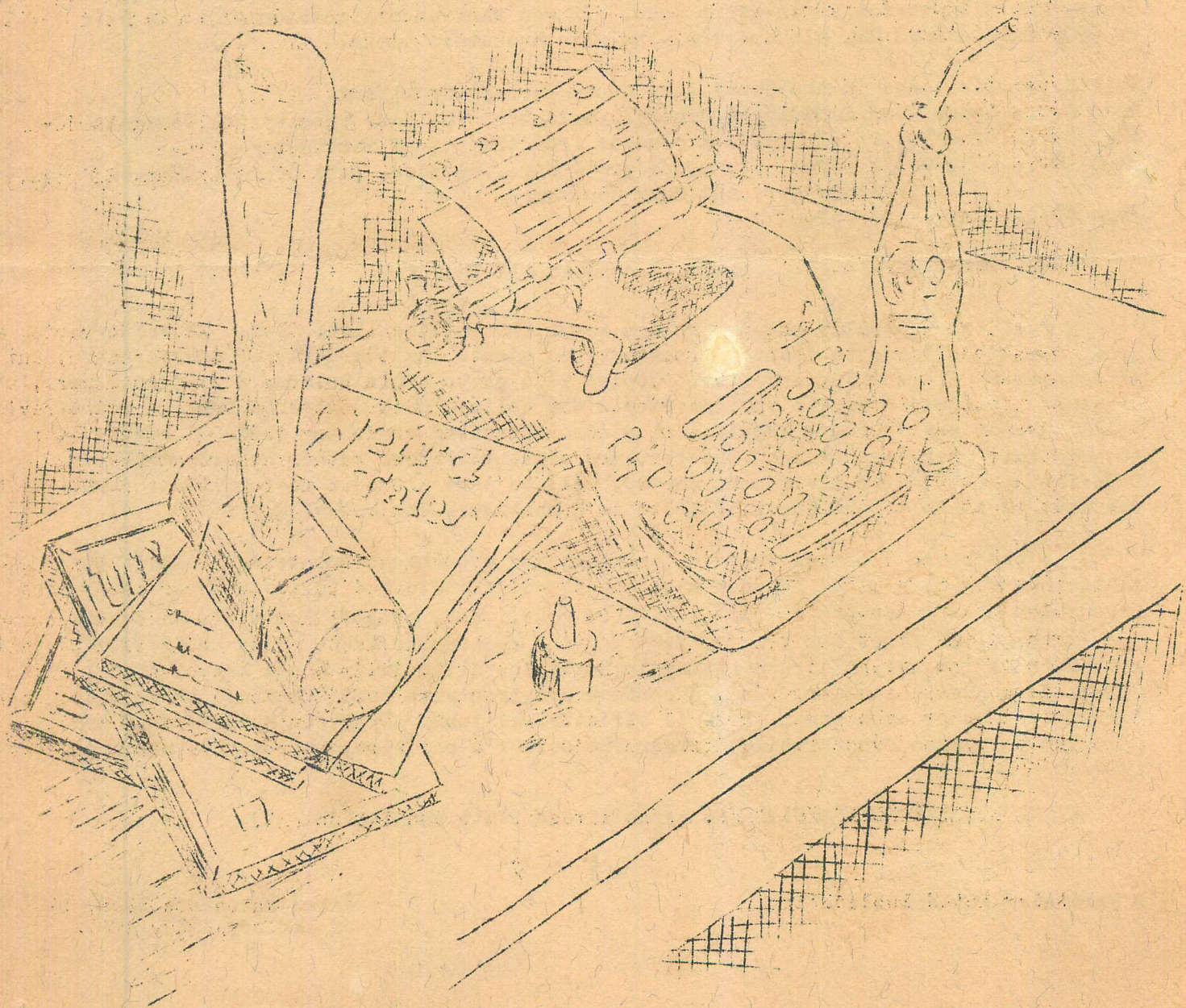


DYNATRON

ABIDES



Well, ah, yes, now that you've mentioned it this does happen to be the 30th issue of Dynatron. A bit late, as usual, of course (but no more so than has been usual) but nevertheless, yes, this is Dynatron. The 30th issue. Of Dynatron. Dynatron's longevity, while by no means remarkable, of course, surprises even me. I keep thinking, of late anyway, that each issue will probably be the last one but after two or three or four months I somehow or other manage to get out another one. If pressed I would admit that I do it just to confound completists. I suspect that there are only about five complete collections of Dynatron around and they are in the greedy hands of CAPA.

Anyway, this is Dynatron which sometimes goes under different names and it is edited with a minimum of effort and published by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M. The ZIP, for the benefit of illiterate postal employees is 87107. I get this thing out about four times a year these days. Just to keep my credentials for FAPA current. The cost to you, the reader, you can read?, is...hmmmm...what'll I make it this time?...oh, 20¢ in stamps. Four cent and five cent stamps. No long term subscriptions accepted. ((What?))

Let's see now,

what have we got this time?

The cover was drawn and stenciled by Leon Hale, a pillar of the Albuquerque SF Group, and illustrates an in-group joke. If you want an explanation write to Hale at 3909 Martin Road SW, Albuquerque. He also hucksters books.

Page 3.....Writings in the Sand...the usual garbage from Yeed.

Page 6.....Once Upon A Midnight Dreary...a look at the boob tube by Bob Vardeman

Page 8.....The Return of Mov....a classic from the pen of Sam Umbrage

Page 12.....Ah, well, poems, I suppose you'd say...by Edco, Matt Drahan, EEEvers, Bill Wolfenbanger, and Buck Coulson.

Page 13.....The lettercol.

Interior decorating.....hmmmm....none at all this time.

I feel that I really should explain about the mailing list. Yes. It varies a great deal from issue to issue. Permanent recipients include CAPA, of course, and an assortment of good fen and true. Copies also go to contributors, and Locers, and as trades. A few go out to various people who believe Buck Coulson's fanzine review comments and send in their twenty cent pieces expecting something good. I never seem to hear from them again. The rest are scattered about rather haphazardly. This issue, I think at the moment anyway, will be sent along to most of FAPA. Last ish went to N'APA. Next one...if there is a nextish...who knows?

For the benefit of new readers, and assorted government snoopers, I should explain that Dynatron is an amateur magazine normally dedicated to the more or less discussion of science-fantasy and tings. (Tings?...Yes, tings. You will, of course, recall the great Johnstown ting of 1904 and the remarkable Arkham ting of 1827, and one of the strangest, the recent ting in Heyworth, Illinois.) Where was I? And things connected therewith. Do not confuse Dynatron with comic fanzines or monster fanzines or other such junk. This is strictly stf junk. Dynatron's readership may also try to deduce from writings herein the editor's politics, philosophy, and hat size.

