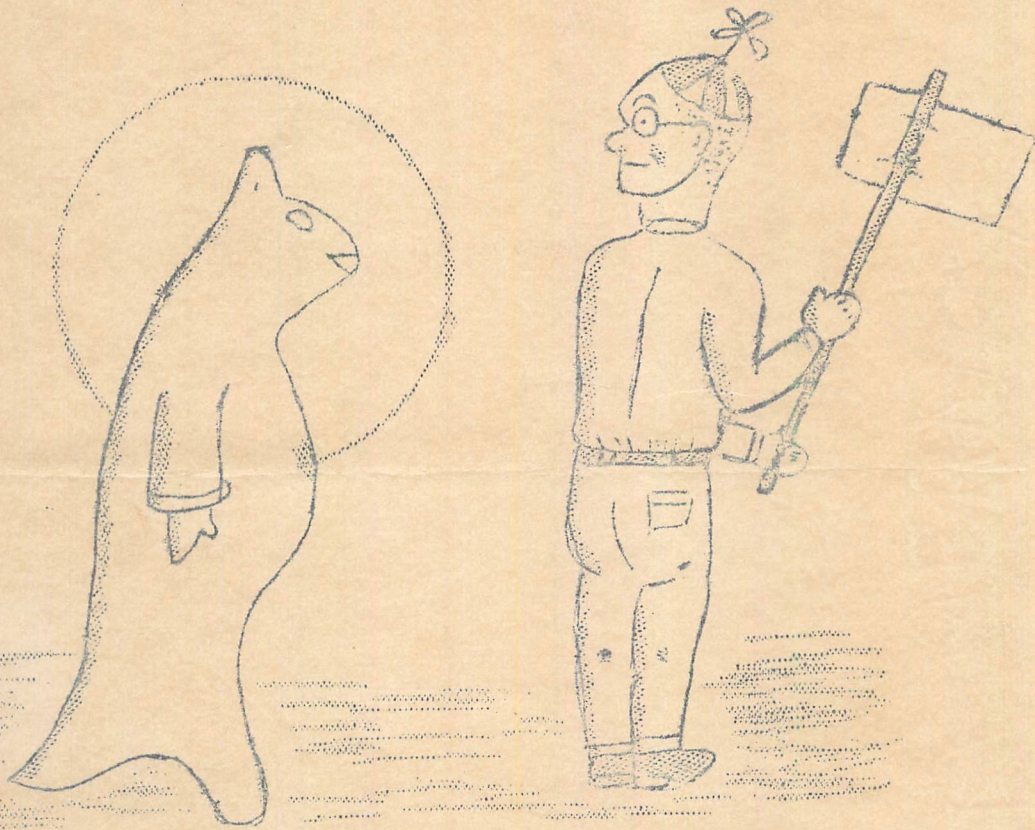


#9

DYNATRON



"HAVE YOU ANY
PRE-THIRTY-NINE
ASTOUNDINGS?"

If we were still issuing this thing from the Great Swamps I would be tempted to say that this is Dynatron Nine from Caroline, however, since our days in the Low Country are only a memory which we are trying hard to forget, a statement such as that might give you the impression that America's well-publicized crown princess had taken over the reins of this publication (with appropriate self-censorship, of course.) Such is not the case. I must admit that a four-year-old does get involved in the production of this at times but her name is René. In any event this is Dynatron IX, a fanzine of sorts. Dynatron is flung at the cringing fan world every other month, or thereabouts, by Roy and Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Chrystal is in Albuquerque, that is. She's the working half. The non-working half is still lounging about in the Land of the Rising Sun. If you want the next issue you can send M*O*N*E*Y (15¢ each or 8 for \$1), or you can send along your fanzine in trade, or you can write us a letter of comment, or you can send us something to print in future issues. This is, as usual, a Marinated Publication and we support that Lindsay gal for TAFF.

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The cover is by Len Moffatt who drew it, put it on stencil, and also ran it off. He's a ghoud man.

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January, 1962

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X MARTNATING X
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IT SAYS IN THE COLOPHON that I am still hiding out in the Mysterious East and, as of this writing, that is true. However, my tour here is rapidly nearing completion and DYNATRON 10 will not only be published in Albuquerque, it will also be edited there. All faneds, correspondents and other interested parties (such as the great multitude planning to contribute written material or art--you are planning to, aren't you?) please note that effective immediately all mail for the Tacketts should be sent to 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA.

I DIDN'T PLANET TO BE THAT ESOTERIC. It's like this: AMAZING used to bill itself as "the aristocrat of SF" and FANTASTIC is oft referred to as AMZ's "little brother". Do you get it now Mike Kurman? Walter Breen? Anybody else? Does it become startlingly clear? Galaxy, if I have to stop to explain these things each time it will be a wonder that we ever get on to anything else.

SOCIETY is defined as a number of persons united for a common interest or people collectively who live in any region at any given period. Society, then is people and it is amusing, to me anyway, to find those fans who are the loudest in proclaiming an obligation to their fellow men are also the loudest in disclaiming any obligation to society. Unless you happen to be a cynical, somewhat misanthropic grouch like me, unwilling to admit that you have obligations to anything outside your own personal sphere, it would appear to be extremely difficult to assume an obligation to man and not to society. Or the other way around for that matter.

In FANAC 80 Walter Breen ventures the opinion that the issues of draft-dodging "aren't limited to whether draft-dodging is Cowardly, E-vial and Selfish, etc,...but instead that draft-dodging is only a small special instance of any of a rather large group of implicit or explicit answers to the following questions: (1) What claim, if any, has present day society on the individual? (2) Is this claim modifiable by individual action--specifically, can it be lessened by minimizing one's involvement with society, as beats and some others maintain? (3) Is this claim by society legitimate, i.e. morally binding whether or not one accepts divine sanctions, or merely enforceable as by police and courts?"

"Society", in itself, is a rather general term which contains a vast amount of shuffling around room. I assume that what is specifically meant by "society" as used in this context is the general capitalistic society we term "western civilization" or, perhaps, it can be narrowed even further to mean specifically the United States. Perhaps the latter is too narrow a definition.

It has become a great game in all sorts of strange quarters these days to declaim on the gross faults and failures of the United States, pardon me, I mean our society. The nuts on the far right profess to find the body of our society infected almost beyond the recovery point with the disease of communism; sort of a red under every bed as it were. The nuts in the other direction profess to find society in the crushing grip of capitalistic overlords bent on acquiring every dollar in the world and reducing the bulk of mankind to chattel and slavery. And, of course, everybody knows that everybody else is plotting to start bashing

heads in with nuclear bombs at the drop of the hanky-panky.

I am not a chauvinist steadfastly proclaiming that it is my country right or wrong. I can probably find more faults in our society in 10 minutes than all the bearded or beardless beraters can in a month of coffeeshop moaning or soapbox haranguing. But I like to think that I am somewhat realistic about it. The fact that society is Corrupt and Evil and Full of Faults doesn't send me off to the nearest corner to shrug resignedly and contemplate my navel.

Does present day society have a claim on the individual? Too right it does! Society has assumed certain responsibilities toward people, as groups and as individuals. The people, as groups and as individuals, must assume certain responsibilities toward society. Society, our society as we know it, is becoming increasingly aware of its own shortcomings and making attempts, albeit somewhat fumbling attempts at times, to rectify these faults and better the lot of man collectively and individually. Social reform doesn't come easy. It is constantly beset and hampered by the bigoted, the self-seeking, and by the dead weight of public indifference. Certainly present day society has a claim on the individual. In its stumbling way it is doing what it can for the individual. The individual must do what he can for society.

And just to add a bit of spice to the whole mess our society finds itself confronted by another society which pushes and probes and threatens and waits for us to fall apart so it can take over. If you think that our society has its faults take a good hard look at the opposition. That one is really obnoxious.

