



Minisan, konnichi-wa. May we unfold an idea to you?

The last Worldcon in Los Angeles was in 1958, and it seems high time we invited fandom back for another visit to the most active fan center on the West Coast. We've been planning a convention and kicking ideas around almost since the dust settled after Solacon. Some ideas we've kept, and others we've rejected, and as we've attended conventions over the years, we've kept our eyes open, and rendered assistance wherever we could. The couple of Westercons we've put on have turned out pretty well, and we've got some ideas for the '68 Worldcon that we think you'll like; one of them is to put on a convention in two cities simultaneously.

Pan-Pacificcon: Los Angeles and Tokyo in 1968.

We haven't worked out all the details yet, but we've agreed in principle, and there's a year or so in which to work out details. But one part of our program won't wait. We've got to get started now!

We want to bring a Japanese fan to the United States for the 1968 World Science Fiction Convention.

The brotherhood that international science fiction fandom has built up over the years is one of its warmest and most gratifying features. We have had the pleasure of entertaining quite a few visitors over here: Arthur Thomson, Ron Bennett, John Berry, Ton Schlück, Mervyn Barrett, Daphne Sewell, Ella Parker, George Locke, Ethyl Lindsay, and many more. TAFF deserves a great share of the credit, of course. Over the years the exchange of visitors between the U.S. and Britian, and this last year Germany, has been a high point of each year.

Now we'd like to turn west to the Far East. It will cost about \$1000 to bring Takumi Shibano to the United States. This will be the biggest challenge yet to the generosity of world science fiction fans. The Pacific is a big ocean, and it is expensive to cross it. And Japanese fandom is less well known in the United States than is European and particularly British fandom. Since Tetsu Yano visited the Philadelphia convention in 1953 only Roy Tackett and the Schultheises on their visits to Japan have had a chance for a personal meeting with Japanese fans.

We need a thousand dollars, and have produced a fanzine to help raise it: *Maneki-Neko* is available from the Pan-Pacificcon Committee, P O Box 422, Tarzana, California 91356. \$1 will get you four issues, \$5 will get you on our lifetime mailing list--lifetime of the fanzine! \$10, \$20, \$100 or more will get you our abject gratitude. We plan to use *Maneki-Neko* to tell you some things about Japanese fandom, and about the Pan-Pacificcon idea as well. We hope that you'll like the Pan-Pacificcon concept well enough to vote for us in New York this labor day. But Pan-Pacificcon or Seattle or Burlingame, let's bring Takumi over in 1968.

Pan-Pacificcon Committee:

Al Lewis, chairman, John Trimble, vice-chairman & publications, Bjo Trimble, publick relations & Art Show, Fred Patten, auction, hucksters & publicity, Katya Hulan, secretary, Dave Hulan, treasurer.

Support TOFF (*Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund*), and Pan-Pacificcon in 1968...and send for *Maneki-Neko* now! All proceeds to TOFF. Make checks to Dave Hulan.

Ted Johnstone, in a recent FAPazine, reminded me that I had been somewhat neglectful in my colophon writing of late. Time was when you, dear reader, could depend on me to ramble on and on and still on before I got around to telling you the vital statistics on the zine. Ted, himself, went on for a full page. He did. I must admit that's quite a colophon. If I had thought of it sooner I would have shifted the contents table to the next page and we could have gone on at some length here. Stand by, Johnstone, nexttime, just for you, I'll do a two page colophon.

But that is nextish and now having committed myself in print I suppose I'll have to do the thing. It'll take me until next issue to do it, too.

In the meantime this is the 31th issue of DYNATRON; a fanzine of sorts, edited, vaguely, and published, occasionally, by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107, in the USofA.

Dynatron goes for 20¢, usually in stamps, but we'll take cash. I'm going to break a rule here and accept long term subs...for a cause. Five issues for one dollar and all subscriptions received will be donated to the Shibano fund.

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Pick a reason: You got this because: (a) You subbed. (b) We trade. (c) You Loded.
(d) You contributed. (e) Fill in your own _____.

Takumi

FICTION

SHIBANO

A BRAVE DRAI'A MACHINE

The Director glanced at the booth clock. The sweep-second hand was rapidly approaching the hour mark. He thumbed his intercom to "Studio" and spoke crisply: "Stand by in the studio." The actors in the drama made a final check of their opening places, the cameramen checked their focus one last time.

The second hand reached 12 and the director went to work putting the program on the air. He worked quickly and smoothly changing slides and film, quietly giving directions to his audio man and at the same time watching the bank of monitors that gave him his line picture, his air picture, his studio pictures, as well as the preview video from his slide and film chains. "Stand by one," he told the studio. "Cue them. You're on the air."

In the studio the Assistant Director signaled the performers and at the precise moment the red light flashed on Camera One the actors began their part of the drama. It went without a flaw for these were some of the country's best television performers.

In the booth the Director made a quick check of his monitor bank then swiveled to his right to check the screen of a somewhat larger monitor which showed a raster but no picture. After a few minutes the picture appeared, seemingly a duplication of all the rest. The Director watched for a few moments, swung back to his board, punched another button and then signaled the studio crew: "Cut. That's it gang." The red lights on the cameras went out, the actors relaxed; on the monitor screens the drama continued.

"The drama machine," one of the stars muttered to himself, half in praise and half in desperation, "a revolution in television but, I think, the end of us."

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Tadashi Osaka, vice-president in charge of new developments for the All-Nippon Television Network, was all smiles. Osaka was the inventor of the new drama machine which was making its debut on A-NTV and was happily explaining his latest gadget to the assembled representatives of the press.

"Oh, yes," he said, "a most marvelous machine. Actually our drama machine is a large and well-programmed computer. There is, ah, one minor problem yet in that we must show the machine about five minutes of live action of the beginning of the drama before it can assume the production on its own. In that five minutes the machine analyzes all the elements of the drama, the appearances of the performers, the characteristics of their actions, their parts, et cetera. As soon as this analysis is completed the machine then can continue the drama by itself."

"Mr. Osaka, could you give us some idea of how your new machine works?" asked the representative of the Times.

"Yes," said Mr. Osaka. "What you see on your television screen is actually a rapid series of individual scenes. The drama machine composes these scenes at the rate of 30 per second which is the same as the number of frames in our television system. To keep the flow of the action smooth the machine reviews the past 100 scenes before setting up the next one. For example, if in the preceding scenes a man is moving his hand forward then in the

next scene the hand must be advanced a slight bit more. The calculations are rather complicated, of course..."

"How does the machine determine story content?" asked the representative of the Asahi.

"Well," smiled the scientist, "we ran a lengthy analysis of television drama and found that there are really only a few basic situations. We selected 200 of the most popular stories and used them to program the machine. The machine studies the five minutes of live action introduction and then selects what it considers to be the most suitable story to follow the introduction and continue the drama. The computer uses its own judgement, of course, and avoids any contradictions." Mr. Osaka gave a small chuckle. "I think we can say that the computer probably composes the drama into an imitation of its own favorite stories based on those it has been given."

On the monitor screen the drama continued. The hero and heroine had just completed their first love scene and a meddling neighbor was about to intrude on the scene. Then the camera seemed to draw back revealing that the drama was taking place on the screen of a television set in a laboratory. An old scientist appeared on the monitor screen. He had a very scientistlike appearance and began to speak with a very scientistlike smile.

"Good evening," he said. He gestured towards the television set in the background on which the original drama was still appearing. "Now I would like to introduce my Drama Machine to you."

TAKUMI SHIBANO

XXXXX

JAPANESE SCIENCE FICTION IN THE PRE-GERNSBACK ERA

by Mitsuki Shimamoto

Translated by Takumi Shibano.

I. The first introduction of classic science fiction.

The end of the Samurai age and with it the end of the period of Japan's national isolation resulted in a great importation of western culture into the country. A great amount of foreign literature began to be translated into Japanese and science fiction stories were among the first to be so translated. The first translation of a science fiction story was in 1868 from the Dutch language. Unfortunately the original title has been lost to us.

Jules Verne's stories appeared in Japan about ten years later and were an immediate success. Japan was just beginning her age of science-industrial expansion which was similar to the situation in the west which brought forth Verne's stories. In Japan, as well as in the west, Verne's stories were looked upon as great predictions, rather than as fantastic fiction. And we may say that generally this viewpoint was right.

Between 1878 and 1897 all of Verne's works were translated into Japanese, some in several editions.

Original Japanese science fiction closely followed the patterns set by the translated western stories but it soon fell behind. This great science fiction gap remained until the introduction of U.S. science fiction paperbacks after World War II.