ETHEL LINDSAY FOR TAFF! (Who cares if she isn't running?)

X

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

I received a letter from The Committee. Didn't everybody? I not only received a letter from The Committee, I have received various mimeographed copies of the letter from The Committee from assorted fen. For the benefit of the one or two who didn't receive a copy of the letter from The Committee, as well as Dynatron's overseas readership, the letter tells us that we've been in the know for a long time and know the worth of mature science fiction. (The plural pronoun there is not the editorial we but refers, rather, to the numerous fen to whom the letter was sent.) Now, finally, we've almost made the grade. We've got this great television show called Star Trek which is carrying the good word, the message, as it were, out to the tules where the great masses sit staring entranced at the boob tube. It certainly is a wonderful thing. But Star Trek seems to be having rating problems. The great masses staring entranced at the boob tube are watching some other show. Fans! Science-fictionists! Man your typewriters! We must act now to save Star Trek!!! (Come all you beggars of Paris town, you lousy rabble of low degree....) The Committee exhorts us to write to the television stations, the television magazines, the television columnists, the television advertisers and tell them what a wonderful thing Star Trek is. We must, says The Committee, save that show.

Ummm.

You'll

understand, I hope, if I don't get at all excited about this. As visual stf Star Trek is pretty good. Not of Hugo calibre, of course, but certainly far superior to any stf show that has appeared on television in years. The stories are good altho there are often holes and loose ends about, the treatment is adult, the special effects are quite good, the players are, if nothing else, competent, and the girls are decorative. I would regret seeing it cancelled or turned into the usual juvenile monster show.

So I've cooperated with The Committee...up to a point. I read the letter at a meeting of the Albuquerque SF Group, explained about writing letters, particularly to the advertisers, and, so far as I know, the Albuquerque stf types are busily manning the battlements for the cause.

I think I'll sit this one out.

It is just that I am cynical and suspicious and contrary by nature. Take The Committee, f'rinstance. The Committee for what? I mean, man, generally when you get up a committee it is the committee on this or that or for whichever. This one is just The Committee. The membership, according to the letterhead, is Poul Anderson, Robert Bloch, Lester del Rey, Harlan Ellison, Philip Jose Farmer, Frank Herbert, Richard Matheson, Theodore Sturgeon, and A. E. Van Vogt. Ah, a fine array of stfnal talent, that. All good professional authors with a good professional interest in seeing Star Trek turn into a success and the forerunner of other good science fiction shows. Like, it's money in the bank, man. The Committee? Ummm. Couldn't be The Committee to Insure That Star Trek Stays On the Air so We Can Sell More Stories, could it?

I don't see anything at all wrong with that. Inasmuch as that's how he makes his living I applaud the efforts of the professional writer to open new markets. But, man, don't come to me holding high the banner of SF and trying to stir up my green blood. Don't tell me how we got to carry the gospel to the heathen out in the boonies. I'm happy to see the whole crew from Poul to Van making money selling stf to TV but I just can't picture them as nine apostles intent on bringing the revelations of science fiction to the non-believing masses.

ED COX FOR TAFF. ED COX FOR TAFF. ED COX FOR TAFF. ED COX FOR TAFF. ED COX FOR

When you get to Britain, Edco, will you sit on the old stone of Scone?

I keep waiting for some observant fan to point out that And Call Me Conrad is an elaborately contrived pun...which is probably why it won the Hugo.

If I asked you about Nampa what would you tell me? Could you tell me that it is a city in Idaho, on Tellus, where Samms boarded a transcontinental ship in place of his identical cousin George Omstead? What is significant about Galien? Who is Uncle Trig? What is a prat? What is the stf context of the Green Bay Packers?

You can find the answers to those questions and a vast wealth of other information in THE UNIVERSES OF E. E. SMITH, available from Advent, Publishers, P. O. Box 9228, Chicago 90, Illinois.

This is a labor of love by Ron Ellik and Bill Evans. It is a concordance of the saga of the Lens and the Skylark series. Ron prepared the section on the Lens and Bill the section on the Skylark.

It seems to have become rather fashionable to downgrade the work of Doc Smith, particularly his two major works. The more literary fan, with their noses in the air, say that the writing is bad, the characterization is bad, the plotting is bad, the situation is unbelievable. I guess it all depends on your point of view. To some of us the mighty saga of the Lens of Arisia, a story which took seven books to tell, is one of the major works of stf. Modern stf tends to the school of realism and concerns itself with the small problems of small people in their own small, limited areas. The saga of the Lens is, on the other hand, pure romance. The stage setting encompasses two galaxies, the characters are veritable giants and the problems they face are proportionally large. I don't know about you but when it comes to a choice between the yarns of Doc Smith and the latest non-story from F&SF I'll take Doc.

THE UNIVERSES OF E. E. SMITH represents a vast amount of work on the part of the two authors. I don't have any personal acquaintance with Bill Evans so I can't say how much time he put in on his section but I do know that Ron devoted a period of years to his painstaking cataloging of persons, places and events. I should think that Bill did the same. There is, in addition, a Doc Smith bibliography prepared by Al Lewis and some fine illustrations by Bjo.

The book costs six bucks and belongs in every fan's library. Don't just sit there, go out and buy a copy.

Another publication of interest is FORRY!, a large fanzine with a multitude of contributors: "A special publication presented to Forrest J Ackerman, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his birthday..." It is a tribute to one of the great figures in the SF microcosm, a zine that contains everything from brief congratulatory messages to well-written stories by Kris Neville and Josef Nesvadba. Copies are available for \$1.50 from Fred Patten, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90025.

And, while we're about it, all the best to Len and June Moffatt. That's a sneaky way to get into CAPA, June.

That bunch of nuts at Cambridge keep insisting that they aren't fans but I get rather suspicious when I read such things as APPALLING STORIES, a—shudder—one-shot recently put out by the MITSFS. This one is a take-off on ANALOG and is a creditable job. 'Ceptin', of course, chaps, the Feghoot doesn't belong and the serial by Fung is more appropriate to WEIRD TALES. It must be the influence of Turek & Seidman. This used to be a serious-type group. Next thing we know they'll be writing faaan fiction.