Society's claim on the individual can not be modified by minimizing one's involvement with society; by disengagement or withdrawal or what ever fancy appellation one wants to put on it. The individual may withdraw from society but society does not withdraw from the individual. It is still there doing what it can to keep him alive and reasonably free and even insuring that there is an adequate supply of coffee for the espresso pot. The attempts by beats to disassociate themselves from society is analogous to catatonic withdrawal on the part of the psychotic. It is an infantile and negative reaction, a refusal to face the realities of life. Let them curl themselves up into a foetal ball if they want to--society will still look after them to the best of its ability. If that isn't good enough then do something about it.

Society's claim on the individual is legitimate. If one acknowledges an obligation towards his fellow man then he also acknowledges an obligation towards society. The individual is morally bound to support that society as it supports him. The individual is morally bound to prevent that society from getting any worse than it is, to take whatever action he can to improve that society and correct existing faults. The individual is morally bound to get off his gluteus maximus and work instead of sitting around bitching about how lousy things are. And the individual is morally bound to defend that society if called upon to do so.

Which more or less brings us back to the original point.

You don't like military service. Can you think of anyone other than a small minority who are, so to speak, sick in the head who does? Don't all of you stand up at once and try to tell me how unpleasant and

obnoxious military service is. I'm an expert on it. I've been at it for almost 20 years. I didn't like it 20 years ago and I don't like it now. But I have stuck with it because I believed it was necessary.

You don't like conscription. It is unpleasant and obnoxious and unfair. You are right! It is all that and more. It is also, most unfortunately, necessary. Let this country, this society, this western civilization once lower its guard at this moment in history and you will find out just how unpleasant and obnoxious life really can be. Serving a two year hitch in the army may not be enjoyable but it is far more pleasant than a hitch in a labor camp.

Society's claim on the individual is that the individual must do his utmost to improve that society, to correct the faults which may exist in that society, to make that society one in which all men are free to live as they wish without being subjected to economic, social, or political tyranny. When that job is done such unpleasantities as military service and conscription will no longer be necessary. Then we can all sit around and debate whether or not we have any obligations to society.

By Roscoe, that last bit is almost enough to get Dynatron labeled "new trend" again. Now if I had only been able to work something about comic books in there.....

Make a note of it: Ethel Lindsay for T&FF

Chrys and I thank all of you who sent holiday greetings. Especially two charming ladies: Ethel Lindsay of London and Shoko Uhara of Japan. And wasn't the card from Willis a gasser?

Sort of a plug. I've just received a copy of SILME, Bjo's fan art fanzine. You don't have to be an artist to enjoy this fmz--all you have to do is enjoy art--fantasy art. This contains reports on the 2nd Fan Art Show by the judges and tells of forthcoming projects. All fan-eds should get this just for Juanita Coulson's article on "Art and Mimeography", which has pointers galore on the art of cutting stencils. The PASTELL Art Contest has as its subject Doc Smith's Lensmen and I'll be at the westercon just to see the results of that. SILME is published quarterly and a year's sub costs \$1.50. No trades. Is good. Get it from Bjo Trimble, 222 S Gramercy Pl, Los Angeles 5, Calif.

If we had any fillos we could use one in this space but since the art file is empty I'll have to rattle on here about nothing in particular. STARSHIP TROOPERS showed up at the PX newsstand three days before payday which meant that I didn't have the wherewithall to get a copy at that time so I stuck a copy behind a paperback of classic poems where it remained undisturbed until I could pick it up. Rich PFCs had made off with the remainder of the available copies but nobody goes near the classic poetry. So I finally got around to reading STARSHIP TROOPERS a couple of years after reading STARSHIP SOLDIER. There does appear to be a difference between the two. Capsule comment: what's all the fuss about?

Coffee and cocoa mixed half and half is one of my favorite drinks.
ROY TACKETT

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ENVOY

by

TADASHI TAKA

(Translated by Tadashi Kousai)

"Don't be surprised, please," said the man. "I am a Venusian."

The woman's face distorted with a scream. "Trouble," she thought. "If only my senseless curiosity had not led me to invite this salesman into the house. I should have realized that no salesman ever visits a home with a first grade contract from the National Supply Company."

"I feel very sorry to have surprised you by my sudden visit," the man said. "I've come here to let you know that the Venusians are planning an attack on the Earth. On our planet, Venus, there are two parties: one is the aggressive party and the other, the one I represent, is the pacifist party."

The woman listened without a word.

"The cause of the conflict is the shortage of food," the man continued. "As our population increased too much the supply of food grew smaller. This phenomenon was forecast by our great economist, Suhtlam, about twenty Earth years ago. According to Suhtlam if other conditions remained unchanged our population would double in 25 of your Earth years. We have some food in reserve now but it is evident that we will face a serious shortage in less than thirty of your years."

"The discussion of how to solve this great crisis has led to the formation of two parties within the government. We all realize that we must find a source of food outside our own planet but there has been great disagreement as to where we should go. The aggressive party insisted that we should colonize the third planet, excuse me, Earth. We of the pacifist party opposed this plan and insisted that Mars, the fourth planet, be the site of our colonies. Although the conditions there are more severe, Mars is inhabited only by some small reptiles while Earth has a great civilization of intelligent beings. We insisted that we must choose Mars from the standpoint of humanity."

The man paused as if expecting some word of approval from the woman but she remained silent.

"We sent spaceships to both Earth and Mars to investigate the natural surroundings of the two planets. It was to have been done in strict secret but sometimes our spaceships were seen by the inhabitants of Earth. Your people have called them 'flying saucers'."

"The result of this investigation was hopeless for both Earth and our party. The aggressive party increased their power. It was found that the natural environment of Mars is too much deserted and severe. There would not be enough time to reconstruct the planet for the growing of food before our population reached the danger point. It is bad to sacrifice other human beings but the aggressive party insisted that there was no alternative way."

The man sighed. "As a Venusian I feel awfully ashamed of my fellows for having accepted this solution. Some of the people of the aggressive party have already come to live on Earth and make plans for the general attack which will occur at the time of conjunction four years from now."

"Is this true?" asked the woman.

"Of course it is true. It is no use to tell a lie. We have tried desperately to stop it but in vain. But finally I have found a way to stop this wicked plan and beat the aggressive party down."

"What is it?" asked the woman.

"The key to solving our food problem is on Earth, not Mars," the man said, "but it does not lie in colonizing the Earth. It lies in crolera, the new food plant your botanists have developed. Crolera grows at great speed even on Earth. The natural surroundings of Venus are even more fitted for its cultivation. Our planet abounds in water, carbon di-oxide, and we are nearer the sun. With crolera our food problem is solved. But, ahmm....."

"But what?"

"I cannot take this great discovery back to Venus. There remains no energy in my spaceship."

"This is a great misfortune for both Earth and Venus," the woman said. "Is there nothing you can do?"

"It will cost 300,000 credits to resupply my ship with energy. I have been visiting the homes of people who hold first grade contracts with N.S.C. trying to get them to contribute to the cause of interplanetary peace. If I can get back to Venus the security of Earth is guaranteed but I still need 170,000 credits more. Will you give some money for interplanetary peace?"

"That is too large a sum for any one person to give," the woman said. "Why don't you go to the government and obtain the money there?"

The man smiled. "By the time the government decided to put out the money it would be too late," he said. "So I have been visiting rich men who can understand these serious circumstances. Of course, I do not expect to receive money for free even for such a great cause as interplanetary peace. In return I offer carbon crystals of great purity. I give one crystal, with a diameter of five centimeters, for each 10,000 credits. I have observed that pure carbon crystals are highly esteemed on this planet."

The woman's eyes shone. "Wait a moment, please," she said.

