

DYNATRON
#10

Great Roscoe! Do you realize that this is the 10th issue of DYNATRON? If we keep this up in another four or five years we'll become an old, established fanzine. Or something. More probably it will be or something. I note in the last YANDRO that after a year-and-a-half we've finally convinced Buck that DYNATRON appears bi-monthly. I guess that means we're established. So.

DYNATRON, which is not a publication of the LASFS despite the fact that it sometimes seems that way, is foisted upon the fannish microcosm by Roy and Chrystal Tackett from 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, U.S.A. (June Bonifas, you are not alone.) The current going rate is 15¢ per each or \$1 per eight. We also give away copies for Letters of Comment--which are subject to being printed--for contributions of material--do you want egoboo? Send in an article and see your name in print--in trade for other fanzines--mighod, there's a jillion of 'em--and for other odd reasons. DYNATRON is not copyrighted except by fannish custom. Franz Solcher has the German reprint rights, Takumi Shibano has the Japanese reprint rights, and Hector Fessina is the man in Argentina. By Ghu, but we're getting international these days. This is a Marinated Publication.

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The cover is by good man RIF Schultz who also put it on stencil for us. Gracias, arrigato, danke, and like thanks, man. A big locomotive for Dick Schultz.

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Just in case you're curious you got this issue because

- () You're subbed to issue # _____
- () You have material of some sort in thish.
- () Boy, could we use something by you in the nextish or so.
- () We trade for whatever it is you're putting out these days.
- () You, you fortunate person, are in CATA.
- () You are June Bonifas and you are not alone.
- () You sent in a LoC on the lastish.
- () You didn't and this is your lastish.
- () Think up your own reason.
- () A sample. For more see ways and means above.

March, 1962

Marinating

AN OLD CLICHE indicates that there is no place like home and at this particular stage I am inclined to agree. For many years "home" was wherever we happened to be at the time. It is a rather satisfying feeling, after having knocked about in various odd corners of the world for almost 20 years to have a place of our own in which there is no worry about landlords, government inspectors, the neighbor's kids, and other miscellaneous annoyances.

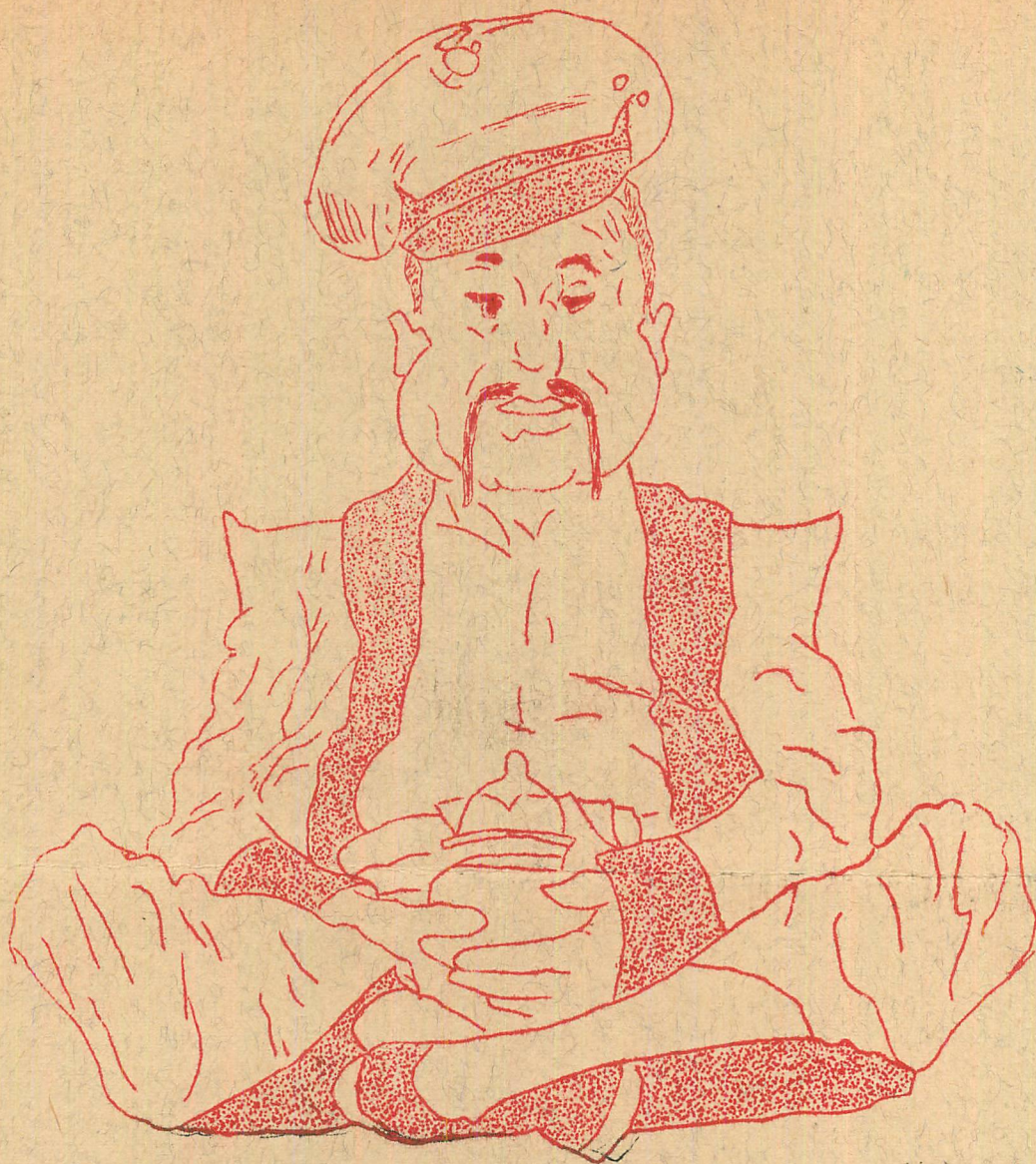
All of which indicates that I am in Albuquerque--for a brief period anyway. After a couple weeks leave I'll report to my new duty station, the Marine Corps Air Station at Yuma, Arizona (the middle of the desert does seem to be a strange place for "soldiers of the sea" to be stationed), where I'll spend just about two months before "retiring". Retiring in quotes there because I don't want to give you the impression that I'm going to spend the rest of my time in fishing or fanatic. One can not raise a family on the amount of retainer pay I'll get.

I left Iwakuni early on the morning of 17 February and as the aircraft lifted off the runway I breathed a sigh of relief figuring that I'd never see that place again. Ha! The liaison NCO met me at Atsugi and informed me that I'd have to return to Iwakuni immediately. "Wuffo? I wanted to know. "There's a lot of property on charge to you that is missing" he said. This caused me a bit of puzzlement inasmuch as the man who relieved me had signed for the property before I left. I put through a long distance call to my former CinC who told me that they couldn't find the vulcanizing kit and I'd have to come back until it was located. Presumably I was under suspicion of having it in my hip pocket--all three hundred pounds of it. "The vulcanizing kit," I told him, "is stored in the attic of the maintenance building." We wouldn't take my word for it, though, so I hopped the next plane back to Iwakuni, muttering a wide variety of curses under my breath, where I led my former CinC to the attic of the Maintenance Building and showed him the ~~the~~ vulcanizing kit. He apologized profusely for not taking my word for it and for having called me back "but you know how it is, Sgt Tackett." Yeah, I know how it is.

On the morning of the 18th I had another go at getting away from Iwakuni and this time was successful in reaching the trans-Pacific terminal at Tachikawa about noon. My flight left at midnight and I didn't really relax until the DC-7 was airborne over the Pacific.

We came back on a flight chartered from Riddle Airlines, one of those mysterious (to me) airlines which seems to exist entirely on government charters. There are about three of these airlines that no one ever hears of but who do a lucrative busi-





"DO YOU REALLY THINK I'VE SPENT TOO MUCH TIME IN THE ORIENT?"

ness chartering flights to Uncle. One nice thing about this set-up, from the point of view of the passenger, is the presence of stewardesses instead of the male flight crew found on military flights. And if nobody else appreciates TV dinners the airlines certainly do. They are an improvement over the box lunch.

LISTEN, ALREADY. IT'S ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF.

I TRAVELED BACK THROUGH TIME? In a manner of speaking, that is. We left Tachikawa at 11:45 p.m. on 18 February and landed at Honolulu at 4:30 p.m. on 18 February thereby giving me a chance to live part of my life over again. Ah, yes, you cannot change the past. During my return visit to the 18th of February I found myself doing the same thing I did during my first passage through that day--sitting around an airline terminal reading GALAXY.

The next leg of the trip was from Honolulu to Travis Air Force Base which is located northwesterly of San Francisco. Dawn was breaking as we neared the California coast; the seemingly omnipresent clouds appeared as a solid layer just beneath the plane. We dipped lower and lower until we were just skimming the tops of the clouds

and it is weird and shuddery to have the great and billowy greyness slowly rise around you until all that exists outside your cabin window is a featureless nothingness. Suddenly we broke through the clouds and there were the East Bay cities strung out below, a glittering necklace of lights on the breast of the Bay.

The trip from Travis to the San Francisco airport was somewhat nostalgic as I passed through the familiar countryside, even the names on the road signs evoking memories. Signs pointing to Vacaville, Napa, Benicia, Vallejo. The hills were green after the winter rains and small herds of sheep were busily turning the grass into fat. The bus sped along U.S. 40 which is now called Interstate 80 for some reason known only to the planners in Washington. Just before we reached the twin bridges spanning Carquinez strait (I remember when there was only one) we topped a rise and I got my first glimpse of the City I had called home for many years--there across the bay, sparkling in the sun, was San Francisco. It is still one of the most beautiful sights in the world. And then came the houses. Small clusters at first but as we neared the East Bay cities they turned into something akin to an obscene tide flowing up out of the Bay and inundating the hills. Row upon row upon row of houses, crowding each other for the sun like trees in a tropical rain forest. I love the Bay area but there is more elbow room in New Mexico. When I look out the window of my house here in Albuquerque I am not looking into the window of my nextdoor neighbor.