ED
COX
FOR
TAFF

Edco is becoming a legend in the Albuquerque SF Group. His name is frequently bantered about at the monthly meetings. I suspect we may elect him official club ghod.

MUSINGS...The more I think about it the more I come around to the point of view that with few exceptions that which we call science-fiction is nothing more than fantasy. Which is probably why it appeals to us; we're still chasing the magic lamp...After the election the press was full of material proclaiming a great Republican victory. Ah, so? A few gains, maybe, but the Democrats are still firmly in the saddle both on the national and state level...The Grand Old Party did score heavily in Bernalillo County where the only Democrat elected to a county post was the incumbent sheriff. And he was the one Democrat I wanted to see kicked out. Growf...According to a recent report in Saturday Review, contrary to popular opinion the Post Office Department's ZIP code system is, indeed, speeding up mail delivery. It seems that the POD is hiring many semi-literates these days who, being unable to make out the addresses on the mail, are at a complete loss if the ZIP is not present. Recommend you all read "The Day the Mails Stopped" in the 17 December issue of SR...Number One daughter, Diana, is all gaga about the Monkees. Must admit they are a highly amusing group...Two of the fantasy shows mentioned in Vardeman's report are now off the local screens: The Twilight Zone package has been shown in its entirety so has been replaced by Leave It To Beaver. The Outer Limits was replaced by the taped Joe Pyne Show which is just as fantastic and quite a bit funnier...The Albuquerque industrial future which looked rather rosy when I reported on it three months ago seems definitely gloomy right now. Martin Marietta did not get the large contract it was hoping for and has announced that it has postponed indefinitely its plans for locating in this area. In December the Atomic Energy Commission announced the forthcoming closing of the ACF plant here. ACF employs around 3000. In addition a couple of small companies (10 or less employees) have announced that they are closing shop. The Chamber of Commerce smiles seem a bit forced these days...And, of course, the FBI's annual report indicates that Albuquerque is doing well in one department: crime is up 25% here which is considerably above the national average. A municipal judge says that the FBI report doesn't present a true picture because it includes many juveniles. Me, I figure a hood is a hood regardless of his age. The judge in question seems to have once read a sociology book and is noted for his coddling of jds...Much amused by the various goofs of the TV networks during their election coverage. NBC hedged on the outcome in New Mexico but CBS and ABC elected Gene Lusk about sundown. When it became apparent, about 11 p.m. that Dave Cargo's lead was unsurmountable the news staff from Channel 7 contacted ABC New York to tell them that he was the winner. "Impossible," said the network newsman, "we elected Lusk hours ago."...Ed Cox for TAFF...THE STAR MAGICIANS by Lin Carter wins the Roy Tackett award for being the absolute worst story of 1966 or almost any other year...Almost anything palatable is made more so by the addition of a bit of garlic...WEIRD TALES scholar Reg Smith tells us that Isle of the Undead, reviewed here lastish, was the only L. A. Eshbach story to appear in WT and speculates that the heroine's name possibly comes from Vilma Banky, who was in Son of the Sheik with Valentino...We had to confine the parakeet. He kept pulling the ornaments off the tree and dropping them on the floor...They couldn't find anyone else to take the job so poor ol' Stan Woolaton got stuck with being president of the NFFF for another year...Ed Cox for TAFF...Well, what would be wrong with liberating North Viet Nam?...What with the governors of Michigan and Ohio and California and New York and Arkansas plus assorted hangers on it would seem that the Republicans have no end of possible candidates for 1968. Now if the Democrats can only come up with a candidate....I asked Len Moffatt if Reagan's election possibly foreshadowed the election of Mickey Mouse as mayor of Los Angeles and he informed me that L.A. already has a Mickey Mouse mayor...Ed Cox for TAFF...The Village of Los Ranchos de Albuquerque, I am happy to announce, was the only part of Bernalillo County (and, no doubt, the whole state) in which real estate taxes were actually reduced this year...Background music while typing this consists of the cheers from the crowd as the Los Angeles Rams score a touchdown...Ed Cox (for TAFF) doodle in this space:

BOB

VARDEMANE

Once

Upon A

Midnight
Dreary

The new TV season has started and I have made the supreme sacrifice for the readers of Dynatron. I have watched (and generally suffered through all the networks have to offer in what they consider the SF field. This blood-shot eyed viewer evaluates on the basis of personal opinion and the amount of strain on the sensibilities of an SF fan -- me.

TIME TUNNEL. The acting was bad, the main hero (James Darren) doing his best to imitate a wooden Indian and succeeding to such a degree I began to wonder what cigar store loaned him to Project Tick-Tock; the secondary hero (Robert Colbert) did a much better job but still ended up leaving the impression that he was a marionette with someone offstage pulling the strings. The script was poor and the writer responsible has Darren mouthing such things as, "I know I sound insane, but you must believe me" over and over to the extent that it will probably be inserted at least twice in every episode. The writers have no concept of possible time paradoxes created by the indiscriminate use of the time tunnel and have created a time machine that will move its victims not only in time but in space (with a trite who-knows-where-our-wonderful-heroes-will-end-up-next-week plot). In black and white the special effects were amateurish although I have heard that in color the impression left was much more favorable. ADVICE: Go read a book--even a bad book, it will be much more interesting.

STAR TREK. This one has fairly believable acting by hero number one, Capt James Kirk (William Shatner) and the distinct possibility that hero number two, Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy) will develop into a convincing alien. The script was very good, for a TV show, and even though VanVogt wasn't credited, the premier was a mixture of "Black Destroyer" type monster (that seems nice until it kills a dozen or so) and "Asylum" (with Dreegh type vampire that sucks salt from its victim's body). It looks as if Star Trek might turn into a Voyage of the Space Beagle. The special effects were pretty standard with the only notable thing being the view of the planet from space. This scene was highly reminiscent of Bonestell's work. ADVICE: warm up the old boob-tube for this one.

TARZAN. It should be of interest to ERB devotees. The acting ability of Ron Ely is miles above that of Johnny Weismuller but still below that of the chimpanzee who steals the show as usual. The script is mediocre although producer Sy Weintraub has gotten away from the "Me Tarzan-you Jane" bit. (Complaint: No Jane!) I was fortunate enough to see the premier in color which was of dubious quality. The prevalence of off-greens and browns looks as if the Brazilian heat ruined the film or the special effects crew tinted the film to hide poor photography--not uncommon in TV. Of course Tarzan is a special case due to its being filmed on location and the extremely difficult problem of proper lighting under such conditions. All the "natives" looked Indian--which they were. Ever hear Swahili spoken with a Portuguese accent? ADVICE: Dig out those old Tarzan books and re-read them.

