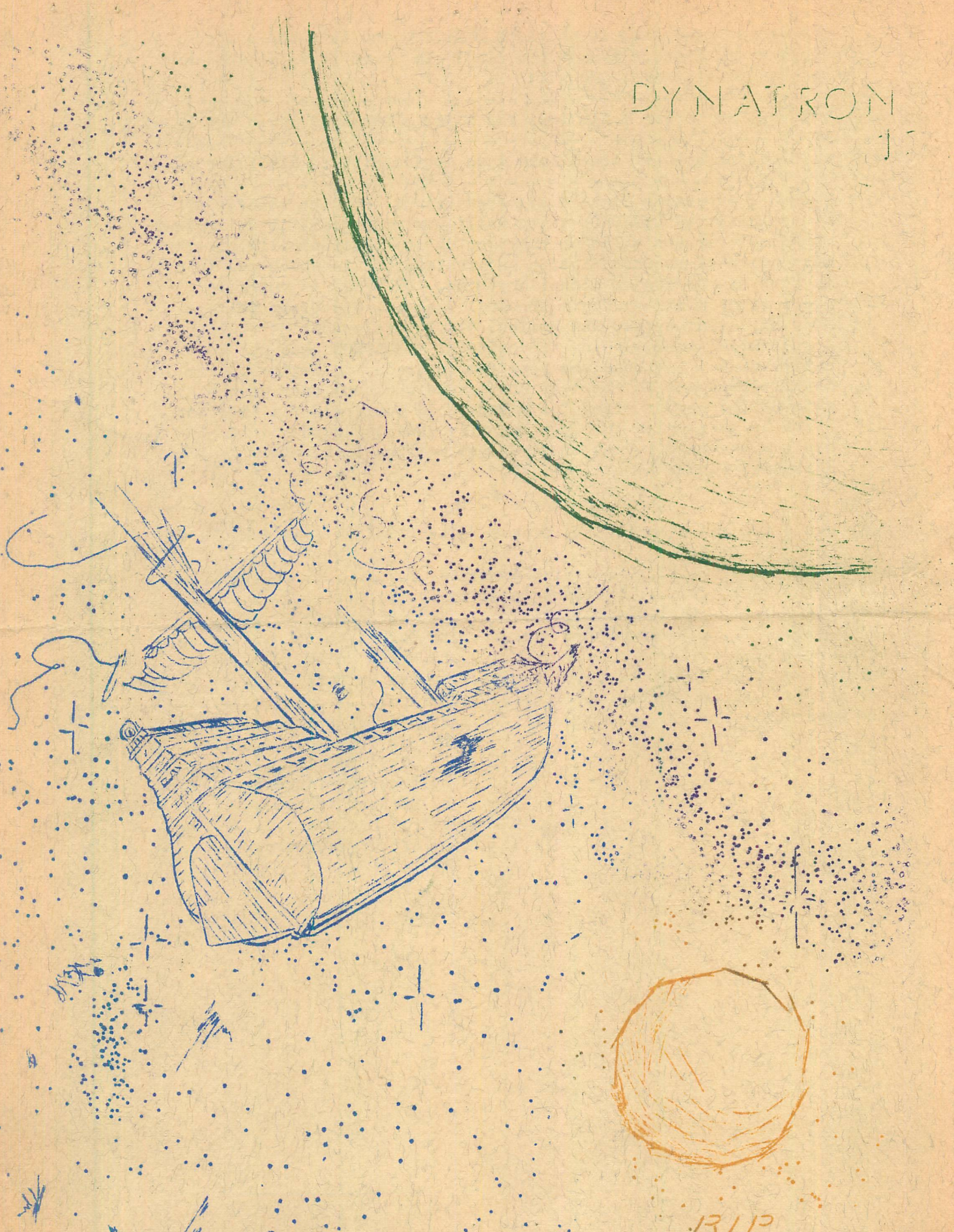


DYNATRON

15



RIP

Umm, b: George, this is the 13th DYNATRON and it's the second anniversary issue. Aren't you glad? To prove it is an annish we have booster ads. To wit:

 Len Moffatt loves Pong : asm & ljm love rms & jsw ; Leo Rand loves the Tacketts

Ed Cox loves Doodling Space: Len & Anna love Auntie Ella : RT&CT love CAPA

You were expecting maybe a big production? For the benefit of the uninitiated DYNATRON is a, well, you might call it an amateur magazine (but don't let me hear you do it) theoretically for the discussion of science fiction and fantasy but in which one is apt to find discussion of almost anything. DYNATRON is published every other month by Roy & Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, U.S.A., telephone 345-0011, as a guaranteed money-losing proposition. DYNATRON goes out to contributors, to those who send fmz in trade, to letter of comment writers and to the lazy characters who send cash at the rate of 15¢ per or eight for a buck. If you don't fit into any of those categories then you can play guessing games as to how you happened to get stuck on the mailing list. This is a Marinated Publication.

The cover was drawn and stenciled by Dick Schultz. He's a good man, he is.

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September 1962

WRITINGS
IN
THE
SAND



It was definitely not a day like any other day. It isn't often that one is treated to the sight of a six-foot tall squirrel removing sandburs from his large, bushy tail.

"I warned him," said the Hobbit. "I told him not to let it drag on the ground."

When one lives, as we do, adjacent to one of the main cross-country highways, there are some compensations for the disappointment of not being able to attend the worldcon. Said compensations being an influx of fannish visitors to 915 Green Valley Road.

The first group arrived on Thursday after the con and included Ron Ellick, Dian Girard, Bruce Pelz, Jack Harness, Ted Johnstone, and our very charming TAFF delegate, Ethel Lindsay. They had been travelling by bus for almost two days so Albuquerque made a fine place for them to take a break, relax, and soak up a bit of sunshine. And it gave Chrystal and I a chance to catch up on the latest news from the convention and elsewhere.

Ethel particularly enjoyed basking in the sunshine. She remarked that it had been a poor summer in England with two consecutive days of sunshine being something to marvel at. She had to get a tan, she said, or none of her friends at home would believe she had been to America. Ethel is a wonderful person and just as we had pictured her. She was an instant success with the minor Tacketts, too. She presented René with a telescope (but couldn't talk her out of her wee dog) which is now the prize treasure in the treasure chest and Diana now insists that we must go to England to visit Miss Lindsay if she can't come back here.

The morning was spent in general relaxation and during the afternoon we went off to visit Old Town. Old Town is a section of Albuquerque preserved (in a somewhat commercial fashion, of course) in the old Spanish tradition with a large central plaza and surrounding shops. It is picturesque and offers a variety of photographic subjects which gave Bruce, Ted, and Ronel an opportunity to question the accuracy of each other's light meters since all got different readings.

It is unfortunate that I must go twiddle knobs and push buttons at the TV station fairly early on Thursday and

Friday so I had to leave this fannish crew much too soon. Chrystal saw them off about 2300 (that's 11:00 p.m. for you non-technical clods). Also much too soon. The second contingent arrived Friday morning when a wee small Volkswagon drove through the gate at Sandburr Acre. The wee small Volkswagon contained an assortment of Trimbles plus Al Lewis and Ernie Wheatley. It is easy to see that VWs are not built for such as Ernie who had to fold his long, lean frame like an accordion to get into the back seat.

Bjo told us about the Art Show and how pleased the committee was with the entries from Japanese fandom. Eiiji Kojima won first prize in both the Astro-nomical and Experimental Art categories and Ryotaro Mizun took second prize in cartooning. All of which pleases me, too, of course.

Ten fan visitors in two days. That's not too many. Their visit was all too short but they brightened things at Green Valley Road while they were here. We'll be happy to have them come back any time. Chrys and I were particularly happy to have Ethel Lindsay with us for a few hours. We know that we'll see the Lasfsians again but it is unlikely that we'll ever make it to London. We have some pictures and some pleasant memories.

The telephone rang one evening a few weeks ago and I hastened to answer it in my usual fashion.

"Roy Tackett?" inquired the telephone. "This is Mike Domina in Oak Lawn, Illinois."

"Hello, Mike Domina in Oak Lawn, Illinois," I told the telephone. "What brings on this call?"

"I wondered if you could contribute something to INTROSPECTION," said Mike Domina in Oak Lawn, Illinois.

There has been talk of all the money that is floating around fandom these days and, although I haven't seen any of it, I'm beginning to believe it is true. Time ***** was when a faned scrimped for a week to save enough ED COX, DOODLE IN THIS SPACE:* to buy a penny postcard on which to request a contribution. Nowadays it is done by long-distance phone calls. My sense of wonder grows daily.

