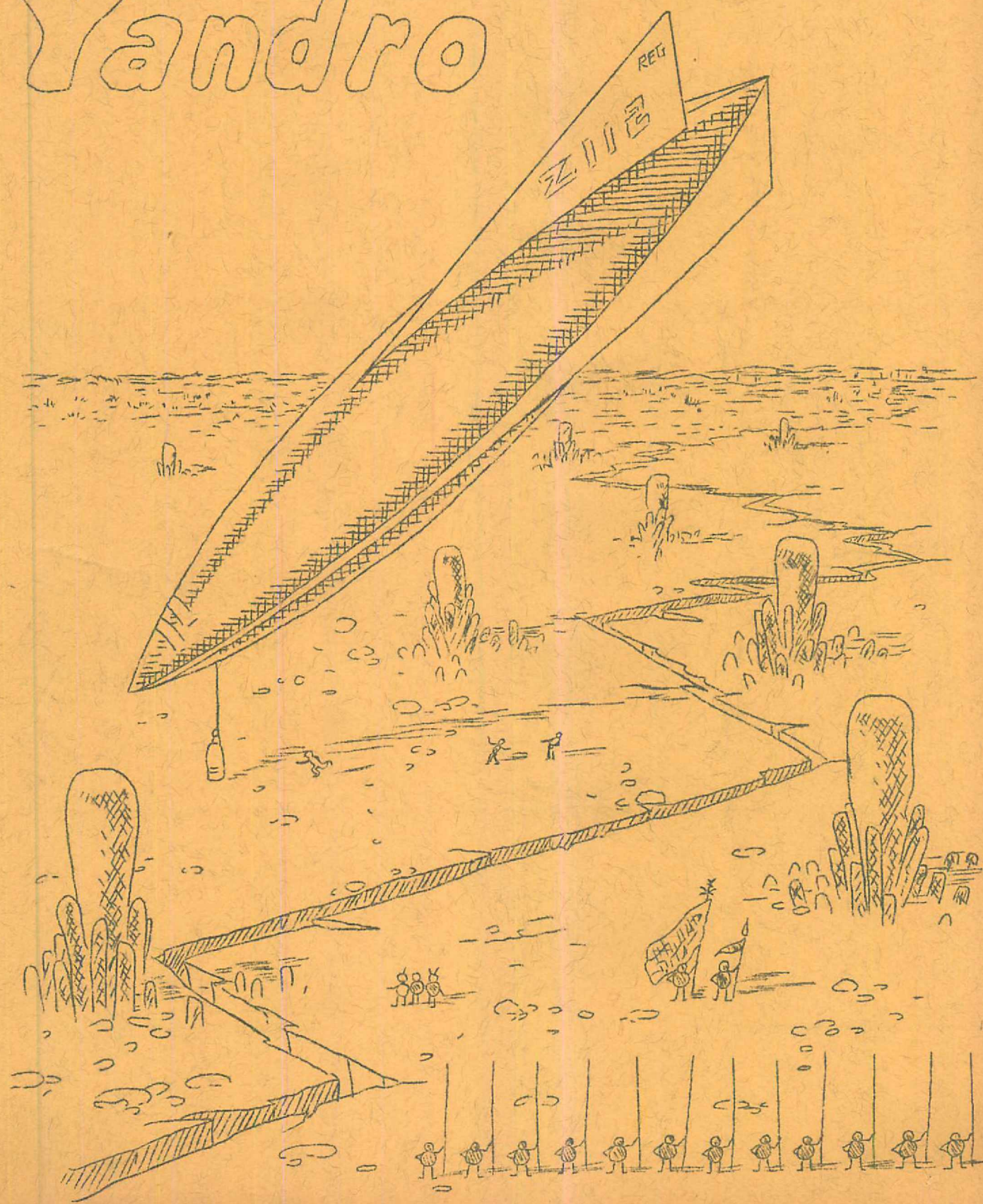


# Yandro







EDITORIAL

# Build NRA

EVERY citizen of the United States, whether or not he owns a firearm, has a vital interest in his right to possess and use them. Our forefathers, in their profound judgment, established this nation on the basis of individual rights which are the foundation of freedom. Freedom in America has been preserved over the years by the enduring efforts of freedom-loving people. There is a crying need in this generation for a greater appreciation of the importance of our natural rights.

President Eisenhower, upon leaving for his recent 3-week journey half-way around the world, earnestly asked Americans to join him in a renewed dedication to our moral and spiritual convictions. This, he said, "should inspire each of us so to think and so to act as to hasten our progress toward the goals our fathers established, which have made America an instrument for good. In this rededication we will replenish the true source of America's strength—her faith; and flowing from it, her love of liberty, her devotion to justice."

There are developing in America today more and more efforts to deny reputable citizens their right to own firearms and to use them for lawful purposes. To a greater extent than ever before, uninformed or biased sources are blaming guns rather than people for crimes, suicides, and accidental shootings. An ever-increasing number of excuses are being devised to propose anti-gun laws. The right to keep and bear arms is a priceless heritage and must be protected from those who would destroy it.

Since 1871 the National Rifle Association of America has stood as a bastion against countless attempts to disarm the citizens of this country. Of recent years, the membership—and hence the strength—of NRA has increased. Today it is stronger, more vocal, more effective than ever before, but this is not enough to win the struggle against bias, ignorance, and fear which threaten to take guns away from the people. The enormity of the task increases daily as the population multiplies, as urbanization continues, and as much of our society too easily accepts the invasion of individual rights in order to secure the comforts of government protection.

Many things are being done to build public acceptance of responsible gun ownership and use. The NRA Hunter Safety Training Course has achieved nationwide acclaim. The greatly enlarged Small Arms Firing Schools and National Matches which are conducted jointly by the Armed Forces and NRA are focusing public attention on the importance of marksmanship in national defense. Public and industrial recreation groups are instituting shooting programs for thousands of people who previously were non-shooters. Schools and colleges are teaching outdoor skills, including hunting and fishing. More legislators, state and federal, are looking to NRA for guidance in matters of firearms legislation before bills are introduced. All of this amounts to a positive approach to improved public acceptance and understanding.

However, these efforts must be greatly expanded and accelerated if we are to win our battle. The National Rifle Association of America must take the leadership in meeting and in turning the tide of uninformed anti-firearms public opinion which manifests itself today. We need the voice and we need the support of every patriotic American citizen who appreciates and believes in the fundamental concept of the right to keep and bear arms.

A "Build NRA" campaign has been established to meet this challenge. Its goal is one-half million NRA members. Its purpose is to achieve for NRA the

stature and strength to oppose the anti-gun forces of the country and to effectively tell the story of the true values and worthwhile uses of firearms. "Build NRA" is a challenge and an opportunity to every individual member and every affiliated organization. By working together the job can be done. We must continue to be the dominant force. We must take the initiative. To do this, we must enroll more members and "Build NRA".



JOIN TODAY and BUILD NRA

*Louis F. Lucas*

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR  
NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA



# YANDRO

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Cover lettering: James R. Adams

\*Feghoot disguises the sterling cognomen of George Scithers, this round

See "Rumblings" for an explanation of the National Rifle Association literature stapled and folded with this publication. Well, sort of an explanation.

"Cordelia was stretched out on the couch. Light rippled along her gown. It was of the sheerest silk; her flesh seemed to glow through. She sat up, smiling, so that her copious breasts were thrust at him."

.....Poul Anderson





Fans are the most generous people - right out of a dirty cloud - filled sky DEA offers, and sends, me two shading plates and a couple styli. No one knows the price, and the usefulness, of stencilling equipment better than JWC - I am the type of wacky fenne who is bored stiff by fashion shows but goes into drooling raptures in office supply stores ... so it's especially startling to me to have this fannish manna drop into my mailbox.

