

IN THE GREAT SWAMP NEARLY EVERYONE READS

# IDYNA TIRON

This which you hold in your hand, oh, unbeliever, is the second issue of DYNATRON which, like the will-o-the-wisp, emanates from the Great Swamp under the auspices of Roy Tackett, 412 Elderberry Drive, Laurel Bay, South Carolina. Chrystal Tackett, number one assistant and chairman of the board. The next issue will come to you in November, or whenever we can gather enough Spanish moss to press into paper, provided, of course, you send a letter of comment, a trade, or a dime, if you want to be crass about it.

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# CURRENT C A L A M I

A recent issue of LIFE contains an item regarding the personal wardrobes of Jackie Kennedy and Pat Nixon. For those of you who abhor the popular press this is one of the great burning issues of the current Presidential campaign and the outcome of the election may hinge on a hemline. I wonder if Mrs Nixon still has her plain cloth Republican type coat? This item led into another concerning "fashion" designer Norman Norell. Neither of the foregoing bits have anything to do with the item which prompted this paragraph. The thing about Norell was accompanied by color photos of some of his creations being modeled by various female undead. And that brings us to the carrion--uh--meat of this paragraph. The current vogue among the ladies of high fashion appears to be the "dead look." The hair is worn straight and pulled back. It has the appearance of having been recently dredged from the bottom of a river. The make-up base is white -- dead white. The eyes are smeared with a heavy black eye shadow from the brows to the lashes and the lipstick is a pale smear. The whole effect is appealing only to one afflicted with necrophilia. Reminds me of the Vip cartoon which shows a couple entering a room at which a party is in progress. The girl has a lily in her hand and a hatchet in her head. One of the guests comments, "Well, I see Charlie finally dug up a girl." Hmmm. I wonder if this could have been LIFE's coverage of the Pittcon?

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A recent study shows that coccidioidomycosis of the lungs may be treated successfully by surgery.

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Recalling last month's "Wayside Inn" department is a story out of Salem, Mass., to the effect that Salem police are keeping an eye on Gallows Hill after a report that a group of female nudists were going to appear to protest the hanging of witches in 1692. The story adds that the only nude encountered was a five-year old miss who had lost her clothes. Either the Salem police or the female nudists are a bit premature since All Hallow's Eve isn't until the end of this month. This story, however, bares watching.

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Southern Fandom Group which set itself the goal of breathing life into Dixie fanac seems to have fallen victim to the lethargic effects of the Southern atmosphere. No activity observed for a couple of months now. Snap out of it people, where's the report?

## THE WABASH PICNIC or "WHITHER LASTS?"

(A morality play, set in the Great Swamps, and told in three acts and seventeen languages, including the Canadian.)

CHARACTERS

(In order of their appearance. Their appearance is pretty bedraggled.)

A ROMAN SOLDIER

FORREST J. ACKERMAN, a weaver from Wright

ABDUL ALHAZRED, an Arab lockpick

E. MARSHLANDS COX\*

TWO HUNGARIAN REFUGEES

MASILAW, his nephew

ODIN, a myth

JUANITA COULSON, a mythus

THE SLIPPERY ROCK TEACHER'S COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM

FIDEL CASTRO

ST. WILSON, a tucker

ACT I

(Scene: The Garden Library, once a home for Elves, Gnomes, and Little Men. Joan Carr and Carl Brandon enter left, duet on three choruses of the Grag otho and exount in a cloud of corfly.)

OLD TIMER: Where were you born?

NEO: Out of wedlock.

OLDTIMER: Mighty pretty country around there.

(A. E. van Vogt enters right. He is lost in one of his own plots and cannot find his way out.)

ACT II

(Nothing happened in Act II so I threw it out. The game warden throw it back as being undersized. You may all throw up after Act III.)

ACT III

(Scene: The great Ana forest of southeast Asia. A typhoon has recently passed felling many of the great Ana trees. Enter left a Retired Asian Plan-tation plower and a Member of "Fight Against Temperance." They meet center stage)

R.A.P.P.: Behold that strange appearing Ana log over there.

M.of F.A.T.: That's astounding.

\*E. M. Cox does not appear in this play.

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The controversy over Heinlein's "Starship Soldier" continues and probably will for a while yet. Until something new comes along. Or a new generation of fan appears. On my own part I find little in the basic philosophy to take umbrage with. The proposition seems to be that those who run the country/world should be those who serve/have served it. Service here does not imply only military service but also having made a useful contribution to society. This is an idea of some merit. There are far too many parasites in this world of ours. Too many who take and take and whose only contribution has been the begetting of countless more of their breed. Too many who expect and demand and offer nothing in return. People who think that simply because they exist it is their inalienable right to have the world presented to them on the proverbial silver platter. The only inalienable rights I recall as being written are those of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The pursuit of happiness: you have to go after it because it isn't going to be presented to you. Many demand that it should be.

"Look at this shack we live in. It's a shame. The government should put up new housing area for us."

"Yeah, I quit my job. Why work? I can collect unemployment pay."

"The government's got to take care of me. I've got 14 kids and we're expecting another."

"Listen, I know a guy who figured out a sure way to beat the draft."

Parasites. The something for nothing crowd. A crowd made up of not any one particular group of people but from a cross-section of society. They have one thing in common, they believe that simply because they exist they have the right to tell the rest of society how it should take care of them; that the government and the world should be run as they see it and they see it as the gravy train. Serve society? "Let society serve us. We're citizens, ain't we?" Are they? Let them earn their citizenship.



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Response to DYNATRON #1 has been both pleasing and disappointing. I piled 120 copies on the postman's barge and response has run around 10%. Not so good. However, what with the pittcon and the annual September shift in part of the fan population I guess I really couldn't expect much more. The responses I did receive were generally favorable and I thank you for the kind words on that modest effort.

I could use a bit of material for future issues. Articles preferred but other material acceptable.

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Per capita consumption of meat in the United States is about the same now as it was 50 years ago.

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One of the more amusing assumptions making the rounds in this part of the country is that this is the year which may see the emergence of the true "two-party" south. Mr Nixon has been around to make some speeches. Senator Goldwater has spent so much time in the south that he could be elected as a favorite son from any one of the southern states. Yes, sir. There is great hope for the Grand Old Party this year.

