

DYNATRON

20 JULY 1969

TRANQUILITY BASE HERE, THE EAGLE HAS LANDED.

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THAT IS A SMALL STEP FOR MAN, A GIANT LEAP FOR MANKIND.



## WRITINGS IN THE SAND

It started for me in 1935. I was ten years old. I picked up my first issue of ASTOUNDING STORIES and was hooked on the dream. The old dream of travel to another world--across space to the moon, to the planets, and to the stars...and beyond.

My dream, your dream, Harri-man's dream. The dream of a lot of people. It led to an interest in the sciences but not to any really serious study for it was, after all, just a dream. Maybe sometime after the year 2000...after all Buck Rogers was in the 25th Century...someday man would make it Out There. I probably wouldn't see it but, what the hell, it was something to speculate on.

Then during the war the Germans, who had always given serious thought to the possibilities of rockets, developed the V Weapons and in this country people began to remember Goddard. Military noses began to twitch. After the war we brought a bunch of captured V-2s and German scientists to the states and the Russians also hauled a bunch off to the hinterlands of Asia and for a while the Generals sat around shooting off V2s. But we needed bigger rockets. After all, if we were going to use them to throw nuclear bombs seven or eight thousand miles we'd have to have bigger rockets. Much bigger.

And other noses began to twitch. If we had a rocket that could deliver a nuclear weapon seven thousand miles why with a few modifications we might be able to put something into space. Maybe some sort of artificial satellite.

But we were told not to worry about it. We might try it, if we could sandwich it in between ICBMs, but there was no real push because, after all, it wasn't of any real value--like building better bomb throwers.

But over in the hinterlands of Asia...well, they listened to the Generals, of course, but they also listened to the scientists, and one day we woke up and found that the artificial satellite we were told would probably never be circling over our heads, was.

A great outcry went up. They're ahead of us. So a few men of vision began listening to the scientists and those of us who dreamed began to sit up and pay attention.

The race was on and Jack Kennedy gave us a national commitment--man on the moon before 1970.

So tomorrow is here now and the dream is well on its way to coming true. Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin have walked the surface of the moon while Mike Collins circled overhead. Immortals all.

It is a long climb from the caves to the stars but Man has walked the moon and we are on our way. I, myself, will never walk through the gray dust of Luna or the red sands of Mars or the surface of the planets of far Centauri. But Man will. It is sufficient.



# SOME OBSERVATIONS AFTER OBSERVING HOURS AND HOURS AND HOURS OF APOLLO ELEVEN COVERAGE ON TELEVISION.

The opening section of "Also Sprach Zarathustra" seems to have been adopted as the unofficial space theme. I don't know how many times it was played during the Apollo 11 coverage but it came blaring from the television and radio speakers on numerous occasions.

The Vice President, Mr. S. T. Agnew, came up with some astonishingly cogent remarks in an interview at the launch. As have many others in the past few days Mr Agnew spoke of reassignment of priorities, however, he emphasized that the space program should continue and spoke rather strongly against the war in Indo-China. Mr Agnew said he felt we will be on Mars by the end of the century. I am beginning to think I will have to reassess Mr Agnew. He is beginning to sound like a good Radical Centerist.

I think, however, his prediction of being on Mars by the end of the century is too conservative. By the year 2000, old chums, we will have a star drive and be exploring the galaxy.

In an industry noted for useless positions perhaps the most useless of all is the television "news commentator" and with few exceptions the creatures who fill these positions are examples of the most bestial of... I hesitate to call them men. They are ghouls feeding on death and disaster. They are obscenities in human form living on human fear and human misery. One had only to observe the performance of these monsters during the Apollo 11 coverage to know them for what they are. Observe how lovingly they dwell on the possibility of malfunction and mishap. Observe how gleefully they recount what could go wrong on each critical maneuver and the way disappointment taints their voices when Houston Control announces that the maneuver has been successfully completed. And the most frightening thing, old chums, is that these vampires are watched and listened to by millions of people. They are the formers of public opinion and national attitudes. No wonder our society is in such miserable shape.

I am greatly amused by the number of ploys involved in the flight of Apollo 11 and man's first steps (I note one or two or three of the people interviewed on tv modified that by adding "so far as we know") on an alien world. I trust you all are aware of the significance of the fact that, in a program top-heavy with military types, the first man on the moon was a civilian.

There have been many complaints--mostly from Democrats, I imagine--about the fact that the plaque left on the moon bore the signature of President Nixon in addition to the signatures of Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins. Frank Borman explained that this was strictly NASA's idea and I have no doubt that it was. NASA is, after all, a government agency and like all government agencies there is a great deal of politics involved in the scramble for money. Mr. Nixon is the boss right now and it never hurts to butter up the boss. Mr. Nixon has indicated an interest in seeing the space program continue (we could do a lengthy essay on that) and if having his name placed on Luna helps to continue that interest then so be it. I am one with Harriman...anything, friend, anything.

Anyway, Dynatron is a non-political fmz so I am not going to knock Mr. Nixon. He is the President and I'm sure that in the analysis of history he'll be right up there with Millard Filmore and Warren Harding.



Science fiction got lots of play during the Apollo 11 coverage. CBS had film clips of old sf movies plus Arthur C. Clarke at Walter Cronkite's elbow and a surprise interview with the king himself, Robert Anson Heinlein. ABC had a panel with Fred Pohl, Isaac Asimov and somebody named John Pierce (who he?) and moderated by--don't laugh--Rod Serling. ((Rod Serling? Yes, Rod Serling. You're putting me on.)) Cronkite and Clarke discussed, among other things, what effect the Luna landing would have on sf--whether it would mark a renewal of interest in the genre or whether people would consider it to be now the literature of the past. Clarke pointed out that SF did not mean space fiction and that there was a great deal more in the field than interplanetary voyages. Cronkite opined that more people might turn to the field to see what else was being predicted.

Could we stand another boom like the post-war one?

I seem to have slipped back to the main subject finally. Westerconning is over with and we can now all slip back into our paper personalities. Westercon 22 was, indeed, a funcon and, as usual, it was a great pleasure to renew old acquaintances and make some new ones. Who was there? Nighod, over 600 people were there. I was pleased to meet for the first time such fannish types as Toni Gourd and Vonda McIntyre from Seattle--honorable CHM sisters. Where were you, Weber? Bob and Barbara Silverberg, Karen Anderson and a host of bearded types with swords and things. David Gerrold. Harlan Ellison for, surprisingly enough, the first time. Elliot Shorter. Ol' Sparks, himself, Bob Brown. Randall Garrett, of course.