She stood up and turned the switch of the visi-phone. The face of an android appeared in the screen.

"Get me my husband," she told the android.

"He is out now, madam," the android replied. "He requests that you use the miniphone if it is necessary to contact him."

K E E P S M I L I N G

A Column of Disconnected Continuity by

LEN J. MOFFATT

On a certain sunny Saturday afternoon in August Rory Faulkner, Ella Parker, Rick Sneary, Stan Woolston, and I were having a happy nattering session at Rory's home in Westminister, California, while munching on grapes, nuts, chicken, and other goodies.

Ella had offered Stan some grapes, which he had (politely) refused. Later, Stan offered Ella the bowl of nuts.

"You wouldn't take my grapes," said she. "So I won't eat your..."

She stopped abruptly, struck by the split-second realization of what she almost said. Amid hoots of evil laughter I cried: "Write that down, Rick! We can use it as an interlination."

Sneary (sometimes--but not always--obedient to my strange whims) wrote it down in his little black notebook. The line is preserved for posterity. I'm not sure what posterity will do with it, and I'm not sure when it will get used as an interlination, but perhaps with some good strong fannish effort we could make nuts de le Woolston nearly as famous as the Squirrel's.....

Later we discussed subjects of a more serious nature. Communism, for instance. (News of anti-Communism rallies being held in the locale of Garden Grove and Westminister inspired the discussion.)

"But surely you don't have many Communists around here," said Ella.

"No," replied Stan. "But we have a lot of anti-Communists."

Which leads me, oddly enough, to the subject of science-fiction as she is writ in this day and age.

We've seen more than one story wherein the author, in an effort to extrapolate current events into a probable future, has depicted a world where the Free World and Communism are still competing on a "cold war" level. (Other stories have dealt directly with a "hot war", or with the results of same, but most of these can be classified as post-Atomic doom stories, of which we've had all too many.) The author assumes--at least for the purposes of his story--that neither side is likely to be foolish enough to actually use nuclear weapons in an attempt to destroy each other, and that the conflict will be carried on and on, more complicated than it is now (if that's possible), carried to the other planets, maybe even to the stars. In some of these stories we find the U.N. (or a futuristic version of it) reigning supreme, and--on the surface at least--all appears to be lovey-dovey between the U.S.A. and Russia. (Illustrated by American Scientist "Sam Jones" working side by side with Russian technician, "Joe Russkivitch", usually on a research team, or a planetary exploration team, where the problem is not the conflict between capitalists and communists, but the troubles encountered in space travel, colonization of other worlds, etc.)

It occurs to me that there are many more possibilities, assuming we don't destroy old Terra in an all-out nuclear war. Let's say, for instance, that we win the cold war, that the ideology of communism is reduced to a 10th rate power, or is eventually blotted out by a world-wide democracy. All of this would be accomplished, over a long period of time, by the democracies of the world, with little or no bloodshed, or--in other words--on the official, governmental level. To continue the "what if-ing", let's assume that the unofficial, but very strong, anti-communist leagues, chapters, and so on, continue to operate, unable to stop due to their currently increasing momentum. In effect we might very well have a world in which much of the population would be composed of anti-Communists, despite the fact that Communism itself was no longer a threat to the democracies. By this time the anti-C folks might be so well organized (on a world wide level) that it would be strictly unconstitutional to even try to get them to disband through governmental directive, or wotever. They could turn into John Birch Society types; they could continue to promote the so-called ideals of totalitarianism, and prove to be the same threat to government-by-representation that Communism now is. Of course, I'm assuming that the official world government in this future time hasn't itself become more totalitarian than democratic. That's yet another story--many of which have been written.

Now I don't read every SF mag and book being published these days, so it's possible that the ideas presented above have been used by more than one SF writer. If so, clue me in. If not, or if there have been only a few such stories, anybody here in favor of more of same?

Meanwhile, we do have the excellent satire in the Pogo strip, with Deacon Mushrat and the Jack Acid Society.

So now the happy cry of "Electron" has been replaced by the happier one: "Ron Won!" Sounds almost Chinese, doesn't it? And I would like to suggest a slogan for the next TAFF campaign, in which we hope to bring a British fan to Chicon III in '62: Vote BLFTAFF! (Has a kind of Tolkien ring to it, wot?)

I was going to write an article entitled: "A Moving Experience", telling of how the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society moved, for the umpteenth time in its 27 years of existence, this time from 8th Street to 222 S. Grammercy Place, Los Angeles 4, California.

I was going to relate how 25 eager members showed up to help move the club's property, as well as the private belongings of the Fan Hill-ton crew.

I was going to laud the super-human physical efforts of Mike Hinge and Steve Cartier, and praise all the others for their hard work, well done. (It isn't often I get the chance to laud it over somebody...) I was going to reveal how stiff and sore my own muscles were for a couple of days after the big move, and express my approval of the new abode, as well as my hopes that the club members would appreciate their new club room enough to obey the rules of the house against no loud noises after midnight, etc.

And I very much wanted to tell about the plight of the poor club librarian, Ed Baker, who had finally got the books and mags into some semblance of order--and then received the word that the old house on 8th St. was to be torn down, that once again the library would have to be

packed in boxes and moved to a new address. In connection with this I would also have to tell of Mike Hinge's quest for "More Empty Boxes." Everything possible (including the library's books and mags) had been packed into corrugated cases, but there just wasn't enough cases on hand to pack everything at one time. So it was necessary to unload the cases at 222 S. Grammercy and bring the empties back to 8th St. for repacking. Needless to say, a good many of these boxes had been used to pack the library. Ed, conscientious to the core, had carefully packed the items in as much order as possible, perhaps even labeling some of the boxes. As soon as he, and the boxed up library, arrived at 222 S. Grammercy (I love that address, and may even write a song about it entitled "The 222 South Grammercy Blues") along with some of the library shelves, he began to unpack, hoping, I suppose, to have the library all back in order before the day ended. His hopes were dashed by the arrival of the hard-working kiwi who cried, "We need more empty boxes, goddamit, gotta get this stuff MOVED!" Mike, also conscientious to the core, likes to Get Things Done, and he proceeded to empty the cases of their books and mags.

"Don't touch them!" roared the librarian, but he was too late-- they had already been touched by the hinge, whose return roar repeated the need for empties. Now this doesn't mean that Mike has no respect for books, mags, libraries or librarians. On the contrary, he probably reads as much as any other member, and more than some, I'm sure. It's just that Mike was as enthusiastic about getting the stuff moved (while we had the use of the rented truck) as Ed was about trying to keep the library in order. Mike won, of course, and the greater (i.e. immediate) need was served.

But any week now, Ed, a preserving chap, will be announcing that the club library is ready for use again. All the books seem to be back on the shelves (and he has talked the club into spending a few bucks each month to buy titles we don't have), and as soon as he gets them in- to the order required by his system the members will be permitted to borrow from the many titles available. That is, if we don't have to move again.

Yes, I was going to write all of this up into a fine fannish article, but I just didn't have the time, so I put some of it into this column instead. Actually, the moving of the huge "collators" (originally post office pigeon-hole shelves in "bigger than all of us" wooden frames) down the steep steps at 8th St., by Al Lewis(WC), Mike Hinge, Steve Cartier, ussjt, Edco, ljm, and perhaps others...is beyond my powers of description. Suffice to say that the thing didn't come apart ...but some of us nearly did.

We all came out of it alive, however, and the day ended on a happy note when Ellik phoned John Trimble the news of his TAFF victory. All in all, a typical L.A. fannish day. Well, nearly typical.....