I had a bit of time at the San Francisco airport so tried to call Donoho but he was, presumably, at work. A change of planes in Los Angeles did give me an opportunity to call Mathom House and chat briefly with Bjohn. Then it was into the air again for the hour and a half flight to Albuquerque and a reunion with our fair publisher and number one and number two daughters.

Sign on a poster at Tachikawa: "Buy American. Patronize your own Army and Air Force theater." 'Tis a sad commentary when an appeal to patriotism is necessary to get people to patronize those horrible "Hollywood pictures."

The mention of food is vital to any trip report so I'll pause briefly at the airport restaurant. The people who operate these things evidently go on the assumption that if one can afford to travel one can afford almost anything. Also, since most airports are miles and miles from anywhere they've a captive market. Which means that prices are tripled at least. A hamburger, for instance, is available at almost any greasy spoon for 30¢. At an airport restaurant it becomes a "delicious grilled sandwich made of choice chopped beef", is served open faced--thereby saving one slice of bread--and goes for 90¢. This is known as old-fashioned American initiative.

Los Angeles International Airport: 21st Centuryville. The planes taxi onto the ramp and a wing of the terminal moves out to meet the plane. Inside is a scene straight out of Things To Come: long echoing halls, vast domed rooms, closed circuit television and futuristic telephones built into the walls. Guess maybe it's not all so futuristic any more.

We've switched to elite type for this issue using Chrystal's Smith-Corona for the stencil cutting. If you prefer the pica type we've been using previously let me know. I'm easy to get along with.

The walls in this brand new house of ours look mighty bare. We're in the market for some fantasy and science-fictional artwork suitable for framing and display. Any sellers out there?

Psst. We also need articles of a sfictional or fantasy nature for future DYNATRONS. And artwork.

ROY TACKETT

It appears that just about everyone is returning to the fannish scene these days. Steven Muir had a story in the Season issue of WRR and now shows up in DYNATRON.

A M E T I O N

by

STEVEN L. MUIR

Thomas Judson Feezer was born into the world about the same as most anybody else. His early days and weeks and months and years were, on the whole, on par with that of the Average American child. But by the time he was about seven years old, a disturbing facet of his yet unmolded personality began to display itself.

Tommy Feezer didn't care.

In general, he didn't much care about things and in particular, about what he wanted to be when he grew up. It first became a sort of problem when the proverbial Rich Uncle came to visit shortly after Tommy's seventh birthday.

It was in July. Tommy knew that Company was coming. The way Mother was careful to tidy up the house even after she'd just finished cleaning it quite thoroughly yesterday. And he had to get all washed up and put on clothes that he didn't usually wear except to Sunday School and when they went visiting or to the Park. He didn't care much though, except for the inconvenience and that he couldn't go outside to play (he wanted to go out and continue to observe the ant-anhid relationship on the rose bushes).

Usually at this time of the summer, salads, cool and crisp and tasty, were the general rule on Sunday afternoons but today Mother had gone to the trouble of roasting beef and all sorts of things that left her in a fret about the heat and her having time to change and so on. Tommy slipped away to his room away from the general hubbub. A lot of people had suddenly come from nowhere.

The big, long and shiny, black car pulled up in front of their house and a big man in a black suit (not practical in the July sun) got out. He was big but not fat, and had a straw hat over a lobster-red face and a long, fat cigar. You almost didn't notice his wife who was small and slim, with a really sweet face.

They were met at the door by Tommy's folks and a lot of talk and helloing and stuff went on. Tommy's older brother, John, was especially happy to see Uncle Jack. Then came the "Oh, Thomas, come down." He resignedly left the comfortable solitude of his room and went down the stairs to the milling group of people now filtering into the living room.

"Come meet your Uncle Jack, Tommy!" boomed his father with an unusual heartiness. Tommy was led up to the big man and gravely accepted the big paw thrust down at him.

"Well, well, Tom, my boy! How are you?"

"Very fine, sir." he replied gravely. The man's eyes sparkled and happy crinkles at the corners of his eyes accompanied his toothy-white grin.

"Well, a grave one, eh? And how old are you, Tom, boy?"

"I'm seven years and two months, exactly," he said.

The man straightened up a moment and flashed a smile to Tommy's father. "Ha, a precocious one, eh, Jud?" Tom's father made a nervously humorous reply.

"Yuh don't recognize me, do you Tom," he said as they went into the living room. "Been in Europe and such places for the last nine years or so. Heard about you, though." Tom walked silently along and stood nearby as others were introduced to Uncle Jack and Auntie Ellen. He had about decided to slip away when attention was again turned to him, the youngest of the household.

"Goin' to school now, eh?" said Uncle Jack, rather than asking, the wide white smile ever-present.

"Yes sir," replied Tommy.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" With the big, white smile.

"I don't know," replied Tommy.

"Eh? You don't?" A puzzled glance toward Tommy's father. "Why every young lad wants to be Something when he grows up. An engineer or an explorer or an aviator or something. Eh?"

"Well, uh, haha, I guess Tommy wants to think it over a little bit" offered his father. He was definitely disappointed in his son's reply.

"You sure, Tom boy, you don't want to be a fireman or the President of the United States or something like that?" pursued Uncle Jack.

"I don't really care, sir," came the slightly astounding answer.

After this bit of a faux pas, the family hastened to entertain the Rich Uncle with other tales of the doings of the Family and gradually it became time for dinner. Tommy ate silently and as soon as it was over and the women retired to the living room to leave the men to talk and smoke at the table, he unobtrusively made his exit.

It was during his freshman year at highschool that the school people requested that Tommy's parents come to see them about their son. His parents had noticed an apparent disinterest in most things that (and they glossed over the phrase) "normal" boys of Tom's age were engrossed in. His grades in school were only average and he spent a lot of time reading. Never was there any real rapport in the father-son relationship such as shared by Tom's older brother and his father.

"Mr Feezer, we're sure that Thomas could be an exceptional student, win scholarships even, if he tried," the principal told Tom's father. "But he doesn't show any interest. He exerts only enough effort to pass and no more. He doesn't mix well with his classmates and his student activity is nil."

His father had nothing much to say about the situation but he promised, at the end of the talk, to have a little chat with his son.

Thomas Judson Feezer was now fifteen and displaying early signs of handsomeness of body and features to come in maturity. He listened to his father's earnest talk and tried not to appear bored. Which he was. He wanted to get down to the library before it closed for the night, so he fended off further entreaties by his puzzled parent with a promise to do better in school. His father seemed relieved and he left his son to his own ends.

In his junior year in high school, Thomas Feezer was Class President, blazing center of the basketball team, outstanding pitcher of the baseball team (clinching

the teams' championships in both cases), outstanding student in every one of his classes, displaying a knowledge and insight that frankly astounded his instructors and caused them to wonder about his performance during previous years in the school. His parents, of course, were extremely proud and to a greater degree than they would have cared to admit, relieved. His Uncle Jack was informed, in a round-about manner, of course, of young Tom's successes.

But it was short-lived. Midway through his senior year, everybody, including numerous girls both attractive and talented and, some, willing, who had relentlessly pursued the Most Popular (and hard to interest) Boy, discovered that he had lost it, whatever it had been. Tom, of course, could have told them what it was. Interest, and a promise. He felt that he had fulfilled it and was slightly annoyed when his father called him to his den one evening.

"Tom, it's time we had a real serious talk about things."

Tom sat there quietly, listening respectfully. It was about all he could manage.

"I don't know what's wrong with you, to be truthful. You did fine last year. But now what's happened to you? I'll tell you that a lot of my friends, some of them very influential businessmen in this town, were interested in you, Tom." He stoked up his pipe. "There may have been very good positions waiting for you." He glanced sharply at his son. Then leaned forward. "Uncle Jack could easily put you through college. I've done all I could to bring up this family right. I'll be lucky to get John through college and the girls properly married. It's up to you, Thomas, to help me help yourself." He looked at his son. "You do want to go to college?"

"I suppose so, Father."

"You suppose so! Good Lord, Tom, you've not even shown any great interest in your future! What about a career? What do you want to do?" He puffed nervously at his pipe. "What've you been doing in school? Taking any and all things that came into your head with no special plan for the future! Tom, tell me, what, really, what do you want to do?"

His son sighed. "I don't know, father," he lied. For by now he did know what he was going to do. But he didn't intend to bring it to light yet.

"God save me! You don't know! Well, young man, you'd better decide quickly! We all have only so many years to prepare and then there is the problem of living, supporting a family. The better you are prepared, the better your life will be."

Tom didn't especially care about it. He plodded disinterestedly through his senior year in high school and graduated with a comfortable but not outstanding margin of credit.

It was that same year, shortly after graduation, that he caused a small electric motor to run by grasping its leads and transferring electrical power to it from an open wall socket four feet away. His parents, of course, didn't know this.

Three weeks later he killed a cageful of lions at the city zoo while standing in the crowd. He left the turmoil with a helathy contempt for the amazed bystanders who, along with the keepers, couldn't understand the sudden collapse of the cats. That same day he caused an airplane to spiral down out of the sky with a dead engine, and let it land, completely responding to his commands and not to those of the desperate pilot.