Most happy to greet good friends like Edco and Anco, Rick Sneary, Len and June Moffatt. J. Stanley Woolston and Don Franson (who has settled down to serious writing since abandoning the N3F to J. Stanley). Bruce and Dian. Chuck Crayne. Bjohn. Dave Hulan (and how could I forget Dave Locke?) Alva Rogers. 4e. Bob Vardeman. (BOB VARDEMAN??) and let's stop all this name dropping. Right after we mention Dick Geis. And old Tyrannical Al. Old home week, man.

You want a con report? Not here. Maybe in bits and pieces elsewhere but not here.

One of my co-workers, who is vaguely aware of my interest in SF but isn't sure just what SF is, saved me the 30Jun69 edition of THE NATIONAL OBSERVER in which there is a full page article, written by Bruce Cook, titled "Science Fiction Outgrows Its Pulp Origins." Fairly intelligent, objectively written and generally sympathetic to the field. Amazing.

Takumi Shibano reports that the Lunatic Club from the Tokai district took a poll of its membership last year and came up with the following list of best SF novels published in Japan: 1. Childhood's End by Arthur C. Clarke. 2 (tie). The Martian Chronicles by Bradbury and The Door Into Summer by Heinlein. 3. The Stars My Destination by Bester. 4. The City and the Stars by Clarke. 5. The Long Afternoon of Earth by Aldiss. 6 (tie) At the End of the Endless Stream by Sakyo Komatsu, City by Simak and The Day of the Triffids by Wyndham. 7 (tie) 10 Billion Days and 100 Billion Nights by Ryu Mitsuse and More Than Human by Sturgeon. 8, Mission of Gravity by Clement. 9, The Voyage of the Space Beagle by Van Vogt. 10, Soljaris by Stanislaw Lem.

Best short stories: Flowers For Algernon by Keyes; Rescue Party by Clarke; The Cold Equations by Tom Godwin; Nightfall by Asimov; The Long Way to Deity by Sakyo Komatsu; The Veldt by Bradbury; Frost and Fire by Bradbury; Surface Tension by Blish; The Wall Around the World by Cogswell; The Heart of the Serpent by I. Evremov; Highway Planet by Fujio Ishihara; Nimsy Were the Boro-



goves by Kuttner; and A Martian Odyssey by Weinbaum.

Best author (novel length): Arthur C. Clarke, Robert A. Heinlein, Ray Bradbury, Sakyo Komatsu, Isaac Asimov, A. E. van Vogt, Alfred Bester, John Wyndham, Ryu Mitsuse and Fredric Brown.

Best author (short story): Heinlein, Komatsu, Bradbury, Yasutaka Tsutsui, Asimov, Keyes, Godwin, Hamilton, Mitsuse and Sheckley.

Interesting to note that Clarke far outpolled everybody else in the novel category but ended up 11th in the short story category.

Takumi says about sixty fans responded in the Lunatic Club poll.

Let's see, what's on hand from Gold Medal? Ah, yes, BEYOND TOMORROW edited by Damon Knight (#T2081, 75¢). Now here is a prime collection of old and familiar tales. Ten excellent SF yarns from the Golden and Silver ages. Behold the contents, old chums: Brightside Crossing by Alan E. Nourse; The Deep Range by Arthur C. Clarke; Coventry by Heinlein; The Mile-Long Spaceship by Kate Wilhelm; The seesaw by van Vogt; Nightfall by Asimov; The Million-Year Picnic by Bradbury; Desertion by Simak; Twilight by Don A. Stuart and Happy Ending by Henry Kuttner.

Old tales, familiar tales, favorite tales. Brightside Crossing and Nightfall are true classics. I'm not sure what Gold Medal's purpose is in bringing out these oft reprinted stories but I tell you this--the next time someone asks you about SF hand them a copy of BEYOND TOMORROW. It is one of the most satisfactory introductory volumes I know of.

THE MAN WHOSE NAME WOULDN'T FIT by Theodore Tyler (Doubleday, 1968 and I understand this is out in paperback now.)

What can you do with Albert Duane Cartwright-Chickering? After all, he is 62 and the senior marketing analyst--he reports directly to Mr. Pierce, you know--and he's been with the company God knows how many years.

But, my God, it has cost United Metals a fortune to install that new Datatronic 8080 computer to handle payroll and personnel records and it will only handle 20 spaces. So? So old Cartwright-Chickering has 21 spaces in his last name alone. Well, my God, it will cost a fortune to modify the computer to handle him. Really, it would be cheaper to retire him early. Put the old boy out to pasture.

Of course the old boy doesn't take kindly to being put out to pasture. United Metals did rather short change him on severance pay and, after all, being retired just because of that stupid machine...well!!

So you take Mr. Albert Duane Cartwright-Chickering who is mad at the computer and his sympathetic former secretary and her mother who is just mad, and you mix with his grandsons and a fungus that eats the binding material off magnetic recording tape and you come up with a thoroughly delightful and funny story. If you are worried about the machines taking over this story will give you a lift.



There are some other things that ought to be included herein but I'm not going to get them in because I am rapidly running out of space. A bit of rambling to fill up this page.

Let me urge you all to vote--well, all of you who are going to StLouisCon that is--to vote for Heidelberg for the 1970 worldcon and for Boston as the site of the 1971 worldcon. The Gorfans promise a good con and I know Boston is going to be a swinging one. Beyond those two--who knows? Vienna? Tokyo? Melbourne? Rome? Buenos Aires? Dar-es-Salaam? Moscow? Luna City??

Would you be interested in seeing an article on the evolution of man in these pages? A real, honest-to-ghu, sercon article? The straight scoop according to Roytac. It is a subject I've been digging into for a long time and I'm satisfied at last that I have it all fairly well straightened out. Let me know if you are interested.

Hey, I ran into Sam Umbrage at Westercon XXII. Sort of hanging around the fringes like a fringe fan. He looks good. Says he's not really interested in becoming active in fandom again, though. Has too many other things to occupy his time these days. Ah, well, maybe I can dig up some more of his stuff to reprint one of these days.

It is a little late to make any recommendations on the Hugos. My choices, where I made choices:

Best novel: Difficult because I haven't read Stand on Zanzibar. Of the rest, though: Rite of Passage.

Best Novella: Hawk Among the Sparrows.

Best Novelette: No choice. Best short story: No choice. Best Dramatic SF: what choice is there? 2001, A SPACE ODESSEY, of course.

