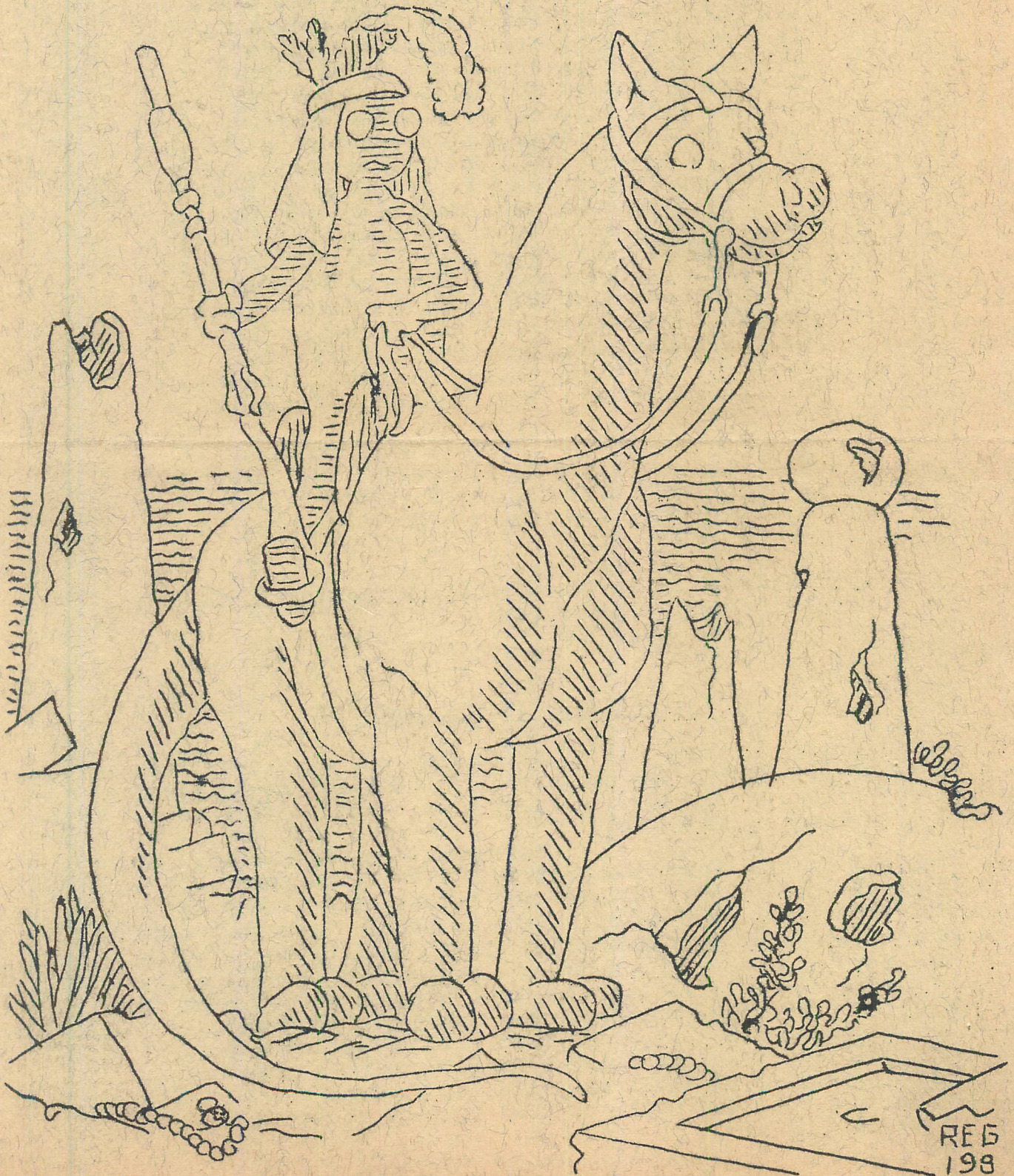


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 TWENTY





OK, fellows, you can relax now. All of you paid subscribers who thought I'd absconded to Costa Rica with your 15¢ pieces will be happy to know that this is DYNATRON #20. Yes. It is dated March, 1964, which obviously means that the bi-monthly schedule has gone by the boards, no? Yes. DYNATRON is published quarterly--for the time being--for the National Fantasy Fan Federation Amateur Press Alliance aka Neffer Amateur Press Alliance aka N'APA aka that bunch of aku-heads. (Hawaiian fen, if any, will appreciate that. I couldn't resist it.) Copies also go to the Secret Masters of Fandom aka CAPA, to a few remaining paid subscribers--a smallish group which will grow even smaller--and to a few assorted hangers-on. The reason the smallish group of paid subbers is going to grow smaller is because in addition to lengthening the schedule we have raised the price. Haw! 20¢, chums, take it or leave it. DYNATRON is an amateur-type magazine loosely devoted to the discussion of fantasy and science-fiction (or whatever else comes along) and is loosely edited and published by Roy and Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. A Marinated Publication.

COVER BY ROBERT E. GILBERT, JONESBORO, TENN.  
Inside: Roy Tackett, Al Morgan, Roy Tackett, Hogan Smith, EEEvers, Roy Tackett, Bill Wolfenbanger, Roy Tackett, Richie Benyo, and Roy Tackett.

DYNATRON 20 in the 20th N'APA mailing. Well, ain't that a kick? Yes.

DYNATRON

1

Page 2

### WRITINGS IN THE SAND

Well, what do you expect? I've got to make the page count come out one way or another. Page 4 was already on stencil so the only solution was to put both pages 2 and 3 on the same page. Patten will go mad trying to get a correct count on this.

The mountains of inertia, said Willis, are high and steep. Over the past year I've found them getting moreso. I had no real desire to fold Dynatron but putting it out was getting to be a drag. So, in order to stimulate, I hope, a somewhat lagging interest I've decided to change course for a while. We're going to play apazine, have a quarterly schedule, argue with N'APAns, and take life easy. Fandom seems to be settling into a quiet period with the number and quality of fanzines falling off. There are only about a half-dozen good fmz around these days...the rest fail to excite any particular interest. The newszines are folding faster than new ones appear. No news, it seems. So we shall make like an apazine for a while, cut the mailing list a bit, and maybe by next year be ready to have a go at expanding once more.

