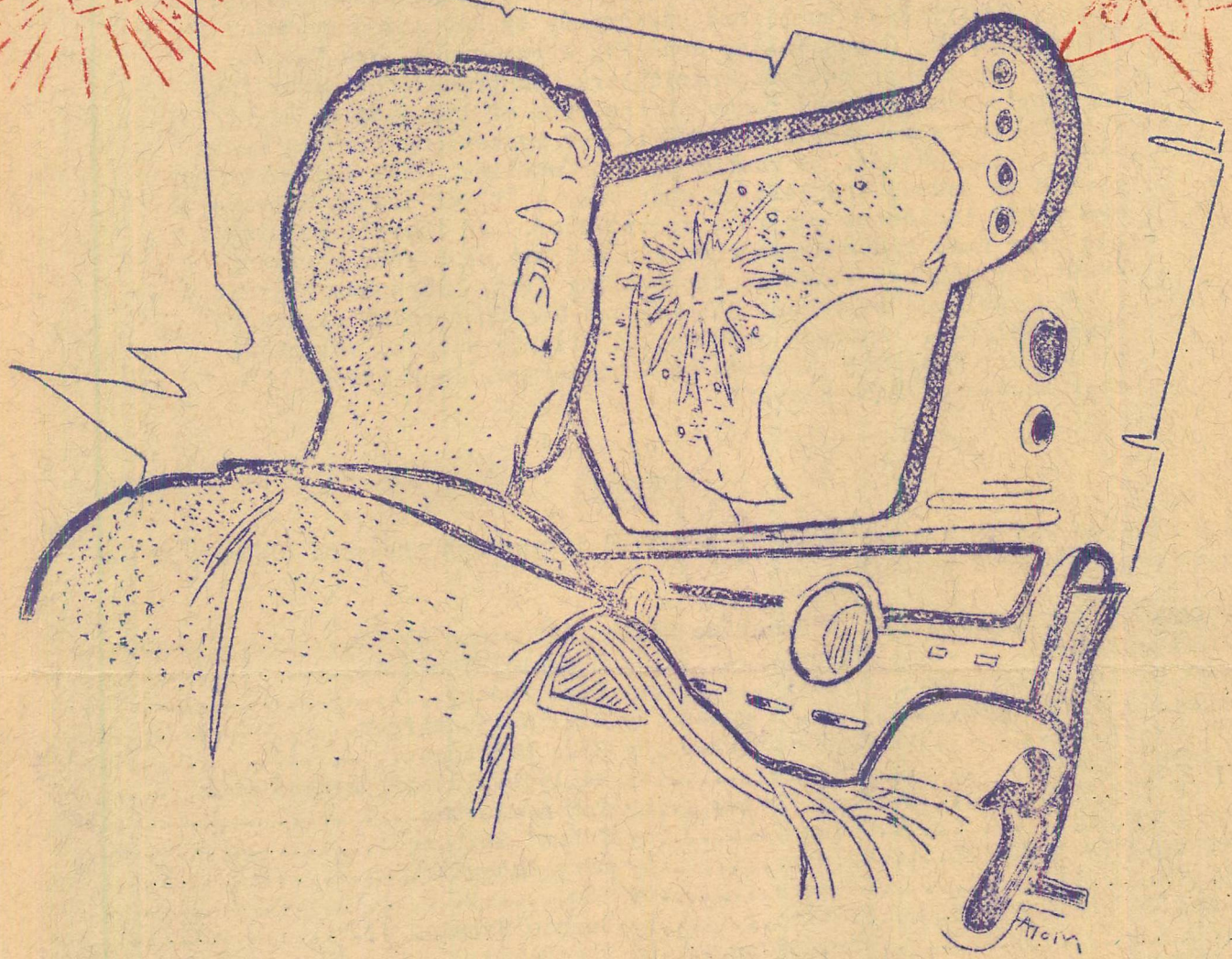
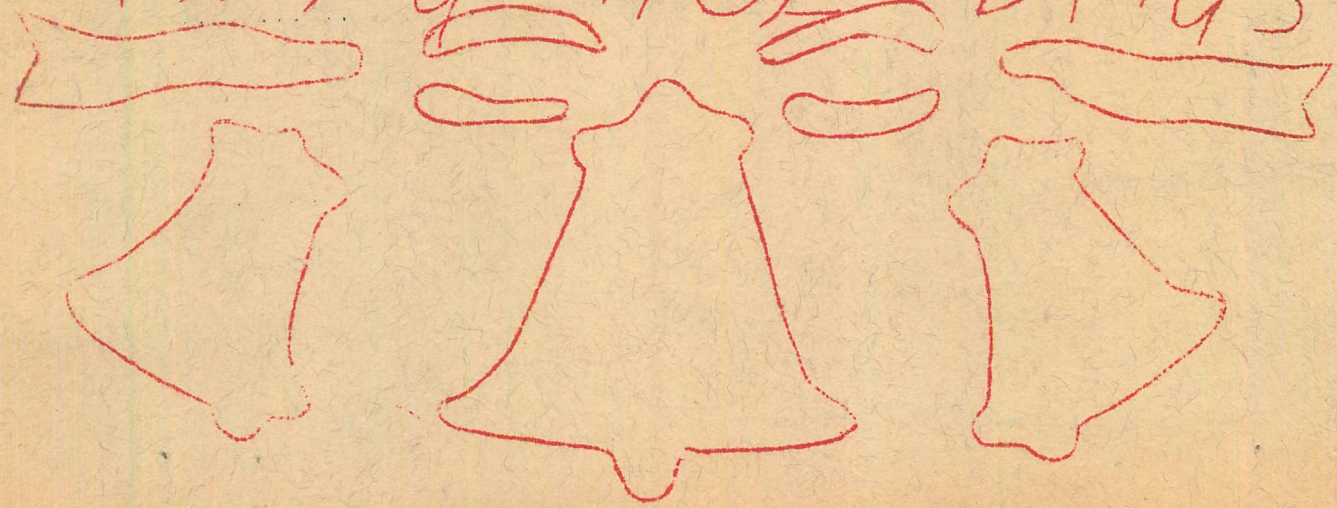


Yuletide Star



HAPPY HOLIDAYS





Ah, ha! We did it again. Got out another issue, that is. We may be a few days late (due to unavoidable mundac) but this is the 14th issue of DYNATRON, the uncommunicative fanzine (see WARHOON 17), and is chock-full of all sorts of stuff. Sort of like an icecream advertised around here as being chock-full of nuts. DYNATRON is published bi-monthly by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USofA. Copies go out to contributors, as trades for other fmz, to people who pay real money at the rate of 15¢ each or eight for \$1, and some people receive it for mysterious reasons known only to the editor. A number on your mailing label indicates how many more issues are left on your sub, a "T" indicates a trade and a "C" indicates you're a contributor. If there's nothing but your name and address then you can sit up nights worrying about why you got stuck on the mailing list. Japanese reprint rights assigned to Takumi Shibano and German reprint rights to Franz Solcher. Anybody over in Old Blighty want to volunteer to be our UK agent? Welcome to Albuquerque, Jack Speer. What ever became of John Baxter?

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Cover by ATom who is a good fan. We received it through the good offices of Joe Gibson who is also a good fan.

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A Marinated Publication

November, 1962



WRITINGS

IN

THE

SAND



*Hainess*

Now and again I get the miseries. As near as I can figure it happened a long time ago--back about the time Fred Gottschalk was first layed in his bassinet. (If you don't know who Fred Gottschalk is, I'll take time out to explain that Fred is a youngfan for whom I have developed a fondness--like, he saved his allowance (20¢ per week) for five whole weeks and bought a subscription to DYNATRON. Actually, I develop a fondness for almost all our subscribers--except, perhaps, Don Fitch whose sub extends so far into time that I shudder at the thought of checking on it. Don sells an orchid or a sundew or a Venus Flytrap or some other exotic blossom (like Dian Girard?) and then calculates that it is time to renew his sub to DYNATRON. I'm not about to turn down the loot but, mighod, he's got us committed to pub this thing until 1984 or some other equally ridiculous date. By the way, when can we expect to see another issue of HALFANTHOL?) This was right after the war--(if you are wondering where we are go back to the first sentence and start all over) and what with demobilization and all the Corps had shrunk to the place where even the Sergeants had to do manual (ugh) labor. I was stationed at a base in Nevada at the time and was NCO in Charge of the commissary section. Come to think of it, I was the commissary section. So on this bright and sunny morning I was getting set to deliver supplies to the messhall. I picked up a sack of potatoes and swung it onto my back (I was strong in those days) and stepped out the door. That was a mistake. I should have stepped down. I had forgotten that there was one step between the doorway and the ground. This was hastily recalled to mind when I found myself sprawled on the deck with a hundred pounds of spuds resting not at all lightly in the middle of my spine. The old back hasn't been right since. A couple of vertabrae are chipped and the muscles of the lower back have a tendency to go into spasm and, as I said, give me the miseries. Mostly if I twist the wrong way. Sad to think that I can never do the twist. Having watched the twist I conclude that this should be a happy thought.



A few weeks ago I got up on a bright and sunny morning—I'm beginning to hate bright and sunny mornings--and thought that it would be a fine day for clearing some of the weeds off the back lot. Get those tumbleweeds and sunflowers out of there. I mused, then I'll be able to take the rototiller to it and get some grass going back there. So I grabbed a hoe (which I managed to break on a particularly tough tumbleweed) and a swingblade and had at the weeds. After a couple of hours I got the message...the lower back muscles didn't like the treatment and let me know it. I hobbled around for two weeks with a heavy list forward and to port and spent most of my time on a heating pad. I tell you I'm sure glad nothing serious went wrong at the TV station where I work for I sure wouldn't have been able to fix it.

I'm mostly straightened up again, thank you, and can walk instead of hobble. A few more days should find me back in my normal miserable condition.

