



*Symatton*



All right, everybody pay attention. This is the spot in which I am supposed to show off my wit. My wit is somewhat off this time, though, and I fear there won't be much here other than a dry statement about who and when and how and all like that. If you care, that is. If you don't care read on anyway. Maybe I'll think of something funny...like the discussion of comic books at the Worldcon. That fair breaks me up. Ah, well, let's get on with it. This, dear reader, is DYNATRON number 15 (Applause!). DYNATRON is very much like a fanzine and is published every other month by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico. The security people can relax as we don't have any agents, foreign or otherwise. Lessee, the going price on this thing is 15¢ each or eight for one dollar and that's a bargain considering postal rates. You can also get copies--if you want them--by contributing material or by sending along your own fanzine in trade. Don't tell me you don't have a fanzine--everybody publishes fanzines these days. Some few poor unfortunates receive copies for reasons known but to the editor. If you're in this category don't ask me why as I don't know either. Ahem. The opinions expressed herein, including those in editorial commentary, do not, necessarily, reflect those of the editor. This is, as usual, a Parinated Publication.

The cover is by Bjo Trimble, a lovely and talented type fan. Arrigato.

WRITINGS IN THE SAND.....	Roy Tackett.....	3
CHRYSTAL GAZING.....	Chrystal Tackett.....	6
SNEARY'S REFERENCES.....	Rick Sneary, Esq.....	8
A CHILD'S GARDEN OF S-F.....	Ben Evans.....	11
KEEP SMILING.....	Len Moffatt.....	12
FEEDBACK.....	Ye and Me.....	15

January 1963

All complaints about the thinness of this issue should be referred to the Postmaster General and the Congress. Actually, 20 pages is a good size fanzine. It's a good size because it goes at the lowest rate. And that is how it's a-gonna be.

I hear Jim Harmon is going to pub a prozine called NOVA or somesuch at a buck a copy. As one who longs for the old ten cent ASTONISHING I feel that this new zine is going to have to be quite spectacular to entice a whole dollar out of me. I'd consider it if I find NOVA to be filled with yarns on a level with those which appeared in ASTOUNDING during the Golden Age but since they don't write them like that any more....

Am disappointed that Rick Sneary, Esq., said "No" to TAFF. I can think of no one in fandom more deserving of the honor or more qualified to be the TAFF administrator.

L.A. Once More--In Sixty-Four.

RT



WRITINGS  
IN  
THE  
SAND

My sense of wonder is more often aroused these days by things mundane rather than science-fictional. Particularly it becomes aroused by the strange and mysterious doings of government.

Ojo Caliente is a small town in north-central New Mexico. The population is about 200, mostly, I'm told, of Spanish descent. It isn't a very prosperous town. Ojo Caliente has a miserable one-room school complete with primitive heating and outside toilets. The school's water supply consists of a snigot--also outside.

The people of Ojo Caliente have tried, without success, to get a new school. It is a poor district which cannot afford to build on its own and state or federal aid hasn't been forthcoming. The people of Ojo, more in an effort to attract attention to their plight than anything else I suspect, decided to turn elsewhere. Ah, you say, if they can't get state or federal aid then where do they turn?

They applied to Mexico for foreign aid.

Mexico has had a crash program going for the past few years to raise the literacy rate. Among innovations to aid the program is the prefabricated schoolhouse which can be built in less than a week. The people of Ojo Caliente requested that Mexico come to their assistance and build one of the prefab schools in their community. The Mexican government sent an architect to Ojo to survey the situation and see just what would be needed. He made his recommendations and Mexico agreed to build the school provided there was an official request made by the U.S. government for the aid.

The U.S. government, of course, refused to make the request since it would be rather embarrassing for one of the richest countries in the world to request assistance from one of the poorest.

So the children of Ojo Caliente continue to go to their one-room school, complete with outside toilets.

President Kennedy, in his state of the union message, announced that the United States has built 13,000 classrooms in Latin America.

Dunno why I attracted so much attention today. Nothing unusual about my clothes. I was wearing western boots, bright red trousers, a black shirt with mother-of-pearl buttons and a blue leather jacket. Lots of people around here wear western boots.