II. Original science fiction classics in Japan.

During this early period there appeared many socio-political novels in the form of science fiction. The character of these stories changed from one of education and enlightenment to one of aggressiveness. Typical is "Ukishiro-Monogatari" by Ryūkei Yano. A young Japanese merchant who wanted to establish trade with Africa and the islands. On a trip to the southern Pacific he and his crew were attacked by Chinese

pirates. They defeated the pirates and captured the pirate ship which they converted to their own use. Since the vessel was known as a Chinese pirate ship the Japanese merchants were themselves attacked by the Dutch navy at Java. This attack angered the Japanese who then encouraged and assisted the Indonesians in a fight for independence against Holland. This story was written in 1889 and is looked upon as a prediction of the Japan-China war in 1894 and the Japan-Russia war in 1904. From that time until World War II Japan was an aggressive leader of Asian nations.

In 1900 we got a Japanese version of Verne whose name was Shunrō Oshikawa. He was born in 1876 and his first story, "Kaitei Gunkan (Undersea Battleship)" was written while he was a student at Waseda University. This was the first of a set of six. The others were "Bukyō no Nippon (Japan: the Gallant Country)," 1902; "Shinzō Gunkan (Newly Made Battleship)" 1904; "Bukyō Kantai (Gallant Squadron)" 1904; "Shin Nippon Tō (New Japan Island)" 1904; "Toyo Bukyō-dan (Gallant Asian Army)" 1907.

In 1908 Shunrō became a chief editor of the magazine "Bōken Sekai (Adventure World)" and continued to write stories. In 1911 he established a new magazine, "Bukyō Sekai (Gallant World)". He died in 1914 from bad health caused by drinking.

Shunrō's theme was always the actions of the Japanese navy against Russia and Germany, etc. Colonel Sakuragi and his submarine, Denkō-tei (Lightening) appears in the first story and almost all the others along with a brave boy named Hideo and an assortment of young and beautiful Japanese ladies. These stories were written for juveniles and I must admit I erred when I referred to Shunrō as a Japanese version of Verne. He can never match Verne.

III. During and after World War I.

During this period we had very little science fiction either in original or translation. Only a few mainstream writers attempted fantastic stories.

Ryūnosuke Akutagawa, considered to be a genius of Japanese literature, wrote "Kappa" in 1926. This is similar in theme to "Erehwon" and "Gulliver". The 1920s also brought forth two noted fantasy writers, Kenji Miyazawa and Taruho Inagaki. The former was a fairy-tale writer but colored his stories with modern mechanisms. Inagaki wrote curious short-short stories which contained a great deal of the quality of E.A. Poe.

When the second quarter of the 20th Century began some good science fiction writers began to develop from the detective story field. Or we should say that Japanese detective story writers and SF writers both developed in the same house. This house was the magazine "Shin Seinen (New Youth)". Shin Seinen was established in 1920 and became a Mecca for detective story writers. It soon began to publish SF, both original stories and translations, on a regular basis, until it ceased publication after WWII. Rampo Edogawa, Masayuki Jō, and Fuboku Kosakai particularly are noted for their SF work in the magazine. These three are looked upon as the precursors of Jūzō Unno, who is noted as the largest writer in the Japanese SF field.

So this was the situation of the Japanese SF field before Hugo Gernsback began his publication of Amazing Stories. Unno and Kosakai were early subscribers to Amazing Stories and from them developed the modern SF era in Japan.

IITSUAKI SHIBANO

It might be noted that the post-war SF era in Japan developed with the introduction of U.S. sfzines and paperbacks by the U.S. troops. This brought about a revival in the translations of sf into Japanese. The present native portion of the field dealing with original stories instead of translations is the almost single-handed creation of Takumi Shibano who brought out his fanzine, Uchūjin, to serve as a vehicle for developing sf writers. Most of Japan's professional sf writers today seem to have gotten their start in Uchūjin. So Takumi can be looked on as the sire of both the pro sf field and sf fandom in Japan.

RT

BOB VARDEMAN

ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREARY

The inexorable tide of mediocrity has swept the re-runs of The Outer Limits off Albuquerque's television screens and into oblivion. It was replaced by the kooks, nuts, cranks and weirdos representative of the Joe Pyne Show. The Twilight Zone momentarily fell to that all time classic series, Leave It To Beaver, but within two weeks TZ returned. ((KOAT explained to me that they had run the entire package of TZ films on hand and hadn't yet received the "new" package which was the reason for its brief disappearance from the boob tube. RT)) So much for re-runs. The ERB fans' delight, Tarzan, has been cancelled effective in February (that's 1967 in case Roy doesn't get this out before '68). So it seems that the networks's initial kindly feeling toward sf is waning. While it wouldn't really be much of a loss for Lost in Space or Time Tunnel to get the axe, Star Trek's removal would be tantamount to a galactic Waterloo.

I'm certain most of you have gotten or at least read the letter Harlan Ellison sent out for "The Committee" urging all and sundry to write in support of Star Trek. While writing a letter isn't quite the same as a high Nielsen rating, enough letters will cause a sponsor to think twice before he cancels the show. (The Avengers is (are?))((Is.))back, so letters do influence programming to some extent. The shows on Star Trek have been quite good (in comparison to everything else on TV) so it would be a shame to have this choice plum snatched from our mouths because we were too lazy to write in support of it. How about channeling some of that energy from boycotting Ultimate into backing Star Trek? The latter is much more likely to show results.

Remember that old and neglected category for the Hugo, the dramatic presentation award? A favorite episode or two of Star Trek would be likely candidates for that one. Two shows in particular stick in my mind, the Corbomite Maneuver and Balance of Terror. The first was a fairly credible alien contact story and the second a brief excursion into galactic brinksmanship. You might not like either one, so pick one of your own choosing to nominate.

I got all hot and bothered waiting to see the much touted Doomsday Flight by Rod Serling and now I'm sorry I wasted the energy. The second in a series of movies filmed especially for the tube, the Doomsday Flight promised some of Serling's first rate writing--and failed to deliver. The plot briefly: Demented nut (Edmond O'Brien) plants aneroid bomb aboard jet piloted by heroic hero (Van Johnson). FBI agent on ground (Jack Lord) tries to find out from Demented Nut where the bomb is--and fails. The bomb would supposedly arm itself whenever the plane climbed above a certain altitude and then when the plane descended somewhere below 10,000 feet---BOOM! Unbeknownst to all (except Demented Nut) the bomb was placed in the pilot's brief case, the last place anyone looking for a bomb would think to search. The solution followed: Demented Nut dies of heart attack in a bar but bartender finds out 4000 feet is the altitude where the bomb will go boom. Ergo, have the plane land in Denver, altitude 5300+ feet. Simple? Ridiculous! The bomb would never have armed itself in a pressurized cabin. And if through some quirk of fate it had armed, some one would have had to disarm it via radio, where a nervous amateur would have blown the whole the whole works sky high. I was very disappointed in Serling's lapse of

logic and I really wish the set designer had seen the inside of an Air Traffic Control Center--it does not look like the back room at Joe's Bar & Grill. The whole movie makes me wish the bomb had armed itself and the plane had landed in El Paso (altitude 3950 feet).

But the real wowser of a movie was that "scientifically accurate" Robinson Crusoe on Mars. Man, what accuracy! What science! Or rather, what science? After Batman was killed (Adam West was the colonel in charge of the Mars probe), the plot rapidly declined (not that Batman added that much to the movie). Feeble, worn out, old Mars had oodles of volcanic activity, not to mention nasty aliens from another galaxy beyond Orion--or some hogwash like that. The aliens have slaves (of course) one of whom escapes and becomes RC's man Friday (RC being Robinson Crusoe, not Robert Coulson). Man Friday has scientifically accurate "air pills" which allow a man to exist without breathing. Needless to say, it is never explained how they escape being desiccated due to the 0.1% water vapor content of the Martian atmosphere. Or where the water they conveniently find standing in pools comes from. But then this is scientifically accurate so you know they have good explanations--they just don't give them.

Well, nasty aliens zip about trying to kill escaped slave Friday with fancy rays from their (inertialess?) space ships. Why so much effort is expended to kill one lousy (and slightly moth-eaten) slave is never made clear, but you can bet it's because they're nasty aliens. Both RC and Friday are rescued at the polar cap by Mars Probe 2 after struggling to stay alive through a terrible, scientifically accurate, Martian blizzard. The implied ending was RC and Man Friday return to Earth where the threat from nasty aliens unites whole earth into one happy family. Oh, well, you can always turn to science fiction after becoming disgusted with "scientifically accurate" movies.

The first installment of The Invaders proved to be much better than I had hoped it would be. The script is like the Fugitive with aliens trying to take over the earth and here David Vincent (Roy Thinnes) trying to convince the world of the danger. Futilely, of course. Can you just see anyone convincing "Marsh Gas" Hyneck that a flying saucer had landed? This is the sort of thing the hero will probably face each week with added "thrills" of being zapped at by the invaders. It seems these aliens have their headquarters some 60 miles northeast of Bakersfield, Calif--but then you can find all sorts of people in California, so why not a bunch of saucer-ous invaders? It seems that all the baddies have one identifying feature, a stiff little finger (it's stiff because it's glued on to make up the normal complement of five fingers per hand). If you like the Fugitive and it doesn't strain your credibility wondering how this guy can dodge the cops week after week, then you will probably enjoy watching this guy dodge the aliens week after week.