Page 3

DYNATRON

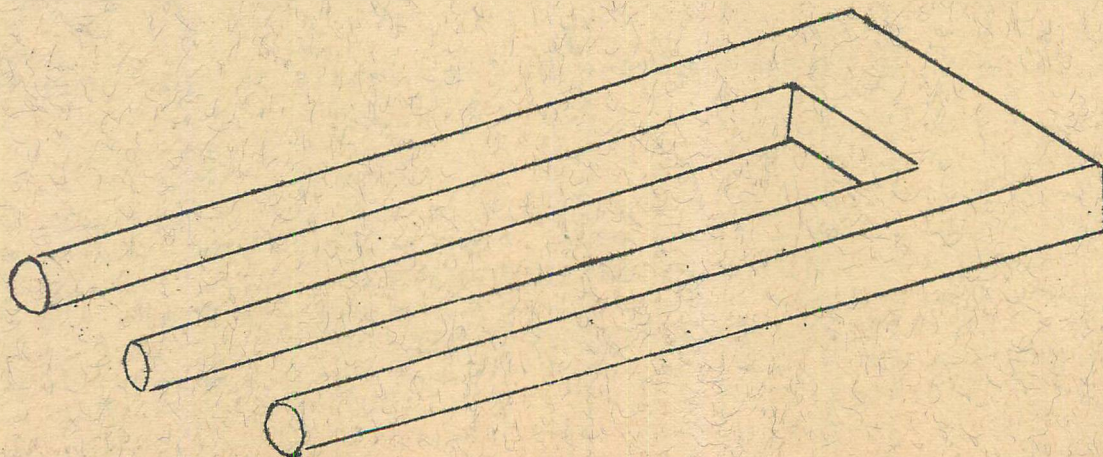


SWAP As Edco would put it. Having finally, after many years, gotten  
 DEPT the ASF collection, what there is of it, unpacked and onto the  
 bookshelves I find that what there is of it isn't what there used  
 to be. There seem to be many gaping holes in what was once a fairly  
 complete run. Somewhere along the line several boxes of books and  
 magazines shipped from various odd corners of the world never made it  
 to Albuquerque. (Reminds me of the time we moved from San Diego to  
 Beaufort, South Carolina (ah, memories of the Great Swamp, eh, Les  
 Sample?) and our dining table arrived sans legs--they showed up a year  
 or two later in Panama City, Florida.) However, I do have a few dupli-  
 cates with which I am willing to part preferably on a swap basis. If  
 you have some that might fill up a hole or two maybe we can make a  
 deal. The following ASTOUNDINGS are in excess: 1942: Jan, Feb. 1948:  
 entire year. 1947: Jan, Sep, Oct, Nov, Dec. 1949: Jan, Oct. 1950: Mar,  
 Oct, Nov, Dec. 1951: Feb. 1952: Dec. 1958: Oct. 1959: Mar. 1960: Sep,  
 Nov. 1961: Jul. All are in good condition except Feb 1951 which has  
 no covers.

Ahem. The holes: (I won't mention that I need almost all  
 ASFs prior to 1942. But I did, didn't I? This great gap at the front  
 end came about during the war when all my books and magazines were  
 generously(?) turned over to the dogface soldiers at Camp Carson, Colo.  
 for their library. Somewhere some ex-dogface soldier sits gloating  
 over the first 11 years of ASF plus various other goodies. Ah, well,  
 c'est la cotton-pickin' guerre.) Needed: 1942: May. 1943: Jan, Apr,  
 Sep, Nov, Dec. 1944: all. 1945: all. 1946: Jan, Feb, Mar. 1954: May,  
 Jul. 1955: Jul, Aug, Oct, Nov, Dec. 1956: Jan, Mar, Apr, May. 1957:  
 Feb, Apr, Dec. 1958: Jan, Apr. 1959: Feb. 1960: Sep.

Beats me, little  
 chums, where they've disappeared to. Almost as much of a mystery as  
 how I ended up with two copies each for the whole year 1948. Anyway,  
 now that you've eyeballed the list check your own overages. Maybe we  
 make-um-deal.

My status at Sparton SW has changed a bit. I am now  
 working in the environmental laboratory where we take the things we  
 build and freeze them, bake them, soak them, shake them, drop them,  
 and then try to figure out why they don't work. 100G shock test and  
 all that rot. We make all sorts of space-age items. Below is one of  
 our products--an inter-dimensional space harmonic fork. (It is an in-  
 tegral part of my star-drive, Joe Gibson, want to install one in your  
 fat-bottomed space ship?)





Not satisfied with telling us that tobacco is bad for us, the Medical Business now announces that coffee causes heart trouble. Particularly if one drinks more than 25 cups per day. I figure I'm safe as I'm down to only 19 or 20 cups a day now. At the plant we can drink coffee only on the coffee break--strangely enough--which limits me to four cups at work. Three or four cups at breakfast and then about 10 cups at night. Yeah, I'm safe there.

A footnote on the item about the man who bought and barricaded the street in Albuquerque: the city got an injunction forcing him to take the fence down and took the case to court. The judge ruled that the fact that the street wasn't dedicated to the city really didn't make any difference; the street had been used as a public thoroughfare for years and was therefore in the public domain. No fence, Charlie.

A COMMENT ON THE EVENTS OF 22 NOVEMBER 1963 BY OMAR KHAYYAM:

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes--or it prospers; and anon,  
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face  
Lighting a little Hour or two--is gone.

Hmmm. This being a stf fanzine and all that I wonder, have I mentioned science-fiction yet? Probably not. Consider it mentioned. Next time around I'll probably do better. I have now reached that stage in the magazine which used to deplore Richard Bergeron. Or that Richard Bergeron deplored. I want to finish off this stencil but I've nothing in particular to finish it with. There's not enough room left to start an article or review or whatever and too much room for a filler. Even if I had a filler.

The most honorable Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance has started its seventh round with the issuance of FIVE BY FIVE #31 by Arthur H. Rapp. 31 issues in 31 months is a pretty good record and the original members of CAPA show no signs of losing interest.

Richard Finch, 13119 East Chestnut, Whittier, California 90602, is interested in helping out with a zine for reporting international fan doings. The idea being to circulate information of what fen are doing in such places as England, France, Germany, Japan, Italy, New York City, and other corners of the world. If you are interested in such get in touch with Dick.

In the meantime-- Ed Cox, doodle in this space:

LONDON IN SIXTY-FIVE

TOKYO IN SIXTY-SIX



+++++  
+++++ YEAR OF THE EARTHMAN +++++  
+++++

Soon now, maybe three or four minutes...the spacer lay still, waiting, remembering the day...

A breeze carried the sharp, moist smell of the sea to the man on the beach. It was a gentle breeze, born of a gentle autumn.

The man did not think about the breeze, nor the warm golden sun, nor about the beach with its black and purple sand, nor about any of the things he might have thought about. The man was, neither more nor less, and the being was enough. He was warm and drowsy and presently he fell asleep.

A part of the spacer never slept and after a while that part of him heard a sound. It awakened the rest of him and the man sat up and listened.

When he heard the sound again he relaxed. It was no more than the slip-slap of a boy's bare feet against a wet, sandy path. He had heard the sound many times before.

"Earthman," the boy said. He stopped in front of the man.

The man looked and the boy was hazy. The man had to move his head and refocus his eyes for he was a spacer and heavy primaries had blasted through his retinas, forming scars where there was no sight. He found a place in his eyes where he could see and studied the boy.

"Jed, son of Jed who lives by the sea," the man said, and in so doing he acknowledged the boy and gave him permission to speak.

"Earthman, my father bids you well and asked that I speak to you saying it is mealtime and you are bid to share our house for food and shelter." The boy was sturdy and handsome, his body a light brown and hair of pure white. His eyes were typical of his people; swirling pools of iridescent purple and gold.

"I am proud," the Earthman said. "Speak to your father and say he honors me, even as his son honors him." The ritual was a daily one, lending an air of social grace to a relatively unsophisticated culture.

The boy nodded gravely. "I will speak to my father," he said, pleased at the spacer's praise.

The man stood, brushed the sand from his clothing and they started the mile and a half walk to the house on the top of a small hill.

After the proper interval of silence the boy said, "What is it like on your world?"

"It is much as it is here. Your planet is larger than mine, yet it is much the same."

"Pik, son of Pik who makes shoes, says your world is so crowded the people must live together in tall thick buildings."

"It is true, but not all of us live in such buildings. There are some who live in private homes, as you do."

"Pik, who makes shoes, said to his son you have been in the service of your people for a long time."

"Yes," the man said simply. "A long time." He turned inside himself and ignored the boy.

How long was long? How long had he rammed through deep space doing the business of earth? How long had he waited in the wards while they mended those parts of him that had been hurt and destroyed? How long had he ridden alone, and sometimes afraid, leaving specks and flecks of himself behind as heavy primaries slammed through him day after day? How long was long?