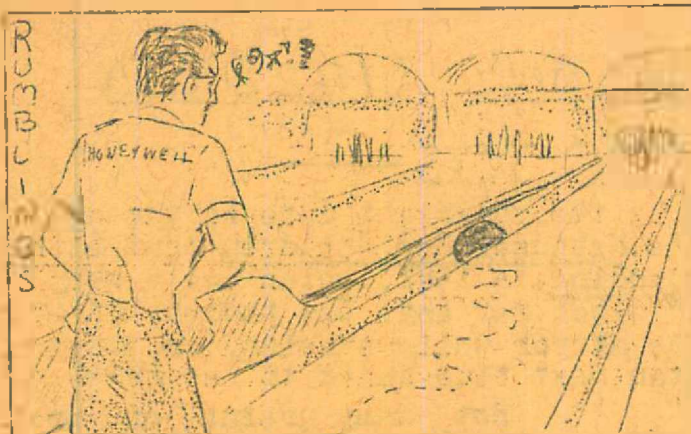
The problems of a two edited zine bring up all sorts of fascinating problems....proofreading is my job, and any typos that get through into print are entirely my fault. Before I married Buck, I was an excellent speller, but after correcting stencils for these many years, I'm getting to that stage wherein words I know are spelled correctly look wrong, and vice versa. Oh well, I got even; he started using "synchronated" as a genuine word before realizing it was one of my concoctions.

Lee Tremper was cheering me by saying someday Odetta would issue an album entitled "Odetta Sings Over Her Break"; well, that's not the title, but she is doing just that in the recently released BALLAD FOR AMERICANS - two artists are assured I will buy everything they issue: Odetta and Yma Sumac. Purchased at the same time was a new Leon Bibb album - one which caused some confusion; a week earlier we bought a folk album featuring a Weavers-type group, with one male singer carrying a beautiful lead, and we enthused and wondered where he had been hiding - he hadn't, he's simply Leon Bibb under another name. Most of the confusion resulted from the fact that we thought the happy two couples pictured on the album jacket were the singers; they obviously are not, since Bibb is a Negro and the couples pictured are nominally caucasian. Our decision was that for reasons of sale in the South a different group of singers (or models) was photoed.

Anyone else in the readership a devotee of disasterabilia? My mother and I both flip over books describing wholesale disasters, and are gradually acquiring a gory collection: several books concerning the San Francisco earthquake and other earth tremor and volcanic disasters; the Titanic and Lusitania, of course; Galveston flood; (Mom is supposed to inherit one on the Johnstown flood); we share Buck's Holbrook book on the great forest fires; the Chicago fire; and the most recently acquired one in Mom's collection - HOLOCAUST! concerning the Coconut Grove fire. This rather morbid fascination has always interested me from a psychological viewpoint; as a child I positively shuddered when my lil feminine playmates expressed desires to be nurses "when they grew up". I'm quite frankly content that my closest approach to the medical profession has been as a patient in the o.b. ward of a hospital, hardly a true illness. But the fascination, particularly for the medical rescue items, lingers.

Milwaukee's a wonderful town, Economous, but what do I do with my bitter half? - he's allergic to the place. Maybe if you find a good used mag store up there he can conquer it - old moldy pulps don't make him wheeze in the slightest - but prices on new books choke him up...hmm there's a lesson here, somewhere. The flowers that freeze in the...JWC





Last year sometime I remarked on how surprised I was that I was doing well in bowling, and went on to make a few remarks on fans and sports. I am now happy to announce that last year's bowling feats seem to have been in the nature of a freak, and that today there is nothing to mar my record of absolute athletic ineptitude. (Like, I just finished throwing 3 league games, with scores of 125, 104, and 128, and I'm disgusted.)

Some of you may be startled to find National Rifle Association propaganda appearing in a fanzine. This distribution is entirely my own idea; the Association didn't ask me to circulate the stuff. In the first place, I enjoy owning, shooting, and generally fooling around with guns, and the NRA provides quite a bit in the way of assistance to the gun owner. In the second place, America has two major freedoms that other nations do not have. These two -- the first to disappear under a dictatorship -- are freedom of the press and the right to bear arms. Any fan should be interested in freedom of the press; how many mimeographs do you suppose are in private hands in Spain, or Russia, or Argentina? Dictators simply do not approve of private publishing. The right to bear arms is the same sort of thing; the two freedoms are connected. When one disappears, the other usually doesn't last long. The NRA, among other things, gives all its members ample warning of any piece of restrictive gun legislation to appear; I wouldn't go so far as to say that the US would be a dictatorship today if it weren't for the efforts of the NRA -- but we'd be a couple of steps closer.

You will note that the membership application requires the signature of an NRA member, a public official or an officer of the armed forces (if it's a new membership, that is). I'm not going to endorse these in advance; the way things get passed around in fandom, I could wind up endorsing Krushchev that way. But if any readers want an endorsement, just return the membership application (along with a letter of comment on YANDRO) and I'll fill it out.

Frankly, for anyone who is interested in guns, the AMERICAN RIFLEMAN alone is worth the membership price. Other benefits -- and there are a lot of them -- are pure gravy. If any of our under-18 readers is interested in a junior membership, you can either write the association for details, or write me and I'll write the association. (I don't recall all the details, but I think that the junior member gets the magazine but doesn't get all the other privileges, like being able to buy government surplus guns and ammunition at ridiculously low prices.)

This is the sort of editorial I should type out carefully in advance, putting down all the salient points in careful order. However, in my usual bumbling style, I sat down at the tag end of a lousy evening and started typing. So if you don't think my reasons for urging you to join the NRA are too sensible, poo on you. This is raw, gutty emotion, man! Real stream-of-consciousness stuff -- pouring out my all, and that kind of thing. (While I don't expect much response, I would quite sincerely like to add a couple of members to the NRA roster. The NRA is a Good Thing.)

See you next month; which I hope will be more pleasant all around than this one has been.

RSC

# A REREADING OF METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN

—by—redd boggs—

It is frightening to be reminded by the copyright date in the new Signet reprint of Robert A. Heinlein's Methuselah's Children that this novel first appeared serially in Astounding in 1941, which was a very long time ago, no matter what the 11 clock may say. The thought of it makes one want to cringe away from the mirror while shaving, or, more desperately, to buy a bottle of Serutan next time one's in the drug-store.

Not many grains of uranium turn to lead in nineteen years, but nineteen years is long enough to turn a classic of science fiction into rubbish. Some of us have lived long enough to find that "The Legion of Space" and "Cosmic Engineers" had become trash while we weren't looking, and the same process of literary decay is probably overtaking "Slan" and the Foundation series by now. Has anyone investigated lately?

Therefore it is with the same reluctance with which we face the mirror to look for gray hairs that we open Methuselah's Children to reread it after nearly two decades. We shed a tear at the prospect of youthful memories shattering under the focus of mature scrutiny, and steel ourselves against the anticipated sight of shabby gimcracks strewn where once we thought golden ornaments were arrayed. But then we open the book and begin to read, and all our fears vanish. This novel isn't outdated yet, and isn't likely to become so for a long time, because Heinlein conjures up an unfolding sense of wonder out of this blend of science and imagination.

The novel has, of course, been extensively rewritten and overhauled since its original appearance. The technology has been updated, some of the characters' names have been changed (Mary Risling to Mary Sperling; Libbey to Libby), and the writing style has been tinkered with, sentence by sentence. But a quick check of the old Astounding files indicates that the story could very easily have gotten by in 1960 without much revision, and that, in any case, the overhaul did not change the broad outlines of the novel or manage to improve on the original's atmosphere of strength and vigor.

Heinlein seems to know more about astronomy and physics than any layman should, but better than that, he can project himself into a construct of science and convey an impression of what it must be like to actually experience. His knowledge of science has not dispelled his awareness of the mysteries that confound us; what we know seems to make more poignant what we do not know. The book serves to chasten us with the glory of man's aspiration.

Methuselah's Children is still an exhilarating experience to read because Heinlein found it an exhilarating experience to write. We must admit from the start that it is a novel written without much conscious "art"; Heinlein was born knowing more about writing than many of his colleagues learn in a lifetime, but sometimes his lack of artistic preoccupation plays him false. His novels flounder through a series of mis-mated episodes such as those in Citizen of the Galaxy, or through a series of irrelevant digressions such as those in The Door Into Summer, simply because Heinlein never bothers to think of his story as a story,



but only as an exercise of his imagination.

