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There is an ancient tale of a young fellow named Daniel who annoyed a king and got himself tossed into a den of lions for his effort. Dan was a pretty cool cat himself so he and the lions got along fine. When the king saw that Dan was having a ball there in the lion's den he figured that he had better think up something new so he hollered, "Daniel, come forth." Dan tried but he slipped and came in sixth, three lengths behind the lead lion who paid \$2.50 to win. This is the sixth DYNATRON and it isn't a slip but was done deliberately. The culprit in the editor's chair (said chair being in Japan these days) is Roy Tackett who cuts the stencils and sends them to the overworked publisher. The publisher is Chrystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA. (That's a change of address, by the way.) DYNATRON is published bi-monthly (HA!) more or less and is available for fanzine trades, contributions of material (bless you), letters of comment, and even for money. 15¢ per or 8 for a buck. I just realized that I left out the editorial address and there's not enough space left on the stencil to include it so if you don't know it by now write c/o Chrys. This is a Marinated Publication.

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July/August 1960

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X MARINATING X
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EXCUSES. ALWAYS EXCUSES. The fourth issue of this somewhat irregular publication appeared in March and by mid-April #5 was on stencil and on its way to Albuquerque. By doing some rapid calculating (some people have, at times, referred to me as the calculating type) I arrived at the conclusion that since we had managed to get out an issue on the average of almost once every two months I might as well announce a bi-monthly schedule. The 5th Dynatron, therefor, bravely proclaimed to the microcosm that it was a bi-monthly publication. (Actually it proclaimed itself to be a Marinated Publication which appeared bi-monthly; but why quibble about syntax? Ghod! Have they taxed that, too?)

Ha!

The best laid plans and all that sort of stuff. I had not reckoned with the perversity of inanimate objects nor on the fantastic length of time it takes to get a mimeograph rebuilt.

The stencils arrived in Albuquerque in time for Dynatron 5 to appear (like the flowers that bloom, etc) in May. Chrystal, being a dutiful wife, made a valiant attempt to publish but the mimeo refused to cooperate. A full ream of paper was smeared, half-printed, and emerged in a generally illegible condition as the mimeo (apparently revolting at the thought of having to work every other month and, I might add, our publisher was on the verge of revolt as she surveyed the ghodawful mess) shuddered and creaked and then collapsed completely. (This, mind you, is a machine purchased new only last September and its only use has been to crank out four issues of Dynatron.) I'm not sure what--if anything--killed SF but Dynatron apparently kills mimeographs.

So on the first day of May (a day noted for weird happenings all over the globe) the various parts and pieces were boxed, returned to the dealer, and shipped off to the factory for reassembly and repair.

May passed. (She was holding only a small pair.) Around the first of June the dealer notified Chrys that a list of necessary repairs and costs had been received from the factory. Necessary repairs included such items as a new drum, a new roller, and miscellaneous items totaling \$37. (On a nine month old mimeo, yet!) Chrys transfixed the smiling young man behind the counter with her good eye and informed him that if he thought she was going to pay \$37 for new parts and pieces for a less than year old mimeograph he was--so to speak--in need of psychiatric treatment. The smiling young man hastened to assure her that the guarantee on the machine was still in effect and that all costs would be paid by the dealer. Chrys agreed that this was fair enough but opined that, since the machine was almost new, if the dealer paid without protest he should consult the nearest talking doctor. However, all parted amiably with assurances that the Tackett mimeo would be speedily repaired and returned.

June passed. (Her hand wasn't any better than May's.) Chrys returned from her vacation refreshed and eager to get about the business of letting another issue of Dynatron shine upon the fannish world. She called the dealer to find out when she could pick up the machine.

"I'm sorry, Ma'm, but it hasn't come back yet."

This was not, obviously, the right answer.

There was only a slight pause while Chrystal's temper boiled over. (Things boil more quickly at high altitudes, you know, and Albuquerque is a mile above sea-level.) "Let me speak to the manager."

The manager was a smiling voiced type. And just what was the problem? The problem was that a mimeograph had been turned in for repair on the 1st of May and that it was now the 10th of July and the smiling-voiced manager had better A, produce the Tackett mimeograph with alacrity, or B, replace it immediately with a new machine, or C, refund the price of the machine so that we could purchase a new one ELSEWHERE.

REFUND THE MONEY?? Sound of phone calls being made and frantic messages being sent on the drums to the wilder parts of Oklahoma. "Your mimeograph will be back in three days, Ma'm."

Presumably it was or you wouldn't be reading this.

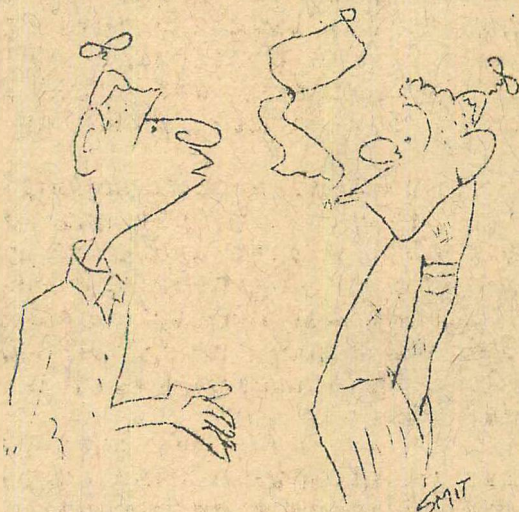
And the moral to this tale is never draw to an inside straight.

Mentioning the perversity of inanimate objects calls to mind a news item from Yuba City, Calif. In May a tractor on an almond farm there threw its driver and backed over him "injuring him," as the report says, "fatally." The tractor presumably decided that this was great sport for two months later it did the same thing again. Different driver, of course, but the results were the same.

want to read "Killdozer" again.

Sort of makes me

CRAIG COCHRAN postcards from Scottsdale that he has come down with an acute case of gafia and the prognosis is such that he'll be absent from the fannish scene for the next couple of years. Maybe the lecture about trees was too much for him.



I sent this article on comic books to DYNATRON and you should have heard the language!