BOB VARDEMAN

XXXXX

THE OLD WITCH

Safely spitted on the stake
Of learned unbelief
And buried deeply in the books
On some turned under leaf
Or entombed in some museum case
As a mummy bandaged fast
We keep our savage heritage,
Our superstitious past.

E. E. EVERS

ED COX

reviews WEIRD TALES, Volume 21, Number 4, April, 1933. ((We strive to bring you the latest....))

The cover on this issue was by J. Allen St. John. I'd say "is" but my copy doesn't have the fursclugginer cover. It is bound in soft-covers with the title of the magazine and the date printed nicely. As a consolation, however, the back cover is there and features an ad for The Moon Terror by A. G. Birch in protty blue print. The dust-cover of the book is orange. This didn't help it much since 20 years later they were still trying to move the book.

The "cover design", as it is so quaintly put, illustrated part I of a new serial entitled "Golden Blood" by Jack Williamson. I thought, years ago when I acquired this issue, that I'd never read said serial since I had only the April and June 1933 issues. They were as hard, and expensive, to get then as now. But since that time, Golden Blood has, as you all should ougata know, appeared as an Ace Book (would you believe a Lancer book?) #72-740 at 50¢. I hope you all go out and buy a copy and thereby save me from reviewing the first installment. Otherwise it would frustrate all of us.

This brings us to the next offering, "Tiger Dust" by Basset Morgan. I remember when they were reprinting stuff in the 1940's WTs and Basset Morgan was one of the olld names. Here he is contemporarily telling of how an evial Chinese name of Omar Sung Loo is cheating the good-guy trader, Dineen, in the Malaysian jungles. It is how there here guys, Dineen and his right hand man are out to get even with ol' Omar-baby. Of course, Dineen wasn't counting on his right-hand man since he'd been missing and as Omar was about to have his Chinese surgeons transplant Dineen's brain into an animal (wonderful to sell to animal acts), a huge ape drops in on them and tears the place apart. If you're reading aloud, pause for breath. Next sentence: 'Tis O'Rourke, Dineen's right-hand ape, now, having already had the operation but having escaped. Now Dineen can escape as the ape, amazingly, shoots itself! So Dineen goes back to get even with Omar Sung Loo, but doesn't count on O'Rourke's native wife. He, being ill from jungle fever or something, stays at O'Rourke's house and notices the native wife going out at night. He also happens to notice her return. This tiger comes and sort of does a dissolve and lo! is her! He can not believe this and, of course, puts it up to the fever. Even after two or three times. But not in the denouement when she, in a dying act, gets ol' Omar-baby, dies and turns back into herownself in front of the amazed eyes of everybody. And all of this was reviewing just one short story! Wait'll I hit a novelette!

E. Hoffman Price has a novelette in "The Return of Balkis", a "Thrill-tale of modern sorcery". Yes. Actually this one is told with a little more aplomb, rather on the level of a Jules de Grandin but without quite so much polish and description of dinner, furnishings and other word piling. A Sorcerer wants to bring to life the ancient Queen of Sheba for his very own and our heros' friend, a luffly young gurl, happens to be the chosen mediur.

So d'Artois, the know-it-all expert on this jazz and our young American protagonist, located in Europe, maybe even France (pre-dé Guallist), have one hell of a struggle with these Bad forces and eventually, before it is too late even, save this gurl and banish the baddies. This is told somewhat better than a ghosh-wow!-I-can't-believe-it-what-utter-awfulness! plane such as "Figer Dust" pretty well achieved. Had some good atmosphere and weird scenes.

Which can't be said, actually, of the next story. It being "The Star Roamers" (can't you always tell by the title it's...) by Edmond Hamilton. This, folks, is a "interplanetary" story, it being not very old hat in those days. Our intrepid heroes set off in their new rocket-ship, or whatever, to comb the stars for places that have adventure and even other beings. And biddy, they find it! First thing they do when they reach the first star system is to get involved in a big fight with strange snips, darting, twisting, zooming, turning, roaring, circling in space shooting down the bad guys and avoiding being hit by same. Soon good guys show up. You can tell because they shoot at them others. And they had a different symbol on their hulls. So they all land and it is discovered that there is a big war going on between this planet (humanoid type people) and the next inner (not so humanoid type people), both of whom evolved from the most In planet (not human at all, but real superior if globbly) which is so In that they keep everybody else Out!

A whole lot of action goes on culminating in an act of utter horror. One of the real Ins is kidnapped by the semi-humans, bringing the Ins into the war. And our heroes help this globbly guy escape and bring the invasion fleets in and wipe up the bad guys (but-not-all-the-people-they-were-only-submitting-to-tyranny, etc.) And then our boys are off to new adventures. Phew! Too much action.

Less excitement is in "The Ice Demon" by Clark Ashton Smith. It is a tale of frigid horror taking place in obviously New England by the names of the places (like Iqqua and Mhu Taulan, etc.) A weird glacier had overtaken what was once a rich country and an ancient king, complete with fantastic great rubies and his Sorcerer (oops, another one!) went up thar to quell this icy uprising. But Something Horrible happened. Namely, the glacier fought back and froze them solid. So later, much later, a hunter discovers them frozen in a sort of cave. He doesn't seem to have any problems hunting on the glacier unlike lots of others who never came back from doing the same. It did not make the area popular with people.

So this hunter and some jeweler types anxious to recover the rubies, go up there and after getting the rubies in a scene of frozen horror, Get Theirs. Only the hunter is left and gripping the bag of rubies, runs to beat hell..and, nainly, the glacier which is doing everything to slow him down. But he outruns it, somehow, and yet, it catches up with him. I hate to reveal the denouement inasmuch as you just might buy, and read, The Abominations of Yondo by C. A. Smith out of Arkham House. He dies.

Back in 19 and 47 I bought a book from Arkham House entitled Revelations in Black by Carl Jacobi who happened to be one of my favorites in the WEIRD TALES mags of the day. Little did I realize that years later I'd get the issue of WT in which that story originally appeared (the very same!). So I read it in the original yellowing pulp (having somehow never gotten around to reading the book...) What it was was how this guy read these books he managed to wrest away from an antique dealer. They were bound in black velvet and handwritten by a man who was in the rubber-roomed hotel by then. Our hero reads the first and gets a sort of psycholimi-

nal call and wewee fellas and gals, he is hooked. He goes out unto the night and finds himself right in (yes, the very same!) place he read about! And meets up with a girl. Something awful happens.

What it was he finds out later as, like belonging to some horrible book-of-the-month club, he goes back and gets another volume and yet another and reads them even! And finds out that this here girl (whose image didn't show up when he took a photo of her...) and her pet whateveritisdog are vampires! V*A*M*P*I*R*E*S! Horrors already.

So he races against the sunset, finds this place where she hangs out, if you'll pardon the expression, goes in there and does the old stake routine. And burns the books. Anything I hate is a book-burning s.o.b.!

The next item is the conclusion of Kline's "Buccaneers of Venus". Non-stop serials they run yet. One ends, another starts. When do you get to go to the head? So anyway, for relief, I didn't read this. You'll have to fake it.

Thereby we can end up with the drops of the issue, "The House of Shadows" by Mary Elizabeth Counselman which was as bland and nicey-nice as any WOMAN'S DAY effort (I mean, nice ghosts) and "Over An Absinthe Bottle" by W.C. Morrow...holy moley, people, that guy up and starved to death sitting there playing cards and drinking absinthe with an escaped convict! After the letter section, which includes letters from neofans like Donald Allgeir, Reginald A. Pryke and Clark Ashton Smith. Who'd believe in anybody named Reginald A. Pryke? Who'd believe a little white moth causes a guy to go off his nut and to his doom? August Derleth, that's who, in "The White Moth". The guy wipes out his wife and she threatens to come back and get him! But a white moth does. He goes buggy over this white moth which flutters toward the river and you know what happens... Too bad they didn't have DDT in those days. But it completed the issue. And let's face it, you didn't have much else to read in 1933. ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, WONDER, and some borderline stuff here and there. WEIRD TALES came in for some pretty good reading. They had a big argument raging in the letter column as to whether or not to cut out all the interplanetary stories and keep it all weird or to continue to split the fare.

I can hardly wait to find out but something tells me that about this time the magazine had already seen better days. After all, "Over the Absinthe Bottle" was the Weird Story Reprint for that issue.

And if you keep reading DYNATRON long enough you're liable to find out what the Weird Story Reprint was for the June 1933 issue.

