

DYNATRON

12



Rappa

Egad, but things got out of hand this time. It all comes from sloppy planning and from promising too many people that their contribution would be in this. Temperamental authors. Mumble, mumble. As a result this is big enough to be the an-nish. But it isn't. No, indeed, that comes next time. This one is simply DYNATRON #12, a fanzine of sorts, dedicated mostly to science-fiction and fantasy with frequent excursions into Fandom itself, as well as occasional gibberish on other topics. DYNATRON is a non-profit (oh, most definitely that if you figure profit in monetary returns) magazine (fanzine to those of us in the know) published every other month by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, U.S.A. The phone number is 345-0011. DYNATRON goes at 15¢ per copy or 8 issues for \$1. Non-U.S. types can figure out their own rate of exchange--I never could calculate in farthings and guineas--. Or you can get future issues by getting on the trade list, by writing a letter of comment--no notes, Wolfenbanger--or by contributing written material (preferably stfishly inclined) or artwork. Our man in Japan is Takumi Shibano, Hector Pessina is he in Argentina, Franz Solcher is agent in charge of Gerfans, and the Sunshine Twins represent us in Aussieland. Yngvi is a louse and this is a Marinated Publication.

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() Sample.		
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() You're not but you get a copy anyway.		
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July 1962

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

Here I go composing directly on stencil in true, but poor, fannish fashion. It happens that way at times. I fool around with this thing for weeks then decide in a rush that I ought to get it done. Ah, well.

I am happy to report that I am no longer a member of the Great Army of the Unemployed. Shortly after the appearance of the lastish I managed to come up with a job. As I mentioned lastime I had applications in with all the electronics plants in town--unfortunately they are dependent upon the Sandia Corporation which is the civilian outfit the AEC has to build whatever it is the AEC builds (we know, don't we?) and the Sandia Corporation isn't doing much these days so most of the small plants around Albuquerque have had to cut back a bit. I was also registered at several employment agencies--none of which was much help since the only ideas they had was to send me out to the same plants that I had already contacted. One of the agencies sent me out to KOAT-TV, that's channel 7 here, for an interview which I considered a waste of time. Commerical broadcasting stations usually don't hire a man unless he has his FCC license and I have never gotten around to getting my ticket.

Another agency lined me up for a job as a billing clerk with a trucking company but just before I was to report for that one channel 7 called and wanted to know if I was still looking for work.

SO...Let's here no more cutting remarks out there about ~~the idish box~~ commercial television for I am now a studio engineer. As a member of the industry let me say.....ah, skip it. The hours are a bit on the weird side--at present I work a different shift every day--but the pay, considering that I am still in a training status--like I know practically nothing of TV--is acceptable with the promise of a raise once I get my FCC ticket.

I've also received a GS-7 rating from the Civil Service chaps but haven't been tendered an appointment from them yet. What I would do if one was offered would depend on if and when, I suppose.

So, with a fairly-well paying job, and things around 915 shaping up, the outlook for this retired old Sarge is pretty good.

I've been asked if I've had any trouble adjusting to civilian life. Not really. My last few years in the service were semi-civilian, except for overseas tours and maneuvers, in that I was able to be home each night and most weekends. And they never really made a military man out of me anyway.

Yes, yes, I know I owe almost everybody letters. I am way behind in my correspondence. As Chrystal mentions, there aren't enough hours in the day to get everything done. Evenings we usually work outside as long as the light lasts--and sometimes longer--trying to convert this place from "Sandburr Acre" into something a bit more presentable. After that it is read a bit, cut a stencil or two, and write letters when I can.

Probably we'll get caught up this winter when the days are short and the lower temperatures make being indoors preferable to being outdoors.

Fannish visitors in town of late. Tom Seidman arrived in Albuquerque the latter part of May for an interview with the Sandia Corporation. Due to his interview and my job we were only able to get together briefly for a short chat as I delivered him to the airport. Tom is a fine, friendly, intelligent chap and I wish we had been able to talk longer.

The last of June First Fandomites Richard and Rosemary Hickey passed through Albuquerque on their way to Telluride, Colorado. Once again the visit was brief but interesting and I caught up with some of the Chicago area news.

I expect that fannish visitations will pick up as Chicon nears and the L.A. group heads

east on Highway 66.

If you've kept up with DYNATRON from the beginning you'll recall that in #3 I mentioned the legal battle that shaped up here in New Mexico over the Indian's voting rights. The election contest for Lieutenant Governor was settled by a very few votes in 1960 and the losing candidate went to court to challenge the right of those Indians who reside on federal reservations to vote in state elections. This case seemed to me to be rather important since it could set a precedent that would be applicable not only to Indians in other states but also to anyone, military or civilian, who resided on a federal base or reservation.

I'm happy to report that the state supreme court has reached a decision on the case and ruled that these federal reservations are actually political units of the state and therefore the residents are entitled to vote in state elections. The court recommended, however, that the state legislature study the whole situation since the state has little jurisdiction over federal reservations.

I invite your attention to Harry Warner's article in this issue. Harry, as usual, makes a good deal of sense.

David Vanderwerf, RR #2, Redwood Falls, Minnesota, plans on pubbing a fanzine devoted to fan fiction. Not faan fiction, though. Fiction, he says, of a stfish or fantastic nature. I'm not particularly enthused over the thought of another fanzine but I like the idea of encouraging budding stf writers. The field is pretty hard up for writers these days.

Nextish is the annish and I'm not at all sure what it will be like. It may even turn out to be a one-pager. That would be something new in the way of annishes. No, I wouldn't do a thing like that. I herewith revive an old fannish tradition. I'll be most happy to print booster ads--at 10¢ each. Something like this:

Richard Bergeron loves Robert Welch

You get the idea? Send in you ad and a dime and get your egoboo. Hmmm. That could be fun. Let's see. Redd Boggs loves The Citizen's Committees. Gem Carr loves the ADA. Ted White loves CM. Ian McAuley loves the English (for all I know he may).

Speaking of sending things in--we didn't get any entries in our "Explain Mof-fat's Cover" contest. Gad, what a mystifying thing that was.

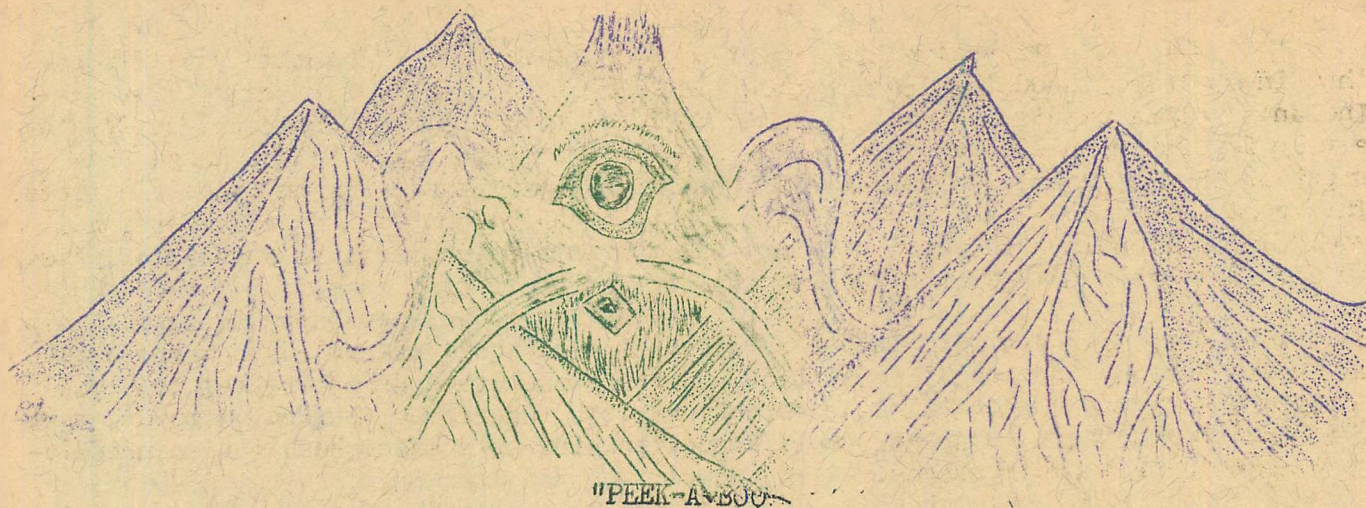
This issue did get a bit larger than I like. And I threw out four pages of fanzine reviews in an effort to keep the zine down to sensible size. Bill Bowers sent along a copy of SILVER DUSK which he pubbed for NAPA (no, not N'APA) and a very fine little zine it is, too. Not a fanzine, although some fans are represented, but a very nice little magazine with some pretty good poetry. See if you can get a copy from him if you haven't already.

Just in case you are interested in the mechanical details--the typer used this time is my 1950 Royal portable. The stencils are variously Signal, Merit, Vari-Color Maroons, and Speed-o-Print Sovereigns. The mimeo is a Vari-Color 98 disguised as a Tower and the ink is Vari-Color Kontrol-Flo. The paper, of course, is Twil-Tone. Now wasn't all that interesting?

Sigh. I was just about to launch into a new-trend type editorial--full of dirty words and all sorts of withering--but I've only a couple of lines left to fill. Hmmm. That would be enough room at that. Let me close out with this: send stf-slanted material already.

ROY TACKETT

CRYSTAL GAZING



"PEEK-A-BOO"

No, that's not me, that's a fugitive from FIVE BY FIVE. Roy says his name is Wart-Ears or Merwin or something like that and that all Fifth Fandomites will understand.

A few nights ago I carried on an almost one-sided conversation with Roy. I went on for about a half-hour regarding all the things that go on in the fannish microcosm. Such things as the terrific amount of printed matter that comes in via the mail plus all the contests, projects and what have you. Roy evidently thought I was complaining and in a way I was, over the fact that there is so much offered and so little time to take part in it all. He also thought I was leading up to asking him to quit some of the things he was involved in. Great Ghu, how he construed that I'll never figure out. Asking him to drop his fanac would be the last request I'd ever make of him. He enjoys that the way some men enjoy hunting and fishing and such things. The point I was trying to make was that I could readily understand why some of the fans we know had remarked that they had had to drop certain aspects of fandom or turn down requests that they do this or that. I feel swamped at times. I feel that I should read all the material that comes in here or I might miss something particularly good. Still it is a time-consuming job to sift through all the stuff the comes in. Some fanzines contain nothing at all of interest in one issue and yet the next issue may be chock-full of goodies. I don't feel that I should toss a fanzine aside just because the last issue or so was bad—but where does one find time to read them all? Among other things I'd like to send off an entry or two to the Art Show—if I had the time to do them. Anyone know where we can get a 48 hour day?