Methuselah's Children is dream stuff. Its thinness may be shown by quoting an early passage (pp 6) relating to Mary Sperling's arrival at the Families' Seat: "Seventeen minutes later the car surfaced in a pool which occupied much of an artificial cave. When the car was beached, Mary got out, said hello to the guards and went on through a tunnel into a large underground room where fifty or sixty men and women were seated." This is the crudest kind of sketch-work, without any attempt at sensory impression or circumstantial detail. Not all the background is this sketchy, but most of it is hastily done. This is partly because of pulp tradition -- even in science fiction, action is more important than setting -- and partly because this novel is laid, in part, against a background already blocked out in earlier "Future History" stories. Mostly, I think, it is because Heinlein is out for adventure and is impatient with details that may contribute to the story but not to the fun.

In a dream many things get by that would short-circuit our sense of belief in a more "conscious" story. We hardly blink at minor marvels like Mary Sperling's car (a submarine in disguise, like something out of Doc Savage) or even major prodigies like Slipstick Libby's nick-of-time invention of the interstellar drive. They are things to be noted and forgotten in the splendor of the total vision.

Dreams of course are loosely organized. This novel is almost, if not quite, as disjointed as Citizen of the Galaxy. There is material in it for three or four very dissimilar novels, a patchwork of shreds and scraps -- but what gorgeous material it is! And it is stitched together handily, if not artistically, to form a very pretty piece of goods. Unlike Citizen of the Galaxy, this novel has a crude kind of unity. It is made to form a big circle; it starts out from Earth and returns to Earth.

More important, it is built around the adventures of one man who is colorful and dramatic enough to pull together all the diffuse elements of the story and make it his story. Lazarus Long is not an epic hero, and Methuselah's Children is not an epic, but Lazarus unifies the story in much the same way that Aeneas does the Aeneid. Lazarus bounds through this story like Adam on the first morning, though he is 213 years old to begin with. He is probably Heinlein's finest hero. Who can we name in the same breath with him? The Great Lorenzo of Double Star, Hamilton Felix (perhaps) of Beyond This Horizon, but few others. We do not need our fading but still vivid memory of him as he posed for Hubert Rogers on the cover of ASF for July 1941 to see him as clear as daylight, striding through the years, his lean legs sticking out from beneath his kilt, and a blaster and a knife strapped to his hairy thighs.

Well, everybody knows Lazarus Long, of course. But perhaps it needs to be pointed out that his most obvious and most interesting trait is -- as one character calls it -- his "anti-social atavism". In the ultracivilized world of the 22nd century Lazarus is a primitive, a throw-back; he goes around pulling knives on people, bonking cops on the back of the head, and sticking blasters in people's faces. He has spent most of his 200 years wandering the frontiers of the solar system. He likes the pleasures that civilization provides, but he has never assumed any sober civic responsibilities; he has never settled down.

Years ago Startling novels required a hero who had been transported



(by hook or crook, time machine or suspended animation) from the 20th century to the future in which the story took place. Such a hero gave the reader somebody familiar to identify with in a strange world of tomorrow. Lazarus Long serves the same function in Methuselah's Children, though his origin in the 20th century (he was born in 1912, and thus must be living, a callow 48-year-old, at this moment) is beside the point. The reader identifies with Lazarus because we have the feeling that we too would be at odds with the people and the customs of that future world. We are too much the children of our own age to feel at home even in a future much safer and more comfortable than our own. The world of 2145 is a nice place to visit, but we wouldn't want to live there. Lazarus Long embodies our feeling of mistrust and alienation even as he represents the resourcefulness and competence we would want to have in facing that strange world.

Lazarus also acts as the author's representative in the story; Hein-

lein's instrument for getting into the novel himself and enjoying these adventures in a world of dream. Most of the earlier "Future History" stories were more somber in tone, some like "If This Goes On" and "Logic of Empire" were even pessimistic. Methuselah's Children is painted in bright colors and is obviously staged as a romp rather than presented as a piece of sober social history. Lazarus, partly alienated from the world of 2145, saves us -- and the author -- from becoming immersed in the great tides of the social milieu, and we are set free to wander off among the stars.

When we recognize Lazarus as the author's representative in the story, we suddenly realize how basic in Heinlein's makeup is the strain that more recently has given us Starship Troopers and the propaganda flyer that G.M. Carr distributed in fandom. His early fascination with the world of the future was probably born of the same sort of convictions that give rise to the sentimentality and nostalgia of a Ray Bradbury or a Jack Finney. Convinced that the world had fallen on evil times he sought escape in the realm of his imagination. The future he found





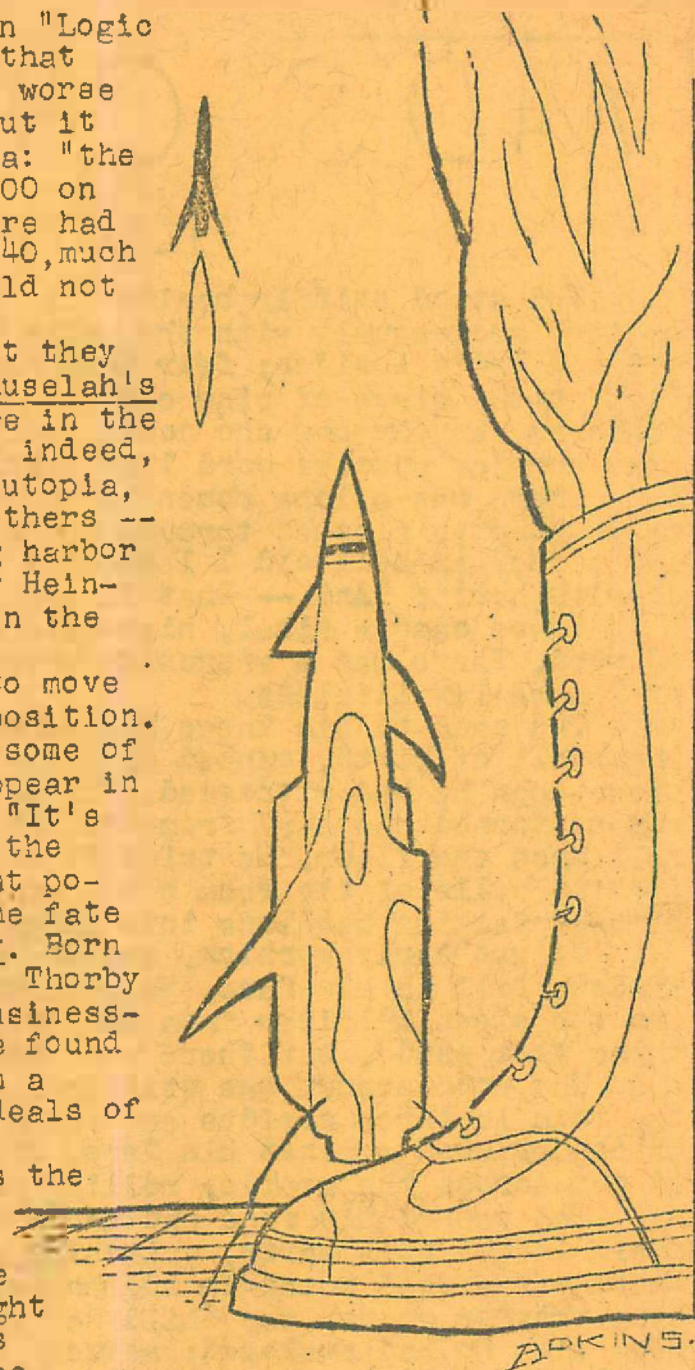
there was not utopia -- like Jones in "Logic of Empire" he seems to have thought that "Things are bound to get a whole lot worse before they can get any better" -- but it was at least closer in time to utopia: "the first mature culture" shows up in 2600 on the chart. And the world of the future had an intoxication that the world of 1940, much too real for anyone to exult in, could not have.

Doubts were there all along, but they began to creep out obviously in Methuselah's Children. The Little People's culture in the novel represents a type of utopia -- indeed, almost the standard science fiction utopia, found in Wells, Don A. Stuart, and others -- and Lazarus hates "this timeless snug harbor of ease". Lazarus seems to personify Heinlein's growing sense of alienation in the world he had created.

With this novel Heinlein began to move slowly back to a more conservative position. The road back was not straight, and some of the old glamor and intoxication reappear in some of his postwar stories such as "It's Great To Be Back" and especially in the movie "Destination Moon". His present position is symbolized, perhaps, in the fate of the hero in Citizen of the Galaxy. Born on a planet circling a distant star, Thorby finds his niche at last, as a big businessman on Earth. Heinlein seems to have found his own refuge in mindlessness -- in a shrill chauvinism and in the iron ideals of his old profession, the military.