Prozine: Ol' JWC slips at times but ANALOG is still the best sfzine around. Professional Artist: Gaughan, of those nominated. Fanzine: SFReview. Fan writer: Harry Warner. Fan artist: Barr.

And a few thoughts about the next time around: Steve Fabian as a nominee for best fanartist. Shouldn't such things as the ORBITS and NEW WRITINGS IN SF be considered in the magazine category?

Younger daughter, René, a faithful watcher of DARK SHADOWS called to my attention a Paperback Library book titled "Barnabas Collins" written by Marilyn Ross and, presumably, based on the TV serial. This is a more or less conventional vampire story with nothing special to recommend it unless, I suppose, you happen to be a fan of DARK SHADOWS.

I haven't seen many episodes of DARK SHADOWS but get the impression that, except for the fantasy aspect, it is the usual woman's soap opera and "Barnabas Collins" is a woman's book. The main character is not the legendary Barnabas but is Margaret Collins, wife to his cousin. The story is told from her point of view. From my point of view it isn't very good.

Nextish: Woody will be back with more on early SF. Maybe Edco with a review of an old WEIRD TALES. Maybe Carmie Toulouse with more on southwestern archaeology. No maybes about me being here, though. Be seeing you.

ROY TACKETT

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##  
## Given the dynamics of  
## science (anything that can be  
## done will be done) and the fact  
## that scientists are learning to  
## read and write the genetic code,  
## you can be pretty sure that before  
## too long some fool is going to have a  
## computer building a human being. Given  
## the dynamics of capitalism (anything  
## that can make money will make money) and  
## the fact that entrepreneurial capitalists  
## are increasingly science-oriented, you can  
## be pretty sure that someone will then set  
## up a corporation to do that very thing. Given  
## the anti-trust laws you can be dead certain  
## that if one such company starts making money,  
## it will have competition.

THE  
SUPERRACE AND  
SOCIETY

an  
article  
by

ALEXIS A.  
GILLILAND

## Companies compete with offers of service,  
## price cuts and improved models. Doubtless psychi-  
## atric and medical care will be furnished as part of  
## the standard guarantee (no nervous breakdown for 50  
## years or \$50,000,000 in sales, whichever comes first)  
## and there will be some price cutting. But as Detroit  
## knows, price cutting can be unprofitable, and it is much  
## better to change the model and compete on styling.

## Thus, Genetic Manipulation Corp., Genetic Engineering,  
## Inc., and Furd People Co. will sit down with their stylists  
## and genetic engineers and improve the breed with an eye to bet-  
## ter sales. They will, in fact, be creating supermen. GM, let  
## us say, has done the whole offensive line for the NFL, while GE  
## has turned out the defensive line. What happens? After a low  
## scoring season the movies are studied and the Furd quarterbacks  
## are returned to the factory, absolving the linemen from all blame.

## The Playboy Clubs could get bunnies with real tails.

## Question: does a beautiful young thing with an excellent  
## figure (super-optimum body conformation) and a rabbit's tail (a  
## non sex-linked dominant gene) constitute a super woman?

## Assuming that the answer is yes, what are the chances that  
## rabbit tailed homo superior will wipe out bare-assed homo sapiens?

## Since we may anticipate variations of the horsepower race  
## among our hypothetic corporations, the question is not frivolous.  
## Science fiction writers, the best prophets of the future we have  
## (which isn't saying a hell of a lot, but the scientists, engineers  
## and politicians have been bloody awful, and generals are notorious  
## for preparing for the last war), have dealt with this theme at  
## considerable length. They make the case both ways (all prophets  
## hedge their bets if they can) but there is a substantial body of

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literature concerning the homo superior takeover, and any number of stories ending with super Adam and super Eve preparing to engulf the universe with the fruit of their loins.

This last view may be taken to approximate the situation brought about by the brainpower race (Not just IQ! Not just creativity! But Horse Sense!!) between GM, GE and Furd after some undefined point of no return has been passed.

So will homo superior proceed to displace and wipe out the humanity we all know and love so well? A good question. First, let's take a swing at defining our terms. Homo superior, for example. Homo superior is a race of the species homo which is superior to homo sapiens and which is capable of "displacing and wiping out" said sapiens and replacing them.

So an individual, a Babe Ruth or an Enrico Fermi, is superior to the rest of his species in a clearly defined manner. But a race? (Race is here used in the sloppy and inaccurate sense of a variant subspecies which breeds true. The Japanese are a race but jockeys are not. Even disc jockeys. Professional army officers are a borderline case.) A race is also a collection of individuals in which a great variety of talents are distributed according to the well known Gaussian distribution curve.

A species is a collection of several races, which are differentiated by their adaptation to a variety of ecological niches. Thus, we have species of woodpecker, and the races of pine-tree woodpecker, Douglas fir woodpecker, and the giant California redwood woodpecker, known as woodpecker superior because of its 12 foot wingspan and fantastic bill.

Are these races in competition? No. Maybe a very large Douglas fir woodpecker might dine off California redwoods (although redwood trees are full of tannic acid and therefore free of tasty, nutritious grubs) or a very small one might descend to the lowly jackpine, but mostly each race sticks to its own ecological niche.

What is the ecological niche of the human race? (What ever possessed me to start defining my terms?!) The answer has got to be "Human Society", and when this is examined closely, it turns out that "Human Society" is not just one ecological niche, but a whole set of niches ranging from coal miner to social worker to politician to you name it. Since a coal miner's daughter can marry the son of a millionaire and produce viable offspring, the human race is obviously composed of individuals who can, and do, fill all these niches (jobs, some call them) and invent new ones suitable to individual talents. Despite the attempt of India's caste system to niche-pick for humanity, most people are capable of filling many if not all of the niches available in "Human Society." This is known as social mobility, and while niche holders instinctively strive to hand their niches to their sons, they do not always succeed.

Enter homo superior, ready to take everything away from everybody. "Human Society" trembles on the brink of becoming "Superhuman Society" which may or may not be a good thing, and homo sapiens, clearly out-classed, prepares to do the neanderthal shuffle. Which brings us back to the question.



Will homo superior displace, wipe out, etc., etc., us human people?

The rather discouraging answer is: no.