It was nice to hear from Mike Domina and INTROSPECTION is a good fanzine. Get it from Mike at 11044 South Tripp Ave., Oak Lawn, Illinois. Get #5 and see what Mike's calls around the country netted him.

Speaking of fanzines, I want to call your attention to the first issue of UCHUJIN INTERNATIONAL. Japanese fandom's new English-language fmz is edited by Norio Itoh, Noriyoshi Saito, Tadashi Taka, and Aritsune Toyoda. Takumi Shibano is the publisher. #1 contains, in addition to the editorial and publisher's comments, a report on the Meg-Con by Takumi, an item on Japanese SF films, the beginning of a checklist of stf published in Japanese, and a variety of fiction. I particularly enjoyed the handling of Tadashi Hirose's vignette, Timemit. Future issues will contain more of the same plus a history of Japanese fandom by Takumi. UCHUJIN INTERNATIONAL goes at 25¢ each and I'm the U.S. agent. British types can send 2/ to Ken Cheslin and the rest of you can send the equivalent sum to Takumi Shibano, 118 O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

I also have on hand a tape-recorded fanzine sent out by Toshio Ogawa. It includes the voices of Takumi Shibano, Shoko Uhara (who sings "Swanee River" in Japanese), Tetsu Yano, Masami Fukushima (the editor of Japan's only prozine, SF MAGAZINE,), Aritsune Toyoda and Norio Itoh. Noriyoshi Saito reads his translation of Shin'ichi Hoshi's story, "Love Keys".

If you would like a copy send me a 600 feet roll of tape and the postage and I'll dub it for you.

Charles Lee Riddle, who published PEON in days of yore, feels the urge to become active again. Lee is now out of the Navy and owns his own print shop (Peon Press, of course) complete with offset press, letterpress and all sorts of goodies. Lee says he has in mind pubbing a quarterly but first would like to catch up with what's going on in fandom these days and would appreciate it if faneds would send him some sample copies of their zines. His address: 144 Elkton Road, Newark, Delaware.

Chuck Wells, Dick Lupoff, Dick Bergeron, Betty Kujawa, John Baxter, and Harry Warner constitute a committee that is looking into the possibility of reviving the Fan Awards idea. Opinion is that the FANAC Poll seems to have faded away and something is needed to take its place. It is a good committee and should come up with some sensible ideas.

MORCON

L.A. ONCE MORE IN 64

MORCON

I should, I suppose, say something about our latest Venus probe (somehow that sounds a bit obscene). You know, something about the apparent success of the thing and all that. Like it took only 160 tons of booster to send the 454 pound capsule on its way. That's about 580 pounds of rocket for each pound of useful capsule. That's too many.

Anybody out there interested in doing a prozine review column for me? Something other than a listing of the contents and a brief reaction to each story.

Later this month we're starting a program called "Weird Theater" at Channel 7. Reruns of a flock of old horror movies along the line of "Shock". We've received a number of calls since we first announced it so, presumably, we'll have a good audience. I've been bugging the program director to make a production out of it rather than just run it cold as a late movie. I think we could come up with something interesting. And, Ghu knows, something will be needed to hold the interest on some of these old clunkers.

Well, yes, we realize NOW that pure yellow just isn't going to show on this paper. The ink fooled us and dried light instead of dark. We'll do justice by Nancy Rapp and run her illo again in a couple of issues. Yellow hereafter will be darkened by mixing with something else as we did for the cover of TIGHTBEAM.

Over in Duncannon, Ireland, recently a baseball-sized object fell from the sky and exploded leaving a four-foot crater in the ground. I've been trying to place Duncannon in relationship with Oblique House. I realize, of course, that there is some distance involved and that Duncannon is in Eire while Oblique House is in the Northern counties but nevertheless there could be a relationship. Ian McAuley is a scientist and you know how those chaps are...always going around having great explosions.

I hear that Redd Boggs has been soaking up the Southern California sunshine and may even be thinking of moving to the vicinity of Smogville. Oh, I knew it was bound to happen. That last winter in Minnesota was too much for his brittle old bones. It chilled him to the core. No doubt we'll soon see DISCORD being issued from Del Webb's Sun City or some other haven for senior citizens. Oh, I tell you, friends, we should have listened to Degler. If we had fandom would now have a refuge in Arkansas where elder fen could go to rest their chilled and tired bones. Not to mention, of course, that there seems to be little in the way of targets there so Arkansas might be a fine place to be when the big boom comes. Right, Anco?

ROY TACKETT

CRYSTAL

GAZ- ING



It was a dark and lonely drive from the Greyhound Bus Depot back to Green Valley Road. The Red and Green lights seemed to yell out at me all the way home. I had just put the visiting fans aboard a bus to Los Angeles and hated to see them go. I did enjoy meeting them all and was especially glad they had stopped over since Ethel Lindsay was with them. Otherwise we would not have had the opportunity of meeting her and what a horrible shame that would have been. Roy, being new on the job, had not accrued any vacation time so we were not able to attend Chicon. (But look out next year you west coast types—we'll be at Westercon.) The only fans I have met previously were a few of the Little Men years ago when Roy took me along to a couple of meetings and most of those have faded from the scene, therefore I was exceptionally glad to meet some of the people I've read so much about. I found out one thing about them—they love to eat and that pleased me no end. As Ron inhaled his umpteenth waffle he mumbled something about "if you don't eat good the cook is offended" and needless to say I wasn't offended by any of them. They are welcome at my table any time. When they left they might have run for the nearest Alka-Seltzer dispenser but they made me feel happy while they were here.

The family sort of monopolized Ethel's time here. We talked of so many things. It was just like sitting down with a next-door neighbor whom I had known for years. I think she was well checked-out on American family life by the time she left. Ethel was also a huge success with the children. Diana, the elder, adopted Ethel and hung on to her like glue, constantly begging her to stay. I imagine Ethel was greatly relieved to get back on the bus where there wasn't children and dogs to crawl over her.

It would have pleased us greatly if Ethel could have stayed longer, however, we realized that she had many places yet to go and much to see before she returned home. I hated to see the rest of the crew go, too, but I know I'll be seeing them again. Ethel said that New Mexico would be a wonderful place to retire so maybe she'll come back someday.

We don't have an SF club here where fans can get together and we didn't get to Chicon so it was a great pleasure to have this group stop over here. They were



here for only a few hours but when they departed it seemed that they had been here much longer. Yet when I stop to reflect on their visit it seems like only a fleeting moment.

There is no doubt that one of my most miserable moments in life was that lonely drive home. The car seemed like a great empty house following behind me. When I arrived home to enter the empty house that had been filled with these dynamic people it was terrible. The silence was like a great crash. My ears rang with it. Roy is working nights and was not able to go with me to see them off and I thought he never would get home to help break the loneliness. I don't believe that any group's presence and sudden departure has ever effected me the way this one did. Even though some of them took the opportunity to catch up on some lost sleep and remove the knots acquired during their long bus ride, their individual dynamic personalities filled the house and left a vacuum when they had gone.

The children's horseshoe game was warmed up a bit (beware of Ethel, she's a mean horseshoe pitcher). But this wasn't really what they were looking for in the way of horseshoes. They were looking for

horseshoes with horses in them. There are lots of horses around here but we have yet to acquire one so we couldn't accomodate their desire to ride. A Boy Scout troop met in the Village Hall which is just across the road from us and Bruce Pelz, being a full-fledged scout, felt the urge to attend.

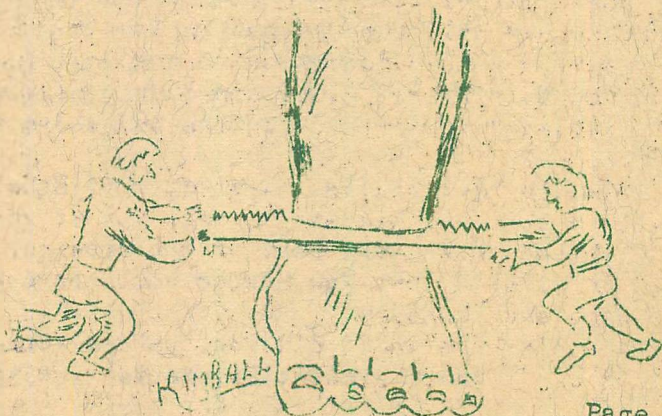
The second crew of fans arrived the next day to fill the vacuum left by the departure of the first group. Bjo and John Trimble along with Ernie Wheatley and Al Lewis rambled up in an overloaded Volkswagen. They stayed till late in the day but had to move on much to our regret.