ETWAS #7. Peggy Rae McKnight, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vt. Irregular and free for the asking, I guess. Herein Harry Warner sticks his tongue on the far side of his molars and worries about banks and money. I get a bit concerned over banks myself at times but money is no problem--there hasn't been any of that, except for some small change--since 1933; it's all done on paper, you know. In her editorial Peggy Rae tells us about Goddard College. We learn that Goddard has no required courses, no required attendance at classes and no tests. Goddard does have friendly teachers, lots of food, and permits visiting back and forth between the boy's and girl's dorms. This is, presumably, one of those progressive type schools where the emphasis is placed on social development rather than such old-fashioned things as education. What a pitiful waste of time.

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Yesterday Was Monday  
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GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE. David T. Keil, 38 Slocum Crescent, Forest Hills 75, N.Y. No price or schedule listed that I can see. This slim and peculiar fanzine seems to be dedicated, or something, to another of fandom's offshoots: horror movies. The issues on hand contain reviews of horror films both new and old, an item called "The Story of the Silent Bela Lugosi", a short story titled "T" by Brian Aldiss, a brief article by Karloff, and a statement by the editor acknowledging a complaint of the readers that too much discussion of stf is creeping into the fanzine. I suppose Forry's FAMOUS MONSTERS is responsible for this sort of thing.

Speaking of old ~~horrible~~ horror movies, you'll remember that lastish I mentioned that we were going to show a flock of these old clunkers at Channel 7 under the title of "Weird Theater". We opened with a little jewel titled "I walked with a zombie" (No, I will not go back and capitalize--too much trouble.) and the second week our feature was "Isle of the Dead", a rather confusing epic in which not even Karloff seemed certain of what was going on. Following that the show's sponsor decided to switch back to westerns. Horror movies, he said, weren't bringing in the customers. Nobody, he said, was staying up to watch "that junk" on television. Give 'em westerns, he said, that's what they want. So the following Saturday night we ran a western--and received over 150 telephone calls from irate viewers wanting to know what happened to "Weird Theater". The sponsor was speechless--for a few minutes. I can't understand it, he said, they aren't coming in to the store, I didn't think they were watching. Give them another western next week, he said. So we did. And got over 150 telephone calls from irate viewers wanting to know what happened to "Weird Theater". Letters poured into the station. The sponsor was amazed but adamant. He didn't like "that junk". Give 'em westerns, he said. So we do. But we shifted "Weird Theater" to Friday night and sold it to a different sponsor. He's happy. He likes "that junk". He even stays around the station after he has finished his commercials so he won't miss the ending of the movie. He sells cars. I hope he sells a lot of them.



THROUGH THE HAZE #17. Art Hayes, RR #3, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada. Write to Art for price and schedule. Art Hayes' Neffer newszine never did contain much news but the addition of Don Franson's "Information Bureau" column makes TTH a valuable fmz for anyone interested in SF. Don, and various associates one presumes, undertakes to answer any and all questions concerning stf, fandom, and, of course, the NFFF. Highly recommended.

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Turn Left At Thursday  
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THE TWILIGHT ZINE #7. Bernard Morris, 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge 39, Mass. 25¢. Quarterly. Bernie has gotten hold of a copy of John Myers-Myers "Silverlock", which has given birth to another of fandom's offshoots, and concludes that the book is vastly overrated. Other MIT SFS members wander through the zine discussing SF, fantasy, folksongs and filksongs, and whatever else comes to mind. Uncle Hugo (!) is present to tell how he coined the term "science fiction" and somehow or other the insidious Mike Deckinger has managed to get a piece of fiction pubbed here. The MIT boys aren't fans but they're sure fannish.

Anyone who does any reading at all will eventually come into contact with Doubleday and Company. I have no idea what position Doubleday occupies on the list of publishers, or booksellers, or whatever, but they must be waaay up there. This outfit has more bookclubs and reader's services than one can count and I wonder if maybe the gardens in Garden City, Long Island (Lun Gyland, Lupoff?) don't grow books. Gad, what an operation that must be--probably one guy and an IBM machine. We have subscribed to various of the Doubleday bookclubs on and off during the years. There are bargains to be had if one is selective. At the present time we subscribe to something called the "Science Program" which delivers us a booklet each month covering such topics as archaeology, volcanos, sound, and like that. We subbed to this one mostly for the benefit of number one daughter who seems to show some interest in science. (Well, she seems to show more interest in science than other subjects concerned with scholastic endeavour. I'm not at all sure just where Diana is going. I'm not at all sure I want to know.)

A while back Chrystal cancelled her subscription to Doubleday's "Best In Books" program. They weren't, she said. I figured that since this left us a couple of bucks extra each month I'd put it to good use before it was spent on something foolish like food or clothing. So I made inquiry to Doubleday regarding the Science Fiction Book Club. Back came a largish envelope full of brochures and stamps and pamphlets telling me all about that crazy Buck Rogers stuff and how today's fiction was tomorrow's fact and all like that. For a moment I thought I was reading an ad for AMAZING. Goshwowboyoboy!

I affixed the stamps for my choice of books in the introductory offer to the proper card (yes, BettyK, there are improper cards which is neither here nor there; well, mostly it's there as they are illegal here.) and sent it to the SF Book Club. I chose Anderson's "Three Hearts and Three Lions", Heinlein's "Stranger In A Strange Land", and Boucher's "Treasury of Great Science Fiction". The Boucher anthology is in two volumes, you know, and I figured I might as well get as much as possible for my buck.

In due time the books arrived (hi, Edco) and I settled down to read "Stranger In A Strange Land". Which brings us to the point. Ah, you knew I'd get there eventually, didn't you.

There has been a vast amount of wordage put on paper regarding this particular novel by Heinlein. Almost as much controversy has raged over this one as over "Starship Trooper". (And that is another matter altogether which I won't go into again--at the moment although renewed discussion would be welcomed in FEEDBACK.) "Controversy" is not the proper term here since most reviews and analyses of SIALS have generally condemned it as a bad book, poorly written, and without much originality. Some particularly fine discussion of the book have appeared in Richard Bergeron's particularly fine WARHOON and it is unlikely that I'll come up with anything here to match Dick's



stable of columnists.

Don Franson opines that this is one of Heinlein's earliest attempts at writing, published now because RAH is THE big name stf writer and his books are sure sellers. Don also opined, before September, that for SIASL to win the Hugo would be the biggest joke on fandom in a decade.

On that I agree.

Not because the book is poorly written—I'm not enough of a judge of literary merit to say that; not because the book is "preachy"; and not because it is unoriginal—we've read all this in Heinlein's previous books. Nor do I think that SIASL is one of Heinlein's earliest works.

The joke, amigos, is that—in my opinion—"Stranger In A Strange Land" is not science fiction, was never meant to be science fiction, and was not written for a science fiction audience.

SIASL was written for the general reader, the mainstream audience—whatever that is. It is comparable in intent, if not in writing, with "Gulliver's Travels" which wasn't written as science fiction either. SIASL is not a prediction of things to come nor is it space opera or any of the other miscellanea we classify as stf. It is meant to be a reflection of the things in modern society that Heinlein doesn't care for and an espousal (that's a word?) of his ideas on how things should be. The thoughts presented in SIASL are not original—to us—but to the people who get their books at the lending libraries they will be new and shocking and, perhaps, exciting.

SIASL is stf? Pfu! Even the publisher says it is not. Read the blurb: "STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND might be classified as a philosophical fantasy, or as an entertainment, or, perhaps, as Cabellesque satire." Agreed. But it can by no means be classified as stf.

But it was voted the Hugo as the best stf novel of the year.

And the joke is on us.

So why aren't you laughing?

LOKI #4, David G. Hulan, 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama. Quarterly. 20¢. This contains a cover by D. Bruce Berry and another crogging hand painted bacover by Katya Hulan. In between there is a wide variety of material devoted to fantasy. If fantasy is your dish then LOKI is your cup of tea. Good, by Ghu.

When is it science fiction? To answer that question it would seem that we first must arrive at a definition of the term. And that is a subject that has been argued and reargued without any satisfactory answer being agreed upon. Historically speaking SF grew out of the very broad field of fantasy. Fantasy or imaginative stories based on science gradually developed into what we call SF today—well, you call it SF, I call it stf—so I suppose one could define SF as a story which is based upon the extrapolation of scientific facts or theories.

This is an extremely narrow definition, however, and if we confine science fiction to this we exclude a vast amount of what is considered stf by today's standards. Very little of what appears in the prozines these days could be included under that definition since much (entirely too much in my opinion) of today's stf is based on the extrapolation of social trends.

Well, let's say that science fiction is a story set in the future. Uh-huh, let's say that. Is "Advise and Consent" science fiction? Not by any stretch of the imagination although the story is set in the future. Don't quibble that it isn't set far enough into the future to be stf for some great stf stories have been projected only a few years. So merely setting a yarn a few years ahead of the present time does not necessarily make it science fiction.

All of which is leading up to "Seven Days In May", a book written by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II, and pubbed by Har-



per and Row. The time is the 1970s, the scene is the USA, and the story concerns an attempt by the U.S. general staff to oust the President and set up a military dictatorship. Is it stf? I can't decide. The story is quite realistic and the description of life in 1975 or 1976 or thereabouts is just what one would expect life to be in 10 years or so. Not too awfully much different from today. The cold war goes on as usual and things are not much different from 1962. Well, actually, there has been a couple of changes in the status of the cold war. Iran has been partitioned—in the usual manner—after a short war and the President has just concluded a disarmament treaty with the Soviet Union. The U.S. military brass are dissatisfied with the treaty and distrustful of the Soviets. The Chiefs of Staff, being somewhat on the conservative side, decide that the President is soft and weak and plan to throw him out, dismiss the Congress, and run the country themselves.

A few years ago this would have been a fantasy but nowadays..... Since the end of World War II the U.S. military establishment has grown and grown. It is today the biggest thing in the country. Too many of the high ranking military officers are far-right in outlook. There's a big difference between a conservative and fascist to be sure but apprehensive conservatives have turned to fascism in the past and could again.

So by projecting today's trends it is possible to arrive at a situation such as the one described in "Seven Days In May".

Strictly speaking "Seven Days In May" is not stf but it meets all the criteria of a science fiction story. So it is one of those borderline stories—not quite mainstream and not quite stf.