He knew that his long, patient waiting was about to be rewarded by the culmination of his maturity. He was vastly amused by the sudden rash of headlines in the papers from panicked observatories when the moon displayed an unusual wobble in its orbit for two nights in a row. He lay in bed at night, his mind roving the city, and later the world, looking in on people in all walks of life and situations with a frank interest. It was petty to his interests but still he was amused to find that Betty Rowan did use falsies.

Shortly before his 19th birthday, his father decided to lay down the law. Here his son was out of high school and hadn't as much as tried to get a job or display any interest in higher education. He called him into the den one morning before leaving for work.

"Tom, what in blazes are you going to do? I remember many years ago when your Uncle Jack first saw you. He asked you what you wanted to be when you grew up and you told him then that you didn't know. Well, here you are a few years from being grown up and apparently you still don't know." He stoked up his pipe, as always. "Now I can accuse you of being a useless, no account wastrel son because you haven't been, to my knowledge, "here he squinted sharply at his son's impassive features. "You've just simply done nothing."

Tom shrugged. "Good Lord, Tom," his father continued, "is that your only reply? What are you going to do? Tell me something."

"All right, father. I will. Now." He leveled a penetrating gaze on his father that Judson Feezer had never before known. "I haven't told you all of these years, even though I knew when I was seven years old, what I'm going to do. You wouldn't have believed me!" His father's eyebrows shot up and his jaw dropped. What could this be?

"Why, whuh, what are you going to do, Tom?"

"I'm going to rule the world, my dear father," he said, and walked from the room without another word.

His astounded parent dashed out after him, but Tom was nowhere to be found. In fact, it was three days before the grieved parents found out where their son was, but by then governments all over the world were toppling with tremendous crashes before a Power that was invincible and utterly ruthless.

And on the night of the New Rule when the world-wide radio/telecast was made by the Ruler, it was their son they saw, his voice, hard and utterly cruel, crackling through the speaker.

STEVEN L. MUIR

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I fear somewhat for the repro on this. These stencils are over ten years old; a bit on the dry side. No fmz reviews this time. Chrys mailed a stack to me about the 5th of January and we figured that the rest could wait until I got back to Albuquerque. Verily, there is no end to the flood; we have received 45 fanzines in the past seven weeks--almost one per day. Don't you people ever sleep? And then there are a dozen or so letters to answer and the last two issues of ANALOG are as yet unread and two or three other books that haven't even been looked into as yet. My leave, I fear, will be all too short.

Tsk. I let my sub to F&SF expire since it was, in my opinion, a waste of money. Now that A. Davidson is taking over as editor I'll have to pick up an issue or two at the newsstand to see if there is any improvement. Please, Avram, no more of these cute little literary pieces--let's have some solid fantasy and science fiction for a change.

RT

XXXXX

A few issues back we ran "A Psalm For Fen" in which Len Moffatt sang the praises of the FIJAGH attitude towards fannish activity. That issue finally reached Aussieland and moved John Baxter, of the Sydney Baxters, to present a rebuttal.

THE SECOND PSALM FOR FEN

by

JOHN M. BAXTER

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife
To all the mundane world proclaim.
Fandom Is A Way Of Life!
FIJAGH, Moffatt? Boo! For shame!

Say not the struggle naught availleth
Say not that fanatic is in vain.
Mayhap in some Deglerian heaven,
In fields Elysian, happy, sane;
A happy fanning-ground awaits us:
Liquor potent, ferme-fans pink.
From one fountain, icy root-beer,
From another, mimeo ink!

Ah, but there's a catch my brothers -
Not for all this future gay.
Only Trufans are admitted,
While others must be turned away.
So let the cry be FIAWOL! FIAWOL!
Fan like crazy, booze your dough,
Work yourself to death at thirty
And off to Paradise you'll go.

XXXXX

JOHN M. BAXTER

TOKYO FILE

by
TAKUMI SHIBANO

On 10th February I sent Roy a letter and a parcel to Iwakuni by express delivery but it was returned to me on 16 February because they do not handle special delivery for U. S. forces in Japan. Stupid and stubborn postmen!

We have just published UCHUJIN #53. I would like to review the contents for you.

The lead story is "Project" by Tadashi Hirose. A humorous story of parallel world in which Japan and Germany had won the 2nd World War because their scientists invented a time machine. Then time travel competition between these countries began which led to much confusion in the "present" because their experiments stirred the past. Finally Hayato, the premier of Japan sent the time machine inventor ten million years into the past. This changed the world to as it is now and when the time traveler returned from the past to report on the experiment he found that Hayato Ikeda, the present prime minister of Japan, knew nothing of the experiments or of time travel.

The article this month is "SF Stories of Rudyard Kipling" by Alan Burns.

"Space Pirate Prefecture" by Den Yoshimitsu is the first of a series of short stories which will be published in UCHUJIN.

"The Tutoress" by Aritsune Toyoda and "Leonora" by Kazimesu Hirai are both variations on the femal robot plot.

And, of course, we have our letter column and other features.

A new fanzine has been born in Tokyo! Motoshige Kato, 155, 4-chome, Omori, Ohta-ku, Tokyo, has brought out "The Space Ship". It is planned to be a four page monthly.

Shin-ichi Hoshi's third anthology of short-short stories, "Paradise Where Satan Lives" has just been published by Chuokoron-sha.

SF MAGAZINE has evidently ceased to be a reprint version of F&SF. The new subtitle in English on the front of the magazine reads "The Magazine of Science Fiction and Fact" and the F&SF credits no longer appear.

Morihiro Saito is writing a series of super-science non-fiction articles for SF MAGAZINE, KAGAKU-YOUMIURI, and YOUMIURI WEEKLY. Morihiro is a member of the Uchujin Club.

AUTO-BY, a magazine for motorcycle hobblists, has published two SF stories by Uchujin Club members. The February issue had "Time Motorcycle" by Tadashi Mayumura and the March issue contained "The Invisible Motorcycle" by Tadashi Taka.

TOSHO-SHIMBUN, a leading book review weekly, carried a rather big article titled "Japanese SF Fanzines" in its January 20 issue telling of Japanese and foreign fandoms and reviewing UCHUJIN and NULL.

NEW BOOKS: "A Green Child" by Herbert Read, published by Misuzu Shobo. "When The Kissing Had To Stop" by C. Fitzgibbon, published by Ronso-sha. "L'art et la Litterature Fantastique", a critical essay by Louis Voux, published by Wakusui-sha. Tetsu Yano has translated "The Last Planet" by F. Dallas for Kodansha and A. Copel's "Dark December" for Hayakawa-shoba.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

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A VISIT TO THE UCHUJIN CLUB

by

ARITSUNE TOYODA

On January 15 the Uchujin Club met at Ichiro Kanoh's house in Tokyo. Attendants of the day's meeting were Takumi Shibano, Kazumasa Hirai, Norio Itoh, Hideo Tsuchiya, Tadashi Hirose, Jun Miyazaki, Ichiro Kanoh, and myself, as well as our special guest, Tack Mayumura, the second prize winner of SF MAGAZINE's story contest, who came from Osaka City with his beautiful wife.

Tack Mayumura related his opinions about the future of Japanese SF and the classification of SF stories. Usually SF stories are classified as robot stories, time stories, space stories, etc, or as strange adventure tales, utopia tales, science stories, etc. This classification is seen in the article, "The Development of Science Fiction" by Charles Gordon Vaughn which appeared in the Canadian fanzine, ROVER. But Tack's classification is different. He classifies all sorts of literature as SF stories. He says that every literary work exists in its own world. According to Tack's classification, the world which Shenkivitch described in "Quo Vadis", the Roman Empire, is a story of a past world. He classifies all forms of literary works as the past world, the present world, the possible world, the indefinite world, and the supposed world. The possible world would include many SF stories of things that are likely to happen in the near future. The indefinite world is the far future. The supposed world includes most fantasy stories.

The meeting ended after a warm discussion about Tack's classification of literature. I find Tack to be one of the most enthusiastic SF fans in this country. He thinks from the depths of his heart eagerly about the future development of Japanese science-fiction and is often in contact with the Null Group in Osaka. Takumi and Ichiro charged him that the fans in Osaka, both the members of the Null Club and the Uchujin branch there, are not as active as they should be. The Tokyo group feels that Osaka fandom should do more professional writing and also engage in correspondence with foreign fans.

The next day the members of the Uchujin Club visited Osamu Tezuka, the greatest cartoonist in Japan, who draws SF cartoons primarily. Osamu welcomed us warmly and showed us his work in animated pictures. He has just finished work on the Tohei motion picture animation of "The Arabian Nights" in cooperation with Morio Kita, an enthusiastic SF fan, and Akutagawa, a prize winning professional writer. In this animation picture, Osamu and Morio regard the one-eyed cyclops as a creature from outer space!

ARITSUNE TOYODA

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Aritsune seems to be one of the most fannish of the Japanese fans I have contacted. His address is c/o Koyama-so, 1-57 Asahigaoka, Nerima ku, Tokyo, Japan. Aritsune and Tadashi Kousai, who appeared in Dynatron 9 under the pseudonym of Tadashi Taka, are playing with the idea of an English language fanzine. Aritsune says he'd much enjoy hearing from fans from various portions of the world. RT

XXXXX
GALAXY seems to be improving under Fohl. In the February issue "Critical Mass," "The Big Engine" and "The Day After Doomsday" were all enjoyable. Jim Harmon's "The Place Where Chicago Was" left me cold and all I can say about the two "articles" is: "Ecch!"

There's too little mention of fantasy these days. How about some of you fantasy fans out there sending in a contribution or three? And, of course, we also will happily accept essays and articles centered around science-fiction. Or fandom. Or most anything else so long as there is some connection with the field.