LEN J MOFFATT

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Speaking of books: "Saturn Over the Water" by J. B. Priestley is a romantic yarn of high adventure, supra-national conspiracy, and some people with rather unusual powers. Adventure fantasy in the classic tradition. "Music of the Spheres" by Guy Murchie is an excellent survey of the more esoteric realms of astronomy and physics written for the layman. Recommended for the young fen and non-technical older fen. This is definitely not a juvenile book, though, and should give you a bit of mental exercise.

RT

X

A SORT OF REVIEW

by

E. Mitchem Cox

WEIRD TALES, Volume 26, Number 4, October, 1935.

To most of the new fans, WEIRD TALES is probably not more than a title. To some of the older fans, it is still nothing more than a dying ember of things known to have been much better in days long gone by. To the older fans and any collector who has had a little money to spend, WEIRD TALES is still a title to command some respect and a little reminiscent thrill.

When we go back before the forties, we start coming upon the good old names such as Farnsworth Wright, fabulous editor, and Margaret Brundage, whose name is known to any who have seen proofs of her covers at conventions, if not on the magazines. The famous Brundage women. But this isn't a review of the Brundage cover-girls (although it could become that!). This is a review, of sorts, of the October 1935 issue of the whole magazine.

Let's make like a letter to STARTLING STORIES and review the thing from cover to cover. Starting with, of course, the cover. It is by M. Brundage, of course, and features a rather lovely figure, bosom (especially for that day and age when legs were accented) and a rather voluptuous set of legs, quite uncovered. A real sleek type wolf-type is angled on a rock behind her. This exciting tableaux is an illustration for the cover-story, entitled "The Six Sleepers" by none other than ole Edmond Hamilton.

It is typical Hamilton and another in what I'm sure is an ever-recurring theme of his. First time I ran across it was in a 1943 issue of FUTURE AND SCIENCE-FICTION (the last of the pre-postwar issues) and my very first sf magazine (the one that hooked me).

In this story, young Garry Winton is pursued by Berbers somewhere in the Atlas Mountains. He runs into a cave from which his pursuers recoil in horror. Inside he finds warriors of bygone ages (a Crusader knight, a pirate, a Roman legionary, and so on), all alive but asleep. By the time he realizes what happened to them, he too falls victim to the preservative fumes which pervade the cave.

Thousands of years later, an earthquake opens the cave and they all awake and get acquainted. Reconciling themselves to what happened, they venture forth and soon run into adventure. The lovely on the cover, complete with wolf-type, is being attacked by a horde of human-faced giant rats. The adventurers beat off the attack, saving the girl and the wolf, but two of their numbers are captured by the rats. The girl tells that they've been lost in the underground maze and will be under the deserted city where the warrens are. This is the fate, she further relates, that befell her brother and she and the (amazingly enough) human faced wolf, tell that they were trying to rescue him. In a great all-for-one and one-for-all (another recurring Hamilton theme) surge, they sally forth to the city to rescue her brother and their two companions from the terrible sacrifice.

This is done at the city. In ages past, the humans had, through biological science, made races of human-faced, speaking and thinking animals. Surviving on the side of the remaining humans were the wolf-types. Others died out or degenerated (as the rats). The monster to whom the people were to be sacrificed was a huge snake-type, the last (if not the only) of its kind. This they kill and the group rushes away, only to be cornered in the doorway of a huge building. It is an atomic power plant and Garry, somehow, manages to utilize it to blast to nothingness a huge pack of rats. They escape, knowing that they'll rebuild the world and that Garry gets the girl.

Not a bad story and a typical good Hamilton. The illustrations for this story are by somebody who has turned out to be an "old" friend. Seen often and whose work was subject to a lot of debate in SS and TWS letter-columns as well as in the fan press during his peak years in these two and other zines in the post-war boom, tis none other than Napoli! Vincent, that is. His work is found often in the magazines of the mid and late thirties. As is a lot of work by somebody called Virgil; later better known with a Finlay tacked on the end.

Skipping a poem, "The Elder Gods" by W. L. Hasty, Jr. (possibly an AFL pen-name), we come next to another familiar name, Paul Ernst. "The Hollywood Horror" concerns another, in a series, adventure of Dr Satan, fiend-type villian, and his arch-enemy, Ascott Keane. This time, Dr. Satan, through the means of running a thin wire to the source of illumination handy, turns flesh transparent so that the victim walks around looking like a skeleton. This dismays, to say the least, the movie stars and producers to whom this pleasant thing happens. Keane, of course, spoils the fun, after a near fatal struggle with Dr. Satan. This series goes on.....

Next we have a legendary type. A Northwest Smith story by Catherine L. Moore (as she signs a letter in the letter column) but by-lined C.L. Moore on the contents page. Real good adventure science-fantasy this. A little more outre than the Hamilton. Smith is walking along a wind-swept street in the outlaw polar city of Righa when he is accosted by a woman who convinces him to go with her to her apartment. Here she turns out to be the beautiful, sensuous Venusian, system-famous song-bird who disappeared some time ago. She offers him any price (suggestive, wot?) if he will procure a certain box for her from a man in the city. The barkeep at the hangout where NW hangs out does this little thing for him.

When NW gives it to her, he finds out that his suspicions were correct and her body falls away, empty shell that it was, as a smoky Being issues from it and claims Smith's for the purpose of loosing an eon-old God which, evil and like that, wants to make the scene again. This is all linked up in the ornate carving that decorates all Martian homes and buildings even though they don't know for sure what it means anymore (although, whisper it, they think that it may have to do with the God with the Name Nobody Better Pronounce!). NW foils this by taking back his body, slightly aided by the barkeep who fell by the pad to see how NW was making out on the gig. Actually, I liked this story best of all in the issue.

Seabury Quinn, long a name to be conjured with, has in this issue, not at all strangely enough, a Jule de Grandin story. I guess these had been going on almost during the entire length of WT's existence, sort of. This is a sort of possession type story wherein the sister of the man who gave his huge Egyptian collection to a museum seems to be

taken over by the personality of a young princess whose mummy she sees. It wasn't too bad but not up to either of the two good stories, the Hamilton and the Moore.

Lea Bondine Drake, a familiar name indeed, has a poem next. Then we have a story I'm sure has been anthologized or one much like it. "The Mystery of the Last Guest" by John Flanders. Tis about the manager of a small summer resort closing for the winter. All but one guest make the train. Utilities are being cut off and in the night his last guest expires as somebody else clumps around the joint. This somebody follows our shrinking hero to the roof where he jumps off.

Not hurt, he finds in the morning that nobody seemed to be there but one of the listeners, a doctor, tells him that they, too, in the dispensary, hear that same somebody clumping around. Tis Death coming to claim the ebbing life. (Is this true, Eney?)

Next we have "The Carnival of Death" by Arlton Eadie, which I did not read since it is part of a serial which doesn't look worth the effort. Interesting note is that the illustrator was Jack Binder.

Full page poem by Charles Baudelaire (trans. from the Francaise by somebody named Clark Asnton Smith); it was rather ridiculous, overflowing with gushing phrases and meaning little, to this reviewer.

Speaking of Jack Binder, his two brothers, Earl and Otto, have "In A Graveyard" next. About a weird story writer who, having trouble with atmosphere, gets the brilliant idea of writing his vampire story in a graveyard. Here things go right, story comes along fine, until it grows dark and the flashlight keeps falling off the grave tablet he's using for a desk. A man appears and, surprised at the unusual aspect of the writer, offers to hold the light. Which he does. They get to talking about the story and then it is finished. So is the writer, for the stranger merely happens to be the occupant of the grave--a real vampire! (Shiver!)

This is followed by Robert Leonard Russell's "The Amulet of Hell" which is on a par with the previous story for weird type excitement. Not much, but fairly good. The narrator is being sucked dry of blood by a vrykolokas, unlike a vampire as only fire will kill it. Its victims are those who somehow accept its amulet giving it like an oil credit card to their blood. And he's got it. As long as he keeps it, it can come after him and, when he's sucked dry, he'll be eaten. Needless to say he can't seem to rid himself of the amulet. But, persevering, he makes the scene where the thing hangs out, and bloated by blood, it can't resist much when he fires the joint. This washes it up, burned up, like. End.