Now I will admit that insofar as the presidential election is concerned the Republicans have a chance to carry several southern states. Even this bastion of Dixie is urging the support of Mr Nixon and Mr Lodge in November. This can be attributed to two factors: (1), the Republican platform, while considered extreme, is more acceptable to the conservative-minded Southerner than is the Democratic platform, which is considered obnoxious; and (2), Mr Kennedy is a Catholic. So it is very possible for the Republican presidential candidate to capture a large segment of the south this year.

Below the presidential level the assumption that this will be the year of the two-party south is laughable. GOP organization on the state level is small. Below state level it is practically non-existent. Shortly after the Republican national convention the South Carolina GOP held its state convention, selected presidential electors, announced that it could find no candidates for any other office, and adjourned.

A person who desired to file as a Republican candidate would find it extremely difficult to do. The Grand Old Party does not even bother to hold a primary election. Thus the winner of the Democratic primary is considered "in." He is referred to as the "Governor-nominate" or the "Mayor-nominate" or what have you. The general election is, for the most part, superfluous and few bother to turn out for it.

On the county and municipal (small town) level a second party has even less chance of getting started. At this level the political jobs are usually family affairs. (In one county the same man has held the sheriff's post for over 30 years and he inherited it from his father.) When opposition to the existing political regime does arise it is decided within the Democratic party and in the Democratic primary.

A two-party south? Never happen. Not as long as the second party is labeled "Republican" anyway.

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Which brings to mind the ancient story of election night in the small Southern town. The ballots were being duly counted under the watchful eye of the Sheriff.

"312 Democratic. 313 Democratic," announced the official canvasser. Suddenly, stunned, "One Republican."

All concerned gathered around to inspect this rare phenomenon. "What shall we do with it, Sheriff?" asked one.

The sheriff decided that the ballot should be put to one side and its fate decided later on. The canvass continued and some 10 or 20 votes later a second Republican ballot came to light.

"That settles it," announced the sheriff, "throw it out. The son-of-a-gun voted twice."

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Rain seldom falls in the upper regions of Egypt.

Being a sort of review, sort of.

AMAZING STORIES, Vol 34, No 10, October 1960. The "new" AMAZING. "Fact and Science Fiction." AMZ shifts again. The trend this time seems to be for the better.

The title on the cover of this issue is so reduced in size that a quick glance will pass over it. I notice that the photo of next month's cover gives the title more prominence. This issue has a moonscape scientific cover by Alex Schomberg which is rather nice except for a glaring error. How many other communicators noticed it?

"The Trouble With Tycho" by Clifford Simak is the lead novella. This is a pretty good moon story with a bit of mystery and a treasure hunt. The character of Chris Jackson is well done but the other characters fail to come to life.

In "Seeing Eye", A Bertram Chandler tells of a blinded spaceman who regains vision through telepathic hook-up with an alien animal. The results are not conducive to making this recommended medical treatment. Good.

Another psi story of a wiseman and a backward race is "The Missionary" by J. F. Bone. In this case the backward race is bogged in the murks of a fanatical religion. Routine.

"The Sound of Screaming" by Theodore L. Thomas concerns itself with an Earthman mapping and surveying an alien world. Native customs awaken some old memories with violent results. Good.

Lester Del Rey has the article this time. He writes better fiction. Entitled "Homesteads on Venus" this presents Del Rey's ideas for making our sister planet habitable--for humans that is. Some of these ideas, such as seeding Venus by rocket are practical to some extent while others are rather far fetched. Del Rey admits the rocket-seeding plan is not original with him but he expounds on it to some length. My objection to anyone making plans for Venus is that there is really little on which to base such plans. About all we really know of Sol II is its period of revolution and a good guesstimate at its size. All else is theory and speculation based on the guessed at readings of various instruments.

The review column has been expanded as has the lettercol. The latter could turn into something interesting. I could wrangle a bit with the letter of one Mark Yeats but this is not the place for it.

All in all this issue is worth your 35¢.

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Donna breezed past us for which thanks to various dieties. The storm center was more than 100 miles at sea when it passed this section of the South Carolina coast. That's just as well as we haven't fully recovered from Gracie's visitation on us last year. We received the full force of that one with winds up to 140 mph and that's a lot of wind. We received much rain and some high wind from Donna but nothing near hurricane force.

For you fan geographers: Laurel Bay is located near Beaufort, S. C., about midway between Charleston and Savannah, Ga. Thats Bew-fort, by the way so don't confuse it with Beaufort, N.C., which is Bo-fort. Unless your map is most recent you won't find it. LB was just built last year. It is the Capehart housing project for the Marine Corps Air Station, Beaufort.

I've been here for three years and am ready to sign on the next wagon train heading west as either a mule or a muleskinner. Which is to say that I prefer the southwest to the southeast.

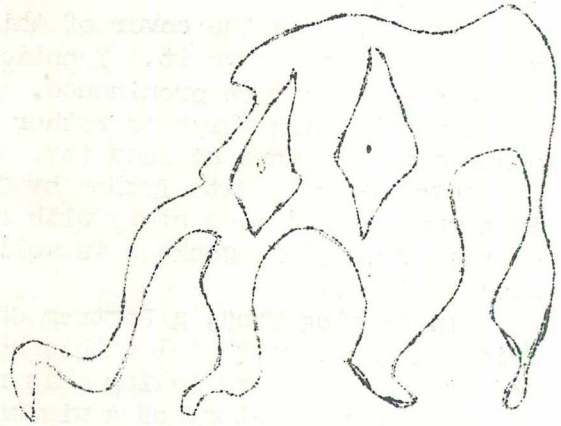
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# Seepage

by

Ray Elert



He knelt in the sparse spring grass, taking a chance on getting his knees stained. Not that it mattered. The grass still held its winter paleness, almost as if it had been raked too hard and the white roots turned up. Without moving his eyes from the circular bald patch on the hillside, he felt behind himself for the trowel.

The patch was about six inches in diameter, still wet and spongy from the thaw. He grimaced at the thought of snow melting down, around, across the patch--trickling into it with a wet seepage of destruction. Water, water, the destroyer. Eroding, undermining, dissolving, trickling in an endless wet destruction, water. He plunged the trowel into the bald earth and heard the wet "gluck" as it sucked up out of the patch.