RT

XXXXX

A while back I made some sort of remark about Owen Hannifen being unduly influenced by the LASFS. Now, by Roscoe, it appears that Dynatron is becoming a sort of unofficial organ of the LASFS. HELP! Well, actually, I find it all to be of interest and hope you do, too. RT.

LEN MOFFATT

KEEP SMILING

The other night--February 1st, 1962, to be exact--I attended a meeting of The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society. Due to poor health and worse weather I hadn't been to a meeting for several weeks, but the old club was still meeting at its "new" address, despite a notification from ye L.A. zoning dept. that it would have to move, FDQ. However, the Final Notice has been given, and after Feb 8, the LASFS may no longer meet at Mathom House. (Bjohn, Ernie, Jack, & assorted felines will continue to live there, of course, and hope to remain there for a good long time.) Thanks to one nosey, bigoted neighbor the zoning dept learned that our club was meeting in an R1 (strictly residential) zone, and tho all of the other neighbors have made no complaints, the law is the law, and must be obeyed. This same Bad Neighbor has attempted to cause trouble for the Mathom House residents themselves, but the latter aren't about to be Pushed Around by this malignant minority of one, as they have every right to live there, to publish magazines on an amateur basis, to make home movies, to have parties, etc. Bjohn & Co. distributed a mimeod letter around the neighborhood, telling about themselves, and the trouble this one yahoo was attempting to make for them. The response to this letter (which I suspect was written by Bjo) was heartwarming, and shows what good public relations can do. Phone calls from various neighbors, including the ones who live closest to Mathom House, revealed that they had no complaints, that it certainly wasn't they who were phoning the law, and that they were delighted to have such friendly, courageous, and fascinating people as their neighbors! Three Cheers and a big old friendly tigercat for the residents of Mathom House, and the friendly folks in their neighborhood. But, despite this show of friendliness, the Law, having been duly informed of the club's presence in an R-1 zone, will insist that the LASFS must hold its weekly meetings elsewhere. (Bjohn have volunteered to keep the club's library there, and available to members at reasonable hours, as well as the publishing equipment. This helps, but as of this writing no suitable meeting room has been found. But let's hope that one is rented by the time this sees print, as it would be a shame to break the continuity of meeting regulary every Thursday nite for years and years and years.....)

I've had an increased interest in Public Relations recently, thanks to the Business Course I'm taking. The latter consists of 24 textbooks, covering two years of studying, research, and monthly examinations. January's text dealt with Public Relations, and, of course, the Importance of this subject in the world of Business. But "public relations"--not to be confused with paid advertising, press agentry, and twisted propaganda--is important for all of us, and to all of us, in all walks of life. True, a business will use paid ads, press agentry, and twisted propaganda, as "tools" of their public relations efforts, but the true and basic purpose of public relations is to communicate with employees, customers, stockholders...to inform all of these people, accurately and honestly, about the business, company, or whatever, and thus to create a feeling of trust and good will. And that, of course, is what most of us are trying to do, as citizens, as residents of this planet, yes, and as fans.

Edco's plea for the use of public relations for TAFF is noteworthy in this respect. His suggestion of having a regular TAFF publication is one way of doing it, despite such drawbacks as the lack of time (and money) by the fan or fans capable of doing the job. Another suggestion was to get more fans to stand for TAFF, to make

the race more exciting, and therefore of more general interest. This, too, is part and parcel of good public relations. And I think that more interest in TAFF could be engendered by more writing about it in all of the fanzines. Most fanzines limit themselves to a plug for their favorite candidate, and sometimes a brief explanation of what TAFF is all about. (Edco's column on the subject is a good public relations item, for instance!) Other articles, stories, illos, poems even, could be published in the genzines, all dealing with TAFF. Many could be written by past TAFF winners, as well as by current candidates, and by other fans who are keenly interested in the subject. Once a year, each genzine (and ezazines, for that matter) could publish a special ish devoted to TAFF. No upcharge for the ish would be necessary, but the ish itself would be a good PR job for TAFF, meaning that it should be exceptionally entertaining, as well as informative. And so on. TAFF could continue to operate for several years, with no special effort made to gain more supporters and more candidates per election, just barely getting by financially, but there's no reason why its fun and importance can't be communicated to a greater number of fans. Stronger interest means stronger finances, so that the time could come when two TAFF winners could be elected each year, every year, one from each side of the Pond. Then I could revive my idea of changing TAFF to TOFF (TransOceanFanFund), in the hopes of bringing over fans from Down Under, or from Japan, as well as from the British Isles, Germany, etc. FR for TAFF? Yes, indeed, and let all of us be good FR men or women.

Having covered some good examples of FR, let's take a look at an example of bad public relations: the Fan Achievement Awards, as proposed by George Willick. At the moment we know that some fans are in favor of having such awards, and some are not. There are also those who simply couldn't care less, one way or t'other. Personally sneaking, I see nothing wrong in the idea. Other hobby groups have similar award programs, so why shouldn't fandom? Such ingroup awards mean little or nothing to outsiders, but they can mean something—from egoboo, pure and simple, to a sort of challenge to fan writers, rubbers, etc, to improve their output—within the group itself. I'm not going to go into the aspects of the present set up, as to whether or not said set up is the best way to find out what and who are Best in fandom. Other set ups have been suggested, such as electing a group of respected, top notch fans to do the yearly selecting of award winners. But any arrangement for selecting or electing the best in each fanish category is likely to have strong and weak points. The basic question is: does fandom want the Awards? Not does it need them, for if it needs them it will surely want them. By the same token it could want them without really needing them. (Example: fandom doesn't really need yet another fanzine, but if a new one was published and it turned out to be a really Great fanzine, most fans would want it.)

A good preliminary FR job could have made the majority of fans want the Awards, and I don't mean "brainwashing" fans into believing that they are great writers, printers, or wotever, and therefore deserve Awards for their best efforts. The Awards, as I see them, are simply for the best within the hobby field, not for the best in the whole wide world of fandom and mundania combined. But the approach to introducing the idea was wrong, in some respects—almost antagonistic, and many fans were antagonistic in return. The nude statuette suggested as the symbol for the Awards affronted the good taste of some, and afforded others a good belly laugh. True, it was only suggested, not presented as a Final Decision, but the suggestion itself was enough to cause many to doubt Willick's ability and good sense. The follow-up publicity to the presentation of the idea was bad, too. Nevertheless, the Awards Committee is established and is circulating nominating ballots. I know that George and the rest of the committee are attempting to gain ground lost by the initially poor public relations. But even now there are fans who still think that the nekkid statuette is still to be used, that I'm on the committee, and some are confused by the multi-teller voting set up. I found this out the other night at LASFS. Now LASFS is only one fan club, but it's as representative as the next fan club or local group, in constant contact with the rest of fandom. If some of its members haven't gotten the word, think of all the other fan groups in the world....

Bruce Felz, who is about as fanactive as a fan can get, talked to the club about the Awards, and I was able to correct him on more than one point. He had a nomination ballot in his hand at the time, too. In fact, that was the subject of his discourse. He suggested we reproduce the ballot and get all the "west coast fans" to stuff the ballot box in favor of certain fans, fanzines, columns, artists, etc. The "winners" he had in mind were the NY fans and zines who had lampooned or otherwise grotched at the idea of the Awards. Thus, a double-ploy, aimed at the NY fans and at Willick. This idea got some laughs, of course, as irony, especially two-way irony usually does. But Bruce himself had to grotch a little when he learned that a donation was required with each nominating ballot. Well, we could all make minimum donations, even if pennies were frowned upon by the Awards Committee... He went on from there, talking up his plan, and meanwhile I was wondering just who all these "west coast fans" would be. The regular attendees of LASFS wouldn't be enough, but perhaps he meant to get the Bay Area fans, and the Seattle fans in on the deal. (Many LASFS members are actifans, and being such, have minds of their own. I doubt if a majority, let alone all of them, could be talked into voting Bruce's way. I'm sure the same can be said of the other actifans up and down the west coast, or in fandom in general, for that matter. Those who don't go for the Awards idea just won't vote or contribute at all.)

John Trimble took the floor, and stated his feelings on the matter. He didn't think much of the Awards idea but was willing to give it a fair chance. He would sit back and await the results. If enough fans liked the idea, there would be enough votes--and enough money--to make it a success. He didn't feel that an attempt should be made to scuttle the Awards by fakery or trickery. I agreed with him, for as I had told George months ago, the acid test would be when the returns were all in. With the poor FR job, and all the misinformation and partial information about the deal, there was no real way of telling how many fans favored the idea, and how many did not--not to mention the couldn't-care-less school. But the returns on the ballots should tell the story, barring the success of such schemes as the one proposed by Felz.

I plan to send in a nominating ballot and donation, and I will be voting for the persons and things I think are best. I hope each of you do the same, using your own judgement as to who and what were Best in fandom in 1961.

However, if Ted White should win one or more of the plaques, it could mean one of two things: (1) Bruce went ahead with his plan, and made it work, or (2) the majority of voters have a penchant for "lecher images"...

