

dynatron

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REG
309

Here it is---such as it is. DYNATRON 28 that is. It is not, I fear, one of our better efforts but I make no excuses for it. This was a lazy period and if this is not at all what you expected and you are disappointed, well, sorry about that.

DYNATRON is published on a quarterly schedule--I think--by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. This issue, and future issues, are available without charge to members of the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance, the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and the Albuquerque SP Group. Also available for twelve, twelve, or four five cent postage stamps. Or just because I like you. Or don't. Or something.

D is being sent out to FAPA to give the membership something to throw darts at. With any luck I should join the ranks of that august organization this year--or maybe next.

Inside this issue we have some more Notes Toward a Definition by John Boston and an article on club pubs by Art Rapp. There is only one bit of interior decorating--by Joe Staton. It was left over from last issue and I wasn't about to let the stencil go to waste. There's some letters back there somewhere. And a lot of wordage by yhem.

don't get me.

Next issue in August. If gafia

British agent: Ethel Lindsay who is collecting all the shillings and pences and as soon as she gets enough we're going to buy Scotland.

Official Subscriber.....Ivor Latta

Cover by the pride of Jonesboro,
Tennessee: Robert E. Gilbert

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A Marinated Publication.

Lazy ol' Roy Tackett done it.

May, 19 and 66.

ED COX: Doodle in all this space:

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

I made a bloody mess of that, didn't I? (My charming British agent informs me that "bloody" isn't used in polite English society but we really don't care 'cause she's a Scot and I never did claim to be a polite Englishman--or another kind of Englishman for that matter.) It comes from mislaying my fine ball-stylus and trying to put a medium ball through the lettering guide. I ended up with a loop. Doesn't that bit of information thrill you? It does? You're sick.

This column--or ramblings (or garbage, if you prefer)--was originally entitled "Currente Calamno". That was back in the day when Redd Boggs was writing a fanzine called RETROGRADE instead of writing pornographic books and he was our hero and all us fans were putting out "new trend" fanzines. (Well, mostly the new trend fanzines wrote about comic books which is something you can't accuse us of doing.) What ever became of Redd Boggs? You don't have to answer that 'cause I'm really not interested. Later on I called this bit "Marinating" because it was a multi-level pun and finally it achieved it's (oops) present title because what (change the "u" and the "a" back there) I don't believe that the material that appears herein is of any lasting significance. It is merely the meanderings of one more foolish mortal.

Which reminds me...Les Sample wanted to know what was supposed to be in the blank in the reference to him the last WAHF. Nothing, Les, just corflu.

I wander.

And I'm liable to wander all over the place this time.

Some of you, well, Pete Jackson anyway, may recall that about a year ago I had an ad in F&SF for the Albuquerque SF Club. I met with a spectacular lack of success at the time. It seemed that nobody in the Duke City read stf but me. Current report: The Albuquerque SF Society now has 11 members and shows signs of being a going concern. We're a real informal group with only one "official"--the Moderator--(me, (blush)) whose only duty is to keep things pointed in more or less the general direction of the discussion. Stf fans do have a tendency to wander, you know. Membership includes a couple of physicists, a couple of engineers, a bookseller, a member of the polezei, a student, a professional scouter, and a couple of miscellaneous.

All right, all right.

Gee whiz, Tucker....Bob Tucker wishes me to announce that he is one of the three people in fandom, the other two being Speer and me, who knows how to spell Albuquerque correctly. In fact he used it as a scene in one of his yarns. The book was (Christ, if I don't get the title right he'll send Coulson outthere to shoot me) titled "Procession of the Damned". (Watch, that's the wrong title. Sheesh.) It was a good suspense yarn. Everybody run out and buy a copy. Get Tucker his royalties so he can take another trip out west.

Z17: Buxom blonde desires to meet people interested in the dairy business.

Joe Staton, artist, kindly sent along a copy of his SFPazine, INVADER. Joe calls Dian Pelz one of the true artists of fandom saying that most of fandom's "artists", him self included (Yes, Jack, I know that's one word) are merely cartoonists or illustrators. But Joe's drawing of a murdered mermaid in his zine points out the falseness of that statement insofar as it applies to him. A very fine drawing and it points up Staton's potential as an artist. Delightful.

Also included in INVADER is an article by Joe titled "The Last of the Saxons" or somesuch. It is a brief
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history of one Hereward, a Saxon noble and outlaw, a mighty fighter, a Conan of his day. Hereward's chief claim to fame is that he was the last holdout against William the Conqueror and the Normans finally reduced his stronghold only after a fantastically expensive struggle. An extraordinary man, says Joe Staton, who has had a strong hold on the imagination of Western man for centuries now.

Western man. Now there is a stronghold to capture the imagination. The whole concept of western civilization is a fascinating study of man's attempt to recover a vanished ideal--the unequalled glory of Rome.

The Roman Empire is ancient history but its influence can be felt even today. Gaius Julius Caesar went not unwillingly to the assassins in 44 BC but today across 2000 years of time and 5000 miles of space his dead hand is observed in Washington, the current Nova Roma, where the government moves steadily towards Caesarism.

But even the roots of western civilization are sunk deep in Rome, it was shaped by that most illogical system, feudalism, which was the only logical successor to the Roman Empire.

Our current civilization is the direct descendent of Medieval civilization and the cultural forces that move us today grew during the Dark Ages.

These cultural forces are now becoming obsolete and civilization is evolving. What the final result will be is anybody's guess. The so-called behavioral scientists will tell you that it is easy, on the basis of studies of the past, to predict what human beings will do. Perhaps in the general run of things this is so but as Asimov pointed out in the Foundation series--and as Burns pointed out long ago--the best laid plans, et cetera, et cetera. The Seldon plan worked fine but failed to take into account the advent of the Mule. Which, of course, it couldn't possibly have done since there is no way of predicting the appearance of a Mule. So, too, with today's civilization in which, perhaps, the culture itself is mutating. Only perhaps. I am not a student of behavior so cannot say if the current social trends are a logical natural development or not.

All of which is neither here nor there. Or something. How should I know what starts me off on drivel like that? I think I was mentioning Joe Staton's magazine.

From a review of a movie titled "The Oscar" appearing in SATURDAY REVIEW and written by one Arthur Knight we glean the following: "It is of course, quite possible to build a thoroughly engrossing film around a thoroughly unsympathetic character;...but ...THE OSCAR seems to derive a voyeuristic pleasure from merely detailing Frankie's callous manipulation of his friends, and, especially, the women who love him. In short, the producers, Clarence Greene and Russell Rouse, who together with Harlan Ellison also wrote the screenplay, have approached the subject very much as Frankie Fane himself might have. THE OSCAR reveals nothing of Hollywood or its awards; it merely exploits them."