MASTER THEODORE PAULS, ardent admirer of KIPPLE, Ted Pauls, and DONALD DUCK COMICS, recently (in KIPPLE 13) professed alarm and dissatisfaction with the way in which DYNATRON is being edited. I thank Master Pauls for his interest and concern in this modest effort but hasten to suggest that he could more properly spend his valuable time in maintaining the high quality of his own excellent publication and let those whose names appear on DYNATRON's masthead worry about this particular fanzine.

MEMO TO METCALF: Re Hugo nominations. You wuz robbed. NEW FRONTIERS was the best fanzine to appear in 1960. Maybe it didn't appear often enough.

JUST A JAPANESE FAN, MAN. It is a truism (or something) that where one finds science-fiction one finds science-fiction fans. One even finds fans where stf itself doesn't exist. On my last tour of duty in Japan (1955-56) I was deeply sunk in the mire of gafia so I made no attempt to find out anything about Japanese stf at that time. This time, however, with the fannish fire burning more brightly than ever, I arrived in the orient eager to discover if the Rising Sun shone on the micro-cosm.

First reports were not encouraging. Bob Smith reported that so far as he knew only Tetsu Yano represented fandom in this portion of the world. Helen Wesson reported that, from her vantage point in Yokohama, she could discern no sign of fannish activity. Was Japan, I wondered, a blank spot on the fannish map? A fannish desert? This did not seem likely in view of the number of scientifilms produced here.

I prowled the newsstands of Iwakuni and was rewarded by the discovery of SF MAGAZINE, the Japanese edition of F&SF, and I was delighted to find that it featured a letter column. My newly re-sensitized fannish instincts detected signs that the Ether was Vibrating and the ghost of Sergeant Saturn whispered in my ear that this was the gateway. I sat down at my typewriter--the very machine which once hacked out letters to TWS and STARTLING--and dashed off a letter to the editor of SF MAGAZINE. I was, I explained, a proud and lonely Amerifan searching for information on science-fiction and fandom here in the mysterious east. Would he, perchance, publish my letter and thus put me into contact with initiates in this part of the world? He did. (Is this a fannish first?).

Response to the letter, which appeared in the July issue, was surprisingly quick. Letters soon arrived from Tetsu Yano, Den Yoshimitsu, Takumi Shibano, and Shoko Uhara.

Tetsu, of course, is not unknown to fandom having attended one of the worldcons. He translates much of the material which appears in SF MAGAZINE. His letter included a request for an article on American and European fanzines which he thought he could get published over here and help to spread the word, so to speak. I applied my meager talents to the task and came up with what I hope is not too distorted a picture of fan publishing in the US and Europe. Tetsu performed the chore of translating and acted as agent and the article will be published in a forthcoming issue of SF MAGAZINE.

Shoko Uhara is a 16 year old femme-fan, a high-school student, who is very interested in SF. I've attempted to put her into contact with Japanese fandom since she apparently wasn't aware of any organized clubs. Den Yoshimitsu is an electronics engineer for Kawasaki Aircraft Company and a budding writer. Takumi Shibano is a math teacher, director of the Science Fiction Club of Japan, editor of UCHUJIN, and apparently Japan's version of 4e. I am indebted to Takumi and Den for the following information on Japanese stf.

There is, most assuredly, a fandom in Japan. It is still quite small but is very active and has produced some writers who have become nationally prominent. SF fandom in Japan is a new phenomenon. The first organization of any type appeared in May, 1957, when Takumi Shibano and a few others discovered they had a common interest in SF. Takumi organized the Kagaku Sōsaku (Science Fiction) Club of Japan and, since there was no prozine of any type devoted to the field, brought out UCHUJIN so that the writers would have a place for publication and the readers something to read.

By the end of 1957 the club had grown to 80 members and the latest roster lists 180 (including a foreigner named Roy Tackett). The club meets monthly in Tokyo to discuss science-fiction and to publish UCHŪJIN. Other groups are being formed around the country and fandom appears to be growing rapidly. A club was formed last year in Osaka which now has about 30 members and publishes a quarterly fanzine titled NULL.

Japanese fandom, like most fandoms other than the Anglo-American variety, is serious. The fans are very concerned with science-fiction as a form of literature and as a vehicle for the transmission of scientific ideas. Fannishness, as such, appears to be absent from the scene at present although Takumi tells me

"as editor of UCHŪJIN I have been troubled lately by club members who have been arguing two different principles. One group says that we should continue our policy of serving as a showcase for developing writers and presenting material for later commercial publication while the other group says we should devote more interest and space to fandom itself."

Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

Japanese fans are very much interested in science-fiction and in fandom and are eager to learn about the field outside Japan. I have distributed the fanzines I had on hand and the reaction has been one of surprise that such things exist and a desire for more. I'm certain that fanzines and letters would be much appreciated. For the benefit of faneds and letterhacks here are the names and addresses:

Takumi Shibano,
118 O-okayama, Meguro-ku,
Tokyo, Japan

Tetsu Yano,
9050 Kunitachi-Machi,
Kitatama-gun,
Tokyo, Japan

Den Yoshimitsu,
Quality Engineering Div,
Kawasaki Aircraft Co., Ltd.
Mikakino Sohara-cho, Inaba-gun,
Gifu Prefecture, Japan

Miss Shoko Uhara,
c/o M. Kimoto,
1073 Horen-Minami,
Nara City, Nara,
Japan

They would like to hear from fans in America, Europe, and Australia. One word of warning to you letterhacks, though, you'll have to explain the more esoteric fannish terminology.

I am currently trying to convince Takumi that a fanzine published in English and distributed internationally would be well received. The main objection seems to be that he fears that Japanese fans do not have a good enough command of English to undertake such a venture. Judging by the letters I have received I would say that his fears on that account are without foundation and I think that with a bit of encouragement they could publish a successful international fanzine.

And if you happen to have some prozines or paperbacks knocking about looking for a place to land I'm sure that they would be appreciated very much. The letters I get express a keen interest in American/European professional stf. Since there is only one prozine published here available material is quite limited.

(MARINATING continues on page 12 because I've got to fill that blank with something.)