Consider. Our super people are modified normal stock, fully capable of interbreeding. Consider also that both the men and women will be markedly superior. Given the fact that superior women enjoy exercising their superiority, namely by competing with the men for all sorts of cushy niches, they will feel, quite properly, that bearing children (and raising them) is beneath their station. If the female half of the super race is going to cop out on the propagation bit, it is obvious that we aren't going to get off the launching pad. Any superman who wants a family will find himself some nice human broad, and instead of propagating the super race, will upgrade homo sapiens.

Which means that as soon as the corporations discontinue the model, that particular super race vanishes into the gene pool like a shot of whiskey in the ocean.

Of course, a superior race is not a collection of super individuals. A superior race evinces its superiority by displacing another race from the niche it occupies.

We make arbitrary judgements about the "superiority" and "nobility" of niches on the basis of what we would choose if we had the choice. Is eating zebras more "noble" than eating, say shellfish? The niches are different, and a walrus will have no better luck with the former than a lion will with the latter.

What is a superior race (or species, if you like)? One that holds a stable niche, unchanged, in the face of all comers. Why are the scavenger wasps a minor and unsuccessful species? Because they are trying to displace ants by beating them at their own game. What is the species presently holding the record for duration? The cockroach.

The cockroach is a species superior to the human?

The answer has got to be yes. The cockroach has found its niche and held it against all comers for half a billion years. Humanity is reshaping its niche with technology every time it gets to be a bit confining. The human niche is far from stable, and lately the determining factors in its permutation have been economic and technological rather than humane.

What happens to the flamingo when the swamps are drained and made into subdivisions? The niche to which he was uniquely adapted is shot to hell, and he either finds another swamp or dies.

So society, which is the human ecological niche-set, transforms itself into something which requires supermen. Our hypothetical corporations, GM, GE and Furd, turn them out by the thousand--perhaps by the million--but as we pointed out, they don't breed true so we do not have a super race.

What if it paid them to breed true?

An ugly thought, that. Let's explore it a bit.



The human family has been basic to the structure of society because it provided for the raising of children--an obligation which society had to fulfill. Even in super people there will be a diffuse and shapeless longing for children, although in most cases one will be plenty.

Suppose the corporation, or bureau or whatever it is that our superman works for is contracting for 100 superpeople at \$150,000 each per year. That is \$15,000,000 a year for personnel, with a 20 year inventory stacked up in the pipeline, making the investment in superpeople approximately \$300,000,000. That is a lot of money, but presumably the flow of talent is worth it.

Now, if the corporation looks over its breeding stock, and simply requires its female superpeople to contribute ovas fertilized by artificial insemination (from male superpeople--its own or a competitors) to some scrubby human female, you will, by God, get a flow of superpeople pouring into the racial gene pool...as long as inferior scrubby homo saps are available to do the dirty work.\* The corporation keeps track of them (with talent scouts) and hires them when they start to show promise.

Two things happen at this point. First the human niche structure gets warped very badly (society gets all bent out of shape) with all sorts of ecological dislocations, and second, the superpeople we have bred start exercising free will and begin disseminating their unique free will and begin disseminating their unique genetic information (they breed like flies).

The result is that the system breaks down, super talent becomes superabundant and cheap and it doesn't pay to breed true anymore.

So?

So we can expect the human race to be upgraded a little, but unless you segregate people by intelligence (on the moon, or Mars preferably) all that will happen is the same sort of profound sociological/technical upheaval that we have been living with for years.

In short--it's revolutionary, but what isn't these days?

ALEXIS GILLILAND

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\*Editor's note: It might be pointed out that in addition to the substitute mother approach, research in bringing the foetus to term in vitro, that is, if you want to put it that way, in a test tube, is being conducted. RT.

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DYNATRON endorses: Heidelberg for the site of the 1970 Worldcon.  
Boston for the site of the 1971 Worldcon.  
Tokyo any time they want it.  
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ED COX, doodle in this space:







4. THE MAN WHO SAVED THE EARTH - In ALL STORY WEEKLY, Dec 13, 1919. Reprinted in AMAZING STORIES, Apr 1926 (first issue). Also reprinted in AMAZING STORIES ANNUAL - 1927 and again in FFM, Feb. 1940. All printings were novelettes.
5. THE SPOT OF LIFE (A sequel to "The Blind Spot" by Hall alone) ARGOSY, Aug 13, 1932, Serial - 5 p. Reprinted complete in FFM, Feb 1941 and as Ace paperback #F-318 in 1966.
6. PEOPLE OF THE COMET. This was not in ARGOSY but appeared in WEIRD TALES sometime in 1924, either as a serial or a long novelette. The magazine title may have been "Hop o' My Thumb. I am uncertain on this as my own WEIRD TALES collection does not go back before 1925. Perhaps some lucky owner of a complete set of WEIRD can supply the missing data. This was reprinted in book form by FPCI in 1948. No other reprintings are known. An excellent atomic structure story that stands up well even today. Lots of fantasy blended in also.

HOMER EON FLINT (Note: Flint's works were usually in pairs)

1. THE PLANETEER. ALL STORY WEEKLY Mar 9, 1918. Novelette. This story and its sequel are probably Flint's most famous S/F works. Various book and magazine publishers have announced reprintings but to date none have materialised.
2. THE KING OF CONVERSE ISLAND (Sequel to "The Planetes"). ALL STORY WEEKLY, Oct 12, 1918. Novelette. Any book publication would need to include both of these in the same volume. No reprintings.
3. THE LORD OF DEATH. ALL STORY WEEKLY May 10, 1919. Novelette. Reprinted in FFM, Dec 1939. Reprinted in Ace paperback F-345, as the first half of the book.
4. THE QUEEN OF LIFE. ALL STORY WEEKLY Aug 16, 1919. Novelette. The sequel to "The Lord of Death". Did not get in either FFM or FN but was reprinted as the second half of the Ace book above.
5. THE MAN IN THE MOON. ALL STORY WEEKLY, Oct 4, 1919. Novelette. No reprintings.
6. THE GREATER MIRACLE. ALL STORY WEEKLY, Apr 24, 1920. Short story. No reprintings.
7. THE DEVOLUTIONIST. ARGOSY-ALLSTORY WEEKLY, Jul 23, 1921. Novelette. Reprinted as the first half of Ace paperback #F-355.
8. THE EMANCIPATRIK. ARGOSY-ALLSTORY WEEKLY, Sep 23, 1921. Novelette. Reprinted as the second half of Ace pb F-355. A sequel to "The Devolutionist".
9. THE MISSING MONDAYS. ARGOSY-ALLSTORY WEEKLY, Jan 20, 1923. Serial - 2 parts. Not really S/F but excellent weird mystery. No reprints.
10. OUT OF THE MOON. ARGOSY-ALL STORY WEEKLY, Dec 15, 1923. Serial - 4p. A sequel to "The Man In The Moon". No reprintings.
11. THE NTH MAN. Only known printing was AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY for Spring 1928 (the second issue of ASQ.) Short novel, about 40,000 words. Since Flint died in 1924 this was a posthumous manuscript.