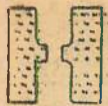
As with the earlier group, their departure left a great emptiness here. They had been very thoughtful and placed some of the artwork they were taking back to L.A. where they could easily get to it so we did get to see some of the lovely work which appeared at the Artshow. We'd like to have some for our walls but, alas, they're out of our price range for the time being.

Bjo and Jack Harness left us some drawings which we'll have in the next few issues of Dynatron. Our thanks to both of them.

Betty Kujawa, can't you find some reason for coming out this way?

CRYSTAL TACKETT

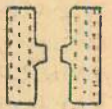
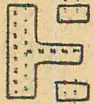




DAVID

HULAN

AN ARTICLE



The team of L. Sprague de Camp and Fletcher Pratt produced some of the best light magazine fantasy that this century has seen. They based most of their work on the legends and myths of pre-Christian Europe, and the results of placing a man of modern times into one of these myths. Probably the best of their works is the "Harold Shea" series, which appeared in various magazines between 1940 and 1954. Recently this entire series has become available in book form for the first time.

Harold Shea is a dashing young psychologist at the Garden Institute in Cleveland. He is a typical example of what has become known as a "de Camp hero" -- good at swordplay, girl rescuing, and fast thinking, but possessed of a number of human failings unlike most heroes of fantasy epics. Shea is conceited, hot-tempered, and inclined to be careless in matters of detail, but withal a likeable sort and quite believable. He works under Dr. Reed Chalmers, who is something of a genius and something of an eccentric (though in no wise to be considered in the "mad scientist" category), and has colleagues Walter Bayard, a sleepy but intelligent type, and Vaclav Polacek, "The Rubber Czech", a completely irresponsible youngster who bears a strong resemblance to a terrier puppy in his personality.

The first story of the series appeared in the May 1940 UNKNOWN, and was titled "The Roaring Trumpet". Dr. Chalmers presents a theory that all the worlds of myth and legend are real, differing from ours only by the logical assumptions inherent in the natural laws of the universe. If we can turn our minds by the methods of symbolic logic to thinking in the same way as the inhabitants of those worlds, then we will move bodily from this universe to that. Shea decides to try this, since he both likes adventure and wants to escape the clutches of Gertrude Mugler, a domineering nurse who is trying to bully him into marriage. He picks as his target the world of Irish myth, primarily because he likes readheaded girls, but there is a slight miscalculation and he ends up in Norse mythology shortly before Ragnarok. Here he gets involved in the famous visit of Thor and Loki to Jötunheim, is captured along with Heimdall, imprisoned by the fire-giants of Muspellheim (during which time is heard for the first time the now famous phrase, "Yngvi is a louse!") and discovers that in this world he can actually make magic work. The pace is swift, the humor excellent, and the writing well above par. At the end Shea is sent back to his own universe by the curse of the spæ-wife at the gates of Niflheim.

The series must have been planned from the start, because in August of the same year UNKNOWN presented "The Mathematics of Magic", a sequel to "The Roaring Trumpet." When Shea tells Chalmers of the verification of his theory, Chalmers decides to try some adventures himself. However, he doesn't want to get into one of the more violent universes where there is no use for scholars, since he is somewhat old and not adept at swordplay. After some discussion they decide on the world of Spenser's

"Faerie Queene", with its knights and enchanters. They arrive successfully this time, Chalmers being a bit more careful and accurate than Shea. As "The Roaring Trumpet" is the most action-packed of the series, so "The Mathematics of Magic" is the funniest. Scenes of humor abound: the contest for the girdle of Lady Florimel, which would only stay on faithful wives; Shea charging through the camp of the Da Derga on a rhinoceros; and what was to me the funniest scene in fantasy, Shea vanquishing the Blatant Beast by reciting a poem so dirty the Beast was embarrassed into leaving. During this adventure Shea also meets Belphebe, the beautiful huntress who lives in the wildwood, and with who he mutually falls in love and later marries. Chalmers also finds love in the person of the Lady Florimel, who unfortunately is a simulacrum made of snow by enchantment and who for this reason cannot return to our non-magical universe. After Shea, Chalmers, Belphebe, and some of the local talent break up the College of Enchanters, Shea is again precipitated back into his own universe by the backlash of a counter-spell he was forced to use against the last of the enchanters. This time Belphebe is with him, and when he returns she returns as well.

These two short novels were assembled, somewhat revised, into a single book by Harry Holt and Co. in 1941, and published as "The Incomplete Enchanter". It is currently available in a Pyramid Books paperback.

In April of 1941, UNKNOWN again presented a Shea story, this time "The Castle of Iron". Shea and Belphebe were married when they returned to our universe, and were living quite happily when one day they went on a staff picnic and during a walk in the woods Belphebe disappeared. Shea's ex-girlfriend, Gertrude Mugler, is around and when She returns returns without Belphebe she calls the police down on him for doing away with his wife. She is being questioned by one of the local policemen in the presence of Bayard and Polacek when suddenly the four of them find themselves in some sort of Oriental setting with slave-girls, eunuchs, and Janissaries. After a brief period of bewilderment, She determines that they are in Coleridge's Xanadu, an incomplete universe where the same sort of actions go on and on forever. Since the actions consist of watching dancing girls and eating some rather vile concoction called "honey-dew", it palls on one rather quickly. After an hour or so, however, Shea and Polacek are abruptly snatched once more, this time into the presence of Chalmers, who explains that he made an error in his first attempt to bring them to him. It seems that in his efforts to make Lady Florimel human he had exhausted the resources of Faerie and had decided to move them both to the world of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso", one of the Charlemagne epics from which Spenser had drawn heavily for the background of Faerie. For this last reason, it was fairly easy to move from one world to the other. He went for aid to Atlantes, chief of the Saracen magicians, and while he has been well-treated so far, he began to mistrust the Saracen and wanted She with him to assist in protecting Lady Florimel. One of his earlier misses had brought Belphebe to the world of Orlando Furioso, and because she (under the name of Belphegor) was one of the characters stolen by Spenser from Ariosto, she forgot her identity and merged with Belphegor, thereafter fleeing the castle of Atlantes and resuming her former life in the woods. Chalmers begins to give Shea and Polacek lessons in magic, which Polacek immediately tries to use and, as is his wont, botches completely. It seems that due to his Slavic ancestry, whenever he tries to use magic he ends up turning into a werewolf--a lesson he has a hard time learning throughout the book. Shea, while trying to do some spying for Chalmers, inadvertently allows Sir Roger, Atlantes's ward, to escape from the castle. Atlantes is furious, but decides to hold Chalmers and Florimel hostage while Shea and Polacek find Sir Roger and bring him back to the castle. She has hardly gone any distance when he is caught by Belphebe (now Belphegor) and Duke Astolph, one of Charlemagne's paladins and a powerful magician in his own right. He bests Astolph in a duel and is allowed to join them. Later She uses psychological methods to relieve Roland of amnesia incurred while drinking at the Fountain of Forgetfulness, escapes when the paladins plan to hold him and prevent him from accomplishing his quest, is captured by the Saracens, escapes with Belphebe, Roger, and Medoro (a Saracen poet with whom Belphebe is infatuated) by transforming himself and Medoro into the semblance of Jann, and eventu-

ally succeeds in getting Chalmers and Florimel free with the aid of Lady Bradamant, a female knight.

"The Castle of Iron" is by no means as good a book as "The Incomplete Enchanter" but it is still good fun and high adventure. It was published in book form by Gnome in 1950 and recently appeared in a Pyramid paperback. The book version is expanded and considerably changed from the magazine version, and is what I have been describing here, since UNKNOWN is rather hard to come by these days.

After the publication of "The Castle of Iron" the series lapsed for a time, at first due to the authors' involvement in war work and later because UNKNOWN had folded and there was no market for fantasy any more. In 1953, however, the fourth tale of the series appeared. I believe that this was in FANTASY FICTION, but I'm unsure.