THE UNENDING STREAM

UCHŪJIN #45. Takumi Shibano, 118 O-okayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan. 60-70 pages, Monthly. Distributed to members of the SFClub of Japan.

UCHŪJIN (which translates as "Cosmic Dust") is Japan's oldest and leading fanzine. It was the first SF magazine published in Japan and began publication about two years before the first prozine made its appearance. UCHŪJIN has the appearance and format of a professional zine. It is printed with a two-color cover and there is some color used on the interior artwork which is mostly abstract design. The magazine is printed in Japanese, of course, so I can't make any statements as to the quality of the writing.

This issue starts off with a SF quiz which is more of a test of the reader's knowledge of some of the basic stuff ingredients than about SF itself. There are 20 questions which ask the reader to identify such items as Mu, Knossos, Angkor Thom, Cheops, etc.

"Buzzer and Coffee" by S. Takihara is the lead story. A murderer attempts to escape to the moon via interplanetary liner. He is discovered and attempts to kill the pilot by poisoning the coffee and squirting it into the pilot's mouth from the squeeze bottle necessary for consumption of liquids in free fall. The poisoned coffee also spreads across the instrument panel and shorts an alarm buzzer.

"Explorer's Return" (approximate translation) is a tale of a lone scout for the space patrol written by R. Mitsuse. This is a full-length novel and is being published as a serial. Part 10 in this issue.

Den Yoshimitsu has a story titled "Revenge" which tells of a young scientist's peculiar retaliation on a tight-fisted and overbearing uncle. A mind-switch with a pig is involved.

"Perfect Vision" by A. Imai is a yarn about the development of a device which brings to reality the things imagined by those who use it.

S. Tokura has a story the title of which my translator was unable to express in English. The story concerns a time when the government, in a move to control the size of the population has legalized suicide and established great emporiums for those who want to leave this vale of tears. The central character is an attendant at one of the emporiums whose great joy in life is to help those seeking death achieve their goal--particularly if they happen to be beautiful young girls.

The final part of T. Katsura's novel "Black Rainbow" appears in this issue. This is the story of a man who could mentally project himself thousands of years into the future.

A critical essay on current science-fiction by T. Mayumura, a column on the movie and TV scene, and a lettercol round out the issue.

Takumi has asked me to pass along a request for material from American and European fans. Articles concerning science-fiction and biographical material about the pro-writers is particularly desired. When submitting material please double space so that there will be room between the lines to write the translation into Japanese.

There's about forty-eleven other fanzines in the stack that ought to be reviewed. Verily, there is no end to the flood. However, I promised our fair publisher that I wouldn't inflict her with more than 20 stencils per issue and it would require more than that just to review the fmz on hand. Maybe next time....

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RT

NOTES ON JAPANESE SCIENCE FICTION

by
Den. Yoshimitsu

Japanese science-fiction, like that of other nations, can trace its beginnings back to the fairy tales and supernatural stories of the ancient people. The true science-fiction form began to develop around the end of the 19th century when stories by the more famous foreign writers were introduced into our country. At that time Japan produced two science-fiction writers of note. Ruiko Kuroiwa is best remembered for Dark Star and Kenji Miyagawa wrote The Night of the Galaxy Express.

In 1927 began the era of showa, the age of change, for our science-fiction. (Editor's note: I believe Den means that at this time stf began to be recognized as an acceptable form of literature by both the writers and the public rather than just being considered as fairy tales for children.) At this time appeared the greatest Japanese science-fiction writer. His name is Juzo Unno. Almost all of the people of Japan, even those who do not read science-fiction, know his name. His early work was in the detective story field but about 1935 he began to write science stories for children. His stories were created with great scientific imagination and he came to write true science-fiction. He soon became the top writer in Japan. He produced many works and some of his best known stories are The Continent Under the Sea, The Martian Army Corps, The Fortress of Earth, and The Flying Island.

When Japanese fans talk of science-fiction they always talk of Juzo Unno. He created modern Japanese science-fiction and his death soon after the war covered the field with a dark cloud.

In recent years two men have contributed much to the field and have revived science-fiction in Japan. First is Takumi Shibano who founded our club and, in May, 1957, began to publish UCHUJIN which was our first fanzine and, indeed, our first science-fiction magazine. Mr. Shibano is very capable and his efforts have aided the development of many of our writers including Shinichi Hoshi who is not only a famous SF writer but is also well known in television and other fields.

The second man is Tetsu Yano who introduced American science-fiction to Japan through his many excellent translations. He has visited the United States and attended a world convention so is the one fan best known outside Japan.

In February 1960 Japanese science-fiction received its most powerful boost when Hayakawa Shobo Company began publishing the professional SF MAGAZINE (Japanese edition of F&SF. RT). This brings us many American stories as well as featuring the works of Japanese writers.

In 1960 another fan club of about 20 members was established in Osaka and our two clubs held a combined convention during March of this year. We are working together to obtain better SF in Japan.

Japanese science-fiction is still in its infancy but we are growing day by day. We want help from American and European fans so that we can make it truly successful.

DEN YOSHIMITSU

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A CASE OF ABSURDITY

by
ED GORMAN

Alfred Bester, in a recent F&SF column, remarked that a flaw in the general makeup of stf writers was the fact that they distort and make the real world into an ill-shapen mass to fit their own needs.

Bester is obviously hard-up for things to write. Thus far, one ridiculous thesis has been piled on another -- some of his criticism, true, has been perceptive and vital, but the above statement seems rather absurd, especially coming from the creator of The Demolished Man and The Stars My Destination, or whatever title (there were several) you happen to prefer for the latter.

Science fiction in its most basic form is naturally distortion, as is more urbane fantasy. Scientific facts, characters, personality traits, all are contorted and misconstrued to achieve the writer's hoped for point.

But this can be said of mainstream writing, too. Steinbeck reports what Steinbeck sees, and Hemingway as Hemingway sees. I wouldn't call their works distorted, simply prejudiced and judged by personal interpretation. For instance, Of Mice and Men by Steinbeck presents Lenny as a rather strange character. Certainly, on meeting anyone such as Lenny, I'd grant that he was odd enough -- but still, his oddness would not strike me as it did Steinbeck. Because of latent knowledge and memories in my subconscious, I would do a slightly different version of Lenny if I were to put him to paper. And each of our Lenny's would vary in some way.