Stand by for midnight phone calls, baby.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. In Albuquerque on 17 May a 13-year old boy (name withheld by the newsmidia, of course) heaved a beer bottle through the window of the Guild Art Theater (which specializes in skin shows), told the cashier heshe was "going to hell" and got in a car and drove off. He was caught by the theater manager. The kid said he didn't approve of the movies shown at the theater.

Got in a car and drove off? Precocious, what?

13 years old? Beer bottle?



And in Edmond, Oklahoma, Mrs. Marla Hood decided to mow her lawn. The day was warm and lawn mowing is hot work so Mrs. Hood put on a two-piece bathing suit. She was arrested for indecent exposure on a complain signed by one Jack L. Smith, who said he was a non-denominational minister. The judge dismissed the charge.

The last time I heard of a non-denominational minister was in the motion picture, "The Loved One." He said the services at a funeral home for dogs. Officiated at his mother's funeral, I believe.

Albuquerque's "official" communist, who actually lived in Sandoval County, has bid the city good-bye. He moved back to Chicago. Said he enjoyed his stay in the Duke City.

This was the 28 year old junior at the U I mentioned last time. Maybe he's off to enroll at some other university as he didn't finish up here. Too busy one presumes.

Testimonial to the prophetic abilities of Ted Pauls. He correctly called the outcome of the gubernatorial primary in New Mexico. Which is more than the local observers could do.

Speaking of our departed official communist (his name was James Kennedy if anyone cares), a couple of months ago the local chapters of the JBS and the YAF sponsored a talk by one Mrs. Brown, a former FBI informer. Mrs. Brown would answer only those questions submitted in writing and, according to reports, only those which had been screened by her advisor of the YAF/JBS. The lecture soon degenerated into a shouting contest between Mrs Brown and Mr Kennedy who wanted to ask questions from the floor (an appropriate place).

Back when I was a tad at the Wayside Inn and when slot machines were more or less legal in Colorado, the three wheels were decorated with, in addition to the fruit salad, various "clever sayings". One I recall was "When Greek meets Greek, you don't have to listen." We could update that a bit by changing in to "When nut meets nut, you don't have to listen."

we should.

But perhaps

I think all far right speakers should lecture to audiences of the far left--and vice versa. It might prove interesting.

1965, it seems to me, was a very good year in science-fiction/fantasy. My field of view is admittedly narrow. The only magazines I bought all issues of last year are ANALOG and IF. I glanced at the rest and if something especially attracted my interest I bought the zine; otherwise I put it back on the stands. I did not, unfortunately, see any of the British prozines and have yet to lay eyes on two U.S. zines: GAMMA and THE MAGAZINE OF HORROR. As I have pointed out in the past our newsstand distributor here in Albuquerque is a typical example of what is one of the big problems in book and magazine publishing today. Beck Distributing Agency seems rather haphazard in their manner of supplying the newsstands and, indeed, in obtaining material for distribution.

Yes, 1965 was a very good year. After so many years of poor to bad material in the magazines it was a pleasant surprise to see so many good stories. First and foremost, of course, was the completion of Frank Herbert's major novel in ANALOG. Later hardcover publication by Chilton put both "Dune" and "The Prophet of Dune" together as the complete novel with much additional material. DUNE is, I think, the Major stf novel of last year and one of the major stories of any other year. And don't expect me to enter into any discussion of it here for I am still in the process of reading the hardback version.

In addition last year saw publication of Doc Smith's SKYLARK DUQUESNE and Heinlein's THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, both of which were quite good.

There was a host of good short stories including many by Mack Reynolds who is rapidly becoming one of the major stf writers. Gordon Dickson's "Warrior" in ANALOG was another tale of the Dorsai and one that merits attention even if your not an old soldier like me. And Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser scored again in "Stardock".

There were many other good stories and probably a whole herd of them that I didn't see. It was a good year.

On the unfavorable side was the fact that AMAZING and FANTASTIC turned into reprint zines for the most part. (The bright side of this is that they are there at all since Ziff-Davis apparently was going to fold them if a buyer hadn't been found.) Perhaps 1966 will see these two improve in quality. Perhaps.

I note that "Forbidden Planet" is making the rounds of the television stations again (it was shown here not too long ago) and as seems to be usual is causing a brief stir of comment in the fan press. As stf movies go it isn't too bad. The acting is uniformly bad, of course, but the effects are good and the scenes of the vast machine works of the aliens are excellent. "Robbie", the robot is "cute" and provides the comic relief. A pretty good robot at that although it seems to me that the designer made the arms a bit short. The plot of the story is shallow and there is the usual monster, of course.

In this case it is the "Id monster"; the materialization of the Freudian concept of the ravening beast of the unconscious which is supposed to inhabit us all. This was all very well at the time the picture was made but now, of course, is the great weak spot of "Forbidden Planet" since the Freudian theories of psychosis and their cure are as obsolete and discredited as Dianetics. In the past few years the drug companies have done more to cure mental aberration than was done by all the bumbling attempts at analysis by the psychiatrists. Recent medical discoveries indicate that mental unbalance is a direct result of chemical unbalance and analysis these days is made not on the patients ego but on his chemical make-up. Doctors are making positive cures by administration of the proper drugs. (A doctor at Princeton, I think it was, just announced a cure for schizophrenia by administration of large doses of Vitamin B-3....long term cases positively cured in five days.

It becomes increasingly apparent that the witch-doctor techniques of the psychiatrists did more harm than they did good. Freud, I think, is exposed for what he was: a dirty, old man.

And that, my dear Doctor, shakes the whole sociological tree. So how's by you?

WHEN I WAS ONE AND ~~THIRTY~~ FORTY

There comes a time to most men, I suppose, when one wants to sit back and sort of take stock. What has been accomplished over the years? What are the failures and what are the successes? I'm now beginning the second year of the fifth decade of my life and this seems to be an appropriate time. Actually, of course, I should have done it last year when I turned 40 but I'm such a procrastinator...

So where does one start? With childhood? No, I think not. These are the formative years, to be sure, but they are years in which a man has no control over his own life. Childhood is regulated by parents and by schools and by various laws pertaining to children. So childhood is no place to begin an assessment. The teen years are more appropriate since it is in these years that one begins to assert his independence and make decisions on his own and these are the decisions that eventually shape the whole course of what is to follow.