There was a certain warning in the spring, a certain restlessness in the humid air and almost-too-cold sunlight, a warning in the nervous cries of the wild birds. At the foot of the hill, the water lapped at the land with a cold slushing, tapping the rocks, slapping the long wet grasses of unknown spring, retreating again. He turned over the first mass of earth and looked at it.

Red, of course. Red with the clay of the land. Red and sprinkled with sand from another time when the water had been higher. Red and sandy, and that was all.

He plunged the trowel in again, up to its neck. His stiffened thumb scraped against the cold, sandy earth as he levered it out in a compact mound and spread it on the grass beside the hole.

Red, sandy -- nothing.

Again, the gluck of the sucking wet earth. Again the scrape of sand and the wild cries of the lost birds looking again for spring, somewhere. And the water seeping into the bottom of the hole.

He laid the trowel aside, and leaned back on his ankles to look at what he had done. The bald patch, of course, was gone, replaced by a small hole about a foot across. The red earth deposited on the grass to one side was slowly losing its lacing of ground water, which ran down the hill toward the rocky shallows of the inland sea. A trickle was filling the bottom of the shallow hole with its muddy bubbled run. Probably.....



Using the edge of the trowel -- which he now recognized as a totally inadequate tool -- he channeled a path in the near edge of the hole, so the water could drain away. Then he took the blistered red handle of the trowel in both hands and stabbed it into the uphill edge of the hole, pulling toward himself so that a large chunk of earth fell back into the hole, nearly filling it. Over this he carefully tamped the red clay from the small pile until the hole was level again with the hillside. The channel continued to draw water from underneath the tamped-down earth, slicking the short grasses with a tiny seepage. Enough to keep it drained for a day or more, until he could return.

He stood up stiffly, brushing the green damp deposit off his knees. He must return here, he knew that now. The old appetite had been awakened, and he must return. But for now he turned away from the hillside, the humid cold wind and the homeless cry of the birds, and walked back into the sea, leaving only the bald patch, bigger now. -- ROG EBERT.

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OH, BUGS

Out of the dark crevass it crept. It came to an abrupt halt as the full light of day bathed it. The brazen thing! When nothing happened it slowly moved across the top of the counter then began to haul itself up the wall. Slowly but surely it crept up that wall. Still nothing happened.

SLAP! SLAP! Nothing ever moved quite so quickly as that bug trying to escape one near miss after another. It really took off looking for some dark crack into which to crawl.

Another slap. Oh, what a lousy hitter. Missed the darned thing again. Desperately I slapped again. But, alas, it suddenly found the dark crevass for which it had been searching and disappeared from view. It left me utterly disgusted. Me, with this great big swatter and I still missed that little bug. I waited and waited for that bug to show its head just one more time.

"Just wait, you darned bug," I thought to myself, "I'm not going to let you outwit me. I'll get you if I have to wait here all day." Wait all day? Ha! Joke. I won't have to wait more than a few minutes for this bug or another bug to appear. Disgusting creatures. All over the place.

I chase bugs. I spray bugs. I brush solutions on the floorboards and the mouldings. I set out pastes and powders. What do I get? More bugs. Nothing seems to help. I have nightmares about bugs. Horrible soft little bugs with their four legs and tiny heads. Crawling all over the place. Red bugs, white bugs, brown bugs, yellow bugs, black bugs. They all look alike except for the colors. Ugh.

Even the commercials on TV are about bugs. Try this spray or that powder. This one is guaranteed. That one is sure. Ha! There is only one sure way that I know of for getting rid of these pestiferous bugs. Saw it in a comic type commercial the other night. In one hand you hold a little block of wood. In another hand you hold a little mallet. Then with your other two hands you catch the bug, put it on the piece of wood and hit it with the mallet. Now that kills bugs.

---CRYSTAL TACKETT

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# A DAY WITH RAIN

## by MIKE DECKINGER

I found David sitting on the steps in front of his house, protected from above by an outthrust roof, and watching the small drops of rain come down. I had nothing else to do so I joined him.

The weather was not only chilly, it was uncomfortable. Uncomfortable in a drab, uneasy sort of way. It was the type of annoyance that makes you wish you were home in bed, yet at the same time thankful you're not.

"This weather does something to you, doesn't it?" I inquired gently of my friend, David.

"Yes," he answered after a while, regarding the wet streets, "it plays hell with my sinus."

"That isn't what I had in mind," I informed him. "There's just something about weather like this which makes me glad to be a part of it."

"I wish I was apart from it," he commented dryly.

"Well, never mind that David, old boy, what have you been doing with yourself lately?"

He stared straight at me for a moment, as if I had been probing too deep into his own private business, or as if he had discovered I just had the measles. I felt chilly for some reason, and not because of the weather, either.

"I've been thinking," he finished at last, as if that explained everything and there was nothing more to say.

"Have you now?" I couldn't resist continuing this way. "And what have you been thinking of?"

"Oh, fandom, science fiction, cons, my fanzines...."

"Oh, the same old stuff," I interrupted.

"But mostly science fiction," he shot back.

"Oh, not the same old stuff," I hastily amended. David had a reputation for never once permitting the discussion of science fiction to creep into the pages of his fanzine, HOMESTAR. It was almost a religion with him to exclude all mention of science fiction from its pages, and instead concentrate solely on fandom. Some said he even bore a grudge against science fiction, but I didn't believe that.

"Why science fiction?" I asked.

"Why indeed. Why not science fiction? My ghod, Mike, do you realize how long it's been since I last read a science fiction mag? I had to sit down for an hour last night and figure it out. Seven years. Seven years!!! It just isn't right. I've been active in fandom all these years--something has drawn me away from science fiction."

"I always assumed it was your own free will."



"It was," he conceded, "but it was also something more. I didn't realize what it was till I got home and had a chance to think about it. Then suddenly it dawned on me."

For a moment he sat without making a word or motion, almost as if he had fallen into a deep trance in an effort to contact some far gone spirit. It was a devilish thing to do; to get me interested in what he was saying and then immediately clam up. I could tell he was thinking, and I wondered what it might be.

"Well, go on," I urged. I did nothing to hide my eagerness from him and he must have realized this fact.