That is one of literature's most supreme assets -- difference of opinion and of interpretation. Like snowflakes, no single idea is treated in quite the same manner by every writer, no single idea emerges as a replica of another. In some way the idea of one differs from another, and as long as human nature remains on the same tried path, things will most likely remain this way.

In science fiction and fantasy, however, exaggeration and distortion are but one of the necessary crafts. For instance, look at utopian novels. Aren't they all blatantly ballooned out of shape? Aren't they all nightmarish magnifications of our contemporary world? By their very nature they have to be.

In stf's more serious realm, there is usually a moral, or at least a point to be made. Bradbury, for example, usually uses his story as a vehicle for a message; he achieves this by bloating the contemporary up to a size which becomes obvious, and by making the ordinary extraordinary.

Bradbury's The Other Foot uses the segregation theme. The Negro populace of Earth has been placed on Mars, and there left to persevere and continue their race. On Terra, however, the Whites have continued with their efforts to blow each other off into a cloud of radioactive smoke. And, as is expected, they have done so. Now, by misconstruction Bradbury has laid down a self-evident story theme. There is but one place for the Whites to go because of the radioactive poisoning which endangers Earth -- that place, of course, is Mars.

How the Negroes react, what their memories drive them to, makes a splendid story, and illustrates a timeless point. But how, in a contemporary story, unless it was broken down into an individual thing--a white man and a black man on an island, for example--could a moral of this importance be presented without Bradbury's complete disregard for "factual" reporting? It couldn't have.

Despite the fact that his own The Demolished Man had few moral overtones, Bester himself is a most guilty inditree of his own premise. Wasn't the telepathic society magnified and distorted by comparison with our current one? Wasn't the murder contained in it a wholly false picture of murder when compared to that of our present day?

Even if Bester is implying a falsity of emotion and reaction rather than exaggeration, in his complaint and citing this as his thesis, then he is still in error, for if science fiction is the "literature of tomorrow" an untrue interpretation must still be considered honest and worthful because it was made within the garb of a boundless literary media.

If Bester would cease trying to fill space, and concentrate on a valid point, I would say that he would (possibly) equal the criticism of Damon Knight. But a point so self-denouncing as the one I have considered here is hardly worth the trouble.

Or is it?

ED GORMAN

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AMATUER PSYCHOLOGY

Around my wrist, wound 7 times, is a chain
Each link is caught again and again.
So are we, eternally, caught in a link.
Caught by each other, led, never to think.

DOROTHY HARTWELL

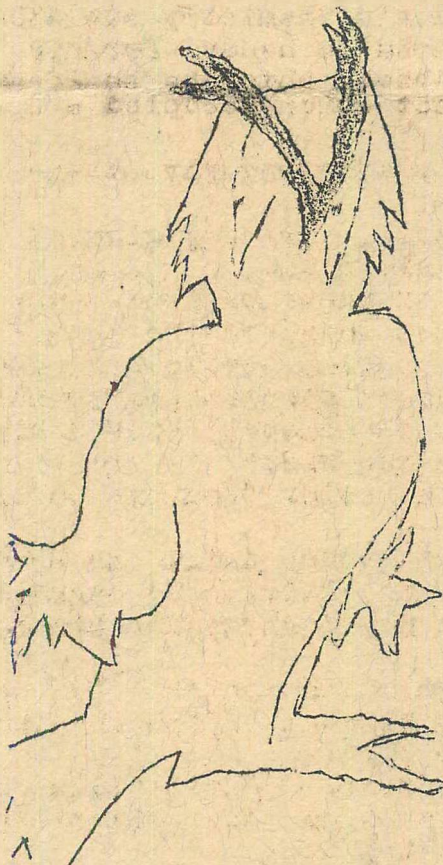
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Certainly we endorse Los Angeles for the 1964 worldcon site. Doesn't everybody?

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Franz Solcher reports that Eurotopia, the big German fan federation, will bring out a prozine. First issue late this year or early next year. Gerfans decided to do something about the field in Germany. X

DYNATRON



This is not a picture of Ed Cox.

A BROTHER FOR GERALD

by

Rex de Winter

"Gerald! This room is a mess! Will you ever learn to pick up after yourself and put things where they belong?"

Martha Gordon looked exasperated. She was exasperated. Gerald's room was quite literally a mess with books and papers scattered helter-skelter on chairs and on the floor. The object of her exasperation, her 12 year old son, Gerald, was hunched over an exceedingly cluttered table engrossed in a book.

"OK, Mom," Gerald said without looking up, "I'll clean up in a little while."

Martha Gordon gave her son an indulgent smile and began to move a stack of books from the floor to the bookcase. She knew that she should be firm with Gerald and insist that he clean up the room himself but he was the only product of the Gordon union and she was inclined to be lenient with him. After all, he was an intelligent boy and a good boy. He never gave her or his father any trouble and usually kept himself occupied with his books and his chemistry set and the other scientific paraphernalia which he insisted he needed for his "experiments". She stacked four biochemistry books onto the shelf and then did a slow take on an odd-looking object which occupied a space further along the shelf.

"Gerald, what is this?" Martha Gordon poked gingerly at the object in question.

"Oh, that's just an ear, Mom." The small, dark boy glanced briefly at the object and then returned to his book.

"Oh." Martha decided that it was one of those prefab things off the plastic anatomy model that Gerald had somewhere in the room. She finished stacking the books on the shelves, patted Gerald affectionately on the head, and went downstairs to greet her homecoming husband.

George Gordon hung his hat and coat in the closet, kissed his wife, poured a martini, and asked, "Where's the kid?"

"Upstairs in his room, as usual," Martha said. "Pour me one of those."