Each issue features a Weird Story Reprint. This one is "The Lost Club" by Arthur Machen. No mention from whence it is reprinted. A fairly good type story of the English school, yet not worth the trouble to relate details here.

Summing up, the best two were the Hamilton and Moore, with the last two (excepting the reprint) bringing up a lagging second place. Illustrations weren't too adequate, Virgil not having made the scene yet and Brundage almost never doing interiors. "The Eyrie" toots the horn for the next issue and is followed by letters from the readers, including such as Miss Catherine Moore, Miss Lea Bondine Drake, and Julian Herme of Tarkastad, South Africa. Many of them discussed old HPL stories and

the Cthulhu Mythos. One reader remembered a story about Yig and thought HPL wrote it. Editor inserts note that it was written by Zealia Brown Reed and that "The Curse of Yig" appeared in the November 1929 issue. Editor failed to mention that Lovecraft did yeoman work on that story which no doubt accounted for the reader's thinking he wrote it.

Some things worth bothering about are some of the ads. One, on the inside cover, is "Psychiana" which was supposed to cause a stupendous spiritual upheaval because it showed that Jesus Christ's message was completely misinterpreted and that His power is available TODAY to everyone. Twas the so-called subconscious mind (which he, Dr Frank B. Robinson, disclaims) from which all this here power was supposed to come. He tells you how to do it (for a price). Anybody remember a tremendous spiritual upheaval in 1935?

Then there was a small one I liked on page 519. This also reminds me that in those days the pages were numbered by the volume (as are present day issues of CONSUMERS REPORT and most scientific journals). Twas for a magazine called SPANKING STORIES from Abbey Press in Chicago. "Loving Lashes", "Spanker Rejoices", and "Real Spanker Exper." (it says) in three volumes. Two bucks each or three for five. If you stated your name or occupation, you could, for free, get an illustrated bulletin on other books dealing with the sexual attraction of the rod. So hooHAAH, guess what! This stuff is, of course, quite obtainable today, through the proper channels, but can you see it advertised?

On the inside back cover is a full page ad for high fidelity radios which can receive broadcasts in the full range of 30 to 16,000 cps from such stations as WLXBS, W9XBY, and others. Eighteen tube, six-in-one giants for a quarter the price of others. And so on. Ancestors of our present day FM tuners, no doubt.

All told, this issue is probably typical of a lush period for WEIRD TALES that comes right after the real legendary days of the early thirties and the twenties. Soon to come were the forties, a waning period during which many fine weirds were used but forshadowing the futile fifties and, finally, extinction. But don't worry, it lives on in the memories and on the shelves of collectors and, no doubt, will appear in this department from time to time.

ED COX

XXXXX

Quiet, please, we have a commercial to get in here:

"TERROR", a semi-professional horror magazine. 28 full size lithographed pages per issue. If possible, we will feature a full 4 color lithographed cover for issue #5. And quite a number of great things in the horror vein are also planned for later release. Samples only 25¢ each. (Sorry but no back issues are available.) "TERROR ANNUAL #1", the best from issues #1, 2 and 3 of "TERROR" magazine, plus an additional 50% of all new material--superb fiction, articles, artwork, perhaps a full color comic section, and as an added BONUS a Monster Calander for 1962. Supply will be limited. Only 50¢. Order either or both from: "TERROR" Magazine, P. O. Box 714, Costa Mesa, California.

XXXXX

OK, Joe, you can put the club down now. I saw a movie a few months ago that was titled "Circus of Horrors". Rather strange that the British producers should have misspelled the last word of the title. RT

XXXXX

Input to the Dynatron

+ SIGNAL VOLTAGE -

Starting off with a few late comments on #7:

HARRY WARNER, JR. The supplementary information in the article by
423 SUMMIT AVENUE, Takumi Shibano was very good to know. More and
EAGERSTOWN, MD. more, it's becoming evident that Wells and Verne
 were genuine pioneers in producing good, logical
science fiction stories of novel length in the world. Until fans began
spring up in other countries, I had some doubts about that, thinking
that there might be writers unknown to general literature but superb in
science fiction who never became known to English readers because of
lack of translation. But the fans in various exotic lands who trace
back the history of the science fiction story in their own tongue never
seem willing to compare their national pioneers with Wells and Verne for
imagination or writing quality: it's either a later derivation or some
inferior contemporary work in all the countries we've learned about to
date. Usually, too, it seems to have started as literature definitely
slanted for youngsters in non-English speaking lands, aside from Verne's
French works.

✕

ETHEL LINDSAY Don't you think it is rather dastardly to be publish-
COURAGE HOUSE, ing that doubt about the length of the inch? There
6, LANGLEY AVE, are folks like me you know, unmathematically minded,
SURREY, who have enough trouble as it is.
ENGLAND

 I started to read your play with eagerness, I am
on the hunt for a sketch for the SFCOL. However it
must be one that we can put on..and your Rarified Yezidi is as bad as
Don Geldart's tartan smoke. I have to think of the effects manager's
feelings.

One part of Shibano's article intrigued me muchly. He writes...
"Moshi has written a non-fiction book which illustrates life and is con-
sidered to be very heretical." Heretical about what, I wonder? and to
whom?

I had to smile at Nick's plaintive remark that there are too many
fanzines. He is right of course and it accounts for the decline in let-
ters of comment, fanzine review columns and the inability of any fan to
keep completely abreast of the current scene. Maybe all the faneds
should get together and chomp themselves in two? Trouble is we all
think it is the other fanzines that are too many!

Sign, I will never be able to write you as good a letter of comment
as that of Redd Boggs. I was pleased that he tried to define while the
telling of "trivia" can sometimes be absorbing. He is right of course,
but it is not easy to convey to the reader your response to the situa-
tion you are describing; and yet only if you can do it will they read
it with enjoyment. It is the same in conversation: given a witty talker
you can be held enthralled whilst he tells you of no world shattering
events. Given a dull talker: he can be full of interesting information
that you are bored to hear, simply because he does not know "how to put
it over". Or more simply...communicate. You know that frustrated feel-
ing you get when you cannot make someone understand your meaning? I
feel sorry for bores: they must have this feeling all the time.

✕ But, Ethel, if each faned chomped himself in two then each
half would want to publish and we'd end up with twice as
many fanzines as we have now. Shuddery thought. RT✕

TAKUMI SHIBANO
118 O-OKAYAMA,
MEGURO-KU,
TOKYO, JAPAN

I have received DYNATRON 7 and am very happy to find my essay in it, published in English for the first time, and read it twice with joyful face. I found a few mistakes in it. Gomenasai!

Page 7 and page 10: the name of the magazine is not SHIN-SEIMEN but SHIN-SEINEN. "Shin" means "new" and Seinen" means "youth". Page 7: I have to say a little more of Unno's stories. Dai-ko ryoga-ki and Tawan Ningen Hoshiki are short stories and Hai Otoko is a book length. Page 9: Masao Serawa is not an illustrator. I am sorry to say that I must have misused "illustrate" in meaning "explain". I meant to write that he is also a noted non-fiction writer. Page 9: SF MAGAZINE started its publication as a reprint edition of F&SF but the connection between them is not so tight since then. Nowadays it looks as if it has changed its character. Norio Iton pointed out that the December issue brings only two F&SF originals, Asimov's article and an H.B. Hickey short-short story, and all others are from other magazines.