"I," he said slowly, as if weighing each word on an immense scale to test it's impact, "am dissatisfied with the way aliens are pictured in science fiction stories. There, I said it and I'm glad." He stared out at the rain and I could see he was through.

I sat back and tried to think, too. To tell the truth I had never given much thought to the way an alien was depicted in a story, whether he was a many-headed BEM or a scaly green man, or even with a human appearance. The whole concept of how he was pictured just never occurred to me.

"You find that surprising," David was saying, "I expected you would. Most people would, if I told them, which is precisely why I don't. Why I haven't told anyone, why I've written anonymous letters to editors and publishers and even writers demanding that they picture aliens in a more sympathetic light and not as blood-thirsty monsters. I've been unable to read any of the current fiction because I'm unable to read stories where the aliens are monsters out to take over Earth. My only refuge is in fandom, where they are more concerned with fanzines and cons than aliens. The only reason I've never attended a con was because I couldn't bear the thought of attending the masquerade, seeing all the people dressed up and ridiculing extra-terrestrials in a way that would make me sick. There."

I looked at him for a moment, wondering if he was sincere, and then I knew that he was.

"Well," he speared me with an icy stare that almost made me shiver, "what do you think of it now? Now that I've told you?"

"It's unusual, I must admit that. It's a very unusual feeling. When did it begin?"

"I don't know, at least seven years back I suppose. I have absolutely no idea why I can't bear this defamation of alien beings, and why I'm repelled at the thought of encountering it. It wasn't until yesterday that I even realized how I felt. Up until then I had attributed my limited reading in science fiction to lack of interest and nothing else. But it was lack of interest--brought on by this feeling."

"You know of no one else who feels this way?"

He shook his head sadly. "None. I've inquired in a sort of off-hand manner through letters about this, and I can't find anyone who feels the same. It may be that I'm the only one who feels this way. That no one else does."

"I think it should stop raining soon," I said softly, not caring if he heard me or not.

"But what should I do, Mike? What should I do?"

"In what way?"

"I don't know. I don't know. Last week I was forced to reject a story by Bloch for my fanzine because the alien was depicted as a ten foot toad who frightened humans. Do you realize what this means? My idiosyncrasy is even spreading to my fanzine. Am I not safe even there? I'd give anything to find out why it is I feel this way. Anything--to learn if there were others like me."

There was a loud clap of thunder from somewhere above and a sheet of rain fell to the ground. It was fortunate that we were protected else we would have been soaked to the skin. The rain continued falling for several minutes with even a more furious intensity and then slacked off. The rain storm turned to a drizzle and the drizzle to a few sparse drops and then the sky was clear and the menacing black clouds, like mighty carnivorous demons were no longer in sight. A yellow radiance softly climbed down the clouds and touched the Earth. I looked away and wondered, not thinking of anything meaningful, but letting my thoughts revolve in an abstract pattern.

David did not say a word. He looked at me with frustration contained in every strained line in his face and fear and something else residing in his eyes. He stood up and hollowly marched into the house. I said nothing for it would have been unnecessary to do so. I would probably be seeing him again.

I got down the steps and began to walk towards home, the strange ideas that David had introduced to me still whirling through my mind. And as I walked on the springy, resilient grass the concept which he had been trying so ineffectually to convey to me, arose from somewhere. I could see the grass and the sky and the sun and I could see something more... Something I had seen every day, but not realized till now exactly what it was. I stood looking for a moment, in a respectful awe, and said nothing because at times words are a hinderance.

The sun came out and it got very warm and I did not stop till I reached home and when I did I went down into my cellar and burned every trace of my science fiction collection. -- MIKE DECKINGER.

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### IMPRESSIONS

i hate red lights,  
yellow lights, green lights,  
with a passion  
compounded of frustration  
and the sickening  
realization  
that i can't do anything  
about their pre-set,  
unreasoning commands.  
it's sort of like the army.

there's something about a child  
listening to the clack  
of a mechanical toy  
with a bored  
--but satisfied--  
smile  
that could send you  
to a madhouse,  
if you saw  
what it's leading to.

-- ROG EBERT

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Mr Torbit opened the great door of

## THE WAYSIDE INN

and moved his own huge bulk towards the three men seated at the end of the bar. The usual pleasantries were exchanged between this group and the newcomer. Phil placed a glass on the bar and asked, "The usual, Mr Torbit?"

"Yes, please, Phil. Scotch. And set them up for these other gentlemen." Mr Torbit eyed Elarty's glass suspiciously. "What is that slop you are drinking?"

"This, my vast friend, is an Alexander," replied Elarty. "I have been endeavouring to get Mr Stede to join me but he insists that brandy is the only fit drink."

The bartender set fresh drinks on the bar and commented, "I think Elarty stays up nights thinking up these horrible gin concoctions. Every day he has a new one. Most of them aren't fit to drink."

"Ah, but they taste good," said Elarty. "We were talking about the new high dam at Aswan. I'm all in favor of progress but it seems a shame that all those historical objects should be covered by a lake. After all they are some of the earliest relics of our civilization."

Mr Torbit sipped his scotch. "Agree and disagree," he rumbled.

"Now that," said Mr Bailey, "is a remark that certainly needs a bit of clarification. Would you be so kind as to explain?"

"I agree," said Mr Torbit, "that it is a shame that the Egyptian antiquities should vanish under the water. I disagree that they are early relics of our civilization. Please note that I said our civilization. By that I mean the civilization we commonly refer to as 'Western.'

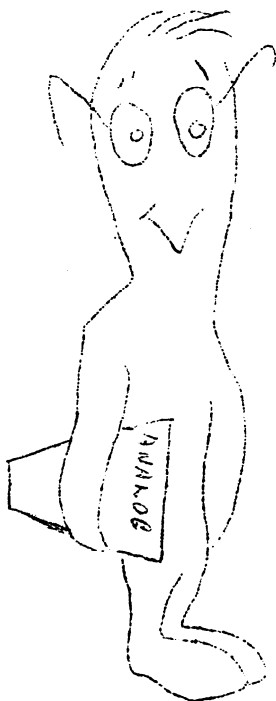
"Egyptian influence has touched our civilization only tangentially. We have come into contact with it but it is off the mainstream. Completely alien to us although it developed at the same time as the fountainhead of our own culture. The true birthplace of our civilization is not Egypt but Mesopotamia.