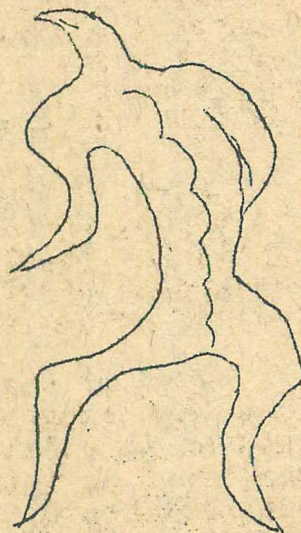
"He spends too much time in that room," George said. He handed Martha a martini and settled into his favorite chair. "He ought to get out and play with the other kids. It's not healthy for him to coop himself up like that."

"I know, George," Martha sat on the arm of the chair, "but he doesn't seem interested. Besides, it keeps him out of trouble and we certainly know where he is and what he's up to."

"Yeah," said George. He sipped his martini. "But still he ought to get out and play more. How long has he been on this scientific kick now anyway? Three months or so, isn't it?"

"Oh, something like that. Let's see, he asked for the chemistry set the day that Bobby's big brother hit him."

"Oh, yes, I remember now." George reached for the evening paper. "He came into the house crying that he wished he had a big brother so they wouldn't dare push him around. That's what he really needs,



Martha, a brother or sister to help look after. That would get his mind out of the books and back to earth."

Martha sighed wistfully. "You know that's not possible, George. Or at least you should know it by now. We've known ever since Gerald was born that I couldn't become pregnant again."

George unfolded the newspaper and snapped it open. "We've been over this before, Martha. There is nothing to prevent us from adopting a brother for Gerald."

"You know how I feel about that, George. It wouldn't be the same as my own child. Besides, you can't be sure of what you get from an adoption agency. The child might turn out to be mentally twisted or something and not fit company for Gerald."

"Those agencies are pretty thorough, Martha; I've checked them. Any child that they put out for adoption is OK."

"You can't be sure."

George glared at the paper. "Talk about being mentally twisted," he said, "I see that our fair city's own personal ghoul was at it again last night. How do you figure a kook like that? It says here that the morgue at Hillside Hospital was broken into and a corpse was mutilated. 'The police are working on it.' Ha! Great police department we have. This character has been carving up dead bodies for three months and they haven't got him yet."

Martha reached for a cigarette. "That's what I mean, George. Suppose we adopted a boy and he turned out to be something like that?"

"I hardly think a child would go around dissecting corpses." George gazed at his wife wondering how she could be so foolish. "This is obviously the work of some maniac. He's taken enough parts and pieces in the past three months to build a body all his own. God knows what he is doing with them but I assure you this is not the work of a child. Your problem, Martha, is that you don't want another child who might claim a share of your love and attention. You want to give it all to Gerald and you are spoiling him rotten."

Martha's intended rejoinder went unspoken as the 12 year old light of her life entered the room leading by the hand a shambling ill-dressed boy somewhat larger than himself.

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad." Gerald smiled brightly at his parents.

"Hi, Son." George looked up from his newspaper. "Who's your friend?" He eyed Gerald's companion with a bit of distaste but thought that at least he might serve to bring his son back to the world of reality and get him interested in something besides books and spending all of his time on those so-called experiments.

"This is Billy," said Gerald as he pulled the larger boy around to his father's chair, "and he's not my friend, he's my new brother."

Martha stubbed out her cigarette. "Now, Gerald, don't be silly. Where do you live, Billy?"

The larger boy looked at Gerald with questioning eyes. He opened his mouth but no words came out.

"I told you, Mom, he's my new brother. He lives here with me. I made him."

George dropped the newspaper. "YOU WHAT?" he snouted.

"I made him, Dad. Isn't he a keen brother? Of course, he doesn't talk very well yet, and he's kind of awkward but he's learning. Pretty soon we'll be able to show that old Bobby and his brother that they can't push us around."

Martha's face went gray under her makeup. "George," she gasped, "George, do something."

"Take it easy, Martha, he's just pretending. Aren't you just pretending, Gerald?"

"No, Dad, I really did make Billy." Gerald gestured towards the silent figure beside him. "A while back I accidentally cut off the cat's foot with the lawnmower. Well, I bandaged up the cat and took the foot to my room to study. I injected it with some stuff that I had made up out of my chemistry set and the foot stayed warm and pliable and seemed to be OK. So I injected some of the stuff into the cat's leg and stuck the foot back on. The two parts grew together right away and the cat was as good as new. Well, after that old Bobby's brother hit me I decided that I'd make myself a brother to help me out."

Martna stared blankly at her son but George's face contorted with dawning comprehension.

"How did you make him, Gerald?" he whispered.

"It was easy, Dad. I studied the anatomy books to see what I would need and then went to the hospitals and mortuaries to get the pieces. I'd wait for them to bring in a fresh body and then would slip in and get the part I needed when no one was looking. I found out that if I injected each piece with my chemical solution as soon as I got it that it would keep fresh. I fitted the pieces together like it showed in the anatomy books and the model and they grew together and became whole. Last night I got the last part I needed from Hillside Hospital and today I finished Billy. Isn't he a keen brother?"

REX DE WINTER

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MARINATING (cont'd from page 5)

Another Japanese fan was heard from after the list of names and addresses on page 5 was typed.

Toshio Ogawa,
Finance Section
Ground Staff Office,
Defence Department,
Hinokicho, Minato-ku,
Tokyo, Japan

Toshio is a finance officer for the GSDF. (That's the Japanese Army. Officially the Ground Self Defense Force.) As with the others, Toshio is keenly interested in stf and wants information on American/European magazines and books.

X

BHEER being one of fandom's favorite subjects as well as one of its favorite potables, I'm sure you will all be interested in this next bit of intelligence. A group of Japanese scientists have discovered why beer develops a rather unusual taste when exposed to sunlight. It is due to "3-methyl-2-butenyl mercaptan, formed by a photochemical reaction between the 3-methyl-2-butenyl group in the molecules of the humulones or lupulones and certain sulfur containing compounds present in beer."

Honest.

X

Henstell: I just got my first glimpse of HELP. ECCH! Dodd: Article on swords nextish maybe. Willick: Berkeley is as close to SouthernCal as you are to Atlanta. PAR-SECTION is a deep south fanzine? Andrews: What happened to SFG? VfV: When?