J. U. GIESY'S S/F WORKS

J. U. Giesy was a frequent contributor to ARGOSY during the years 1914-1934. Most of his output was mystery and intrigue and often in collaboration with some other author. His S/F output was small but the Jason Croft trilogy made him famous in our field.



1. PALOS OF THE DOG STAR PACK. ALL STORY WEEKLY, Jul 13, 1918. Serial - 5 p. First of the Jason Croft trilogy. Reprinted complete in FFM, Oct 1941. A cut version reprinted in hardcover by Avalon Books.
2. THE MOUTHPIECE OF ZITU. ALL STORY WEEKLY Jul 5, 1919. Serial - 5p. Second of the Jason Croft trilogy. Reprinted in FFM, Nov 1942. Also reported to be out from Avalon--with cuts.
3. JASON, SON OF JASON. ARGOSY-ALLSTORY WEEKLY, Apr 16, 1921. Serial - 6p. Third of the Jason trilogy. Reprinted in FN, May 1948. Also a cut version reported from Avalon.
4. ZAPT'S REPULSIVE PASTE. ALL STORY WEEKLY, Nov 29, 1919. Short story. Reprinted in FFM Dec 1939, under the title "The Gravity Experiment."
5. BLIND MAN'S BUFF. All Story Weekly, Jan 24, 1920. Short story. Sort of a sequel to #4 above. Reprinted in FFM Sep/Oct 1939.

#### GARRETT P. SERVISS (1851-1929)

Garrett Putman Serviss occupies a unique position in the annals of Science/Fantasy writers. He was a truly well educated scientist of his time and associated with the great names of his day on equal ground. He associated with the great names of his day on equal ground. He knew Thomas A. Edison, Lord Kelvin, and others of like fame, as friends and associates. Serviss' special field was astronomy, and he ranked with the best. But rather than becoming a college professor, he preferred the lecture platform and factual writing for magazines and newspapers. For a number of years he was a lecturer, sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation, and toured all over the United States. He also wrote many hundreds of articles for magazines and newspapers, all on science subjects. He was Editor-in-Chief for Collier's 16 volume Popular Science Library, once a famous set of books. Fiction writing came in the latter years of his life and was of limited output. Garrett P. Serviss has the mixed honor and fame of producing one of the most prophetic novels in the annals of S/F literature, and, on the other hand, another novel that proved to be one of the greatest "duds" or flops, if such slang is in order. So goes the hazards of scientific predictions. These will be explained below.

1. EDISON'S CONQUEST OF MARS. A newspaper serial, NEW YORK EVENING JOURNAL, Jan 12 - Feb 10, 1898. Written as a kind of sequel to H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds" which had just finished running in COSMOPOLITAN magazine in 1897. This was a long lost item until dug out by some enterprising fans and reprinted in book form by Carcosa House in 1947. Book printing was only 1500 copies so it is still something of a collector's item.
2. A COLUMBUS OF SPACE. In ALL STORY MAGAZINE, Jan 1909, serial 6 parts. Reprinted in book form by D. Appleton Company in 1911. Reprinted in AMAZING STORIES starting Aug 1926 as a three part serial. This is one of the earliest S/F stories of a rocket ship carrying passengers -- an exploratory trip to the planet Venus. The shock comes when you read that the ship is powered by an atomic energy engine which gets its power from a little known element named Uranium!



3. THE SECOND DELUGE. In CAVALIER MAGAZINE, July, 1911. Serial - 7 parts. Reprinted in AMAZING STORIES as a four part serial starting Nov 1926. Reprinted in AMAZING STORIES QUARTERLY, Winter 1933. Reprinted in FANTASTIC NOVELS July 1948. Published in book form by Robert McBride Co., 1912. Probably Serviss' most famous and widely read story.
4. THE MOON METAL. First came out as a book in 1900 published by Harper & Bros. Ran in ALL STORY MAGAZINE in May 1905. Reprinted in AMAZING STORIES, July 1926 and in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES in November 1939. More of a novelette than a novel and very good.
5. THE MOON MAIDEN. Novelette. ARGOSY, May 1915. No reprints.
6. THE SKY PIRATE. in Munsey's THE SCRAP BOOK MAGAZINE as a six part serial starting April 1909. This is the "dud" and no publisher has dared touch it since original publication. Serviss was just a few years away from the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk and he visualized by the year 1936 that airplanes would attain the "fabulous" speed of 140 miles per hour. Kidnapping would be the crime of the century as the criminals would have money to build lots of these airplanes and use them for escape purposes and no police or military people would have the means to pursue them. If one could shut his eyes to facts, it might read as a good adventure story but we will probably never get this opportunity.

In our next part of this series we'll have a look at George Allen England and Charles B. Stilson.

C. W. WOLFE

XXXXX

~~~~~  
I am not a number. I am a free man!.....Number Six.

No man, who must work for another, is truly free...Ilya Kuryakin.

~~~~~  
According to one current rumor some of the rock brought back from the Moon was high-grade gold ore. Can you picture a Lunar gold rush?  
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XX  
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Being the letter column and, even though it has been missing for the last couple of issues, my favorite part of Dynatron. As the title implies, letters are what keeps this particular Dynatron oscillating and I haven't been getting enough of them. No faned likes to feel that he is sending his fmz into a vacuum. You will write letters. Even Edco will write letters. Editorial interjections, if any, will be set off ((like this)).

HARRY MORRIS, JR.  
500 WELLESLEY AVE SE  
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.  
87106

Thank you for giving me Dynatron #39. You probably don't remember me, but I was the neofan at the May 4 ASFS meeting who asked you for an issue of Dynatron. I heard you say that you would rather have a two page

LoC than money, so I will attempt to write you an LoC, although I doubt that it will be anywhere near two pages long, mainly because I don't know enough about fandom yet to make valid comments.

Green is a nice color for the pages. ((Yes.)) All the art was well done and interesting, especially that chick with the big bulbs. The best article, I thought, was Early American Science/Fantasy Fiction. It was very informative to a new fan like me. Woody Wolfe sure must have a really fantastic collection.