At the end of "The Castle of Iron" Bayard and Pete, the policeman, were still stranded in Xanadu. When She and Belphebe get back to our universe, they are under considerable suspicion as possible kidnappers. She decides they need magical help which they can't find in this universe, and starts looking for some alternate world where they will be able to find a friendly magician. This is rather difficult since most magicians are pictured as anything but friendly, but he finally hits upon Vainamoinen, hero of the Finnish KALEVALA. The two of them leave for Kalevala in the nick of time to escape the police, and upon arrival find that there has been a slight slip-up. Instead of finding themselves in the territory of "Vainamoinen, strong and steadfast", they are in the front yard of "the lively Lemminkainen", headstrong, willful, lecherous, and irresponsible. Lemminkainen is reasonably friendly, and a good magician in his own way, but he is envious of Shea's swordsmanship and wants to swap his wife for Belphebe. Shea manages to persuade him to rescue Bayard and Pete from Xanadu in return for help on a mission of vengeance. After a good bit of attempted trickery on both sides, they set out on their quest. Pete's knowledge of judo and Bayard's ability to see through enchantments prove useful, and Lemminkainen creates an army by multiplying Shea and Belphebe manyfold. Bayard ruins the whole affair by a misdirected attempt at magic, however, and the four from our universe are captured. Shea has no success with magic in this continuum, because it requires singing and he is tone-deaf, but Pete has a fine voice except for a polyp in his nose. Belphebe manages to sing loud enough for Shea to magically remove the polyp and Pete then assists them in returning, presumably, home.

The last of these stories before the untimely death of Pratt appeared in BEYOND in 1954. Shea, Pete, and Belphebe land in Chuchulainn's Ireland, and have some not very interesting adventures among the Irish and the Sidhe. This last story is not at all up to the standard of the others, and not really worth bothering with except that it is bound with "Wall of Serpents" (the previous story) in a recent Avalon book.

The Harold Shea stories, like most series, started off with a bang and after the first couple of stories began to lose speed. The two stories in "The Incomplete Enchanter" are both superior fantasy. "The Castle of Iron" is good but not up to the first two. "Wall of Serpents" is interesting but a further descent from "The Castle of Iron", and the last episode is almost totally lacking in interest. It might be noted that of the lot only "The Roaring Trumpet" is a complete and resolved story--all the others leave several loose ends hanging. This is natural enough if your object as an author is to make people want to read the next story to see what happens, but in the case of the later stories of this series I think it was overdone. Thus, at the end of "The Mathematics of Magic", Chalmers was left in Faerie; at the end of "The Castle of Iron" Chalmers and Polacek were left in Furioso and Bayard and Pete in Xanadu; at the end of "Wall of Serpents" Bayard's whereabouts are unknown entirely and Chalmers and Polacek are still out of the picture as well.

The best thing about the series is its apt picturing of each legend or myth into which Shea is precipitated. Both authors were scholars, and carefully researched

their source material before writing. The world of Norse myths is fairly familiar to most of us, though I've not read a story that pictured it better, but how many are familiar with "The Faerie Queene", "Orlando Furioso", "Kalevala", or Irish myth? The great failure of the last story was its failure to capitalize more on the background, for there is much fascinating material in Irish mythology which was ignored. I get the feeling that the authors were tired of the series themselves and only wrote the story because Gold was trying to make BEYOND into another UNKNOWN and needed a Pratt-deCamp yarn to further his aims. I see no other excuse for its existence.

"Wall of Serpents" was particularly interesting to me in its setting. If the story content of this one was perhaps the least of the worthwhile yarns in the series, the background was the best. "Kalevala" is a very interesting poem, hardly known at all in this country. This is a pity, because what has sometimes been called the "American epic", THE SONG OF HIAWATHA, is little but a paraphrase of "Kalevala". There are differences, of course - the Finns and the Amerinds had different cultures, and Longfellow tried to be true to Amerind custom in his writing, but the meter is that of Kalevala and much of the incident is also based on the Finnish epic. Vainamoinen is Hiawatha, Lemminkainen is Pau-puk-keewis, and there are other parallels in personality. The American poem has less magic than the Finnish, but this is natural when you consider that Longfellow didn't believe in magic and the old Finns who composed "Kalevala" did.

The Harold Shea stories are the best series arising out of UNKNOWN. I would advise every fan of this type of fantasy to read "The Incomplete Enchanter" which is one of the best of fantasy novels. If you then have further interest in the characters, you can read "The Castle of Iron" and "Wall of Serpents", which are enjoyable but not outstanding. All are now available in print. Someday they'll go out of print again, and you may be kicking yourself if you don't read them now...

DAVID HULAN

~~~~~  
Dave discusses UNKNOWN in each issue of his own fanzine, LOKI. He has a complete run of that fabulous fantasy magazine, the lucky dogface. If you're interested in fantasy get LOKI from Dave at 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama. RT

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TOKYO FILE

by TAKUMI SHIBANO

Kosei Ono has sold "Anihilating Machine" to ALL HUMOR MAGAZINE.

Shin'ichi Hoshi's 4th book, "Bonbons and Nightmares", consisting of 36 of his short-short stories has been published by Shincho-sha Publishing Company.

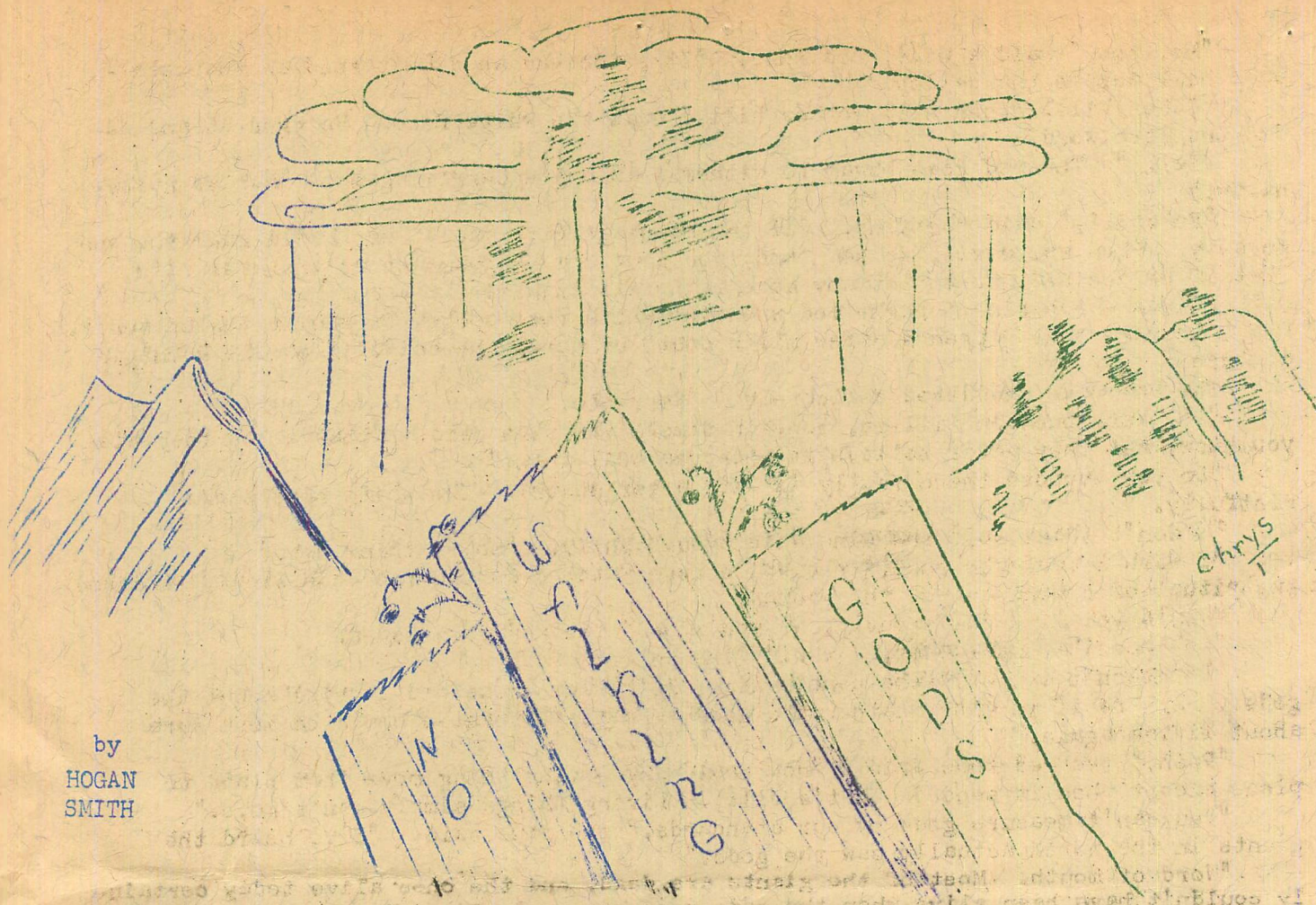
A translation of Leo Slizard's "Voice of Dolphins" appeared in MISUZU, the PR magazine of Misuzu-Shobo Publishing Co.

NTV is again telecasting "One Step Beyond" and NET has begun telecasting a series of fantasy stories constructed by Kimifusa Abe. They are using some material by Japanese SF authors such as Takushi Mayumura's "Touchstone".

Local SF meetings were held this summer at Gifu City, Osaka, and Tokushima City.