Long was long enough to get from here to there, he guessed, and not much difference between the beginning and the end.

The boy came back to him after checking a nut tree to see if the seeds were ripe enough to eat.

"I have been told to not speak of this," the boy looked up at the man. "Yet I must know of these things." He waited for the man to acknowledge him.

The spacer looked down at the boy and grinned.

"Speak and none will know but us," the spacer said.

"Jed, who is my father, says you have served your people well, even fought in their wars."

"It is true."

The boy paused, collecting the words he wanted. "By your time, today is the end of the third month since you have come to our world."

"Yes."

"When this day ends you have said you will die."

"Yes."

"Why is that so?"

"It is the way of my people."

"They will come here and kill you?"

"There is a device inside me that cannot be removed. When the time comes, it will destroy me."

"You have never misplaced the trust of your people?"

"Not before the day I decided to remain here, three months ago."

"Pik, son of Pik who makes shoes, says you have much wealth."

"Star pilots are well paid. The spacer snifted and re-focused his eyes so he could see the path."

"Why is it so that you must die?"

The man hesitated so long the boy was afraid he was offended and would not answer.

"When spacers first went out from the world they sometimes left the business of Earth and went about their own business. Some of them caused much harm to Earth in pursuit of their own ambitions and many harsh restrictions were placed upon spacers. When these rules became too burdensome, men became unwilling to spend their lives in space. Even the largest amounts of money were not enough to offset the great loneliness, the hardship and the danger."

"There came a time of practically no space travel from my world. Those times were before I was. I cannot say when space travel began again. I was young when it changed. I grew up knowing I would be a star pilot. There were many of us. We went to special schools from the very first. The training takes many years."

"It has been a good life. It has been a lonely life. Only now do I regret the device inside me that is my death."

"I do not think it fair," the boy said finally.

"When I was young and wanted many things, I thought it was fair."

"But you do not think it fair now?"

"I do not think it is the only way."

"Are you afraid because the now of you will die?" The boy spoke quietly.

"It has been a long life. Much of it was good. Still, there are many things I would do had I the time to do them."

"Is there an again of you on another world?" The boy said thoughtfully.

"No."

"But you desire an again of you very much?"

The spacer stopped walking and looked out over the sea, smelled the wet salt air and watched the sun start its drop to the horizon.



"Yes," the man said. "Very much."

The boy bowed to the sun.

"Let this be the Year of the Earthman."

The man touched the boy's shoulder. "Come, we will be late for mealtime."

They walked on toward the house, which was made for the most part of fieldstone and light red mortar. A man, marked and colored like the boy, stood in the doorway. He was strong-looking, a man of the soil that fed him.

The spacer stopped at the front door. It was of sturdy oak, hand-carved, softly weathered by the years. He remembered the first day he had passed through it, a stranger. He knew tonight the door opened to him, beckoned him inside for the final time.

"Earthman," the older man said. His voice was serene, yet it turned the simple word into a ceremony.

"Jed, who lives by the sea," the spacer said. "I bid you well. I am honored by your hospitality."

"My home is pleased to welcome you," Jed motioned them inside.

Immediately inside was a single large room with an open-beamed ceiling. It was furnished with fine hand-hewn pieces, arranged for living and dining, and set upon colorful rugs. At the far end, using up the entire wall, was the fireplace. A fire burned there, bluish and golden red.

From a doorway near the fireplace two women appeared. The stoic air of the room turned electric, vital.

The older woman bowed slightly to the spacer, then slipped her small hand into her husband's and rested her head lightly upon his shoulder.

"Earthman, who is my son through my daughter," she said softly.

"Ren, who is my mother in marriage," he said, returning a slight bow. "Did your day go well for you?"

"My day went well." She drew her husband with her to a small divan placed close to the fire.

Only after these courtesies did the spacer look directly at the younger woman and his look told her that he was intensely aware of her, now and before and forever. Apart from the luxuriant white hair and luminous purple eyes of her race, she looked much like a girl from his world's South Sea Islands. She would be considered most attractive on his world.

"Pam, who is my wife," the spacer said, "was your day good?"

"The day was good, my husband," she said. Her eyes spoke of something yet unsaid. "And your day, did it unfold in the manner you planned?"

"My day was proper," he said. He held out his hand and she slipped quickly, gracefully, into his arms. She hugged him playfully, and he grinned down in wonder at the woman who had been so briefly his wife.

"You are beautiful," he said. "I am proud."

Over by the fire, Ren made a discreet motion to her husband and the boy. The three of them left the room.

Alone then, Pam slipped out of the circle of his arms, not completely, only far enough that she could look up into his eyes. Steel grey eyes that had shown pure contentment all the days of the last three months, but today were clouded and faraway, even though he looked directly at her.

"My husband, we are blessed. There is within me your child, alive and well."

"You are sure?" he said harshly. "You are sure?"



"This afternoon I was sure. When I went to the village I stopped to see Lar, the keeper of health. There is no doubt. The now of me holds the again of us."

"Thank you, my Pam, thank you." The kiss they exchanged excluded the now and the again and the universe.

"Oh, husband, you thank me for what our love has created." They moved close to the fire and sat together and he held her hand and would not let it go.

"I have a son," he said, staring into the fire.

"Pooh," said the woman. "How do you know it is not a daughter I hold?"

"Whichever, it is of my blood," the spacer said. "It is of me."

"And me," the woman said, smiling.

He grinned at her. "I do not mean to act as though I were the only one needed to make a child. But I was in space for a long time. I feared my seed was dead."

The woman put her head on his shoulder. "Your seed is good," she murmured.

"On Earth I have several million credits. They are yours."

"I will give the money to your child."

"No man could have chosen better than you. And if you are fit to hear my child, then you are fit to control my money."

"I am proud of our love. It has been short, but it has been good."

"Yes, it has been good."

The mother, the life giver that lay just behind the eyes of all women showed itself to him and he was pleased.

In the days past he had not wanted to think about the last actual moment, the timewhen his body would commence whatever ritual was necessary to the process of dying.

When his mind sometimes wondered how it would be, he turned the thought towards the last hours, and away from that last final moment.

He had wanted the final day to be crowded with rich intimacies, such as the look of motherhood he had just seen in his wife's face. He had thought his last hour would travel through him slowly, each moment memorable because of that legendary last hour clarity.

The last hour had come and now he knew that time was a small, quick thing. The minutes sneaked past him, unseen and not accounted for. The evening had gone and he could find no memory of it. He had talked quietly with Pam and her family, then he and Pam had walked to their room to spend the last, final hour together.

Abruptly, that hour deserted him, too. The only thing he could find to remember was Pam's strangely beautiful look of motherhood.

It was his own idea that he go alone to a room which had been prepared for him. Death was sometimes ugly. He did not know how his would be, although he was sure the device inside him carried no pain with it.

He had not let his mind vision how it would be. Now the absolute starkness was with him, real and poignant. Nothing could change it. Death was the ultimate, conclusive word. Tense and rigid, he braced himself. Soon now, a mement or two.

He lay still, waiting.

Deep inside, where the vital parts lived, he felt a strange click. Energy seeped away, taking the tenseness with it. He felt a stopping inside as each vital part of him quietly gave up the life it had held so long.

Earlier he had sought a special clarity that had not come. It came now.

With thrusting rudeness it penetrated into the warm, quiet place where he rested. Clarity came. Coarse, and rough and vulgar, it came.



His mind cringed and turned, tried to stop what was happening to him.

He was not a man. He looked like a man, had the flesh and thought of a man, but he was not a man.