But Methuselah's Children marks the high point in Heinlein's writing career. Small doubts were sneaking in to tarnish the glamor, but to the casual eye the colors are still bright and fresh as morning sunlight. It is a heady experience to drink the atmosphere of that future world for the space of a novel. Most of Heinlein's cantankerousness is summed up in Lazarus and not allowed to blight the total vision, and it is expressed in a nonconformity that is lively and probably healthy. (This aspect of Lazarus' character may have frightened Heinlein, for Hamilton Felix of Beyond This Horizon, much the same sort of man, loses his spirit of rebellion and sinks comfortably into conformity.)

It is the tension caused by the author's ambivalence that keeps Methuselah's Children wound up and moving. His active and far-ranging genius has seldom operated to better advantage. Born of a shining dream, touched with shadowy doubts, the novel pulses with unquenchable life even over the span of nearly two decades.





# TAD'S CHILD

FICTION BY *bobby gene warner*

Tad stood stiffly beside the bed and watched Thelma's swollen body contort grotesquely with the pains of childbirth. A sudden numbness gripped Tad's insides; fear held him immobile. He stared with fascination at the piece of pine clenched tightly in his mistress's teeth, wondered vaguely how she could exert enough pressure on the wood to make her jaw muscles cord like that.

There was a long moment of screaming agony, and during that moment many thoughts flashed through Tad's mind -- "She'll never live through it!"; "Why in hell did I leave her here to have the baby!"; "What'll I do with her!"; "And -- what'll I do with the kid!"

There came a final, high-pitched shriek, and the sound of shattered wood. There was a wrenching movement, a violent tremor, and the body of Thelma lay lifeless.

Tad sank to his knees beside the bed, nauseated from the overwhelming smell of birth, sapped of his strength by the bizarrely unfamiliar phenomenon he had witnessed. The sour taste of vomit rose to his lips, and he turned his head from the bed and let the contents of his stomach fall upon the floor. He tried to stand up, then, but the close, dimly-lighted walls of the room began an insane, bobbling dance, and he felt himself falling headlong into silent darkness.....

It was early morning, and the sunlight was falling through the open window, full in his face. He awakened abruptly, as always, and waited for the sleep to clear from his eyes. He reached for the covers, to throw them aside, but there were none. And then he remembered.

The room stench was stifling. He got up from the floor, crossed the room in three strides and flung open the door. An early-spring breeze brushed against his face, reviving him. He stepped outside, looked out across the gentle, rolling hills and said, "God Almighty!"

Tad washed his face and hands in the spring behind the house. He knelt in the soft earth, splashing water over his head, making plans. There was a dead woman in the house, and a child. As yet, he didn't know whether or not the child was alive. There had been no sound in the room when he had awakened; as well as he knew, there had been none all night. It would be just as well if the child had been still-born; that would make the whole unpleasant business so much easier.

As Tad knelt by the spring, some of the fuzziness cleared from his mind and he began feeling almost normal again. The past months -- and more especially the past weeks and days -- had placed a heavy responsibility upon him, one that he hadn't been able to sink his heart nor his efforts into. He had let Nature take its course with Thelma, had turned a deaf ear to her pleadings for medical attention -- or at least a midwife -- and waited. After all, it wasn't really his wife that was going to have the baby. And it wouldn't really be his baby. He had known Thelma, off and on, for the past ten years. They had never even talked of being married; he had given her a home and food whenever she wanted them, and in return she had given him the gratification of his bodily needs. Theirs had been a mutually profitable relationship, but never



9  
permanent. Even when they learned of her pregnancy, there had been no talk of marriage. It was just something that had happened. It was only during the past two or three months that Thelma had dropped into that sour-sullen way, always demanding, always screaming at him do-this and do-that. He had thrown up his shrug-shoulder and turned-away-ear attitude defense and let her be. After all, hadn't he cared for her? Wasn't he keeping her in her pregnancy? There was nothing that bound him to do it. Why did she have to be that way? It would be forever unfathomable for him because he had neither the depth of thought nor the inclination if he had had such to reason it out.

There were many things that he had never known about Thelma. He hadn't even known where she came from. Ten years before, at dusk of a summer evening, she had come to the cabin and asked him for supper. He had taken her in with his eyes, and he had liked what he saw. And then and there a pact was silently formed between them. She came and went as she pleased, and he never asked questions.

She had been a strange one, the strangest woman he had ever known. She had mentioned crazy-sounding things to him, about what she had seen during her lifetime. He could remember none of it now -- except one thing, so much wilder than the forgotten things that it stuck, in a corner of his mind, like a leech.

One night -- they had finished supper and she was washing out the few cooking utensils he possessed -- she had said.

"Tad, I had an aunt, once, who had a baby as big as the side of a mountain." Just like that, she had said it; and she had gone on to assure him that the size she quoted was literal. The child had been born normal, but he had grown with an unbelievable rapidity, until he towered above the trees and shook the ground with his frolic. Her aunt had named him Trylinn, which, according to Thelma, meant Master One. It was a wild tale; and had Tad been more inclined to imagination, the story would have tainted his dreams. But he was the way he was; and although he often recalled Thelma's telling the story, he always did so with a grunt, thinking to himself: "Crazy gal!"

The sun was well into the heavens when Tad walked back toward the cabin. A stillness had fallen, as it often did at that time of year, over the lands, and not even an insect stirred. A great relief burned within Tad. The burden of Thelma's sudden and total dependency upon him was lifted, and now there remained only the task of disposing of her mortal remains, which task, in Tad's estimation, would pose no great difficulty. There would be no regrets that she was dead; she had long since ceased to serve the purpose that made her welcome in his cabin. He felt wholly vindicated about her passing; he felt, indeed, that he had done far more than had been his duty.....

Tad paused at the open door of the cabin, shallowly contemplating the distasteful smell that struck his nostrils. Then he shrugged and leaned forward to do what must be done.

Gingerly Tad approached the bed, sidestepping the mess he had made the preceding night. Standing beside the bed, he looked at Thelma's distorted face and strangely-twisted body. "Funny," he thought, "how she looks so hollow now. All prone dry." He reached down and threw back the filthy sheet that still covered part of her abdomen and legs.

He stood, suddenly atremble, clutching the sheet very tightly, strange sounds forming in his throat. There was no child! She had given birth to a child, but it was gone!



Tad's mind reeled. He stood staring at the place where the child should have been. "A vermint!" he thought. "A cat, maybe!" An animal, obviously, had come into the cabin and made away with the child. But there were no signs indicating the presence of an animal's coming. At least the sheet would have been pulled away if an animal had taken the baby. And the spring wasn't that far from the cabin; he would have heard the scuffling efforts of an animal.

He stood for a long while, thinking in circles, doing what he seldom allowed himself to do -- try to reason out a problem of some depth.

He was jarred from his mental gropings by a sound from outside the cabin. There came to his ears a low gurgling sound, filled with power and -- something else. He listened very carefully, perspiration dotting his forehead and forming in pools at his armpits. The sound came again, and it was like the sound of autumn thunder.

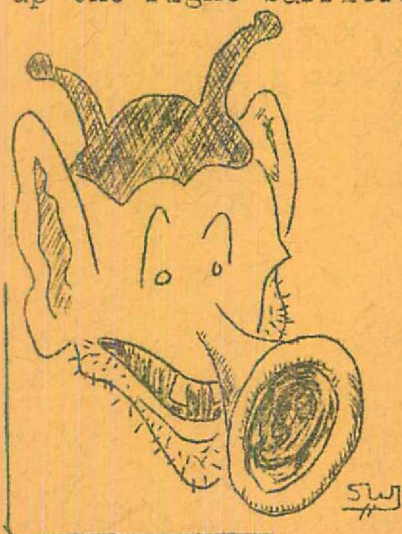
"That's a hunger-sound!" Tad said aloud. There was a twitching at the corner of his mouth that he could not control. Thoughts were forming, deep down within him, too low for him to completely grasp -- too dense and hideous for him to want to grasp.

Just outside the cabin door....something heavy dragging itself nearer. As in a dream, Tad moved. He rushed across the cabin and groped for the rifle that stood perpetual vigilance in the shadows of the corner. He bolted a cartridge into the chamber and stood waiting.