~~~~~  
TAKUMI SHIBANO





by  
HOGAN  
SMITH

"Hogan Smith" is a pseudonym for a very successful mystery writer who lives here in Albuquerque. He's a stf bug, too, but has never managed to crack the field. I managed to talk him out of this yarn a few weeks ago. Hogan is currently working on a new mystery tentatively titled "My First Murder" and a science fiction novel is also in the works. RT

The sun wouldn't look at the mountain because the mountain was mad and wouldn't talk. It was the mountain's fault, anyway, letting the cloud rain on him. One small sun couldn't be expected to dry out every cloud in the sky. The mountain could have used a thunderbolt. Even one small thunderbolt would have helped.

"We could have been right, except that we were wrong," the sun said softly.

"All's not fair in love, except war," the mountain said finally.

"There, that's more your new self." The sun looked at the top of the mountain and smiled.

"Thanks, I was beginning to get a little cool." The mountain wished he could shrug. He'd heard there were mountains who could shrug.

The sun was happy, now that the mountain was no longer mad, and it looked at all of the mountain, causing the tree to come out again.

"Well, thank goodness, that's over," said the tall, thick pine. "I hate it when they argue."



"Me, too," said a wild, red rose. "It's too bad we didn't seed on that stalwart hill across the valley."

"Other hill, other hill, other hill," said the white rose. He grunted and added one more word.

"Well!" The red rose began to withdraw into its burrow again. "Nasty, nasty, nasty."

"Be still," said the pine. "If the mountain gets mad at us, he'll make the sun go away. Then where will we be? And, you know how he grumbled at the last rain. That if he decided not to let any more rain fall on him?"

It was a sobering thought and when the white rose spoke, it was in hushed tones.

"I heard that happened a few miles south of here," he said. "Now the mountain is bare."

The red rose shuddered delicately. "Horrible."

"Oh, our mountain will go, too, in time," the pine said. "That's how they die, you know, but they never believe it when you tell them."

"Do you suppose there really is life after death?" The white rose spoke wistfully.

"I don't think so," the pine said thoughtfully. "No, I think not."

"I wish I could be sure," the white rose watched as the red rose slowly finished the ritual of coming out of the ground.

"Would you live differently, if you knew?" the red rose asked.

"No, possibly not. But, I would like to know."

"It doesn't matter," the pine said. "It's like those old stories about the gods. Perhaps if we knew whether the gods were real, then we could be more sure about living again."

"Pooh," the red rose said. "How could any living thing move from place to place except when it seeds? That's silly. Living things simply can't move."

"You can't measure gods by our standards," the pine said. "I've heard the giants in the north actually saw the gods."

"Word of mouth. Most of the giants are dead, and the ones alive today certainly couldn't have been alive when the gods were here. Besides, look at all the translations the story had to go through to get to us."

"We've all heard about the giants and the gods," the red rose said. "But gods or no gods, living things simply cannot move around. Even when we throw our seeds, we don't move. Just our seeds do."

"That's true," the white rose said. "And the fire bothers me, too. If a great fire came and it was so big it could destroy all of the gods, and mind you, these gods were so powerful they could move around, then why didn't that fire destroy us, too?"

"That's where faith comes in," the pine said. "If you believe there were gods who could move around among us and who cared for us, then you can believe in life after death. That's where faith comes in."

"Maybe we have sinned against the gods and made them angry and they left us in a great smoke and fire," the white rose said slowly.

"Oh, bother," the red rose said abruptly. "Will you see that? The sun has stopped looking at us again."

"Do wish they would get straightened out," the pine grunted.

Slowly the pine tree and the two rose bushes shrunk into their burrows. All the rest of the mountain was bare.

Inside their burrows they folded their leaves carefully. It was cold when the sun didn't look at the mountain.

XXXXXX

HOGAN SMITH



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smiling

moffatt

a column of  
disconnected  
continuity

"TWO BANQUETS"

Earlier this year I attended the LASFS Fanquet at which Rick Sneary, Esq. was Guest of Honor. Shortly thereafter, I attended another banquet, at which a college professor spoke to a group of business men on the subject of "Marketing". I thought it might be interesting to make a comparison between these two banquets, the fannish versus the mundane.....

I understand that an upcoming issue of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES will contain a report on the Sneary Fanquet, and it is not my purpose to detail the entire evening here. Nor do I intend to Tell All about the business men's banquet, the pre-dinner drinking, the polite, buddy-buddy--but generally very-careful--yakking among the various competitors, and so on. The sum total of what was said could be expressed thus: "Times are bad, but business is good." "Times" refers not to a newspaper or magazine, but to the "hardships" suffered by business men due to "government intervention", high taxes, etc. But despite all these "hardships" 'tis a rare business man who will tell his competitor that his business is anything but good, whether it is or not.

At the Fanquet Rick spoke of friendship, how it is a two-way street, and how too many of us do not go even halfway to meet the other fellow, who--tho we think of him as a friend--we never really get to know. He said that having friends was like having gold--that is, as a miser would have gold. The miser wants to reach out and collect all the gold he can, fill his room with it. Rick wanted to do the same with his friends. But not all of his friends were truly solid "gold". Some, nice people tho they may be, were merely goldplated, and like borrowed silverware, would have to be "returned in the morning".

Then he named names, mentioning only those persons who were present. He said exactly what he thought of each of us, or as near as it can be expressed in human language. His approach was gentle but he pulled no punches. He had already made it clear that he didn't consider himself in the solid-gold category in relation to all of his friends, that he hadn't always fully utilized that two-way street. Perhaps there were some present who were a little hurt by Rick's honest approach, his open frankness. But if they understood the speech, they shouldn't have been. He wasn't trying to make enemies--and I don't think that he did--but, in effect, was trying to gain more friendships, or at least strengthen those he already enjoyed. Whether Rick himself realized it or not, it was a more than noteworthy attempt at real communication, unaided by telepathy, and thus limited to the spoken word.

Rick considers himself a poor public-speaker, but he should have heard the college professor.....

Not that the speaker on "Marketing" was a poor speaker, mind you. He communicated well enough for his purposes--which were identical with those of his audience. He knew what they wanted to hear, and he did his best to limit himself to that.

When I first met the professor--in the men's room, just after the dinner but before the formal program got started--I had some hopes of hearing something original,



for a change. He introduced himself, and seemed like a nice, amiable chap. No doubt he is. But my hopes for originality were dashed, when--while waiting in line to use the euphenism--he told us a story I had heard when I was but a wee tad. (It was the story of a Traveling Salesman who had to stay overnight at a farmer's house. No, this farmer didn't have a daughter, he had a small son and the salesman had to share the little boy's bed. When he climbed into bed he noticed that the lad knelt beside the bed before joining him. The salesman was touched by what he assumed to be piety on the part of the boy, and though he hadn't prayed in years, decided that it was high time he did, with the tyke setting such a good example, etc, etc. So he gets out of bed and kneels on the opposite side. The boy looks up at him and says, "Gosh, Mom's going to be mad at you!" Whatever for?" inquires the puzzled salesman. "'Cause the pot's on this side", replies the boy.....)