After a holiday lull the flow of fanzines is picking up again. No reviews this time since I want to keep the size of this down but a few comments on a few zines. Haw! Larry Shaw gave as one of his reasons for turning AXE into a monthly(?) genzine the fact that there isn't much news these days. The past few weeks have seen a resurgence of FANAC and the birth of two new newszines. STARS PINKLE is a bi-weekly news and chitter-chatter zine from one of the foremost chitter-chatterers in the field, Ron Ellik. Three for a quarter from Ron at 1825 Greenfield Ave., LA 25...Harvey Inman and Julius Unger have revived Julie's FANTASY FICTION FIELD as a bi-weekly. 13 for \$1 from Harvey Inman, 1029 Elm St., Grafton, Ohio...SPECTRUM is a bookreview zine from Lin Carter, Apt 4-G, 2028 Davidson Ave., NY 54, NY. \$1 per year and it appears bi-monthly. Interesting if you like book reviews. I do...Jon White, 90 Riverside Drive, NY 24, NY, who had some material here some months ago, has revived INSIDE. It is an offset printed bi-monthly and if future issues match this first effort it will be well-worth the two-bits per copy. #1 contains a scholarly dissertation on sf technique by Leland Sapiro, an amusing item by Bloch, and an argumentative view of L. Ron Hubbard by William Blackbeard. Very good....And that's enough on fmz for this time. It will be interesting to see what effect the new postage rates have on fmz. Not too much I suspect. The main effect it has had on this particular publication is a renewed determination on my part to keep the size down. Gad, thumbing through some old fmz I discovered in a box at my mother's house I note that in 1945 it cost only 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ to mail out a 20 page fmz. Ah, those were the days....



Among the gems that came to light when I dusted off the box mentioned on the previous page is a "souvenir booklet" from the Science Fiction Fanquet held at 2200 West Seventh St., Los Angeles, California, on February 10, 1945, at 8:30 p.m., Walt Daugherty, Sponsor.

I was in San Francisco during 1945 and one day the receptionist informed me that I had a visitor. I was surprised and pleased to find that it was none other than Forry Ackerman who was in town for some reason or other and invited me to come to L.A. for the Fanquet. This was my first visit to the LASFS and I may get around to writing about it one of these days--if I can dig it out of the memory banks. Right now, though, the subject is the "souvenir booklet."

It is a standard fan-type publication. Sixteen pages, including the covers. This is not a program booklet--who ever heard of a fan gathering having a program?--but a sort of guide to the field for the prospective fan. The LASFS presumably expected to have some non-fans in attendance.

In the lead article Sgt Forrest J Ackerman discusses the prozines of the day. They cater, says he, to different tastes. STARTLING STORIES and THRILLING WONDER STORIES feature science-flavored, fast-moving yarns with lots of action and adventure. Both published quarterly and sell for 15¢ per copy. 15¢! Sob. Oh, the thought of it. Those were the days when I bought all the prozines. I could afford it. That other standby of Fifth Fandom, PLANET STORIES, "chock-full of rocket ships, monsters, mysteries, and maidens in distress" went for 20¢ per copy. It, too, was quarterly. For the more serious minded there was ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION with solid science, technology, and a lot of sociology. Now we've got ANALOG and psionics. Cwell. (By the way, the best news in years is that ANALOG is going large size with the next ish. This should result in much better display on the stands.) AMAZING STORIES and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, both quarterly and costing a quarter, round out the stfzines available in 1945 but Forry mentions that science-fiction also appears in FANCY FANTASTIC MYSTERIES (25¢ quarterly) and WEIRD TALES (15¢ bi-monthly.) Forry finishes by mentioning some of the zines of the past and the statement that "fans look to a postwar boom in science fiction magazines. If you latch on now, you'll have a lot of swell reading to look forward to!"

We had the boom, sure enough, but the reading wasn't so swell.

The next article concerns itself with weird and fantasy prozines and is written by Francis T. Laney. Zines past and present (in 1945) are discussed by Fran along with comments on various authors including "a comparatively new writer, Ray Bradbury. Fran also has a short item on weird and fantasy fanzines.

Sam Russell covers the book portion of the field and it is interesting to note that he devotes only one page to SF books and three pages to weird and fantasy books. This is a good indication of the state of the hard-cover part of the field 20 years ago. Most books published were either weird or fantasy--stf itself had yet to bloom. Among the stf books mentioned by Russell are the various stories by Wells and Stapledon and such as "When Worlds Collide", "The Scarlet Plague", and others in a similar vein.

Forry comes back disguised as Weaver Wright to comment on the prominent fanzines of the day. Among the recommended fanmags are Walt Dunkelberger's FANTASCARD WEEKLY, a postcard zine that went for 2¢ per copy. Heh! It would have to be a nickle per copy these days. Do you realize the cost of mailing a postcard has risen 400% in the past 20 years? The other newsheet mentioned is Julie Unger's FANTASY FICTION FIELD ILLUSTRATED NEWS WEEKLY and that's still a mouthfull. Walt Liebscher's CHANTICLEER is plugged as a "rich man's FANTASTIC ADVENTURES" and Bill Watson's DIABLERIE as a "poor fan's ESQUIRE". Other fmz of the day: Benson Perry's CYNGI; LE ZOMBIE, "the product of Bob Tucker"; CENTAURI--anybody recall who put this one out? I can't and Forry doesn't mention the editor--; L'INCO NU edited by Steve Roberts; VENUS from Lora Crozetti; AD INFINITUM a new effort from Al Weinstein; and, of course, SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, which was available free from the editor--someone named Charles Burbee. "A number of professional people," says Forry, "got their starts, writing for, drawing for, or editing one of these amateur periodicals. Try some--you'll find 'em fun." Forry also mentioned that around 5000 issues of several hundred different fmz had appeared since 1930.