He was a...there was a word for everything. What was the word for him? What was he? Not a man. No. Not a man, but a...they called him...he had a name...he was...but what was he?

He had man's tissue on his bones, but his bones were better than man's. They told him that when they told him how he was made. It was just before he was sent to be programmed.

Maybe that's what he was. Programmed. No, that wasn't it.

Then what was he? God in heaven, what.....

There was one final click.

ALLEN D. MORGAN

XXXXXX

In a place

between this space

and the space next to it

time stands on end

lord, distance runs between

in this space

was a broken place

and man crawled, wormed, tip-toed in

this place

this tiny broken space

where time stands on end

lord, distance runs between.

HOGAN SMITH

XXXXXX

GHOSTING

I am ghosting;

And you are ghosting for me.

I am ghosting,

But you can't remember the fee.

ME, DREAM DRENCHED

Dream drenched,

I watched Satan laughing at my door.

Dream drenched with awe,

I saw him creep away.

Dream drenched,

I locked the door again;

Dream drenched with gloom

I shuddered in bed alone.

Dream drenched,

(and crying)

I'm waiting for his return.

BILL WOLFENBARGER

XXXXXX

THE WALKING DEAD

No great gale, but the wind's least breath

Sends the autumn leaf to its destined death

For the stem of the leaf at the root of it all

Was long days dead before the fall.

E. E. EVERS

DYNATRON



WITH THE GREEN GRASS GROWING ALL AROUND

The great political leader leaned forward on the podium. He lifted his hands and fixed the audience with an authoratative eye. (Now just what sort of sentence is that? RT)

"We must", he bellowed, "go to the grass roots."

Out here in semi-arid New Mexico grass is a rather scarce thing, except for the Johnson grass (no relation to LBJ one presumes) which grows wherever it isn't wanted. However, we do have grass roots. Political grass roots that is.

A few weeks ago I noted an item in the morning newspaper concerning the upcoming Democratic precinct conventions. My curiosity about seeing local democracy (or in this case the D is uppercase) in action was aroused so I decided that as long as I was registered as a Democrat I might as well attend the precinct convention. It was to be held in the cafeteria of Ranchos School at 1930 of a Saturday evening. (Chotto matte. 1930, Katz, you igguerant easterner, is seven-thirty of the P.M.) This was fine with me since I am well aware of the location of Ranchos School and seven-thirty of the P.M. (that's 1930, Katz) is a convenient hour.

a pretty good day. I managed to get in eight hours overtime at the plant (a practice that will stop if LBJ has his way about it) testing some of those crazy black boxes we build and after dinner (if I were writing up a trufannish report I'd give you a detailed description of the menu but I leave such things to conreporters) I put on a suit and tie for the first time in weeks and hauled myself off to the precinct convention.

I was greeted at the door by a gentleman who turned out to be the precinct chairman. He asked if I was a Democrat and when I replied in the affirmative he asked me to sign in please. (Sort of like "What's My Line?", y'know.) I dutifully signed in, the green ink from my pen standing out amid all that blue and black.

crowd had already assembled but I saw no familiar faces. A good-sized all unusual about that since I don't know many people hereabouts. Nothing at found a seat--in the middle, of course--not too far down front and not too far back and sat back to wait for the proceedings to proceed. I just had time to get my pipe going good when a familiar face, attached to my nextdoor neighbor, came up dragging an unfamiliar face with it. I was duly introduced to the unfamiliar face. It was a female face.

"I've heard about you," said the unfamiliar face. "I want to tell you how much I enjoy your letters to the newspaper."

I inquired. (My missives have been praised by such diverse groups as the conservative Volunteers For Mechem (Mechem is our self-appointed Conservative with a capital C Senator) and, over on the other side, the United World Federalists.)

"How would you like to be a delegate to the State convention?" asked the unfamiliar female face. I protested that I had given no thought to the matter and had only come to the local convention to see what went on.

The unfamiliar face hustled off and was lost, amid many other unfamiliar faces so I settled down to puff my pipe and observe the workings of the grass roots.



Along about 2000 the Chairman banged on the podium with his gavel and announced that the convention of Precinct Four would come to order. He banged a few more times and finally got Precinct Four settled down to the business of the evening.

The business of the evening, the chairman said (after a joke or two about the Republicans, of course), was to elect delegates to the state convention. (Actually it was to elect delegates to the county convention which in turn elects delegates to the state convention, however, the county convention always elects itself to represent the county at the state convention. It is the conventional thing to do, you might say.) The Chairman went on to say that our little local convention would be open to all and that nobody was going to tell anybody else how to vote. He explained that by virtue of having cast 1200 votes for the Democratic candidate for governor in the last general election, precinct four (or Precinct Four, if you will) was allowed 12 votes at the state convention. We were to send 24 delegates with 1/2 vote each.

"Nominations are now open for delegates to the state convention. Mr. Lucero?" he said.

Mr. Lucero was the vice-chairman who was seated on the platform only a few feet removed from the chairman. Mr. Lucero arose and announced that he wished to place in nomination a slate of candidates. He named off 24 names which included, of course, the Chairman and the Vice-Chairman. As soon as Mr. Lucero sat down a gentleman arose in the audience and was immediately recognized by the Chairman. The gentleman's name was, purely by coincidence, of course, among those presented on the slate of candidates by Mr. Lucero.

"Mr. Chairman, I move the nominations close." he said. He was seconded by several other people who, also by coincidence, of course, were also on the list of candidates proposed by the Vice-Chairman.

The Chairman presented the motion to the convention and after a show of hands declared that the motion was carried.

A spokesman for the disorganized dissident faction was recognized and he, presumably in an attempt to salvage whatever he could, said he would like to propose some alternate delegates just in case some of the regular delegates were taken ill or something like that.

The Chairman declared that the rules governing the Democratic party in New Mexico made no allowances for alternate delegates but, by golly, good old Precinct Four would just ignore those rules and go ahead and elect alternate delegates anyway. (Of course they would. And, of course, the credentials committee of the county convention wouldn't recognize the existence of alternate delegates.) So the spokesman for the disorganized dissident faction called off a list of names, my own among them (man, that really grabbed me. Doesn't it grab you?), and the alternate delegates were, by golly, duly elected anyway.

After that some candidates for various offices, residents of Precinct Four, were introduced and told us why they thought we should vote for them. (They were from Precinct 4 and us precinct 4 people must stick together.)

Even though I was a duly elected alternate delegate I didn't attend the county convention nor the state convention in Santa Fe. I figure when you've seen one example of grass roots democracy in action you've seen them all.



Being some assorted comments on the 19th N'APA Mailing

FUTURIAN COMMENTATOR

Now all of you who have been wondering what that "Futurian Commentator" bit was about can stop wondering.

I'm well aware that the militaristic overtones of my little lance carriers bug a great many fans. If any N'APAns find them objectionable--well, feel free to object. Not that it will do you any good but go ahead and object anyway.

Greetings. And welcome to N'APA, Roy Tackett. (I figured I might as well be the first.) I suppose a few words of introduction might be appropriate in view of the fact that I come as a complete stranger to some of you. In some cases it is better that way. The full name is LeRoy H. Tackett, in case you ever pass this way. There is a Roy Tackett in the Albuquerque phone book but that isn't me and that gentleman, whoever he is, probably wishes I'd use my full name on everything--particularly on letters to the local newspapers. I am, just barely, this side of 40, stand 5' 10", weigh 160--which is wishful thinking I actually weigh 170 but am trying to take off a few pounds--have brown hair and variable eyes. I am a retired Sergeant of Marines and am currently employed as an electronics technician. I've been reading stf ever since there was any and have been around fandom for (harrumph) years. Besides the N3F and N'APA I'm active in the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance (ah, yes, heheheheh) and about as active as one can be in First Fandom. I'm also a member of the Science Fiction Club of Japan. In addition to DYNATRON I publish FIVE BY FIVE for CAPA every fifthmonth and the FIRST FANDOM MAGAZINE about four times a year. Don't bother to ask for copies of either, friends, because they are not available to non-members.