ED COX

XXXXX

living
as this hour permits
as this day is,
as it has never been before--
i see--
the beast rolls over laughing
in the fields,
auburn eyes dance the fact
of jungle life,
toys sing romantically
& touch the cheek of floors,
africa-nite-fires flop in the gloom,
Rain City Fire City Wind City
in construction before the Rose

BILL WOLFENBARGER

C. W. John

reviews THE TIME BEFORE THIS by Nicholas Monsarrat.

The twin sciences of anthropology and archaeology seem to have man and his civilizations pretty well cataloged. At least they tell us so. The anthropologist with his shovels and picks and brushes uncovers a bit of bone here, a tooth there and draws upon his chart the evolution of Homo Sapiens and his odd assortment of ancestors. Modern man can trace his ancestry back through a variety of men, ape-like men, and man-like apes to a creature called "Proconsul" who roamed Africa about 20 million years ago and is acclaimed as the common ancestor of both ape and man. Or at least this is what the anthropologists tell us in vast and weighty tomes that are heavier by far than the few bits of bone that caused them to be written.

The grave robbing archaeologist digs and pries and tells us that modern civilization, modern Western civilization at any rate, had its first beginnings in the sun-baked land between the Tigris and the Euphrates. There is no arguing that the march of Western civilization from Mesopotamia some ten thousand or so years ago to the 20th Century A.D. is easily traceable. The history of the civilizations of India, China, and middle America also can be read in stone and artifact and written texts.

The rise of man from the ape and his gradual change from a roaming hunter and food-gatherer to a stay-in-one-place farmer seems well documented through either relics or actual history and so the whole story of mankind can be drawn neatly on a chart and hung on a wall for all to see and marvel at. The only real problem is that now and again something turns up that doesn't fit on the chart. Once in a while somebody stumbles across something that seems to dispute the smooth flow of history from Proconsul up to the present. However the various ologists dismiss these items as frauds or freaks of nature and place them in the back of a filing cabinet in a dusty old warehouse where they are, for the most part, conveniently forgotten.

Except by fiction writers who sometimes remember old news items and use their imagination to fill out the details of some mysterious past civilization or race much as the anthropologist fills out the details of Pithecanthrope by letting his imagination go to work on a fragment of tooth.

The renowned student of science-fantasy, Dr. H. Bruce Franklin of Stanford University says that most writers try their hand at the science-fantasy form in the course of their writing careers. S-F is perhaps the best vehicle for satire and social commentary and message stories. It is no surprise then that Nicholas Monsarrat, having a message to bring to the world, should turn to science-fantasy in THE TIME BEFORE THIS, the Pocket Cardinal edition of which is blurbed as "...Monsarrat's most serious work of fiction since THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD." I don't know if Monsarrat based this short, very short, novel on any discarded clues but he has turned to a lost race story to bring us his message.

The time is now, or perhaps an hour from now, and Peter Benton is at Blue Lake, which is in northern Quebec, up about latitude 60 where Quebec and Labrador stick out into the Hudson Strait, to do a story for his newspaper about Canada's rapidly developing northern frontier. In a makeshift bar Benton comes across Grant

Shepherd, a drunken, half-riid Christ-figure whom Monsarrat uses to give voice to his message.

"I tell you, I know!" the old man says. "It has all happened before."

Grant Shepherd had been a ship's doctor whose ship made port for the last time at Churchill on the western shore of Hudson's Bay. Shepherd stayed on in the north, intrigued by the stories of lost mines and hidden valleys, the myths of a Canadian Shangri-La. He traveled north to Baffin Island searching for the fabulous lost mine. And north, beyond Baffin, to Bylot where the eternal ice rises to chill the heavens. Abandoned by his Eskimo guides he continued north across Bylot until his way was blocked by a huge icewall. Shepherd traveled along the icewall searching for a way through it and in a break in the wall he found a dead man. Small, he was, and dark, and scaly like an armadillo. Frozen, it seemed, "not by death but by horror or amazement." Further inside the break Shepherd found a few more bodies and then a miles long chamber--a huge refrigerator crammed with food and serviced by machines of a technology beyond our own. He spent days exploring the cavern and studying the mechanisms and slowly reached the conclusion that he had stumbled onto the relic of a civilization that had existed millions of years ago. He sets out to bring word of his discovery and his message to the modern world. Of course, nobody will listen to him.

Except Peter Benton to whom Shepherd tells his story just before he dies. What happened to them? Benton asks.

They were wiped out by war, Shepherd tells him. "That world reached at least the same stage of development that we have now, and then it destroyed itself. Why? Because it discovered more than it knew how to use. So have we. It happened then, and it can happen now, unless we retreat from it. Like them, we have only one more step to take."

There is much more dialog about God's plans and God's patience and a God-awful lot of religion. Shepherd dies and the story concludes with Benton waiting for his pilot. He is going to Bylot to find the cavern and bring the message to the rest of us...before it's too late, brothers.

As is generally the case with message stories, THE TIME BEFORE THIS is not very good. It is cliché-ridden. The characters are clichés: the trouble-makers in the saloon, called The Weasel and The Ox, who eventually inflict the fatal beating on Shepherd; Joe the Bartender; Sgt Labelle, the gross and crooked cop; and Mary, the whore with a heart of gold. The characters, as should be expected, talk in clichés and move in cliché situations. The story is overly preachy with the message of religion and brotherhood. This may be Monsarrat's most serious work but it is a long way from being his best.

But if you are a completist you will want it in your collection for it is science-fantasy or borderline.

Of course it is fantasy. Do not the anthropologists and archaeologists tell us that there couldn't possibly have been any civilization around several million years ago? Old Grandfather Proconsul was still roaring around the Olduvai in those days. Of course there is always an old filing cabinet in the back of a museum warehouse somewhere....Item: In 1869 some miners at Treasure City, Nevada, dug up a hunk of feldspar--with a screw in it. Item: In 1927 workers at Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky, unearthed the bones of a mastodon at a depth of 12 feet. Six feet

deeper they uncovered a pavement made of cut and fitted stones. Item: In 1936 Tom Kenny of Plateau Valley, Colorado, was digging a cellar. He uncovered a pavement made of cut and fitted stones...along with some Miocene fossils. Item: in 1925 oil well drillers near Oklahoma City examined a core they had brought up from a depth of 125 feet. They found some fishhooks and metal buttons. There are other reports of unusual finds buried in those old filing cabinets. Where they'll stay. They don't fit on those charts.

C. W. JOHN

XXXXX

LES SAMPLE

I KNOW SOMEONE WHO KNOWS SOMEONE
WHO ALMOST SAW A FLYING SAUCER

People these days are all the time seeing flying saucers. They see them in Argentina and Australia, Antarctica and Alabama, California and Virginia, and, as rumor would have it, even in such places as South Carolina. Not only do people see flying saucers all over the world, but they even meet pilot and crew, and sometimes get taken for celestial jaunts. They say.

I have never seen a flying saucer, and the only time I ever saw any little green men was after I had too much white lightnin'. I admit that it isn't very fannish. I read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff and sometimes try to write it and do all sorts of other crazy things, such as hardly ever watching television and never buying Beatles records and stuff like that. But I've never seen a flying saucer. I've often thought of buying a telescope and spending my spare time scanning the heavens, searching diligently for UFOs but with my luck it would be of no avail. I'd probably not even see one lousy meteor.

But my luck isn't all bad. I do know someone who knows someone who almost saw a flying saucer.

It all happened in February, 1965. As you all probably remember, there were more UFO sightings than usual reported that month. All sorts of people were seeing them--reporters, preachers, even cops.

Matter of fact, the sheriff of Augusta County, Virginia, fellow name of John E. Kent, felt it his duty to warn citizens in his area that if creatures from space did land in the county, no one had the right to go out and shoot them up out of hand and "...anyone carrying firearms in the county without good reason will be dealt with according to the law."

There were, as it happens, a hell of a lot of UFOs sighted in Virginia in February, 1965. One, in particular, might have caused quite a big stir had it received nationwide publicity. Somehow or other, though, the incident never got any further than local and regional news media, and they didn't get to play it up very big before things tightened up. The only reason I heard this story is because I happen to have a good buddy whose wife has relatives in Virginia. No rumor-monger I. You get only authentic information, second hand instead of fifth or sixth hand.

Anyway, the story goes that numerous people sighted a UFO in the sky over Williamsburg, Va., on the afternoon of February 5th. Pretty soon after its first appearance, the UFO was no longer over Williamsburg. It landed. Smack in the busy, bustling, downtown area of the city. Damned right.

Newspaper reporters and TV newsmen with mobile cameras rushed to the site of the alleged landing. So did city cops, state troopers, and units from nearby military bases. The authorities evacuated the center of the city, cordoned it, and wouldn't let any civilians within three blocks of it for several hours. Then they left--packed up and went home without saying a word to anyone. That was, apparently, the end of it.

Local newspapers and radio and TV stations mentioned the event but not much and not for very long. So far as I know this story never did make the news nationwide. Why not?