"The main facet of our Western civilization is that it is dynamic. It changes constantly. It thrives on change. Egyptian civilization, on the other hand, was static. The Egyptians spent 2,500 years maintaining the status quo. They resisted change in any form.

"The difference between Egypt and Mesopotamia can be attributed, in part, to the differences in their lifeblood -- their rivers.

"The Nile is regular. It floods at the same time each year. The people of Egypt felt that since the cycle of the Nile was unchanging then the cycle of life should also be unchanging. The regularity of the Nile set the whole pattern of Egyptian civilization. A pattern which was only overthrown by force.

"The Tigris and the Euphrates, unlike the Nile, were irregular and unpredictable. The floods of these two rivers were wild and unaccountable. This made life in the land between the rivers considerably different from life in Egypt."



"Gave it more verve, as it were," said Mr Bailey.

"Exactly," continued Mr Torbit. "Life in the land between the rivers was uncertain. The static civilization did not have a chance to develop. Change meant progress and growth. This is our heritage; not the stagnation of Egypt, but the dynamics of Mesopotamia.

"Sumeria, Akkadia, Assyria, Babylon, and Persia. All of these left their marks on our civilization. Their culture merged with the culture of Greece which later became a part of our own. They laid the foundations for our science and their othics, their beliefs, and their mistakes had a large influence on Hebrew thought and culture which, in turn, gave us our Christian concepts."

"Wasn't the Egyptian civilization older?" asked Mr Stede.

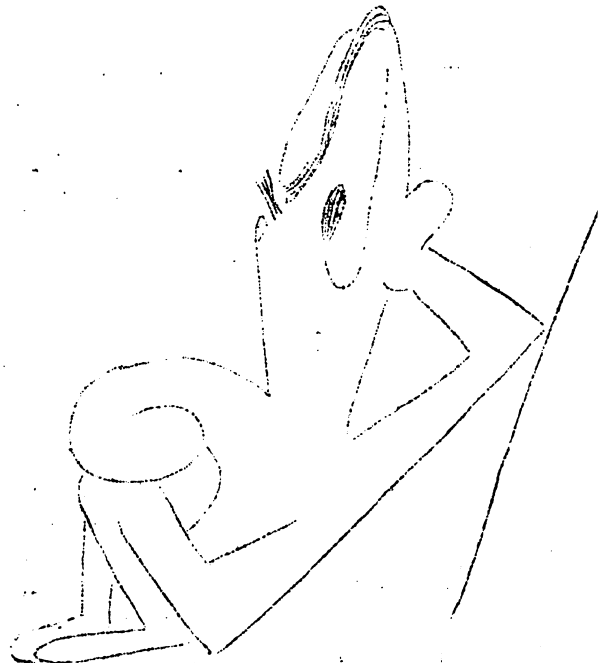
"On the contrary," said Mr Torbit, "Mesopotamian civilization is the more ancient. Sumeria came first. How long before Egypt? On that there is considerable disagreement.

"The Sumerians are still pretty much of a mystery although recent excavations have shed more light on them. They were not native to the land between the rivers but migrated there from somewhere else. There are some indications that they came from the northeast but this has not been confirmed. When is also still a mystery. They were an advanced people who had a system of writing as early as 7,000 BC. Their racial stock and customs differed greatly from the original inhabitants of Mesopotamia. Perhaps some disaster forced them to migrate into that area. It is generally held that the legend of the Great Flood, which appears both in the Old Testament and the epic of Gilgamesh, comes from the Sumerians."

"Now that is something to speculate with," said Elarty. "An advanced people of uncertain origin with a tale of a great flood. Does that suggest anything to you, Mr Stede?"

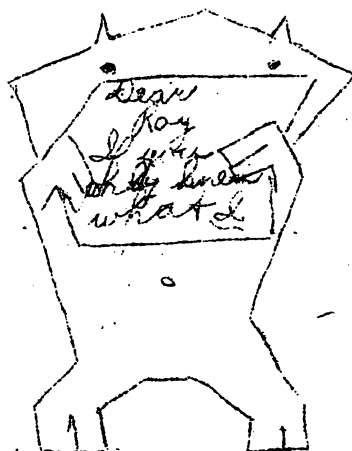
Mr Stede gazed into his brandy. "Atlantis, perhaps?"

Mr Torbit finished his scotch. He said, "The Sumerians left a list of kings that modern archeologists generally consider to be a fiction as they do the Atlantis myth. You see the chronology of the kings goes back over 140,000 years."



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# Signal Voltage



MAGGIE CURTIS, Oberlin, Ohio: The cover stinks. The idea is good, but the drawing didn't do it justice. Perhaps unfamiliarity with stencil work on the part of the artist? I must say, however, that I like the rattlesnake sitting in front of the tree.

I'd be just as happy if you didn't try to keep your right hand margins straight. I don't think justified margins are worth the trouble. Spend more time on your writing and less on the margins, please.

In spite of my enjoyment of your fmz, I can't say too much more about it. I want to get any future issues. I won't comment on the Wayside Inn discussions till I've seen more of them. Don't comment on fanzines unless you're going to say more about them than you did in this issue — fmz reviews that say something are plentiful enough; this didn't even say much. RT: Your other comments were most kind but I'm too modest to print all those compliments. (The foregoing sentence is a sneaky type of egoboo on the part of the editor.) As you can see I don't think justified margins are worth the trouble either. Blame artwork botches on the stencil cutters. We've both put thousands of words on stencil but have done little stylus work. As for the odor of the cover -- that's just the natural miasma of the swamp seeping out.

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MIKE DECKINGER, Milburn, N.J.: The cover looks exactly like the kind of puzzle you encounter in one of these maze contests. You know, help Charley escape from the swamp by drawing the quickest line, etc.

As you hinted, probably the biggest problem for science fiction selling is distribution. And now the Post Office is trying to get into the thing, too, by the proposed ban of 2nd Class matter not selling at least 70% of its printed copies. I think sf will suffer more than anything else.

The pulps were inevitable to die out. Today with ESQUIRE, SATURDAY REVIEW, LIFE, etc., the magazine field has become more sophisticated, more grown up in a sense. There is just not that great a need for the pulps. And television has done much to kill them, too.