I have something to ask you. What are "Maitreya" and "Laughing Buddha"? I found these in Redd Boggs' letter in "Signal Voltage". I have never heard of anything which is named "Maitreya" yet. I know some statues of Buddha are smiling but I know nothing of "laughing" Buddha in Japan. And I must say that we use chopsticks but we don't wear pig-tail. I think Redd mixed up Japan, China, and India, moreover ancient and modern. Roy, I wish you would write something about recent Japan to help correct misunderstandings about it.

Hal! The cover of DYNATRON 5 caused some discussion. I found it a symbol of an eye at once. I rather wondered at the cover of Dynatron 7: The "#7" is in mirror image. Is the "signal voltage" of Dynatron so big that it caused a four-dimensional change?

I think our fair publisher was trying out an experiment in the powers of observation of the readers. Only a couple of them caught the reversed 7. RTX

JOHN TRIMBLE
222 SOUTH GRAMMERCY PL
LOS ANGELES 4, CALIF.

DYNATRON #8 arrived the other day, with two, count 'em, two covers. Wow, like. But I find myself somewhat puzzled: They're both the same illo-by Dick Schultz--same paper, same ink (well, there's probably some molecular difference, but...), and such as that. Trying to start a new trend, Tag, old man?

Egoboo Corner, Section One: You write the swingin'est colophon this side of F&SF, and actually top ol' Renfrew in a kooky sort of way; keep it up!

We've heard from a Minoru Maeda, of Shingu City, Wakayama, already. Matter of fact, I put hesne on the SHAGGY mailing list, and we got a rapid, if somewhat confused response. I only wish there were extra copies of the SLA with Fritz Leiber's speech on Sword 'n Sorcery Stories. In fact, maybe I should insert a note in the next SLA asking for extras of that issue. And like send them to Minoru and others.

I find myself agreeing with you as re Fan Awards. I don't really feel that we need them; with a regular fanzine Hugo, and the Special Award in the wings. I think fans are certainly getting enough egoboo at the conventions. And Willick has shown too much tendency to rush off half-cocked, as witness the appointment of Jason, Moffatt and yourself to the Fan Awards Panel without consulting you people beforehand. It might be best all around if the ChiCon were to come out with a statement of some sort to the effect that the concept of Fan Awards was being taken under advisement, and would be acceptable as an item of business at the Business Meeting, but would definitely not be considered for awarding as part of the ChiCon. Might hurt Willick's feelings a

TRIMBLE, cont'd.

BUT, but I'm afraid they're in for more of a shock if nothing is done, to say nothing of the danger of badly singed feelings all around if the expected fiasco fiascos--like, we don't need the bad taste-tinge from that to mar the Twentieth World Stf Con.

Oh mighod, you'll let just anyone into the pages of DYNATRON, won't you? I'm referring, of course, to those meaningless meanderings by that Cox fellow. After all, Roy, you have a pretty high-calss magazine here (calss??), so why drag it down with such drivel? I mean, just because it's funny, snappy, Maine-lacal, and contains a bit of the element of kook, that's no reason for tinging a first rate magazine like yours with it. Sheesh!

Aprepos of the letters: At a dallowe'en Part at Paul & Ellie Turner's in Long Beach (A Hwe'en Party, indeed, the LASFS H P!), Rick Sneary was asking people questions about who would they pick from LASFS to help them defend what they would pick to defend, and what weapons they would pick to use Themselves, and For the others, and suchlike. Very interesting bit, and much fun. I love the way Rick comes up with think-tank cranks like that. If I didn't already love him for himself, I'd love him for that. And no, this is not the old LASFS; I use the charming little four-letter word above (love) in the old, chivalrous, sword 'n sorcery manner. Shame on you, Ed Cox, for thinking what you're thinking

#You are in agreement with Edco on the Fan Awards, not with me. I'm in favor of them. Just to stir up a ruckus, if for no other reason. Fandom has been too quiet of late. One bit of correction, ussjt, Jason and I were already sort of on the committee when GCW made his announcement. The idea had been tossed around a bit as it were. # Dunno who (outside the immediate family) or what I'd pick to defend. The choice of weapons is fairly easy--the basic item is a rifle. # Thanx for a lovely letter and now if we can only persuade your lovely wife to send us some of her lovely drawings.....RTX

GEORGE C. WILLICK It took me a while to figure out what Ed Cox was trying to say...I was laughing too hard at the irony of 306 BROADWAY the situation. Possibly, I should not take his references to the awards too seriously since I don't know how long ago Ed wrote the column.

What I shall do, just for sport, is to ignore all of long dead and resolved points Cox speaks of and deal with him on the personal level since this is where he seems inclined to deal with me. First off, let's make it clear that Cox didn't think enough of his won negative opinions to answer the poll. If a fan doesn't think enough of his own opinions to express them when invited, I doubt if consequent swipes are of any importance.

Mr Cox says "this kid is taking himself too seriously." May I remind Ed that I am the expert on my own opinions and beliefs and not him? I can see by further statements that Mr Cox would not have bothered to ask anyone about what they wanted in the way of categories or type of awards...he disagrees with my doing so. Very interesting, isn't it?

Cox seems to have confused three things into one paragraph and I can't sort them out...1) his opinions of me, 2) his dislike for the awards idea, and 3) his criticism of why and how they won't work. 1)we don't correspond, have never met, nor has he received my fanzine - ergo, he has no grounds to express any personal opinions. 2) his opinions are his right and he can disagree with the awards idea as he pleases. I would be most reluctant to even attempt to change his mind. 3) his knowledge of the present setup is non-existent and consequently his

WILLICK, cont'd.

offered logic doesn't apply to the situation.

I'd be glad to fill Mr Cox in on past events if he'd care to listen.

Your own comments re Beaumont are a little one-sided there. He does good TV work and writes well in print. I think you omit the possibility of taking the job for money, being hampered by a low budget, bad actors and equally stinking directors, film editors, effects men, etc. At the risk of running into a wall, I think Beaumont is one of the best in our field today. For, unless your name is Hugo Haas, it takes more than one man to make a lousy movie. I get a kick out of Hugo every time I have cause to think of him... "Blind Night in a Virgin Village"... written, produced, directed, edited by Hugo Haas, and starring HUGO HAAS with Cleo Moore in small letters. What Hugo needs is inspiring criticism by Ed Cox.

I won't deny Beaumont's talent as a writer--of fantasy, not of science-fiction. And none of your mentioned contributing factors excuses the boner about Venus. I'll happily accept earthlike conditions and gorgeous man-hungry gals but I won't stand for several moons. I try not to think of Hugo Haas.

I've seen one of his movies. RTX

RICK SNEARY, ESQ. DYNATRON was a little hard to recognize despite its 2962 SANTA ANA ST. usual color -- you had a plane old regular fanzine SOUTH GATE, CALIF. cover, done by a plane old regular fan artist. No more originality. Oh well, you promise a cover by Brotnor Moffatt, so you haven't fallen for conformaty compleetly.

By the way I'm glad to know someone else, who I look on as being reasonably intelagent and up on things, who can't remember actor's faces and names (that is, match them up). I hardly ever go to movies these days as I see the old ones on TV and never remember who played in what (except for a few such as Flynn in "Robin Hood" or Garland in The Wizard.) But then I have always been troubled with a leaky think-tank. Never learned to resite poems, remember all the music written by Beethoven, or all the stories by Heinlein. But I can usually remember where I can find the information.

The rest of your editorial proved interesting, but not much for me to comment on. I wondered though if anyone had contacted Dr Rhine to see if the report were true. It just doesn't seem likely. Not the results, but that the Navy would go along with it. If they are, I think it is a shame. They shouldn't be wasting taxpayers money on such experiments when they could be devoted to something really usefull like anti-gravity.