We took the Coulson's advice and used Vari-Color Maroon Stencils for the illos thish. I'm not too sure what kind of a job I did on them. These stencils seem to have a heavier backing on them than stencils I've used in the ppast and I'm anxious to see how they come out and what adjustments I'll have to make on my stencil-cutting technique. And, as Buck says, they shore do gum up the typer keys. RT

We are expecting one of my brothers and his family in for a visit at any moment. They are on their way back to the Bay Area after a trip to Memphis, Florida, New Orleans, Carlsbad and other Dixie points. Can you imagine me trying to serve spaghetti to about 11 people with Dynatron spread all over the kitchen table? Maybe a bit of mimeo ink will add flavor to the sauce. Roy makes up the sauce and the meatballs, though, and I doubt that mimeo ink would add to the flavor; he makes about the best I've ever tasted.

Just completed some animal tourist homes for the girls. They are quite interested in animals and always come in with a lizard or toad which they found in the garden. Since it is hard to watch such things when they are confined in a cardboard box I made these tourist homes out of hardware cloth and christmas cake pans. Now the kids--and us--can watch the animals for a few hours and then return them to their

Tandem's United Fund

by

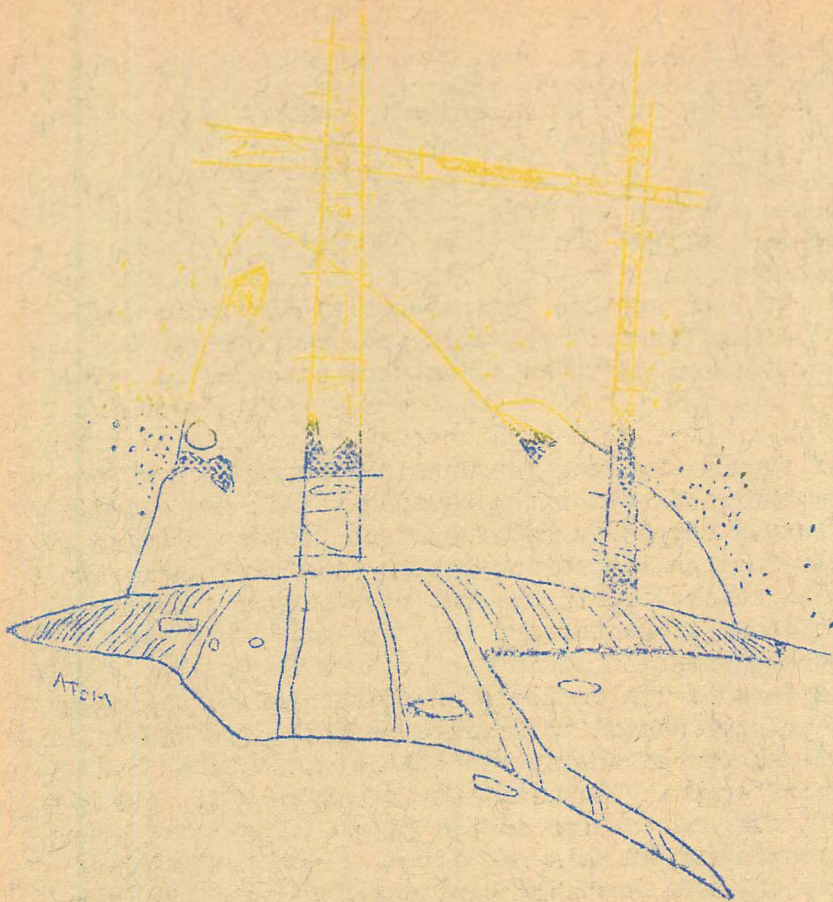
HARRY WARNER, JR.

During two recent weeks, I received six requests for material for fanzines. It was instructive to compare the variety of forms in which they came. One was a form letter, duplicated by the fanzine editor. Another was a message on a postal card, which I quote in its entirety except for the title of the fanzine: "I'm going to publish the first issue of my fanzine in May. I need high-quality written contributions of any type. The deadline is around May 1st. Regards." Several other requests for material were more cunningly camouflaged, bobbing up suddenly and unexpectedly in the middle of long personal letters, where they had lurked until they pounced at a moment when I didn't expect them. One fanzine editor with entirely too accurate a memory recalled that I'd promised him an article in the dim past before I broke my hip, and he's still holding me to that unfortunate vow.

It's times like these that cause me to wonder if I'd be better off changing my name to "Reader's Digest." That publication used to feature on its cover "An Article a Day" as its slogan, in the years when it ran the titles of the contents on the front cover and always had 30 of them, even in February and months with 31 days. It isn't hard to relate my reactions to this particular series of requests. I'm going to pretend to myself that the fellow who ran off his request on a duplicating machine won't need an article from me, since he probably sent out a copy of the same plea to a hundred other individuals. The writer of the postal card won't get any acknowledgement unless he shows more get-up-and-go. If the fanzine editor won't take the trouble to write at least two paragraphs and put it inside a sealed envelope when making his request, I'm not going to spend three to six hours thinking out and writing an article for him. One of the other claimants of material took the trouble to list a lot of possible topics for me to write about, so I'll choose one of them as soon as I find his letter again. The other requests will get filled as time permits, although I'm not sure what I'll write about in any of these articles except the one you're reading now.

Fortunately, the outbursts of requests for material aren't frequent. But I think that they are symptomatic of a situation in fanzine fandom that needs correcting. It's been mentioned in passing in various fanzines on occasion, but it hasn't received a thorough-type examination for a long while. The general situation is the hidden hunger of fanzine editors who don't get nourished with enough material. Its aspects are, principally: the failure of many qualified fans to write for fanzines, the preoccupation with certain general types of subject matter for fanzine material, the Malthusian aspects of the situation wherein the fanzine population is expanding without a corresponding growth in means of sustenance for these anemic pages, and the basic faults that afflict a great deal of today's fanzine material.

The most important of these just now is the puzzling reticence of lots of potential contributors to fanzines. I don't suppose that there is any one cause that fits all the cases. Some fans don't write for fanzines because they are lazy, others may have suffered a serious jolt to confidence in their writing ability through the reaction to a tentative first article, and there are undoubtedly those who are convinced that they could be brilliant fanzine writers if they ever could think of subject matter. Ed Kemp stirred up an impressive storm in SAPS a couple of years ago by listing the members who contributed little or nothing but mailing comments to the organization, instead of presenting formal articles, stories, and verse. I'm sure



that my fate would be even more turbulent if I were to draw up a complete list of fans who should be writing for fanzines but don't. In the interests of space and friendship, suppose I confine myself to the A section of the current Bennett Directory of Science Fiction Fandom. It lists 19 names. Of these, I have little or no knowledge of Jill Adams, Don Allen, Lyle Amlin, Paul Andrews, Rich Armstrong, Fred Arnold, or Harry Ather-ton. That leaves a dozen classifiable fans. Ackerman comes first. He has the potential to write twenty thousand articles on fans, pros, stories, movies, and mundane people and events he has encountered since emerging from the microcosm of fandom in which he remained secluded so many years. He is a fascinating conversationalist, he used to write fanzine articles by the hundred, and he almost never appears in the

fannish prints today. Dan Adkins is safe from censure, since he's an artist and has done more than his share in the past to provide fanzine editors with pictures. Es Adams has gaffed and never displayed any great ability with the typewriter, which probably means that he'll suddenly emerge as a fine writer two weeks before you receive this fanzine. Brian Aldiss has given evidence of willingness to write for fanzines if the publications are literate and some subject in their pages interests him. Martin Alger is one of the decayed fans who make FAPA so priceless, producing material only once or twice a year, always of the highest quality as writing and for interest retention. He could and should write much more. Don Anderson has a limited number of good fanzine appearances to his credit, and should be encouraged to contribute more. Karen Anderson does almost no writing for fanzines outside the apas and VORPAL GLASS, and this is the only bad thing I know about her. Poul Anderson is also listed in the directory, but he seems more interested in writing for pay these days. Larry Anderson would fall into the Don Anderson category, unless I have the two confused. Al Andrews has shown willingness in the past to contribute to fanzines. Dirce Archer is apparently a convention fan rather than a fanzine fan, but her statements regarding the pittcon gave evidence of a workmanlike, good writing style. Tom Armistead is new enough in fandom to be given more time in which to produce for fanzines before being blamed for failure to do so. Mal Ashworth has gotten his revenge on fandom since it didn't give him enough votes to make him the TAFF winner: he hasn't written much for fanzines since. Sheila Ashworth, a splendid person to have pounding the typewriter for you, has never produced as much fanzine material as she should.

You see what I'm driving at? Almost half of the fans in the A section are guilty of failure to write regularly for fanzines despite proven capability. You can analyze other alphabetical sections for yourself, and you'll probably find the ratio

about the same. There are 507 entries in the directory, many of them double ones for husband and wife. It means that there must be at least 250 persons in fandom today who are in a position to give fanzine editors a better choice of material and to relieve the monotony of seeing the same old names on fanzine content pages. I know that a great deal of inferior material for fanzines comes from my typewriter, simply because of the pitiful phrases in which the fans form their weak, despairing cries for material before they perish. If just 50 of those 250 eligibles were to turn out a fanzine article every other month, I wouldn't turn out articles with which I wasn't satisfied, because there'd be less serious famine conditions in the land. I'm quite sure that a great deal of other fan writing would never come into existence or would be sidestepped by editors if enough of these silent but capable fan writers were to get busy.

But even the current stable of regular writers for fanzines could do a more varied job if they broke loose from their affection for certain themes and categories of contributions. There are many rarely tapped veins of subject matter running through the anatomy of fandom, while such an outpouring occurs from other areas that you'd think that dropsy had become a critical problem. Let us say that a fanzine writer has gone to the world convention. If he decides to write about his experiences, you are almost sure to find his creation taking one of two forms: a lengthy chronological report of all that happened (with emphasis on either his personal adventures or the program, depending on how faanish this writer happens to be), or a series of brief anecdotes and reminiscences of the events that stand out most clearly in his mind, put down in no particular order. The first two or three such accounts are fun to read, but they grow repetitious and tedious after that. I can't understand why we don't get more articles concentrating on just one facet of the convention: one particular talk or panel discussion, the events at the most lurid room party, or the actions of the guest of honor or otherwise prominent person at the convention. Only rarely do we get such writings as a result of a convention. From the Seacon, I can recall only two examples, one an analytic report on the Heinlein talk and the other a discussion of the costume ball and the prizes therefor. But the advantages are obvious. It is possible to write a well-planned article with a genuine start, development and conclusion. The topic is sure to get more complete treatment than it will find in the convention accounts that try to cover everything, and there will be room for the writer to describe in detail his reactions or to consider the full ramifications of the talk or action.

There has been a disturbing trend in the past couple of years to keep a news sense in mind when writing about professional magazines and books in fanzines. We get a remarkable quantity of sensible discussion of STARSHIP SOLDIER or ROGUE MOON as a result of this trend, which is fine. But we don't get much in fanzines about the less startling current fiction and we only rarely see an article about something that was published two or five years ago. Many excellent books and magazine stories are overlooked while they are only a month or two old, and they need to be discovered via fanzine material while they are still in print or available from second-hand shops for a sensible price.