With that nonsense out of the way we come to the 19th Mailing.

ALLIANCE AMATEUR (Officialdom): I've met surprisingly few of those on the roster: Hulan, Johnstone, Patten, Pelz, and, though he doesn't remember, probably, and I'm sure I don't, Sam Russell. I know I must have met Sam once as his autograph appears on my copy of the Program Book from the first Fanquet which was way back when.

Fred, I note that you are still marking UCLA's copies for the attention of Steve Schultheis. I thought he had left there for the University of the Seven Seas?

BATY. #1 (Bowers): Evers' haiku are quite good although he cheated a bit with the fourth--it contains only 16 syllables. All too often one finds amateurish poets attempting to construct haiku without knowing the rules. Evers evidently does and does a creditable job.

THE BOOK OF THE UNDEAD (Castora): Like you I had thought that The Shadow was written by various nacks using the housename of Maxwell Grant. The recent paperback "Return of The Shadow" by Walter Gibson credited him with the entire lot--rather incredible considering that the magazine appeared semi-monthly or oftener for a while. I queried ol' buddy Len Moffatt on this and he, and Jim Harmon, both say that it is true, that Gibson wrote the whole blasted output himself. Rather fabulous but, of course, much of it was repitition. Fabulous anyway. Writing like that may not be artistic but, man, it buys the groceries.



MICKEY #2 (Kusske): Buy a dictionary and some correction fluid.

FOOFARAW #10 (Patten): This bit about recording some of the fannish filksongs--and other stf-type songs--bears pursuing further. The market wouldn't be large but it should be more than enough to pay for the recordings and materials. Might possibly be done at one of the cons. Comment, Erer Weber?

DUBHE (Baker): You Esperantists are fighting a losing battle. There is an international language already in use throughout the world. It is called--surprise--English. Truth. English is a required subject in most countries these days. In Asia it is used in international agreements. If a firm in Japan, say, makes a deal with a firm in India, three copies of the contract are made: one in Hindi, one in Japanese, and one in English.

NEOFAN (Hannifen): How did you talk Patten into giving you credit for those four pages of OMPA material?

AN AUTHOR INDEX TO F&SF (Fransen): Fine job, Don, and useful, but it would have been more so if you had notations concerning the various nom-de-plumes involved.

GEMZINE 4/38 (Carr): This, along with NIEKAS, constitutes the meat of the mailing. Gem, I think those people in F&PA were damfools for kicking you out: that your opinions were 180 out with theirs is besides the point--you can always be counted on to keep things lively. I don't hold with your opinions myself--often that is although we do see eye to eye on some matters--as it will appear shortly but I would fight any attempt to try to hush you up. We may be poles apart on many things but I think you are a definite asset to any discussion.

Mimeo/Ditto combinations: I think Swedish fan Bo Stenfors is the master of this particular artform. His fanzines over the past few years have featured some lovely mimeo-Ditto combinations.

I think the idea of a letterzine in which the letterhack would pay to have his missive published would go over with a dull thud. There are too many fanzines around faunching for letters for that to catch on. But there isn't a thing to stop any of these hard-charging young faneds from inaugurating a N3F slanted letterzine. Some of these eager types with a good editorial personality and the money to pay for it could make it a successful thing. And the key to success in any letterzine is the editor--how about that Wally, ol' wastebasket?--. VoM was a roaring success because 4aj and Moroj made it one. Other letterzines have been miserable flops because the editorial personality was colorless. The big problem with TB these days is the size of the club. What with 400+ members the bloody thing costs a fortune and the editor does his best to keep it small. A N3F slanted letterzine would not have to go to the entire membership but just to those interested enough to pay for it. Hmmm. It could even go through NAPA.

Haw! "If the editors of TNFF and TB would stop being so tolerant". A slight reminder that the editor of TNFF is none other than Senor El Presidente Fransen who doesn't print any letters so you can't blame him for encouraging feuds in that particular direction. Nor any other for that matter. As for TB--well, the editors like to keep it lively. As do the writers. For instance I have what I consider a legitimate gripe against Hamlin and have sent it to TB to be aired, be-



fore the entire membership. I will undoubtedly be accused of formenting a feud but I don't see it that way--I see it as a matter needing clarification and since Hamlin's statement was addressed to the entire membership I feel that I have the right also to be heard by the membership. TB is our forum.

I cannot accept your attitude on aid to religious schools. You are proposing the fragmentation of our society. The public schools are (theoretically) supported by the whole community for the benefit of the whole community. You are proposing that a certain segment of the community be excused from contributing their share of community support. Utter nonsense! Why shouldn't I be allowed to deduct that portion of my taxes which go to support the county hospital since, as I am a retired military person still entitled to medical care, neither I nor my family will ever use the county hospital? So Catholic tax money is being used to support the public schools? So? So is Protestant tax money, Jewish tax money, and Bhuddist tax money. You say "but the Catholics maintain their own schools." That's their privilege. It's also their privilege to pay for them. The public schools are there for the use of Catholics as well as everyone else. If the Catholics do not want to use the public facilities they must expect to pay extra. Same applies to the Methodists--who have a school here--or any other group.

"Why should Catholic tax money be used to brainwash non-Catholic children into atheism." End quote. How many kids do you have in public school, Gem? I have two. I can detect no signs that either is being brainwashed into atheism. No, they don't get religious teaching in school--the school has no business teaching religion--they get their religious teaching in church. After all, is not that the purpose of the church--to teach religion?

It sure isn't the purpose of the school to teach religion.

Tsk, Gem, we need the lefty-slanted TV commentators to counteract the righty-slanted newspapers.

Interesting report on Stonehenge on the Columbia. This country has such a number of surprising things. You don't have to travel to Athens to see the Parthenon--just to Nashville.

FENRIS 6 (Hulan): I owe you a letter which I may or may not have answered by the time this sees print. But I'll get around to it, Dave, one of these days. It's there in the stack with all the rest of them.

I broke down and bought a new bottle of corflu--no, Meskys wasn't here, I just used it all up--and the only thing available at this particular store was Gestetner (the price of which is outrageous) and the damned stuff is white!

HALF LIFE (Woolston): If I can swing it they will really be FIVE and you can ask Len or Rick to explain that cryptic remark.

EXCALIBUR (Bailes and Arnold David Katz no relation to David Katz): What's the trouble with your mimeo, chaps? (I know what's wrong with mine--I use 20 year old stencils). Er, did you take the typer off the ribbon (or vice versa) before you cut the stencils?

You're a bit behind the times. Art Rapp sent me an advertisement for a doll house with a fallout shelter two years ago.

You could invest in a dictionary and some corflu, too, you know.



If I may go back a moment to CURSED 4 and to one of the many editorials thereof--the one concerning how we should all be careful of what we do and say because of the effect it might have on the emerging nations of Africa. I mentioned this one to my great and good friend, Lee Hammer (who is currently knocking about some odd corner of the world or other and bugging me with postcards saying "Don't you wish you were here?") who spoke thusly: "What nations of Africa? Those so-called nations exist only as lines drawn on a map, in the imagination of a few power-hungry men in the larger African cities and in the befuddled minds of diplomats who don't know any better. Africa is, and probably will be for a long time to come, the home of a vast variety of tribes which knows not or cares not for "national boundaries". The only boundaries they know about are those between their territory and the territory of the next tribe over and those are rather fluid. Independence? That means only that the Europeans are no longer there to restrain them from slaughtering the game and each other. Nations? In the next century, perhaps, if they get lots of help--which they don't want." Thus spoke Lee Hammer. I won't quibble. Ho's been there.