My early teens were, as many of you know, spent in Fountain, Colorado. Fountain then was a village of about 300 people—if you allowed a little flexibility in the corporate limits of the town when you counted—and was, I should think, a rather typical small town. There was, as I recall, (and when one gazes back a quarter of a century things tend to become just a little hazy) a one block main street in the center of town. Was it named Main Street? Who knows? I lived in Fountain from 1935 until 1942 and so far as I know never heard any of the streets referred to by a name. There were no street signs. Everybody knew where everything was and if we wanted to pinpoint a location we referred to some feature of town we all knew. The "downtown" block had an Arapahoe Grocery on one corner and an IGA Store diagonally opposite on the other end of the block. Across the street from the Arapahoe was a small brick building which housed the town clerk's office and elsewhere on the block—and I have not the vaguest idea of their exact location—was a garage, a sweet shop, the barber shop, a hardware store and the poolhall. Also an empty building which often housed transient phenomena such as travelling medicine shows. And what else? Surely there was more. Was there a variety store? A clothing store? I can't recall. We purchased most of our major needs in Colorado Springs, 13 miles to the North, and the teen-ager's world is narrow. And what else was there in town? A hotel, yes. I suppose it had a name but it was known simply as "the hotel". There was the feed mill, Gilliland's Feed Mill if I'm not mistaken but, again, simply "the feedmill". The jail was located a couple of blocks from the main street to the east. A single-room, concrete building which was rarely occupied: mainly because the roof wasn't fastened down and all anyone had to do to get out was move the roof.

The eastern section of town was "the Mexican section". Fountain had half a dozen families of Spanish extraction who pretty much kept to themselves. "Mexicans" (although they had lived there for a couple of generations or more) in Colorado at that time were analogous to Negroes in the South: second-class citizens. There was some discrimination but not as much as one found in the South. And some friction, too.

This, of course, stems from a strong Texas tradition. The Western States of New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, etc., were settled not from the East but from the South. Most of the ranchers, farmers, and small town residents were the offspring of Texans who migrated northward after the Civil War. Texas traditions and Texas talk were dominant in rural eastern Colorado. People throughout the Rocky Mountain states talked with a strong Texas twang. Texas music? The most popular records on the juke box at the Inn were such as "San Antonio Rose," "Stranger From Texas", and various other Texas laments. (The most popular of all was "Beer Barrell Polka" which was on the juke box when we acquired the Inn and the same arrangement, although, of course, several records later, was still there when we sold out in 1946. "Beer Barrell Polka" was record number 20 through a succession of juke boxes. It was a great dancing piece and those cowboys dearly loved it.)

A couple of blocks west of Main Street were the tracks of the Denver, Rio Grande and Western Rail Road. Fountain was a shipping point for sugar beets and in the fall long lines of railroad cars stood on the siding waiting for the beets. The farmers trucked their harvest into town and unloaded the beets into a fascinating bright orange machine that whirred and clanked and moved the beets up an inclined conveyor belt into the railroad cars. A most interesting process which we never tired of watching, all the while helping ourselves to samples of the wonderfully sweet beets. The railroad was also flanked by a small stockyard from which the local beeves moved to market. The stockyard was also a favorite haunt of the younger generation since it offered a variety of fences to climb and runways to run.

A couple of blocks west of the railroad was the highway, U.S. 85. This was the town's other important business section with three or four filling stations, the bus depot (a flag stop, of course) and a couple of cafes. There was also a motel although it was known as a tourist court. The term "motel" didn't become popular until after the war.

If you followed the highway south a bit, you'd leave the town limits and cross Fountain Creek, which marked the souther limits of the village, and come to The Wayside Inn, residence of one LeRoy Tackett, neofan. There he comes now, home from school, arms loaded with schoolbooks, library books and pulp magazines. The school books are deposited on a shelf at the end of the bar, to be picked up in the morning while to library books and pulpazines are carried back to his bedroom to be perused during the evening while listening to various radio programs. Strange looking type, isn't he? Clothes rumpled, hair uncombed, wild-eyed and ready to argue on any side of any subject. (Ah, picture him at this moment cutting stencils for Dynatron: clothes rumpled, hair uncombed, wild-eyed and ready to argue on any side of any subject.)

And so the teen years. What was "that Tackett boy" like? If I am to assess how the years stack up I've got to know the raw material the years worked on. I was not, as is the case with many fans, a complete introvert. I was sort of a semi-gregarious animal, happy to be part of the crowd when the crowd showed up although I never sought them out. The "gang", if you want to call it that, usually came looking for me and I served as sort of a father-confessor to them. They brought me their problems and I "uh-huhed" and told them what they wanted to hear. I am, I guess, the type that people tell their troubles to for they've been doing it for years and still do. (Maybe I should have been a psycho-analyst except that I think psycho-analysis is so much garbage.) Semi-gregarious. I welcomed company but didn't need it for I was equally happy tramping alone through the river bottom, a fascinating little woods with a variety of wildlife, or wandering across the prairie to watch the townlife of the prairie dogs or chase a rabbit. Prairie music: the ghodawful lonesome howl of the coyote--I missed it after I left Colorado--still do. I was popular with my own generation but not so much so with their elders for I didn't quite conform to the norm. Also my folks owned, and we lived in, a beer joint/dance hall and were not, therefore, quite respectable.

The school at Fountain was excellent although somewhat limited. As is to be expected the primary emphasis was on agriculture and the ag classes had a separate building. However the school was a progressive one with very good teachers. We had a very good science lab, the social studies teachers knew how to make such dry subjects as history and geography really interesting. Current events received much emphasis. Sex education classes were routinely scheduled and that makes Fountain High rather unique for a small town school in the late 30s and early 40s. The school library was well stocked and there were no forbidden books. Some of the sexier fiction was restricted to the upper grades but it was there and available to those the teachers considered mature enough to read it. I consider myself fortunate to have received my basic education at Fountain High; A surprisingly good school.

Among my hastily scribbled notes is one that St Louis University has received a 12 million dollar grant from some foundation or other--either I missed it or didn't get it written down--for a study of how to keep life on Earth from becoming extinct.

At some time during high school the teen-ager is supposed to make up his mind as to what he wants to do upon completion of school. I was, of course, quite keen on the sciences with both physics and chemistry under consideration. There was also the possibility of studying veterinary medicine. I had a fondness for animals and in a rural community the vet does pretty well for himself. So did I want to go on into what would have been the industrial sciences or study a subject which would keep me in a more or less rural atomosphere?

Or give in to itching feet?

For I was infected with the wanderlust. Those library books I used to bring home were such as "The Royal Road to Romance", "Typee", "In Darkest Africa", and many others in the same vein. I almost knew Halliburton's books by heart. I could tell you about China or the Amazon Country or the course of the Nile. The prospect of the possibilities of excitement of life in a laboratory or the security of a small town veterinarian are no match for chasing the rainbow.

In any man's life there are certain points where one can say that this place in time was a decision point. Here one made a choice that affected the course of his life. The summer of 1942 marked my first major decision. Within a period of a few weeks I turned 17, graduated from high school, and enlisted in the Marines.

The abrupt change from the life of a care-free school boy to that of a Marine is a bit of a shock to the system. I never really became accustomed to or accepted spit and polish military discipline and fortunately never saw much of it. Whenever we did have an inspection I always braced myself for the chewing-out that was sure to come. In 1942, however, there wasn't too much of it. There was a great shortage of Marines and basic training consisted of a minimum of the traditional military shine and drill and a maximum of combat subjects. The boot camp platoon I was in might not have taken any prizes on the parade field but we knew our weapons and how to use them. As soon as we "graduated" we shipped out and in less than a month were on Guadalcanal.