Fanzines have done almost nothing about the stupendous mass of material that awaits translation. I know there are American and British fans with pretty good reading knowledge of French, German, Russian and Spanish. Why can't some of these individuals do something different and turn into good, plain English the professional and fannish stuff emerging from Europe and South America? Of course fanzines haven't enough space for translations of complete novels, even in copyright laws didn't apply. But there are many short stories that have gone into the public domain, whole books written about fantasy as a form of literature in other languages, and vast quantities of fanzines in France and Germany that are closed books to most English-speaking readers because of the language problem. Even the classics might be explored for translation possibilities. Goethe, for instance, describes a strange

adventure of a tiny man in Wilhelm Meister's journey, and writes most touchingly of the strange events that followed Mignon's death. Both of these episodes have been dutifully rendered into exquisitely dull English by the people who translated his major works, but I suspect that there are fans who could make them sparkle and glow by putting them into really live English.

There are lots of opportunities for articles that are neither downright indexes nor simple reviews of this or that piece of science fiction. It isn't necessary to review a writer's entire output to have a theme for an article. How about a survey of prozine yarns in which an impersonation forms the theme? It's fairly popular, usually with an actor as the main character, as in "The Darfstellar" and "Double Star". Who has the ambition to go back to Kuttner's sex novels in the old MARVEL and determine whether they bear any indications of parody or of effort to turn out something superior to the average sexy novel?

It isn't hard to find plenty of faults with the material that is being written for fanzines. But aside from the obvious matters, like the inability of many fans to follow the basic rules of spelling and grammar, I think that most of the flaws are tied in with the fact that there isn't enough material to go around and a few fans are trying to do too much to meet the shortage. In general, I'd say that the basic and most frequent faults today are: imitation, improvisation, and writing with nothing to say about the topic.

The imitation may take several forms. Unfortunately, humor is the type of writing that most frequently suffers from injudicious imitation in fanzines. The fan is enthralled by the way Laney and Burbee wrote about one another and he seeks to adapt the technique to an article about some obscure semi-fan friend. Or he reads three pages of brilliant demolition by Ted White of some fan's latest screwball notion or idiotic actions. It looks so easy that he sits down and pounds out three and one-half pages of denunciation of the first thing that pops into his head, no matter that he never had any particular dislike for this individual or topic until this moment. I'm sure that I needn't go into detail about the bad imitations that good Berry fiction has produced. Until the letter section in the next issue breaks the awful news to the writer, it's hard to convince him that he shouldn't model his style and treatment so slavishly on that of a favorite fan writer. Different fans have different types of writing talent, and it's a rare coincidence if another fan possesses exactly the same variety as that of Willis or Bergeron. Worse, the readers will instantly spot the writer whose work has been used as a model, and they'll make comparisons.

By improvisation, I don't mean simply first drafts that go into print without rewrites. Fans and fanzines being what they are, it's too much to hope that all contributions will be revised and improved repeatedly by the author before going to the publication, then will receive a thorough editing before they hit stencils. But I don't feel it unreasonable to expect a fan to have some idea of what his article will contain, two minutes before he writes the first line. Leafing through a pile of fanzines will convince anyone that all too often, the fan knows for sure only what will go into the first paragraph or two. A fanzine item may change course suddenly halfway through, joltingly taking on a serious tone after starting out in a farcical manner, because the writer thought of something important in midstream. Or a review of an anthology may devote three-fourths of its length to one story, then conclude with a hasty apology that there isn't space for saying anything about the other stories. Editorials are particularly prone to this trouble: the editor starts out expansively and towards the bottom of the page begins to cram five topics into each paragraph in sudden horrified realization that there isn't enough room elsewhere in the magazine to ramble on at this length. If there isn't time to write two drafts of the article, there is always opportunity to think out its rough outline in the mind before starting the typing.

the last problem has been defined by Truman Capote as inability to distinguish between typing and writing. The result of it isn't as irritating as the faults outlined in the preceding paragraphs. But it's responsible for the sheer dullness of so many fanzine pages. The fan agrees to do an item for a fanzine editor. He can't think of anything to say so he "reviews" some other fanzines or fantasy movies, or he lists the contents of a few rare old prozines, or he tells about his dinner companions on each day of the latest convention. The outcome is as different from real articles, reviews and research as the chatter of junior high school girls at a soda fountain differs from an intelligent conversation. There is absolutely no merit in taking a middle course between intelligent criticism of an item or series of items, and scholarly research into the history of some specific object or field. The middle course consists simply in a dreary narration of a lot of plots, or an uninformative cataloging of the names of contributors to fanzines and the names of their contributions, or the revelation of events in the life of an insignificant person that would not be significant enough to include in the biography of an emperor.

In almost every case, I feel that all prose items intended for fanzines should consist in part of fact, in part of fancy: that is, they should have part of the writer in them, part of the rest of the world. Material based solely on opinions and sensations is likely to be too frothy, items that are devoted exclusively to the writer's findings in a search for information are normally too dull and impersonal. A good test is to ask yourself about a completed item: did I have to dig out some information to complete this article, and are there any statements in it that only I am likely to have made? If you can answer yes to both parts of that double question, you've probably written something worth reading.

The end of this article is imminent and you may be alarmed to have found in it nothing with discernable connection with the title. I did this on purpose, for two reasons. I thought I might deceive some individuals into believing I was organizing some sort of idiotic charity for fans, and retain their attention throughout the article in this way. And I feel that united funds do have one thing in common with fanzine fandom. Contributions are always needed, preferably big ones.

HARRY WARNER, JR.

XXXXX

CRYSTAL GAZING, cont'd fr page 5.

Busy, busy. We are getting ready for two birthday parties. Rene will be five on July 10th and Diana will be nine on July 14th. And we're having a family room/den added to the house and company is coming and Dynatron has to be published and we're the editors of FIVE BY FIVE this time and Roy is committed to do TIGHTBEAM and then there is the FIRST FANDOM MAGAZINE. It makes for an interesting life. The new room will give us space in which to unpack the books and magazines and to get the Marinated Press out of the kitchen. We plan on having the walls lined mostly with shelves and cabinets--and they'll be full in short order.

Anyone for turkey? We've added a couple to our little "farm". Dee and Rene have learned to herd them and it is a sight to see them out in back with a couple of sticks herding turkeys as big as they are.

We've been searching for a name for the place but so far haven't been able to come up with anything fannish. Roy suggested "Sandburr Acre" but that's not fannish enough even if the sandburrs are taking over the place. Any suggestions?

Enough. By the time Roy reaches this point on the stencil he'll find a reminder that he's got to patch the air mattresses so we can bed down some of the mob that is moving in on us.

XXXXX

CRYSTAL TACKETT

THE PATRIOT

by

ROBERT COULSON

Washington broiled in the summer heat. In the cheap hotel room John Laird sat in an old overstuffed chair and wondered what it was like to die. He wasn't going to have to wonder long; if everything worked as planned he would be dead within the hour.

His shirt was hanging over the foot of the bed. His back was slick with sweat and somewhat irritated where the upholstery of the chair had rubbed it. He wasn't ready to die; no man is ever ready, and Laird felt no desire to become a martyr. Of course, he'd agreed to die for the Party if it became necessary, but he'd never really expected to be asked to do it. It was always the other fellow who did the dirty work. And now the other fellow had been caught by the F.B.I., and John Laird was the only man who could be substituted at a moment's notice.

He looked at the whiskey bottle on top of the cheap dresser, frowned, and suddenly rose, picked up the bottle, and smashed it into the washbasin. This was no time for unsteady nerves; too much depended on this job. He grinned wryly. Some future historian would write an account of how he had nobly and heroically sacrificed himself to rid the world of a deadly menace. Nothing would be said about his having to nerve himself for the job with half a bottle of bourbon.

The chair scratched his back when he sat down and he rose irritably and walked to the window, watching the crowds on the street below. This was the most important window in the world on this day of July 4, 1988, but the people below didn't realize that. Laird sneered at the crowds. Fools! Self-centered, well-fed fools! With the highest standard of living in the world they cared for nothing beyond making themselves more comfortable. There was not a man in the throng who could appreciate the idealism which had led Laird to his present position. And they considered themselves better than the rest of the world; They had to have a voice in everything, even the government. Anyone knew that even a farm manager needed training and the idiots thought that men could run a government without it. Well, they'd soon learn differently. They'd see how efficiently a government could be run by trained leaders. And the fools probably wouldn't appreciate Utopia when they had it, Laird thought in disgust.

A silver streak shot across the horizon. It could have been a jet plane but he knew it wasn't; it was Space Station #1, making its daily circuit of the globe. Spasta, mechanical protector of a decadent nation. Loaded with rocket driven H-bombs, germ cultures, and radio active dust, the space station could destroy every major city in the world, and come close to ending all life on the planet. The party had made desperate efforts to sabotage it, for while Spasta ruled the sky, the United States could defy the world with impunity. The sabotage had failed. The Americans knew where their protection lay, and had evolved fantastically elaborate devices to safeguard it. Even if the United States was blasted out of existence, Spasta could take revenge. And would, Laird thought bitterly, in a last savage flare of reprisal to make sure the world paid for disputing the sovereignty of that great nation, the United States of America. The "cold war" had gone on too long for compromise. Each time a former ally had joined the Communist Brotherhood, the United States government had grown more fanatical. Now Party members weren't jailed when discovered; after

days of questioning in the F.B.I. security chambers, they were shot without trial. It was said that after undergoing the questioning, many of the martyrs had welcomed the eternal peace given them by the firing squad. That wasn't for John Laird, however; the vial of poison in the hollow tooth was an old trick, but still effective if used quickly. Laird knew too many Party secrets to chance being caught and questioned.

He could see, through a narrow slit between the buildings, a small section of green and tan. This was a part of the Mall, covered now with a spiderwork of scaffolding supporting the platform from which the nation's leaders would speak on this Independence Day. It was almost time; he would soon reach the climax of his 47 years of life and his 26 years of Party membership. He'd joined while in college; a lot of them had, he remembered, mainly as a protest against loyalty probes and security clearances. He hadn't become an active member, however, until the closing of the University of Chicago by the Department of Security. That had shocked him into action. For a government bureaucrat to have the power to close an institute of learning was barbarous. One followed the dictates of a trained leader, of course; he had the wisdom to do what was best and was not to be questioned. But for a man with no more training or education than Laird himself to do such a thing? It was intolerable! Since then he'd been a loyal Party worker. He had discovered that most of the true intellectuals were members, and that only they realized the need to save America from the incompetent bureaucrats in the government. Once they were in power, they could lead the country forward to new prosperity and a new position in world affairs. But the work needed to accomplish their coup had been long and arduous, and only now did it near completion.