The sounds came near, and then a great, almost bulbous thing pulled itself through the door of the cabin and paused. Tad felt the luminous eyes probing the shadowy cabin, coming to rest on his face. He wavered for a moment, then threw the rifle stock to his shoulder, aimed and fired. When the gun was empty, and the powder smoke had dissipated, Tad sat down and blinked heavily. The crashing sounds of the gun still rang in his ears, and the bruises of the heavy rifle against his shoulder throbbed dully. He still held the weapon tightly in his hands, ready to make a club out of it. But there was no need of it, now; the thing was dead -- as dead as it could ever be. Even now, a portion of his mind was working healing magic, rationalizing, mending. To retain his sanity, what had happened this day had to be wiped out, or glossed over. What he had seen -- what he was seeing -- he had not really seen. He had revengefully killed a marauding beast -- an animal that had taken Thelma's child -- his child -- away, and then had returned for Thelma. He threw up the right barriers, quickly, in a frenzy, closing his eyes very tightly. He could control himself; he knew that.

Thelma's body was confined to the earth, with the loose ground tamped firmly over her. There was another grave, a day's walk from the cabin, which Tad had dug very deep and packed very firmly, and over which there lay a layer of heavy stones. Tad returned, finally, to the cabin; and after the passage of several months, he began to feel better. He did his work, dropped into a heavy sleep each night, ate better than he had in a long time. He forced himself never to think of Thelma, or the child. But after a while, slowly -- so slowly that he could not remember exactly when they first began -- the dreams began.

The dreams were always alike. He was always in the cabin. And Thelma was there, all dried and





sunken. And there was a third member with them -- Tad's child. The child would come into the cabin, just able to walk, not be able to co-ordinate his movements so that he always banged his forehead against the top of the cabin door. The body of a year-old child he had, but a monstrous one-year old. A bulk of at least three hundred pounds. In the dreams, Tad would look up and see the child falling with a crash into the room. The child would cry his thunder-cry, and tears would appear in his eyes, and Tad would look at his child's face and scream because it was his own face there, looking back at him.....



And when the dreams ended, Tad would awaken in the dark of night to lie sleeplessly and drenched in perspiration until the first light of dawn crept into the room.

-----  
 Lyr protect thee on inland waterways  
 -----

# V I E W P O I N T

SPRING 1960

Published Quarterly

Vol. 3, No. 2

A LITTLE MAGAZINE ENTERTAINING  
 IDEAS OF ADULT THOUGHT.

WE RAMBLE ABOUT ISSUE TO ISSUE,  
 NO ONE (NOT EVEN THE EDITOR)  
 KNOWS WHERE WE WILL END UP.

BUT IT IS ENJOYABLE IF YOU CARE  
 TO THINK A BIT. IF YOU ARE AN  
 INTELLECTUAL CLOD DON'T BOTHER.

VIEWPOINT is not a science fiction fanzine (although we do touch on it from time to time -- nothing is sacred) but usually enjoyed by fans.

WE WILL be very happy to send you one free sample, the rest are:

FIFTEEN CENTS the copy

LyRo Publications  
 Box 215

ONE DOLLAR six

Dixon, California

-----  
 -- "In 1843 Dorothea L. Dix, the reformer, visited prisons... 'Insane persons confined... in cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens!'... A sheriff, concurring, wrote: 'Injustice is also being done to the convicts; it is certainly very wrong that they should be doomed ... to listen to the ravings of madmen... This is a kind of punishment that is not recognized by our statutes...' BREAK DOWN THE WALLS, John Bartlow Martin.



# THROUGH TIME & SPACE WITH *GRENDEL* *BRIARTON*

BY *ferdinand feghoot*

In 2779, Grendel Briarton chanced to visit the planet Growff, which was inhabited by intelligent canines. While he was there, he chanced to arouse the ire of one of the planet's wealthier inhabitants, who chewed Grendel's left leg severely and made off with the intrepid explorer's trousers. After a brief visit to the local hospital, Grendel returned to the residence of his assailant, properly equipped with bandages, attorneys, and spare trousers, and announced his intention to seek legal damages. When the injured explorer presented himself at the door, the butler informed him his well-to-do assailant had died suddenly. Grendel consulted quickly with his lawyers, and discovered that, as on Terra, the laws of Growff permitted the estate of a deceased person to be sued for the actions of the deceased before he died. With this information, the injured explorer turned to the butler again.

"Is there anyone else you would like to see instead?" woofed the butler.

"Certainly, replied Grendel. "I should like to see the heirs of the dog that bit me."

---

- "Why? Doesn't everybody pour milk over lima beans?"

---

## WILD PITCH

*delivered by don franson*

I looked down into the La Brea Tar Pits, and I thought about fandom.

No, not because there are antediluvian relics here, preserved for posterity, which are dug up occasionally and put on exhibit. Not because creatures unwary enough to be caught in the sticky trap can't get out, and the ones that are smarter stay away. Not because of the pitch blackness, or the gummy consistency of the mess. Not even because of the association of tar with feathers and fan feuds.

No, it's the bubbles.

Natural gases far below the surface come up through the tar and oil. (You know, asphalt, oil, and natural gas are all produced in the same manner by decaying ancient life, and are found sometimes in the same localities -- end of science lesson).

Bubbles form in the thick mixture of tar, oil and rainwater on the surface of the pool. They grow, grow, grow. They grow bigger, they become transparent, they dominate the whole scene.

(Now do you get the connection?)

You wait for them to burst.

But they don't. Oil bubbles are too heavy to pop like soap bubbles. They subside.

They plop beack into the common mess. Soon they are gone, and there is no trace of them. (There went another



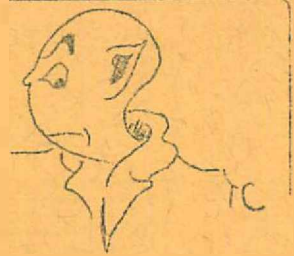


er BNF.....)

But over there, another bubble is commencing to grow.....

Recently the grounds of Hancock Park (Los Angeles) where the La Brea Tar Pits are located, have been cleaned up and improved and the scene is as attractive as it is scientifically interesting.

Random, however, is just as messy as ever.



# TRADING SONG — les gerber

When I was a neofan, I lived by myself  
And my stencils, ink and paper I kept upon a shelf.

(Chorus) Come a John Berry story  
Come a guy named Forry  
Come a Darlin' Cory  
Come a long-time fan.

But the faults of my mimeo had me in despair  
So I went to L.A. for a fanne to keep it in repair.

(Chorus)

The road to my slan-shack seemed to be gettin'er  
So I had to trade her in for a new Gestetner.

(Chorus)

The crank of the Gestetner kept wantin' to stick  
So I traded it in for a modern A. B. Dick.

(Chorus)

The Dick chewed up my paper and drove me to screams  
So I traded it in for a hundred white reams.

(Chorus)

This sixteen-pound white paper had bad show-through  
So I had to trade it in for twenty-pound blue.

(Chorus)

My spotty reproduction now caused me to think  
So I traded once again, for a new brand of ink.

(Chorus)

This new ink's base was oil, and it was no world-beater  
So I traded it all in on a used slip-sheeter.

(Chorus)

Now my mimeo prints fanzines, every shade and hue  
And I don't get any offset and I never see show-through.

(Chorus)

So, fans, if reproduction troubles get you down  
Don't ask for help from fem-fans in L.A. town.

(Chorus)

Just set yourself up with a good slip-sheeter  
And you'll put out a fanzine like CRY or APORRHETA.

(Final Housling  
Chorus; All Sing!)



# STRANGE Fruit

SON OF THE TATOOED DRAGON, and THE TATOOED DRAGON MEETS THE WOLFMAN (William Rotsler, 1131 $\frac{1}{2}$  No. Genesee, Hollywood 46, Calif. - one-shots - no price listed on "Son", \$1 for the other) As regular readers may have guessed, I do not particularly care for Rotsler cartoons. Some of them are very funny, but most leave me with a "so what" feeling. However, most fans consider Rotsler's artwork the most, so if any of you neofans haven't seen any examples (and if you haven't seen any you're definitely a neofan) here is a chance to acquire representative samples. I will not personally recommend either of them, but they will undoubtedly prove popular, and who knows; you might think they're wonderful.