Tron me no Trons without a Dyna, Katz, you clown, or I'll tell David Katz, no relation to Arnold David Katz, that you put him in the same category with Shaver.

Besides a dictionary and some corflu go buy a drawing plate.

VAUX HALL FANATIC (Johnson): There is no reason, Seth, why any potential candidate should wait until the official election call to announce his candidacy. I have already announced that I am a candidate for the 1965 Directorate which gives me a year for electioneering. (ATTENTION N'APANS. Support one of your own. Vote for Tackett for the Directorate.)

Frankly, old boy, I don't care if I never pick up a subscriber through the clearing house. I have to make too many copies of this thing as it is.

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all N'APANS: You have my full permission to reproduce the following in your zines for the next mailing and good ol' Fred Patten will give you full credit, won't you, Fred?:

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* OFFICIALDOM NEEDS THE DYNATRON EFFECT \*  
\* VOTE FOR \*  
\* ROY TACKETT FOR DIRECTOR \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

-----  
INTERIM (Irwin): As a SF fan I should think you would naturally want to completely ignore "My Favorite Martian". I watched one 15 minute segment of it and that was enough to convince me that any SF fan would disclaim all knowledge of it. Nothingsville, man.

"World of Giants" was originally telecast in 1960 or 1961 and has been hanging around as a syndicated show ever since. The effects used to indicate Hunter's size are quite good. Oh, come now, Mark, Mel Hunter should have a familiar ring to it; he's noted for his astronomical covers on F&SF among other things.

RACHE (Pelz): You mention that your bound collection of fanmags will go eventually to the Fantasy Foundation.....I thought the Fantasy Foundation was long dead. Elaborate, please. Add me to your list of those who returned after a lengthy gaffiation. I had no contact at all



with fandom from the time I left San Francisco in early 1952 until I returned to the fold in 1960. Eight years, man.

NIEKAS 7 (Meskys and company): Verily an excellent magazine, Ed. Particularly since you now have Felice to correct your spelling.

Poul Anderson's article (book review mostly?) is indeed something to chew on. Yes. Well now why is there such a continued preoccupation with Nazism? Because, perhaps, this was the ultimate embodiment of evil in our times and because it is so well documented.

Perhaps Hitler was no more bloody than Attila. Tamerlane built a chain of pyramids across Asia; pyramids made from the skulls of the people who lived in the cities he sacked. And there are many others in history. Way back in a rather sketchy history. Hitler was now--in our time. We have the pictures, the documents, the testimony of witnesses, still living, who were there. Thus the preoccupation with Nazism. We know it for what it was--and is.

The Communists probably have, over the past 35 years or so, committed atrocities as great or greater than those of the Nazis but, unlike the crimes of the Nazis, the actual proof is still buried deep in the Soviet. Thusly, it doesn't have the impact of the exposed crimes of the--shall I write "Germans"?--Nazis.

It is easy to assign the Nazi crimes to the Germans as a whole. After all, the Germans have some two thousand years of history working against them. I tell you this: that even now I trust the Russians more than I do the Germans. God help us all if they ever get nuclear weapons.

And I'm not being particularly anti-German (Oh no?). It's just that my history books indicate that every time Germany thinks she has the wherewithall to conquer Europe--or the world--she has a go at it. One would think they'd get tired of it after while.

Poul says "...I feel that even a nuclear war would not be too high a price to prevent a world victory of Communism". Better a dead world than a red world? (I don't hold that either is necessary. I think communism (with an upper-case "C" if you will) can be defeated without resort to all-out war. The communist utopia is, after all, so bloody dull. Unfortunately, the wheels of the capitalistic world seem to be so afraid of losing a dime--or a handy source of low-income labor--they appear to be fair driving the rest of the world into the communist camp. How'd I get off on this?) Utter nonsense! A nuclear war is too high a price to pay for anything. In a conflict between the U.S. and the USSR there would be no such thing as a limited war. True, we all got to go sometime but it seems rather silly for all of us to go at the same time.

The rest of the mailing was noted but evokes no response. Sorry, chaps, but you just don't motivate me.

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Welcome to the N3F: R. Monroe Sneary, Harry Warner, and Buck Coulson.  
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The 19th mailing contained 223 pages. The 105th FAPA mailing contained 287 pages.....Bailes: "Hello. Is this one-one-one-one?" Katz: "No, this is eleven-eleven." Bailes: "Oh, I got the wrong number. Sorry I bothered you." Katz: "That's OK. I had to get up to answer the phone anyway." Ugh. These have been comments on the 19th N'APA mailing by good ol' Roy (vote for me for Director) Tackett.



Late in 1963 Richie Benyo sent me a contribution. It was a couple pages of ramblings touching on nothing in particular but in it he mentioned that he could always do a listing of Ace science-fiction if he ran out of anything else to write about. I rejected his natterings on the grounds that you get several pages of nothing in particular from me so that is more than enough of that sort of thing. Herewith for the benefit of collectors, indexers, and other sercon types, a rather interesting contribution from Richie Benyo.

ROY TACKETT

## THE COMPLETE LIST OF ACE SCIENCE-FICTION PAPERBACK BOOKS

Compiled By

RICHARD S. BENYO

### Introductory notes:

The date is that of publication.

\* indicates the book is a reprint of a previous ACE edition.

# indicates the book is an "Ace Classic".

### Series "S" -- 25¢ each

- 1954: S-66 Return To Tomorrow -- L. Ron Hubbard
- 1955: S-90 The Chaos Fighters -- Robert Moore Williams
- S-133 Adventures On Other Planets -- Donald A. Wollheim
- 1956: S-183 The End Of The World -- Donald A. Wollheim

### Series "D" -- 35¢ each

- 1953: D-31 The World of A -- A. E. van Vogt
- D-36 The Universe Maker -- A. E. van Vogt
- D-36 The Sword Of Rhiannon -- Leigh Brackett
- D-44 Conan The Conqueror -- Robert E. Howard
- D-44 The Ultimate Invader -- Donald A. Wollheim
- Sentinels Of Space -- Eric Frank Russell
- 1954: D-53 The Weapon Shops Of Isher -- A. E. Van Vogt
- D-61 Gateway To Elsewhere -- Murray Leinster
- D-61 Ring Around The Sun -- Clifford D. Simak
- D-69 Cosmic Manhunt -- L. Sprague de Camp
- D-69 Beyond Earth's Gates -- Lewis Padgett & C. L. Moore
- Daybreak - 2250 A.D. -- Andre Norton
- D-73 Adventures In The Far Future -- Donald A. Wollheim
- D-79 Tales of Outer Space -- Donald A. Wollheim
- D-79 Atta -- Francis Rufus Bellamy
- D-84 The Brain Stealers -- Murray Leinster
- The Rebellious Stars -- Isaac Asimov
- An Earth Gone Mad -- Roger Dee