IT'S ABOUT TIME. Forget it.

Returning from last season:

LOST IN SPACE. Same show, same cast, same time, same channel. ADVICE: Surely you can waste your time in some other way -- like sitting in the corner and collecting dust.

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. The control panels are still catching fire at least once every episode. Holy Incinerator! ADVICE: Go watch Edco doodle and use the electricity you save to power your toothbrush.

BATMAN. The first episode featured Art Carney who turned out to be a disappointing villain. But then even a good actor can't do much with such melodromatic hogwash. ADVICE: Do something constructive--beat your wife.

On the cartoon level there are several animated things on Saturday mornings. Space Ghosts, King Kong, Superman, Jetsons and Frankenstein, Jr., are among those that sound SFish. I haven't seen any of these and I doubt if anyone but Ed Cox would even want to watch them, but I did my duty and mentioned them.

Locally televised reruns: THE OUTER LIMITS which had its high points and its low points but on the whole is worth seeing again. ADVICE: Do not, under penalty of midnight telephone calls, criticize Harlan Ellison's scripts in your fanzine.

Also in view again is THE TWILIGHT ZONE which is mostly fantasy with a few worth watching again. Charles Beaumont's scripts were usually good and a few by Rod Serling can be classed as excellent.

BOB VARDEMAN

XXXXXX

We do have a bunch of stf-fantasy type programs on view here in Albuquerque throughout the week: Lost in Space, The Time Tunnel, Star Trek, The Outer Limits, It's About Time, Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea, The Twilight Zone, I Dream of Jeannie, Bewitched, and Tarzan all make their regular appearances. Channel 7 gives us horrible old stf-type movies on Science Fiction Thriller and Weird Theater. In addition there is all sorts of borderline stuff such as the UNCLE shows, Batman, The Wild, Wild West, The Green Hornet, and probably a couple of others. Not to mention the host of Saturday cartoons for the kiddies (hi, Edco.). Stage 67 has presented several fantasies this season and the Bob Hope Theater has also thrown a couple at us. If the fantasy fad lasts another year or so we might end up with a couple of good shows. Of those currently on the air, the best of the lot is Star Trek. The producers of that one seem to have some acquaintance with stf which is more than can be said for the rest. Tarzan suffers from following the movie version instead of the book version and from being filmed in Latin America instead of Africa. Voyage and Lost in Space are strictly for the kids. Jeannie and Bewitched are sort of cute fantasies with the latter being redeemed by the presence of Agnes Moorhead. It's About Time has no redeeming features whatsoever.

Roytac.

XXXXXX

Frodo Baggins voted Republican

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March 21 is celebrated as Bird Day in Iowa.

Three million people in this world speak Lithuanian including Ed Meskys who publishes a fanzine in that language.

Joe Gibson is an airplane nut.

Felice Rolfe is a doll.

Arnie Katz is a....Arnie Katz is a....you wouldn't believe it.

THE RETURN OF MOV A TALE OF TERROR

(or, if you prefer, a terrible tale)

by Sam UMBRAGE

((Editor's Note: Shortly after the publication of the last issue there arrived a note from old buddy and fellow CAPAn, LEN MOFFATT. Len said he thought he had one of Sam Umbrage's Sixth Fandom gems buried somewhere in his files and did I want it. I did. So Len Moffatt, good fan that he is, brushed the dust off various old boxes and eventually brought to light this Umbrage epic which appeared originally in Len's fanzine, MOONSHINE, way back in 19 and 54. Arrigato, Len Buddy. RT))

X

Mov was not dead. The Evil Mastermind was quite alive—just as alive as Layman Smythe, himself. Unfortunately, Smythe did not know this. He and his good friend and constant companion, Doctor Bunkini, assumed (along with Scotland Yard, the FBI, the CIA, etc.) that Mov had perished when the Hungarian castle in which he had been hiding had been rendered asunder by a carelessly handled atomic bomb.*

As a matter of fact the bomb had been carelessly handled on purpose! Mov's hideous henchman, Boo-Boo Blunderbat, acting on strict orders from the Evil Mastermind, had deliberately and with malice aforethought activated the bomb, ruining both the castle and himself. Having been slightly debilitated by Layman Smythe himself in that horrible battle in the mines of Mov, he did not mind suicide too terribly much.** Anything was better than facing Smythe himself again. Besides, he had his orders, and was—if nothing else—loyal to Mov.

Deep in the dank dungeons beneath the castle, Mov survived the blast and the radiations, having previously lined the walls of his underground hideyhole with thick layers of lead, and thicker layers of peanut butter. He did nearly die of thirst until he discovered a long forgotten wine cellar. He had been a dire threat to the civilized world before—but now that he was a wino he was even more of a dire threat.

"Ah, yes!" he said to himself, as he licked the last of the peanut butter from his walls, and finished off the last bottle of wine. "I am ever so dire! And the time has come for me to make contact with my agents, still at work in the world above. I faunch for rrrrevenge on Smythe himself, and his idiot assistant!"

Tuning in his secret video set, he watched intently as the screen swirled and then cleared to show two lovely Oriental girls. They were none other than Ova and Nova, the twin daughters of Egg Sun, who had once been associated with Mov in one of

*"The Hidden Caves of Mov". QUANDRY, May51.

**"The Mysterious Mines of Mov". THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, Sep52.

his many attempts to conquer the civilized world. Egg Sun was assumed to be dead, frozen in an ice berg near the south pole.* But his twin daughters were quite alive — just as alive as Mov, himself. They were now Mov's agents, and as was their custom, they reported in unison. Move had never quite gotten accustomed to hearing them speak as one, and even now wondered if the wine bottle was playing him tricks again.

"Greetings, Master," said Ova and Nova, simultaneously. "We bring tidings of great joy. It is now safe for you to come above ground—per the latest radiation check, and Layman Smythe himself and his friends. . . still believe you to be with your celestial ancestor."

"Most excellent news, as I am fresh out of wine and peanut butter!" replied Mov. I shall ascend on the Secret Escalator at once, and meet you in your London Apartment. I assume Smythe himself still resides in that sunless city?"**

"Yes, Master, but he and Doctor Bunkini are presently on their way to America, New York City, to be exact, to attend a science-fiction convention," chorused the girls, who were lovely enough to be chorus girls.***

"Science-fiction convention?" muttered Mov. "Whot on earth is that?"