But scary. Considering the thinking of certain high ranking military men—and former military men—. I think I'll stick to straight stf. And keep an eye on things.

G2. Joe and Robbie Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. Monthly (heh!) and three for two bits. The "heh" because g2 has been arriving every couple of weeks as Joe tries to get back on schedule after a series of misfortunes. "The only fanzine which discusses Bob Tucker's thirty-eight regular!" Or anything else that comes to mind. The arguments are hot, heavy and humorous. g2 is one of the best, by ghod, fanzines to make the scene in a long, long time.

I haven't been doing right by the Fawcett people. Somebody back in New York has given them the idea that I'm a book reviewer and Barbara Hendra, Fawcett's publicity director, keeps sending me books for review. Now I don't object to this, of course, but as I said I haven't been doing right by Fawcett. Like I haven't been reviewing the books. I shall attempt to do that now in hopes of staying in the good graces of Barbara Hendra who will, I hope, note the new address. We haven't been in South Carolina for months and months.

On hand are John Wyndham's "The Day of the Triffids" (Crest #D531), 50¢; "Time Is The Simplest Thing" by Clifford D. Simak, Crest #D547, 50¢; and "13 Great Stories Of Science Fiction" edited by old pro Groff Conklin, (Gold Medal #K1243), 40¢.

John Wyndham's "Triffids" is, of course, a classic. I have a couple other copies knocking about the place (including a Popular Library version titled "Revolt of the Triffids"). I highly recommend this tale of ambulating vegetation to anyone who hasn't yet read it. It is truly a classic and deserves a spot on your library shelves.

As an aside I might note that the Popular Library version, published 10 years ago, sold for 25¢. Inflation gets to us all. Sigh.

"Time Is the Simplest Thing" is the book title for Simak's "The Fisherman" which was serialized in ANALOG last year. This is the story of Shepherd Blaine and Fishhook. Physically man is denied the stars—his body can't take it—so he travels out there with his mind. Fishhook is an establishment from which the minds of the psi-men go out among the stars. Since the travel is mental there is always the dan-



ger of mental contact with an alien intelligence. Shep Blaine made such a contact; he met The Pinkness and "traded with it his mind". This marks him as "contaminated", an intolerable situation in Fishhook. Blaine's flight from Fishhook and his subsequent adventures make the story.

"Time Is The Simplest Thing" is a fairly exciting psi adventure tale, typically Campbellian in some ways and not so typical in others. The most interesting thing about the tale is Simak's theory of time. Life exists, he says, only in the present. The dead past is just that and the future is equally dead. Life exists only NOW. It moves with time. This is an interesting theory and as one who enjoys speculating on the nature of time I welcome this new entry. I don't think I can accept such an idea but it is interesting nevertheless.

And now we come to the new Conklin anthology. Groff Conklin has been anthologizing stf for y'ars and y'ars and always manages to come up with a goodly selection. "13 Great Stories of Science Fiction." Well, now, they're not all great, however, they are all good. These 13 yarns were culled mostly from the output of the 1950s--and that takes a lot of culling. Here are "The War Is Over" by Algis Budrys, "The Light" by Poul Anderson, "Compassion Circuit" by John Wyndham, "Volpa" by Wyman Guin, "Silence, Please" by A. C. Clarke, "Allegory" by W. T. Powers, "Soap Opera" by Alan Nelson, "Shipping Clerk" by William Morrison, "Technological Retreat" by G. C. Edmondson, "The Analogs" by damon knight, "The Available Data on the Worp Reaction" by Lion Miller, "The Skills of Xanadu" by Sturgeon, and "The Machine" by Richard Gehman. All in all it is a good selection. The 1950s really didn't have too much to offer in the way of good stf and Conklin has managed to come up with some of the best of it. All 13 yarns are readable. This collection is well worth your 40¢.

Al haLevy writes from Palo Alto that it isn't "L.A. once more in '64", it is "64 Frisco or Fight". Ha! Amigos, San Francisco is my favorite city and I lived there for many years and I'd like to see a con held there just to give me an excuse to visit the city again. BUT any organization that refers to the City by the Golden Gate as "Frisco" isn't going to get any support from me. Ya hear that, Joe Gibson? See you at the Morcon in Los Angeles in 1964.

My offer to dub copies of Tosio Ogawa's taped fanzine for anyone who sends the tape and postage still holds. It is an interesting addition to any fan's tape library. But please, good people, don't send me any 7" reels. The tapezine is on a 5" reel and that is the largest my taper will take.

And once again I want to plug UCHUJIN INTERNATIONAL. Japanese fandom's first English language fanzine (for which I'm the U.S. agent and Ken Cheslin the British agent) goes at 25¢ per copy. It is a bit different from the general run of fmz and I think you'd like it. If you want to find out the Japanese view on stf and fandom UCHUJIN INTERNATIONAL is the zine from the scene.

Say, do any of you big city types know of a fan who can read Japanese? There's a wealth of good material in the regular edition of UCHUJIN but someone must be found to translate it.

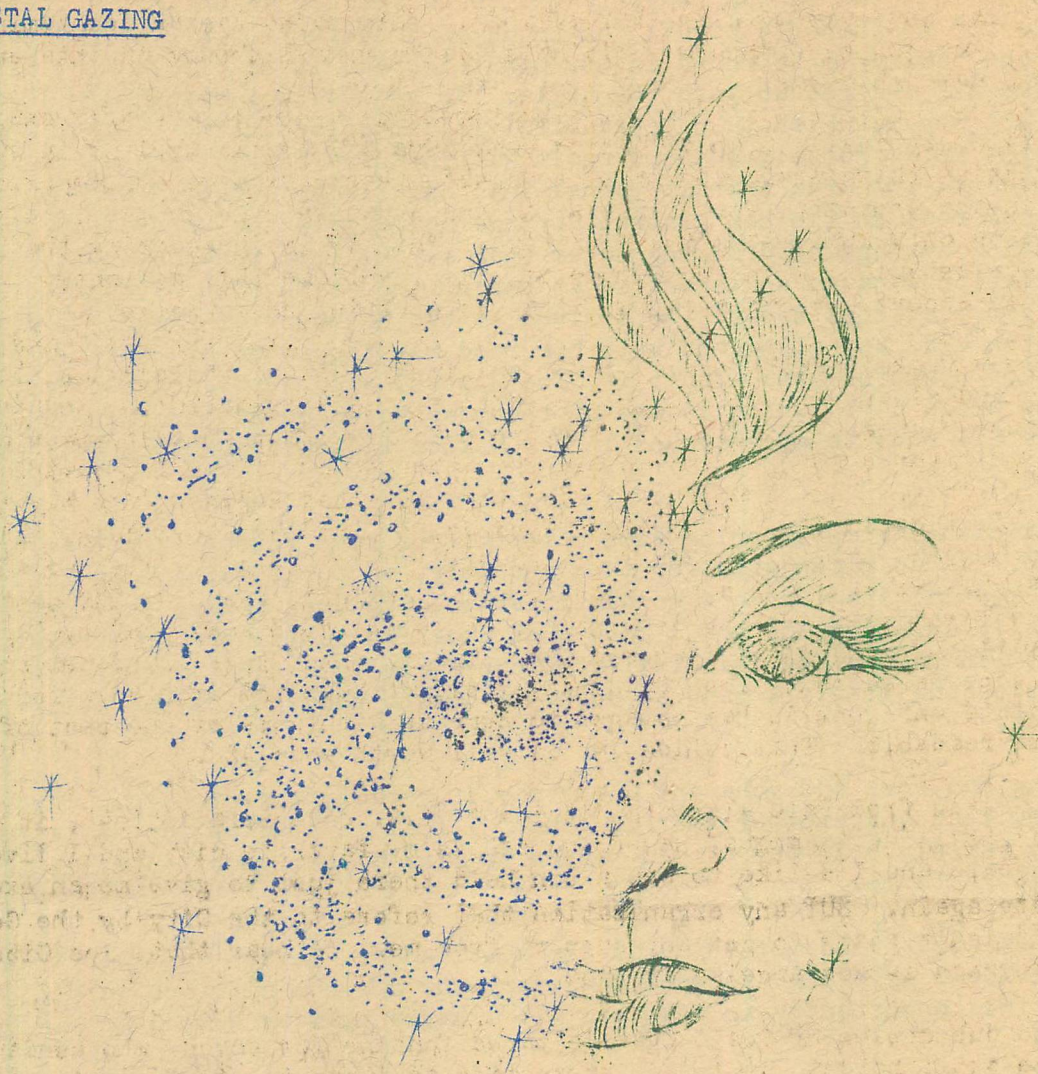
Chicon reports are notable by their scarcity and the few that have come in have been notable for not saying anything about Chicon. The fact that the "proceedings" of the con are being published professionally wouldn't have anything to do with it--would it?

Mighod! Coming to the end of the page and I haven't even gotten started. If I keep this up there will be no room for anything else in this. Maybe I ought to write a column for Tom Armistead...I'm still looking for a prozine reviewer...LA in '64...Jack Speer has moved to Albuquerque. If I can find two more fans we'll have enough for a club...The President's action on Cuba was most satisfying...Avram Davidson publishes a funny fanzine. More please...Tokyo or Sydney in '65???.....

ROY TACKETT



## CRYSTAL GAZING



This column will not be very fannish or science-fictional. Roy has had his bit finished for several days while I was procrastinating. Then we got involved in repairing and painting a house we acquired—which is another story—and for the past few weeks mail and fanzines have just piled up on the desk. We haven't had time to do any reading or writing. So I'll just natter this time.

Do you like zoos? We do. I think the finest zoological garden we've seen has been the fabulous park in San Diego with its acres and acres of flowers and trees interspersed with open cages for the animals. San Francisco's Fleishacker Zoo is another nice one but doesn't compare with San Diego. Albuquerque has a smallish zoo which we manage to visit several times during the year. These trips to the zoo always are amusing. Here are groups of adults and children wandering around from cage to cage watching the animals. And the animals all have developed their own special techniques for begging a tid-bit of something to eat from the people. I often wonder just what goes through the minds of the various animals as they peer out of their cages at the people peering in at them. I'll bet the view they get is much funnier than the view we get.