The government had been successfully infiltrated; even the vice-president was secretly a Party sympathiser. One task remained; when it was completed, America would become integrated with the rest of the world. This would be the final triumph of Communism. The World State would be established, and world peace assured. With the new psycho-conditioning techniques it would be impossible to overthrow the government; the people would enjoy the benefits of a completely planned economy, with no more destructive individualism. Laird felt a glow of happiness that he was to be an instrument for the hastening of the millenium.

It was time. Slowly he put on his shirt, oblivious of the added discomfort. Walking to the closet, he picked up the .244 sporting rifle with the telescopic sight and turned to the window. He knelt, placed his left arm on the window-sill, and rested the forearm of the rifle against his arm. The telescope sight showed the little group on the platform in the Mall clearly. Laird took a full breath, expelled half of it, and centered the cross-hairs in the sight on the head of the tall figure in black. The rifle wobbled; he cursed, breathed heavily a few times, and sighted again. This time the gun was steady. He brought it easily to bear and carefully squeezed the trigger. Then, dropping the rifle, he opened the door of the room and walked briskly down the hall. He felt like shouting. The years of waiting were over. The time had come. Freedom was a word which would soon be forgotten along with the misery it had caused. He avoided thinking of the F.B.I. and the fact that he would almost certainly never get out of town alive.

On the speaker's platform, the last President of the United States lay dead.

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ROBERT COULSON

It was no surprise to me that this proved popular enough for me to ask John to make it a permanent feature.

Stf Quiz

Conducted By

Give 'em a good
go, Cobber.

JOHN BAXTER

1. Apparently many people fancy the "first paragraph" question, so here are five more samples at which to try your hand. The following are first paragraphs of well-known stf novels. Can you name the writer and the book from which the quote is taken? (Score 1 point for writer, 1 for book. Total possible is 10.)

The wind came across the bay like something living. It tore the surface so thoroughly to shreds that it was hard to tell where liquid ended and atmosphere began; it tried to raise waves that would have swamped the Bree like a chip, and blew them into impalpable spray before they had risen a foot.

Explosion! Concussion! The vault doors burst open. And deep inside, the money is racked ready for pillage, rapine, loot. Who's that? Who's inside the vault? Oh God! The man with no face. Looking. Looming. Silent. Horrible. Run.....Run.....

It was a pleasure to burn. It was a special pleasure to see things eaten, to see things blackened and changed. With the brass nozzle in his fists, with this great python spitting its venomous kerosene upon the world, the blood pounded in his head, and his hands were the hands of some amazing conductor playing all the symphonies of blazing and burning to bring down the tatters and charcoal ruins of history.

I always get the shakes before a drop. I've had the injections, of course, and hypnotic preparation, and it stands to reason that I can't really be afraid. The ship's psychiatrist has checked my brain waves and asked me silly questions while I was asleep and he tells me that it isn't fear, it isn't anything important - it's just like the trembling of an eager race-horse in the starting gate.

Petrified with astonishment, Richard Seaton stared after the copper steam-bath upon which, a moment before, he had been electrolyzing his solution of "X", the unknown metal. As soon as he had removed the beaker with its precious contents the heavy bath had jumped endwise from under his hand as though it were alive. It had flown with terrific speed over the table, smashing a dozen reagent-bottles in its way, and straight through the open window.

2. If you've been reading DYNATRON for a while (and what up-to-date fan hasn't?), you'll remember Roy's "Unpaid Ads" that were such an interesting feature up till a few issues back. I've knocked out a few similar "ads" using the same idea - try to pick, once again, the story and the author involved. (Score 1 for each, 10 for the whole question.)

Ladies! You too can be immortal. A series of lichenin treatments can do it. Just drop by your nearest Nefertiti, Ltd., salon de beautee, or ring Diana Brackley at Mayfair 1212.

FOOD CHRONICLER magazine seeks a new sub-editor to replace Mr. Danny Caiden who has unfortunately been invalidated off our staff. Friends of Mr. Caiden will be sorry to hear that he is suffering from hallucinations, and believes he is telepathic.

Presenting CATALINE by William Shakespeare, with Donald Garrick as Cicero and Sidney Siddons as Cataline. Make your bookings now to see this recently discovered unpublished work by the Bard of Avon.

Now Available! Dirk Alexson's monumental history of space flight to the year 2000, in six volumes. For further information write to the Publishing Director, Interplanetary, Rockefeller Foundation, London, ECL.

Wanted for questioning: John Lyle, Guardsman in the Angels of the Lord. Description attached. Any person knowing the whereabouts of this man should report immediately to the headquarters of the Prophet Incarnate, New Jerusalem, New York.

3. Vessels of various kinds figure prominently in science-fiction. Sometimes they are spaceships, sometimes submarines, occasionally rowboats. Can you remember from what stories the following vessels have been taken?

- (a) The Fenian Ram. (c) The Vorga. (e) The Bird of Fortune.
(b) The Hound of Heaven. (d) The Selene.

A few clues for this question because it's tricky: (a) was a submarine, (b) a time-slip ship, (c) a refugee-runner, (d) a dust-ship, and (e) travelled on grass.

4. How well do you know the men who inhabit the world of sf? Could you, for instance, say:

What writer, masquerading under the name of "Grendel Briarton", commits the lamentable "Ferdinand Feghoot" series in JOFASF?

Who created the series of stories dealing with the "AAA Ace Interplanetary Decontamination Service"?

What writer has written under the pseudonyms of "Marcus Lyons", "Arthur Merlyn", and "Luke Torley"?

5. Sf writers are given to inserting bits and pieces of poetry into their work, either to provide comic relief or a change of literary pace. Can you recall in what stories the following appeared and who wrote them?

(a) Never mind trouble! Fiddle-de-de!
Eat your worms with vitamin B!
Follow this rule and you will be
Still eating worms at a hundred 'n three.

(b) We who have tasted alien stream
And done what others only dream;
We who with earth-dirt on our shoes
Have walked the paths the sun-beams use;
We will trod the Milky Way.

(c) With thunder I smote the evil of earth
With roses I won the right,
With the sea I washed, and with clay
I built,
And the world was a place of light.

6. Damon Knight's "In Search of Wonder" should be the cornerstone of any collector's critical library. If you've read it more than a dozen times during the last year (and you're not much of a fantasy fan if you haven't) you'll remember who knight described thus:

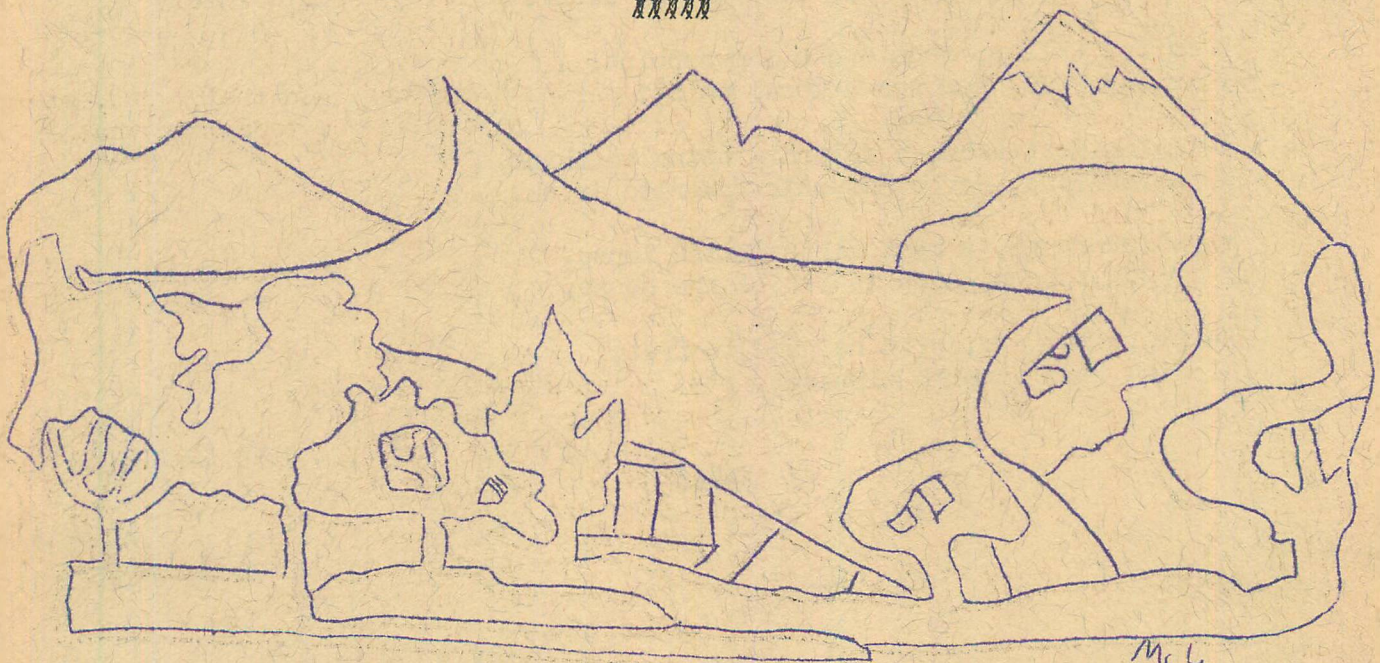
"He was the typus of a now-vanishing tribe of pulp-writers: like Tom Roan, who made occasional appearances in editorial offices wearing a ten-gallon hat and swearing like a muleskinner; like Norvell Page, who affected an opera cloak and a Mephistophelean goatee, he lived what he wrote. Big, swaggering and red-haired (like many of his heroes); sailor, explorer, adventurer; a man among men and a devil with the ladies, he cut a swath across the science-fantasy world, the like of which has never been seen again."

Possible score is 35. 15 is average, 25 good. Anything over 25 quite remarkable. Under 15....well, if you haven't given your ego a bit of punishment because of a score like that, you're past redemption. And here's where you check your answers.

1. (a) MISSION OF GRAVITY. Hal Clement. (b) THE DEMOLISHED MAN. Alfred Bester.
(c) FAHRENHEIT 451. Ray Bradbury. (c) STARSHIP TROOPERS. R. A. Heinlein.
(c) SKYLARK OF SPACE. E.E. Smith.
2. (a) TROUBLE WITH LICHEN. John Wyndham. (b) JACK OF EAGLES. James Blish.
(c) CHILDREN OF THE ATOM. Wilmar Shiras. (d) PRELUDE TO SPACE. A. C. Clarke.
(e) REVOLT IN 2100. R. A. Heinlein.
3. (a) THE DRAGON IN THE SEA. Frank Herbert. (b) TO THE STARS. L. Ron Hubbard.
(c) THE STARS MY DESTINATION. Bester. (d) A FALL OF MOONDUST. A. C. Clarke.
(e) THE GREEN ODYSSEY. Philip Jose Farmer.
4. (a) Reginald Bretnor. (b) Robert Sheckley. (c) James Blish.
5. (a) THE UNPLEASANT PROFESSION OF JONATHON HOAG. Robert A. Heinlein.
(b) STARSHIP THROUGH SPACE. Lee Correy.
(c) THUNDER AND ROSES. Theodore Sturgeon.
6. L. Ron Hubbard.