So that's the story. Now it is possible that the good buddy who told me all this was putting me on, but I don't think so. In the first place, he knew nothing of my interests in fandom, UFOs, the world of the weird, etc. Second, he had never, previously, tried to hoax me. Third, he happens to be more honest than the average person. (I didn't say completely honest, now, just a bit more than average and less prone to tell lies than average.) So let's suppose that my good buddy was not putting me on and that, as far as he knows, the Williamsburg incident happened just as he related it to me and just as I have written it in this article.

In which case it would seem to be an inescapable conclusion that somebody is putting us all on.

LES SAMPLE

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JOHN D. BERRY:

THE PELZ MACHINE

The Pelz Machine goes marching,
faunching.
grotching.
The Pelz Machine goes running,
running the apas into the ground.
OElephant formidable,
ever growing, ever crunching
The Pelz Machine goes hunting,
hunting apas by the score.
Gobbling the genzines,
Cutting down the copies,
Administering the apas,
FAPA, N'APA, everywhere.
The Pelz Machine goes reaping,
counting,
keeping,
The Pelz Machine goes scything,
harvesting the mailing lore.
IncuNeb Pub five-two-seven,
flooding fandom, fanning fires
The Pelz Machine goes collecting
all the fanzines evermore.

JOHN D. BERRY

Kennett Neily, 17 Albert Avenue, Barrington, Rhode Island, 02890, wants a copy of Jack Speer's Fantasy Fiction Decimal Classification System which we reprinted here some time back. He says he'll pay cash even.

ED COX FOR TAFF

JOHN BOSTON

OUR CREDENTIALS
TO THE
PHILISTINES

Science Fiction for People Who Hate Science Fiction, edited by Terry Carr. Doubleday, 1966, \$3.95

We've needed the anthology this title suggests for a long time. Unfortunately we still do: the nine stories don't live up to the title.

I think it is reasonable to divide people who "hate science fiction" into those who find its subject matter unimportant or frightening and those who dislike its all-too-frequent technical defects and do not (unlike literate fans) feel that the merits of a book like The Humanoids far outweighs its literary sins. It is to these people that this anthology should have been addressed; but, putting myself into the place of such a reader, I don't see any message getting through.

Certainly it is hard to quarrel with the inclusion of Clarke's "The Star" or Ed Hamilton's "What's It Like Out There?" or Fredric Brown's brief, perfect "The Weapon". But then look at Heinlein's "Year of the Jackpot." What are Heinlein's strong and weak points? His major weaknesses are wooden dialogue and characterization and his occasional lapses into cuteness (cf. "Our Fair City" and "Podkayne of Mars"). So: "At first Potiphar Breen did not notice the girl who was undressing." This absolutely reeks of contrivance; the matter-of-fact tone coupled with both the unusual name and the unusual event immediately sets a bad tone; the double narrative hook working from the start against the story's internal credibility. Furthermore, "Year of the Jackpot" is a "notion" story, a clever exposition of a clever but inconsequential idea; so for someone who lacks the fannish fascination with such gimmicks the story must be carried by its inadequate characterization and by writing descending to the level of the above-quoted first sentence. Heinlein's strengths--his willingness to grapple with substantial themes ("Covenantry") and his skill in world-building ("--We Also Walk Dogs") are not represented.

Wilmar Shiras' "In Hiding" is dear to the hearts of most of us, but I question the wisdom of calling it an example of what the field has to offer the noninitiate. Since it was the author's first published story, its lack of polish is understandable, but this hardly ameliorates poor writing. Again to take the opening sentence as an example: "Peter Welles, psychiatrist, eyed the boy thoughtfully. Why had Timothy Paul's teacher sent him for examination?"

We also have other "notion" stories: H. L. Gold's "The Man With English", Damon Knight's "Not With a Bang," Avram Davidson's "Love Called This Thing" and Ray Bradbury's "A Sound of Thunder". The short "well-wrought tale" is a legitimate and important section of the field and certainly should be represented here, but why include more than the nearly flawless "Not With a Bang"? Ray Bradbury is also essential to this sort of anthology, but why re-resurrect such a standard mold piece as "A Sound of Thunder"? So much of Bradbury is so much more alive and imaginative.

Where are the stories which combine solid sfnal thinking with truly craftsmanlike writing? Where are authors like Sturgeon, Kornbluth or Budrys? Though this is a book full of good stories, it's not the anthology for the intelligent non-fan suggested by the title and will make us few friends in the public libraries.

JOHN BOSTON
DYNATRON

ROB COULSON

TRI-CON PANEL SPEECH

Critics And Criticism of Science Fiction Have They Done the Field More Harm Than Good?

Before we can state whether critics, specific critics as opposed to critical editors, have helped or hindered science fiction, I think someone should prove that they have affected science fiction. Certainly none of the professional authors that I know are inclined to look at a critical appraisal of one of their works and say "Gee, I must resolve to improve my performance in future efforts". They are likely to say can't be repeated in mixed company. They may be inspired to make minor changes, remove obvious flaws, etc., but they won't change their style of writing just to please a critic.

I don't know many editors, but authors of my acquaintance have characterized them as bull-headed individuals, uninclined to listen to common sense, much less critics. Of course, a successful editor must be aware of the likes and dislikes of his readership, but most of them seem to prefer sales records to critical appraisals in their efforts to determine what the reader wants.

Critics seem to agree that two major changes have occurred in science fiction to date; the first originated with John W. Campbell, and the second with editors Anthony Boucher and H. L. Gold. Now I don't know Boucher and Gold, but can anyone here honestly imagine John W. Campbell paying attention to a critic? There is another revolution in sf currently taking place in Britain; this seems to have originated with authors J. G. Ballard and Brian Aldiss and editor Mike Moorcock, but it's too early to say that it has even been a permanent influence on the field, much less trace its causes.

Primarily I believe that changes in the field have been caused by editors badgering authors to produce something different, something new. The fact that critics have been calling for the same thing may be only coincidental; a good editor should not need a critic to tell him when a theme has been overworked. There are readers who want the same old thing, repeated endlessly; they are even numerous enough to support Burroughs fandom, Howard fandom, L. Frank Baum fandom, and they will be joined in a few years by Tolkien fandom. But authors and editors get tired of repetition. Authors are creative souls who frustrate easily; editors want maximum circulation, not just the followers of one particular author or writing style. (Though when the followers become numerous enough to be profitable, as Burroughs readers have, the editors are quite willing to cater to them. This attitude is based strictly on sales not critical articles or book reviews. Don Wollheim may or may not agree with the literary efforts of the Burroughs Bibliophiles, but his private opinions either way didn't affect his editorial judgement that he could make a profit by reissuing the Burroughs books.)

I think that the most that critics have done for the field is to point out some of the more ridiculous writing efforts of the early days. Standards of writing in the field have gradually been raised; the worst modern authors--in this country at least--can hardly equal the abominable writing of an Austin Hall, and this is all to the good. But it's actually a minor change. The more sweeping changes--the lessening interest in "hard" science, the allegedly mature outlook, the increase in novel-length fiction at the expense of short stories, etc.,--can be credited to authors, editors and publishers, not to critics.

ROBERT COULSON

XXXXX

While I was attempting to stylus Buck's name up there at the top of the page I managed to tear the stencil....I trust he won't mind too much being "Rob" Coulson for this issue. RT.

THE POEOL

((Editorial comments and insertions identified, as usual, like this. RT))

Bill Wolfenbarger
602 W. Hill St.,
Neosho, Mo. 64850

Seems to me that the goodly Dynatron is sinking, most probably because of the switch of green pages to white. The overall quality is lower. ((Page color had nothing to do with it. 'Twas lack of material and editorial laziness))

I agree with you that science-fiction isn't the great savior of the world it thinks it is; I've more faith in free literature; by that I mean a literature that isn't restricted by all the false forms and rules a specific type of literature is supposed to follow...the majority of science-fiction published today isn't worth it.

Rick

Sneary: Your comments on artist J. Allen St John are interesting and I'm inclined to agree with you. I've never really seen a bad or even poor painting by St John; all his work I've seen is, at least, very good. Finlay is a real genius, but everybody knows that. Lee Brown Coye can certainly catch the essence of the weird and outre, he's shown us his genius in his drawings and covers for FANTASTIC and in the stuff he did earlier for WEIRD TALES. Hannes Bok is/was my very favorite artist, his work sometimes appeared to be more poetry than painting.

I'm waiting for some publisher to publish the collected works of Carol Emshwiller, who hasn't written much SF or fantasy, but enuf to comprise a book and all of her stories are nothing less than excellent.

Woeful news indeed to hear of the death of Dr. David H. Keller whose "The Revolt of the Pedestrians" I recently read for the first time and greatly enjoyed. Cordwainer Smith was another author I hated to see go to Nirvana. But, as they say, s-f writers never die, they just get reprinted.

With fen who know TAFF candidates best, it's Edco two to one.