"You have been out of touch!" the twins ejaculated simultaneously. "Well, as you know, Smythe himself has always been a Great Reader—delving into all sorts of books, tomes, literature, etc.—thus his great knowledge, which he uses to combat.."

"I know all of that!" hissed Mov. "Please do not remind me of my past unfortunate encounters with that man! And I do think I know something of this science-fiction. That crazy Buck Rogers stuff, is it not? Who has these conventions...who attends...what do they DO at them?"

"Fandom, Master. Fandom is the name the science-fiction fans use to identify their hobby, which consists of reading science-fiction, publishing amateur journals, having club meetings, attending conventions, and so on. It seems that Smythe himself read somewhere that All Knowledge is contained in fanzines (their amateur publications) so he began to follow the field quite closely. Now he feels that if he attends a convention he will meet these fans from whom all this knowledge comes..."

"I assume they convene to talk among themselves. Do their conventions compare to other conventions? You know what I mean. Drinking. Late night parties. Call girls. Just what do these fans do besides talk and write and publish?"

"All sorts of things," replied the girls, togethernessly. "The pros attend too..."

"Pros?" said Mov, eagerly, and slaverling a little. (There were no limits to the Evil Mastermind's depravity.****)

"That's short for Professional Writers of science-fiction, Master. Sorry to disappoint you, but most of the fans bring their wives or girlfriends, as do the pros, for that matter. They do drink a little, and have parties, and folk sings. The major events on the formal side of their program includes speakers, panel discussions, moving pictures, and of course a Banquet, and—oh yes, a Costume Ball. The latter is quite interesting. They disguise themselves as characters or creatures

*"The Insidious Iceberg of Mov". THE OUTLANDER, May53.

**See "The Sunless City of Mov". SLANT, Feb51.

***See "The Chorus Girls of Mov." RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, Jun51.

****See "The Evil Depravity of Mov". SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, Nov52.

from science-fiction and fantasy stories, competing for prizes. The panel of judges selected in advance by the convention committee, must decide which costume is the most beautiful, which the most humorous, which the most authentic, and so on."

"Very interesting," mused Mov, maliciously. "And Smythe himself and Bunkini will be there, eh? My lightening quick brain is already forming a plan whereby I shall be in a position to destroy that dubious duo without detection. Ah, yes... And now, your orders: Book me a room--cheapest possible--at a hotel near where the convention will be held. I assume the convention will be at a hotel in New York, yes?"

"Yes, Master," quoth the twin beauties, in unison, "The Hotel Tucker."

"Never heard of it; must be a new one."

"The hotel itself is in New York just for the convention, master. It is a mobile hotel, financed by the fans. It goes from city to city, wherever the convention is to be. You are wise not to stay there as its rates are high. The bricks came cheaply enough, but they are still making time payments on the rest of it..."

"I see. But there is a less expensive one nearby?"

"Yes, Master. The Hotel Ackerman. Also a mobile one. You see, Ackerman and Tucker are still competing for the Number One Face position and..."

"I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about," interrupted Mov. "Nor do I care. Just book me a room at the Ackerman, under the name of Madame Stermon. I shall wear a black dress and a veil, and pretend to be a poor widow, interested in attending as much of the convention as I can afford. But I plan to show up only for the costume ball, at which time Smythe himself and Bunkini will meet their fate..."

He tuned out the twins, got together his wine bottle label collection, and stumbled merrily to the Secret Escalator, to return once more to the world that had oft-times shuddered at the mere mention of his name. Mov, the Mastermind of All Things Evil, smirked as he firmed up his insidious plans. "I shall give them the Happy Death," he chortled. "Ahhahahahahahahaha! The Happy Death...."

Layman Smythe himself, the intellectual private investigator, and his good friend and constant companion, Doctor Bunkini, were having a ~~very~~ grand time at the World SF Convention. They had discovered that they were really faaans at heart, and each was planning to write a con report, publish numerous one shots, and form a club in London that would not be run by Scots.

"I only regret that Mr. Boucher is not here," said Smythe himself, as he puffed at his pipe, down in the bar. "I have come to the conclusion that he was exaggerating just a trifle when he stated that all knowledge could be found in fanzines. However, I'm having such a jolly good time, that it really matters not. After all, my dear doctor, our worst enemy is, shall we say--heh, heh--quite gafiated, and there never will be another villain as evil and as clever as Mov, wot?"

"Quite right, old boy," laughed Dr. Bunkini, as he puffed at his pipe. "Jolly bar here, wot? Why isn't that fellow over there puffing at his pipe, though? Keeps waving it about like a baton, and speaks incessantly."

"Filthy pro," said Smythe himself, sotto voiced. "Simple matter of deduction, doctor. Surprised you haven't learned the form by now. We've been fans for only a few weeks but already I can tell a pro from a fan."

"But the other fans seem to like him. He acts like fan."

"Pure put-on, as we true fans say, my dear doctor. One would think he was more famous than I. But no matter. There are a few here who remember with respect the name of Layman Smythe, nemesis of Mov, as well as of Egg Sun. Did I tell you that the con chairman has asked us to be judges for the costume ball?

"Several times, Smythe, old chap. I say, that's tonight, isn't it? Shouldn't we be toddling along to the ball room?"

Which they did.

Smythe himself and Bunkini, along with the three other judges, were hard put to decide which costumes were really the best, for there were so many excellent ones. Finally, amid cheers and boos, the winners were announced.

The famous detective team were on their way back to the bar when they were stopped by one of the losers.

"Gentlemen," said the evil looking person standing in their way. "I wish to register a protest. I was certain that you two, at the very least, would call me up for a prize. After all, my costume is perfect and certainly the Most Authentic!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bunkini. "We realized that you were attempting to costume yourself as the late Evil Mastermind, Mov, based on the descriptions in my famous books, but I'm afraid you just don't make it, old chap."

(By now the alert reader will have realized that the person making the protest in re the judging of the costumes was none other than Mov himself! But neither Smythe himself nor Bunkini, firm in their conviction that Mov was dead, realized this.

(Mov had assumed that he would win one of the prizes. Consequently he had armed the palm of his right hand with two tiny needles each smeared with the deadly poison that resulted in what he called the Happy Death. His plan was to receive the usual congratulatory handshake from the judges (having used his hypnotic powers to plant the suggestion to have Smythe himself and Bunkini as judges in the chairman's mind) and he would be sure to shake hands with the two famous detectives first. The poison took a few seconds to work and was not readily detectable, thus giving him time to flee before anyone realized that he was the dastardly culprit.