Kidding aside, it would be a bad thing if such a scheme were pushed, whether or not it actually succeeded. What if Ted, or Pete, or Terry, or Bhub actually did win by virtue of the true votes cast? Knowing that such a scheme had been attempted would cast doubt on their authenticity as winners, and, of course, ruin the Awards idea without giving it a chance to prove itself. Bruce's pitch was made during the course of a regular LASFS meeting, and therefore would be included in the minutes which are published for all and sundry to read in his own MENACE OF THE LASFS. The MENACE is supposed to contain all of the minutes and the minutes are supposed to contain all of the club meeting discussions. So, if you subscribe to the MENACE, (and you should, for it serves as a good newsmag for members and non-members alike) you will be reading about the plan there. Let's hope that Bruce inserts one of his "editorial comments" to the effect that he has given up the idea, for what ever reason. Hoaxes can be fun but let's not overdo it. If the Fan Awards succeed in becoming established and acceptable, you can join in the fun, or shrug "so what?" and continue to ignore it all. If the idea flops, you can always say "I told you so", and be as smug as you like about it all. But now that a committee has been established and is working at the job, give 'em an even break. Willick himself has said that he favors feuding in fandom, but most of us don't. Why not prevent a very unnecessary feud by letting fans themselves decide whether or not they want annual Awards?

LEN MOFFATT

HARRY WARNER, JR. Let me be among the first to welcome you back to the United
423 SUMMIT AVE., States. ~~Than' kyu.~~ RT ~~You~~ You may consider yourself henceforth as
HAGERSTOWN, MD. a returning Admiral Perry, not yet aware of what you may have
unleashed upon this nation by opening up Japan's fan civilization
to the Western World. Maybe it'll be Tokyo in Seven-Oh. ~~Why not?~~ RT

I don't like downright draftdodging any more than you do. But this nation has apparently always been about the same in the military sense. Let me quote from Fleming's Now We Are Enemies, a study of Breed's Will: "The economic opportunities of the new world and the American tradition of personal independence combined to make army life, with its harsh discipline and low pay, singularly unappealing to the average colonial. But when the emergency was great, and their best men responded to the call to arms, the Americans had fought well enough." I don't think that peacetime conscription is the answer to the nation's problems. It's accidental if it gets men who really are suited for military life, and nations that maintain large standing armies in peacetime usually get defeated in wartime, because they stick to the peacetime weapons and fighting methods while the hastily rearmed nations have the latest stuff and usually win with it. My own ideal for this country would be an extremely small and very well-paid hard core of servicemen, a couple of hundred thousand strong, who would be picked for intelligence and physical strength and ability to command, plus the requirement that all healthy men spend a couple of hours weekly in a national guard type of home town training for a few years: not that they'd learn anything, but in order to get accustomed to taking orders and obeying officers. They'd be the enlisted men and the servicement would be the officers in case of war.

Envoy puzzles me a trifle. If I read the ending correctly, the most stupendous coincidence of all time is involved here: that the imposter should have accidentally happened upon an interplanetary secret for the basis for his story, then paid a visit to one person who was in a position to make a mistake about his real character. The only other thing that worries me is how a story written in Japanese characters can manage to reproduce the inversion of letters that is translated here as Suhtlam.

There are no regular prozines in Russia, but not because of government prohibitions as Larry Grilly assumes. Governments stop magazines from appearing only in countries where there is a semi-dictatorship, like Germany or France. In Russia, the government is strong enough to make sure that the magazine is suitable to the political purposes from the outset. Russia does have several magazines which are quite similar to the old Gernsback Science and Invention, containing a mixture of speculative articles about future applications of science, reports on current scientific matters, and science fiction stories. At least one of them has had an all-stf issue, without continuing that policy. There have been many collections of short stf stories, anthologies, and stf novels published in paperback and hardcover editions in Russia. There is no evidence of specific fan clubs or other forms of stf fandom in Russia, but there are young scientist groups that may be on the verge. It's impossible that Russia would ever have the kind of fandom we have, of course, because a dictatorship does not let individuals use duplicating devices to put out amateur magazines. The NFFF almost set up a program of locating stf enthusiasts in Russia a couple of years ago, then chickened out.

~~Regarding~~ Envoy, I think you read it right. That's the same reaction I received from it. No problem on Suhtlam-Malthus. English is in wide use throughout Japan and proper names of foreigners often, but not always, are written in the Roman characters. Japanese zines are a curious mixture of Chinese characters, kana, and Roman letters. # SF MAGAZINE, Japan's only prozine regularly reprints Russian stf. Takumi told me that one of the members of the Uchujin Club sent along a copy of UCHUJIN to Radio Moscow in an effort to find Russian stf fans. He received a letter of comment on the zine and an invitation to list his name on Radio Moscow's pen pal list so that Russians with similar interests could contact him. English was suggested as the intermediate language to be used. I've asked Takumi to keep me posted on this particular fannish experiment. Moscow in Oh-Oh?

REDD BOGGS

2209 HIGHLAND FL, NE,

MINNEAPOLIS 21, MINN.

The final issue of Dynatron from the mysterious East proved a mystery to me in several different ways. One of them is that I thought your tour of duty in Japan was to last nine years or something like that, and here you are, winging home after about nine months, as I figure it in my head. Which one? RT What monstrous crisis of international import has required your presence in Albuquerque?

Then again, I'm mystified by the import of Len Moffatt's front cover, captioned "Have you any pre-thirty-nine Astoundings?" A fan type is holding some sort of sign, perhaps picketing the HUAC, and a fish-shaped ET(?) is asking the above question of the fan. Or possibly the fan is asking the ET. Could somebody explain the significance of this cartoon in 100 words or less, enclosing a Wheaties boxtop and 10¢?

And yet again I find myself a bit confused by your passionate editorial on the necessity of the individual fulfilling his obligation to "society." Society is people, you say, but then you go ahead and treat the term as if it referred to a monolith to which we should all do reverence. If I am part of society, I don't see how I can do it violence by refraining from supporting certain of its solemn dicta that are distasteful to me. If I am rebelling, I am merely rebelling against myself, in such case. Further, you say that "The individual is morally bound to prevent that society from getting any worse than it is." Well, when a man rebels from the dictates of "society" he is saying, in effect, "In this particular instance, society is Wrong and to correct it and put it back on the Right Way, I am going to disobey." And of course it's very well to say that one should work through lawful channels to correct "society's" faults, but on the other hand, laws are made for the specific purpose of preventing the submerged rebel from changing the rules. One is therefore obliged--and "morally bound", according to your views--to use extra-legal methods if he wants to put "society" on the upward path once again. This principle is pronounced in the Declaration of Independence, enshrined in replica in most libraries and post offices throughout the 50 States and the Canal Zone.

And still yet, I could not make head nor tale of Tadashi Taka's little yarn, "Envoy". Remembering certain tales brought back from the Orient by Marco Polo and others, I decided that I was supposed to read this yarn back to front, and therefore I reread it in that fashion. In this way, the story ended, "Please, surprised be don't." Wasn't I.

From here on, though, it was fairly smooth sailing. I was amazed at Gary Deindorfer's philosophical treatise, and entertained by Len Moffatt and Ed Cox. If Ed's middle initial stands for "Mitchen", I wonder what the "J" in Len's name stands for? Ed reviewed an issue of Weird Tales that I've never read, except for the Northwest Smith yarn which I presume is in one or the other of the Gnome Press collections of Miss Moore's works. I never went mesuggah for WT and sold all the issues I had, but I often noticed that mundane types were intrigued by the title and examined WT when the sf magazines beside it in my collection did not interest them at all. Indeed, I think "Weird Tales" exerts such a powerful influence on the imagination of many people that had the magazine been properly distributed it would have outsold all the sf mags and would probably still have more readers than EQMM.

In the letter department, I note the comments of Takumi Shibano in regards to my LoC in Dynatron #7. I'm afraid Takumi took my remarks slightly more seriously than they were intended. I realize that "Maitreya" is an Indian term, and while I'm sure the "Laughing Buddha" is found in China (as Mi-lo-fo) I have no idea whether such images were found in Japan. I'm also well aware that the Japanese don't wear pig-tails.

Takumi Shibano seems to be everywhere at once, and he writes very well, too. I trust that "Tokyo File" will continue even when Dynatron returns to the states.

As you can see from this "Tokyo File" rolls right along. Takumi does write well and I think that if he does bring out an English language edition of UCHUJIN it will be rather interesting. # If I send you a Wheaties boxtop and 10¢ will you send me a Jack Armstrong secret ring? RT

SETH A. JOHNSON I agree with most of your editorial. I believe it is not only the
339 STILES ST., duty of a true citizen to accent his country's call to arms, if
VAUX HALL, N.J. necessary, but to leave this world a better place to live in. But
I have as much respect for the man who refuses to fight what he
considers an unjust or imperialist expansionist war as for the man who merely goes
out there with no volition of his own. Pushbutton warfare is rapidly coming on us
anyway. We do have a social duty. A duty to transform our political system to some-
thing whereby all peoples will have the good things of life and the right to continue
living to enjoy them. With the present trend to automation cutting our industrial
labor force from 60 million to something less than 10 million we just won't be able
to go on with free enterprise.

ENVOY was a most excellent story but Deindorfer did not measure up to your
rather high standards. Lots of philosophy in Moffatt's article. Just hope you sent
Ella Parker a copy though. Cox did a nice piece. Lacked enthusiasm but scholarly
and well written. I've been a Weird Tales enthusiast since 1925. Do wish someone
would anthologize Seabury Quinn and his Jules de Grandin stories.

My main objection to "free enterprise" is that it costs much more than I
can afford. RT.

GARY DEINDORFER I am anti-conscription, most definitely, but I am not pro draft-
11 DE COU DRIVE, dodging, since I think draft-dodging to be an execrable practice.
MORRISVILLE, PA. Ergo, there is little chance that we would come into any sort of
disagreement on the whole affair of the draft. You are quite evi-
dently not a goshwow military type. This surprised me a bit at first, but I can see
now how one can make the service his career without having to be blind in his love
for it. It is comforting to know that this state of affairs is possible.

I can't say that I was particularly titillated by "Envoy" but I will give Tadashi
Taka the benefit of the doubt and wager that the stilted effect of his story is due
to its being translated from Japanese into English. Out of curiosity (more than any-
thing) is Taka-san a professional writer in his own land or no?