George Inzer
Box 3161, Magnolia Dorms,
Auburn, Ala., 36830

Who is Sam Umbrage? ((A voice from the past.)) I haven't read such a pun since Feghoot. One of the most frustrating things for a new fan to read, however, is footnotes referring to ancient fanzines that are impossible to get ahold of to read. ((True, true.)) One interesting thing, though, was the reference to the Sop52 ish of TNFF. I didn't know TNFF deliberately published fiction. ((You think those Bureau reports are factual?))

As for the Committee bit, I intend to write just to keep the show on the air. If, in doing this, I help grease the palms of some pros, so be it. When I buy a SF mag I'm doing the same thing. ((Nononono. I've no objections to helping the pros make money..I object to the piousness of that letter.))

I'm ready to vote Ed Cox for TAFF. ((Good thinking.))

Being an Alabamian with some intelligence, I can say that having Mickey Mouse for governor would be a relief. However, I'm glad Maddox won in Georgia...they needed to be humbled.

I was especially interested in Mr. Hull's letter. He is one of the few liberals that I've seen that is getting sick of "this left wing movement." Maybe he is more conservative than he thinks. I recommend that everyone read Mein Kampf. The next world War will be against a national socialist Germany united with the rest of Europe this time. The signs are pointing in that direction already.

Just what do doctor's recommend? Ed Cox for TAFF, of course.

Are you a top grade nut nut? Vote Ed Cox for TAFF.

Jack Packard
Bury Your Dead, Arizona

You sort of shotgunned comment hooks in the last issue. One of them hit me and prompts me to organize some thoughts on paper. "What would be wrong with liberating North Viet Nam?" you ask in a rather offhand manner. A throw away question on an extremely complex subject.

Liberate North Viet Nam from whom? The idea of liberation implies that the various peoples of Viet Nam are prisoners of someone. So if the United States embarks on a crusade of liberation from whom are we going to liberate these people? From China? Not hardly. China, to be sure, is a source of supply and encouragement for North Viet Nam but can by no means be considered as holding the people of that area as prisoners. The VietNamese view any moves on the part of China with a suspicion that dates back hundreds of years and it is only the war with the Americans that keeps these two countries together. Theoretically one might say that all Communists are allies--a theory disproven many times and particularly right now in view of the impending conflict between China and the Soviet Union--but Ho Chi Minh fought to throw out the Japanese and the French and he certainly is not going to welcome the Chinese.

Leaving ideology out of it--ah, but we are told you can't leave ideology out of it--there is the big question of the legality of our military presence in Viet Nam. First off, neither North Viet Nam nor South Viet Nam has any legal existence. ((Neither has the two Germanys but that's another story.)) The Geneva Conference on Indo-China did not create two separate countries there. Legally speaking there is only one Viet Nam and what is going on there is a civil war with two sides fighting it out to see which shall end up as the legally constituted government, there being none in existence at this time. Of course legalities are frequently ignored and the fact of the matter is that there are two separate governments there which should be more than enough for anybody. The United States is involved, quite illegally, in a messy civil war in a country that doesn't have any legal existence. Seemingly, in the convoluted thinking of the military-industrial combine that runs the United States these two negatives make a positive and therefore everything is all right.

A lot of us do not think so. The reasons for protesting the war are almost as numerous as the protestors. There are the communists whose reasons for being against the war are obvious. There are the moralists who go on for hours about the immorality of war and killing in general. There are the cowards who are afraid they might be called on to serve. There are legalists who question our legal right to be there.

Well, what are we doing there in the first place? That is a question that pops up periodically in the press and at public discussion meetings. The President of the United States answers us in platitudes which are echoed by the domestic propaganda mills: we are in Viet Nam to combat communist aggression and to help the peace-loving South VietNamese preserve their freedom. We are making war to preserve the peace. Any right-thinking person knows that.

The fact of the matter is that we are in Viet Nam because the military-industrial combine now in power must have a war. The U.S. was pulled out of the Great Depression by World War II which brought the military to ascendancy in this country and teamed them up with the corporation bigwigs in a political combine that has been running the country ever since. War or preparedness for war has been our normal state of affairs for the past quarter of a century, and when you are prepared for war you have to have one. The economy has been on a war basis for 25 years and a true peace would result in a depression that would make the Great Depression of the 1930s seem like prosperity. We are at war in Viet Nam because it is necessary to keep the war machine rolling, because it is necessary to maintain the nation's power structure, and because it is necessary to keep those billions of dollars pouring into the military industrial complex.

You go ahead and liberate North Viet Nam if you want to but don't ask me to help. I fought in WWII because we were fighting for a just cause and I'd fight again if this country were invaded or threatened but I will not lift a finger to help the Power Elite of the U.S. become more powerful and maintain its hold on this country and its government.

Tom A. Trottier
44 Toronto St.
Kingston, Ontario,
Canada

Tanks 4 thee dirtish (Illegintimate) issue of Deca-
dent 1966 or Jammeduparsey 1967. I hab a fealing u
wont be Loced out. Buy the whey, prats are those
nasty children who take pratfalls. Uncul Trig? I
hate Trig, and like Uncle Wiggly.

In a high-pitched

voice: ((Your normal tone, one presumes)) I like Cox.

For TAFF. I do in deed sink
tat he shud be taken to Taff for what ho's been doing.

If you people want to liber-
ate Viet Nam from the vietnamese why do you have to have a draft. If you want some-
thing, you should be willing to fight for it personally, and not by proxy.

I'd take
Umbrage against you any day. ((You're always welcome to try.)) It was a Moving
storie, showing the incompetence of a layman. It wasn't bunk, anyway. Mov shouldn't
have gotten needled at the two defectives. Like a true fan, he "fell writing to the
floor". Few fans are that faithful to their havocation. So much for social conven-
tions.

Who reads ERB? Only rodents sink into Burroughs. Sneriously, the Tarzan
tripe (GET THAT, YOU HAMERICANS???) filled the pages with neat, horizontal fows of
type, which is more than most fanzeds can say. He could have been whirrs.

I raze the
cultural level of the banzines I right to, not "I" brows or habbits. Dynatron will
reise its own Dukes, I'm shure. It's baron right now. Of psince depiction. I'm
against backyard spaceship. I prefer my transportation to be made of more solid
things than humus. Or space.

Star Trick is OK.

Sinsnerely

tat - tom a trottier

P.S. Has anyone got a tit for tat?

((The above letter strictly sic—with a k.))

The happiest sound in all the world....Ed Cox for TAFF

Anthony Lewis
124 Longwood Avenue
Brookline, Mass.
02146

I have been inundated with pleas to write to ad-
vertisers, networks, et al. to declare my love for
Star Trek and/or Maidenform Bras. However, I haven't
seen the show; in fact, except for watching the last
2 election coveragos I haven't seen tv since sometime
in 1963. You would be surprisod at the way graduate work can eat into one's time.
Now that I am out I feel no great urge to stare at the idiots' lanthorn. The only
good tv sf series I can recall was on in the very early 50s in the New York area. It
was called "Out There" and did dramatizations of short stories from sf mags. One
in particular that I remember was Bradbury's "The Man" which was well presented.
That was just before tv was getting rich and I suppose they could still try for qual-
ity. I sem to recall that the show was unsponsored.

I enjoyed "The Return of Mov"
but why can't the "Evil" Doctor win once in a while; he is much to be preferred to
the arrogant Englishman. Are you intending to republish the rest of these pastiches?
((I shudder at the thought but if they can be turned up I suppose I will.))

I don't
normally care for blank verse but the poem by Buck Coulson is magnificent; the pathos
and sense of futility invoked by "Business Envelope" is beyond comment.

Maybe the real you is a blonde...so vote Edco for TAFF anyway.

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

"20¢ in stamps. Four cent and five cent stamps." Hmm.
Four cent and five cent, eh? Presumably this is one of those
mathematical puzzles? What combination of 4¢ and 5¢ stamps
will equal exactly 20¢? I never was any good at that sort of
thing. I don't see the solution. ((Us pure scientists just
make with the theories and like that. We leave the more technical details to the
engineers.))

I don't mind you being cynical, but try not to toss logic to the winds
while being so. Just what difference does the Committee's motive make, anyway? It
would seem that either "Star Trek" deserves continuation or it does not. If it does,
then support it; if it doesn't then don't support it. In neither case does the mo-
tive of the Committee have the slightest bearing on the case. Personally I don't give
a faint damn why they want to save "Star Trek"; I want it saved because I enjoy the
show, and I don't care if Roddenberry personally bribed every member of the Committee.
They got the warning out, and it was acted on, and it worked. Anything else is ir-
relevant. ((Did you ever consider that I might not give a faint damn one way or the
other? Actually what stirred me up was this bringing the gospel to the heathen bit.))