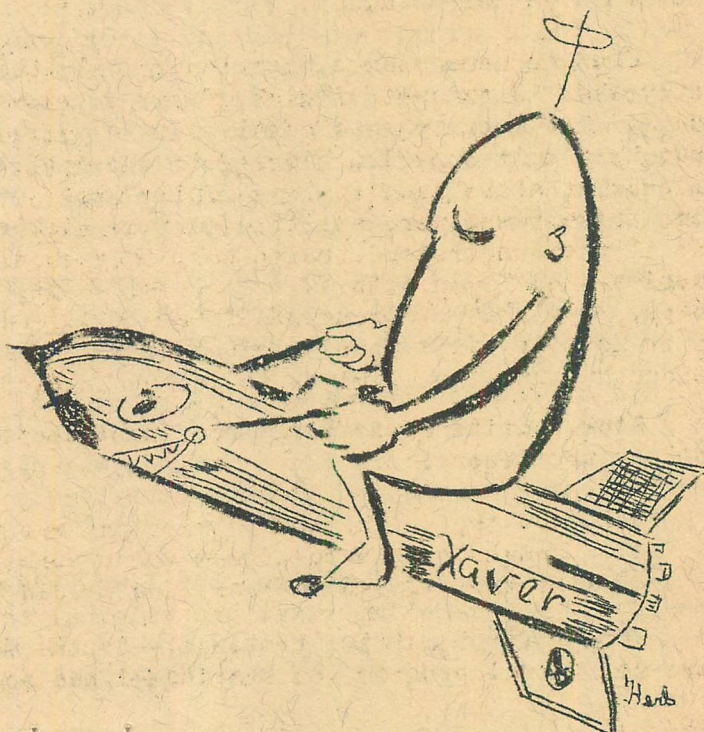
Before getting into his speech, the professor told a number of Texas jokes. All of these were oldies too, especially with an even bigger state in the union now. He noted that he wasn't exactly wowing his audience, and made the rather lame excuse that a college prof shouldn't try to tell stories to salesmen, as the latter, after all, were famous as story-tellers, and no doubt heard all the Good Ones before everybody else, especially college profs, who were usually "behind in such things".

But he wasn't "behind" on what to say to his audience when it came to the serious stuff. Unlike Sneary, who told his audience what he wanted them to hear, the prof told them what they wanted to hear. Now this isn't necessarily a bad thing--even from my "moderate liberal" point of view (Hi, Charlie Wells!), for some of the things he said were very true, very realistic.

For instance: "No business should be ashamed of making profits". This got hearty applause, and I applauded, too. When a company I work for stops making profits, I'm going to get a job with one that isn't in the red. And whatever outfit I work for is going to get all the help I can give--short of salary cuts, of course--to keep it out of the red. A business is not a philanthropic organization and there's no reason why it should be. And I'll even take the salary cuts--if the general cost of living is going down at the same time.

Then he got into "politics" though he claimed he never gave political type speeches. Actually he mentioned no political party by name, but his reference to the President's attitude in the recent steel price furore made his own "politics" obvious. Government Intervention was a Bad Thing, and we are likely to get more of it, now...

In case you are wondering, the quotes around "politics" are simply because I do not know whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. One can assume he was a Republican, with a largely Republican audience, but one certain political belief doesn't mean that the believer belongs to one certain





political party.

Many, many Democrats are business men who are also afraid that Government might take over the business world. A strong, extremely right wing administration could be just as Bad for Business as a strong, extremely left wing administration. Call it "Facism" or "Communism", the totalitarian effect is the same. We have neither at the moment, thank heavens. And, no doubt, professors who teach "Marketing" can be Democrats or Republicans, depending on more things than their attitude towards government and business.

The professor's talk ended with a Question and Answer session. But there was only one question, perhaps because the hour was late and we were all tired of sitting. Though he painted a fairly rosy future for us--if we all pitched in, etc, etc,--his speech wasn't as inspiring as the MC made it out to be. It was simply what everyone, with a few possible exceptions including myself, wanted to hear.

The one question asked was a worried inquiry as to how "liberal" were the colleges getting? The man asking the question was concerned about his children, of course. He had worked hard all his life to build a good business and he would be spending hard-earned money to give them the best possible education, so that they might take over his business, or successfully run one of their own. The question, in effect, was: are our colleges safe for children?

Actually, despite the fact that the questioner and I have opposite viewpoints, I considered it an excellent question, perhaps the most important thing said all evening. You might think it a stupid question--that "everybody knows" that some colleges are liberal and others conservative, and so on, but remember that this hardworking business man, aware of the "liberal trend" in our country, especially among younger people, was genuinely concerned about what his kids might turn out to be. Every real father is, regardless of his politics.

The professor, obviously concerned about his job, and not wanting to really "discuss politics", hemmed and hawed. Finally he "admitted" that there was a trend towards liberalism in colleges he knew about, but that he, personally, did not consider it a real threat. After all, the business men of America, the commercial enterprises, were still strong enough to survive and, more important, if the kids were brought up right by their parents and had any intelligence at all, they wouldn't easily be led into completely leftist beliefs. In short, he had faith in our young people, and did not think those worth their salt were likely to become communists or commie-dupes. I got the impression that he felt a little liberalism wasn't a bad thing, tho he didn't say so in so many words. Perhaps his awkwardly phrased answer didn't satisfy the questioner, but it got a round of applause, though that might have been because the affair was finally over and everybody could stand up, stretch, and go home.

Now I have said that Rick's talk was frank and honest, and I have no doubt that the professor was just as sincere in what he had to say, and the fact that it was what his audience wanted to hear was his good fortune, or merely coincidence.

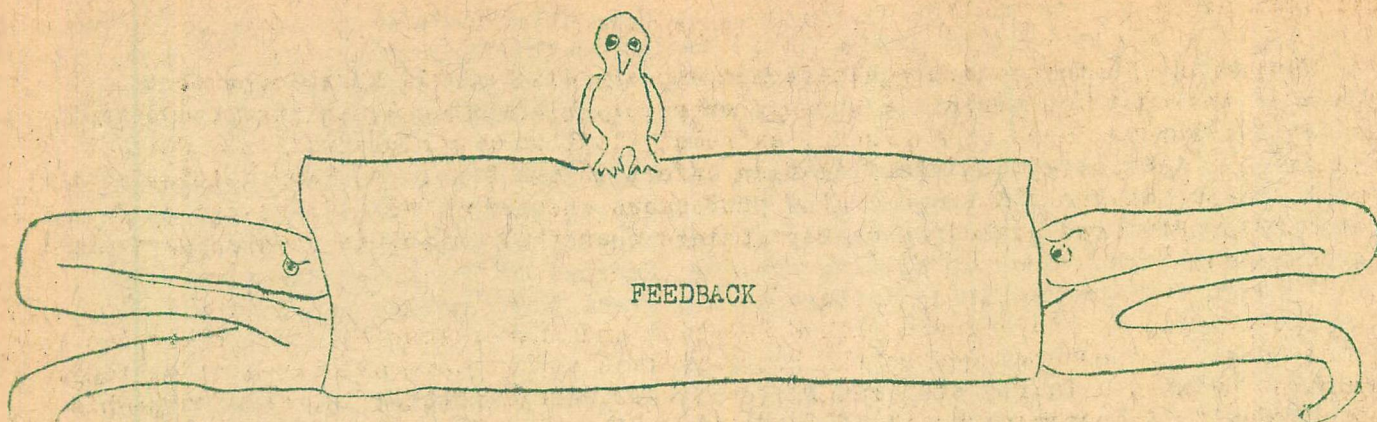
The difference between the two banquets, and the two speakers, is that in one, the speaker wanted to strengthen friendships by taking an openly frank approach and thus taking the risk of losing friends who might misinterpret his talk, and in the other, the speaker wanted to keep on friendly terms with his audience taking no risks at all.

I'm prejudiced, of course, but I do think that Squire Sneary made the better speech, and had more important and original things to say. He didn't tell any old Texas jokes either. He even told the Truth about me, but nevertheless I still intend to do as I advise you all to do: Keep Smiling!

LEN MOFFATT

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DR. ANTONIO DUPLA  
P<sup>o</sup> M<sup>a</sup> AGUSTIN, 9  
ZARAGOZA, SPAIN

The sands around you have given you the chance for the best image I have read about the ephemeral nature of fanwritings. There is plenty of people that seems to think of their opus as not less transcendent than Plato's.

Chrystal, your hopes about the fannish potential of your daughter is perhaps optimistic. Or have you intended to do anything without finding them in the middle? Your idea about SF jigsaw puzzles is a good one; now I don't have time enough, but some years ago I sawed, and still hold, some 50 puzzles of all sizes and themes, except SF. I'm not willing to cut away any of the too few gravures I have.

Baxter's quiz has been very satisfying. I scored 21 points and the other 4 were about books or zines I don't know anywhere. Though the general trend of the Deckinger tale was foreseeable from the first line, the exact end and general construction was good. Both Coulson's article and Japan news fine and agreeable. The fanzine review section short but sufficient; I must say that this section, for me, is irreplaceable in any fanzine.

I'd like to run more fmz reviews but I have to cut something to keep this at a reasonable size. I couldn't possibly give more than a line or two if

I mentioned each fmz received and that doesn't do them justice. RT

FRANZ SOLCHER  
834 PFARRKIRCHEN,  
BERGSTR. 10  
POSTFACH 50,  
WEST GERMANY

What I find interesting in DYNATRON is that you report on fandom in other countries. If my English would be better I would give from time to time little reports on fandom in Austria, Germany, Suisse, and perhaps France as I am there very soon again.

