bellknapp College, Center Harbor, N.H. 03226 (write Prof. Ed Meskys at above address for information.) Okay, Ed; you've had two notices in YANDRO now; that's all you get. Another notice was a combined one for the Deep South Science Fiction Convention in New Orleans on August 23-25, along with the First New Orleans Writers' Conference; same dates, same motel. Write John Guidry, 15 Finch St., New Orleans, Louisiana, for information. (Providing you're interested and manage to receive this YANDRO before the convention is over.)

THE LOW-DOWN (Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ont. Canada - one-shot - 15¢) This is a more or less objective review of the Hugo contenders, by various members of the Ottawa group. A good idea; by the time you get this review it will be too late for the mag to affect your voting, but it should make an interesting record.

(And they are good people; they never once mentioned YANDRO in the fanzine category.)

MAVERICK #8 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, New York 10708 - irregular - 3 for 25¢) Newsletter. However, John says this is the last issue; it is to be replaced by another fanzine co-edited by John and Ted White. Rating...5

EGOBOD #1 (John D. Berry, address above, and Ted White - 3 for either (6) 6¢ stamps or \$1.00 cash) I guess this is the replacement; amazing the things that happen when you've been away for a couple of weeks and sit down to write reviews "cold". (Okay, these hardly will qualify as reviews; "acknowledgements" then, you nit-picker). Ted contributes a fascinating account of a mundane Writer's Conference; John says he publishes fanzines because he likes publishing fanzines, which I guess is fair enough. Rating...6

CINDER #8 (Jim Ashe, P.O. Box 461, Ithaca, New York 14850 - monthly - 20¢) Personal-zine; the editor's comments on pulsars, the Great Society, fanzines, the Disclave, and Cornell University's dogs, among other things. (Typical fan; broad range of interests.)

OSFAN #38 (Mank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 - monthly - 15¢) News, fanzine reviews, and an upside-down page. Rating...6

LOCUS #1, 2, 3 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, New York 10457 - bi-weekly - 15¢, 2 for 25¢) This seems to be the replacement for S F WEEKLY as the #1 magazine of fan news. Rating...6

FANTASY NEWS #7 (Harry Wasserman, 7611 No. Regent Rd., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53217 - irregular? - 35¢) A big thick one devoted to fantasy films. I don't get enough movie fanzines to rate it, but it seems competent enough.

BROBDINGNAG #83 (John McCallum, Ralston, Alberta, Canada - irregular - 10¢) A postal Diplomacy journal. Write John for information.

KEVAS & TRILLIUM (The Cartel, 213-1192 Meadowlands Drive, Ottawa 5, Ont., Canada - no schedule listed; pricing seems a bit confused, but try 35¢) Largely but not entirely "Star Trek" oriented. There are also book reviews, comments on Canadian politics, and

a promise of more variety in the future. (Incidentally, people, Juanita and I do not need two copies of anyone's fanzine. We're one family. The extra copy goes in the discard pile and will probably end up in Bill Pettit's collection.) Rating.....5

PIAK-TOW #8 (Shirley Meech, Apt. 5-8, 260 Elkton Road, Newark, Delaware 19711 - monthly - 5 for \$1.00) A news mag devoted to "Star Trek". Rating.....5

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN Vol.28 #1 -- This is the official organ of the N3F (which organ isn't specified; the kidney, most likely). To join, contact Janie Lamb, Route 1, Box 364, Neiskell, Tennessee 36654 and ask for information. The club promotes various activities, worthwhile and otherwise. (I'd enjoy giving Juanita's reaction to the New Fanzine Appreciation Society - "send us your fanzine and we'll appreciate it" - but the post office is still conservative about what goes through the mails. YANDRO has never been hard enough up for readers to send out copies in return for letters of comment.)

COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN #9 (Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Virginia - free to N3F members?) One of the more worthwhile club activities. I'm not all that interested in checklists, but some collectors are. And there are occasional historical tit-bits that interest even me.

ETHERLINE II #5 (Leigh Edmonds, Flat 3, 12 Redan St., St. Kilda, 3182, Victoria, Australia - somewhat monthly - 12 for \$1.20) Mostly news (con reports this time; you can't win 'em all) and reviews. Rating.....4

HYPERMODERN #2 (Allan B. Calhaver, Avenida Mirabal #8, Santiago, Republica Dominica - irregular - 5 issues for \$5) Not precisely a fanzine; articles cover US farm policy, naming of British monarchs, welfare workers, lawyers, and an interesting comparison of hippies with the stock exchange. Definitely in the "political fanzine" category, along with KIPPLE and BIAS. Price is excessive, but maybe printing costs are, too.