And no, I'm not about to bore you with a bunch of whoary old war stories. Let it suffice to say that I saw a lot of combat on a lot of islands and grew up in a hurry. I also discovered that living dangerously is oft times scary but also can be vastly entertaining and is one sure way to cure ennui.

After the war I, and 10,000,000 other ex-GIs, decided to have a go at college. I enrolled at the University of Denver with intentions of majoring in physics. Books were in short supply, classrooms were crowded, and living quarters impossible. I stuck it out for a little while but woke up one morning with an itch to move on. I withdrew from school and presented myself once more at a Marine recruiting station and within a few hours was on my way to an obscure post in Nevada.

That was a year of pure boredom. Demobilization stripped the Corps to the bones and there was no apparent way to get out of garrison duty. My requests for transfer were always turned down on the grounds that there was no one to replace me which was the truth. Finally in December we began to get in some new men and my request for transfer overseas was approved--I got orders to Guam. More bloody garrison duty.

On 31 December 1946 I stepped off an airplane at Hickam Field in Hawaii and into another major turning point. As I lugged my seabag into the terminal building I heard a familiar voice say "If you want to secure something properly you've got to get a Hammer and Tackett" (a dreadful pun) and turned to see Lee Hammer grinning at me like a cat at a saucer of cream. I'd met this character three years before in a

hospital in Melbourne, Australia, where I was doing battle with my first attack of malaria. We hit it off famously despite the fact that I was a smart-assed young punk and he was an old veteran with World War I service. Lee asked me where I was bound and when I told him Guam he said, "Like hell. You're going to China with me." And I did. That was the beginning of several years of wild and weird duty that took me to all sorts of far off corners of the world on all sorts of improbable jobs.

The next major turning point came in 1951 when I met and married Chrystal. From then on, particularly after Diana was born, I began to get a bit cautious. In 1956 I told Lee that his sort of life was getting too strenuous for me. He got me a retraining assignment into electronics and I spent the rest of my Marine Corps career chasing electrons.

In 1962 I retired, came to Albuquerque, bought a house, got a job and here I am four years later well settled into a soft and paunchy middle-class existence.

So now I'm one and forty and taking stock. When I was in my teens I'd thought about being a scientist; an electronics technician is sort of a scientist third class, not the real thing but close enough to suit me nowadays. I had a powerful wanderlust and by the good fortune of knowing the right man was able to satisfy that with adventure that most people get only vicariously in books. I have a good wife and two lovely daughters. Not many friends but those I do have are good ones and they are, for the most part, fans. At 41 I am reasonably content. I have now a comfortable life with mundane things to keep me busy and books to keep me entertained and a host of delightful memories to look back on with satisfaction. It has been a good life up to now.

General conclusion: no complaints.

FROOMB

RT

It has been many a moon since we last kicked this around in Dynatron. This is, however, a subject that is timeless. RTX

MORE NOTES TOWARD A DEFINITION

by
JOHN BOSTON

The last time we got around to this subject in Dynatron, somewhere around issue #21, I presented a definition of science-fiction: that branch of fantasy whose element of the fantastic has its base in science, technology, or the human mind. As a result of a discussion with a local fringe fan I've been forced to do some revising of my original definition. It was pointed out that my listing of s-f elements was highly indefinite; on such a flimsy raft many an author has drifted straight up into Cloud Cuckoo Land. Next, I proposed that it be "limited by the bounds of possibility" or such embroidery; unfortunately, this is also open to so many varying interpretations and misinterpretations that it is of no value.

For example, the psychological mumbo-jumbo of "The Incomplete Enchanter", one of the finest humorous fantasies, would qualify it as sf by the "possibility" clause. Yet Peter Phillips' "Dreams Are Sacred" is a very good example of humorous science-fiction. The difference, of course, lies in the treatment. "The Incomplete Enchanter", making no pretense at realism of content or treatment, is fantasy, while "Dreams Are Sacred", an extravagant farce plotwise, possesses more of an air of verisimilitude--the plot is hung upon some concrete gadgetry rather than the joyous nonsense of de Camp and Pratt.

The provision about "possibility" also excludes all time-travel stories that fail to take into account the Law of the Conservation of Matter and Energy, and almost all stories of interstellar flight.

Thus it becomes apparent that the first definition is too inclusive, while the addition of the "possibility" clause has the opposite effect. To be acceptable, the definition must be tailored to fit the field, rather than vice versa.

Also, the content of a story does not always determine its classification, as is amply illustrated by C. M. Kornbluth's "The Mindworm", Richard Matheson's "I Am Legend", and so forth, as well as the examples cited above. The basic difference is a realism of treatment, an attempt to drag even the gargantuan fancies of a Doc Smith down out of the stratosphere. Science-fiction may be defined, then, as "That branch of fantasy in which the element of the fantastic is treated in a rational manner rather than as an unexplained miracle." In Heinlein's "The Door Into Summer", time travel is treated as a purely mechanical process, whereas in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" the protagonist is delivered miraculously into the "past" fully dressed and in his right body.

This definition, of course, is highly subjective; there will still be many borderline cases in which the reader's personal beliefs will have as much to do with his classification of a story as will the actual intent of the author. However, the same difficulty will be inherent in any definition.

Now that science-fiction has been neatly compartmented within the field of fantasy, a further, and more controversial distinction need be made, separating fantasy and "mainstream" literature. For this purpose, my definition of "fantasy" must also be remodeled by the insertion of a word, the new version to read: "Fantasy is that branch of fiction dealing with some general premise or condition contrary to contemporary or historical reality." By a "general premise", I mean one which has a far-reaching effect upon conditions in the world rather than a specific, limited premise such as all fiction is based upon. A fantasy could not happen in the universe as we know it or have known it. Thus "Seven Days in May", although dated arbitrarily 20

years or so in the future, is no more a fantasy than any detective story, since its world differs only in dating from hours. "Earth Abides", dealing as it does with a world in which the general conditions of the world are altered, qualifies as fantasy, and since the conditions of Stewart's world are attributed to a plague rather than the wrath of God, as science-fiction. On the other hand, Frank G. Slaughter's "Epidemic", representing no change other than a very minor one, the like of which have come before and will come again, is not fantasy. Plagues we've had; what has not happened, and is contrary to either contemporary or historical reality, is a plague of such magnitude and virulence that it wiped out the civilization and population of the world.

Again, the distinction is highly subjective; no matter how fine a line is drawn between literary categories, there will be unclassifiable fence-straddlers. It is not possible to apply rigid, absolute standards and divisions with total accuracy to something as fluid and relative as fiction; any attempt to do so is like picking flowers with pliers.

However, such general definitions as I have offered leave ample latitude for disagreement and discussion; in the process, we may come to a better and more complete understanding of the nature of our heterogeneous field.