(Now that phase one of his plan had failed (i.e., he had not won a prize), he was endeavoring to get close enough to Smythe himself and Bunkini to apply the poison needles by some other manner or means.)

"I don't quite make it!" he cried. "Why not? I went to a great deal of trouble and time to make myself as Mov-like as possible. When I learned that you two famous gentlemen were to be judges I was certain you would influence the others in my favor. After all, without me—without Mov, that is—you two would never have become as famous as you are."

"True, perhaps," smiled Smythe himself. "But I'm afraid, dear fellow, that you overdid your costume a bit, and we must play fair, musn't we? Mov never had a paunch that large, you see, nor was he fond of alcoholic beverages. You could have at least dispensed with the wine bottle before joining the costume parade. Little details like that can spoil the whole effect, you see...."

Mov began to shake with anger and frustration. "Details!" he cried. "You always get me on details! All that peanut butter...I should have dieted first...and the wine, the wine, the accursed wine...."

Without realizing what he was doing he clapped his hand to his brow, cursing in the several languages which he spoke fluently. It was his right hand. Both needles penetrated the skin over his skull and, of course, acted twice as fast as one would.

He fell writing to the floor, and his face contorted in an odd manner.

"By Jove, I think it really is Mov!" cried Layman Smythe himself. "Observe the tiny needles sticking out of his forehead. They must have been in his hand and were obviously meant for us. Now he has a double dose of his own poison. Note also the way his facial muscles are contorted...why, it is almost a grin, or closer to a silly smirk, wot?"

"Yes, Smythe," agreed Dr. Bunkini, as he leaned over the corpse. "And we thought he had died in that atomic blast. Well, this time, we know he has really died—not with a bang, but a simper..."

SAM UMBRAGE

XXXXX

A POEM OR SO BY VARIOUS

gunch!

the characteristic
sound
of mechanized man
scurrying in utter
haste to nowhere
in his metal, prickly-
finned, internally studded
protuberant impaleanted
status-projectiles
is that which is made
in ever-ascending
numbers
as they impact among..
one another..
gunch! gunch! gunch!
EDCO

FEAR PRAYER

a black cat crossed the path
of a human-haunted ghost
and with cool sweat of fear
made a prayer to god in heaven
that if black cat should look
it couldn't see the eyes
of every adam and eve
that stalked the bridge of night
BILL WOLFENBARGER

For envelopes,
write to Business
Envelope
Manufacturers, Inc.,
3010 North
Ave.,
Melrose Park, Illinois,
60160

BUCK COULSON

Wanderer's Song

I dream:
Of golden days and moonlit nights,
And nameless joys unending.
But far away,
Stars away,
The topaz sea lies glistening.
And to the sea,
That silver rimmed sea,
Ruby lips do call me,
And open arms beckon
A-waiting for me.

MATHEW DRAHAN

THE NOBLEST WORKS

With his body's breath
the glass blower forms
his delicate dream
which disappears
in a crystal sigh
at the lightest touch
of his loving hands.

E. E. EVERS

cat, black

who yowls in agonized
desire to pass
the barrier,
a screen of man-tech-
nology excludes
this black-furred
being, who would come
into the kitchen
where his catfood
is

EDCO

My name is Degler,
Fan of Fans.
Look on my works ye neos
And despair.

ELARTY

Well, ah, yes. Indeed. Here we are at the letter section again. Now if I can only gather up all of the letters that have accumulated...I've got them around here somewhere. Editorial comments will, as usual, be set off ((like this)).

Shall we go?

RICK SNEARY, A.M. I'm enclined to
2962 SANTA ANA ST. think that J. Allen
SOUTH GATE, CALIF. St. John may have
90280 done the finest art-
work to appear in

our feild. Having seen 50 or more original works I feal that more of them stood up to my stiffest test for art work...would I be willing to hang it on my wall and look at it for a year. Some Finlay and some Emsh hold up too, but there is a greater span between their best and worst work--St. John seemed always to be at least good. And this from some one who has never read a Burrough's book. ((You're putting me on.))

I would like to make the point that some artist might be able to do better work, but stuff that was done mainly as illustrations has limitations imposed on it. Thus Emsh may be the most original artist who has been in the feild. Leydenfrost who worked a little for Planet might be another, but I've seen too little of his. I do not think Bok a great artist, though he certainly captured the mood of fantasy. ((Would you call him a great fantasy illustrator?))

brage. It is about the only kind of poems I enjoy or can read with any feeling about knowing where I'm going. I thought I remembered it from my childhood days, but the ending I didn't recall. I may have blanked it out of my mind. ((I wouldn't blame you for that. What think you of our poetry thish?))

the only acceptable fanzine fiction around. I don't particularly agree with the reasoning though. That is I don't believe that fanzine reading fans are really much more ready for accepting the idea of E.T.'s and Galactic Federation than those who merely are regular readers. Nor do I see how fanzines themselves are the key. ((Fanzines are the key to all knowledge.)) Something that diverted the urge to publish fanzines would be more effective. Something that could miss-direct the fans into some other hobby. Though I'm quite willing to believe that Piser is an E.T.

little five-watter's, I remember the one operated by Uncle Ezra who, along with the Hoosier Hot Shots, appeared on the National Barn Dance but I can't remember the station letters or the name of the town. I can't remember what town the Jot'em Down Store was in eather. ((The powerful little 5-watter was located in Rosedale but I don't think any call letters were ever given for it. The Jot 'em Down Store was in Pine Ridge which is, I think, somewhere in the vicinity of Degler's Ozark resort.))

I've mentioned this before, but you and Len keep leaving space for Ed Cox to doodle in but no one has ever published any real Ed Cox doodles. As founder of the "Ed Cox for TAFF" movement, I think it is about time Fandom got a chance to see a new side to old Edco. (The old side is getting pretty old, and sticky with beer f&a m) ((We've had some real honest-to-angeleno Ed Cox doodles in Dynatron from time to time.))

more

Indubitably, old thing, it's Ed Cox for TAFF.

DYNATRON

HOWDY, JOE

B

A

G

E

I

S

I raise an eyebrow ((we raise rabbits)) at your remark about the government ignoring the wishes of the majority of the people. I rather thought we had good record of the government ignoring the wants of the majority, and in some cases with good reason. The Supreme Court does it fairly often. It is I believe true that all leadership should take generally unpopular action when it seems best in their experienced minds. The long term effect to decide if the Leaders stay in office.