JOHN BAXTER

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DYNATRON

McL

Now, kiddies, it is time for your lesson. Today we study

THE FAN'S HOME PRIMER

by

MIKE DECKINGER

A is for Ackerman, a fan known far and wide.
B is for BEM, with a rough, scaly hide.

C is for cons, at which most fans attend.
D is for dummies, on which many faneds depend.

E is for egoboo, what we're all searching for.
F is for fugghead, whom all truefen deplore.

G is for gafia, a state we all despise,
H is for hecto, it's murder on the eyes.

I is for illos, fanzines all need these.
J is for justify, it is not done with ease.

K is for knight, sir damon, the fan.
L is for liquor, blog for the fan.

M is for mimeo, you all know what that is.
N is for neo, he flunked Baxter's quiz.

O is for one-shot, a single fannish labor.
P is for prozines, which should earn all fan's favor.

Q is for quote-cards, those annoying bits of paper.
R is for Roscoe, now bow down to the maker.

S is for SAPS, with publishers galore.
T is for typer, don't leave it on the floor.

U is for Unifen, whom Uncle Sam appoint.
V is for VOID, perhaps a focal point?

W is for Westercon, a splendid thing to think.
X is for Xeno, Sarge Saturn's favorite drink.

Y is for Yngvi, a mysterious little louse.
Z is for zapgun, keep it out of the house.

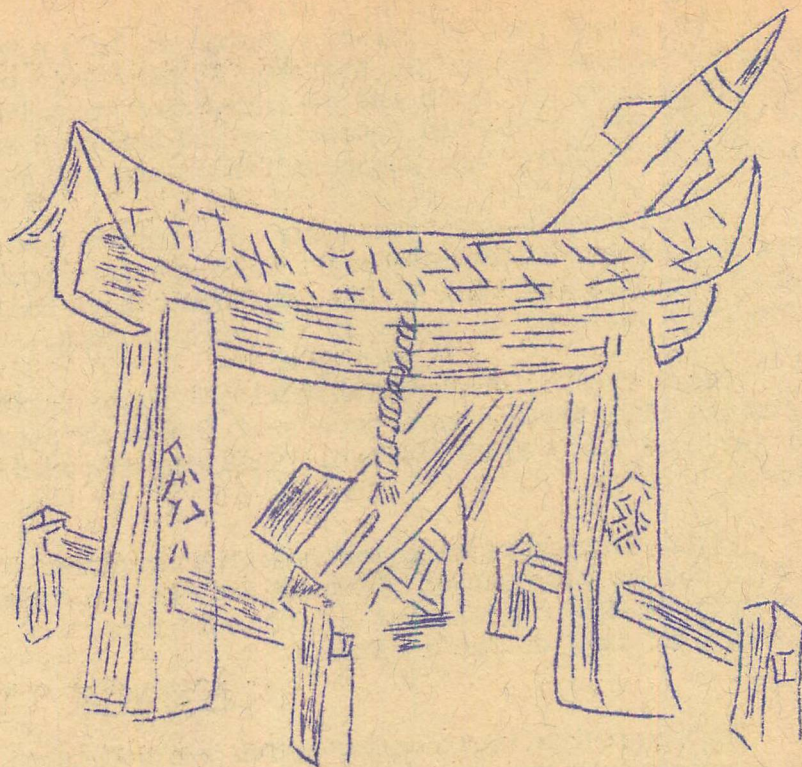
So there you are, with no need to fret,
Reading this fannish alphabet.

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MIKE DECKINGER

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TOKYO FILE

regular report on Stf in Japan

The first Japanese SF confention, which we called the Meg-con, was held on May 27, 1962, in the council chambers of Meguro Public Hall in Tokyo. Two adjoining rooms, each of which could admit 60 persons, were used. We had planned on only one room but attendance was such that the extra room was necessary. Our advance publicity consisted of a notice in SF MAGAZINE and small articles in two of the daily newspapers.

The convention was to open at 1:00 p.m. and I had planned to begin my speech about 1:20 believing that there would be a small audience and wanting to allow time for any latecomers to arrive. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when I found that about 100 had gathered by one o'clock and the number was increasing steadily. At 1:30 when I started my speech the attendance was more than 120 which is the seating capacity of the hall and Uchujin Club members were carrying in chairs from other rooms. Attendance at last reached 150 or more.

The first part of the con was programmed for speeches. Among those who spoke were Udaru Ōshita and Keisuke Watanabe, both authorities in the mystery story field, Masami Fukushima, the editor of SF MAGAZINE, Osamu Tezuka, #1 comics writer, Tetsu Yano, Shin'ichi Hoshi, Shōtarō Ishimori (who had attended Seacon), Yasutaka Tsutsui and Takashi Mayumura, both of whom came from Osaka for the con) and some others. Hoshi read one of his stories. Later I explained about our proposed edition of UCHUJIN-INTERNATIONAL and introduced the editors to the audience.

From 4:30 to 5:30 we enjoyed movies by 16mm projector. The films were four animation works by Norman McLaren and a space film on Project Mercury furnished by

USIS. After the films we had a short recess.

The second part of the con opened at 6:00 p.m. and about 70 joined us. One room was closed and we all gathered (jammed?) in one room and enjoyed conversation. Shim Sato took the chair and we introduced ourselves then Yū Mori, assistant editor of SF MAGAZINE stood and "questions and answers" on SF MAGAZINE was done. I gave a history of UCHŪJIN and Japanese fandom and all was over at 9:00 p.m.

Meg-Con was a great success. Far better than we had expected. The only fault was that we had no theme-speech. All speakers spoke only their congratulations or their personal opinions of SF. We should have had a theme for the con and asked some good lecturer to speak as the main program.

Osamu Tezuka, Shotarō Ishimori and Kunio Nagatani, all comics writers, did drawings illustrating some scenes of famous SF stories on the large sheet of paper we had used for a movie screen. This was welcomed very much by the younger attendants.

Three newspapers reported on our convention. "Tokyo Shinbun" gave us a very little column but "Sankei Shinbun" and "Naigai Times" both ran large articles. On May 29th TBS-Radio broadcast a 10 minute report of the convention with tape recorded speeches of some of the speakers.

NEWS NOTES

Kazumasa Hirai's "Leonora" which was published in the February issue of UCHŪJIN was reprinted in the June issue of SF MAGAZINE.

Ryū Mitsuse and Tsutomu Miyazaki both have stories in the July issue of SFMAG.

Earl Stanley Gardner's SF story, "Human Zero" was published in the June issue of the Japanese edition of ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE

Tsunihisa Nishida's fanzine ASTEROID issued its second issue.

The ceremony unveiling Jūzō Unno's monument was held on May 29 at Tokushima City.

The Hayakawa Fantasy Series has changed its name into "Hayakawa Science Fiction Series" and published Bradbury's "Golden Apples of the Sun", "The Time Machine and Other Stories" by H. G. Wells.

SF MAGAZINE has formed a reader's club which has gathered more than 100 members already. It publishes a monthly bulletin named "Current of Space."

"Twilight Zone" left the air the beginning of May because the telecasting of night baseball games began. It will come back in October after the baseball season.

Mushi-Studio, which produces animated movies, decided to produce Shin'ichi Hoshi's "Tenshi-Kō". This is one of Hoshi's masterpieces.

Tetsu Yano's novelet, "Envoy in Tibet" was published in the Sunday Mainichi.

Motoshige Kato has published numbers eight and nine of his fanzine, SPACESHIP. Both issues were four pages.

The SF MAGAZINE reader's club held a meeting on June 10 with 34 fans in attendance.

BUNGEI ASAHI published Fred Brown's short story "Armagedon." Hoshi did the translation.

Noriyoshi Saito has translated two more of Hoshi's short-shorts into English and submitted them to F&SF.

And that about cleans out the file for this time. Sayonara from Tokyo.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

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For more on the Meg-Con see Aritsune Toyada's letter in "Feedback". RT



In DYNATRON it is only a page from Tokyo to Buenos Aires and

AN ARGENTINE FAN'S REPORT

by

HECTOR R. PESSINA

Saludos. Since DYNATRON brings you news from Japanese fandom I thought perhaps you might also be interested in what is happening in the field in Argentina. This first column will be mostly news notes.

Narcisco Ibanez Menta, a well-known Argentine TV and movie actor, is going to make a number of SF serials which will be filmed in order to take advantage of all the commercial prospects. These films will probably be shown by TV stations in Argentina and neighbouring countries. I'm sure they will include the best SF available.

The second issue of the O-O of the Club Argentino de Ficción Científica is out. It contains short stories, fandom news, science articles and a sort of SF quiz.

The hearts of all Argentine SF and astronomy fans was recently gladdened by the news that a modern planetarium will be built in Buenos Aires. Now I read in a local paper that the important city of Rosario will have one, too. It will be fitted with the most up-to-date projection equipment.

Librecol has brought out the long-awaited Spanish reprint of Bradbury's "The Golden Apples of the Sun" and begins with it another series of books of the so-called "borderline" kind. It will include Vidal's "Messiah" and others.

Nebulac, the most prolific Spanish publisher, has brought out a book with two novelets, one by Sturgeon called "Whatever Counts" in its Galaxy version, and the other by Daniel Galouye is "The City of Force." The title of the book is taken from the Sturgeon story, LOS HOMBRES DE GOR (THE GORMEN). Also a novel by a Spanish writer, Domingo Santos, called LA CARCEL DE ACERO (THE STEEL JAIL.)



Cenit, the other Spanish publishing house, has brought out two sf books. LA PRISION ESPACIAL (THE SPACE PRISON) by Tom Godwin and Asimov's famous FOUNDATION. This publisher plans to publish the remainder of the series, FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE and SECOND FOUNDATION.

Cenit also reprinted Sturgeon's THE DREAMING JEWELS, which had previously been published by Libercol, under the title of THE SYNTHETIC MAN. When the Cenit edition came out at a cheaper price and with a different title many SF fans bought it...and came back to the bookshop to return it when they realized that they had read the story before. I'm told that the local Cenit distributor has gone to Spain to speak to the Cenit publishers about this matter.

That's all for now. I'll be back next issue with more news of and about Argentine science-fiction.

HECTOR R. PESSINA

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I'm sure everyone enjoyed Terry Carr's story, "Trufan's Blood" in OUTWORLDS #1. I know I did, right up until the ending. I thought the ending could have been happier, or at least less bloody, in keeping with the policies of slick magazines like OUTWORLDS and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

# HAPPY ENDING

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FRANSON

As you may remember, the protagonist in the story caught his hand in the mimeograph, then his head, and that was the end of him. I was somehow expecting a different ending, one that would seem to be more inevitably the outcome of the hyperactivity preceding it. If I may take the liberty of grafting it onto Terry's story, I'd like to tell the ending as I imagine it.....