Campbell edits ASF pretty much for himself and not for the readers. Despite the fact that a great majority were against the name change he did it because it appealed to him alone and not the readers. I think he'll learn in time that the worst thing an editor can do is to buck the wishes of the readers. Ditto for the psionics and Dean Space Drive nonsense. These are Campbell's pet subjects and that is all. RT: Once he gets into this swamp Charley nor anyone else is going to escape. Perhaps the magazine field is more sophisticated but all I've ever been able to find in ESQUIRE is adds. I'm not sure now that the majority of ASF readers are against the change. Protests, including mine, were quick and loud at first but 2nd thoughts are that JWC is right. He's out to increase circulation and ANALOG will attract more professional type readers than ASTOUNDING.

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DOREEN ERLINWEIN, Tampa, Fla.: The things that Donna blew in are still a source of wonderment. DYNATRON being one of them. How'd I ever get this?

Truly shocking — mostly cause I don't write letters of comment. In fact I never write letters. I am a hoax and you wouldn't want me to mess up your zine. In a small effort to tell the truth, I am not even a fan. I'm not even a fake fan. Fans are still hunting for a classification for me.

This has been a fund of needed information. Like thanks. Someday I'll send you some information you might need. Like how a cat purrs.

Then, too, I am most interested in witchcraft. I have never called down lightning but I have hexed cows and caused it to rain. I kidd you not.

ART: The above appeared mysteriously on a spiderweb in the corner of the room. You received DYNATRON through a phenomenon known as the dynatron effect. Very strange results at times. I wondered who caused donna. Ever tried nightflying?

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ART RAPP, Fort Bliss, Texas: First, of course, I speculate on the meaning of your title. DYNATRON has such a familiar ring that I'm sure that it's more than just a word you coined yourself. Ignoring the urge to ask if you borrowed it from a theater fire-exit sign (you know, the kind that reads: "in case of fire walk, dynatron to the nearest exit."), I finally managed to dredge down in the level of memory-banks where I file interesting but otherwise apparently useless information, and recall that back in the 1920's or 1930's there was a type of radio tube known as a dynatron tube, which had been intended as an amplifier, but proved too unstable, and instead became the basis of the dynatron oscillator circuits used in primitive superhet radios. But just what the difference was between the dynatron and the conventional triode, I can't for the life of me recall.

What do I win for identifying the source of your title? NO, I DON'T NEED ANY ALLIGATORS.

Your ideas on what killed science fiction seem to be much like Howard Devore's: he's the one who called TV "the comic book that turns its own pages."

I'll agree with your keen observation about the amount of wilderness land still remaining in this country. The amount of wild land varies immensely from one part of the nation to another, however, a fact which becomes instantly apparent when you travel by airplane. In the midwest, where most all the land is suitable for agriculture, there's no patch of wilderness larger than a few acres. But in mountainous country, or out here in West Texas and New Mexico where there's not enough water to raise crops, there are millions of acres which don't get visited by a human being once in 10 years. (Just the other day they found a wrecked plane in the mountains along the California-Nevada border, which had been missing since WW II.)

I'm sure that any aeronautical engineer who cared to spend the necessary time on it could easily design a pedal powered helicopter arrangement that would enable man to fly under his own power for brief periods. The joker is that exerting the necessary effort to keep himself aloft would be somewhat more taxing than, for example, running up a flight of steps. I doubt whether the most athletic of humans could keep up such exertion more than five minutes or so at a time — tsk, perhaps such a helicopter would be useful in training prizefighters, who probably get bored by hours of skipping rope to develop their leg muscles!

RAPP, cont'd: Of course, if you want to get technical about it, man has been flying under his own power for years: you take a glider, launched by a dozen or so men pulling on a nylon tow-rope, and once it's aloft, it may be a dozen hours and a couple hundred miles before it touches ground again. Hawks and buzzards don't need the tow-rope to get launched, but once up they also soar and circle without flapping their wings, and we can't say that they're not flying under their own power when they do so, can we? I'm not sure whether it should be a source of pride or humility to a human who watches the joints and levers and hinges operate to lower the wing flaps on a landing airplane, and then see an owl or seagull accomplish the same thing by simply stretching a muscle to shift a fringe of overlapped feathers.

Have you ever had a pet free-flying bird? I once had (can't say "owned" --cats are utterly dependent compared to the independent spirit of a bird) a raven who could drop out of the sky like a plummet, and then land on my shoulder as lightly as if he were stepping off an invisible platform in the air. He was more civilized than a lot of human beings: perfectly able to throw toggle switches to turn the lights on and off, for example. He understood doorknobs, too, except that he didn't have enough claw-power to turn them. His only blind spot was the insane conviction that the buttons on my shirt were some sort of delicacy that would be delicious if he could only tug them off their unfortunately-tough stems. And he was utterly frustrated by the mysterious enemy who lurked under a polished tabletop or behind a mirror. Anyone who says birds are all thalamus and no cortex has never watched a raven successfully coping with the problem of getting at the dribble of beer left in the bottom of a can or the potato chip hidden in the barrier of a cellophane bag.

You have a weird page-numbering system, possibly the only one in fandom which results in even-numbered right hand pages. RT: I think I should have labeled this "Missile Mail" or some such and stuck it in the body of the zine. Too interesting to chop. Dynatron is more properly an effect common to tetrode tubes rather than the tube type itself. A rise in voltage causes a decrease, rather than the customary increase, in tube current due to repulsion of the electron stream by secondary emission from the plate. Unusual results are sometimes achieved by biasing on the dynatron region of the  $E_g - I_p$  curve. Don't even suggest a pedal-powered helicopter. You know how hip the Corps is nowadays on choppers and if they get word of one it will be adopted and I'll end up learning to pedal one and I've got enough to do already. Don't think you could sell it to the pugilistic profession, either. Rope skipping is used not only to develop leg muscles but also coordination and timing. Can't claim to have had a free-flying bird as a pet but in days of yore in Colorado I was on speaking terms with an owl. He hung around for quite a while and was not above accepting small bits of meat from my hand. Actually, I think he was a bum, too lazy to do his own hunting. The page numbering system is part of the aforementioned dynatron effect.