One of my favorite spots at the local zoo is the Raven cage. It is fascinating to watch these great ebony birds flitting about and catching bits of bread or nuts which people toss before it hits the ground.



We all loaded into the station wagon a few weeks ago for an outing to the Jemez ~~That's~~ Hay-muss for the benefit of all you aggruant Easterners. RT~~M~~ Mountains. I like the peace and beauty to be found in the mountains and it is always a pleasure to take some time off and get up into the hills. We started out originally just to have a look at the aspens which turn a beautiful golden color in the fall of the year and I thought we'd probably be home again within a few hours. But we all became so interested in the area that it turned into an all-day affair. We had to stop and bathe our feet in the hot mineral springs and sample the water from the cool and refreshing springs of drinking water that spring from the sides of the mountains. We explored caves and ended up at one of the state fish hatcheries where Diana and Rene got a special treat. We arrived at the hatchery at feeding time and the ranger let the kids tag along and help him feed his thousands of charges. It's quite a lovely and peaceful area--isn't it, Joe Gibson?--and we didn't meet more than a dozen cars the whole day. Which is one of the reasons we moved here from California. There is still room to move around in New Mexico without stumbling over great mobs of people.

I've just finished mimeographing some material for some friends who have a garden supply store. We do mimeo work for them and they, in turn, furnish us with the necessities for keeping the lawn and garden in shape. We used a bond type paper which required slip-sheeting and now I know what some fan publishers go through. We don't slip-sheet DYNATRON since this Twil-tone paper really doesn't require it. It isn't the slip-sheeting itself I mind so much--it is the removing of the slip-sheets that gets my goat.

Thanksgiving has come and gone and Christmas is rapidly approaching. Then, of course, comes New Year and another year is gone. I feel as if I've lost this one--it has passed so rapidly. If any of you happen to find a lost year wandering around somewhere it belongs to me.

I think that about winds me up until the next issue. It isn't possible for us to send out individual greetings to each and every one of you--although we'd like to--so we'll take this opportunity to wish you all a happy holiday season from Roy, Diana, Rene, and

CRYSTAL TACKETT

XXXXX

KOTA #3, Tom Armistead, Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Fort Worth, Texas. 20¢. Irregular. KOTA, like John Jackson's THE REBEL and Ed Bryant's AD ASTRA (as well as a couple of others) is one of those enthusiastic new fanzines by an enthusiastic new fan. Thish contains a wide variety of material for the serious to the nonsensical (which makes it a genzine, I suppose) and the personality of the editor comes through very well. To tell the truth, I'm all enthused about youngfen such as Armistead, Bryant, Gottschalk, Harrell, and several others. These fans have that old sense of wonder and their enthusiasm is contagious. It's nice to have some bubbling-type new blood flowing in fandom to counteract some of the more sour and downbeat types.

SCRIBBLE #10, Colin Freeman, 41 Mornington Crescent, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. 10¢, Irregular. U.S. agent is Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Ave., Hyattsville, Maryland. SCRIBBLE staggers into the mailbox now and again and I always view a new issue with the same mixed emotions that I had regarding the last one. One the one hand it is nice to know that Colin and the boys at the hospital are still at it and on the other hand this is one of the most idiotic damned fanzines I've ever encountered. It is humor and the humor ranges from wonderful to nothing. The latter is usually in the majority. I guess maybe I just don't dig. Thish was something of a surprise, tho. I actually found the words "science fiction" on page 8. That's a first for SCRIBBLE. Owell, keep it up, Colin, I don't quite understand it all but it's nice to see the zine come in now and again.

X



# SNEAKY

## ON THE LOT

Reprinted from FIVE BY FIVE #5, December, 1961. Len J. Moffatt, Editor.

RT

It started back in mid-September, with Bjo being in contact with Rod Sirling (I'm not sure of the spelling, of course), trying to set up a time to present him with the Hugo. He kept putting her off, but did invite her to visit on the set of Twilight Zone, and bring along her friends. As the time was early Monday morning, few could make it except the very rich or poor, so I made arrangements to pick her up and drive her to Ackerman's. But before the day came Bjo went off with John on a business trip to Arizona, so it was Just Ackerman and I, till he invited Ingrid and Ron Haydock.

I had to get up at a quarter of seven to get started. A real drag since I'd been sleeping 8-10 hours and I'm not usually up till after the 9 o'clock news. But I did it, and was out on the road and to Forry's only 20 minutes after 8. Ron met us there, and we met Ingrid down the road away in another car. So, after a 20 minute trip--with a brief stop in front of Bradbury's house, as neither Ingrid or I had seen the great man's home before--we reached the MGM studio in Culver City.

As usual in California it took ten minutes to find there was no parking near-by so we had to go into a lot. Then into the office, and into the main business office, and the fight with the receptionist. Forry didn't confuse them by telling them that Mrs. Trimble wasn't with us. If he had we might not ever got in. It was a good fifteen minutes before they would let us sign our lives away, and go inside.

If you have ever seen aerial views of movie lots that looked like rows of warehouses, you can imagine the scene inside. The buildings were numbered and we were told where to go. There was little sign of activity, or people, and no glamor. But we trudged down the row of buildings till, as we neared the end of one, a car drove up and out got Rod Serling himself (and a couple we didn't know). We changed to a collision course and introduced ourselves (well, he knew Forry and vaguely remembered me from last year). Forry gave him a letter from Cele Goldsmith asking about the possibility of running some Twilight Zone stories in FANTASTIC and Rod told us where to go and that was the last we saw of him. I'm sure Forry was disappointed as he had brought some other things to show him.

We entered the proper sound stage through a meat-house type door to find ourselves facing a scene for the Twilight Zone. One end of the building facing us was set up as a curiosity shop. Shelves piled high with old boxes, books, bowls, masks, and all sorts of junk. There was a rag-man doll hanging from a rope, a couple strange bits of iron sculpture, an old piano in the back, and on the counter up front was a loving cup with a gas mask attached, and the skull of a rhinoceros. Through the front window we could see cars parked in the "street". Right in front of us was the camera truck and boom with a little man rideing on a chair attached to the camera. Behind him stood a man that spoke with an English accent, and was probably the director, from the way he gave advice. But the man on the camera was giving all the orders to the actors and grips (and when shooting started, another man actually did the camera work). There was a very British looking actor they called Berry, who was



being told how to enter the store, call out for the manager, and then wander around a little.

They ran the camera truck back and forth marking spots to shoot at different angles from. The mike man kept sliding his boom in and out of the gooseneck of the camera. The men on the catwalks changed lights. While a dozen people wandered back and forth. No one spoke to us or asked us who we were. Most of the crew was, in fact, more interested in the World Series that two or three were listening to on ear plug radios. We stood in the back, out of the way, and wondered if they were ever going to do any filming. After about 50 minutes of this they ran through the whole scene. Then the most exciting thing happened: one of the propmen came out with his spiderweb gun; he would point it at something and it would go "whirrrr" and out would fly a batch of fresh spider-web which draped itself over things. At this point the mixer man on our left explained that they shot a thin spray of latex into a stream of air which blew it out in long streamers. Fascinating. (If we hadn't had Ingrid along, no one would have spoken to us...it always pays to have a pretty girl around.)

Finally they decided to shoot the scene. Bells rang, it got real quiet, and the man with the beard went through his lines. The Director called out to find out how long it had taken, was told "one minute, thirty seconds". They must have worked an hour and a half to set it up, and the prop-department must have worked all the day before to get all that junk on the shelves. They shot the same scene twice just to be on the safe side, but still.... We decided to leave then, shaking our heads and wondering how they ever found time to make a full-length movie.

Oh! What were they filming? Well, the young fellow we asked first didn't know but later he came back and said the title was to be "Play Me a Simple Melody". About a piano that played different music for different people and how it affected them. I rarely see Twilight Zone so I don't suppose I'll ever see it.

On our way back to the main gate we were passed by three police cars and eight or so motor patrolmen. We made a few witty remarks about the good make-up job and what show were they in as we went out the gate. In front of the office building was a line of limousines flying flags so we guessed it was a state visit. Learned later it was the Prime Minister of Sudan. Almost more exciting than the movie lot.

On the whole it was just about as unexciting and unglamorous as I have always imagined. I would not want to get up that early to see many more movies made, but I was glad I did this time.

XXXXXX

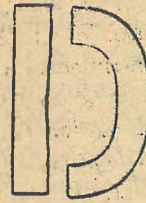
RICK SNEARY

#### AT ENDLESS BIRTHINGS

If worlds are amazing,  
Then by what fantastic fact  
Could you analog what happened  
To this galaxy fantasy at birth?

BILL R. WOLFENBARGER





IS FOR  
ISCLAVE by Mike  
ECKINGER

This is not intended as a thorough con report. Any resemblance between it and THE HARP STATESIDE is purely coincidental.

I had first planned to drive to the DisClave in the '54 Chrysler I had purchased from my cousin several months before but while the car had proved agreeable enough, choosing to run most of the time I didn't trust it enough to undertake the trip to Washington, D. C.

So it would be train all the way and to hell with any hurt feelings my car might suffer.

Early Saturday morning I picked up Sandra, my fiancée, at her house and then we drove into Newark, leaving the car in a convenient lot beneath Penn Station. Our train was scheduled to depart at 8:15 which gave us almost a half hour to wait.

The waiting time sped by quickly enough and when 8:15 arrived so did the train. It remained in the station for close to five minutes while passengers boarded, others got off, and still others lolled about boredly in the cars, staring at the interior of the station with an almost aggressive disinterest. In order to provide some diversion the train gave a small lurch every few seconds completely without warning and much to the delight of a grinning porter who watched in amusement as we floundered along. It seemed that every time I reached a connecting door between cars, the floor would rumble and I'd be propelled forward in a thoroughly ungraceful manner to collide with the half-ajar door.