JOHN BOSTON

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None of the problems with trying to define the field as a whole, or in part, is the limitation placed on us by language. "Fantasy" is straightforward enough but "Science Fiction" is a bastard term that defies definition. Similarly it is impossible to define a "Science-Fiction Fan". Almost anyone who shows a great appreciation of sf can be called a "fan" of the genre but as the term is generally used in sfandom it has a deeper, more complicated meaning. In this line I can consider the Albuquerque SF Group. We have around 15 members, all of them with a great appreciation for SF and fantasy; all fans. Yet, with the possible exception of Bob Vardeman, Jack Speer and I are the only Fans in the group. We may have to borrow some non-English words to really get a solid definition. RT//

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THE CLUB IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD
an article by
ART RAPP

I was going to write another incisive, witty article, this time about the decline and fall of club-sponsored subscription fanzines, but on second bheer I decided I don't know enough about the current US fanzine fanscene to tackle a topic which ought to include at least a few objective facts. However, aside from SHAGGY and (you shud pardon the expression) TNFF, how many zines are published by fanclubs nowadays?
((Ed.Note: Alas! SHAGGY, too, is gone. I weep. RT))

Remember when THE MUTANT, Official Organ of the Michigan Science-Fiction Society brought to eager readers all over the country its bimonthly quota of Ray Nelson cartoons, Ben Singer fiction, and the latest developments in the current MSFS feuds? Under such eager neofannish editors as George H. Young and C. Stewart Metchette, THE MUTANT might never have been considered for a Hugo (not surprising, since they weren't yet devised, back in Fifth Fandom) but it helped make imperishable the legend and image of Michifandom which years later made it possible for Detroit to get itself a Worldcon.

Remember when CRY made people in Texas and Ireland and Hong Kong and places like that feel almost as if they were members of Seattle fandom, eagerly scanning Wally Weber's minutes of the Nameless meetings, wondering if the meetings themselves would perhaps be anticlimactic compared to the accounts in the club's zine?

Remember FANTASY ILLUSTRATED, where Frank Dietz and the New Jersey fen published a lot of crud and some incredibly professional and worthwhile litho'd fannish art?

What caused the decline in fanclub-sponsored publications. If ALL types of subzines had disappeared, there'd be nothing remarkable in their absence, yet individual fanpublishers seem to be going strongly as ever. And compared to individual publishing, club-sponsored publishing offers a few distinct advantages.

For instance, if you have a local fanclub with a couple-three talented, or merely famous BNFs in it, and you have a club-sponsored fanzine, why naturally you pressure your star members to provide material to fill those blank stencils. Not to mention that if your newest member turns out to have unsuspected talent, you promptly brainwash him into using them for the club publication instead of scattering his manuscripts and artwork all over the microcosm.

And though some luckless member gets stuck with the editorship, and as in all club projects no doubt ends up doing 3/4 of the work himself, he can, at least theoretically, call upon the rest of the membership to help out with the stencil cutting and mimeocranking. An independent fanpublisher, in contrast, is reduced to drafting the wife and kiddies to slipsheet and collate, which might explain why so few of the second generation find anything fascinating about fandom by the time they grow to adolescence.

I am struck by the thought that perhaps the reason there are so few local club sponsored fanzines nowadays is that nowadays there are so few local clubs. Where, back 20 years ago, the first thing a trio or quartet of fans did when they met each other was draw up a club constitution and elect officers, nowadays they merely uncup a beer and settle back to enjoy each others' company. This may be easier on the metrofen, who no longer bear the Green Man's burden of upholding the organizational tradition, but it do doubt makes it duller for the isolated fen, those who are Alone in their small towns or rural areas. When, in the old days, the affairs of local fanclubs were chronicled to the point of exhaustion in club-sponsored fanzines, many an isolated fan participated vicariously in their affairs, and looked forward more eagerly to receiving his monthly or bi-monthly copy of the club zine than the editorial staff looked forward to producing it.

But having an Official Organ was also a good selling point for the clubs themselves. The file of back issues, the often-exaggerated accounts of club activity in them, and the opportunity to get his manuscripts into print often enticed a borderline neofan into becoming an actifan. The clubzine gave the club a sense of continuity, and of participating in momentous affairs, such as campaigning for a Worldcon, or fighting to banish Shaver from AMAZING. Jeez, a guy can go drink beer with anyone, but where else can he find a bunch of guys publishing a real magazine and sending it all over the world?

And wouldn't fandom as a whole be a better place to inhabit, if we still had such publications as THE OUTLANDER and CANADIAN FANDOM and ETAOIN SHRDLU, and the PSFS BULLETIN, and SOUTHERN FANDOM, and TRANTOR plopping into our mailboxes from South Gate, Toronto, the Bronx, Portland, Dallas, and Washington? Or if not better, at least more fascinating?

Got any fans in your city? Got a local fanclub? Why don't you introduce a motion at your next meeting to launch a clubzine?

ART RAPP

XXXXXX

Phases and changes. This is the age of the apa. The trend is to individual communication rather than genzine pubbing. Genzines are getting scarce and apas are born without end. Next month, next year, the wheel turns. Genzines by the dozens. RT

Changes. Always. This is the letter column. It has a new title. Now, then, all you fannish scholars, from whence do I derive the title of

YELLOW SEA

BUCK COULSON,
ROUTE 3,
HARTFORD CITY, IND.
47348

I don't know what all the argument over Columbus is about at this late date. I was taught in school that the Vikings first discovered America about 1000 AD (tho they did try to claim that this didn't really count since no permanent settlements resulted). Anyway the more I read about

what other people learned in school, the more I think that either the other people weren't listening, or Silver Lake, Indiana, had the best damned high school in the country. About the narrowness of our history courses that teach European history, though—I loved the paragraph in the Harold Lamb book that mentioned that the only reason Genghis Khan didn't conquer Europe is that he didn't think it was worth bothering with. He was interested in important conquests, not in petty, semi-civilized backwaters.

((Tamerlane felt pretty much the same way about it. After conquering Turkey he considered "the Land of the Franks" but after talking to some Europeans about their land he decided that Cathay was a much more worthwhile prize.))

Lien's checklist was the best thing in the issue. I nigh on to split a gut. Gee, "Captive Women" is on tv. I love the opening line; "What could happen if we ever allowed the Enemies of Civilization to control the Weapons of Peace" Did you know that H-bombs were weapons of peace—didja, huh? ((Enemies of Civilization, eh? Boskonians? Weapons of peace? Certainly. Under our current doublethink way of expressing things war is peace. Ecch.))

Harry Warner's comment was the 2nd best thing in the issue.

YUKIKO YASUOKA
666 YODOBASHI, SHINJUKU-KU,
TOKYO, JAPAN

Thanks for your kindness to send me Dynatron. As you know, it is a well-known fanzine in Japan. ((So how come not more Japanese fans are on my mailing list?))