- 1955: D-94 One Against Eternity -- A. E. van Vogt  
The Other Side of Here -- Murray Leinster  
D-96 The Last Planet -- Andre Norton  
A Man Obsessed -- Alan E. Nourse  
D-99 The Galactic Breed -- Leigh Brackett  
Conquest of the Space Sea -- Robert Moore Williams  
D-103 The Big Jump -- Leigh Brackett  
Solar Lottery -- Philip K. Dick  
D-110 The 1000 Year Plan -- Isaac Asimov  
No World Of Their Own -- Poul Anderson  
D-113 One In 300 -- J. T. McIntosh  
The Transposed Man -- Dwight V. Swain  
D-118 The Paradox Men -- Charles L. Harness  
Dome Around America -- Jack Williamson  
D-121 The Stars Are Ours! -- Andre Norton  
Three Faces Of Time -- Sam Merwin, Jr.  
D-125 The Man Who Upset The Universe -- Isaac Asimov  
D-139 The Alien From Arcturus -- Gordon R. Dickson  
The Atom Curtain -- Nick Boddie Williams  
D-146 Contraband Rocket -- Lee Correy  
Forgotten Planet -- Murray Leinster
- 1956: D-150 The World Jones Made -- Philip K. Dick  
Agent of the Unknown -- Margaret St.Clair  
D-155# Journey To The Center Of The Earth -- Jules Verne  
D-162 The Man Who Lived Forever -- R. DeWitt Miller & A. Hunger  
The Mars Monopoly -- Jerry Sohl  
D-164 The Crossroads Of Time -- Andre Norton  
Mankind On The Run -- Gordon R. Dickson  
D-169 Star Bridge -- Jack Williamson & James E. Gunn  
D-173 The Man Who Mastered Time -- Ray Cummings  
Overlords From Space -- Joseph E. Kelleam  
D-176 The Green Queen -- Margaret St.Clair  
Three Thousand Years -- Thomas Calvert McClary  
D-187 The Pawns of A -- A. E. Van Vogt  
D-193 The Space Born -- E. C. Tubb  
The Man Who Japed -- Philip K. Dick  
D-199 Star Guard -- Andre Norton  
Planet Of No Return -- Poul Anderson
- 1957: D-205 The Earth In Peril -- Donald A. Wollheim  
Who Speaks Of Conquest? -- Ian Wright  
D-211 Eye In The Sky -- Philip K. Dick  
D-215 Doomsday Eve -- Robert Moore Williams  
Three To Conquer -- Eric Frank Russell  
D-223 The 13th Immortal -- Robert Silverberg  
This Fortress World -- James E. Gunn  
D-227 Gunner Cade -- Cyril Judd  
Crisis In 2140 -- Piper & McGuire  
D-233 First On Mars -- Rex Gordon  
D-237 Master Of Life and Death -- Robert Silverberg  
The Secret Visitors -- James White  
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Space Station #1 -- Frank Belknap Long  
D-245# Off On A Comet -- Jules Verne  
D-249 Sargasso of Space -- Andre Norton  
The Cosmic Puppets -- Philip K. Dick



- D-255 Star Ways -- Poul Anderson  
City Under The Sea -- Kenneth Bulmer
- D-261 The Variable Man & Other Stories -- Philip K. Dick
- 1958: D-266 Twice Upon A Time -- Charles L. Fontenay  
The Mechanical Monarch -- E. C. Tubb
- D-274 World Without Men -- Charles Eric Maine
- D-277 City On The Moon -- Murray Leinster  
Men On The Moon -- Donald A. Wollheim
- D-283# City -- Clifford D. Simak
- D-286 The Invaders From Earth -- Robert Silverberg  
Across Time -- David Grinnell
- D-291 People Minus X -- Raymond Z. Gallun  
Lest We Forget Thee, Earth -- Calvin M. Knox
- D-295 Big Planet -- Jack Vance  
Slavers Of the Klau -- Jack Vance
- D-299 Star Born -- Andre Norton  
Planet For Texans -- Piper & McGuire
- D-303 War of the Wingmen -- Poul Anderson  
Snows of Ganymede -- Poul Anderson
- D-309# The Island Of Dr. Moreau -- H. G. Wells
- D-311 A Man Called Destiny -- Ian Wright  
Stepsons Of Terra -- Robert Silverberg
- D-315 The Space Willies -- Eric Frank Russell  
Six Worlds Yonder -- Eric Frank Russell
- D-322 The Blue Atom -- Robert Moore Williams  
The Void Beyond -- Robert Moore Williams
- D-324# Brigands of the Moon -- Ray Cummings
- D-327 First On The Moon -- Jeff Sutton
- D-331 The Secret of Zi -- Kenneth Bulmer  
Beyond The Vanishing Point -- Ray Cummings
- 1959: D-335 War Of Two Worlds -- Poul Anderson  
Threshold Of Eternity -- John Brunner
- D-339\* Ring Around The Sun -- Clifford D. Simak
- D-340\* Solar Lottery -- Philip K. Dick
- D-345 Plague Ship -- Andrew North  
Voodoo Planet -- Andrew North
- D-351 Starhaven -- Ivar Jorgenson  
The Sun Smashers -- Edmond Hamilton
- D-354 The Hidden Planet -- Donald A. Wollheim
- D-358 Recruit From Andromeda -- Milton Lesser  
The Plot Against Earth -- Calvin Knox
- D-362 The Edge Of Time -- David Grinnell  
The 100th Millennium -- John Brunner
- D-366 The Invaders Are Coming -- Alan E. Nourse & J. A. Meyer
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Vanguard From Alpha -- Brian W. Aldiss
- D-375 Master Of Evolution -- Damon Knight  
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 The Mutant Weapon -- Murray Leinster  
 D-405 First To The Stars -- Rex Gordon

1960: D-413 The Man With Nine Lives -- Harlan Ellison  
 A Touch Of Infinity -- Harlan Ellison  
 D-421 Dr. Futurity -- Philip K. Dick  
 Slavers Of Space -- John Brunner  
 D-422 The Best From F&SF (3rd Series) -- Anthony Boucher  
 D-427 World of the Masterminds -- Robert Moore Williams  
 To The End Of Time -- Robert Moore Williams  
 D-431 Earth's Last Fortress -- A. E. van Vogt  
 Lost In Space -- George O. Smith  
 D-434# Purchase of the North Pole -- Jules Verne  
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 And Then The Town Took Off -- Richard Wilson  
 D-443 Bow Down To Null -- Brian W. Aldiss  
 The Dark Destroyers -- Manly Wade Wellman  
 D-449 The Genetic General -- Gordon R. Dickson  
 Time To Teleport -- Gordon R. Dickson  
 D-453 The Games of Neith -- Margaret St. Clair  
 The Earth Gods Are Coming -- Kenneth Bulmer  
 D-455 The Best From F&SF (4th Series) -- Anthony Boucher  
 D-457 Vulcan's Hammer -- Philip K. Dick  
 The Skynappers -- John Brunner  
 D-461 The Time Traders -- Andre Norton  
 D-465 The Martian Missile -- David Grinnell  
 The Atlantic Abomination -- John Brunner  
 D-468\* Sentinels of Space -- Eric Frank Russell  
 D-471 Sanctuary In The Sky -- John Brunner  
 The Secret Martians -- Jack Sharkey  
 D-473# The Greatest Adventure -- John Taine  
 D-478 Spacehive -- Jeff Sutton  
 D-479 To The Tombaugh Station -- Wilson Tucker  
 Earthman, Go Home! -- Poul Anderson  
 D-482\* The Weapon Shops of Isher -- A. E. van Vogt