Edco's brief little rundown of WEIRD TALES, October 1935, makes me almost want to,
well, read an issue of that magazine. To this day I have yet to see a copy of WT.
One of these days I'll go over to the little second-hand bookshop in Trenton, New Jer-
sey and see if I can pick up a few back copies. They have some rather fair stf buys
in that little shop. A few years ago I picked up five copies of J. O. Bailey's
treatise on stf, Pilgrims Through Time and Space (or maybe it was Space and Time) for
25¢ each. I kept for myself one copy of the thing and sold the other for for \$2.50
each. Gary Deindorfer, Vile Mercenary and Crass Opportunist.

Mike Kurman sounds like the neocist of neofen to come along since the days of the
good Johnny Bowles. This is the boy who produced THE AMATEUR'S CORRESPONDENT, a
publication besides which my highschool paper was a veritable WARHOON. When I ven-
tured in a letter to Bowles that his little fanzine was not, perhaps, all that it
could be, he countered with a postcard which went on the order of, "I don't need fan-
gusy like you to slash my magazine. Your type can just go to hell!" Wow, huh? Any-
way, Mike Kurman has been striking me sort of that way. Of course there are many
years for him in which to mature. Who knows, in ten years he may be another George
Willick, or somebody fantastically known and respected like that.

Yes. Well, I'll plead guilty to not being rather goshwow about the military,
a fact which often distressed my officers. I took my own duties seriously
enough but the usual military fol-de-rol always struck me as rather ridicu-
lous. "Serious" military occasions usually sent me off into vast laughter.
Remember this about WT when you do get around to it: if at this late date
the plots seem dreadfully familiar it's just that they appeared in WEIRD
first and have been muchly imitated. Tadashi Kousai (Taka) is mostly an
amateur writer. He's just made his first sale. See "Tokyo File". Takumi
is publishing "Envoy" (slightly revised) in UCHUJIN and says that it reads
very well in Japanese. RT.

L. A. ONCE MORE IN SIXTY-FOUR.

DON FITCH
3908 FRIJO
COVINA, CALIF.

For a magazine edited by a New Mexican in Japan, DYNATRON 9 seems to be pretty full of Los Angeles area fandom...not that that's bad, but whatever happened to science fiction?

I have a feeling that Wells and Verne influenced Japanese SF so strongly because the current generation of Japanese writers was brought up on a diet of English literature of, roughly, the late Victorian period. Then, too, science has never been an important factor in the pattern of oriental thought, being, largely, a recent adoption as part of western culture. The Japanese and Chinese do have a long and powerful tradition of fantasy, which accounts for the popularity of Edgar Allen Poe (and Edogawa Rampo) and leads me to suspect that there may be a large fantasy based fandom in Japan, as well as the apparently science-based fandom you have contacted.

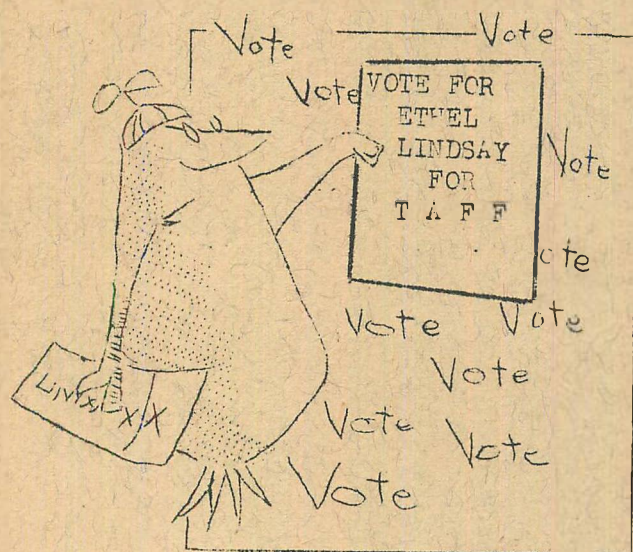
On the proliferation of fanzines: Maybe VOID and GAUL are the signposts of a new trend; let us hope that fans are beginning to realize that there are too many genzines, and instead of each starting up his own, three or more get together and edit one larger (and probably better) zine. One point of possible difference with your thesis that there are too many fanzines, though; there cannot, in my opinion, be too many individizines.

I'm afraid Takumi Shibano took Redd Boggs a trifle too seriously (something U.S. fans are sometimes prone to do); even knowing that Maitreya Buddha (known in Japan as Miroku) is depicted in the Vimalakirti Sutra (Yuina Kyo) as a rather jolly and laughing individual probably wouldn't help much. I do hope you explain to Japanese fandom that westerners don't really think of Japan in terms of quaint old porcelain and painted fans and Gilbert & Sullivan's "The Mikado" and the stage setting for "Madame Butterfly". At least most fans are aware of the changes which have taken place in the last 75 years. But Japan is (or was, ten years ago) a somewhat bewildering mixture of the ancient and the modern--as you indicated on the cover of Dynatron #6 with a picture of a torii, Fuji San, and a rocket ship.

Harry Warner to the contrary, there is a need for an annual or quarterly collection of fan writing, if only for the fringe fans who don't get more than 10 or 20 fanzines, though it would also serve well as an introduction to fandom. There might even be a place for several such anthologies; one oriented toward serious discussion of science-fiction, one dealing with social problems, one with the faanish sphere, and one with what might be called belles lettres.

Tokyo File is interesting, though somewhat too brief--I hope it will be continued after your return Stateside; the bridgehead has been established between U.S. and Japan Fandoms, but needs some strengthening yet.

L.A. area fandom has been heavily represented of late. I'm grateful, too, since I've been such too busy in the past few months to do much more than bat out a brief editorial column. As for whatever happened to SF, don't just sit there, write something. Memo to anybody: Dynatron needs more sf slanted material. # Thanks for the renewal, Don, your sub now carries you through to #22 plus one for this LoC means you've got 13 more issues coming to you. Egad, Don Fitch, you've done made me a slave to this bloomin' fanzine. RT



LEN MOFFATT Gee, you mean you're not a Zen priest? You sure muffed a wonderful
10202 BELCHER, ~~Wing~~ opportunity. You could have come back to the States in robes
DOWNEY, CALIF. and beard or wotever and held forth in some coffee house, gathering
a clan of followers, with Ray Nelson as your 2nd in command.

You really should have given Chrys credit for dressing-up my otherwise fairly bare cover illo. I expected you to add the issue number, and am glad you also added the border. I assume Chrys, you ran it through your mineo using purple ink? ~~Yes. CLT~~

Enjoyed ENVCY all things considered. Perhaps not as much punch as Deindorfer's Unique short short-short, but a nice twist ending. It is better than the average fan written s-f piece.

~~You~~ You and Willick and Ann Chamberlain are out to bug me with this Zen priest business. If I were to become a follower of the Buddha I'd pick a less strenuous sect than Zen. That's a rough one, man. RT~~W~~

RICK SNEARY, Your editorial ruts into words the feeling I've been trying to
2962 SANTA ANA ST express in the same debate. I've told Breen (as my only direct
SOUTH GATE, CALIF. con-tact with the other view) that I didn't feel I could even
argue the question with him, as it was if we were living in different worlds. We don't agree or understand each other at so many points that you can't argue with them. The double standered you mention bothered me too. They complain that society is run by grafters and "robber barons" (so help me Foo, that is what Breen called them), who cheat at every turn, so it is all right if little old beatnik looks out for himself and cheats too. Maybe there are a lot of grafters cheating on us, but the beats are cheating on solid types like Len Moffatt, Joe Gibson, and Rick Sneary, and this bugs me. I was brung up that cheating was bad no matter how you cut it.---It croggles me to, that Breen and company are not sure that it wouldn't be better to let society go smash, so they could start from scratch. Overlooking the millions that would die before our society collapsed. It seems to me to be wishfull thinking that wooly headed liberals would end up running things. Solid citizen types would be lucky if they weren't shot by the raticals who would be setting up an athorstarian government. (At least most revolutions I've read of lead first to dictatorship of one or few.) -- I'll bet the John Birch Society isn't much larger in number than the beatnik movement, but who is swinging the cat? Organization says. But the beats are to filled with ideas, high and low, to rut them to real use--that might make them seem part of society. (They'll form their own society.. Sure they will.)

"Envoy" was a nice little story but the next to last line just didn't make the meaning clear. The crolera idea was good. I've heard some very favorable things about it -- except for the taste, which is supposed to be pretty fishy.

No real comment on Brother Moffatt's colum, as we are in to much agreement on nearly everything. -- Well, no, I fear I don't see Communism being pushed back tell it was unimporten any-more than I expect Democracy to be. We can eather go on like we are; one side can change slowly into something else (or both do it); or we can blow hell out of each other. I'm sure if eather side figured they were going down they would try to take the other with them.

I enjoyed Eccentric M. Cox's promag review. I've read very few Weird Tales but found this interesting none the less. I've never been a fan of the weird, largely I guess because they don't get to me. Al Lewis was saying at LASFS a couple weeks ago that he had been reading Lovecraft and he just wasn't scared by him. I feel the same way. HPL never excited me -- but then he obviously reaches only certain ones. Remember the hot letter battles in TWS & SS over which was the better, Lovecraft or Merritt? As neather author wrote for those mags it was wide open cross talk.

~~This~~ This thing about the losing side taking the other with it is worrisome. It could happen all too easily. Particularly if some radical outfit, like the Birchers, managed to get into power. # Well, now, in any comparison between Merritt and Lovecraft one must admit that Merritt was by far the better. Lovecraft may have been the better writer but his scope of imagination and descriptive ability can in no way compare with Merritt. RT.~~W~~

ED COX

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APT 224,
LOS ANGELES 4, CALIF.