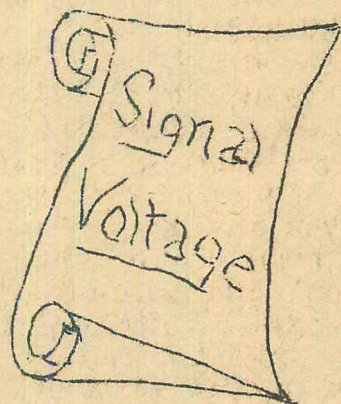
X

Which seems to be the bottom of the last stencil to be cut. Nextish out in September, I hope.

ROY TACK TT

XXXXX

INPUT
TO THE
DYNATRON



ALAN BURNS,
GOLDSPINK HOUSE,
GOLDSPINK LANE,
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE 2,
ENGLAND

I note your remarks about the professorial gents who speak with the brazen voice of authority. I've always held the opinion that it's any-

one's guess just what does lie "out there". As a good theosophist I keep an open mind. Clairvoyant studies of Mars and Venus have been made and for my money they could be just as accurate as the instrumental efforts.

Regarding Art Rapp's letter, I want to make the point that demonology and witchcraft are not the same, but setting aside for ignorance I would like to say that Art has been reading too many horror tales and/or "sensational exposures". As I have always pointed out witchcraft is essentially a human religion based upon human needs and quali-

ties, and the disgusting practices that are supposed to take place at Sabbats are usually figments of the diseased imagination of those who have not the frame of mind to become proper witches, and, of course, the statement that the Black Mass is a parody of the Mass in the Church is just rubbish. I will say, however, that witches have absolutely no false modesty and it is highly probable that many witches join nudist colonies so that they can expose themselves to the earth, air, and solar currents at every possible opportunity without offending those less wise. In England, weather being what it is, sabbats are usually attended and celebrated by people in full clothing, though on a warm summer evening it is quite possible that clothes may be shed for comfort. I haven't read "The Hell-Fire Club" and reports of what went on at devil-worship ceremonies in many cases were illicit under what nice people would call duress, and how many innocent people died horribly to gratify the lusts of so-called "good" people doesn't bear thinking of. "Hide hide witch, the good folk come to burn thee, their keen enjoyment hidden by the gothic mask of duty." Verp sap.

I won't quibble about the fact that the Inquisitors probably got a large charge from the cooking of witches; humans do enjoy a circus. Admitted, too, that magic is almost incredibly ancient and that the witch-cult most likely had its origins in the worship of Diana, Hecate, and Apollo, but with the spread of Christianity the witches readily adopted Satanism and demonology and their practices during medieval times were anything but innocent. Unless you go way back to the pre-Christian you cannot practice witchcraft without including demonology.

HARRY WARNER, JR. I keep thinking you're misspelling your wife's first
423 SUMMIT AVE., name. I don't think I've ever seen the h in the
HAGERSTOWN, MD. word, even when used as a given name.

Black magic material upsets me, I'm afraid. If there's nothing to the activities, it's silly, even worse than the Cosmic Circle. If there is any basis for the performances, I want to know as little as possible about them.

I'd worried about a letter I wrote to Les Sample because I'd said rather harsh things about the poetry in that issue of Fan-Tome. Now I see that this concern was unnecessary, since he didn't write it himself. But it's pretty hard to see why any poet would want to be anonymous in the case of work which is going to an audience which won't know him and will have no means of determining his whereabouts.

WARNER, cont'd. You are a most fortunate person to get those long and interesting letters from Art Rapp. I think there are possibilities in his advertising agency suggestion, and I feel that more advertisements are the only way in which the prozines can begin publishing again a fair amount of wordage in return for the reader's money. The ratio of words-per-penny must have gone down 75% since the start of World War II.

I'm not too happy to think of experiments with human embryos outside their natural habitat. But the precedent that would be involved in some kind of ban on these experiments would be more serious than the present situation. Killing off an embryo after it's been in a test-tube for a few weeks might lead to the survival of the embryo later in pregnant women who become fatally ill or are involved in fatal accidents.

I found that hospital personnel are either very prudish or very ghoulish about sick jokes, with no inbetweens. Those who were interested show an astonishing hunger and capacity for the things. I had particular success with the one in which the little girl asks her mother how she knows that there is Strontium-90 lingering around, and is told, "I can feel it in my bones."

X I could say that the "n" in Chrystal was fannish but this is not exactly true. The consumption of milk in the Tackett household is sometimes accompanied by remarks about making sure the kids get their daily ration of Strontium-90. RTX

PENNIE PALMER
P. O. BOX 63
PLACENTIA, CALIF.

X The short paragraph by Cochran, cont'd. caught my eye, and if brother Cochran cares to hold a small discussion on the annelids, chordata, or mollusca, I will gladly treat him to two or three dissertations

on these subjects.

X Craig Cochran, if I were you and received this offer from Pennie Palmer (a fine fannish name, that), I would ungafiate immediately, develop a burning interest in zoology and move to Southern California. RTX

BUCK COULSON
ROUTE 3,
WABASH, IND.

X I almost sent in a cover consisting of a cross-section of a dicotyledinous stem that I had to do for biology. I figured you could title it "a cover for Craig Cochran." But after getting my old biology notebook out, I looked at the drawing and decided that I certainly wasn't going to cut the blasted thing on stencil, even for the privilege of pointing out xylem, phloem, cambium, etc. Besides it was only about 2 inches square.

X I'm almost desperate enough for covers to have printed it, too. Gad, if much more of this scientific terminology shows up I'll have to start putting out Dynatron in German. RTX

DON FITCH
3908 FRIJO
COVINA, CALIF.

X Do anata? Anata wa nihongo wo benkyo wo snite imasu kara, kono tegami to loc wo nihongo ni kaite imasno ka? X Nani? Kono taipuraita wa nihongo hanashimasen. And neither do I. RTX "7 or 8 people named Bruce"--wonder-

ful! But "the LASFS "more given to seriousness and maturity"?? What was it like 15 years ago? What could it have been like then? X Crazy, man, crazy. RTX

PAUL SHINGLETON, JR
320 26TH STREET
DUNBAR, WEST VA.