I'm not sure that I agree with you that The Star Magicians is the worst story of
1966. Did The Cosmozoids, by Robert Tralins, come out in 1966 or 1967? I don't have
a copy, so I can't check, but I've skimmed DeWeese's copy, and it's worse than any-
thing of Carter's. Which makes it pretty horrible indeed.

Drahan's poem started out
well, but he lost it halfway thru. Lines like "Ruby lips do call me" should be ex-
cised for the good of the muse.

Lloyd Mull: I'm a conservative and I believe in free
speech. (I have to; nobody is freer in their speech than I am...)((I trust you've all
read Buck's speech.)) As a conservative, though, I believe that one should be pre-
pared to stand behind one's utterances.

Well, if you're actually going to talk about
Pine Ridge, remember the furor when some little Arkansas town formally renamed itself
Pine Ridge? I think it was the home town of the characters who played Lum and Abner
but I can't be positive. ((I remember the furor when a little New Mexico town for-
mally renamed itself Truth or Consequences.))

Tell Kusske there's a place in Minnesota
that occasionally sells Twil-Tone for 91¢ a ream, plus shipping charges. I recently
bought 50 reams at that price. The shipping brought it up to something over \$1 a
ream, but under \$1.10.

Okay, Betty Kujawa--think you know so much about Vic and Sade--
who was Third Lieut. Stanley? (I know...)((I don't think I want to.))

Harriet! There's a man in your medicine chest!
I know. It's Ed Cox for TAFF.

ED COX
14524 FILMORE ST.
ARLETA, CALIFORNIA
91331

I liked the article by Bob Vardeman. Now that the "Sec-
ond Season" is with us, it would be interesting to see
coverage on the changes and additions. Like the arrival of
the motely crew from the past of IT'S ABOUT TIME into the
present. And he didn't mention THE GREENINN HORNET. Or I
DREAM OF JEANNIE...oh, yes, you mentioned the rest.

Ahh, yes, how THE RETURN OF MOV
brought back memories for me of the Good Old Days of fan-fiction when they had heart
and substance to them rather than a rattling off of current fans' names in an effort
to make them palatable. One of my favorites, not referred to in this story, was "The
Baleful Bibliophile of Mov" which appeared in the December 1950 issue of FANTASY
COMMENTATOR. Being a collector-type myself; I always appreciated that story of the
series most altho the other series he wrote, parodying older science-fiction plots

and series, was also muchly appreciated. I think I can locate one or more in my files if you feel your readers would appreciate seeing them reprinted.

Euuhugh!

((What?)) The poetry page...I had forgotten about those I included in a letter that time. ((I hadn't.)) I hope everybody realizes I was putting them on.

Rick's letter reminds me about some artists in the field of sfantasy illustrating. Recently I've seen some major production full-page color paintings illustrating stories in the Big Slicks that were bylined "Paul Calle", another who Made Good. I always liked Dolgov's ephemeral illustrations in WEIRD TALES and some of the short-lived zines. Nobody could do justice to UNKNOWN type stories better than Edd Cartier and Alden McWilliams was sure a great illustrator of the gusty space opera story. His stuff in PLANET STORIES made you feel the action and explosive life of the roaring spaceways!

Great Foo, somebody lives on Shangri-La Street? I wonder if he has a complete run of SHANGRI-LA and/or SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES? ((No.)) I do find some points of disagreement re the backyard spaceship bit. I certainly agree with his "final thought", however.

Harry Warner: remember no agent is sent anywhere to do anything without adequate "cover" being provided. So I still say it is possible about Piser. Brrr.

Borax in new Fab? No, Ed Cox for TAFF.

JAY MACNEAL KINNEY
606 WELLNER ROAD,
NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS
60540

Bother. 10 at night and still haven't read Chemistry, but if I don't LoC Dynatron 30 now, I'll never get around to it and then I'll have broken my pledge. Oh, dear.

So let's bonk out somat here and see what comes up for air. The cover was alright in a blach kind of way what with the gook green paper and all. ((What kind of green?)) Also the lines could have been abit clearer. But so what and all that. You obviously are not a big art zine and so knocking you on it won't accomp anynaught. ((Say, Tucker, does everybody in Illinois talk like that?))

I don't even know who Ed Cox is. ((For shame!))

I've read about 20 million reviews of the new SF shows and yerz was not much diff cept for Vardeman's Advice deelines which I got a kick outta. All nega cept for one hah? I wasn't in SFandom when My Favorite Martian hit the tube, so I don't know if it created as much a stir as Star Trek has. I doubt it, yet it is humorous SF, is it not? Yo? ((No.))

Got one helluvakick outta the MOV tale. The point of reprinting old fanfiction might be pondered, but it was enjoyable emuff. Did those other stories of MOV really appear or are the footnotes just thrown in for kix? ((Kix are for rabbits.))

All this talk about Hoosier Hot Shots leaves me cold, as I wasn't even born at the time. ((Are you bragging or complaining?))

XXXXX
I dislike doing this but space grows short: WAHF: BOB VARDEMAN who suggested we elect Edco Albuquerque SF Club ghod. See Sand Scribblings....CARIE LYNN TOULOUSE who informs that, according to Blish, his Cities in Flight (The Okies for you older types) is being made into a TV film series. She also nominates Gary Anderson for the Captain James T. Kirk Pompous Speech of the Week Award....HARRY WARNER who says he got a phone call from the very same BEN SINGER who...He mentions also that Hagerstown still has 310 trolley cars entering and leaving Public Square each day...W. G. BLISS whose long and interesting letter may be excerpted nexttime....JOHN KUSSKE who reports that in Minnesota the Democrats always jump to an early lead. He liked Nov...and Ben Jason who tilts his lance at Eric Blake in regards to the latter's defense of Nazism. Oh, yes, and from Joe Gibson--in person.

XXXXX

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

If you have not already done so stop right now and go read the message on the backside of the frontcover.

I am, needless' to say, quite enthusiastic about the plan to bring Takumi Shibano for the 1968 Convention wherever it may be held. (I am plugging Los Angeles, of course, inasmuch as L.A. is convenient and I have many good friends there, but as an old San Franciscan I have no objections to the Bay Area and since I've never yet been to Seattle that, too, would be interesting.) Takumi Shibano, whose material has appeared now and again in Dynatron, is, I think, one of the most remarkable fans in the world. Here is a fan, so enthusiastic about fandom and SF, that he not only is responsible for Japanese SF Fandom but he also single-handedly and with great deliberation, created the present day professional SF field in Japan. This is a fan well worth meeting and I urge you all to give your support to the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund. We need to raise \$1000 to bring Takumi across the Pacific in 1968. I think we can do it. I know it will be worth it.

Spring is, apparently, here. Daytime temperatures in the high 60s and nighttime temperatures at the freezing mark or just below. Winter? What's that? While other parts of the country were--and still are--buried under some remarkable snow depths (and watch the floods later in the spring when that stuff melts) we here in the Middle Rio Grande Valley have been watering our lawns and basking in the sun. No precipitation all winter. A typical report from the Sandia Ski Basin, just to the east of here contains information that while there is no snow the scenery is sure nice. The lack of moisture throughout the winter will, I fear, make things a bit rough this summer. I started to have the garden plowed by my neighbor who has a tractor but the plow only scratched the top of the ground. It was first necessary to do some irrigating. But the garden is plowed and early plants are in and if I can keep the bugs out of it we may have a good supply of fresh vegetables later on.

We lost Pretzels a few weeks ago. Pretzels was the male in our trio of Chihuahuas. He was one of three pups whelped by Diana's dog, Beauty, about four years ago. The kids named the three Pretzels, Popcorn, and Potato Chips. Helluva name for a dog. But then Chihuahuas really aren't much in the way of a dog. We sold the other two and kept Pretz. He was a puppy who never grew up. Even after four years and the acquisition of a grizzled muzzle he still had his puppy ears and puppy ways. The kids loved him and I was, indeed, fond of him, too.

But one day he disappeared. We thought at first he had been stolen but a few days later we were just in time to save Beauty from a pack of dogs so we concluded that the pack had caught Pretz out on his own and done him in.

So now we're looking for another dog but not another Chihuahua. This time we're moving up a bit in size and I'm in the market for a Doberman Pinscher. A Dobie is second choice. First choice is a Chow but it gets altogether too hot around here for the ancient Chinese Bear Dog.

I'm going to a larger dog because I'm looking for a guard dog. These chihuahuas are fine little watch dogs and not much escapes their notice but they are entirely too small to be of any real use other than as an alarm system. As I mentioned lastish the crime rate in the Albuquerque area is skyrocketing. Armed robberies are an every day occurrence and the listing of burglaries and break-ins occupies columns in the daily newspapers. The police are, seemingly, completely ineffective, and have even appealed to the public to form neighborhood protection committees. So I'm in the market for a guard dog...something to look after the place when we're not at home. A chow is first choice because only an utter damned fool would attempt to come in with this most ancient member of the dog family on guard. Since the Chow is strictly a cold climate dog I'm forced to find a substitute and settled on a Doberman. There is

nothing like a large set of teeth to give a potential burglar second thoughts...unless it is looking down the muzzle of a gun.