In the interest of Defending Myself, I will not answer the statements made in the letter of George C. Willick.

First, the column was definitely dated. That was pretty obvious. However I still think I made some valid points.

These weren't answered in the letter and if they are lumped under "long dead and resolved points", I haven't heard of them in that respect anywhere else either. Next item: it seems to me that I did express my "own negative opinions" quite expressly in the column. The main trouble seems to be that I expressed them for the benefit of others than George. The main reason I didn't answer the poll is inferred in the column. I still maintain that what I stated therein is the definite impression I received from the way it was set up.

Speaking of opinions, "This kid is taking himself too seriously." was inferred from the poll. This was indicated in the next sentence after that in the article. It is also an opinion. Just as you, George, are "the expert on my own opinions and beliefs..." so I am on mine. I disagreed and stated why as for categories, etc. I received no answer on this.

Further, TRUE, we don't correspond, we have never met and I never received your fanzine. That does not, however, prohibit me, on the basis of the poll-sheet, to express personal opinions, no matter how negative. But then we come to "2)" which contradicts his previous statements! If you were confused, now I am, George!

All of which is so much nitpicking. I'm well-aware of what's been going on with the Fan Awards since the poll-sheet was distributed. From AXE, Len Moffatt, Roy Tackett, and other reliable sources of information. For a while there it read like a comedy of errors; it does seem to be straightened out now.

But my main point has still been overlooked. It was not included in the original poll-sheet, it was mentioned in my column and was not in the letter. Nobody seems to have considered it otherwise and it was not listed in the recent voting or nominating ballot. I still say that the Awards will be unrepresentative without a basic common denominator. To clarify this: Why wasn't a question included, at any time, as to how many and, specifically, which fanzines are read by the person taking part in the balloting? No award will be valid unless the great majority of the voters have read essentially the same, wide, number of fanzines consistently through the year! I offer the proofs evident in so many fanzines that attempted to poll their readers on fandom-wide topics, etc. In damn near every case, the fanzine taking the poll placed either top or very high in most categories. Remove that fanzine from the running and you wouldn't have much poll left. FANAC has attempted to circumvent that but with what success I don't know. My point remains unanswered: how are you going to make the Awards valid? On what common ground? Remember my comments anent fanzine fans and convention going fans. I'm waiting for an answer.

"Envoy" was quite interesting. In it were the usual troubles of most young writers learning how-to. The envoy standing there reading off the situation as if from a booklet, the woman standing there taking it all in as if an alien from another planet did this sort of thing every week. However, all this led me to believe there was going to be something other than a normal ending. There was! I hope more efforts from Japanese fandom will find their way into DYNATRON.

How well I remember the Moving Day that Len mentions in his column. Mike Hinge was veritably a one-man whirlwind!

Hmm. The last time I saw the kiwi he wasn't very whirlwindish. He was sound asleep in the middle of Moffatt's living room. So where's the column? # What with Moffatt, Sneary, and Cox in 1-2-3 order here, 4/5ths of the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance is represented on the last two pages. Ho, there, Art Rapp, pry yourself loose from that television set.

Ho, there, all of you. Have you joined Chicon yet? If not, get off the dime, put 19 more with it and send them along to George W. Price, Treasurer, 20th World SF Convention, Box 4864, Chicago 80, Illinois. C'mon, people, get with it. Go Chicago.

JOHN TRIMBLE

222 S. GRAMERCY FL.

LOS ANGELES 4, CALIF.

I see the Fan Awards are steaming ahead full-steam. In a way I suppose that's a good thing: I've always been one to figure that a little direct action was worth a ream of paper-talk.

We jawed this around the LASFS and most of the crew seemed to agree with Len Moffatt and I in our attitude of sink or swim.

We put forward the idea that if the Fan Awards are left alone (ie, un-tampered with), they will either prove out or flop. If enough fans support the idea with ballots and cash, fine--we'll have a new set of going awards. On the other hand, if too few fans care to support the awards, then the idea has not taken hold, and should be tabled for a few years to await changes in fannish attitude. I'm curiously awaiting the out-come. ~~As~~ am I. RT~~Y~~

If a goodly number of the people who are trying to dis-involve themselves from society would, instead, try working to correct the faults they find in it, we would be much, much farther toward achieving universal freedom--personal freedom, not the State Dent's "Good Guys vs Bad Guys" type -- and an end to war.

Yes, they'll say, but Society is so restricting, that there are no channels we may use in reforming this corrupt, evil thing. And I say bosh! And even fiddle-faddle! There are all sorts of channels, if you've got the guts to go into the other guy's camp and work from within. You don't even have to profess his beliefs; just keep your mouth shut, and work toward your goals. But you've got to utilize existing channels until you're in a position to open new ones.

No society was ever changed by people sitting on their dead arses and "dis-involving" themselves. Ghandi's movement was non-violent (for the most part), but it was positive.

Great Ghu, Roscoe, or even Oscar! A 21 page magazine would've put you within the 3¢ postage limit, so you didn't have to publish that thing by that fella Cox. Here I am thinking that DYNATRON is really progressing toward being a full-fledged, top-ranking fmz, and you have to publish that. Boy, I dunno what the world's coming to.

Oh well, I won't let E. Marshfarzle Cox ruin my appreciation of the rest of the zine.

~~G~~hu, I know. Roscoe, I know. But who is Oscar? I've been back in fandom for almost two years now but strange terminology still comes up now and again. I ran the Cox thing because Marley L. Gastonhugh didn't send in any poetry. Besides this is supposed to be a stf-centered fmz and we have to mention it once in a while. RT~~Y~~

TOSHIO OGAWA

FINANCE SECTION,

GROUND STAFF OFFICE,

SELF-DEFENCE BUREAU,

HINOKIOYO, MINATO KU,

TOKYO, JAPAN.

I read your (article on Samurai Swords) in Dynatron #8 and was surprised (and glad) to know your stay in our country was so much fruitful in your understanding of our customs and culture. After World War II, sword hobby among Japanese people seemed somewhat to have sunk down while you Americans are very much absorbed by the beauty of Japanese sword and oriental curios as well. Some say that the old Japanese

spirit and culture is those of sword and there are quite a few interesting stories about swords in Japan for SF fans.

I have seen at Nikko two huge swords of more than four meters in length and a Muramasa (wicked sword) that shuddered itself every night to sip human blood.

~~Y~~es, there is a certain amount of interest in Japanese swords in this country now. There is even a "Japanese Sword Society of the United States" which has a number of SF fans among its members. RT~~Y~~

BERNARD DEITCHMAN,

4326 W. 167 STREET

LAYNDALE, CALIF.

"A Unique Story" was not too original but it deserves a word in passing because it shows not only the NYU type, but the type of nut which inhabits similar grounds all about this nation. We're in a rut. Oh, well.

About your editorial, I found it very interesting, and from it I brewed up a few ideas of my own on the same line. For a long time, perhaps since the first tribal war, or the first Stone Age deserters, man has been wondering how to instill a sense

DEITCHMAN, cont'd.

of responsibility and respect for the rights of his fellow man, society, in man's thick nut. It's obvious, that all the so-called rights we have dreamed up, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" included, are but paper rights, and the only thing which enforces these rights is the threat of armed force, usually in the form of some police organization. A man has no natural rights as far as his fellow men are concerned, and the only thing which really holds society together and keeps men bound to society is man's desire to feel secure, and so he submits to these "rights" to feel safe within the pack. The society provides something for the individual, and the individual provides conformity to society's rules. When one or other of these forces becomes stronger than the other, chaos results. And since no society ever constituted on this earth has survived for more than a few centuries, it is obvious that this system of balance between individual and society is not the answer, but that some system other than government and citizen must be found.

For when the conformity to the rules of society becomes too great, perhaps because the individuals feel insecure, then society stagnates, the status quo dominates, and the culture dies, afraid to go forward. Rome fell before this force.

On the other hand, when the society becomes too domineering, when the individual is suppressed to the status of slave for the benefit of government or society, freedom is suppressed and a totalitarian state results, eventually resulting in a completely reactionary government which will either crumble from revolution or inner decay and send that society into a Dark Age.

Very few cultures have ever gone this far, if any. However, the early stages of this disease were evident in the collapse of the French Monarchy which left that country in political chaos for decades afterward, and which still can be seen in France's internal troubles today.

If we are to exist, as an organized race, and achieve some goal besides endless war, there must be some way of keeping order out of chaos besides brute force, which can be either overdone or ineffective.

Regarding Len Moffatt's column, I don't know if he is actively opposed to Welch & Co, but I think his idea of a world of Anti-Comies is all too possible, and if he had ever been to a gathering of the Birchers I'm sure he would be as active against them as I am. Both the Reds and the Birchers are equally dangerous to the U.S.

The bit on Weird was good, but not being inclined toward the more fantastic types of science-fantasy, I have very little to say except that it was a change from the usual.

History would seem to indicate that there's always a despot about to take away the rights of the so-called common man. The most horrifying thing about it all is that time and time again the bulk of mankind allows this to be done without much protest. Any of you care to expound on the reasons for this? RT

JOHN M. BAXTER
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AUSTRALIA.

Mighod, what is that on the cover? I stared at it for ten minutes but aside from eyestrain the only reaction it adduced was deep bafflement. If there is any deep fannish significance to the caption or drawing, I'm afraid it has eluded me. Still, what else can you expect from a hillbilly like me?