X Cover: Marvelous! Great! Stupendous! Terrific! Best I've seen on a fanzine or prozine for 19 years. Cochran is wrong about it being unlawful to give traffic officers a %age of the fines they collect. Georgia does it. That's why this particular state is

SHINGLETON, cont'd. such a speed-trap. Does anyone know what material has the strongest strength to weight ratio in the world? The answer will surprise you.

Nothing surprises me. I figure you'll come up with the xylem or phloem or the like. Re cover comments, what magazine you getting? RT

DICK ELLINGTON
2162 HILLSIDE AVE.,
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF.

Your note on fanzines disintergrating on the Pacific crossing brings back not-so-fond memories indeed. I didn't suffer too much in Japan from this, though that was bad enough, I'll admit, but in the Philippines it really got rough there for a while. I had nightmares of fiendish Army mail clerks doing Polish mountain dances in calked boots on acres of neatly wrapped magazines to while away the long voyage. Rags, I used to get. Besides the mauling the stuff took we could figure anything in the way of parcel post or printed matter taking about 6 to 8 weeks to get to us. Peacetime efficiency indeed.

Science seems to be "discovering" new chemical forms which affect the mind with great regularity lately. I use the quotes because in most cases they're things that some minority of the world's population has used for some time. Alcoa Presents, a rather interesting half-hour TV show, recently varied their form and did a report on a little expedition they took part in--to someplace (natch I've forgotten where) in Central America to gather and do research on a peculiar form of mushroom which is only found there and which certain of the natives have been using for quite some time. The interesting bit is that evidence indicates very strongly that the use of the mushroom stimulates psi power in human beings something fierce. Several scientists in this country are now doing serious work with the stuff. In the native locale the users are mainly "medicine men" who are actually just question and answer boys.

It still takes about six weeks for parcel post to make the 14 day ship crossing. I think it's floated across on the ocean currents. Are these the same mushrooms given publicity a while back for their ability to produce hallucinations or is this a different variety? These sort of reports cause me to re-examine the legends of Mayan magic and the tales of mysterious powers among the pre-Columbian civilizations. RT

JOHN M. BAXTER
P. O. BOX 39,
KING ST. P.O.
SYDNEY, N.S.W.,
AUSTRALIA

Tricyano-amino-propane reminds me of Ann Warren Griffith's Captive Audience in an old F&SF. This was the yarn where food packages had a kind of broadcasting device built into them, and the things were constantly yammering "Drink ME", "Buy ME", "Take ME home", and so on. I don't know about public address systems, we do not seem to have anything like that out here, but I'm scared to death of seeing TAP combined with these talking food packages. Whatever you do, don't send a copy of Dynatron 4 to any of the big food firms.

Did you notice in the paper recently that some scientists out in the Pacific have found natives living on an island where the natural radioactivity is about 50 times normal? Maybe Strontium 90 isn't as deadly as we've been lead to believe. I wonder whether some anti-bomb movement has been encouraging this particular fiction for so long that we've started to take it as gospel. If such is the case, I hate to interfere with what I feel is an extremely worthwhile movement, but I'd certainly like to know how much truth there is in the radioactive bogeyman.

Sample's poll: There are few femme-fans in the lettercols because there aren't many femmes anyway, and those who do percolate into fandom are generally more interested in organizing than contributing written

BAXTER, cont'd.

work. I guess it is something in the feminine makeup, this desire to run things, to keep we messy men in order - certainly it obsesses all the femme-fans I can think of. Admittedly, I don't know them all - and, having had a brush or two on this same matter in the past I name no names - but it seems a pretty obvious sort of trend. Can you think of half-a-dozen female fans who aren't madly organizing something at this moment?

I agree with Art Rapp regarding demonology and Alan Burns' WITCHWORK. From the things I've read on the subject (anybody know of an intelligent book on Black Magic? I've never found one), it seems to me that any sort of magical rite involving the Devil would have to be pretty wild and obscene to serve its purpose. After all, if you're trying to please the Spirit of Evil, then you have to be as evil as possible yourself, and Alan's coven was pretty tame. However, I don't see why there shouldn't be demonologists who are interested in and practice a sort of watered-down form of the Black Arts, just as (to Roman Catholic eyes) the Anglican Church practices a wateredown version of Christianity. After all, the Catholic Church has graciously admitted that any non-Catholic who follows his beliefs sincerely is entitled to a life of eternal bliss, so why shouldn't the Devil be just as lenient with his disciples, even if they don't go the whole hog in their worship?

The best prozine for 1960, and probably for 1961, was and will be the English NEW WORLDS, if, by "best" you mean the magazine which publishes the most consistently capable and TRUE science fiction material, which keeps in touch with public and fan taste, which gives young writers a chance and which, in general, is always interesting reading. F&SF is getting more and more a fringe publication these days, having more connection with the slicks than with fandom, and, to my mind, AMAZING is popular only because there are so few magazines to compete with it. 20 years ago, the stories published in today's AMAZING and FANTASTIC would have been laughed out of most any editorial office in the United States.

~~I~~ I doubt that the dangers of radioactivity have been over-publicized; in fact, there's been a trend of late to play them down, perhaps to get the populace more in the mood for an atomic war. ~~Alan~~ Alan doesn't equate witchcraft with demonology although most every one else does. The thing with devil-worship is that first one must admit the existence of the devil as a real being rather than just an abstraction for evil and that is one of the reasons I view such doings with skepticism. ~~What~~ What you say about NEW WORLDS may be correct but I'd hazard a wager that NW does not cop the Hugo. It isn't well enough known in the States and it is the U.S. fan who dominate the "world" convention. RT~~X~~

RICK SNEARY,
2962 SANTA ANA ST.,
SOUTH GATE, CALIF.