"Writings in the Sand" was interesting and enlightening. I am enthusiastic about the Vikings (I must confess that I don't like Monsieur C.G.) and feel happy to learn that the Vikings landed in America five centuries before him. ((Yukiko, why don't you like Signor Colombo? He was a nice enough chap. Salesman, you know.))

In mentioning the Hugo awards you made reference to "The Lord of the Rings". Since I have read "The Hobbit" I hoped eagerly to get the sequels to that novel. I went through all the foreign bookstores I know but could not find them. Japan is equal to the sterile desert in foreign books.

I have just finished "The Skylark of Space". It was translated into Japanese lately. I think part of the success of this book is due to the character of Duquesne. Japanese SF is lacking such an epoch space-opera.

((In his rooms in Meguro-ku the brilliant mathematician, Takumi Shibano, sat at his desk, a faraway expression in his eyes. Suddenly he snatched up his pen. "Hoshi-san," he cried, "I think I have the solution."

OK, Mr. Kosumi Rei, take it from there and build a story around it.))

LES SAMPLE
4213 WILLINGHAM DRIVE
COLUMBIA, S. C. 29206

Nothing in the U.S. east of the Rockies? My Ghod! Is there no fond spot in your memories for the Great Swamp? ((Ah...))

Just think of the mud and muck and mosquitos and all of the other forces of Nature that combined to make The Great Swamp such a scenic paradise. Think of the humid, muggy atmosphere that caused Dynatron to deteriorate before it left your home instead of beginning the process enroute to your subscribers. Think of the quicksands and the alligators always waiting to snare the unwary faans who decided to visit the Tackett domicile without calling first to give you fair warning (and to receive directions that would be reasonable certain to assure their safe arrival.) Think of the malaria and the water moccasins, and....ecchhh!

DYNATRON

SAMPLES

I think I'm going to be sick. ((Please. Not in the pages of my fanzine. Ah, yes, The Great Swamp...ah, those were the days. Well, naturally, suh, when I referred to the area east of the Rocky Mountains as a Great Void I meant that area North of the Mason and Dixon Line. Yes, suh.))

Unfortunately, live pigeon shooting as a "sport" is not a thing of the past. My employer (I work in a sporting good store)((Ah, now we know where to get weapons for der tag)) is a real gung-ho shotgun enthusiast, and he frequently is out of town attending skeet shoots, trap shoots, and the like. In September 1965, state of South Carolina, town of Camden, he attended a live pigeon shoot. In February 1966 he attended the regional live pigeon shoot in Jacksonville, Florida. The 1966 Live Pigeon Shoot, World Championship, is to be held this summer in Mexico City. Participants, in addition to having to have a certain minimum score in local and regional shoots, must post of antry fee of \$600. Prize money is expected to be in the neighborhood of \$80,000, approximately half of which goes to the first place winner. ((That's a pretty nice neighborhood. I'm tempted to go shoot a few pigeons myself.)) Nothing like using the slaughter of wildlife as an excuse to pick up a little extra money, eh? ((Right. Actually this surprises me. I thought all they shot down south was live culluhed folks. Seriously. Though, I do object to this sort of thing. Everybody write your Congressmen and protest.))

kings and Christopher Columbus. ((Right. Fooley.)) According to Ignatius Donnelly America was colonized by Atlanteans many, many, many ((heavens)) moons ago--before Noah built his ark even. It says so in his book ((Noah's book)) (Donnelly's, not Noah's), ATLANTIS, THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD. ((I'm glad you brought that up.))

I agree ((you'd better)) that LF is the best prozine now extant, but Gray Morrow as best artist? Maaaaahh. ((You sound like a member of 7th Fandom.)) All of Morrow's illos look just alike, and if that isn't bad enough, they seem to be kind of nothing. They have a kind of neutrality, I suppose you might call it, which fails to produce any reaction in me except the previously aforementioned one of sameness. Like, what I mean is that Morrow is such a nothing as an illustrator that I can't even form a bad opinion of his work. ((Pah! Peasant! You have no appreciation for the finer points of art.))

Buck Coulson's reviews are always good.

I have read that certain types of morning glory seeds (the Heavenly Blue and Pearly Gates varieties) will produce an effect similar to LSD if eaten in sufficient quantities. Sufficient quantities being 50-100 seeds. I know one fellow who actually tried it, but said the only things that happened to him were (1) he felt slight drunk for several hours after which he passed out and (2), he was sick as hell the next day. ((Ummm. Heavenly Blue made him sick as hell, eh? Comment, Big Bill?))

BEN SOLON
3933 N. JANSSEN
CHICAGO, ILL. 60613

Beat the drums and blow the trumpets! ((Unleash the dogs of war!)) This is the first LoC I've written in Too Damn Long; and this time, bighod, I'll make the lettercol. Do you realize, Roy Tackett, that I have never ((what never?))--no, never appeared in Dynatron's lettercol. Not even once. Oh I've made the AHFs but that Doesn't Count. Now if I were a nast, evial, suspicious type, I'd say you were prejudiced and sic the NATPDIF (National Association To Prevent Discrimination In Fanzines) on you. ((Hell, I use Green paper.)) But I'm not. I know a Fan Can Do No Wrong. Nosir. So because I'm really a kind-hearted, trusting (also, modest) type, I'll give you another chance. And if I still don't make the lettercol.....

get you.

The NATPDIF will

Then you'll be sorry.

But it'll be Too Late.

NIEKAS.

Besides I'll review you in

SOLON

((That last one sort of shakes me, Ben.))

Dammit, Roy, you're not supposed to write editorials that inspire Serious Comments. ((I slip up now and again.)) I was all set to write a brilliant, witty, and faanish letter of comment, when you came on with those remarks re Unwashed Demonstrators and the inherent hypocrisy of the newsmedia. Shame. Now all you're gonna get is a dull, stoogy and sercon LoC. As per usual. Ahahahahaha! That certainly is a wonderful thing.

The reason the Vietniks are getting bad publicity while civil rights demonstrators can do No Wrong is simple: the people who run the newsmedia know where their bread is buttered. Like, when Cassius Clay made those half-assed cracks about not having any quarrel with the Viet Cong, the good ole CHICAGO TRIBUNE came on with an editorial that was just this side of libel—called the man a commiesymp (save your rope, the spirit of Joe McCarthy lives on) and all. Now mind you, I don't think much of Unwashed Demonstrators (washed demonstrators are something else again...) and even less of Cassius Clay, but they've still got a right to their opinions.

What all that means is this: most people in the Chicago area are in favor of the government's Viet Nam policy, so the newspapers are automatically in favor of it, too. ((I didn't think the government had a Viet Nam policy—just that it was sort of catch as catch can.)) To hell with honest opinion. You've got to give the people what they want to read; it builds circulation. And if what they want to read happens to contradict the truth, well, you color the truth to fit the paper's editorial policy. ((I'll make one change in your statement. You give the people what you've told them they wanted to read.)).