Yes, that poem thing was really funny, at least it caused a lot of excitement around the University with free bands and demonstrations which were a lot of fun.

All in all I liked Dynatron. The only suggestions I could make are for a lettercol and more art. ((The lettercol depends on reader response. As for art, that's some-else again.))

NEAL GOLDFARB  
30 BROADWOOD DRIVE  
STAMFORD, CONN.  
06902

That head of the Radical Centerists is a bit weird. I got the impression that he thought the only reason for ending poverty, etc., was that we just had to get it out of the way so we could give the space program full attention.

Also the name of the whole thing--Radical Centerists? The center is something that falls in between two radical beliefs, and as such is relatively moderate, so I can't see Radical Centerists. Maybe they're supposed to be radical in comparison to the center. But I would just call them "liberal". ((Some of the Radical Center proposals are not so liberal. Radical Center because they are between Left and Right and believe in taking action. I have to agree with H. K. Wong that the space program is primary and demands full attention.))

Your natterings were the most enjoyable part of the zine. A plumber who doesn't make housecalls? What do you do--bring your plumbing system to him? That matter of the "dirty poem" was hilarious. There's a dumb commission that was appointed a few months ago to investigate the smut situation in Stamford. Smut?!? In Stamford?!?!?? Ha!! Closest thing to smut is a few X and R movies. ('Jever notice how the only movies that get X and R are movies with sex? War, cowboy, and otherwise violent movies get M), PLAYBOY, men's magazines, etc. And they act like Stamford



was New York's 42nd Street ten times over.

In your review of THE JAGGED ORBIT you complain of things like "One Chicago county" and "Full Stop" instead of period. Well, I disagree. The reference to a Chicago county is prediction, not mistake. Norman Mailer is running for the Democratic nomination for mayor of New York on a 51st state ticket. ((He didn't make it. Maybe he should have promised to make it a separate country. I'd have voted for that.)) I don't remember seeing "full stop", but if whoever said it was talking to a computer at the time, "full stop" would be more logical than "period". I agree with you about the ending, tho. It is the one thing that really bothered me about the book.

DENNIS LIEN  
LAKE PARK, MINN.  
56554

Keeping no more than one step behind the Jones',  
or, if I get this LoC out tonight I have a chance  
of seeing the bottom of the fanzine pile again  
Department:

Yes, I've "moved again--home for the summer anyway. ((Summer is the ONLY time of the year to go to Minnesota.)) After about September 6th this year I will have a new address. I will even have, sort of, a new name: Dennis and Doris Lien, 530 East Mable St., Tucson, Arizona, 85719. ((Rather a strange change of name. But there was once a San Francisco character named James King of William.)) Wedding presents consisting of reams of green paper will be returned unopened. ((Send them to me and I'll publish another issue of Dynatron.))

You may notice something a bit strange about this paper. I couldn't bear to throw away these old covers I just found, and there aren't enough of them to paper my walls, so this month I write LoCs on old FIASCO covers. Let's hope my letter hacking career lasts longer than the zine did. (Actually, I think I'll spare you and switch to other paper--my sister's, I'm out--for the LoC proper, which leaves me with the responsibility of filling this with things improper.)

I was in Albuquerque again last month (May), Not in the bus terminal this time, but at the airport. I had half an hour between flights--just long enough to stroll around the concourse, smoke my pipe, lose (or have stolen) my ticket to Kansas City, and pay \$50 for another one. The Duke City will never hold a warm spot in my mind (which is where I always melt all the butter I keep in my hat.)

Welcome to the Real LoC upon Dynatron #39.

#39?

Ohwell, you explain about that. #38 was for FAPA only and nobody but a completist would miss it.

Dammit, I'm a completist.

((Sorry about that,

Chief.))

Anyway, it's been a long time since I saw a Dynatron. It's been a long time since anybody saw a Dynatron except FAPAFolk, and they all live up on Mount Shasta and sacrifice to the Goat With a Thousand Young anyway. You can't tell about FAPAFolk, and you certainly can't count them. The tales they tell about Tucker alone...and Tucker alone is frightening enough. Try not to think about Tucker together. ((How come you didn't get #38? It went to paid subscribers. Aren't you a paid subscriber? Why else would I send you this?))

Anyway, how can I be sure this is really a Dynatron? Sam Umbrage isn't mentioned once.



Nobody dissects an obscure issue of an obscure pulp. (In fact, the editor claims to have just read a 1968 F&SF. That's silly. Everybody knows Tackett doesn't read 1968 F&SF's. For many years, Tackett has never read a 1968 F&SF.)

But the sure test that this sickly green plastic mock-up fails is the most obvious one of all. Nowhere is Ed Cox given a space in which to doodle.

((Ed Cox, doodle in this space:

-----))  
Acres and acres of typed-in columns and things and no space for Edco's twitching fingers to achieve their digital orgasm...that's sheer mean and it gives you away. You're not Tackett. Who or what you are I'm not sure, but you've wiped out the real Tackett and taken over his body. And reviewing THE OTHERS--pretty cute. Sheer bravado.

Alien or not, I suppose I should be polite. But I find it hard to remain respectful to a being that doesn't provide doodle space. Of course, your kind doesn't doodle...too awkward when you have 39 fingers. (You slipped up again on the contents page, typing "39" for all the numbers. I don't know how a base-39 system would work out but it just shows again how alien you are from normal human beings like me.

Other than that, I must admit that you do a pretty good camouflague job (you probably spell better than I do, too). Like thumbs-downing THE JAGGED ORBIT. Just the sort of grumpy thing Ol' Roy would do to show he's his own man with his own strange tastes...clever. And you get some pretty good contributors, for an alien. Take this fellow Wolfe. Now I figure he must be one of you. He claims he's only been in fandom four years, probably since You Folks first started infiltrating New Mexico (Cthulhu only knows why). Notice that Wollheim introduced him. We all know about Wollheim...kind of like Tucker, except no records have been found of Wollheim existing before the Age of Dinosaurs. But look at his reprints--Burroughs, Kline, Ray Cummings, Neil R. Jones. Obviously softening up the American public. All part of the Big Plan. Now the Perry Rhodan scourge imported to wipe us out--that's part of it. Four years ago--that's about the time that Ted White tried to smuggle out a message in code to Tucker in ANDROID AVENGER and Wollheim stomped it. And right away C. W. Wolfe moves in on the Albuquerque bunch and then Ted White is taken over and starts novelizing LOST IN SPACE and CAPTAIN AMERICA. There's a pattern there someplace.