1961: D-485 The Puzzle Planet -- Robert A. W. Lowndes  
 The Angry Espers -- Lloyd Biggle, Jr.  
 D-490\* Adventures On Other Planets -- Donald A. Wollheim  
 D-491 The Big Time -- Fritz Leiber  
 Mind Spider -- Fritz Leiber  
 D-497 Wandl The Invader -- Ray Cummings  
 I Speak For Earth -- Keith Woodcott  
 D-498 Galactic Derelict -- Andre Norton  
 D-504# Master Of The World -- Jules Verne  
 D-507 Meeting At Infinity -- John Brunner  
 Beyond The Silver Sky -- Kenneth Bulmer  
 D-509 Star Hunter -- Andre Norton  
 Beast Master -- Andre Norton  
 D-516 The Swordsman of Mars -- Otis Adelbert Kline  
 D-517 Bring Back Yesterday -- A. Bertram Chandler  
 The Trouble With Tycho -- Clifford D. Simak  
 D-525 This World Is Taboo -- Murray Leinster  
 D-527\* Star Guard -- Andre Norton



D-528\* The Forgotten Planet -- Murray Leinster  
D-530 The Day They H-Bombed Los Angeles -- R. M. Williams  
D-531 The Outlaws of Mars -- Otis Adelbert Kline

1962: D-534\* Daybreak - 2250 A.D. -- Andre Norton  
D-535 Shadow Girl -- Ray Cummings  
D-538\* The 1000 Year Plan -- Isaac Asimov  
D-541 Scavengers Of Space -- Alan E. Nourse  
D-542\* The Last Planet -- Andre Norton  
D-544\* Space Station #1 -- Frank Belknap Long  
D-546\* Crossroads of Time -- Andre Norton  
D-547 The Super Barbarians -- John Brunner  
D-548 The End of the World -- Dean Owen  
D-550\* No World of Their Own -- Poul Anderson  
D-553# House On The Borderland -- William Hope Hodgson  
D-555 The Trial Of Terra -- Jack Williamson

1963: D-568\* Starways -- Poul Anderson

Series "F" -- 40¢ each

1961: F-104 Mayday Orbit -- Poul Anderson  
No Man's World -- Kenneth Bulmer  
F-105 The Best From F&SF (5th Series) -- Anthony Boucher  
F-108 The Sun Saboteurs -- Damon Knight  
The Light of Lillith -- G. McDonald Wallis  
F-109 Storm Over Warlock -- Andre Norton  
F-113 Rebels Of The Red Planet -- Charles Fontenay  
200 Years To Christmas -- J. T. McIntosh  
F-114 The Bird Of Time -- Wallace West  
F-117 Door Through Space -- Marion Zimmer Bradley  
Rendezvous On A Lost World -- A. Bertram Chandler  
F-119 Delusion World -- Gordon R. Dickson  
Spacial Delivery -- Gordon R. Dickson  
F-123 Collision Course -- Robert Silverberg  
The Nemesis From Terra -- Leigh Brackett

1962: F-127 Worlds Of The Imperium -- Keith Laumer  
Seven From The Stars -- Marion Zimmer Bradley  
F-129 The Automated Goliath -- William F. Temple  
The Three Suns of Amara -- William F. Temple  
F-131 The Best From F&SF (6th Series) -- Anthony Boucher  
F-133 The Rim Of Space -- A. Bertram Chandler  
Secret Agent of Terra -- John Brunner  
F-135 The Long Tomorrow -- Leigh Brackett  
F-139 The UN-Man And Other Stories -- Poul Anderson  
The Makeshift Rocket -- Poul Anderson  
F-141 The Ladder In The Sky -- Keith Woodcott  
The Darkness Before Tomorrow -- Robert Moore Williams  
F-145 The Seed Of Earth -- Robert Silverberg  
Next Stop, The Stars -- Robert Silverberg  
F-147 Sea Siege -- Andre Norton  
Eye Of The Monster -- Andre Norton  
F-149 King Of The Fourth Planet -- Robert Moore Williams  
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F-153 The Sword of Aldones -- Marion Zimmer Bradley  
The Planet Savers -- Marion Zimmer Bradley  
F-154 The Wizard of Linn -- A. E. Van Vogt



F-156# At The Earth's Core -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
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 F-158# Pellucidar -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-159# The Moon Men -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-161 Times Without Number -- John Brunner  
 Destiny's Orbit -- David Grinnell  
 F-162 The Best From F&SF (7th Series) -- Anthony Boucher  
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 The Celestial Blueprint -- Philip José Farmer  
 F-167 Catseye -- Andre Norton  
 F-168# Thuvia, Maid Of Mars -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-169# Tarzan And The Lost Empire -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-170# The Chessmen Of Mars -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-171# Tanar Of Pellucidar -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-173 Second Ending -- James White  
 The Jewels Of Aptom -- Samuel R. Delaney  
 F-174 First Through Time -- Rex Gordon  
  
 1963: F-177 The Star Wasps -- Robert Moore Williams  
 The Warlord Of Kor -- Terry Carr  
 F-178 More Adventures On Other Planets -- Donald A. Wollheim  
 F-179# The Pirates Of Venus -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-180# Tarzan At The Earth's Core -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-181# The Mastermind Of Mars -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-182# The Monster Men -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-183 The Defiant Agents -- Andre Norton  
 F-185 Five Gold Bands -- Jack Vance  
 The Dragon Masters -- Jack Vance  
 F-187 Legend Of Lost Earth -- G. McDonald Wallis  
 Alpha Centauri Or Die -- Leigh Brackett  
 F-188 Armageddon 2418 A.D. -- Philip Francis Nowlan  
 F-189# Tarzan The Invincible -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-190# A Fighting Man Of Mars -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-191#\* Journey To The Center Of The Earth -- Jules Verne  
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 F-193# The Son Of Tarzan -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-194# Tarzan Triumphant -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-195 The Silent Invaders -- Robert Silverberg  
 Battle Of Venus -- William F. Temple  
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 F-199 Captives Of The Flame -- Samuel R. Delaney  
 The Psionic Menace -- Keith Woodcott  
 F-201 Doomsday 1999 -- MacTyrre  
 F-203# The Beasts Of Tarzan -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-204# Tarzan And The Jewels Of Opar -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-205# Tarzan And The City Of Gold -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-206# Jungle Tales Of Tarzan -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-207\* The Stars Are Ours -- Andre Norton  
 F-209 Let The Spacemen Beware -- Poul Anderson  
 The Wizard Of Starship Poseidon -- Kenneth Bulmer  
 F-211 Planet Of Peril -- Otis Adelbert Kline  
 F-212# Tarzan And The Ant Men -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-213# The Land That Time Forgot -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-215 The Rebels -- Jane Roberts  
 Listen! The Stars -- John Brunner  
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 F-217 The Best From F&SF (8th Series) -- Anthony Boucher  
 F-220# The People That Time Forgot -- Edgar Rice Burroughs



F-221# Lost On Venus -- Edgar Rice Burroughs  
 F-222\* First On The Moon -- Jeff Sutton  
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 Flight From Yesterday -- Robert Moore Williams  
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 F-227 The Astronauts Must Not Land -- John Brunner  
 The Space Time Juggler -- John Brunner  
 F-231 Star Gate -- Andre Norton  
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RICHARD S. PENYO  
 December 31, 1963

XXXXX



FINAL NOTES BY OL' R.T.: You're possibly wondering where are the letters this time? They're stacked at my left, read and noted, but as yet unpublished. It came to a choice between the (betwen???) lettercol and Benyo's listing so the letters were pushed aside. However I hate to see that stack of good wordage go unnoted so don't be surprised if Dynatron 20.5 shows up in your mail box. Don't be surprised if it doesn't either.....Pass the word along: worldcon in Tokyo in 1966.... we understand that Walter Breen is leaving fandom; we can't think of anyone we'd rather see go. Goodbye, WB. Go far.....don't stop in Albuquerque, though.....RT.

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