Re-guarding the line "epoch space-opera"...my Winston says of epoch, "a period of years filled with unusual events". Well the great years of space opera were filled with unusual events. A snarles for Mr. Speer and his lint picking.

You get more, much more, with Ed Cox for TAFF.

Lloyd D. Hull
2532 9th
Great Bend, Kansas
67530

I especially liked THE VINDICATION OF SAMMY GHEE. Mainly because it was from SPACE/ARP, and I've heard such great things about it.

I found the LoCs interesting. Naturally Eric Blake's interested me the most. I consider myself a liberal ((are you bragging or complaining?)) and I suppose that has something to do with it and I'm deeply interested in politics and plan eventually to go into it as a vocation. ((Not interested in honest work, eh?)) Was it my imagination or was Eric Blake actually praising Fascism? ((You didn't imagine it.)) He stated that at least Fascism recognized Communism as a threat. I recommend that he read MEIN KAMPF. Hitler stated that in order for his changing of power to take place he needed something for the people to hate, he looked around and saw the commies.

As for the subject of free speech, I maintain that it should be allowed to go on, short of direct overthrow of the country. This does not mean it is good, but it is necessary. Conservatives maintain that it is bad for the country. They maintain that the left-wingers should be shut up, but feel they should be able to say anything they wish.

However, I'm getting sick of some of this left-wing movement as their methods are patterned to a great deal after Fascist techniques.

Get NEW! INTENSIFIED! ED COX FOR TAFF.

ED COX (FOR TAFF)
14524 FILMORE ST.
ARRETA, CALIF.
91332

Here has been DYNATRON languishing in the stack of fanzines to be written to for so many hours. Hundreds already. And thought upon turning into the zine, the familiar green bleaches to a bone white, it reads much the same. In fact, I thoroughly enjoyed it. You keep this up and it'll probably become rather popular.

Nice to see Albuquerque getting beefed up in the Big Industry department. I hope these people all realize how lucky they are locating in what, right after Fandom takes over the World, will be known as Dynatron, New Mexico. Right? ((I don't recall any Duke of Dynatron...))

Well, "this junk" it might have been but it has attained stature, finally. At least enough so that it is now an accredited course at UCLA on Thursday nights this semester. ((Jack Williamson is teaching two courses in science-fiction at Eastern N.M. University at Portales.)) Al Lewis is taking the course and has been publishing his notes in APA L. Very interesting and a snap course for a fan who's done any reading at all in the field. ((Sir, are you implying that there are some fans who haven't?)) Of course, if, like Al, you really want to make an effort to transcend the easyness of it, then it ought to be really challenging.

Favorite stories? Egads. Years ago, back in 1948 or 1949 I compiled a list of the things. It covered several pages. Since then? There's been a great deal I've liked in the fantastic amount of stuff that's appeared. I couldn't begin to start from scratch. But using your format as a jumpoff point, I'd

say that Merritt's stories still rank highest with me in the straight fantasy bit. Harold Shea stories follow those only on a different plane.

Straight science-fiction would be most anything of the earlier van Vogt stories from Slan to the Mixed Men plus lots of Hal Clement, George O. Smith and so on. Liked lots of Henry Hasse, Albert de Pina and similar stuff out of PLANET STORIES, too. And into that area, Edmond Hamilton and Henry Kuttner could no almost no wrong no matter which type of story they turned out. It's hard to name certain stories. In the straight weird, which is what I consider these to be, Leiber's Fafhrd and Grey Mouser stories rate tops, and the atmosphere horror is, of course, by the master of them all, H. P. Lovecraft. You can't sit down today and read HPL and expect the same pace as Matt Helm, of course, but I think his stuff holds up quite well. Funny fantasy? Funny stf! Gallagher stories for that. And for the former, well, I've somehow become disenchanted with Thorne Smith. Did you ever read any of the Toffee series by Charles F. Myers in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES? Modern day Thorne Smith type but with a flavor all its own. And, yes, CAPTAIN FUTURE was a great favorite of mine. I think Ace ought to secure the rights and give it a go. I bet they'd sell. ((Ah, the dear dead days of our youth, Edco. Remember Grag? Remember Egk? Remember Sgt Saturn?))

The current Sam Umbrage reprint was also of interest since I hadn't read it for years. In fact I'm not entirely sure just where I've got my Oct55 SPACEWARP, probably in an SAPS mailing. I particularly liked the bases of this poem, the old Sam McGee ballad being a favorite, one my father used to recite word for word through its entirety years ago. So this fannish treatment of it is even more enjoyable.

The Stephen L. Muir story brings up a point, I guess. How do we know it isn't true?

ED COX FOR TAFF. HE BEATS THE OTHERS COLD. (with a club if necessary.)

GARY ANDERSON Throwing in my two bit's worth on the backyard spaceship
234 SHANGRI-LA N.W. argument: there are several considerations one must take into
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. account. First is whether you intend to build a full-scale deep-
space ship or just something to go up and steal a few satellites
in, in order to prove that you have such a device available and capable of doing so.
The former is out of the question;;the latter is, assuming that you have a nonrocket
spacedrive with few or at least not obvious side effects, eminently feasible.

Perfectly good surplus radar sets can be obtained for under \$100 and with a few feet of coaxial cable and the mathematical ability to crank through some formulas, one can construct a reasonable antenna from copper tubing, wood, and the aforementioned coax. As for life support, some CO2 absorbing chemicals and an oxygen bottle should be sufficient for the short time one would spend in satellite thievery. For about \$250 one can get a % CO2 meter, and this plus a barometer tells one just about all that would be of interest on a short trip, i.e., less than 12 hours.

Other equipment needed would be a heavy gyroscope for axial motion, or at least fine adjustment of same; a pair of heavy sunglasses to go with the necessary port, which must be highly transparent in order to let you see where you are; a scintillation counter of very wide range, with a preset audio alarm; some sealant goo to plug any little holes that may appear in the hull; and of course the grabber itself built into the hull.

The satellite grabbing idea has several advantages. First, it will center attention on you, especially if you pick it off just as it is going to transmit. The best one to grab would be one of the early secret military satellites, before the bright boys put self-destruct mechanisms in. If you get one of these you will most assuredly attract attention. Note that one would want to come down within a few feet of the Atlantic Ocean, say, and then head for land, the military taking the view it would of these shenanigans. Oh, yes, while you are up there it would be a good idea to broadcast what you are doing over a nice, junky, harmonic-generating HF transmitter.

One final thought for the would-be homegrown astronaut. Is your life insurance policy paid up?