Eric Lee, you remember, was a trufan from birth, and had done everything a fan could possibly do and more, taking part in every fannish activity including gafia. (I like that line, "gafia is just another form of fanac"). As the story opens, Eric has even promoted a convention in his home town, and is busily preparing for it, since he is the only committee member, all the others being his pseudonyms. At the same time he is also busy publishing two giant and frequent fanzines, and two nights before the convention, he is running off two annishes, in huge quantities on his electric mimeograph, simultaneously answering the telephone which is constantly ringing on urgent convention business. In the early hours of the morning he stops answering the phone, and fans assume he has at last gone to bed. But he doesn't show up at the convention hotel the next day and evening, and so on the following morning, the first day of the convention, a bunch of fans who are concerned by Eric's continued failure to answer phone calls, drive out to his place.

## NOW GOON WITH THE STORY:

We couldn't get an answer to the doorbell, either, so we tried the door and it was open. We went in and looked in his bedroom but he wasn't there. Then we went downstairs, and found his electric mimeo still running, its feeder pawing futilely at an empty rack, and piles of mimeo sheets everywhere, in process of being run off. Eric Lee was nowhere around, or anywhere in the house (where he lived alone.) It looked as if he had just stepped out for a moment, expecting to come right back, and had not even bothered to turn off the mimeo.....but he hadn't come back.

One of us waited around for him all that day -- we took turns at this stake-out --but he didn't show up. We wondered what the hell had happened to him. If he had been called away suddenly, you'd think he'd phone, or leave a note, or something. It was a complete mystery.

The convention, even without Eric Lee, was a huge success, largely because Eric had planned it so well. The program went off as well as could be expected, and a fannish good time was had by all. One panel which had started out as a discussion of "whither fanzines", drifted quite naturally to "what happened to Eric Lee?" and this turned out to be the main topic of conversation everywhere, the theme of the convention, the question always asked when fans first met. The two most popular theories were that he had met with an auto accident or had been called out of town, but both had vociferous opposition, too.

Sunday evening, a group of fans from Seattle were in the process of putting out a one-shot. At a late hour that night, three in the morning to be exact, they came to the addressing problem. Toskey wanted to send out a copy of the one-shot to the home address of every fan who was present at the con, and Elinor didn't know where to



find the registrar's books, and Otto suggested they go down to the lobby and swipe the hotel register while the clerk wasn't looking. Well, this wasn't so difficult, with the diversionary tactics Wally used, and soon they were back in their suite engrossed in deciphering wonderfully bad signatures. Meanwhile, the hotel slept (but not its occupants, of course.)

A half-hour later, at 3:30 A.M. to be precise, a penetrating whoop was heard throughout the hotel, even in the middle of Bob Leman's party going full blast, which is penetration indeed. The yell brought most of the fans to the corridor outside the Seattle fans' suite, and the continued hubbub brought the rest.

"He's here! He's here in the hotel!" shouted Buz, pointing to a name on the register. Immediately a rush started for that room number, on the next floor above. The elevator was filled at once, and the rest of the mob broke for the stairs, beating the elevator, which of course went in the wrong direction. The crowd gathered and increased outside the room which was indicated on the hotel register as Eric Lee's.

Someone (probably a fan) boldly knocked on the door. No answer.

"Maybe he's asleep," said a fringe fan.

"Asleep? At three-thirty in the morning?" cried the others.

They knocked again, louder. Finally the door opened, and Eric Lee--the Eric Lee--greeted them sleepily. He was in pajamas, and looked like he had been asleep at that.

The fans, instead of rudely bursting in, paused respectfully at the door before they rudely burst in.

"What's this, a raid?" yelled Lee, surrounded. "What's going on?" He did not seem angry, only puzzled at this intrusion.

Finally Harry Warner said, "You are Eric Lee, aren't you?"

"Sure he is," said the others. "Cut it out, Lee," and "What's the gag?"

"Yes, what is the gag?" asked Lee. "I'm afraid I don't know any of you, though you seem to know me. I don't know what this is all about, but I came to this hotel for peace and quiet, and I don't seem to be getting it here. First there's this colossal yell, and then the stopping in the corridor, and then this--this invasion--I don't want to call the manager, but..."

"Be serious, Eric," said Tucker. "This is a convention, your convention in fact, and we've been hunting for you for days -- where've you been?"

Eric frowned, then looked dazed. "Well, you've got me there. I do seem to be kind of mixed up. Maybe it's amnesia or something. I remember packing, and leaving the house, and coming to this hotel, for some peace and quiet. I wanted to get away from it all for some reason. I've been under a strain, but now I can't remember what kind of a strain."

"Don't you remember running off your fanzine? Your mimeo was still going?"

"Fanzine? Mimeo? All I remember is getting my hat and coat and putting a few things into a suitcase...then I called a cab and gave the driver the name of this hotel...the first one that came to mind, I guess. I had a powerful feeling that I wanted to get away from it all."

"You wanted to gaffiate?" asked Eney.

"No, I just wanted to get away from it all. I can't remember anything before that....."



At four o'clock in the morning, it is a strange thing to hear, resounding through the ~~corridor~~ at the door of all the room in a respectable hotel: the plaintive cry, "IS THERE A PSYCHIATRIST IN THE HOUSE?"

At last the fans realized they couldn't find one at this hour, and they were reluctant to extend the search to nearby streets although several fans had already left the hotel with this intention.

"Say," said Grennell, as they all gathered in Lee's room again, "we don't need a psychiatrist--Bob Bloch is here at the con."

"Get him," ordered Bjo. Within minutes the Superb One was being pushed through the mob outside and shoehorning his way into the room, quickly being brought up to date on events.

"I've only written about psychiatrists," he protested. "Oh, all right, let me through. I've got to get close enough so I can interview him without shouting myself hoarse. Thirty or forty of you get off the bed--oh, never mind, I'll psycho-analyze him where he's standing. Grue, it's close in here. Give me a drink, somebody."

"Here," said Burbee. "Now give him the works, Bob. We can't be here all night -- we'll suffocate."

Bloch said, "Don't rush me -- you want me to treat him in two minutes when a course of professional treatments would take years, at 50 bucks a hour?"

"Oh, don't give us that malarkey," said Tucker. "We know all about psychiatrists. Make with the questions -- at fannish rates."

Bloch addressed Lee in a soothing shout over the noise of the crowd, "Eric, do you recognize me? You don't seem to know anyone else here, but maybe there's a chance I can jog your memory. Does the name "Bloch" mean anything to you?"

"Bloch?" said Lee doubtfully. "Bloch."

A tear appeared in Tucker's eye.

"Oh, yes, Bloch," said Lee at last, smiling. "Ray Bloch, the orchestra leader; the one whose head was a butt for Jackie Gleason's jokes."

Bloch sighed. "He's retained his wit, anyhow. 'Head was a butt.'" He chuckled ruefully, then resumed his questioning. "Eric, I'll call off a series of numbers and you respond, if it brings up any thought or association in your mind. Like if I should say, '1492', you might say, 'Columbus'. Get it?"

Lee nodded, listening intently, and the room was reasonably quiet.

"31...170...402," intoned Bloch. "Mean anything to you? How about 2962...423...364...6137...19159...702..."

"702!" said Lee. "I remember now!"

"You do?" said Bloch, as everyone listened expectantly. "What does 702 signify to you?"

"It's the address of --- it's the address of a drug store I used to go to, to buy --- to buy --- uh ---"



Bloch, disappointed, nevertheless pressed further. "To buy---what? at the drugstore?"

"To buy --- uh --- aspirin, I guess."

"Not --- magazines?" suggested Bloch. "A certain kind of magazine, perhaps?"

"Magazines? No," Lee said. "Aspirin, I guess. I can't remember."

Bloch announced to the rest of the fans, "It's hopeless. I can't do anything. He not only has forgotten fandom, but its offshoot, science-fiction. But I think he's all right otherwise. Let's get out of here. I think he needs rest is all. And I need air."

During the rest of the convention, Eric Lee was the "guest" of the other fans, and he enjoyed their company, even though he seemed not to know them at first or why they were convening there. He couldn't help with the convention program -- he didn't know anything about it, and when told anything would quickly forget it. Whenever the facts of fandom, or the meanings of fannish words were explained to him, he listened and nodded, but forgot them at once. He didn't forget the friends he made there, but they were like new friends to him, no matter how long he had actually known them.

After the convention was over a number of these friends visited him at his place, and found that he had given away all his fanzine publishing equipment, and his collection of science-fiction and fanzines. He never put out any more fanzines, needless to say, nor wrote for any other fanzines, though he wrote letters to his "new" friends, in which he never discussed fandom. Nor did he ever mention the subject during any fan's visits, nor sustain it if it came up.

An account of one such visit was included in a recent fanzine article. The visiting fan said he felt as though he were talking to a wooden Indian whenever he brought up fandom, though many other subjects seemed to interest Lee. This fan said he had the fortune to be there when the mail came, and he watched Lee open his mail. There was quite a number of letters -- everyone wrote to Lee -- and there were half a dozen fanzines, too, showing some faneds had still not cut him off regardless of his lack of direct response.

He watched Eric Lee open the first-class mail, and then throw the fanzines, still stapled, into the wastebasket.

Shocked, the fan went over and picked them out. "Why did you throw these away?" he asked.

"Oh, they're just ads."

"But this is a HYPHEN!"

"Hyphen-shmyphen," said Lee. "It's just an add for some cult or other."

"May I have it?" asked the fan in a subdued voice.

Lee looked at him curiously. "Do you collect junk mail?"

The fan ended his article with the statement that he liked Eric Lee, but that he didn't think he would visit him again soon.

In fandom's long history, there have been BNFs who didn't exist. There have been BNFs who did exist but were doubted strenuously by other fans. And there have been BNFs no one is sure of to this day.

But Eric Lee is the only BNF I know of, who is firmly convinced that Fandom doesn't exist.

DONALD FRANSON

XXXXX



## M I D N I G H T O I L

by

L A R R Y W I L L I A M S

HI THERE. This astute column, so aptly entitled "Midnight Oil", will be, perhaps, the most infrequent column fandom has yet seen. I doubt that the microcosm has previously been blessed with a nearly annual column, and I suppose that it has no great desire to be, but I have my reasons. Primarily, I'm not a man overflowing with pertinent ideas for articles, which I feel should run a minimum of two pages. I have ideas, but generally a few paragraphs sap me of things to say about any subject. So, since it is acceptable fannish etiquette to change subjects at most any interval in a column, I'm writing a column. I'll write it once a year.

OH, LOWLY EGOBOO. I've been repeatedly annoyed by the fact that fandom refused to accept the Fan Awards. Of course, I'm annoyed because I happen to agree with and like the idea of Fan Awards, but it seems to me that the motives behind the lack of acceptance were rather fughheaded.

I cannot, for the life of me, understand why everybody was so riled up about now ~~George Willick~~ was "forcing the awards on us", since it seems to me that it would have been easy enough to simply ignore them.