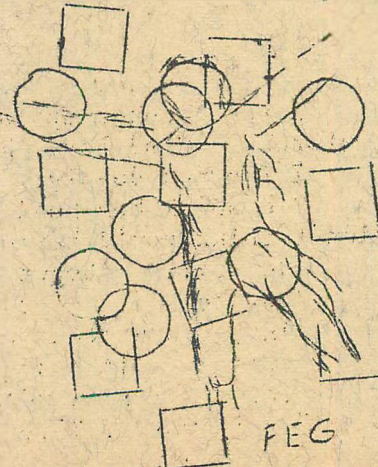
We finally spotted a pair of empty seats and settled down, after I had struggled to get the bags into an overhead rack which was conveniently just a fraction of an inch too small to accomodate our luggage.

Travel time was around  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours, during which we made a half-dozen stops, and the rest of the time rolled along at a steady unhurried pace. Glancing out the window I observed little more than mile after mile of forest, with infrequent glimpses of small hick towns, probably containing backward farmers who worshipped trains as some sort of god. I soon tired of this visual exercise.

A train porter, trudging along like a damned soul lugging his burden for all eternity, wandered through the cars at various intervals selling drinks and sandwiches. His timing was beautiful. Each time I managed to relax into a state of near lethargy I would be rudely brought to my senses by a bellow of "SANDWICHES, DRINKS, CAKES."

As the train neared Washington it began to slow down till it finally crawled into Union Station at such a dreary speed that I couldn't help but wonder if perhaps all the conductors weren't out in back pushing it along. We left the station quickly and headed for a cab. The white, gleaming dome of the Capitol building towered above us as we entered the taxi and I gave the destination. I had seen the building many times before in pictures and films but this was the first time I'd seen it up close. Even at this distance the dome exuded an undefinable regal aura that would have made it stand out in any place.

DYNATRON





"I expect you folks will want to see the President like everyone else," the driver commented in a bored tone, automatically pegging us as starry-eyed tourists, eager to catch the briefest glimpse of the President. I wasn't annoyed at his behavior in so immediately (and inaccurately) classifying us, but I still felt an edge of peevishness at his unnecessary comment. Any hastily constructed image he had of us was shattered in the next moment.

I leaned forward and smiled sweetly. "President of what?" I asked curiously.

Apparently this was something he was not accustomed to hearing very often for he mumbled something incoherently and pulled away from the taxi stand. He didn't speak to us once until he dropped us off at the hotel and then it was merely to state the fare.

After checking in, we were led to our rooms by an energetic young bellhop whose eagerness was only exceeded by the length of his extended arm. I carefully put my small belongings away, threw off my coat, and several moments later Sandra and I were headed for the patio.

There was a nicely-sized swimming pool in the center of the patio, bordered by a large iron fence which had been locked. All other available space was taken up by chairs circling beach tables and at one spot a group of fans were seated. As near as I can remember the assembled fan included the Silverbers, the Lupoffs, Larry McCombs, Lin Carter, Mike McInerney, Al Lewis, Jock Root, Dick Eney, Bob Pavlat and Jack Chalker.

"Hello, Bob Lichtman", Dick Lupoff called as I approached. The significance of this cryptic greeting was lost to me at the time. It still is.

"Greetings, Charles Burbee," I replied, equally cryptic, figuring two could play the game.

We chatted with a number of the gathered fans there, describing the trip and renewing old acquaintances. Everyone looked pretty much as I had seen them last and apparently the intervening months between previous cons had not wrought too much of a physical change on the assembled guests.

Since neither Sandra or I had eaten since early in the morning we decided to look into the proper eateries around the hotel. Pavlat mentioned the restaurant in the motel itself as being adequate, though high priced, and suggested a small Hot Shoppe down the street.

As we walked away I got to thinking of a character I had bumped into at Seacon who had assured me he ate less than a baby. He had gone to some lengths describing his abstinence from food and how he had discovered what he considered to be a reasonable substitute: drink. After enough drinks, he swore, food was no concern to him at all. Whenever he was hungry he would skip down to the nearest bar for a few quick ones and the hunger, presumably, was thoroughly satisfied. It isn't often you hear Duncan Hines ridiculed in such a crude manner.

Back at the motel the fan crowd was beginning to increase. I passed by Ted and Sylvia White as I headed for my room and on my return found the Shaws seated at the sun table with the others.

Noreen looked up as I came by and an expression of worry flickered across her features. "Good Lord, Mike Deckinger!" she exclaimed with alarm.

I frowned deeply.

She shook her head apologetically. "I'm sorry," she said, "it's just that I didn't think you'd be here and gave your copy of AXE to Mike McInerney."

"Well...." I began.

"But here," she proclaimed jubilantly, digging into a manila envelope she was clutching, "is another one."

I accented it and glanced at the mailing wrapper. Gary Deindorfer.

"This is for Deindorfer," I told her.

"Don't worry, I'll find him one."

"Yes, but...."

"What's wrong?"

"I'm not sure but it seems as if someone must be losing out somewhere."

"Not at all," Noreen assured me. "Deindorfer will get another and you have his."

"But McInerney has mine," I protested weakly.



"Now that's perfectly OK," she assured me.

But I'm still confused and is someone on the AXE mailing list receives FANAC instead of the AXE annish...well, you know what happened.

The air was beginning to warm up and after several moments deliberation I removed my jacket and stretched out. It felt grand to just relax in the invigorating weather at this time, unmindful of anything else.

Several yards away, surrounded by an iron fence, was the swimming pool. It was an attractive pool, nicely constructed, with a concrete walk ribboning it and a hearty looking diving board at one end. In fact, the pool had everything for comfort except for one small item....water. The pool wasn't to be filled until next week.

Several fen gazed wistfully at its empty depths. It seemed such a shame that such a savory facility was to go to waste merely for lack of water.

Lin Carter arose from his chair and padded over to the pool, a smile curling his features. Quickly he slipped over the fence in a single motion and approached the pool's edge. Ignoring the repeated requests to dive in, Lin carefully lowered himself into the pool and began to cross along the bottom. Instead of walking in the usual fashion, he moved about half bent over, propelling his arms in the usual swimmer's manner, body hunched over like a football player, and head swinging from side to side, obviously to gulp hurried breaths of air before "submerging" again. After a moment he was joined by another and together the two swimmers bravely "swam" across the length of the pool, traversing it at various angles. When they tired of the sport, they climbed out, presumably dried themselves with the aid of unseen towels, and rejoined the group.

"Nothing like a good swim on a warm day," Lin enthused.

I had turned my head to speak with Jack Chalker about something so I was unaware of the hardy individuals who were at this moment exercising their skills in mountain-climbing, even if the mountain happened to be nothing more than the roof of the motel. When I turned back I caught sight of several figures scaling a wall leading to the immense, sloping roof of the motel. In several seconds these individuals had reached the top and were gazing down at the fen on the walk below, wearing perfect expressions of benevolent consideration, and even boredom.

Someone removed his jacket, and as a bullfighter, urged the roof climbers to jump promising he would catch them before they hit the ground. I thought that now would be the perfect time to stroll back and forth among the observers selling little "Jump" and "Don't Jump" buttons.

I went over to Bob Pavlat who was watching the small group on the rooftop with a worried look on his face. "Where's the Disclave going to be held next year?" I asked.

"I wish I knew," he said, apparently wondering how much more of these antics the management would accept before they called a halt to the affair.

Several non-fans, who happened to be staying at the hotel wandered over to see what everyone was looking for. One middle-aged man, with a small moustache and a bald head, seemed quite concerned by what he saw on the roof.

"Do you think they'll jump," he asked me worriedly.

I considered this query with some speculation. I gazed at the five on the roof, turned my head back to him as if I was prepared to answer, pursed my lips, and then shifted my gaze back to the roof. "I hope not," I said.

He mopped his brow with a soggy tissue. "It would be terrible if any of them accidentally fell."

"It certainly would," I affirmed, with feeling in my voice. I pointed to one of the women up there. "That girl near the edge owes me money."

Later in the evening the Washington group was putting on a party. Bob Pavlat had given me the room number and Sandra and I arrived early in the evening. It turned out to be two adjoining rooms with the connecting doors ajar so that the guests were free to flit from one room to another. There were about 35 fen congregating in both rooms at the outset of the affair, and since this was just the beginning, the delightful influence of alcohol had not yet managed to overtake the guests. There were several long tables by a wall in one of the rooms, holding ice, cups, and numerous bottles. I poured myself a drink, not really caring what it was, and settled back to enjoy the fun.



Phil Harrell had been planning to attend the con but at the last moment had been forced to cancel his plans. Later in the evening he called, however, and the call was put through to the party room. Phil was put through the verbal gauntlet in one of the most maddening phone tangles imaginable. Phil spoke to a dozen different characters on the phone, with only about eight of them being existant individuals. By the time he finally hung up he was thoroughly confused and I advised him to lie down and rest before attempting to carry on with whatever it was he was doing before the call.

At one point I wandered into the adjoining room and nearly tripped over a pair of legs protruding from beneath the bed. What the legs were doing there I have no idea but they (and their owner, presumably) were gone when I returned about a half-hour later. In this same room Larry McCombs and George Heap were found off in a corner twanging guitars and tossing off folk and filk songs largely unheard over the general hubbub. Around midnight I wearily settled down beside Bob Silverberg and we discussed foreign and art films for close to an hour.

Con parties have an interesting way of breaking up. It is rare that a party will close with everyone departing at the same time. Instead little groups of two or three who become bored with the proceedings, or perhaps just tired, will wander off as the hours wear on. In this way the gathering will dwindle down slowly till only a hard core of three or four people remain, either too tired or too drunk to leave. They will stare about them in a state of foggy boredom, temporarily unsure of their surroundings and wondering where everyone has gone. Then they, too, will shakily pull out. I didn't bother to stay for the the precise end of the affair but I don't expect that I missed anything spectacular.

The next day started out gloomy and dank. The weather wasn't that depressive at all, but whenever I leave a convention I always find things on the gloomy side. It always seems such a pity to have to bid goodbye to the others and return home, and eventually to work, with everything seeming to have gone by so quickly.