WFR Vol. 2 #4 (Blotto Otto Pfeifer, 24304 59th. W., Mountlake Terrace, Washington - monthly? - free for comment, trade, review or a 3¢ stamp - co-editor, Wally Weber) It's back. The Creature from the Seattle Slough has struck again. Oddballs from all over fandom are gravitating towards this sinister publication. One letter-writer even mentions the possibility of his bank shooting him. Obvious delusions of persecution and attributing human characteristics to an inanimate object. A fit companion for the editors. Seriously, while this issue is larger than previous ones, it doesn't seem quite as interesting. A fannish article by Les Gerber is the best thing in the issue, followed (or possibly pursued) closely by editorial material. Rating.....5

VOID #19 (Ted White, 107 Christopher St., #15, New York 14, N.Y. - irregular - 25¢ - co-editor, Greg Benford) Some big names here, but... Harry Warner writes on circus fandom in his "other fandoms" column. Very good. Andre Norton discusses anthologies, but while her article has the stamp of authenticity given by being written by someone "on the inside", it really doesn't say a whole lot. Robert Bloch has a short article, but he's written practically the same thing for another fanzine previously, and his encounters with weird letter-writers aren't detailed enough to be very interesting. Terry Carr's article consists of reprints from a sort of college fanzine (college humor?) which Ted blurbs as great fannish writing but which struck me as pretty typical college stuff. (Maybe I know superior collegians or something, but I don't need to read this stuff -- I can listen to it every time we have company, and what's so wonderful about that?) White has an open letter to Lowndes, rebutting the editorial in SFS that said fans didn't support stf. He has some quite valid points, too -- particularly the one about Lowndes never admitting that anything is done for financial reasons, even when it's obvious -- but in general I still agree with Lowndes. There are some good, undated letters, even though it's been some time since the last issue appeared. In general, my rating would be higher, but for this ish....5

INTERIM 29/30 (Gregg Calkins, 1484 E. 17th. South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah - irregular - no price) We've had letter-substitutes before; now we have a fanzine-substitute. INTERIM is put out "to sort of fill in the gap" between issues of COPS LA! This issue contains editorial matter and



a Walt Willis column. Walt takes up the ASF name-change and Dave Prosser's dirty pictures. (On Prosser, I note that Walt bases his comments on Alan Dodd's review, rather than mine. Dodd was, of course, more goshwow about Prosser than I ever am about anything -- and of course, he is less likely to answer back.) In general, INTERIM goes out to people who will be getting OOPSLA #30 when and if it comes out, but it is worth asking for, for its own sake. Besides, if you aren't getting OOPSLA regularly -- or as regularly as it comes out, which isn't very -- you should be.

QUOTH THE WALRUS #7 (Ralph M. Holland, 2520 4th. St., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio - quarterly - for N'APA and friends of the editor) A strictly personal-type fanzine, and from what little I've seen of the zine, Holland seems to have an interesting personality. You might ask for a copy; Ralph is too polite to do more than tell you that he doesn't have any extras.

EGO #3 (George Jennings, 1710 Pearl St., Bay City, Texas - irregular - free, I guess) A page-and-a-third mag, explaining what's happened to the editor in the past couple of months.

SF-NYTT #10 (Sam J. Lundwall, Box 409, Hagersten 4, Stockholm, Sweden - bi-monthly - 10%) This has both a Swedish and an International edition, stapled together. Don't let it fool you, though; the international edition is just a long Dodd column, featuring mostly fanzine and movie reviews. (What the Swedish edition features, besides reprinted illustrations, I couldn't tell you.) Dodd is his usual self; you may like him, dislike him, or disbelieve in him, according to your fancy. I happen to like him -- his writings as well as his personality -- and I know several fans who think his stuff is deadly dull. The English material only takes up 5 pages this time, which is a bit steep for 10%, unless you happen to like Dodd's writing awfully well.

WARHOON (Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, N.Y. - irregular - distributed to SAPS) Bergeron is another artist, like Rotsler, whose writing is equal to or superior to his artwork. I don't know if non-SAPS members stand much chance of getting this or not, but the 13 pages of rambling editorial are worth asking for. (Oops, here it says that non-members may get on the mailing list by writing a card or letter. Will a review and a trade do?) The impact of the mailing comments is dulled somewhat by my not having read the magazines being commented upon, but the comments are at least intelligible to outsiders.

VIEWPOINT Vol. 3 #2 (Lyle Amlin, Box 215, Dixon, Calif. - quarterly - 15%) Rather than being strictly a fanzine, VIEWPOINT has aspirations of becoming a "little magazine". Incidentally, Vol. 3 #1 was called PSI and was distributed with YANDRO a couple of issues back. I think this issue is far better, though still a bit small for the money. A couple of excerpts from "Heavenly Discourse" by Charles E.S. Wood, will be the top items in the issue for you, if you haven't previously read the book. (In fact, if you don't have access to a copy of Wood's book, I would strongly recommend that you send off your 15% to Amlin, just for the samples presented.) Don Stueffloten has some of his stream-of-consciousness writing included, and the editor writes on motivational research.

Neither item is very long; the mag doesn't have room for long material. In general, I wouldn't consider VIEWPOINT, at present, to be a particularly successful literary magazine. But it is improving rapidly; if Lyle can acquire the sort of material he wants, the mag might become a very good one.

NORTHLIGHT #8 (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne 2, England - irregular, - free for trade or comment) I really should have reviewed this one last issue, since it contains most of the statements which were answered (more or less) by Inchmery in their FANS AND ETHICS, which I did review last time. I haven't the vaguest idea of the rights and wrongs of the Sandfield-Inchmery feud, but it is at least comforting to an outsider to know that Sandfield makes positive statements. Inchmery relies too much on asking loaded questions, a technique used mostly in this country by shyster lawyers. (However, my comment in the last issue stands; if you get one publication, you should get both, and then form your own opinion -- that is, if you care that much.) The editor makes a further report on Yugoslavia, Sandfield discusses books (detective, sf, and mainstream), there is a combined letter/fanzine review column which would be better if poor punctuation and occasional typos didn't make it so hard to understand, and the editor includes a story of his which is about average fan fiction. Nothing particularly outstanding; the most "important" material is probably that pertaining to the feud, which seems to have become a Big Thing in English fandom. Rating.....5

ORION #24 (Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd., West Kilburn, London NW 6, England - no price or schedule given) There is another installment of Bulmer's TAFF report (not to be confused with Bennett's TAFF report or Madle's TAFF report). Rory Faulkner acquaints British readers with US tv commercials. There is a section on Cockney rhyming slang, including the only one I knew previously; sky-rocket. "I know all the nobs of the flash boys' mobs, I'm an old sky-rocket diver..." (From a record by Ewan McColl.) H. Keith Elliot gives a tourist's impressions of Russia which are at least as well written as similar items in recent slick magazines. Archie Mercer discusses the problems involved in requisitioning a piece of desk, and there are various other odds and ends. Masterpiece of the issue, however, is John Berry's tale of the Irish Constabulary. The best Berry I've encountered in a long time. Rating.....6

HOCUS #13 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey - irregular - 15¢) This is the first Annish, and larger than usual. Two very good items are unfortunately short; "The Care and Feeding of Neofans" by MZBradley, and "The Dangers of Stereophonic Sound" by John Tucker. Bernard Cook's "Insight Into Krishna" would have seemed better if deCamp hadn't just given his own insight into Krishna in NEW FRONTIERS. Remaining material, by Ed Ludwig, Arthur Sellings, Bob Silverberg, Peggy Cook, Dave Miller, Denham Wertlecrain (?) and the editor, is fair. There is a good letter column, and the artwork is good except for the cartoons by Al Andrews, which were neither very good nor very funny. Rating..5

CARAVAN (Box 126, Village Station, New York 14, N.Y. - irregular - 35¢) 48 pages (counting cover), photo-offset, concerning folk music. The past few issues have seen more emphasis on scholarly articles, and less on the personal affairs of little-known folksingers. For folkniks only.



# A DODDERING COLUMN

from the true  
Dodd

There is a place off the coast of Southern England that could tell you more tales than all the storytellers of fantasy since time began. To look at it is not impressive; it is what it conceals that holds the stories. The place is a graveyard -- but it has no tombstones.