Cox and the others are right there is more money in fandom now than there was ten years ago. But as I pointed out to Bergeron, it is not equally divided. Most fans may find it easier now to get a dollar than they did 35¢ back then, but the big spending that has been putting the funds over has been by a fairly limited number. Some fans can fly to London each year (good for them!), but others still have to cut corners to get to local conferences. A thing future Convention and Conference committees should keep in mind.

Your letter column reminded me somewhat of Fifth Fandom. Pessina and Baxter seem to be living in that era right now; Hunter is gosh-wow like a writer for Sargent Saturn; while Kurman resembles that sarcastic young sprat that thought he could sound old and experienced by being critical of everything. --I agree that Baxter has a point regarding euthanasia, that it is dangerous to set a presadent for fear that it may be miss-used. I've said I'm more in favor of the idea in theory than I am in application. I don't except the objection of "potential" intelli-

SNEARY, cont'd.

gence being destroyed in the death of the foetus. If we except the world of "might be" we can sink in a sea of inaction. The same problem involves those with terminal illnesses, that might be saved if a new drug happened to be found. This is a chance, of course, but not one I would be willing to bet on if I was dying in pain. But of course the real answer is to find some use for the people--but as there never has been a shortage of people, there has never been any real need to make use of them all. No one would really miss a few here or there but when it comes close to home it is upsetting. (Oh yes, Charles Steinmetz is a better example than Einstein. But I wonder how often during his life Steinmetz wished he had never been born).

I seldom attempt to match up actor's names with the faces which appear on the movie or TV screen. I don't think it is worth the effort. Most of them seem to look pretty much alike anyway. RT

MIKE KURMAN 'Twas a rainy, haily day, and my spirits were low
251 S.W. 51 COURT with the thought of either my mail not arriving at
MIAMI 44, FLORIDA all or in a sopping condition. But I was wrong on
the first count, for our intrepid mail carrier rang
the bell and handed me a sopping copy of DYNATRON #8 thru the door along
with his humblest apologies. I quickly accepted both, and ran to my
room, savagely tore off the staple, and ~~behold~~ beheld the beautiful
glory of DYNATRON's cover (?). Yes, it is a cover. However I do detect
a smudge in the righthand corner. Not, not a smudge, but a cannily
drawn line that makes me lose all my respect for you. Why you're worse
than a cattle thief! When your cover's too old, don't use it. Don't
try to update it. Yeh. So there. Hah. Now shall we proceed to the
contents?

Got quite a chuckle from "Interior Decorating". No, stupid, not
your lousy illos but the word. Meh, nen. Think I'll steal the idea
for MIAMIAN. Don't. RT

You know, I'm really beginning to like Shibano. Let's have more by
him!

But here on page 7 I feel like going down three times and never com-
ing back up after reading Cox's "column". Do. RT There's a few
things I disagree with him about, but I'll only take issue on one sub-
ject now. His statement that "The next fan-cycle should see a raise in
say, 1970 to twenty or thirty again." I think he's dead wrong. The
next cycle should occur in my estimation around the year 1965. Science
fiction is becoming quite popular these days. It's even being intro-
duced into the literature books! As to the number of prozines getting
up to around twenty to thirty again, that I seriously doubt; at least
for the next twenty-five years.

Why complain about old covers? After all they are balanced
out by your young letters. RT

LAWRENCE CRILLY "Twice Under heavily" wasn't bad in parts. I disagree
951 ANNA STREET with the bit about fan having more money now...not
ELIZABETH, N. J. all teenage fans are overflowing with cash. Like me.
The fans mitoudt der geld don't get into fanzine pub-
bing, so they aren't heard from as much as others. Ergo: no fans with-
out loads of money, or so it seems. As Ed meskys said, "Fandom is just
a Gnodamn way of going broke."

On the promag cycle: aren't you forgetting the high of 21 in '58?
Today there are 6 U.S. mags; 3 in Great Britain, none in Germany, 1 in

GRILLY, cont'd.

France, I in Sweden; none in the USSR from what I've heard (how would they get started there anyway? Seems to me that they'd be pressured by the government before long, something like the hassle in Germany some years back.) and probably no others outside of the one Japan has. Un, have to correct that,--just remembered I saw in SFTIMES a few months ago that Israel has two. Maybe others, too, but I doubt it...I'm a pessimist.

What do you mean "Some of Your Blood is a funny book", .hah? Funny-na-na, or funny-strange. Just because you think Sturgeon is a comedy writer, the book doesn't have to be humorous...look at some of the so-called comedians today.

✓ You have it backwards. I think Sturgeon is a comedy writer because of "Some of Your Blood" not the other way around.

Funny-na-na. Amusing. Laugh-provoking. Preposterous. RT✓

HARRY WARNER, JR. I will not, repeat, not, back again in comments on
423 SUMMIT AVE., Dynatron. This accounts for the unprecedented situ-
HAGERSTOWN, MD. ation of comments coming only two days after the
arrival of an issue. There is even a faint chance
that I might catch up on fanzine reading by Christmas. I would con-
sider this a fine, symbolic thing to do, since my main backlog piled up
as a result of the broken nip suffered last Christmas Eve. It all de-
pends on how well the fanzine editors of the nation restrain themselves
from publishing during the next two or three weeks.

The item about parapsychology in Russia was particularly interesting
to me. I might be able to dig out something more on the topic if I
ever found a few hours to spare in Washington at the Library of Congress,
which apparently gets all the Russian scientific journals, but I don't
quite know which ones to hunt for since there are so many possible
journals that might cover the topic. Once found, the material shouldn't
be too hard to read, because Russian is one of those languages in which
technical writing is more easily comprehended than literary works, sim-
ply because most of the long words are slight variants on familiar La-
tin and Greek terms that are used similarly in English.

I can think of one factor that Ed Cox doesn't mention on this rags
to riches trend in fandom. It is possible that part of the apparent
affluence is due to the fact that it is impossible for a fan to spend
much money on professional stf these years. Back in the 1940's, for
example, you might send \$25 to Arkham house in a typical year for new
books, you could get rid of a dollar or more at the newsstands on newly
arrived prozines each week, and new, non-reprint stf rarely appeared in
paperback form promptly and had to be purchased in expensive hard cover
editions to be sure of getting it. Now almost everything comes out in
soft covers almost at once, and you don't need to skip dessert at lunch
time very often to purchase prozines. I'm afraid that I never shared
the urge to visit Clark Ashton Smith. This was one famous writer whose
works never had the least appeal to me, except for a few semi-stf short
stories.

And I see that there is no end to the discussion of the fan awards.
After thinking and thinking, I can come to only one conclusion: the pro-
posal ran into so much opposition because it was pressed by a previous-
ly obscure fan and the older, more prominent fans resented this fact.
There has never been the least bit of criticism of this type for the
fan art shows at the world conventions, which are basically the very
thing that Willick has proposed on a larger scale. Of course that ri-
diculous design for the award that Frosser dreamed up deserved all the
blasting that it received, but this bit of bad taste really has nothing

WARNER, cont'd.

to do with the basic idea. I believe that there is no prozine today whose writing is as consistently good as that in Hyphen or with artwork as fine as that in Amra, and I think that fans are displaying inferiority complexes if they give out Hugos to the pros and ignore their own achievements.

Your notes on swords told me things whose existence I have never imagined. I know one fan, Walter Earl Marconette, who became a collector of Oriental weapons and armor when he gaffiated, and I think that Chuck Hansen is interested in exotic weapons. All I can hope is that your last sentence is completely accurate, or rather that last part of the final sentence. I don't like weapons, no matter how subtle their artistry.