Sandra and I caught a train out at 1:15 and headed for a car holding seats a trifle more comfortable than the ones coming had been. For one thing, they reclined to an almost horizontal position and as a result I found it considerably easier to relax and stretch my legs. I leaned back, yawned, and shut my eyes. In a moment there was a graceful, almost unnoticeable wrench, and the train slowly began to pull away from the platform. I raised an eyelid for a moment, glanced out the window and then quickly shut it again. The motion of the train was a steady, even, purr beneath me.

MIKE DECKINGER

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At this particular point the postman made his daily stop at our mailbox and delivered among other things, a copy of PILIKIA #10 along with a notice from Mike Johnson, Kent Jeppesen, and Guy Terwilliger that it would be the last ever since "On September 30, 1962 Chuck Devine died of a self inflicted gun shot wound."

In the editorial of PILIKIA #10 Chuck told of how he had entered fandom seeking--and finding--the recognition and acceptance he couldn't find elsewhere and of how fandom had taught him how to grow and to cope with the mundane world.

One wonders.

boy I knew whom I had never met. He'll be missed. He was a fan.

Chuck Devine. A

RT  
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X



## FANSPEAK, 1984?

by  
\*BILL PLOTT\*

Back in some forgotten year when some imaginative faned first shortened the cumbersome phrase "fan magazine" into a single concise word, "fanzine", he probably never realized that he was borrowing the technique from an English mathematician and story teller named Lewis Carroll.

In Carroll's memorable Alice In Wonderland there is a weird poem called "Jabberwocky". At first glance "Jabberwocky" is nothing more than a conglomeration of well-rhymed and metered meaningless words. That's not exactly true. A conglomeration it may be, but each of those "meaningless words" is, in reality, a clever literary device known as a portmanteau word.

A portmanteau word is a combination of two words for the purpose of creating a third word. More familiar examples of this are fanzine, faned, genzine, etc. So perhaps it is reasonable to postulate that our own fannish terminology sprang, directly or indirectly, from the ingenious pen of Lewis Carroll, who invented portmanteau words.

We consider fanspeak to be a vernacular of the genre—the genre, of course, being fandom and indirectly, science fiction. But a more suitable definition might possibly be "Slang". Farfetched? Detrimental? Derogatory? Maybe.

Two years ago Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner edited a book that could have a revolutionary effect on fandom if it were widely circulated -- which seems unlikely.

At \$7.50 per copy the Dictionary Of American Slang is slightly out of reach of most fans and the chances of a paperback edition are practically nil. I discovered the volume a few weeks ago in a TIME magazine book review of July 11, 1960 - (I never throw anything away!).

Actually the book, per se, wouldn't revolutionize fandom, but I am thinking of the overwhelming onslaught of new terms and expressions that would hopelessly bewilder potential neofans, who are already on the brink of insanity because of the innumerable esoteric fannish words and phrases.

For example, let's take a look at the following fictitious LoC which might result from widespread circulation of the Dictionary Of American Slang in fandom:

Dear Joe Phan,

I received SNAKE, The Fanzine That Delivers Itself, this morning. A cursory glance indicates that everything is top-notch except for the handling by the POD which left the cover "hell-west-and-crooked"\* I did not care much for the poetry, as a matter of fact I don't believe any of it was worth "dace"\* but the faaanfiction on page 33 is worth an "Abe's caber"\* in anybody's zine.





I hope this LoC will be sufficient to keep me on your mailing list, because I don't have time to contrib and I don't have any "geets"\* By the way, why don't you drop Sigafos Youngfan's column, he's nothing but a "hair bag"\* The Boodle-McGillicuddy "niff-naw"\* might turn out to be a real feud at the rate it's going now.

Ferdie Glopp's "rastuginous"\* stab at the prozines proves he is a "schmendrick"\* who should be "red-lighted"\* before he gives fandom a bad name.

Well, I've got to cool it for now, Joe Phan. I've got a severe case of the "mulligrubs"\* and the only way to shake them is to render myself in such a condition that I'll have "to be put to bed with a shovel."\*

Trufannishly yours,

Goethe R. Letterhack

See what I mean? Neos would be so discouraged that fandom would die out in a generation when all the current fen took the long journey to meet Ghu, Roscoe, and Foo. Well, let me define the expressions used above. Nature can work her course as far as fandom's usage of the terms is concerned.

The cover of SNAKE was described as "hell-west-and-crooked" which is to say it was much askew. The poetry's value was equivalent to a "dace" or 2¢ while the faan-fiction was worth an "Abe's cab" or a \$5 bill as far as Goethe R. Letterhack was concerned. Goethe was LoCing because he didn't have any "geets" (money). Sigafos Youngfan was described as being a "hair bag" which is a rather uncomplimentary expression meaning that he is an oldtimer who endlessly reminisces. The Boodle-McGillicuddy "niff-naw" or argument might very well become a feud if it continues to follow the course that it sails today.

Ferdie Glopp's "rastuginous" stab is a severe, wild, vicious stab at prozines. Consequently he is labeled as a "schmendrick" which is Yiddish for a clumsy jerk, and he should be "red-lighted" out of fandom. "Red-light" is carnival jargon for committing a murder by throwing the victim off a moving train. Let us hope that Goethe R. Letterhack shook off his depressing state of the "mulligrubs" (blues) without having "to be put to bed with a shovel," meaning that he was so drunk that he had to be assisted home.

All of the slang expressions and definitions are taken almost verbatim from the Dictionary Of American Slang. This mammoth collection of some 8,000 words and expressions was published by Crowell and contains, in addition to the above-mentioned items, more than 300 synonyms for being drunk (i.e., "shovel" is one of these) and a section on children's bathroom vocabulary such as "wee-wee". Also sections on improper nouns such as "baby-sittee" and the little languages of "Pig Latin", "Pelf Latin," etc.

What's my stand on this book? Well, to tell the truth, I've got to stop "pressing the bricks" and "make" the need for studying, because it surely isn't "the pinochle season" around here!

BILL PLOTT

DOUBLE BILL #1. Bi-monthly they say and available for 20¢ or the other usual non-cash ways. This one is edited and published by Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Avenue, Akron 13, Ohio (who gets trades and LoCs) and Bill Bowers, 124 6th St NW, Apt 2, Barberton, Ohio (who gets subs, material, and changes of address). This is a better than average firstish--which is to be expected--with a wide variety of material including an item on radio hams by co-editor Mallardi. Still another fandom? Owell. The Bills are off to a good start and should have a top-notch zine if they keep it up

worryworrywhatcanyouputinfourspaceworryworryisunposewecouldputinaconsiteplugworryw  
VOTE THE TICKET WITH GO-GO-GO. GO L.A. ONCE MORE IN SIXTY-FOUR. GO MORCON GO GO  
andnowwhatdoidocausethereisstillspaceleftputinaspearcarrierandgoontothextpageyess



by Tom Armistead

WEST OF THE SUN

On a recent visit to this city's only good bookshop, downtown, I happened to find a small book by Edgar Pangborn entitled West of the Sun on the 10¢ book table. The name Pangborn and the price of 10¢ prompted me to grab the book without having any prior knowledge of its contents. I felt that I couldn't lose for 10¢.

I was right. West of the Sun is a very good book that I think should be read by any fan who really likes science fiction—and by some that don't. The action of the book takes place on an alien planet where a small handfull of men and women are stranded. This band is an exploration party whose ship has exploded and crashed into a part of the ocean where recovery is impossible. They managed to escape the doomed ship in small lifeboats and their survival depends on the meager equipment the lifeboats contained and their own ingenuity.

The alien planet is inhabited by two races, one a race of giants, and the other a race of three feet high red pygmies. The pygmy civilization is a matriarchy with the males playing a role that is typical of the females in our society. Pangborn paints a picture of a race that is hard to like. The pygmies are ruthless and without such attributes as kindness, generosity, and humanity. We are shown their pagan worship and, lastly, their worst characteristic: cannibalism.

As the novel moves through the human's life upon this alien planet we see many of our faults mirrored in the pygmies as well as in the small group of humans. The fights for leadership among the humans, the ruthlessness of the army of pygmy women, and the hostility of the planet itself is brought out skillfully by Mr. Pangborn. The humans attempt to get the pygmies to help them.

The humans attempt to get the pygmies together with the giants but their efforts are thwarted by intertribal warfare among the pygmies.

The thread of narrative weaves in and out through the three factors living on the planet—the giants, the pygmies, and the humans. The inner conflicts of each group and its relationship with the other two is described in fascinating detail. All in All, West of the Sun is one of the best books I have read in a long time.

All in All, West of the Sun is one of the best buys I've ever made.

TOM ARMISTEAD

FANAC #85, Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St, Berkeley 4, Calif. 4/50¢. Irregular. This issue is dated 7 February 1962 and, honest to Roscoe, I received it on 23 Nov 62. That is what is known as late news. Still it's an encouraging sign that there may yet be life left in FANAC and what with AXE shifting from a newszine to a genzine it is to be hoped that Walter Breen will either bring out FANAC cn or more or less regular schedule or else turn it over to someone who can.

Despite the tardiness of this it did contain a couple of items that were news out here in the hinterlands. Such as the founding of the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way by Bill Donaho and some other East Bay fans. Complete with water-sharing and all like that. I guess maybe there was something in STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND after all. Well, that's one way to get reduced postal rates but I think it is carrying this a bit far.

the ish Walter has a criticism—but not a rebuttal—of my editorial in DYNATRON 9 and at the same time mentions an item I did for Ethel Lindsay's SCOTTISHE. Damme, I'm going to have to be more careful and make sure there's a few month's lapse between contradictory statements. If, says Walter, my reasons for choosing a military career as set forth in SCOTTISHE are true, then where did I get all the righteous dedication I manifested in my DYNATRON editorial? That's easy. I get my dedication from reading FANAC and similarly slanted fmz. Somebody has to protect these poor innocents from the outside world. Elsewhere in

RT



TOKYO FILE

Alan Kiodomari has had his first SF book published by Toto Shobo. Titled The Tower of Light this is the first original SF novel published in Japan this year. (Only two original novels were published here last year and the only other original Japanese SF published in book form this year has been a few anthologies of short stories. It appears that Japanese SF writers have not really mastered the art of the SF novel yet.) Alan is one of the oldest members of the Uchujin Club (he was born in 1912) and is an all-around writer. About 1/3 of his book was serialized in UCHUJIN as "Seed Without Harvest" before being picked up by a professional publisher.