It is not a graveyard of people -- the corpses of dead individuals, although it does indeed contain those as well -- The Goodwins are a sargasso of dead ships, dead people, ghostly lights, apparitions and mysterious beings from the spirits of fifty thousand people said to have lost their lives there.

The Goodwin Sands lie like an octopus, a swamp of vacuuming death which swallows all unwary to step near her regardless of size, weight or importance. The Goodwins take anything; paddle steamers, schooners, Spanish galleons, clippers, anything unfortunate enough to sail into the open maw is swallowed up.

Three sentinels guard the Goodwins; the three lightships whose crews watch and warn and wait and sometimes in the loneliness of this eternal vigil, wonder, when they see or imagine they see and hear the strange sounds and sights.

The best known Phantom of the Goodwins is a schooner called the LADY LOVIBUND. Since she was wrecked on February 13th, 1743, it is said that she has been seen once every fifty years. The LADY LOVIBUND has a human story behind its disappearance; an eternal triangle. The captain, Simon Reed, was taking his new bride on a honeymoon trip to Oporto, Portugal when the mate -- the third side of the triangle -- deliberately grounded the ship on the sands. The boatmen at Deal saw her run aground. It was a calm day but when the rescuers arrived the schooner had vanished from sight. Now it can be seen again -- once every fifty years.

Just over a century ago another ship was lost to the Goodwins; the Dover-Ostend paddle packet boat. It was a night of driving snowstorms and squalls at sea as the VIOLET and her passengers and crew struck the sands. No trace of passengers or crew was ever found, yet lightshipmen claim to have seen the last agonies of the ship on and off since the night of the storm.

During the beginning of the war years one lightship look-out who saw an old paddle steamer pass by called on the Ramsgate lifeboat to save her. Distress signals were seen but although the lifeboat searched all night nothing was found.

George Carter who worked on the lightships for a while admitted that it was a lonely job and that imagination grew keen. Some of the cries might have been those of gulls or seals, but who could say for sure?

Not all of the Goodwins' ghosts are seen at night, though; there is a Spanish galleon which is said to strike the sands and disappear in a ball of fire, a sight which has been seen by lightshipmen, boatmen and visitors as late as July.

The strange sounds borne on the wind have indeed revived legends that the Goodwins are haunted by the spirits of the ghastly hulks swallowed by her sands but there is only one who can tell you how true they are; the Goodwins.

And the Goodwins aren't talking.

# GRUMBLINGS

BOB TUCKER, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois - Not damn! Everybody out of step but me. It is a proud and lonely thing to be a Vonnegut faan.

And how thoughtful of you to place that filler by de Montaigne at the foot of My Page. I sometimes think you are a very sly devil.

I expect the next monthly issue in 3 weeks.

/That's about when you'll get it, too, barring accidents. Juanita is responsible for the Montaigne. Women are naturally sly, and besides I'm not well enough read to recall a quote like that. RSC/

STEVE SCHULTHEIS, 477 Woodlawn, Apt. C, Springfield, Ohio - Was disappointed at the relative lack of artwork, but whatthehell one can't have everything, and the White and Tucker articles made up for it.

Ted's article impelled me to get out that ish of AZ and read "Transient". I agree with Ted that it was a most interesting story, and that it dragged in spots. He may even have a point in why the story was run, I'm not sure on that. However, I do differ with Ted and Sylvia's analysis on two points.

Moore seems to have had the basic idea firmly in mind: Governor Lampley's burden of guilt; the girl who had yielded to him so long ago and who he had so brutally used and left with an illegitimate child and fading youth, the dishonesty and falseness of his political career, the responsibilities he had never consciously faced, the loveless marriage he had taken part in knowing it was loveless, and the abortion he had consented to which resulted in the death of his wife. The Governor had to face these facts consciously before he could become an effective human being; he had to face reality. Since his burden of guilt lay in the past, he could only face its reality through a fantastic journey through his subconscious. It does not seem to me that he forgot the events of his past life as a result of this experience. Rather than repressing

them, he may have remembered them more clearly than ever before. He had literally and objectively never been in "the town at any time in his life." He had recognized it because it represented to him the sum total of his past life, a store of guilt and experience that could never have been objectively localized in one spot.

The objectivity of the Governor's past life in the town and whether he forgot it or not, is the first point upon which I disagree with Ted and Sylvia's analysis of the story. The other is the Governor's doubt of his virility. If there was any reference to a castration fear worked into the story, I missed it. It seems clear to me that his marriage to Mattie, as symbolized by the affair on the island (the savages were, of course, the abortionists), was loveless on the part of the wife only. The Governor's guilt lay in the fact that he consented, in his love (or pos-





sibly lust) to marriage to a woman who he knew did not love him.

I wonder how much of the story was really consciously symbolic on Moore's part. I suspect that, while the events pertaining to the "plot" were necessarily symbolic to convey the author's meaning, much of the "padding" part of the story, the images that pertained not only to the Governor's personal problems but also to society as a whole, shaded from the more universal language of symbolism into almost purely personal meaning for the author; that is, surrealism. I must admit with Ted, though, that I may simply be unable to comprehend some aspects of what may be a purely symbolic narrative.



Still, I get the impression that the story was more stream-of-consciousness writing than deliberate tour de force. Much of it seemed words for words' sake. (And did you notice the too obvious editorial cutting -- of description, probably -- toward the end of page 83: the island that suddenly popped out of the clear blue lake?) I get a picture of the author, temporarily out of novellette length ideas, sitting down at his typewriter with the basic idea of this story in mind, and just writing until the proper AMAZING "novel" length manuscript was finished. Anyhow, it made a good story. I found it enjoyable and thought-provoking. But, no, I don't think I'd call it a tour de force. It was more an excellent "tour de hack".

ELINOR BUSBY, 2852 14th W, Seattle 99, Washington - Enjoyed editorials, lettercol, cover and all. Liked Bob Tucker's column very much indeed, and, all in all, enjoyed the zine even more than usual.

But what I'm particularly interested in right now is Ted White's column, which I really enjoyed most of all. My reaction to "Transient" was about like Ted's: I liked it a lot and was not quite satisfied with it. Ted's right -- Moore really doesn't play fair. It's wicked of him never to tell the story behind the story. But perhaps it's better that way -- we can all try to figure it out for ourselves, and all feel quite sure that we have got the RIGHT answers.

The story that I deduced differs somewhat from Ted and Sylvia's version. I will agree that it's likely that the Governor as a young man had an affair with some young woman and felt guilty about it, and also felt guilty about a probable/possible bastard child. But insofar as the story concerns his wife, I interpret it differently. I think he married a woman whom he did not think was equal to him. The woman on the island represents his wife. The woman on the island was nothing, or almost nothing, until he noticed her. When he noticed her she became someone, but was still not equal to him. He could not win her love, and when they were attacked by barbarians "she threw her arms around the foremost warrior, offering her ripe belly to his blade, casting a triumphant, malignant look in Lampley's direction". The operation that Lampley submits to later is an abortion. After the operation is over: "'Shall we put it under the microscope and see what it was?' asked the doctor jovially..... 'A boy,' said the doctor. 'One little assistant less.'"

When Lampley married Mattie they agreed that they would not have children until they could give the children everything. But she became pregnant during the year he entered politics. (The barbarians represent

politics, or politicians.) For some reason, it appears that they felt that he could enter politics or he could become a father, but not both. Mattie decided that he would enter politics. He felt that in rejecting his child she rejected him. (The woman on the island didn't love him.) Also, he felt guilty about the abortion because she did it ostensibly on his behalf. Many years after her abortion (about ten years before the story starts) Mattie died of cancer of the uterus. "The prognosis is always unfavorable unless we get it early...vulnerable womb..." This added to Lampley's guilt, because he felt that her abortion had made Mattie's womb vulnerable to cancer. Remember, the woman on the island undoubtedly died right then and there when she offered her belly to the knife. But by having an abortion himself Lampley expiated his guilt.

I don't think that, at the end, Lampley was repressing memories of the town. I don't think he ever had been in that town before. In the early part of the story he isn't so much entering a town, or a hotel, as he is entering his past.