Alien monster or not, Wolfe's piece was the best thing in the issue. Some additions to the Farley story listing:

12. THE HIDDEN UNIVERSE was reprinted by FPCI in 1950 and was double-bound with THE RADIO MEN three years later as STRANGE WORLDS.

13. OMNIBUS OF TIME was also published in 1950 and included novel extracts as well as short stories.



14. RADIO MINDS OF MARS, Part 1, was earlier published in SPACEWAY for June, 1955, so that Jan69 printing is the second time around. (The above information is taken from the 1957 edition of Tuck's Handbook--a new edition of which is long overdue.)

Wolfe's article should have been longer. More information on the non-reprinted stories would have been appreciated--FFMs can be purchased, but few collections have the four or five consecutive ARGOSYS needed to make available something like THE RADIO PIRATES or CAVES OF THE OCEAN, which will probably always remain just titles to me. Again, it would be confusing to give a complete outline of the title changes of ARGOSY and its companions--but it would also be useful, and Wolfe sounds like someone who could do it. Yet again, I've always heard that Kline's third Venus novel went to WEIRD TALES because ERB's Venus novels crowded it out of Munsey. If Wolfe knows a fuller story involving Farley, I wish he'd share it. (I'm not trying to be picky; I realize that leisure time is always scarce and I did enjoy the article, even if it didn't contain a great deal new. It's just that big collections of ARGOSY/ALLSTORY are rare and men who've read them and still own them and write for fanzines are still rarer and I hate to let him get away without being squeezed dry.) ((Uh-huh. Maybe I can talk Woody into changing direction a bit and writing up the science/fantasy history of ARGOSY.))

I don't know about the Toulouse bit--building contributions to pre-history? Altering timelines? She's an alien, too.

On second thought, maybe C.W. John's manifesto is the best thing in the issue. I guess it is, even if I saw it as a Feiffer cartoon a few years back. What exactly don't you stand for, Roy? ((I don't stand for women on streetcars.)) I'm at least a pseudo-radical and he pretty well convinced me...trouble being that most Centrist-types aren't Radical Centrists but Apathetic Centrists so there's really nothing for me to be converted to except the far right and I draw the line somewhere...cannibalism, spiritualism, Robert Moore Williams if I really must, but the Birch Society, no... (and how'd I get off on that tangent?) Oh well, you get the Radical Centrists on the ballot and I'll vote for it.

Your rollicall of heroes is as good a list for that post as anyone is about to compile.

I was with you on basics up until tomatoes...ugh! Why not add lettuce while you were at it and really make me gag? (Notice: they don't eat regular earth foods, like glop bread and instant coffee. A possible way of detecting the aliens?) ((We bought a jar of Folger's Freeze Dried Instant Coffee for the trip to California. Oy! Such a horrible excuse for coffee you have never tasted.))

Yes, Zenna Henderson has written quite a few non-People stories. Many of them are in THE ANYTHING BOX. I'm not much of a Henderson fan.

If Terry Carr included dogs in THE OTHERS because something like "Yesterday Was Monday" was too familiar, how did "They" get in? Both it and "Shipshape Home", at least, have been in pb before and more recently than the Sturgeon which I don't think has been reprinted since '48. And you're unfair to "Roog". The garbagemen are aliens. That's the whole point of the story (such as it is). ((Nonsense. Damned dog was neurotic.))



I heard about the Great New Mexico Obscenity Case. Fuck obscenity, I always say. Maybe I'll try reading the poem to my class next year and see if I can get Arizona in the same tizzy. (Not quite as well, I suspect--I'm not black. But I am bearded.) And I don't even like contemporary poetry...maybe I'll read them selections from the dirtiest bits of Shakespeare, and see what Governor Jack Just Folks Williams does. (Talk about Willard Shakespeare, existentialist novelist who corrupted the young with his sick nostrums, probably. The man is fantastic. The man is an ass. Arizona loves him.)

God is a 6000 foot tall red jelly-bean, and I am his prophet. Denny Lien.

((Are you finally finished?

Now that is a LETTER of comment.))

JOHN BRUNNER  
LONDON, U.K.

Tell C. W. Wolfe that if Ralph Milne Farley's The Immortals was the one which began with the hero discovering the negative periodic table of elements possessing "levity" instead of gravity, it certainly appeared in this country as a pb because I had a copy, back in the late 40's or early 50's. I'm afraid, though, I can't recall the publisher. Maybe Ken Slater, Mike Rosenblum or Leslie Flood could supply further details.

((And in a separate letter))

Thank you for the copy of Dynatron which I just received. It includes a review of THE JAGGED ORBIT, and if you find the paper of this letter slightly scorched it's because I do object to being pilloried for errors I didn't make. (When I make one, I cheerfully carry back the can - and I don't make it a second time.)

Ah - let's see. "Errors in political geography" (your plural), adducing the phrase "In one Chicago County..." As far as I know, Chicago is still in Cook County, Illinois, where it's been for donkey's years; I just moved house and all my books are in cardboard cartons, so I can't look it up. But you might, I think, have explained that this is a direct transcription of a news-story, a dispatch to the Guardian filed by their Washington correspondent, Richard Scott, which I incorporated word-for-word without changes. (I marked small omissions with ellipses.) Since the theme of the book is the disastrous consequences of isolation between human beings, it seemed like a logical illustration of the argument to include something of this nature unaltered; it's not for nothing that Shaw described us as "divided by the barrier of a common language", and I'm very acutely aware of the problems this creates.

As a matter of fact, I'm so aware that I had the text of this novel checked for proper usage by Terry Carr at Ace, who is - I believe - a native American, and he went through the MS word by word. Don't tell me there's a language barrier between New York and New Mexico too! I couldn't stand it!

((You are right, of course, that I should have caught the fact that that particular passage was a transcription. I can only plead the James Bond syndrome. My apologies for that. By the way, the latest Harris poll indicates that city residents are indeed erecting barriers and traps and generally following the courses of action you indicated in THE JAGGED ORBIT. It is rather frightening.))

X



GEORGE C. WILLOCK  
514 EAST STREET  
MADISON, INDIANA  
47250

Your cover reminds me of a drawing RiP Schultz did once...his was similar. Then I got to wondering about others I've seen that had common points of a woman apparition is space. Occurs to me to ask why? Two possibilities occur to me,

one; man may still be confounded by the female mind and see her as mysterious adventure; unfortunately this only applies to younger types... two; Man is dragging the womb with him as he leaves all safe environs behind; this may apply to us all, male and female (and it is rather widely neglected that females have back to the womb urges also.) Just a thought. ((Do you really buy that back to the womb crap?))