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CHUCK DEVINE, Boise, Idaho: DYNATRON found it's way into my mailbox this afternoon, so scraping the moss and slime off the pages I proceeded to read the thing. Do you always include a water moccasin between the pages or was the one in mine merely a household pet of yours that fell into the zine. Ah, the advantages of living next door to a healthy, fun filled, swamp!

Laurel Bay sounds like a lovely place. I may visit you sometime. You'll have to wait until I get my malaria shots, tho.

DEVINE, cont'd: Ghodd lord, you sound like someone who has been in fandom for years and years.

Witchcraft was good. I like fantasyish stories but fmz have so few of them lately. ~~RT~~: I wondered where my favorite cotton-mouth got off to. Oh, well, keep him as a souvenier. I'll keep the pics for future use, Chuck, but tell Johnson to stick to only one side of the paper. I was part of the Great Barbarian Invasion. Sort of sneaked in from the west.

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ALAN BURNS, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England: Thanks for DYNATRON. When I received it I thought that maybe it was a radio ad, because there is a sort of cadillac style radio round here called Dynatron.

Now I'm not much with Creole, which I gather Currente Calamo is, the most I know is the thread-end of a song, something about "Gardez le p'tit M'sieu Banjo", but the contents thereof are worth thinking of. Personally I wish fandom wouldn't pick up bones and having religiously stripped off the meat proceed to mumble and mouth them. I refer to the current argument as to who killed SF. Which prompts me to burst into poesy.

WHO KILLED SF?

Who killed SF? "I," said TV, "the blame is on me. I killed SF.

Chorus:

All the fen and the pros make the gloomy prediction,  
We're in at the death of Science-Fiction.  
We're i-n-n-n a-a-a-t the death o-o-o-f Science-Fiction.

Who'll toll the bell? "I", Said the pubbler, "I've lost every subber. I'll toll the bell."

All the fen, etc.

Who'll dig its grave? "I", said theanthologist, "for I'm an apologist, I'll dig its grave."

All the fen, etc.

I could go on in this way but I won't. Regarding your comments on the amount of area of wild country I find myself in entire agreement with you. It is on this land that future food supplies will be grown, for with modern science all this land can be made fertile.

Witchcraft is my favourite subject, namely because my best friend happens to be a practicing white witch. Incidentally, the term witch is not merely applicable to a woman, it covers a man also. Actually, the ritual of witchcraft is considerably older than Christianity, and the religions of former times were just as hot on it as they are today. Of course, the main reason being that it offered a very real opposition to what they were putting over. Witchcraft encouraged freedom of thought and life, to quote Aleister Crowley, "Do as thou wilt is the whole of the law" but there is a corollary to that which I don't quite recall, but it said that the doing must be done in love. I'm really surprised that more people don't turn to witchcraft, away from the general trouble and strife of the world. It could be that they will. The only risk, of course, is that you inevitably get the perverts and sensation seekers, but fortunately most covens have one or more clairvoyants in their midst and the element of undesirables is gotten rid of rapidly.

BURNS, cont'd: The Sabbath, contrary to most beliefs is not necessarily on Walpurgis night, though on that night there is generally a sort of special festival, rather like Easter or Christmas. Anyway, witches, being tolerant people usually honour the Christian festivals (if they live in a Christian Community) or the other festivals depending upon what religion they live in. For outward conformity prevents trouble and upset. RT: Right interesting, Alan. Herewith one negative charge. Currente Calamo is not Creole. It is Latin. #I have never maintained that SF was dead or dying. The prozines are the patient, not the field. Science-fiction existed in other forms before the advent of the magazines and will continue if the magazines fold. It is a much too interesting form to work in to disappear. Books, plays, movies, etc., will carry it on. I wonder, though, how long fandom will survive if the magazines go? Fandom is built around magazine stf and recruits most of its new members from zine readers. However, I don't think the zines will disappear. The field seems pretty stable now and should continue that way.

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BETTY KUJAWA, South Bend, Ind.: An' Ah thank yew kindly for the zine, suh. Front cover pictures you exactly like I figured! (Once I started believing you are actually real.)

Liked the zine. Liked your thoughts on how the guys that usta buy the pulps now have tastes for hobby-zines, hobbies themselves, etc. -- I well agree prosperity IS killing them (sf zines).

Hey now!! The next (that would be November) issue of PLAYBOY is gonna have -- "Girls For the Slime God", the science fiction beauties of yore illustrated in color by Will Elder. Don't know about you-- but this I wanna see!!

How much of this country is still wild, you wonder? Well, we fly around quite a bit in our Bonanza --way way to the south in Indiana there's a bit of lovely wilderness. Near us here is still some enchanting stretches of Indiana and Michigan sand-dune land along Lake Michigan--from middle Michigan up to the north there is plenty of virgin territory (no puns, please--nothing salty intended there). What surprised me was the amount of wee sma lakes and ponds all round us here -- you'd never know it cept from the air.

Merci-merci--for the witchcraft article--one of my pet hobbies (whoa up there! I mean I like to read about it. We haven't held a Black Mass since the last drought back in '52--when we got rid of that one pesky neighborhood kid). You've been reading a bit of Charles Williams--huh?? Supposedly there are two witches on mothers side of the family--way way way back in Scotland. Family never did take kindly to Christianity--then. RT: Hmmm. This was addressed to "Col Roy Tackett" which would make me outrank my CO. A most pleasant thought. No Whitehalls here, Betty. I'll check the Charleston book next chance I get. Afraid I must confess to being only a MSgt, not even a southern-type kuhncl. Besides, they're all in Kentucky. Oh, I figured you weren't a real witch. Witches use Brooms not Bonanzas. Yeah, I've been reading a bit of Charles Williams. Boggs sent me a bit of Charles Williams the other day (I think it was the great toe) on which he'd printed the next issue of RETROGRADE. (Free plug)

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Memo to r-t: Thanks for the 12 pounds of SPACEWARP. Muchly appreciated.

Memo to Edco: Like, you get a job or something? So write, already.

Memo to Ellik: Wherein Ellik is FANAC?

Memo to me: End of page.

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# Fanzines

A compendium of fan press items which have made their way past the watchful eye of the great bull alligator and into my mailbox.