It is planned to lay the groundwork of an organisation of world fandom and I'm sure that all big German clubs will join.

It will bring Gerfandom nearer to world-fandom. Also here is intended the consolidation of the two greatest clubs at this year's con in Untervossen.

Pessina's article was interesting but too brief. Deckinger's fannish alphabet was very nice.

BOB COULSON  
ROUTE 3,  
WABASH, INDIANA

What's this "Buck Coulson of Indiana" jazz; you know any other Buck Coulsons? (I admit there are other Robert Coulsons; one of them is an Illinois politician and John Boardman sent me a clipping mentioning that another has been appointed by Gov. Rockefeller to "train youth workers" in New York. But I don't know another Buck Coulson.) I thought that's the way it was with you Mid-Eastern (from my point of view) types. You know, like Abe Lincoln and Adlai Stevenson of Illinois. RT

Why does Chrystal stop on page 5 in the middle of a sentence and start up on page 10 at the beginning of a brand new sentence? I goofed. RT There are you returning those poor little lizards, anyway? You're afraid we'll turn you in to the SPCA, I bet.



COULSON, cont'd.

I disagree mildly with Harry Warner. So some fans don't write as much for fanzines as they are capable of doing. So? Fandom is for fun; nobody should write for fanzines unless he wants to do it. Obviously, the fans who don't do it, don't want to do it, and that's their privilege. I do agree that more variety in fanzine material is possible.

I trust that Larry Williams has been informed that Charles Wells is now taking up the subject of the Fan Awards. And Mike Haggerty wants to publish a booklet containing the name, rank, and presumably serial number, of everyone in fandom. (I understand that Noreen Shaw is holding out for "Empress Of The Universe" as her rank, but I wouldn't guarantee it.) I think it's a great idea; nobody can be any more rank than fans.

BERNARD MORRIS  
420 MEMORIAL DRIVE  
CAMBRIDGE 39, MASS

On the stf quiz I did better than I expected, but that wasn't too good. I like the idea of the poetry, quite a lot of good verse has been written by stf authors, why doesn't someone, pro or fan, put it into an anthology? We're all waiting for someone else to do it. RT// Tolkein, Heinlein and Anderson are my choices for "best poet" or whatever you want to call it.

I missed the original "Trufan's Blood" but the original ending sounds fine to me. You're sadistic. RT// It reminds me of the time I caught my tie in a drill press. Watch it, Bernie, we'll have no dirty stories here. RT// I haven't worn one since unless faced with a national emergency. Our Gestetner is very tame and wouldn't harm a fly, but I treat it with respect. You can never tell with these Evil Machines.

The theme of "Some of Your Blood" is very plausible. Men with Oedipus complexes have been known to act as George did. This makes it less funny. Not really. I've gotten some pretty big laughs out of the trick-cyclists explanation of why some guy suddenly whipped out a yard of knife and carved up his relatives—or some complete stranger. RT// As for its being frightening, I don't think anyone really believes it's true, but then neither does anyone, I hope, believe a word of Lovecraft. Some think he's funny. It all depends on the state of mind you go into the book with, if you want to laugh, you will.

I agree with Aritsune Toyoda that Esperanto is rather useless. English is spoken by 1/2 of all the world and by almost all scientists. Esperanto is hopeless as literature, its simplified word endings would kill poetry and render prose so dull it wouldn't be written. In addition there are much more scientific languages, loglan is the best I've seen. It was worked out on the principle of the bestest for the mostest, with the percentage of each modern language times the similarity of the sounds as a criteria for the vocabulary, and a sort of binary system for the grammar.

And even this is only an intellectual exercise for linguists and logicians, not a practical suggestion. Anyway, the whole question is purely academic, the masses would never agree, or be able, to learn a new language which the vast majority would never use.

TOM DILLEY  
1590 ROBINSON DR. N.  
ST PETERSBURG 10, FLA.

Warner's article on articles was of great interest. Don't know, though, whether we of the reading legions find the re-appearance of the "same names" over and over again so monotonous. In the case of some names, of course, the first appearance is too many; of others, however, there is no such thing as too many. Mr Warner himself falls into this latter category.

Buck's story brings very pointed to mind an article I read recently (somewhere; they're all "somewhere") which mentioned that in most sf stories the US is the hero nation, and, though not quite so often, the USSR or a reasonable facsimile thereof is the villain. But Coulson's story is more than merely an illustration of a trend. I note that the communist has the customary contempt for the inefficiency of the US gov't. Yet the US gov't in this particular tale has come around to the custom of death without trial for its enemies, which, of course, is one of the points of "inefficiency" of the Russian system; it seems to me that if our gov't had become so efficient on this point, it should also have made any number of its other methods far



DILLEY, cont'd.

more effective (efficiency of this sort necessitates abrogations, and if we have a bridged the right of trial by jury, we must have made many similar moves in other areas of administration), and the communist should have no such grounds for contempt. Of course, it is always possible that Buck intended this character to appear as if he had, indeed, no idea of that whereof he spoke, thus making the outcome all the more futile; I couldn't say. It's a shame the thing wasn't quite a bit longer. I did enjoy the little dig at the U. of Chicago situation.

Damn. Haven't read a one of the items with which the SF Quiz concerned itself. There's just no place for horror fans these days (though the above Robert Coulson will, likely, say that there is.)

And I enjoyed Franson's piece a very great deal. He has the gift of hint, of reference.

Larry Williams: I firmly believe that egoboo is the cornerstone of fandom (oh-oh). And egoboo is worth more than the paper it's printed on. But it's all printed on paper, spoken, or held in the mind. It doesn't exist on an uncirculated statue. You shall not crucify ink-smeared Egoboo on a nickel-plated spaceship, and like that.

Kujawa: Is David Horowitz any relation to Vladimir? It's the only other place I've ever heard the name, and the spelling may be different at that.

BETTY KUJAWA  
2819 CAROLINE ST  
SOUTH BEND 14, IND.

Howcome youguys aint moved!!! See how I loused up the town-name on the envelope!! Come on now--start packing!

Me too...with Toyoda on his discussion of Esperanto with Seth Johnson, the exact nuances and meanings of English (or other regular-natural tongues) matter greatly when one is dealing with most any brand of communication. Especially in literature and poetry and like that.

We had a Mid-America nudist con here last week--wanna conreport?? welll, no, I didn't attend. The teen-agers had a twist contest I hear...that revive your sense of wonder, Roy?? Naah. Our station carries "American Bandstand" so I'm pretty blase about it all these days. RT

The Warner article is excellent. Harry's quite right, though, ruining my conscience and everything, but he's right. I gotta react to things not create them. I respond. Jill Adams what with home, hubby and lil girlchile I doubt will ever be seen in more than locs. Don Allen turned pro and is dern busy supporting wife and chile.. and he owes me a tape...Don, where are you?? Not on our mailing list. RT

Improvisation, imitation and writing with nothing to say--oh, how RIGHT Harry is! I fume at the failing of many youngerfen who see, say, a few art films or read a few books of one type and then presume to be experts with sage knowledge of the entire field...I have seen some really inexcusable boners seriously stated by those who should have done the barest bit of checking beforehand.

How many femmefans in Japanese fandom?

Takumi, how many girls in the Uchujin Club? We're not about to move. After all, Ethel said she might come back after she retired. RT

JOHN TRIMBLE  
5734 PARAPET ST  
LONG BEACH 8, CALIF.

Harry Warner will go to any lengths to get people to stop asking him for material, won't he? Pretty sneaky, too, as I thot sure that Harry was coming up with another one of these wild schemes he seems partial to; the ones which would require a fan-  
nish March of Dimes type organization, with all kinds of volunteers, etc. The article was a pleasant surprise.

By Ghod, these Japanese fans are getting to the place where they're going to have a full-scale Fandom going; conventions now...what next? More power to them, I say. It's amazing, though, the similarities which are showing up 'tween Japanese, German and Scandanavian fandoms...or is it? No. Check the early history of US fandom. RT

I'm gonna complain! There was no article in my copy of DYNATRON #12 by Clawed Degler...and it's the one I most 'specially wanted to read, too. Cheat, robber... and other superlatives. Shame, even!



HARRY WARNER, JR.  
423 SUMMIT AVENUE  
HAGERSTOWN, MD.