SF MAGAZINE announced the results of its second SF story contest and three of the six winners were members of Uchujin Club. Sakyō Komatsu won a major prize while Aritsune Toyoda and Yasutaka Tsutsui won minor prizes. Sakyō and Yasutaka live in Osaka, Japan's second capital, and Yasutaka is, of course, the editor of the very fine fanzine, NULL, which has just published its seventh issue. We recognize Sakyō, Yasutaka, and Tack Mayumura as the big three of Osaka fandom and all three are well on their way to becoming accomplished professional writers. Aritsune lives here in Tokyo and is on the editorial staff of UCHUJIN INTERNATIONAL. Sakyō is about 34 years old, Yasutaka and Tack are both 28, and Aritsune is 24. Yasutaka's work in NULL #7 was a masterpiece and Tack's story, "Things To Come Soon" was reprinted by the professional magazine HOSEKI.

Den Yoshimitsu, who had a short article in DYNATRON a while back, is organizing a new SF club in Gifu City. He has no plans to publish a fanzine yet but this is a good sign that Japanese fandom is growing.

Eiichi Kojima, one of the artshow prizewinners at Chicon III is making plans for an organization of Japanese SF artists. He is being assisted by Shotaro Ishimori, a noted writer of juvenile comics. Shotaro, you may remember, was the Japanese visitor to Seacon last year.

"The Twilight Zone" has vanished away from Japanese TV. Alas!

Tadashi Hirose, Aritsune Toyoda, and Norio Itoh published a one-shot parody of UCHUJIN which was distributed to all club members last month. It was quite amusing and though a few members railed at them for this "nonsense" most were very pleased and appreciated the joke.

Some of the Tokyo fans attended SF meetings in Gifu, Osaka, and Tokushima this past summer. Arisune Toyoda and I attended all three of these meetings. Norio Itoh accompanied us to Gifu and Osaka, Tadashi Taka and Hideo Tsuchiya went with us to Osaka and Tokushima and Kazumasa Hirai also went along to the Osaka meeting. Yasutaka Tsutsui traveled from Osaka to the Tokushima meeting. This is the first time we have made inter-club meetings of this type and I'll report on it in detail in a forthcoming issue of UCHUJIN INTERNATIONAL.

Hayakawa Shobo is energetically continuing their "Hayakawa SF" series. The most recent books in this series are BRAIN WAVE by Poul Anderson, THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH by R. A. Heinlein, UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS by Robert Sheckley and MARACOT DEEP by Doyle. Another Hayakawa Shobo series, "Tales of Menace" has begun its second series with anthologies of stories by F. Brown, Bloch, Sheckley, Matheson, James Surver, and Marcel Aime.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

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Blame me for the title.

Blame Gary for the material

A CANTICUM BY LABOWITZ

People are always sympathizing with fanzine editors who are always complaining that fanwriters promise material but never make the deadlines. The faned suffers! Have you ever stopped to think how the fanauthor must suffer? Of course you haven't. You calloused fools!

For example, can a fan (big name or not) just sit down and knock out a few hundred words to keep a faned and the readers happy? No! And why not? Because we've grown too critical, that's why. In the good old days almost anything written was gobbled up by slaving faneds and brought loud praise from the readers. The prozines catered to the fan and fandom drifted along in its rut of selfsatisfiedness. Then Campbell and company (the physical scientists--this was the good old days, remember) loused the whole thing up. Instead of feeding us a diet of pulp pap and spice soup they fed us meat. And well thought-out, scientifically accurate stories. And informative, non-speculative articles. I once read an article explaining why buildings could not be built higher than 60 stories. Who cared at that time whether it was accurate or not? Now authors must research their material carefully before submitting it. And this trend has carried over into the fanzines. That's why fan authors are becoming more and more tardy in meeting deadlines. By the time they complete their research they are two issues late.

Sometimes I wonder if it wouldn't be better to go back to the old ways. Capt. Future wasn't really such a bad guy. (Pass the Xeno! Or was in Zeno? You see, already I must do research!) But then I come to my senses (a sort of reverse sense of wonder). With satellites (a word derived from the Latin satelles meaning an attendant or guard) whirling overhead we must drop all the old ways behind us. (That is as good a place as any for our droppings.) Onward and upward we go, reluctantly, to newer and greater--and more destructive--things.

And that's why articles are later and later in reaching the faneds. With all the time spent on research who's got time to write?

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

In lieu of lack of further proof the statement has been made that Yngvi is a louse. This statement is not only unfair but UNTRUE! After long hours of research (didn't I tell you?) proof has at last been found that Yngvi is not a louse. Yngvi (Victor H.) studied physics at Antioch College, receiving a BS degree there in 1943 and at the University of Chicago, where he acquired a PhD in 1953. While doing research on cosmic rays he became interested in the possibility of using digital computers for mechanical translation. Changing his name to Yngve, he has been teaching and conducting research in mechanical translation at M.I.T. since 1953.

In view of this formidable evidence, I, as a right thinking fan, have been forced to retreat from my stand that Yngvi is a louse. I hereby suggest that all fans still holding this view be advised of the laws of libel and slander.

The defense rests.

Reference: Yngve, Victor H., "Computer Programs for Translation." Scientific American, June 1962, Volume 206, Number 6.

Signed:

GARY H. LABOWITZ

Director,

Yngvi is not a louse committee.

XXXXX



# FEEDBACK

BILL PLOTT  
P. O. BOX 5598  
UNIVERSITY, ALA.

I think you are discriminating against fans in general. That's right, boy, the old National Association For the Annihilation of Ross Barnett and Assorted White Trash is keeping an eye on you. Whadayamean providing doodling space for Ed Cox and not for the rest of us? We just may burn a fanzine in front of your house any day now... Well, it's like this. Edco has this thing about doodling, ya see, and when fanzines show up as his place without any space in which he can doodle he gnashes his fangs and rips them to shreds with his toenails. Naturally I don't want that happening to DYNATRON and suggest that if other faneds want to save their fmz from such a fate they provide Ed with doodling space. RTX

RICK SNEARY  
2962 SANTA ANA ST. #13.  
SOUTH GATE, CALIF.

There are a few things I want to say about Len's column in His report of the Fanquet makes me despair of ever making another serious speech. It is great when an artist is able to say something to each person that views his work. It is different when an audience each takes a different meaning from what a speaker says. In all the reports I have read and the conversations I have heard of my talk, all have praised, but all have me saying things I did not say, or views I did not express. And this after the most care in writing I have given to anything I had ever done. The only conclusion is that I had best consintrate in expressing my views in actions, not in words—for clearly in such a case as this, only the speaker is to blame. One of the major misunderstandings (which Len does not make) is that I was saying "where were you when I needed you?", i.e., why haven't you done more for me? What I was trying to say was that all too many there knew me only on my Sunny days, that they had seen me only at my best, and that real friendship ment shareing bad times—such as when one is in trouble, and when he is downright hatefull to everyone—as well as the good times. Friends like Len and Stan have seen me at the bottom of the pit and stuck by me. These are real friends. People like Pelz or Ellik have not, and while I feel they probably would be just as true, they have not had the opportunity...and this is part of what I was lamenting. That much as we would, there is never time to know, to really know, all the people you would like to know as friends. Some fans, though, seem to confuse knowing and liking another fan with being a real friend. Sort of taking friendship for granted. I was trying to get the point across that many of them, while apparently my friends, didn't really know me very well, and were not actually a Good Friend.

Len, and most others, have confused my meaning about "gold plated friends." I didn't mean, though this is the impression I surely must have given, that these friends were of less value. What I ment was that while our friendship seemed golden, it was only a serface friendship, without the real depth that I had with my Good Friends. Again, not because the person was less friendly, but because the Fates have never made it possable to have the opertunity to get to know each other better. What friendship we had was gold...but there wasn't as much of it. There are few local fans whom I admire more than Ron Ellik, yet, though I have known him for ten years, I can't remember ever having a close or relaxed talk with him on anything but fandom, and related subjects. John Trimble, who I have known a relatively shorter time, I find easy to talk to on any subject and would be very apt to turn to him in time of trouble—and expect him to turn to me if I could aid him. Yet I could not tell you what the difference is between these men.

I did not mention people there to say "exactly what I though of each of them." I wanted to make the point that while most there did not really know me and there had not been any real deep understanding between us, there were a few people who did. I wanted to name these and pay them honor. I forget the full list but mostly Len and Anna, John & Bjo, Ed & Jessie Clinton, Ackerman, Paul Turner, (Stan wasn't present yet), and maybe a couple of others. I wanted to do more than just mention names, but



SNEARY, cont'd:

it wasn't in keeping with the mood of the talk to sing hymns of praise, so I hung tags on them that were true...Like saying Len and I thought more alike than anyone else I knew, the only difference being that he viewed the world through slightly rose-tinted glasses while mine had a bluer shade. I also referred to how hard it was to feel close to Ackerman, due to the reserve that he draws around his real feelings. (This seemed to shake Forry even though everyone has been saying it for years...apparently no one else ever got close enough to Forry to tell him.) -- There were also a lot of people in the room that I liked and know had reason to feel hurt at not being listed as a Good Friend. To some of these I tried to explain what I thought was the reason --that we had just never had the chance.

But the whole point of the talk that I tried to make was that here they were giving me a Fanquet and most of them didn't really know me and to explain why they didn't. Somehow it came out as many other things. I'm sorry that it was not the kind of speech that lends itself to being published. But if it had it might have only compounded the misunderstanding. I hope my explanation has helped.