I hope you will find it in your heart to excuse my handwriting, the thing which I affectionately call a "typewriter" is presently languishing at home; my sister is writing a term paper or something. (Will you publish it in your fmz? Your handwriting is quite good.)

So. The mimeograph paper situa-

Hah! Your pulp re-

Is Eric Blake for real? ((There

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

Personal favorites? SF: Foundation but with Heinlein's Future History a close second. Sword & Sorcery: Leiber's Grey Mouser and Howard's Conan. Weird: Moorcock's Eldric stories, (especially Kings in Darkness). Short Stories: Campbell's

Keep printing those Sam Umbrage things and

You can't fool me.

I had trouble deciphering Jack Speer's forked-
and a posterior (Ooops! that's posteriori) but

BETTY KUJAWA
2819 CAROLINE ST
SOUTH BEND, IND.
46614

Trying to get a rise out of me, huh Charlie? ((Did.))
"usual bats"...Bat I may be, but usual? Not me! And I never
flitted in my life. ((What do you call all that dashing about
in the aeroplane?))

That there was Uncle Ezra who ran the power-
ful little five watter...but from chich county did he say he was broadcasting, folks?
((Did he ever?)) So then...on Vic and Sade what was the name of their son? ((Bob
Tucker?)) "Rush". That's right...((I thought it was Tucker.)) And who ran the
Saturday morning Kindergarten??? With kids like Izzy Finklestein and Jonny Jonson???
((That was Tucker.)) Want me to sing the theme song? No, I didn't think you did...
but anyway it was Professor Kaultenmeyer. ((I would have sworn it was Tucker.))

Leave us pause now and sing the Cream of Wheat theme song For LETS PRETEND...
then a chorus of "Hudson High, Boys" in honor of Billy&Betty Fairfield and Jack Arm-
strong...after which we will wind things up with Sandy "arfing" as we join our voices
to extoll the virtues of "that little chatter-box"...the one with curly auburn locks
...who can it be? ((Bob Tucker!))

HAH!!! ((Like that, eh?)) Banks Mebane, humph
and sniff, speaking of nostalgia for the 30's and 40's...and you and your talk about
carefree youth. ((Who? Me? I was never a carefree youth.)) Carefree, hell. I'll
take my Carefree 40's and the here and now, A&H bombs and all, thanks.

For edifi-
cation of Jack Speer and you-all, Roy, that "when Greek meets Greek" was bastardized
or somesuch from Nathanile Lee's (1655-1692) ALEXANDER THE GREAT...Act IV, Scene 2,
where it originally went;;; "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."

You are welcome.

ED COX GOES BEYOND CLEAN, BEYOND WHITE, ALL THE WAY TO BRIGHT.

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 SUMMIT AVENUE
HAGERSTOWN, MD.
21740

Let our tears mingle and flow into the same crying towel.
((Let us not mingle too many lest we be mistaken for the Rio
Grande.)) Albuquerque loses its best sources of fannish neces-
sities and Hagerstown no longer is the only small town in the
world that has its own Marboro Book Shop. I found the Marboro
store moving out last week when I attempted to pay it a visit with the sign on the
window announcing the imminence of Marty's Toy Mart. ((We have a shop called Toys
by Roy. Be assured it has no connection with me.)) So you switch to white paper and
I again resrot to buying out of the Marboro catalogs, sight unseen. However, you
fail to mention the most logical recourse, that of purchasing from Master Products,
where you get a good price on mimeograph paper without paying any shipping charges,
provided that you purchase at least ten reams at a time. Not too long ago all fan-
dom existed on Master Products paper as a steady diet and it's been so long since
I've seen the firm mentioned in a fanzine, I suddenly wonder if the turnover in fans
has caused the firm to be forgotten. ((I receive Master's catalog regularly through
the courtesy of Art Rapp and if anything has caused them to be forgotten it is their
high prices. Vari-color is cheaper.))

Just this afternoon, several hours before I
read this Dynatron, I was sitting out a long wait for a jury to reach a verdict and
chatting with the bailiff and clerk of court and by coincidence the conversation
turned to plague. Both of those officials are elderly enough to remember the big flu
epidemic and they related a theory I'd never heard: that it was a form of cholera
which authorities never mentioned by that name to prevent an all-out national panic.
Plague is a way of ending civilization that frightens me more than an atomic war,
possibly because the effects that a big epidemic would have on the nation would be
just the changes that would encourage the spread of the disease.

There's one big flaw
in the logic behind Agent from Tomorrow. I know Harold Palmer Piser didn't get
planted from the future just a year ago because I ran across him in an unexpected
place that proves his previous presence among us. There was a big drive to popu-

larize Arbor Day around here last spring, the newspaper got a thick sheaf of background materials on the history and present observance of this festive event, among this poop was a small anthology of choice literary passages involving trees and Arbor Day, and Piser was right there along with much more celebrated authors. I asked him about it, and discovered that this was the result of a previous hobby of his some years back, involving conservation and things of the soil in general.

You ain't so young as you claim to be ((I never claimed to be.)), if you remember Uncle Ezra and realize that hardly anyone else is likely to spot the source of your remark about his powerful little five-watter.

Jack Speer continues to use English in highly suspicious ways, despite his laments about other people's grammar. He says in this particular criticism: "If I were finding flaws with people's grammar in this letter," for instance. If someone else had made that statement, Speer would have reminded him that you find water with a divining rod but you find flaws in people's grammar.

Personal favorties in the fictional categories you list? Well, I'm assuming that you mean this to be just an off-the-cuff listing of things I particularly liked, without requiring me to think for days and days to settle upon the most favorite of all the favorites. So if you'll remember that I'd probably list an entirely different set of stories if I did the same thing a month from now, I'd stick to The Skylark of Space as the best science fiction in the sense that I first went wild over it around 1940 and found myself just as fascinated when I gave it its latest re-reading this summer; fantastic adventure: another much-maligned story that probably could also qualify as science fiction, The Blind Spot; funny fantasy, any of several of the L. Sprague de Camp novels; weird, a story whose title I'm totally unable to recall, reprinted in Famous Fantastic Mysteries or Fantastic Novels many years ago, all about werewolves ((The White Wolf, perhaps)); science-fantasy, Jack London's Star Rover, if that would qualify. Despite the old theory that a person's favorite stories are the first ones he read, none of those go back to my first few years as a reader of science fiction and I encountered most of them only after about a decade as a reader of the prozines.

The Shape of Things to Come is Ed Cox for TAFF.

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Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107



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