It's a good thing that you are out of the reach of my vocal range, or you would hear a loud shazam for that bright remark about me and the fanzine reprint quarterly. Getting involved in something like that is just what I need to fill up all the empty hours that remain for fan activities after I've taken care of little things like some fan history research and writing letters to correspondents and fanzine editors and going to one Philcon after another and recuperating from Ella Parker and publishing for two ayjay groups and similar trivia. Somenow, I don't think that such a publication would work, anyway. It would be something like attending a Shakespeare play in which all the lesser known lines had been removed and only the most famous quotations and a soliloquy or two remained. Beethoven once junked a movement from a piano sonata, saying that it made the work too full of music, and replaced it with a less ambitious movement, and I think the basic thing holds good for fanzines: you can't enjoy an unbroken diet of the supernally important and significant articles.

One thing you should do before leaving Japan is to clear up something for the Gilbert and Sullivan addicts in fandom. They have been worrying themselves sick about the translation for the Japanese lines in The Mikado. Every time they locate a person with a knowledge of Japanese and ask for the meaning, he breaks down into uncontrollable fits of laughter after the first few words and never finishes. It's generally understood that Gilbert used some very vulgar language in order to have his own private joke with the staid Victorian audiences attending his operettas.

XG&S addict Ruth Berman sent me the Japanese words from The Mikado with the same request a while back. I took them to a couple of Japanese acquaintances and got the same answer from both. The words have no meaning. They are nonsense words presumably tossed into the operetta by Gilbert because he thought they sounded Japanese. So dies another legend and shatters another illusion or delusion as the case may be. RTX

X
Space left for only a few WAHFs. BOB SMITH of the Sydney Smitns and DR. ANTONIO DUPLA with comments on #6. GARY DEINDORFER is not only against the fan awards, he is also against the Hugos. But he likes Signal Voltage; says it has a late 40s flavor. KEN GENTRY with late comments on #7. LENNY KAYE who tells Mike Kurman that if he, Mike, that Dynatron's cover was bad he should have taken a good look at the one on MIAFAN 2. DON WOLLHEIM informs that the English translation of the article on Soviet Psi Experiments is in the Jun61 ish of "The Soviet Review". Gracias. BETTY KUJAWA sends in the long green. Enjoy letters like that. JOHN BAXTER checks in from Aussie as does BOB SMITH (What, again?) and there are also letters from JOHN W. CAMPBELL, SETH JOHNSON, and LEN MOFFATT. And I'm out of space.

XXXXX

TOKYO FILE

by

Takumi Shibano

Tokyo File is a regular report on the doings of the Japanese portion of the microcosm and is reprinted from Takumi Shibano's UCHUJIN. RTX

Several members of the Uchujin Club have made appearances in the pages of the weekly magazines lately. Tsutomu Miyazaki had a story, "The Samurai and the Time Travellers" published in the Sunday Mainichi. Takashi Mayumura had a children's SF story, "Martian Boy and Terrestrial Boy" in Shogaku Sannen. Kosumi Rei and Sachihiko Kitagawa have placed an article on SF with Shonen Sunday a weekly boy's magazine.

Yasutaka Tsutsui and the Null Club have brought out the 5th issue of NULL. The price is ¥120 from Yasutaka Tsutsui, 250 Senri-yama, Suita-shi, Osaka-fu, Japan.

PARANOIA #3, Akira Taji's personal fantasy magazine was issued. Akira's address is 592 Kami-Nishi, Mikage-machi, Higashi-Nada-ku, Kobe-shi, Japan.

"A Story of Days to Come" by H. G. Wells has just been published in the Hayakawa Fantasy series.

MISSHITSU, the fanzine of mystery stories, issued a special SF edition. This was their 30th issue and the magazine is published three or four times per year. The editor is Yoshihiro Tamura and the publisher is Toshiyuki Takeshita.

Shōtarō Ishimori, who went abroad and attended the Seacon, came back in November. His Seacon report will be published in the February issue of SF MAGAZINE.

The Japanese edition of EQMM for January featured "State of Assassination" by Poul Anderson and "Of Time and Eustace Weaver" by Frederic Brown.

Akane-shobo Company has published "World Space-Fiction Stories" edited by A. W. Ellis. This is a juvenile but well translated. It contains "Friday" by John Kippax, "The Ruum" by Arthur Forges, "No Place Like Earth" by Wyndham, "The Middle of the Week After Next" by Leinster, and "Breaking Strain" by Clarke.

The Uchujin Club is tentatively planning an English language edition of UCHUJIN. I expect Norio Itoh to be the main editor but this depends on his passing his entrance examination to Tokyo University. My plan, which is quite vague yet, calls for a first edition of about 20 pages. We may begin publishing in May and bring out three or four editions a year. Contents will be divided between fiction, articles, and letters.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

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THE ENDLESS STREAM

The nominating ballots for the Hugo will soon be making the rounds and, among other things, we will be pondering candidates for the "Best Fanzine" spot. I offer for your consideration UCHUJIN, published monthly by Takumi Shibano, 118 O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan. UCHUJIN is Japan's leading fanzine. In content and makeup it compares favorably with any professional magazine and features serious fiction and articles plus fannish items by both professional and fan writers. One drawback may be that UCHUJIN is written in Japanese and distribution outside Japan has been quite limited. Only a few fans in the States, Britain, and Australia have seen the magazine. However, we ballyhoo the con as the "World SF Convention" and as such publications from outside the Anglo-American portion of the microcosm should be considered. UCHUJIN is, in my opinion, the best the fan press had to offer during 1961. If those of you who have seen the magazine are somewhat inclined to agree, how about giving it a plug?

WHO'S WHO IN SF FANDOM, 1961. L. D. Broyles, Rt 6, Box 453P, Waco, Tex. 50¢ and worth it. Lloyd Broyles has, indeed, performed a labor of love in compiling this listing of 281 various and varied fen. The information contained in this off-set printed little book is informing, amusing, and readily understandable. There are some notable omissions, to be sure, but these are to be blamed on those who did not return Broyles' questionnaire rather than on Lloyd. WHO'S WHO is a valuable addition to any fan den. Don't miss it. And the next time you receive a questionnaire from L. D. Broyles fill it out and send it back to him.

FIVE.....BY FIVE #6. Thish by Art Rapp, 4400 Sunrise Dr., Apt 4, El Paso, Texas. No price listed and since there were only five copies issued it isn't available anyway. FIVE BY FIVE is the official publication of fandom's newest apa, the Carboniferous Amatuer Press Alliance (Carboniferous since the fmz is mostly carbon reproduced and the Carboniferous was the fifth period of the Paleozoic Era and since the members of CAPA are all on the "ancient" side and since--on, skip it), sometimes called the 5th Fandom Five. Membership in CAPA is limited to five fen who were active in the period known as Fifth Fandom. The current membership includes Art Rapp, Rick Sneary, Len Moffatt, Ed Cox, and (ahem) your reviewer. There is no waiting list for CAPA and no provisions in the by-laws for one. If one of the current members should decide to drop he will suggest his replacement. FIVE BY FIVE is issued monthly with each member of CAPA taking a turn as editor/publisher. The contents of the magazine are varied ranging from natterings to reviews to fiction to you name it. Illustrations include full color drawings as well as some in black and white and a variety of photographs. I'm not quite sure how I got involved with all these talented people but I'm happy that I did. FIVE BY FIVE is fabulous.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #58. Fred Patten, c/o Mathom House, 222 S Gramercy Pl, Los Angeles 5, Calif. 25¢. Bi-monthly. Actually #58 is edited by Joan Trimble who passes the reins to Patten starting with #59. One of the best SHAGGYs and one that is going to cause all sorts of comment. In an item titled "Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores, and Moochers" Joe Gibson tosses a bomb that should start a brawl. Joe says, in effect, it's time for a housecleaning. Hear! Hear! Ed Cox poses a question: What are we going to do about TAFF? TAFF is suffering greatly from lack of interest and unless we do something quick one of the best ideas fandom ever had is going to disappear. Let's hear some noise about TAFF out there and get it back on its feet. It's too good to drop.

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