HECKMECK 18 (Manfred Kage, Schaesberg (Lim.), Achter den Winkel 41, Netherlands irregular - no price listed - co-editor, Mario Kwiat) German news, fanzine reviews, letters. Printed in English. Rating.....4

BADINAGE #5 (Rob F. Johnson, 175 Oxford Gardens, Stafford, Great Britain - irregular? - 20¢) General type. Beautiful cover. Rating.....5

PSYCHOTIC #26 (Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403 - irregular? - 50¢) General type; material by Norman Spinrad and Ted White is always good for rousing lettercolumn arguments. Rating.....8

QUIP #8 (Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, New York 11040 - bi-monthly - 50¢) A "fannish" fanzine, where a letter-writer can mention quite seriously a "fannish renaissance" and "a guiding light in fandom", but with generally well-written material. Rating.....7

THE WSFA JOURNAL #57 (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - monthly - 35¢) News, lots of reviews, lots of letters. Get it, if only for the reviews by the Gillilands. Rating...6½

SOPHISTICATED #5 (Bill Hiatt, 6533 Brairhaven Dr., Dallas, Texas 75240 - monthly - free) Seems to be mostly humor, or attempted humor. The idea is fine, but a lot of improvement in the execution is needed. Rating....2

DECAL #1 (Donald E. Cochran, 151 Valley St., Jackson, Mississippi - bi-annual - 35¢) Oops, I meant semi-annual up there. Interesting idea; each issue is to contain one professional, paid-for story, plus some amateur fiction. The pro story will give the amateurs something to be compared to, and the editor trusts his readers to make comments aimed at improving the amateurs' work. (Except that this issue doesn't have any amateur fiction. It does have a Larry Niven story.) An editor who thinks that promags are "folding or going reprint" because of a lack of good original stories has a lot to learn about the publishing field, however. The Niven story is reasonably good. Rating.....3

HAUNTED #3 (Sam Russell, 1351 Tremaine Ave, Los Angeles, Calif. 90019 - irregular - 50¢) A serious magazine devoted to gothic fiction - real gothic fiction, not stylized romance. Very well done. Rating.....8

COSIGN #16 (Bob Gaines, 336 Olentangy St., Columbus, Ohio 43202 - quarterly - 35¢) This issue seems mostly reviews and a Ted White letter on fandom. It's a general-type fanzine, usually containing readable if not great material. Possibly this last change of editors will help it; it is no longer a club fanzine and an individual independent group can usually put out a better mag than a club can. Rating.....5

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES #73 (Ken Rudolph, 745 No. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046 - bi-monthly - 50¢) A famous old fanzine revived in a big way; 90 pages in this issue. General type. Material didn't seem to be as good as previous issues, but presumably they will get in the swing with a few more issues. Rating...5

STARLING #12 (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 - irregular? - 25¢ - but next issue is a "special" and will cost 50¢) General type. Fine reproduction. Rating...5½

WRR Vol.4 #1 (Wally Weber, Box 267, 507 Third Ave., Seattle, Washington 98104 - irregular - free for comment - co-editor, Otto Pfeifer) Another mag making a comeback after a long absence. Concentrates on humor, which fandom could use more of. Rating.....6

A BLEEDING ROSE #2 (Michel Barnes, 1716 Summerlane SE, Decatur, Alabama 35601 - irregular - 25¢) Seems to be mostly modern verse, which is not my cup of tea. I couldn't say how good it is, though it seems above the absolutely atrocious level. For those of you who like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing you'll like (to paraphrase some nonentity or other). Rating....7

NOPE #4 (Jay Kinney, 606 Wellner Road, Naperville, Illinois 60540 - no price or schedule) Personal type letter-substitute; the editor's thoughts.

CRABAPPLE GAZETTE #2 (Mike Horvat, P.O. Box 286, Tangent, Oregon 97389 - irregular - no price listed) General type, though largely concerned with reprints from more or less obscure general publications. Helped by the fact that Horvat is a good editor; most of the material is not only new, but entertaining. Rating....6

ID #1 (James Reuss, 304 South Belt West, Belleville, Illinois 62221 - irregular - 25¢) Fannishness (a meeting report? God.) by John D. Berry, reviews, verse. Rating....4

IRON #11 (Dwain Kaiser, 1397 No. Second Ave., Upland, Calif. 91786, and Al Snider, 1021 Donna Beth, West Covina, Calif. 91790 - irregular - 50¢) Either there has been a big improvement here, or I've been overlooking something. An excellent fanzine, devoted more to "fannishness" than reviews. Rating...7

SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN #1 (Gene and Chuck Turnbull, 801 Grosse Pointe Court, Grosse Pointe, Michigan 48230 - irregular - free for comment) Very general; fiction, articles, verse, reviews, and some very good artwork. Rating....4½

DARKAR #11 (Ron Miller, 2836 Kingsrowe Court, Columbus, Ohio 43209, and Lawrence Knight, 878 Lenore Ave, Columbus, Ohio 43224 - no schedule listed - 75¢) There is something called the Darkar Grotto, which seems to be a club (offering the mag at reduced rates, among other things). Those interested write to Knight. There doesn't seem to be any regular subscription policy, but Miller will notify you of publication of future issues if you ask him. This is a mag devoted to the old stf; Wells, Verne, Poe, and presumably, Doyle, though he isn't mentioned this issue. Very close to professional quality, both in production and material. Worthwhile for the serious student of stf (or those nostalgic for the good old days).

I seem to have a little space here; I'm sure other fanzines will come in, but I want to finish this tonight. So....The extreme brevity of the reviews, and the reintroduction of the rating system, was done because the reviews were taking up too damned much space. If you don't like it, tough. Ratings run from 0 (awful) to 10 (outstanding). There will be very few low ratings because I don't trade with fanzines that I'm not interested in, and naturally if I like a mag it gets a reasonably good rating. Most fanzines have subscription policies; most will send out issues in return for interesting letters. I give single copy price because I think a fan should get one issue first, to decide for himself if he likes the mag; and he should pay cash for that first issue.