Dave Hulan's review was good. It covered the stories in detail so that you knew what they were about, compared them to other stories, and traced their sources, and finally gave the publishers. He made me want to get my old UNKS out and re-read the stories that I have. In a way this review should have been in AMRA but it might be felt that that the stories are too well known for AMRA readers to have been interested. I thought the subject matter a little well known myself but after I started reading the review it was as interesting as Alva Rogers' reviews of the early ASFs.

Hogan Smith was good, too. I wish I could judge writing critically rather than just does I like it or does I don't. Friend Davidson might have liked this...it is the sort of strange-not-quite-stories he is running now. The professional writer's polish showed on this...skill tells.

I wrote to Hogan--he's moved from Albuquerque to San Diego--suggesting that he submit the story to F&SF. Dunno what Avram thought of the story, though. RT

BETTY KUJAWA

2819 CAROLINE

SOUTH BEND 14, IND.

Am eager to hear what Our Boy Roy has to say about JFK and Cuba and all...for me this is DAMN LATE...should have been done last spring--or earlier...I see by der missile map that most of civilised Canada is within reach as well as us'ns...BUT Seattle up there so far is exempt...that dern CRYgang, they always rate. Well, actually, Seattle is within reach of the Cuban-based missiles but Fidel wants to get on the CRY mailing list so he's going to spare that city. RT

You an' me, Chrys...that let-down when the fen go...sigh...when Gene tossed Parker in the car and drove her off to the B-Bird and flew her to Don Ford's...the let-down, the aching silent empty house...mygawd the weekend stretched ahead...just me and the dog&cat...after some ten days of Ella yelling at me, shouting me down, crying "Betty, SHUT-UP!" every five minutes....I almost had cabin fever.

NUTS TO YOU ROY TACKETT...sixty lashes with a limp noodle...PHOOEY on you! Abe Lincoln of Illinois indeed....Abe, you Democrat infidel, There is no ghod but FDR and JFK is his prophet. RT spent his youth and young-manhood in Indiana crossing into Illinois after the beneficial shaping of his character had been done by the Hoosier environment. Humph! I always thought he was a Kaintucky boy. Come from someplace around Dogpatch. RT

Nope, doubt that the Horowitz of the pktbk "Student" is related to Vladmir H. Undoubtedly the back-cover blurb would have played that up like craazy, eh, Tom Dilley? As for the family name, you ain't been around where I've been around, Tom. Horowitz is pretty common most places round me...the big cities that is. Er, you are referring to the common or garden variety of Horowitz? Cuba and the events, eh? Well, of course, I highly approve of Mr. Kennedy telling Mr. Khrushchev that he'd better get his furshlinger missiles out of there. It is an uneasy feeling having the things that close to home. It was an uneasy feeling, too, wondering if Khrushchev would comply or decide to have at it although it is apparent that he has no desire to make with the big boom. It would do neither side any good. I don't think that I have any deep thoughts on the subject. I'm glad we won one for a change. RT

DYNATRON



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

The new Dynatron was a most pleasant one, even if your fan-nish contacts around convention time are fresh causes for me to feel rueful. I got a call from Mike Domina, too, for the same reason, and I talked to Judi Beatty of New York over the telephone while she was in Hagerstown but circumstances didn't permit our getting together and that's as close as I came to fannish contacts in the late summer. I not only didn't get to Chicon but I missed Ethel Lindsay totally, and the latter catastrophe is much more troublesome to me than the former. She apparently couldn't work a side trip in this direction into her schedule and maybe it's just as well in one sense. We had a horse race meeting and the centennial of the battle of Antietam in progress simultaneously here most of the time she would have been most likely to come and I don't know where I'd have found her sleeping accommodations except in one of the bedrooms in this house. Just think what a fannish scandal that would have produced.

I think I'm going to miss the Philcon, too, because of work commitments, and this is doubly frustrating because I'd planned on combining that with some fan history investigation at the ayjay library at the Franklin Institute.

The Harold Shea article was an excellent summary and a good prod to shove me partly along the mental road toward the decision to dig out those old Unknowns and re-read the novels. I didn't have the background knowledge to enjoy them thoroughly and the best ones were published when I was in a mental turmoil over war conditions so I'd probably get an even bigger kick out of them now. Dave's article has left me with a personal problem, though. I remember distinctly another novel in the series, this one about a world in which everything happened by sharply defined transitions and there were no gradations of character—the light just snapped off when the sun went down, and the villain had no redeeming virtue of any sort. Obviously I've mixed it up with this series and I must try to find it without even clear memory of the title, because I think I got more pleasure from that than from the real Shea stories.

Len Moffatt dwells on a subject dear to my heart, the superiority that fans have over other people in many areas, public speaking in this case. I'm sure that Len was prejudiced in his reactions by his friendship with Rick, but this is counter-balanced by the obvious fact that Rick was breaking new ground, talking from his own convictions, while the college professor was able to draw on the proven interest-getters and attention-holders that others have worked out from similar talks on the same topic. Of course, there's one other difference between the audiences that Len doesn't mention: a fannish group is prepared for anything when it hears a speech, a group of businessmen know they will hear the things they want to hear and of which they approve.

I have put off No Walking Gods for last because I can't decide what to say about it or even how much I liked it. It sounds professional in style and I am properly impressed by the fact that it seems to say more than the reader comprehends. But I'd forgotten its events and its message the day after I read it. This may mean that it struck home so accurately that I was trying to forget the unpleasant truths it conveyed or it may be that it just doesn't have the distinctiveness to be remembered.

SHOKO UHARA  
c/o KOKURITSU RYOYO-JO  
SHICHI-JOE CHO  
NARA CITY, NARA,  
JAPAN

Received the Dynatron 13th. Thank you very much. I am sorry that I didn't write a letter to you for a long time.

Roy-san, please tell me the truth, how do you think UCHUJIN-INTERNATIONAL will be appraised when compared with English and American fanzines? One of my English correspondents said that U-I has not the easy style of other fan-

zines and some of the stories are not very good. To write my thought, U-I is a good fanzine because U-I has many different good points.

As you know I have been in this sanatorium because I was fallen into infiltration of the lungs. But at last I am recovered. I am going to go out from here at the beginning of December.

I think Destiny is a strange thing. For instance, if you had never come to Japan I would never have discovered the existence of Japanese fandom. If I had not



SHOKO UHARA, cont'd.  
written you a letter I would never have found out about UCHUJIN Club. Destiny is very strange.

Yes, destiny is quite strange. I don't think we can give an accurate and fair comparison of UCHUJIN INTERNATIONAL with American or English fanzines right now. For one thing, we are writing in our native tongue while Aritsune and Norio and the others must translate into a foreign language and translations really do not do justice to any writing. I think they had a good first issue and that certainly future issues will be even better....I'm glad to hear that you've recovered from your illness, Shoko-san. RT

LEN MOFFATT Sure a weird cover illo there on DYNATRON 13, by RiP! I like it,  
10202 BELCHER tho. A real bonny fidy space ship. Well, it's a ship, ain't it?  
DOWNEY, CALIF. It's in space, isn't it? ~~Yar~~. RT~~I~~ I liked Hulan's article, too.

7 Hooboy, you call that a letter of comment? You must be a member of  
CAPA or something to expect to get by with a LoC like that. RT7

YOU CAN'T TRUST NOBODY  
#\*#\*#\*#\*#\*#\*#\*#\*#\*

by BERNIE BUBNIS, JR.

It was the third time I phoned. She didn't answer. Seldom did she ever want to talk or see me, but I didn't let that stop me. She usually answered, although she didn't care if I was dead or alive.

One time she would make me think she at least cared for me. It gave me a false sense of security that I wore down to its very end. Another time she acted different, very different. Gave me the brushoff so fast that I didn't know if I was coming or going.

Through most of the previous night I carefully followed her from one bar to another. I made sure she didn't see me, though. I was very careful. She arrived home drunk as could be. Stumbling over this and that until she finally found her way to the apartment. I wanted to help her but I didn't want her to know I was following her. She'd laugh at me again and make me feel very small.

When she neglected to answer my fourth call I decided I'd better go check and see if she was OK. I looked at my '49 Ford and wondered if maybe I should walk instead. The old heap seldom got me to my destination. I decided to trust to luck and took the car. I got as far as Stapel Street. So I walked the rest of the way. I arrived tired and very much in need of a drink.

She didn't answer my knock so I used the extra key she once gave me during one of her lighter moments. There were her clothes all over the living room floor. I found her in the bedroom. In bed. With some guy.

I grabbed him by the neck and pulled him from the bed. He let me have a right that sent me sprawling across the floor. I made a quick comeback and kicked him in the stomach. He raised his head off the floor and let me have a yellow ray from that third eye that threw me clear out in the street. I'd had enough.

I limped home thinking of what the world was coming to. For sure you can't trust a woman. Especially a Martian woman.

BERNIE BUBNIS, JR.

ED COX, DOODLE IN THIS SPACE:

\*\*\*\*\*

# DYNATRON



FINAL NOTES: SHOKO UHARA has a new address: 601 Shimofukawa, Tsuge-  
san, Yabe-gun, Nara, Japan....LA ONCE MORE IN '64....The heading  
and holiday greetings on this issue's cover are by CRYSTAL....L.A.  
ONCE MORE IN '64....The Art Rapp's are expecting another neofan....  
L. A. ONCE MORE IN '64....AVRAM DAVIDSON please note: I actually  
bought a copy of F&SF today. I paid cash for it, too. This may  
start a new trend....LA ONCE MORE IN '64....A letter in the 7Dec62  
edition of LIFE refers to Heinlein's "Logic of Empire" as an adult  
story because it contains "many cuss words...where they aren't needed!"  
....LA ONCE MORE IN '64....Omighod department: There is an item about  
here somewhere which gives me the shudders. It appears that one of  
the lesser publishers has noted the success of horror zines and has  
decided to bring out a stfzine. He was surprised to find that there  
are already magazines devoted to SF. What shakes me is that with all  
the rumors of new zines I hear I'm beginning to detect what may be a  
new boom in stf. Egad, I hope not. The field hasn't recovered from  
the last one yet....LA ONCE MORE IN '64.



DYNATRON #14  
Roy & Chrystal Tackett  
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Albuquerque, New Mexico

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