RETROGRADE #6. Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. Consistently one of the finest. #6 is given over mostly to Jim Harmon's transcription of "Temple of Vampires" from I Love a Mystery. Also included are a lettercol and a recipe for Nuclear Fizz. Redd announces a forthcoming astoundalog change to avoid confusion with RETRO and RETRIBUTION and a change in schedule from monthly to six-weekly. LoC or Trade.

STYME #2. Rog Ebert, 410 East Washington, Urbana, Illinois (Bimonthly?) Whatever this is, a fantasy fanzine it ain't. A great improvement over #1 both in contents and repro. Fine item on "The Vaudeville Yearbook, 1915" by the sainted Tucker along with poetry, articles and fiction. More comment on Thomas Wolfe. Fine work but special interest. LoC or Trade.

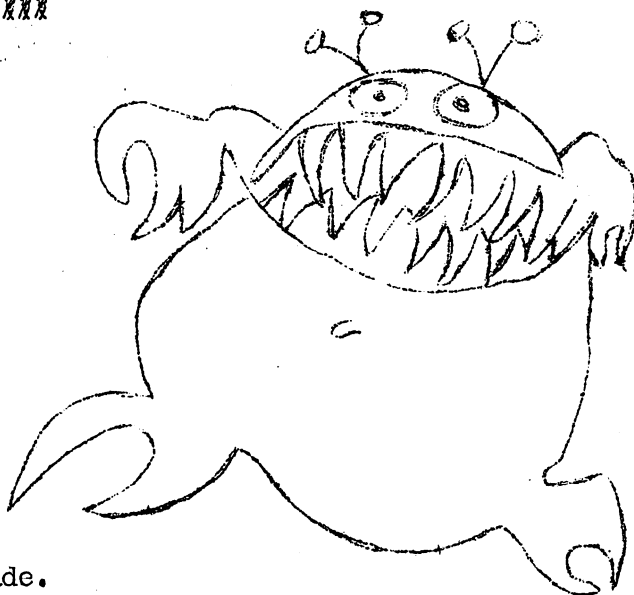
KIPPLE #5. Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore 12, Md. Monthly. Neat work. Mostly by Pauls on comic books, dreams, books, and sundry other matters. A long lettercol mostly about jd and racial relations of one type or another. LoC, Trade, or 10¢.

YANDRO #92. Bob & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Ind., Monthly. Another symposium on what's wrong with SF by Nirenberg, Franson, Lichtman, Willick, Greenleaf, Metcalf, Hall, and RSC, is the meat of this one. Other items included plus the usual fine artwork. 20¢.

HOCUS #15. Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Milburn, N.J. Good Prosser cover. An interesting bit on the latest doings of L. Ron Hubbard by Dodd. A fanfiction by Benford that somehow manages to end up with the prologue following the story. Various and sundry other items including the first con report of the new season by Mike. 15¢ or Trade.

CQ. Scotty Tapscott, 853 E. 13th, Eugene, Oregon. So that isn't the correct rendering of the title. My typer only has Arabic numerals. A one-shot put out because Scotty wanted to run off something on a Gestetner. Good cartoon on Page 1.

BANE #2. Vic Ryan, 2160 Sylvan Rd., Springfield, Ill. (Memo to r-t: this one also has even numbered right hand pages) Tucker tells us not to be distracted when viewing "Psycho" - watch that nekkid woman. Marion Bradley on circus fandom; Coulson on books; Lichtman on N3F recruiting; Falasca on Ellison and who's on first? Nice job, Vic. Very nice. 15¢ or trade.



SPECULATIVE REVIEW, Vol 2, #4. Dick Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Rd., Alexandria, Va. And this good people is a fantasy fan magazine. Well written reviews of the latest output of the pros. Intelligent comment plus fine repro makes this one well recommended. One positive charge to you, sir. 3/25¢.

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SPACEWARP 67. SFC Arthur Rapp, 1st Missile Bn, 40th Arty, Fort Bliss, Tex. This one for SAPS mailing #52. Lots of mcs by Art. Only trouble is that if you don't belong to the APA the comments tend to be obscure at times. Much good material here though including math problems and "Pipesmoke".

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AMRA #13. G. H. Scithers, Box 9006, Rosslyn, Arlington 9, Va. Irregular? A fine fanzine which concerns itself with "heroic fantasy". Leiber has "The Mouser on Games" and Dodd has a review of the Russian film, "The Beast." Also includes some fine artwork. 20¢. The question is where do you draw the line on this "heroic fantasy"? Of course, I know your chief concern is that vaguely unclassifiable brand of fantasy having to do with the strange adventures of demi-godlike types. I enjoy this type of fantasy muchly myself. It has its own special atmosphere. But where do you draw the line? Would you include "The Ship of Ishtar"? How about Kinnison? He certainly is a hero type and, unless memory fails me, has been known to do battle with a sword.

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BHISMILLAH #5. Andy Main, 5668 Gato Ave., Goleta, Calif. Six-weekly. A longish account of Andy's trip to the Boicon takes up a goodly part of this issue. Dot Hartwell writes on meeting Dave Hall. Multi-colored artwork. The wonders of Ditto. Andy prates too much about his neoishness. 15¢-Trade.

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XERO #1. Pat & Dick Lupoff, 215 E. 73rd St., New York 21, New York. Irregular. A 38 page zine complete in 50 pages. My copy goes up to page 22 and then repeats commencing with page 11. Pat comments on "Brood of the Witch Queen" and the Titus Groan series. Frank Kerr contributes a crossword puzzle (which I haven't worked yet). Ellison reviews "Psycho" in questionable taste. Dick holds forth on comic books, specifically Capt Marvel. I was never a comic book fan. They always struck me as being rather idiotic. Like modern TV. Busty babes by Lee Ann Tremper. No price listed that I can find. LoC or Trade, I reckon.

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The review column somewhat expanded this time by popular demand. I believe that I'll keep it two a maximum of two pages. I claim no fame as a reviewer and this is mostly a public acknowledgement of fanzines received. For those of you who want long reviews, get an apazine and read the mailing comments.

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Which brings us to the end of DYNATRON #2. Aren't you glad? I have no idea what #3 will contain. It should surprise us all. What did happen to Colorado fandom?

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This is a Marinated Publication.

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