The general reason stated for not wanting the Fan Awards was this: that the Awards were superfluous since we already have the FANAC Poll which provides enough egoboo for anybody's tastes. "Why we're not that egoboo-grubbing" it was pleaded. In other words, fen don't like egoboo enough to want more of it. Ridiculous! I think they are too proud of themselves to admit that they want the dripping goo as much as the next guy. These fen want to appear too modest to be lauded for their achievements with a plaque rather than a mention on the FANAC poll. The line that the Fan Achievement Awards were superfluous is nonsense. There is no other system in fandom by which a person may receive something tangible for his accomplishments. "What about the FANAC Poll?" screams the detractor of the Fan Awards, "it has been around for four years now." I'll tell you what About the FANAC Poll, fella. If either the FANAC Poll or the Fan Achievement Awards must be considered superfluous then let it be the FANAC Poll which doesn't award the winners a blessed thing except a late mention some six or eight months after it was supposed to appear. Us liberal fen certainly can be conservative at times, can't we?

Those people who continually griped about the Awards are sort of a laugh to me. By screaming out against the awards they drew attention to themselves and egoboo from their fellow sufferers. Of course, they were modestly stating all the while that they really didn't care a good ghoddam about egoboo. Of course not. The fans who really felt this way simply ignored the Awards—they didn't call attention to themselves by proclaiming how modest they were.

Perhaps the most logical solution to the whole ridiculous problem is the simplest one a person could imagine. That is to combine the Fan Achievement Awards with the FANAC Poll, thusly creating a system which might be termed, "The FANAC Awards". This would eliminate multiple polls and present something tangible to the winners.

I believe that Walter Breen is considering something like this although I may be wrong.

What really set me off, though, was the distribution through AXE of postcard-ballots by Big Hearted Howard DeVore on which a person could vote "Yes" or "No" on the Fan Awards. I'm still trying to figure out how Big Hearted Howard got into the act.

It couldn't have been a bid for egoboo.

Why, we're not that egoboo-grubbing.

Are we?



SUBJECTIVE THINKING. It seems to me that recently some fan wrote an entire article on why he was contributing an article to the fanzine. Let me note that my problem has bothered me to the point where I even considered such a fate. I've also considered suicide, but this seems a much less important point.

Mr. Walter A. Willis, an expert on the subject, articulated in WARHOON his method of writing when he has nothing to say. The fact that Bob Shaw stated in HYPHEN that Willis doesn't write when he has nothing to say will be considered as irrelevant, since it would completely moss up both Willis and me.

Specifically, Walt puts a nice blank sheet of shining white paper in his typer, pulls out a little black notebook (or possibly a scrap of dirty yellow paper) upon which he has scribbled little unimportant things which he has noticed, picks one incident at random, and elaborates on it in his mind. This method works quite well for Willis, since the thought of an old radio in his attic provided him with sufficient material for two pages of "The Harp That Once or Twice."

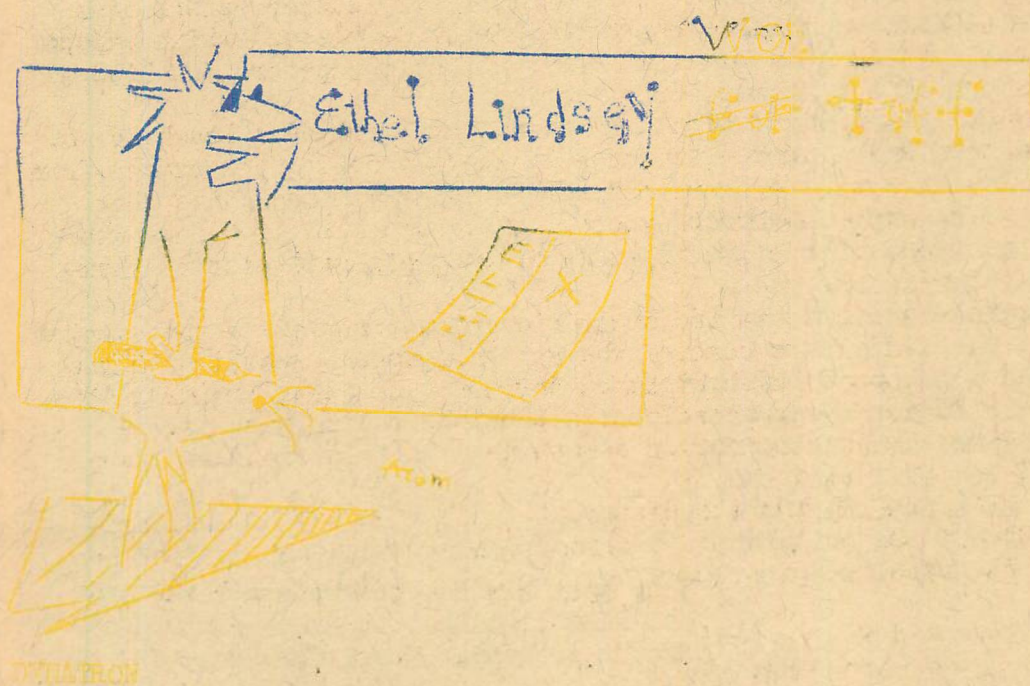
I've tried this method. It doesn't work for me. For this reason, you will probably have noticed that all material in my CINDER editorials is of Utmost Importance, and not on insignificant things. The thought of an old radio could never supply me with two pages of interesting material. One thing that caught my eye a month or so ago was an oil truck delivering oil to a house. I attempted to elaborate on this in Willisian manner. I considered the fact that in our modern day society, oil is still crudely brought about, house to house, in a truck. I also developed this to milk men and mail men, and tried to figure out how I could turn this mess into two pages on how decadent we are. I came up with: "In our wonderfully modern society, oil, milk, and mail are still delivered door to door. We certainly are decadent, aren't we?"

Feeling that my readers should have more than two sentences, I wrote two pages on my selections in the FANAC Poll and about why I was changing CINDER's name (which I didn't do -- but it gave me a few paragraphs) and let it go at that. It was the shortest editorial I had done in five issues, simply because the Willis Method is, indeed, the Willis method, since he seems to be the only fan capable of putting it into use.

All of which uses up the Midnight Oil. See you next year after the man delivers another load to my house.

LARRY WILLIAMS

XXXXX





# FEEDBACK

HARRY WARNER, JR.  
423 SUMMIT AVE.,  
HAGERSTOWN, MD.

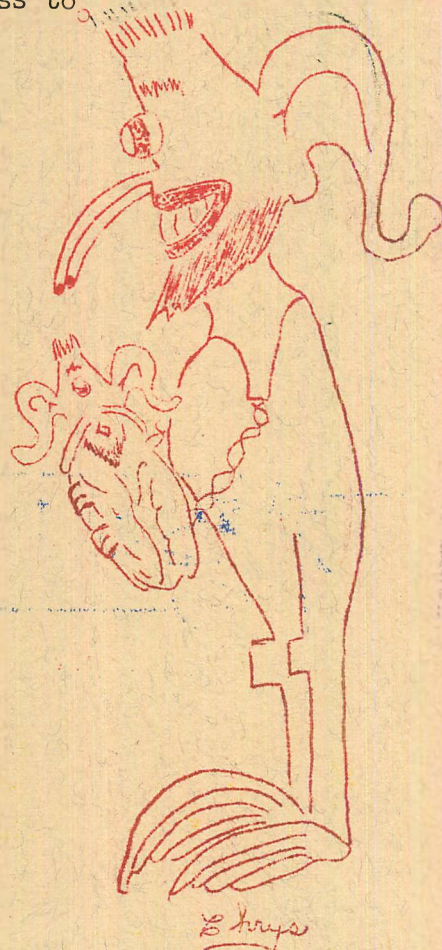
Do you know that Dynatron #11 was unavailable? You broke one of the Post Office Department's favorite rules by publicizing a certain game that is played with cards and prizes and someone calling numbers while the participants watch the numbers on their cards. A mention of it slips through the local newspapers every now and then and almost at once a letter arrives from this or that postal inspector warning how easy it is for a publication to lose its mailing privileges by disseminating information on games of chance. We aren't even allowed to print the completely clean and decent joke which ends up in heaven with St. Peter at this particular type of recreation.

My score on the John Baxter quiz was so low that it isn't worth mentioning. I felt better when I discovered from the answers that I'd read only two or three of the stories involved and two of the prozines. This reminds me of the old Science Fiction League quiz which some energetic fan should reprint to separate the real old timers from the neofans.

The Deckinger story was fair. It suffers from the fault that afflicts most short fanzine fiction: the whole reason for its existence lies in its punchline and the reader just marks time until the last paragraph; nothing really happens in the story.

My most shattering experience with the police came three or four years ago. I was doing some desk work around 2 a.m. when the knock sounded at the door. There were a big policeman, a young woman, and a small child, and the cop asked me if this was my baby. I started to stammer things about willingness to undergo a blood test and to try to remember the telephone numbers of two or three good lawyers. Then the policeman explained that this woman had been coming home from work and had found this child toddling around on the sidewalk and couldn't make it tell her where it belonged. My house was the only one in the block with a light and they thought I might recognize the babe. I finally was able to talk coherently enough to point out two or three houses in the neighborhood that contained lots of small children and I learned later that they did get the small streetwalker back to his own home.

Clay Kimball's reviews interested me because I've been on a Turn of the Screw binge lately, involving the story and some essays devoted to it and the opera that Benjamin Britten wrote on the plot. Hollywood seems to have been more explicit than James who never gives the least hint as to the nature of the evil in which the two ghosts engaged. The ending isn't in the James story, of course, but there is a body of critical thought which contends that James really intended the reader to understand that the governess was a neurotic who imagined the ghosts and the evil (and one hypothesis even claims that not only were the ghosts non-existent, but the children didn't exist either!). I'm inclined



Art & Nancy

Our Best Wishes, Congratulations, and all else like that to Nancy, Art, and Steven A. Rapp. Roy & Chrystal.



WARNER, con'td.

to the belief that James deliberately left the question unsolved so that the reader could never be quite sure what happened, as in Stockton's famous "The Lady or the Tiger". I agree wholeheartedly about the merits of Mysterious Island, which restored a long-whithered sense of adventure in me.