Yup, a most interesting story. I found Ted's write-up most stimulating, thought-provoking, and generally fair and rational. I hope very much that your lettercol will have various folk elucidating more of the symbology, or giving their opinions thereof.

BOB JENNINGS, 3619 Chambers Dr., Nashville 11, Tennessee - The "Wailing Wall" seems a hell of a lot better than the last round. Hope this criticism and discussion continues. The thing is a bit disgusting at points because it does things I have been thinking of doing since I read the novel "Transient" in AMAZING.

The story was too strong in points on symbolism, White is right, and he is right that the thing had no real winding up, no ending that would prove satisfactory to many people. But the thing holds something; beauty of style, interest, fantasy, sense of wonder, something that is worth reading. Perhaps it is not so much what the Governor feels and is thinking, as what the writer is. Whatever the point is, I cannot quite connect myself with parts of it. There seems to be one part I have missed all through the story, something that might make the whole novel clearer, but I don't find it now. Perhaps in a week, a month, a year or two from now, I'll remember some little item and go back to reread the tale. Is the story written so much about the governor as for the reader to figure in his own interpretations and meanings? For surely some of the dream worlds have more significance and bearing to the readers than actually to the story itself. Someday I'm going to reread it and try to completely understand it again, but now it leaves me with a feeling of confusion and having lost something before it was actually found.

Ted seems to have found part of his answer in the post script. To me, at least, it does not answer all the thing; more of an attempt to cover over the whole many-sided story with one not at all good solid explanation. Seems to be a case of forcing the story to meet the explanation, not the explanation to meet the story. Whatever the story is or means it certainly should shake AMAZING readers and it deserves some sort of recommendation or award.

By far the best illo in the whole zine was the cover. Even better, though I hate to admit it, than the Prosser. Liked the Prosser, incidentally. Notice pages 7 and 12 had some darn good artwork. Seem to be done by another printing process. Possibly litho, but I'm no expert on it so I can't tell for sure.

/You have just given Juanita considerable egoboo; except for a rare



offset or multilithed cover, all the artwork in YANDRO is cut on ordinary stencils by hand. Juanita handles this, and the mineoing. RSC/

G. H. SCITHERS, Box 682, Stanford, Calif. - AMRA is not photo offset, it is direct plate offset. /Ah, these sticklers for detail. RSC/

YANDRO #85, very good indeed - better than issues immediately preceding. Doric Column and Wailing Wall go well together; and together, they make a very high powered issue. Cerebus protect thy dog.

MAGGIE CURTIS, Fountain House, R.D. #2, Saegertown, Pa. - Never read "Atlas Shrugged", which seems effectively to kill any gambit I might have made.

/Well read it, for heaven's sake. Even people who don't really like it -- like me -- are usually fascinated by all 1100 or so lousy pages. RC/ I find that I disagree with Ted White more frequently than I do with almost any other fan. (This is not to say that he is always wrong or that he is always right; I just usually like much of the stuff that he thinks stinks.) However, I shall certainly get a copy of the "new" AMAZING.

I was bored by Dodd's column (and I'm not usually.)

I read "The Sirens Of Titan" after reading both of the reviews (and, if it'll make Tucker feel any better, I read it because of his review). I'm not sure how I would have rebutted White's review if I hadn't read Tucker's. With or without Tucker's opinions, I like SoT. I don't give a damn if the science in it stinks; I don't read a book like that for the science involved, because science was not the main point in the book. I repeat, I really enjoyed the book...

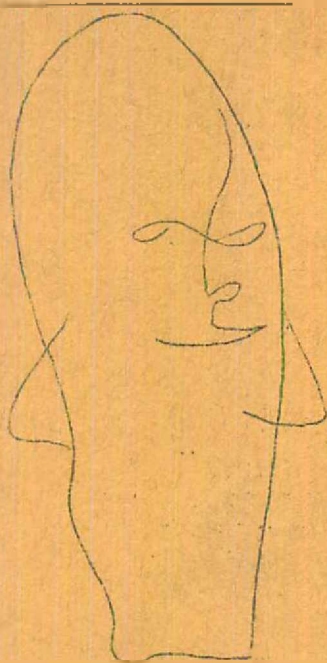
/There you are, Bob; you have converted at least one heathen to the Cause of Right and Justice. Personally, I'm still going along about 75% of the way with Ted; to borrow an old Moran and Mack line, "Even if that was good I wouldn't like it". RSC/

JAMES R. ADAMS (address withheld) I was much surprised to read in Grumb-lings that Maggie Curtis intended to send Roger Payne a copy of "Are Owls Birdbrains?" This surprise of mine took the form of a ceiling-en-dangering leap from my chair and a scream that was received on the den-tures of a man in Sydney, Australia. (I have his QSL card to prove it.)

In writing these filler items, I never once considered the possibil-ity that some of the persons mentioned in them might actually read them. Yet here is Maggie, blithely informing that Mr. Payne will not only read the owl thing, but will "enjoy it mightily." Oh, of course he will. Didn't anyone tell Maggie that, when the body is found, she can be held as accessory before the fact?

Well, what's done is done (clever saying). But I would like it known to Mr. Payne, who undoubtedly is seven feet tall and eats pan-fried barbed wire for breakfast, that I really didn't mean a word I said in that item. This will come as a great shock to the owls, who thought they had found a champion. But I'm not about to get myself worked over because of owls I've never even met, and they might as well know now: I was us-ing them. I cared not whether they were stupid or wise. To me, they represented just so many hoo-haws and har-hars.

Unfortunately, to get much out of the owls' capers, I also had to mention the titanic Mr. Payne. And I now realize I may have been a bit indiscreet in the way I mentioned him. But we all have our faults, if you hadn't heard, and I really didn't know that Mr. Payne has to stoop



to pass under the Arc de Triomphe.

Buck, please, before it's too late, let me use the pages of Tandro to apologize to Mr. Payne, before it's too late. Let me apologize. Or if you can't do that, at least let me hide in your mustache. While I'm at it, I may as well apologize to the owls too for deluding them as I did. Though it was mostly their own fault for being so gullible.

/I thought Maggie's letter might give you a jolt (evil schemer that I am.) You have an out, though; just explain that you've been a bit neurotic on the subject of owls ever since that dead one arrived in your mail. Besides, unless Payne has the persistence of a DeWeese he'd never be able to track you down, anyway. RSC/

PFC N. A. Bratmon, RA 19632855, USA Gar Det 2, Box 394, White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico - The new address isn't as romantic as some of Don Stuefloten's (whose letter I enjoyed probably more than any other thing I ever read in your fanzine) but then it has just enough of a twinge out of the dreams of my childhood to make me suffer with dreams-of-my-childhood destroyed.

I see that you have finally read one of the books on my modern good book list, not that you probably haven't read a lot of them with your omnivorous appetite for good things. I have always, since I read it, that is, considered "The True Believer" as one of the best books on the subject of man and I rate it right with such books as "On Taste of the Sublime and Beautiful" and "Wine Making at Home", tho you might disagree on the latter.

Perhaps the only real fault I can find with the book is that I like it much too well. For one thing I am much too used to the lecture method, and good codification. What I am trying to say is that the book is much too facile to be entirely true. The method used reminds me more of philosophy than an objective scientific enquiry; of Spinoza, with his rules and codifications rather than Newton and a clear instance of example and rule or even of Malinowski in such a book as "Science And Freedom".

One of the things that has interested me lately has been Ayn Rand, and her books. I haven't read her first one, but I did read "The Fountainhead" and "Atlas Shrugged", and I did not like Atlas. I first tried to read that and then when I found that I couldn't, I tried "The Fountainhead" and enjoyed that.

I think that basically "Atlas" is just a further carriage of the theme in F. and both showed too high an emphasis on the nature of the superman, or should I say the "hero". The only really enjoyable character tho, at least to me, was Peter Keating, the stylized super flunky of "The Fountainhead". Why this was the only one that I had any empathy for I really can't say, except that it was to me, real tragedy. Tragedy in the sense that the standards of what "is" successful were clearly defined by the author; that they were made the very basis for the book; that Keating was incapable of ever coming close. I highly agree that while there was a definite mastery of technique in maintaining both attention and conflict, there was a lack of character strength.

While I found Ayn Rand rather enervating, I had a counter influence at work in the shape of Robert Nathan. Frankly, before he was mentioned