If any of you Tolkien faddists want to swap esoteric knowledge with the Albuquerque Middle Earth coningent, get in touch with Mark Roff, 1033 Indiana Ave., S.E., Albuquerque. Mark is some sort of spokesman for the UMI! Tolkein Society. He speaks Hobbit or Elvish or somesuch.

Looking through my stack of notes I find that I scribbled some comments on New Year's predictions a couple of months ago.

Let's see now, who to start with? How about Criswell? You are familiar with Criswell, are you not? He's one of those mystic types who caters to the nuts out in Hollywood. As I recall he starred in that really tremendous fantasy motion picture called "Orgy of the Dead" which was written by one Ed Wood. I know not if this is the same one Ed Wood we all know and love but I have a suspicion that it is. Besides telling fortunes and over-acting in miserable movies this Criswell chap is a predictor. Which is to say that he predicts. He sits there with the lights playing over his shiny white hair and says: "I PREDICT..." Most of his predictions are tongue-in-cheekish but he predicts...that study of moon photos will reveal life on our companion planet...that colleges will install a beard tax for student funds...that birth control pills for men will be put on the market (I'll buy that)...that algae in the rivers will dissolve bathing suits (we don't have to be concerned with that one here; we don't have any algae in the river; we don't even have any water in the river)...that the next big fad will be topless lady barbers...that after the 1968 election a special tax on bachelors will be levied.... There's something of that sort around now. The unmarried types pay more taxes than the married types. The married types just pay more.

On the more serious side of the predicting business is one Jeanne Dixon who has, I gather, something of a reputation among those who go in for that sort of thing. She meditates, you know. Gloom and doom are in her new year predictions. It's going to get worse. The Russians, she says, will blackmail us into signing Viet Nam and world peace treaties by threatening to destroy--with their new super-duper weapons--the cities of New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit. (Well, at least she spares the more important parts of the country.) Jeanne Dixon goes on to predict that we're going to be losers all around: Viet Nam, Europe, Africa, the Middle East...and if that isn't bad enough the Republicans will win the 1968 election. Oh, yeah, there's one bright spot. We're going to cure cancer...we're going to correct the vibrations, you see....

The Moral Rearmament Association kids had a big conclave in Santa Fe not too long ago which caused a lot of comment. Hundreds of them came from all over the United States as well as assorted other parts of the Western Hemisphere to meet for a week or so in our state capital, singing a lot and shouting "Up ~~you~~ with people". Various Protestant-type priests condemned the whole proceedings because IRA wasn't specifying whose moral code they were going to use to rearm the world. One presumes also that, since IRA seems to work outside the normal church structure, the clergy is concerned that IRA is coming up with a monetary pie which the organized churches aren't getting a slice of. (Speer can have all sorts of fun with that sentence.) The Archbishop of Santa Fe, on the other hand, gave the convention his blessing indicating, one presumes, that since the Catholic Church has more dough than the mint anyway, he wasn't concerned about it.

I haven't figured out just what this IRA bunch does other than sing alot. But it keeps the kids off the streets. Although some of the kids shown in the TV news clip appeared to be in their 50s and 60s. Well, they need to be kept off the streets, too.

Hugo nominating ballots are included with this issue and I note that the address got squished on many copies. Mail your ballot to Nycon 3, Box 367, Gracie Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10028.

The NET program SPECTRUM recently presented a half-hour titled "H. G. Wells, Man of Science." An interesting and informative study of Wells with film clips and interviews with his sons and associates.

Wells' great disappointment, they said, was that although he was recognized as a great writer and prophet, he was not recognized as a scientist. More than anything else he yearned for a FRS fellowship but never received it. Even so he is given credit for being in a large part responsible for the great scientific advances of the 30s and 40s since, by his popularization of science through his novels, he turned the interest of many students to science and thereby advanced the whole cause.

And there is a note here that on the 26 December episode of a show called "Run For Your Life" the hero quoted from Theodore Sturgeon.

A newspaper clipping here is headed "New Foods Date Science Fiction" and tells how new developments in artificial foods and in food processing go far beyond the speculations of science fiction writers.

Which indicates again that sf writers are not, for the most part, writing science fiction but simply top of the head fantasy. Science fiction writing is work; you have to do some reading and research and fact-checking. Most of today's writers don't want to do that sort of work. So they turn out little fantasies and talk about how literary they are. Eech.

But the news clip mentioned reminds me of a hundred others that keep telling me how science has caught up with and passed science fiction. About which I remain somewhat dubious. As long as we're in the kitchen let's take that as an example. A few years ago there were news stories about the latest in food preparation--how new ranges had been developed that would cook foods instantly by radar or infra-red radiation or something equally amazing. Some how this gadget, and a host of others like it, never seems to get on the market. The electric stove is a good example. The 1967 version is essentially the same as the electric stove of 30 or 40 years ago. Oh, sure, it is dressed up in a fancy new package but there has been no advance in the basic technology of the stove. Manufacturers have not, for example, come up with a method of continuous heat control as yet...even the latest models still offer only step heat control which is generally unsatisfactory.

I'm not knocking progress. There are vast numbers of new and delightful products and gadgets on the market but there are also a vast number of new and delightful products and gadgets that should be on the market and are not. There are things we read about as having been developed that never seem to become available to you and me. I sometimes wonder why.

As a footnote to the review of C.W. John in this issue is a news release from Nairobi that Dr. Louis Leakey has dug up fossil remains of a man-like creature that existed 20,000,000 years ago. Definitely from the family of man, he says, and pre-dates all other finds. All of which would indicate that man is incredibly more ancient than previously thought and that proconsul is not an ancestor. Interesting but, as with most anthropological findings, not too conclusive.

Through a series of negotiations convoluted enough to please an international diplomat I finally came up with a copy of Jean-Claude Forest's BARBARELLA which is, as you know, an anthology of the French sf comic. (No, I didn't pay cash--I wouldn't spend six bucks on a comic book no matter how hard the covers.) Not too bad, really. Reminiscent of the old PLANET STORIES or, more properly PLANET COMICS, or, more properly, the old space comic that appeared in the midsection of SPICY ADVENTURE.

Barbarella is an Earth girl who flees to outer space to forget her love and has a series of adventures on other planets all of which involve her in getting rid of her clothing at the earliest opportunity.

According to reports Barbarella is to be turned into a movie with Jane Fonda in the title role. Which is amusing. Whatever her other dramatic attributes may be I don't think Miss Fonda has the figure for the part.

Partial minutes of the 19 February meeting of the Albuquerque SF Group.

Hale (presiding): OK, that takes care of the meeting dates and the finances for the one-shot. Now is there any more business?

Tackett: I have a motion...

Hale: Yes?

Tackett: I move that the Albuquerque SF Group recognize Ed Cox as an official ghod.

Vardeman: Second the motion.

Kay Anderson: Second the motion.

Hale: What?

Wolfe: Who is this Ed Cox anyway? I keep seeing his name in your magazine.

Tackett: Edco is a good fan and true whom we are pushing for TAFF.

Cris Abbott: What's TAFF?

Tackett: (Explains TAFF).

Hale: I see. What you are trying to do then is to get the club to give its endorsement to the candidacy of Ed Cox for TAFF?

Tackett: Precisely. And, of course, to recognize him as official club ghod with all normal honors, et cetera.

Vardeman: But at no salary.

Hale (a reformed minister): Well, I don't know...

Tackett: Be as good as any other ghod.

Hale: I guess you're right. All in favor...

Members: Aye.

Hale: Passed. Ed Cox is now the official ghod of the Albuquerque SF Group.

In keeping with custom, a copy of the first issue of NOVA was sent to each of the pro-editors. A few weeks later, the one sent to Miss Gnaedinger of FFM came back, envelope and all, inclosed in a larger envelope. With it was a slip that read, "The Editors of the Frank A. Munsey Company have read your story carefully and regret that it is not suitable for any of our magazines. May we suggest that you study the magazine which interests you in order to determine our present requirements." Whereupon the editors of NOVA rejected FFM's rejection and placing the whole business in an even bigger envelope, mailed it back.

Al Ashley in NOVA 3, Winter, 1943.

Which wraps up this. Ethel says we have a new subber on her side of the pond...Welcome aboard Phil Muldowney...As usual we could use material: reviews, articles, whathaveyou, preferably with a light touch. Fiction? Well, I've got a long item by Steve Muir for next ish so, no, no fiction unless you happen to be Sam Umbrage....Ethel reports that ATOM's TAFF report is being run off--90 pages yet... Remember Ed Cox for TAFF and support TOFF....And L.A. in '68...Barring the unexpected I will be at Westercon along with a few other representatives of Albuquerque fandom

ROY TACKETT

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