Your comments on science reports in #4 reminds me of an article in the still current Reporter, on way the race for space. Written by a science editor it rather downgraded the whole project idea, and listed all the problems. One of them that if man built a base on the Moon he would rather have to be lucky and find oxygen deposits on the Moon, or carry it with them. Never a mention of hydroponics or the other systems use in re-using the air. They also failed to speculate as to what our position would be if the Russians had a manned space station in the sky. -- It's enough to snake one's fath -- if one had any.

SNEARY, cont'd.

"Angeleno" reveiled himself to me in a leterary way. I think you do him a kindness by keeping his name a secret. Hmmm, I was just thinking, I wonder how many fans there are still left that still remember that I once got credits as an illostrater. The credit belonged to Alex Raymond, but I was to new in them days to be bothered by a guilt complex over so small a thing as plagiarism.

In line with Edco's report on Animal Fandom, I spent most of Friday and Saturday attending a African violet reginonal conference. It was just the L.A. branch, and I don't know if they have state-wide meets or not. I suspect they do. -- But many of the sights reminded me of a Westercon. The collectors clustered around the nucksters table; the "active" group who knew each other, and the many greetings with "what have you been doing since the last show?" type remarks; the Con. Committee, busy all the time, and getting tireder and tireder as the show dragged on. But the clincher was that as next year the National African Violet will be in Frisco, there are not going to be any regional shows.

Rapp's remarks about the danger of desenting opinions in these days reminds me how all the good liberals brissled at the news about the John Burch Society. The Civil Liberties Union did jump to their defense though they must have dissliked it worse than defending Communist. The Reds at lest had not attacked the CLU. I agree with Art, and wish it was possable for everyone to have their say. After all, slanted news in the Daily Worker is not as bad as in some paper that pretends to print the truth. But this is a time of pressure groups. Every group tries to corner those who voice different opinions. That is the main falt with what the Burch Society was trying to do. (well, of course they are crack-pots too, in my opinion, but I don't count being nuts as a falt) If they were willing to merely express their views it would be fine. I trust the rest of the country won't be taken in by the stuff they preched. But they wanted to be sneaky about it, and black-mail and pressure others into supporting them. One form of thought control is almost as good as another.

Betty Kujawa serious upsetness over the report that Italian scientist were working with human fertilization in test-tubes rather surprised me. I agree with you and Rapp that fans are really more conservative than they would seem at first glance. But Betty seems conservative to exterm, in her regard for life. (Whether it is even "human" life might be questioned.) I'll not argue on a religious basis--being inept, and fealing someone else must be able to quote reasons why the churches would aprove the taking of life... My personal fealing is that life is not sacred, only intelagence. And there is no intelagence in a foetus, only life. And we take the lives of other things. (I don't believe that Earth is the center of the Universe or that Man is the only being a God would have interest in.)

Of course, my views stem from being mildly inclined toward a belief in euthanasia. There are many simi-human beings, with no mind or intelagence, that would be better off out of this life. This country, with it's better hospital care, has probably the largest number.--And to follow the line of reasoning all the way around...many of these mindless beings are the result of birth defects. By watching a embryo grow science might well learn to save the intelagence of future children.

Just goes to show that whether it be animal, vegetable, or fantasy, fandom's are all the same. #Trouble is, Rick, if euthanasia were given to all the mindless beings in this country over half the population would be wiped out. RT#

43C ROBIN WOOD
AF 19655527,
63RD C&E MAINT SQ,
BOX 214,
DONALDSON AFB, S.C.

Pardon me while I light up my pipe and try to think of something shattering to say. %Take it easy, Robin, I don't want to be without a mimeo for another 2½ months. RT% Well, there's this business of doing something useful, as opposed to being a freeloader. Now just what is being useful and just what is freeloaded? Every individual has a different outlook on what is and what isn't useful.

Like this ditchdigger may figure he's contributing a good deal, keeping his old lady and 18 kids fed and clothed but he'll sneer at the artist who, after all, is just messing around with a bunch of paint and not doing a damn thing.

Of course the artist will take a look at the ditchdigger and figure just what the hell are you doing with 18 kids, Jack? Trying to overpopulate the world and overturn civilization or what? So who's right?

Then there's this business of war. Sure, both sides are fighting for what they consider Noble Purposes, but it's pretty damn wasteful. I'm referring to the current Cold War. Still, if you weaken they'll take over. But if you don't maybe the whole situation will blow up. Not that I dig the communist system--I don't. Of course there are a good number of things about ours I don't like too. I've a good mind to move to Canada or the other side of the moon.

I'd be an active pacifist if I thought it'd do any good. But it doesn't. It's thoughts like this that must drive men to monasteries. And universal pacifist movements only happen in places like ANA-LOG anyhow.

Getting back to the U.S.--how anyone could try to take the vote away from the Indians without a big bitch arising from the American public baffles me. But it seems to be happening. Doesn't anyone give a damn? Another thing--these laws against hitchhiking particularly tic me off. Why should there be such laws? If somebody wants to hitchhike and somebody else wants to pick him up, why should the law butt in and say--no, you can't do that...? Oy, yes, they're protecting everyone from would-be kidnappers and various degrees of sadists and the like. Bully for them. You can get struck by lightning or swallowed up by an earthquake, too. Maybe they should forbid people to go outside, too.

Come to think of it, they just might get around to that, if somebody doesn't start giving a damn about what's happening. Sometimes I get the impression the entire principle of freedom is fading away.

%I'd say that both the ditchdigger and the artist are doing something useful; the ditchdigger in your illustration is taking care of his own as well as doing his share for society. My gripe would be about the joker who says, "Let Welfare take care of my 18 kids." #Doesn't anybody give a damn? Very few, friend Robin, very few. Which is why the principle of freedom is fading. The people don't want freedom as much as they want security. RT%

XXXX

Which would seem to bring us to the end of the 6th Dynatron. Nextish letters on numbers five and six plus other delightful surprises. Surprises to me as well as the readership since I have no idea of what the contents will be. Why don't some of you surprise me and send me some material for a change? You know, like articles on science-fiction, fantasy, fandom, and various related subjects. I'm supposed to have a couple of columnists but they seem to have gaffiated or something. Cox? Sample?

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