Draftdodging again...fascinating, isn't it? Must be. It's resulted in nine pages of letters so far. RT Well, when you get down to it, draftdodging is no longer the matter under discussion. Due to Breen's erudite evaluation we are now onto the much-vexed question of man as a member of society, v. man as an individual. This is nearly as treacherous as religion or politics but we wouldn't be in fadom if we weren't reckless so...

Breen's whole argument, and as a result yours also, appears to be based on a premise that is at least partly false. This, as well as I can phrase it, is that "society" is something greater than the sum of its parts, an entity in itself that requires obedience, even worship. You surround the whole business with an air of near-religious mysticism when really it can be reduced to simple mechanical terms and a simple mechanical answer to the questions asked by Walt. Try looking at society as

BAXTER, cont'd

society as a kind of bank, a central bureau set up by humanity for the purpose of bartering skills. A man "pays in" work as a baker or a lawyer or a soldier and receives in return the wherewithal to keep himself alive and comfortable. Part of his work is converted into food and returned, part of it is combined with the contributions of others to pay for amenities that he requires for his comfort. This "central bureau" is what you call society. It isn't anything holy or bewildering, just an organisation of convenience erected by men who as individuals are not able to stay alive. I don't believe that society has a "claim" on the people who bank with it any more than a conventional bank has on its depositors. If they wish to withdraw their savings, let them. If a man has enough skills to keep him alive and satisfy all his requirements, why shouldn't he withdraw his support from this central bank and live by himself. If a man doesn't feel that his "bank" is functioning correctly, why should he have to protect it? The only possible justification for forcing a man to protect his society is that its downfall will cause too many other people discomfort. This is, in effect, saying that the group is more important than the individual, which is morally wrong and logically absurd, in my opinion.

All this brouhaha about society having responsibilities and individuals in turn having them also, of "claims" and "involvements" and the rest is just a coverup for your own belief in force being justified if it means your status quo will be preserved. The Russians are obnoxious to you, ergo, we must stay out of their clutches even if it means war. Even if it means forcing people to go to war against their will. Even if it means negating the whole basic idea of society, that of a co-operative for the betterment of mankind and the greater control of his environment. I don't believe that the end justifies the means, no matter how extreme the circumstances.

The two fiction pieces were minor but interesting. Moffatt is, as usual, amusing --I hope this column is more regular than some of the others that have popped up around the place these last couple of years.

That Flander's story THE MYSTERY OF THE LAST GUEST has turned up in at least one anthology - Philip Strong's THE OTHER WORLDS, later retitled 25 MODERN STORIES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION. The first came from Funk: N.Y. in 1941, and it has had about three hardcover reprintings since by various publishers. Good collection. Anyway, the Flander's yarn is in that. I notice that the Tuck Handbook has the cryptic annotation "(Jean Ray)" after the author's name, but there is no "Jean Ray" listed in the pseudonym or author indices. Better make that 26 mysteries...

Avaunt, Lawrence Grilly - there are more than three British promags in the field just now, though you could be forgiven for assuring that only the Nova publications were available. In addition to NEW WORLDS, SFA and SCIENCE FANTASY, there is a monthly called SUPERNATURAL STORIES and a companion pub called, I think, SCIENCE FICTION STORIES or something like that. Both brought out by a firm called "Badger Books" as I recall. Also around is a miserable crudpub called simply SCIENCE FICTION, coming from "Swan Bros.". It also has a companion but I can't recall the title. Something about HORROR, I think. None of them are worth a spit, of course, but they are prozines. While I'm casting aspersions, I might also question those figures about Sweden. Is there still a prozine in Sweden? As I recall HAFNA folded yea these many years ago and since then there hasn't been a promag there.

Jawn, as a matter of personal opinion you're not going to get an argument out of me on your concept of society. I quite agree that this is the way it should be. Unfortunately, it isn't. This world is far too crowded at present for all of us to go striking out on our own. # I plead not guilty to advocating force to maintain the status quo. The status quo these days is definitely in need of changing but I think it can be done by legal and non-violent means. Besides, I'm a peaceable man. Communism, not the Russians, is obnoxious to me and you bet I'll fight to stay out of its clutches. I can't see where the Communist system is doing a thing for the betterment of mankind. # Your contention that the individual is more important than the group will probably raise some anguished screams but not from me. RTV

XXXXX

Chrystal Gazing

"Chryst-a-l," yelled the man of the house as he rolled the last sheet out of the typewrite, "I'm a page short. Write something." "About what?" I asked. "About anything. I need another page to make this issue come out even." I haven't tried this before but we'll see what happens.

All was quiet here in the little house on Green Valley Road. Over in one corner of the combination kitchen and study room sat a cardboard box stuffed to overflowing with fanzines and letters awaiting the homecoming of the editor of Dynatron. Roy arrived and as soon as he managed to unload the offspring from his back the contents of the box became scattered about the house, the kitchen table was turned into a desk and covered with about everything that is used in making up a fanzine and the quiet gave way to the incessant pounding of a typewriter.

My leisure hours gave way to crouching on my knees in the back bedroom where we have an old glass-topped coffee table stashed away. In the absence of anything better this serves as our microscope and one of these days we've got to get the real thing. My knees are getting tired.

Cutting stencils around here gets to be rather hectic as loud cries such as "Where's the heading for Tokyo File" issue from the kitchen while at the same time a 36" tall, 4 year old future fan looks over my shoulder and says in a persistent voice, "I want to cut a stencil." "OK, OK," I say, "Wait till I goof one and you can have it." With all the commotion going on I figure that sooner or later I'll goof one. Thank Ghu #1 daughter is in school.

On top of everything else is the problem of trying to find a decent stencil among the raft of ancient ones we possess (but not for long at the rate Roy is using them up) and I keep trying to remember all the helpful hints Juanita Coulson gave out in her SILME article. Tell me, Juanita, what is it like to work with a decent stencil? I'm amazed that some of these things I've cut managed to come out at all. I don't even like to cut stencils on a typewriter when they are old and dried and I can never achieve good repro with them either. Shouldn't complain, though. Roy picked up three quires of these at no cost at all.

Shortly before the master of the house returned I was greeted by our postman who unloaded package after package and went away rumbling something about trading in his automobile for a truck. Roy counted boxes and said there was still more to come. Where are we going to put all this reading material? (This typer was built for a southpaw. I'm using Roy's Royal to type this while he cuts stencils with my machine and the function keys are all on the wrong side.)

Joe Gibson, you've put Roy's foot into it. In G² #9 you mentioned how much it cost you to have your fanzine printed commercially and I'm working up a bill to hand to Dynatron's editor to cover the cost of publishing six issues during the past year.

After reading Len Moffatt's column in this I asked Roy about Bruce Pelz. Roy informed me that as far as he knew Bruce was attending USC and studying Library Science. As an alumnus I find it hard to conceive that anyone attending USC would come up with an idea like this. I also spent some of my younger years as a librarian and must admit that the atmosphere is conducive to the dreaming up of hare-brained tricks but stuffing ballot boxes is going a bit too far. Surely, you're not serious, Bruce?

Hi, Bjo. Next time we're out your way we'll take you up on that dinner invitation. I'm surprised Roy didn't stay over in L.A. this time. He usually forgets everything else at the mention of food.

XXXXX

CHRYST

DYNATRON

ONTO THE SHELF

In which, now and again, we review a book

CANARY IN A CAT HOUSE by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Gold Medal Books #S1153, 1961, 160 pages, 35¢.

The cover blurb describes this collection of twelve stories by the author of the controversial "Sirens of Titan" as "short, wild fantasies."

Short, they are, and wildish, they are, but in actuality only four of the dozen tales are fantasy. Of the remainder, one is borderline stf and the remainder are straight fiction. "Straight" isn't exactly correct, either, since Vonnegut sees the world through a somewhat satirical eye.

"Report on the Barnhouse Effect" is a light, humorous fantasy which takes a few swings at one of the favorite--and sometimes deservedly so--targets for satire: the Military Mind.

"The Turbio Question" considers the desire of a nitchman to make a fast buck regardless of consequences.

"Unready to Wear" scrutinizes the reactions of those men who normally direct the day-to-day life of the common man to a situation where the common man can suddenly remove himself from their influence completely.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow" depicts the world 200 years hence in which the life span has been lengthened considerably and the population pressures continue to grow and grow and grow.

The borderline story is "The Manned Missiles" which could have been considered science-fiction when it was first published but now that the march of events has passed it by classification becomes more difficult.

The remaining stories are all character studies (when it comes right down to it all of the yarns in this collection are character studies) ranging from amusing ("Tom Edison's Shaggy Dog") to tender ("D.P.") and all bear a touch of irony as Vonnegut examines some of the foibles of the people who live in this modern world.

There is no denying that Vonnegut writes well and with just enough acid in his pen to make his stories enjoyable. That he writes science-fiction is something that is open for debate. However, if you like stories about people, you can't go wrong on this collection.

XXXXX

I find myself in agreement with Joe Gibson (not at all strangely enough) that the major book publishers are missing a fairly large natural audience by not publicizing their wares in the professional science-fiction magazines. The people I know who are more or less regular SF readers (not necessarily fans, of course, but people who just happen to enjoy relaxing with a stf story) are "omniverous" readers. Bookish, as it were. I've never taken an exact count of the books in the collective collection of the Tacketts but there are several hundred. There's a goodly portion of stf, of course, but the shelves also contain general fiction, histories, non-fiction of almost every variety and a vast assortment of reference books. The news-raters hereabouts carry very little in the way of book reviews of any sort, which is the case almost anywhere outside the large cities, so I suspect we miss out on many books we'd buy if we knew about them. I suspect the book rubbers would reach a larger audience of book readers in the stfzines than they do in some of the other national magazines.

ROY TACKETT

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