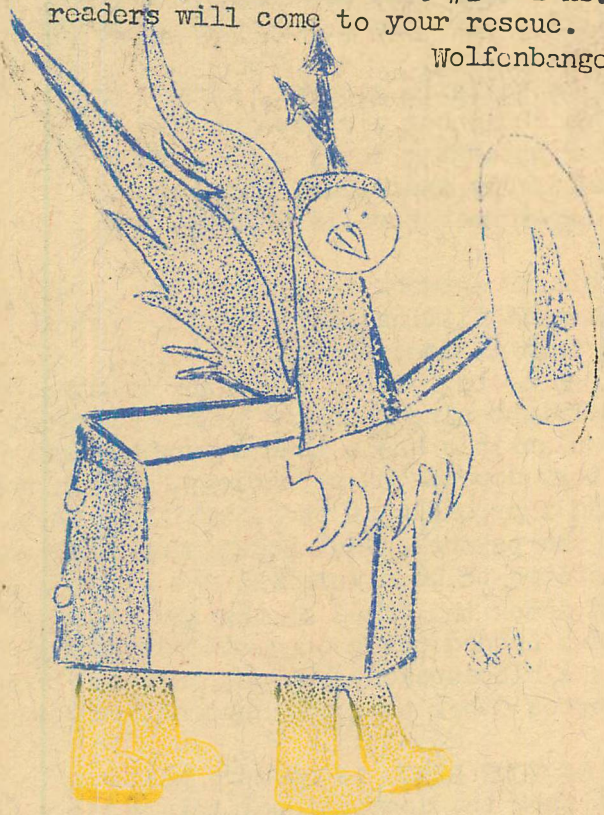
I was glad to see Deindorfer's letter for its blast at overidolization of TAFF. I'm heartily in favor of TAFF, the fan art show, and similar projects, until they become the objects of adoration and awe. Then it's time to get back a sense of proportion and to remember that the soft-sell technique may be more profitable than violent campaigning.

Weelll, I've played that unmentionable game a few times and, so far as I was concerned, there wasn't much chance to it. Never even came close. If I knew where I could get hold of the old SFL quiz, I'd reprint it. RT

BILL WOLFENBARGER  
602 WEST HILL ST.,  
NEOSHO, MISSOURI

Is there any way I could obtain back issues of DYNATRON? I'd be willing to buy at a fair price. I would appreciate it if you'd print this plea and if none can be sold, would like to borrow.

In the near future I'll be sending you an article or bibliography. You'd better send something. You aren't going to get many more copies on the strength of your little notes. Seriously, send them along as we can always use material. #Backishs. I have none. Maybe some of the readers will come to your rescue. There ain't nobody named Bill Wolfenbanger. RT



SHOKO UHARA  
C/O KOKURITSU RYOYO-JO  
SHICHI-JOE CHO,  
NARA CITY, NARA, JAPAN

Roy-san, please note new address. I am sorry to say but I became to be out of sorts so must go for a change of air. I am not so bad and can still be reading and writing so will comment on next issue. I hope you're feeling better by now, Shoko-san. RT

BETTY KUJAWA  
2819 CAROLINE ST  
SOUTH BEND 14, IND.

For the love of ghod  
move somewhere else!  
I'll never memorize  
the spelling of your

town.

Wanna ask you how you reacted to Wells' CADENZA articles on "Liberals"... after reading it I wonder why Charlie and Betty ever had the slightest disagreement. I mean 'cept for a leetle difference I can't see any whopping chasm between us.

Keep an eye out for the Ballantine edition of "Student" by David Horowitz... about the Berkeley students; Operation Abolition, Chessman, etc...heh, he sounds like a 102% Noffer testily defending the N3F against more worldly types--I mean its SO defensive and self-righteous...amusing, amusing...Horowitz begins with some pre-mises that put ME off right at the start..

ED COI, Doodle in this space

DYNATRON



KUJAWA, con'td.

firstly, that ALL Americans are laden with horrible guilt, we are all a buncha cold-blooded killers and must atone and Mea Culpa for all eternity--cause of bombing Hiroshima, etc...secondly, he points with awe to REAL academic freedom and student inspiration for its National Leader--where is this, you ask?...why, under Castro down in that bastion of Freedom, Cuba!!

Uh, the cover of DYNATRON 11...Family portrait? I don't quite picture you two looking exactly like that...if you do, you have no problems about the Chicon masquerade ball...chortle chortle.

So I did lousily on the Baxter quiz, but keep 'em coming. Someday I may break even.

Coulson and the State Police lads--round here I get them coming and going in my house hourly--neighbors when we moved in looked askance at first--you see they, too, shoot with the shot-guns and reload with Gene's many many reloaders out in the garage--and buy their shells, shot and powder through us. Our State Cops are Real Fine Guys..and some fannish as hell.

This Is A Good Thing--having Takumi keep Western Fandom informed on Japanese Fandom--hope he will keep on with this.

You know me, pal...I dote on movie reviews--could you get Clay to review the one we saw last week? It really was about the finest horror film I have ver seen--it was Roger Vadim's "Blood and Roses" based, loosely, on LeFanu's "Carmilla". Vampirism, with the vampire being a toothsome what other kind are there? RT luscious blonde, lesbian undertones, semi-nudity, a little, BUT--the color, the sets, the gowns, the photography--I advise seeing this one.

Ummm. Let's say that I agree with Charles Wells in general, certainly there is no arguing with the goals he sets down, but disagree on the specifics--I dislike some of his ideas for attaining those goals. His proposals impinge too much on what I consider my individual freedoms. # Strange, but I have no guilt complex and my temperature is 98.6° F. RT

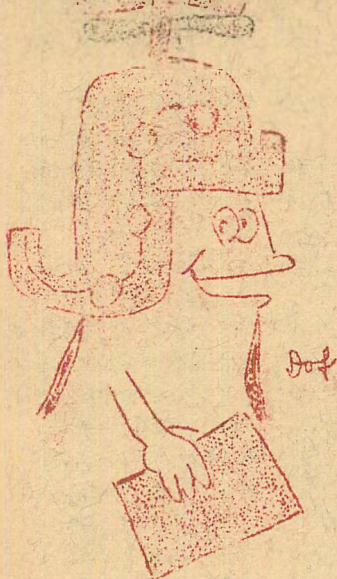
MIKE DECKINGER  
31 CARR PLACE  
FORDS, N. J.

The cover is an interesting bit of artwork to contemplate. Perhaps "Hangover" would serve as the most fitting title for it, because I can't think of anything else that it does depict.

I found SOME OF YOUR BLOOD to be neither funny nor amusing. On the contrary I thought it was one of the most frightening shockers to be produced. Frightening, because it's on a more rational, plausible basis than a supernatural story would be, and the very essence of the story depends on psychology, rather than superstition. Certainly, it's all fiction, and improbable at that, but there's no denying the definite air of authenticity that the psychological background lends to the tale. If, on the other hand, George was stated to be a vampire, who slept in a coffin by day and drank the blood of the living, then Sturgeon would have turned out a conventional terror tale. George was a bloodsucker, but one that had been transformed by forces other than the supernatural or the undead.

Pfui, SOME OF YOUR BLOOD is no more rational or plausible than the conventional tale of vampirism. The yarn is as full of holes as George's narrative. Frightening, no. Funny, si. Not intentionally so, of course, but funny nevertheless. RT

ED COX, doodle in this space:





THOMAS DILLEY  
1590 ROBINSON DR, N.  
ST PETERSBURG 10, FLA.

The SF Quiz proved very discouraging to me; about all I was able to identify was "The Eyrie" from WEIRD TALES. My readings in that magazine have been rather extensive, but outside of it my knowledge of SF is appallingly small.

Deckinger's story was well enough written that one would follow it along, interested, to see what will happen at the end. Unfortunately, the end turned out to be the punchline of a rather weak joke, and was a waste of the writing that preceded it.

I found "Some of Your Blood" to be very impressive indeed, and not the least funny. The premise is not all that unlikely. I can't go so far as to speculate upon just what would logically (or madly) lead to George's condition, but I have run across enough strange states of mind that I should by no means deny the possibility of the condition.

Enter one vote encouraging CAPA reprints.

Moffatt's letter evokes a few comments: I should say that on a basis of practicality it is unreasonable to assume that someone could or even should be urged to fight "for his fellow man." Altruism is just not that big a thing with all persons. I suspect that the usual reply to "Go fight for your fellow man" would be "Why doesn't my fellow man go out and fight too?" And there is no such thing as telling someone he should help out for his own sake. Anyone ducking the draft obviously has what he considers his own best interests at heart. The only honestly good reason I could think of for telling anyone to go ahead and sign up is that he should help to protect any family he may have. My own views on the matter are that I should indeed feel duty bound to aid as best I can should a war break out. I am, however, decidedly opposed to having to go into the services in peacetime. Barf, says I, on peacetime draft.

I quite agree with your sentiments on peacetime conscription. But draft dodging is no solution. Those who feel strongly about peacetime conscription should work all the harder to bring about circumstances in which it is unnecessary. # Regarding these strange states of mind--are you referring to fandom? RT

ARITSUNE TOYODA  
C/O KOH-YAMA-SOH  
1-57 ASAHIGA-OKA  
NERIMA-KU,  
TOKYO, JAPAN

We have just held Dai-ikkai all-nippon SF takai--or "The First all-Japan SF Convention. Takumi, Tadashi Kousai, Norio Itoh, myself and several other members of UCJ met at the Meguro public hall at 10 a.m. to get things in readiness. It was cloudy at that day but at 11 a.m. it began to rain. We were disappointed at this raining and doubted whether expected attendants would come. But at 12:30 estimated number of the attendants reached some 100 eagerly waiting the opening. I found among them an announcer of Tokyo Broadcasting Company carrying on his shoulder a portable recorder. And I also found other press-men and realized that our SF convention was to be reported to all directions of the country by the mass-media. By one p.m. when the meeting was opened the numbers of attendants had increased to 150 or more. You can easily imagine how glad Takumi was when he spoke out the opening message of the convention.

I sat at the back-end of the hall where I was very happy to get acquainted with Miss Yumiko Nakayama. She is a pretty doll of age 24, a teacher of Japanese classic dance and a member of Uchujin Club. She can read and write English quite well and wants eagerly to correspond with foreign fans. Her address is Yumiko Nakayama, 1-13-5 Matsue-cho, Kawagoe City, Saitama Prefecture, Japan.

After the con about 20 of us went to Shinjuku, a busy quarter of Tokyo. We debated the future development of SF in Japan and the development of new writers here. I was very much surprised to find that Ray Bradbury is so popular here. I personally don't like his works which are usually not SF but Fantasy. I, myself, like Heinlein, Van Vogt, Tenn, Frederic Brown and Poul Anderson. The most impressible story for me are "City" by Clifford Simak and "Out of the Silent Planet" by Lewis. The most interesting story for me is "High Crusade" by Anderson. I read these in English edition. I didn't know all of those in this group. Some of them were aged and I had to give it up--impossible to talk about Elvis presley.



TOYODA, cont'd.

I'm now discussing with Seth Johnson about Esperanto. I insist that it is of no use. He opposes against me. The only international language today is English. The artificial language is lacking slight nuance and exact meanings of words. Moreover Zamehof was not a philologist but an opthalmologist. What could he do in the field of philology? What do your readers think?

I don't know what they think but I agree on that, of course. RT

And that, gentlefen, winds it up for this issue. Apologies to Pat McLean, Len Moffatt, Dave Vanderwerf, Clay Kimball, Bob Smith, and others who were crowded out. But the zine has to end somewhere and this is where it does. In the next issue: Moffatt, Dave Hulan, Takumi Shibano, Billyjoeplottofelikaalabama, and others.

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