BOB TUCKER
BOX 506
HEYWORTH, ILLINOIS
61745

I thought you had quit publishing; I thought you had quit fanning; I even harbored the sneaking suspicion that you had resigned from First Fandom and joined one of the younger groups. ((Well, Sneary signed me up in Young Fandom but those cats are getting along in years, too.)) Now and again word would filter in through the naked nothing that exists east of the Rockies, to the little thicket where I live, to the effect that you had renounced fandom and was joining the birch society. One rumor claimed you had donated your mimeograph to that noble cause. I'm pleased to learn the word was wrong and you kept the green paper press. Fandom needs someone in New Mexico who is willing to do more for it than merely find flaws in grammar and typing, someone willing to publish more than full length articles on sex and sin west of the continental divide.

Lien's "Uncanny Stories Index" was the most brilliant bit of work in your current issue. I have to admire a man who is willing to spend months or years researching a magazine, and then publishing the results of his research, with the hope of nothing more from fandom than a line or two of egoboo. Fandom seldom gives the bibliographer very little reward for his labor, and if Dennis Lien never has the heart to tackle those other magazines he wants to index, this one offering will assure him a place in our moth-eaten hall of fame. Did you get as much of a thrill as I did in reading those hoary old titles again. Was your sense of wonder revived just a teensy little bit by such grand memory-producers as "The Earth Stealers" by Frederic Arnold Kummer Jr.?? Damn it, sir, there was a writer!

And earlier, were you as shocked as I was to discover that Ray Cummings invented slaans? Where were you in 1930? Why didn't you publish the information then? For that matter, where was Les Sample in 1941 when "Tarrano" was reprinted in Science Fiction Quarterly? Why didn't he jog our senile memories at that time? If we had known this then, we could have heckled van Vogt when he was a convention guest of honor in 1946; we could have embarrassed him and Ackerman at the con, got ourselves ejected, and celebrated a brand new exclusion act. Do you realize all the fun we missed, just because Les Sample didn't tell us where to look 25 years ago? A dirty shame. (And don't bother to ask why we didn't read the story for ourselves that long ago. We were just as fake then as now, Not Reading magazines in the name

DYNATRON

TUCKER:

of Fan Fandom.) ((Gad, but you do carry on, don't you?))

You lost your sense of wonder when you were only 17, and someone shot at you? Roy Tackett, you are guilty of a half-truth, a gross disservice to your loyal readers. Why did you stop with that brief statement? You could have—at least—given us a paragraph or two on a description of the girl, the progress of your affair, and how her father happened to discover you. Gun bugs such as Coulson and Grennell will also be interested in knowing the finer details, such as the kind, and bore of the shotgun he shot at you with. I hate this half-assed reporting. (And never mind the usual cock and bull story about being on some romantic South Sea island, Guadalcanal or Kwajalein or whatever, and someone there wanted you to leave. Joe Gibson has already ruined fandom with hoary old war stories. Just tell the simple but exciting truth of the girl, the outraged father, and the .410.)

((Ah, Tucker, you have found me out. I should have known that I couldn't hide the facts from a writer of detective stories.

It all happened years ago, of course, back when I was in high school. Her name was Ramona Ziltch. Delightful creature. Only one fault, really, she had a penchant for putting her monogram on absolutely everything. Yes. I recall mentioning to my old school chum, Tub, the first time I saw her something about it. "Jeez" I said, "get a load of the R.Z. on that."

Being a stf fan the thing I admired most about Ramona was, of course, her brains. Tremendous IQ. 37, C.

But to get along with it. One evening Ramona and I were out in her father's fields studying the nature of things. Her father, Reuben Ziltch, horrible fellow, presumably saw us and called out "Wha chu kids doin' out there?" "Making out, daddy," Ramona replied. "Like hell you are, you're stealing my watermelons," he roared and cut loose with his .410.

Well, I tell you, Tucker, that was an experience. And now you have the story. Truth will out. And reality.))

Have you noticed that during the last twenty years or so, we seem to be pre-occupied with making war on the Mongols? Japanese, North Korean, Chinese, Indo-Chinese? What the devil is happening here? Has old Hearst's "Great Yellow Peril" finally frightened us so long after his death? Or has the world finally come to the long-propheasied armegeddon with the final war, between the White and the Yellow? Some of the more notable prophecies have pinpointed the years 2000, or 2001, as the doom years, the end of it all. Hurry up and publish more issues, Tackett...we have only 34 years remaining in fandom.

((That last is enough to make me shudder. But I should think that, yes, we are engaged in a great racial conflict. The eventual outcome will be interesting to observe.))

310840 SGT ROBERT F. SMITH
MOOREBANK SUB AREA
MIL. P.O., LIVERPOOL, N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA.

G'day there, old son. ((Howdy, podnuh.)) I find myself agreeing with Messrs. Moffatt, Edco, Rapp and Sneary (BNFs all); it definitely is too long between Dynatrons these days. ((I also, but mundac presses in, you know.))

Right now, of course, we in Australia have our own rash of draft-card burners, etc., brought on by the new Government's decision to send conscripts to Vietnam as part of our 4½ thousand man Task Force. These are the usual mixture of students (who'd protest about anything) and Mums plus the general public (civilians I mean) who seem to think Vietnam isn't our problem. They make me sick. The usual crap about "gun fodder", political expediency, etc. Bah!

Hmmm. I have always enjoyed Robert Sheckley's yarns, but as far as considering him the "apex" of stf, oh dear me no. He would play an important part in any discussion on the humour in stf, of course,

SMIT:

and the name "Sheckley" usually means "fun". Back in the early days of GALAXY I used to look forward to a Sheckley yarn...(In fact, I had the dubious honour of receiving a mention in Don Tuck's Author Story Listing on Robert Sheckley waaay back in 1955, for bringing to his attention a Sheckley yarn from GALAXY he'd overlooked. Goshwow. (('S funny, Bob, but I've never gotten enthused over humor in sf and most of the ((time it doesn't go over with me. Funny fantasy is something else again and I en- ((joy it no end but funny science-fiction....I guess I started out taking the subject ((too seriously.))

Are you trying to entice me back into active fandom, etc., by printing that old illo of mine? It won't work, you know... ((N))

BOB VARDEMAN
P. O. BOX 11352,
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.
87112

Ah! ((So?)) Dynatron 27's monthly great pages were indeed a sight for these watery eyes! ((Want to come out and cry in my garden?)) It has been too many eons since this noble publication has graced the litter on my desk. Still, I realize how tired you must get going through all these letters and trying to figure out where you can insert Ed Cox's doodling spaces (he has never doodled in any of my copies--what gives?) ((Edco assured me that if you will send him your copy he will doodle in it.))

Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera reminds me somewhat of the plot in Fantastic Voyage. I wonder if Chappell had as much trouble with Red Corpuscles demonstrating on May Day as Asimov had with Red agents throwing monkey wrenches into dendrites? ((Ah, you're learning.)) Through the etc sounds hilarious...and so does the price.

Umbrage's story was quite an Utterbang-up-ian one. And as to Dennis Lien's colossal effort in indexing all the issues of UNCANNY STORIES, we must all be in eternal debt to him for this service. It could only have taken many seconds of long, diligent work to turn out such an accurate and up to date index. What is even more astounding is that Mr. Lien didn't die of old age waiting for Ken Krueger to come through with so many magazines. I

just made the supreme effort and spent the \$5.95 necessary to purchase a copy of Dune (thanks to Gordon Benson for getting the book for me.) It was money well spent and if Frank Herbert doesn't get the Hugo for his work, I'll suspect vote buying or other chicanery. After last year's rather slim pickings for the best novel, Dune shines out as a potential classic and should take the Hugo with ease. Dune definitely for best novel but I can't agree with you (sorry about that, Chief) about the best artist. Morrow does good work (better than Schoenherr) but can't match Freas' contributions to ANALOG, few though they were. True, Freas has won the Hugo 4 or 5 times and fresh, good, talent should be rewarded, but Morrow couldn't produce a cover comparable in detail and "realness". IF, thanks to Morrow and some great serials, has improved to the point where it is of Hugo calibre.

Real pretty page 38.

GORDON BENSON
STAR ROUTE, BOX 1230
SANDIA PARK, N.M.

The appearance of a new Asimov novel should be a time of rejoicing among the ranks. But now is not the time for rejoicing. The recently released novel, FANTASTIC VOYAGE, is not an Asimov story by any stretch of the imagination.

The plot is juvenile, the dialogue uninspired, and the characters barely more than one-dimensional. Mr. Asimov's only contribution seems to be one of verifying the accuracy of the descriptions of white and red corpuscles, blood clots and such. There is small justification for putting his name on the cover and the cover is nothing to shout about either. At least the publisher could have provided some Frazetta, Krenkel, or Crandall drawings that we could tear out and save. Personally, I think the book was written by Barton Werper, plagiarizing from a high school biology text. ((Growf.))

BANKS MEBANE
6901 STRATHMORE ST
CHEVY CHASE, MD.
20015

I'm perfectly willing to believe that the Scandinavians discovered America, but I don't see that it really matters, except to historians and archaeologists. Regardless of whether the Vikings or the Chinese or the Phoenicians found it earlier, the only discovery that made any real difference to the world was that of Columbus (except, of course, the initial arrival of the Amerinds). ((Precisely. But it does make a difference to historians and archaeologists and in the general picture of the past.))

Ah me. It is a good thing to read a review of an old Ray Cummings novel. A very good thing, indeed. A far, far better thing than reading the novel.

The verses by Evers and Wolfenbarger were far above the usual level of fan peetasting, but nevertheless I found them disappointing: I've read much better poetry by each of them.

I recently wrote a review of the same book Buck Coulson treated this time--and reading his, I'm once again amazed by how often our opinions coincide. Not always, though--we're in violent disagreement about Cordwainer Smith.

I refuse to take Umbrage at anything.

Robert Sheckley is a good writer, but not as good as he appears to Rich Mann, who has already developed a full-fledged case of nostalgia (what'll he be like at seventy-five?).((Old.))

Dennis

Lien's monumental and desiderate bibliographical labours deserve an accolade. Chuckle

You've stumped me with that "Did you say ten cents?" I can hear the voice as clear as clear, but I'll be damned if I can remember what the commercial was advertising. Was it Roi Tan or White Owl or something like that? Although a 10¢ cigar wouldn't be a great selling feature in those days. ((You're close. It was Model tobacco.))

A wave of nostalgia for the Thirties and Forties seems to be sweeping the country (and mighod, why would anybody want to remember the depression and the war?) I guess you've seen P.S., the new magazine put out by Mercury and dealing almost exclusively with nostalgia. And it seems to be the main ingredient in the game of Trivia (even college kids who don't remember any of it are nostalgic for it). Come to think of it, I guess the nostalgia is not for the Thirties and Forties as a period, but just for the entertainment media and the general news flashes of the time. And the prices sound real enticing, if you don't think of the amount (or lack) of wages during the Thirties. And I guess any war is romantic if it's far enough back. ((For the entertainment media, yes. Radio was exciting and reached heights during the 30s and 40s that television will never match. Vicarious adventure? The pulp zines overflowed with it. Great characters, great ideas. (Lots of lousy writing). The glamour of Hollywood was at its peak. But all of this is, I think, only a part of the harkening back after those two decades. The 30s and 40s represent a period of closeness and comradeship among the people; a feeling that, to a great extent, does not exist today. During the depression people were closer--they had to be for most everyone was so broke that they had to pull together. During the war we were all bound together by the fact that there was a big job to do and everyone was either in the service or had someone close in the service. Comradeship and a common goal. Yes. We don't have it nowadays. We are affluent and personal relationships have become, well, impersonal. Our lives become more impersonal as mechanization and automation play greater parts in them. We have no common goal. So there is a looking back to the 30s and 40s. Times were tough but, dammit, we knew where we were and where we were going. And we were going together. And one other small point--the Bomb didn't exist in those days so the world was a hell of a lot safer. A complicated subject this nostalgia for the years of depression and war. Maybe, if it gets large enough, we'll see some changes in the way we're heading.))

And that, little chums, wraps up this issue. I told you 20 pages was the limit. We also heard from: JACK BALDWIN with comments on the Hugos. ETHEL LINDSAY, with news of a new British subscriber, one D. C. BENDELOW (Howdy, D.C.). The whole CAPA crew: RICK SNEARY, EDCO, ART RAPP, and LEN MOFFATT, who will roast me in FIVE for not printing their letters. MAE SURTEES STRELKOV sent a letter and pictures. ALAN SHAW sent along something. RICHARD MULLEN wanted back issues. Ho. JOE GIBSON, may his tribe increase, tells me about aeroplanes. Among other things. HARRY WARNER... surely there was a letter from HARRY WARNER. There is always a letter from Harry WARNER (Ok, Harry, that's threestimes...)...and if you got left out...sorry about that. Next issue: Steven L. Muir and Stephen E. Pickering. Leo Sample, maybe. And maybe a poem by Wolrenbanger. And maybe, just maybe, another really great Sam Umbrage story...Green Man's Burden? Ho. Ho. Art Rapp. ROY

XXXXXX

Memo for completists: Approximately half of this issue is entirely its customary cactus green. However, I suddenly found myself out of lime Twiltone so the other half has the final sheet (pages 19 & 20) printed on granite twiltone. If you care.

FROOMB

DYNATRON 28
ROY TACKETT
915 GREEN VALLEY ROAD NW
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO
87107
U.S. of A.

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