My copy of the super special 39th issue only had 24 pages, 12 sheets and 48 edges with two rather inferior grade staples. Which, of course, confused me after reading your contents (I'm one of those) until it dawned that Tackett had always professed skill in the numbers game so I dug out my Numerology book. Guess what? 39 if added is 12 if added is 3 which is the root of 39 and divides to 13 which adds to 4 times the root 3 gives us 12 which is the first sum of 39. Following this system I was able to find all contents exactly where listed.

Mr. Wolfe's article is of a type that leaves me cold...not because there is anything wrong with it...merely that it makes me feel uneducated and inferior; downgrades my collection; and makes me feel like new money.

Carmie Toulouse's article is rather rather, isn't it? I know when folk talked of digging holes and then salting a little gold around and coming up with an original gold mine. Or building roads to towns that haven't been built yet (and I mean six lane cloverleaf exit roads). It did not escape me that Toulouse referred to an article in Dynatron 36 which when added is 9 an end of 3 as is 36 and 39 so that 42 will be the issue to watch since it adds to 6 twice 3 and is 3 issues away. I tell you, Tackett, this is a goddamn science!

Is C. W. John any kin of E.

Namel John? His article is.

Eh, fellow? PKDick's story, "Roog", is not about a paranoid dog who thinks the garbage men are aliens..tis about a normal dog who knows the garbage men are aliens and would like to eat his masters if the cans ain't full. It is obvious to me that you do not have a garbage truck hating dog about. ((My dog has nothing against garbage men or trucks in themselves. He hates everybody. We have no garbage collectors out here in the tules but if we did I am sure that Trojan would happily eat both the collectors and their truck))

ROBERT P. BROWN  
1484 ELM AVENUE  
LONG BEACH, CALIF.  
90813

Several years now have been trying to locate name of story and name of author of one read in ARGOSY or ARGOSY ALL STORY about 1930. Something about a city in the sky held up there by atomic power. One of the characters in the story mentions that in the future it will be possible to send a ship around the world using a piece of "Uranium" (???) about the size of a fist as a power source. Perhaps Mr Wolfe can recall the name of the story, author's name, and date of issue of the mag?

((Woody was unable to come up with a definite answer on this one. Anybody know it?))



JOANNE BURGER  
55 BLUE BONNET CT.  
LAKE JACKSON, TEXAS  
77566

I sympathise with your plumbing problems. With me it is my teeth. I had been planning to go to Funcon II next month (It was a blast) but last week I was chewing gently on a prok chop and the side of a jaw tooth crumbled. This means that I have to have a crown put on it, since if I have it pulled, I have to have the corresponding tooth on the other side of the jaw pulled at the same time, or I'll have worse troubles. That thought doesn't send me either. I'm having to pay for it with Funcon trip money, and I'm sure the dentist can find other teeth to fill, too. So I guess I'll wait until next year to go.

The only time I buy F&SF is when they have a serial by Heinlein, or another author I like. I bought the first issue with Anderson's The Changeling in it and didn't like it enough to buy the second (I think the title is right). The rest of the issue was crud to me. Have you read Herbert's sequel to Dune yet? I just finished the first episode, and I don't think I'm going to like it. I'll wait until the serial is thru before I make my final judgement, but I like more action in a story and so far there hasn't been any action. (I usually wait until I have all installments before reading a serial. For action you should read Silverberg's "Up The Line" in AMAZING.)

DOUGLAS WENDT  
ROUTE 1  
WHITEFISH, MONT.  
59937

I liked the humorous (?) column by C. W. John. Though "radical center" is really a quite accurate term. "Republicans are no damned good"--well, of course, kids should be taught the facts of life as soon as possible.

I'm another guy who just doesn't care for the "sci-fi" abbreviation.

You have pretty well shafted John Brunner's writing. (No, Just one of his books. I won't condemn any author on the basis of one book.) I have the bookclub selection, STAND ON ZANZIBAR, coming. I'll be interested in seeing what I think of it.

After your session with the water, doesn't the Hippy bit look rather better than it did? Can't say I know much about those types, really--Montana weather does not encourage going around without shoes.

XXXXX

Have a note here from Leon E. Taylor, P. O. Box 89, Seymour, Indiana 47274, plugging the Futerran League, a teenage SF correspondence club which also publishes EARTHLIGHT, a fanzine available for 20¢. So, if you are interested in teenage SF correspondence clubs write to Leon Taylor or to Dianna Radomyski, Box 71, Manning, Alberta, Canada.

The Albuquerque Science Fiction Group meets monthly, generally on the first Sunday (but subject to change), to do whatever it is they do. If you would like more information contact the Secretary: Gordon Benson, P. O. Box 8124, Albuquerque, N.M. 87108.

DOODLING SPACE FOR EDCO



Ah, yes, my old and rare, this is DYNATRON #40. Dynatron is neither old nor rare but I wouldn't go so far as to say it was common, either. A common fanzine these days is one that is beautifully printed, contains long articles by assorted pros named Dean Koontz and all sorts of art by a variety of professional artists named Jack Gaughan and runs to two or three hundred pages and sells for up to a dollar. Dynatron, however, has none of these, being the same old mimeographed 20 pages without artwork. Actually, you get a bonus this time. 22 pages. But this also happens to be the grand and glorious 9th Annish so I figured to do something special.

Be that as it may DYNATRON is a traditional science fiction/fantasy fanzine published quarterly by Roy Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. It, Dynatron that is, is available mostly for a show of interest, in trade for other products of the fannish press or for up to two bits for a sample copy. Our British Agent is Ethel Lindsay whose address will not be published lest great hordes of Britishers subscribe and there are already great hordes of Britishers on the mailing list and what would I do with two great hordes of Britishers?

Somewhere in this issue you will find an article by C. W. Wolfe, an article by Alexis Gilliland, a column by the editor and a bunch of letters by a bunch of fans. And maybe even some other stuff....I haven't read this issue yet.

Fanz reviewers keep referring to Dynatron as an apazine. It isn't even if it looks like one. It is a genzine that gets used now and again for apa credits. Other than that it is, as always, a Marinated Publication and this issue is dated August, 1969.

FROM:

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



TO:

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
THIRD CLASS MAIL  
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED  
AND WHATEVER ELSE IS NECESSARY.

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19159 Helen  
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48234