You have managed to get above-average contributions from most of your writers. And come to think of it, you have something of a monopoly on many of them: your wife, Takumi, Hector, and Degler, for instance. (The mailman tore off those last pages

but I imagine that he will return them to me as soon as he gets permission to reorganize the Hagerstown arc of the Cosmic Circle.)

I don't dare say that I'm glad you found a job because it pains me when anyone has to work almost as much as I regret to be forced to labor for my own bread. But let's put it more diplomatically and state that I'm happy to know that your family is not threatened with starvation. Won't it be exciting if you transfer your headquarters to the second or third Telstar?

Bob Coulson's fiction isn't very probable but it's effective enough, which is the main thing. The improbability lies in the assassination. I imagine that a communist domination of this country would involve retention of all the mechanics of our government, carefully altered to make certain that the party line was followed. Remember, people still vote in the USSR and they have presidents and such things over there. Someone should do a psychological analysis of whatever causes the forces of evil to adhere so carefully to the appearance of doing good when they're behaving at their worst. You can fool some of the people all of the time. RT

I got along a bit better on the Baxter quiz this time. But I imagine that the real solution to making good scores lies in one's reading habits, with re-reading a vital matter. I hope that the series can continue.

The Fan's Home Primer is the best Deckinger item I've seen in a fanzine in a long while. You could have had a contest quiz of your own on this one, printing it without the writer's name and inviting guesses. I'm sure I would have nominated all but a half-dozen fans before hitting on the right one under such circumstances.

The report on the first Japanese convention sounds in some respects like the earliest conventions in this country. If I understand the Tokyo newspaper situation correctly there must be much interest in stf in that land to induce three editors to give space to the con.

I had an odd difficulty with "Happier Ending". About one-third of the way through it I got a sudden inspiration for fiction about fans. Oh, no! First Boggs and now you! What's fandom coming to? RT Try as I would, I couldn't concentrate completely on Don's item from then on. So I'm not even sure if I got the full significance of this story: I assume that we are supposed to take the last sentence literally, but I might have missed clues to the contrary somewhere earlier.

Larry Williams echoes my sentiments about the fan awards as exactly as if he were a human Telstar at just the right distance and direction. His remarks on Willis made me feel guilty. I should have said somewhere in my own article something about exceptions to every rule. If Walt does turn out fanzine material as he has explained, it makes his abilities even more miraculous, but there is every reason why fans shouldn't imitate him. After all, Stan Musial's batting stance is not one that anyone else has been able to use successfully, no matter how much it has done for Stan.

I certainly don't see why any Japanese should be surprised at Bradbury's popularity in that nation, many of whose troubles during the past century came from the sudden intrusion of the technology that Bradbury fears so much.

MIKE DECKINGER  
31 CARR PLACE  
FORDS, N. J.

To argue the plausibility of SOME OF YOUR BLOOD a step further—would you have preferred that it was a conventional vampire tale, with George being one of the undead who arises from his coffin nightly in pursuit of blood? Or to put it another way, which basis

makes more sense in context with the theme of vampirism? That of an individual afflicted with the disease by the bite of another, and condemned to a living death, unless released by sunlight or a stake through the heart? Or the "vampire" suffering from a muerosis which compels him to seek the blood of living people due to a traumatic shock suffered at an early and impressionable age which has become firmly rooted in his subconscious, and drives the individual on, even though he may have no knowledge of the derivation of his craving? Either way an off-trail and unusual character (to say the least) is presented to the readership, with his origin being



the only dissimilarity. The "vampire" still craves blood, is still forced to lead a hunted, wretched existence. Only in one case because blood is the sustenance, and in the other because an inner compulsion controls his actions. And psychology has more basis for reality than vampirism, which is a superstition, not a science.

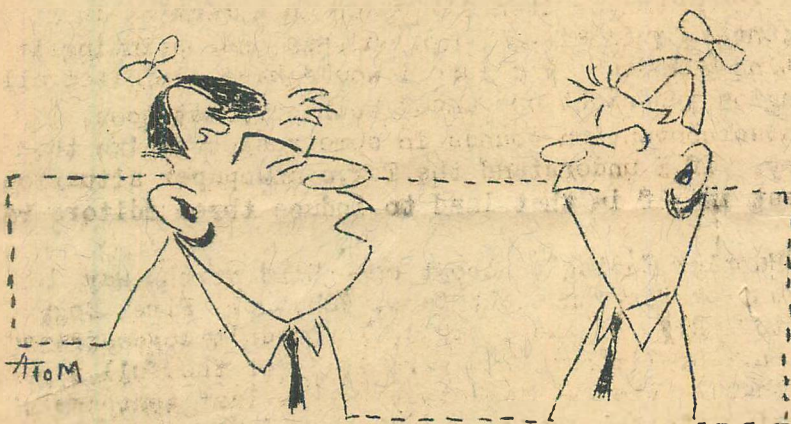
Are you trying to tell me that psychiatry is a science? The theories of Van Helsing contain as much reality as do the theories of Freud. The explanation of Dracula makes as much sense as Sturgeon's explanation of George. Take both with salt. RT

DAVID G. HULAN  
228-D NIBLO DR.  
REDSTONE ARSENAL, ALA.

Warner's article was quite interesting and as usual he has a lot of good ideas. I think a lot of the fault lies with the faneds; as much with them as with the writers. There are plenty of competent writers in fandom with something to say,

but who ever asks them? And when they are asked, and they contribute, they are seldom properly edited.

I wish that some fan with a reading knowledge of Russian and some talent for writing would do a good translation of some of Gogol's fine fantasies and submit them for publication. I for one would be happy to publish many of them. My Russian has slipped too far for me to do it; Gogol is one of the most difficult of Russian writers to read in the original.



"As far as I'm concerned, you're a (deleted in case you sue) and (deleted in case you sue) with a (deleted in case you sue) and that's my considered opinion."

\* \* \* \* \*

that the Fan Awards were not at all superfluous. All the FANAC Poll seems to be this year is ammunition for Breen, since he can tell people who disagree with him, "Yeah, you got votes for Fugghead of the Year, yah, yah, yah!" FANAC poll, pfui!

Toyoda: True, Zamehof wasn't a philologist, however, neither were the people who were the original speakers of English or Japanese. A number of eminent linguists Mario Pei for one, think that Esperanto is quite a reasonable language. It's true at present fine nuances are missing from Esperanto, but then I've known only two or three foreign-born individuals who grasped the really fine nuances of English and I'm quite sure that I grasp none of the fine nuances of German, French, or Russian, though I have a fair reading knowledge of all three. If Esperanto were spoken for a period of time by enough people it would develop fine nuances in the same way English has - by borrowing words and fitting them into the pattern of the language. English is proof that a language doesn't have to be inventive to grow.

As is French or Japanese both of which contain many foreign words. But these are basic languages to begin with while Esperanto isn't. There's the rub. RT

Coulson's story is quite good. I didn't know Buck ever wrote fiction--live and learn, I guess.

Baxter's stf quiz—I found the scoring unintelligible Why? RT so I don't know how well I did numerically. I missed one part of #1, one part of #2, two parts of #3, one part of #4, two parts of #5 and got #6. I can't imagine any student of stf, whether or not he'd read IN SEARCH OF WONDER, missing the description of Hubbard - the man was unique, as was his fiction.

Larry Williams was OK, readable enough but nothing out of the ordinary. Since the FANAC poll rarely seems to get published, it seems to me



AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Billyjoeplottofofelikaalabama. Your article gets printed nextish, Bill, honest. LEN MOFFATT thought Franson's re-ending of the Carr story was wonderful. FRED GOTTSCHALK got a five weeks advance on his allowance and bought a subscription. Good boy. B. BUBNIS and B. DEITCHMAN both sent hard money. I like letters like that. DICK KUCZEK wants to know if any Japanese fmz are rubbed in English. There is now. And some anonymous individual sent a note asking me to think about a short, fat god standing on a street corner in New York City. Things must be rough in the god business these days. TOM ARMISTEAD sends quote cards. ED BRYANT says the latest fmz from Wheatland is being held up waiting for an editorial. Somebody write an editorial for Ed. DAVE KEIL, 38 SLOCUM CRESCENT, FOREST HILLS 75, N.Y. wants to hear from fen interested in the weird and macabre. TAKUMI SHIBANO says Japanese fandom is already planning its next convention. A. DAVIDSON sent us his new fanzine called HOMUNCULUS or some such. It's even better than his other fanzine. The rest of this space is for Ed Cox to doodle in.

XXXXXX

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