The next page brings us to an article concerning the Fantasy Amateur Press Association ("usually called 'fa-pah'") by Jim Kepner. FAPA, JiKe concluded, "is the most active and the most interesting of all fan organizations and, I should say, the most likely to continue in that line." You may be interested in knowing that some of the topics under discussion in FAPA in 1945 were the plausibility of a fan-colony in one of the major cities; a fan code of ethics, the racial question in the U.S., and the desirability for improvement of the educational system. Did I hear a mention of "new" trend?

Next Walt Daugherty describes the LASFS and Alva Rogers discusses science-fiction art. Is Edd Cartier still your favorite, Alva?

The last page gives the credits for the Fanquet stating "Culminating several years of hopes for a science fiction banquet, we are tonight seeing this hope become an actuality....The present function would not have been possible without the wholehearted cooperation of all of the members of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society as is evidenced by this booklet. For three days prior to the banquet, LASFSers gave their enthusiastic support into three busy days of publishing, phoning, article writing, and gathering together the original illustrations which are on exhibit this evening."

The bacover is given over to autographs and I note the fannish green ink predominates in the various signatures. My souvenir booklet contains a variety of autographs of fen past and present. Among the decipherable names I find such as Walt Daugherty, Alva Rogers, Myrtle R. Douglas, Ross Rocklyn, Guy Gifford, Phil Bronson, shaky scrawl that translates as Claude Degler, A. E. Van Vogt, E. Mayne Hull, "Let's get down to brass tacketts--4e", Nelson Himmel, Andy Anderson, Elmer Perdue, John Cunningham, Roscoe Wright, Jimmy Kepner, Eva Roberson, Lora Crozetti, Sam Russell, Myra Smith, Sophia Van Doorne, Alojo, and others.

The 1945 Fanquet. It was, as I recall, a ball.

The program booklet is mimeoed except for the covers which were printed by Elmer Perdue. Sam Russell, Alva Rogers, and I did the stencil cutting and Andy Anderson had a hand in the publishing. Something of a treasure, this. I'm glad I found it.

The fuggheads are loose again. This time in Edgerton, Wisconsin (population about 4,000) where what is called a "parent's group" has started a campaign to get certain books banned from the high school. Described as "filth" are such books as J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher In the Rye", Huxley's "Brave New World", Orwell's "1984", Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men", Lederer and Burdick's "The Ugly American", and, of all things, Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment". Yessir, this sure is an enlightened age. Bet Edgerton would be a good market for wolfbane, garlic, and, of course, crucifixes.

I shall now exhibit my own fuggheadedness. This is the omighod department. The 4th issue of Don and Maggie Thompson's COMIC ART carries an announcement that Dick Lupoff and Larry Ive have been invited to discuss comic books as a part of the 1963 World SF convention. Ecch! Has the Discon committee lost its collective mind? Comic books: poorly printed picture "stories" made up of crude artwork, atrocious dialogue, and unimaginative plots. I've no doubt that Lupoff and Ive will give an interesting presentation but such a presentation has no place in the program of a science-fiction convention; at a convention of the Junior G-men or the Mickey Mouse Club, perhaps, but not at a stf convention.

I know things have been rough in the stf field for the past couple of years but, mighod, the field isn't that bankrupt.

How've you been making out during the deep freeze? Albuquerque's temperatures have dropped as low as -10° after which my 1948 clunker started right off but that fancy station wagon just clicked at me. Gallup, N. Mex., over in the western part of the state had an unprecedented -59°. That's the sort of thing one expects up in the Dakotas, not in New Mexico. I tell you somebody's been messing with the weather.

ROY TACKETT



CRYSTAL GAZING

Here I sit with trusty typewriter while Roy is outside beheading a couple of squabs and the Kujawa's are winging their way to Phoenix. Of course, by the time you read this Betty and Gene will be in San Antonio or some such place but you know how it is with fan rubbers. You can relax a while, Ron Bennett, because I'm saving the best for last and have other things to yak about before I get to the Kujawa's visit.

I'm trying to adjust to a new prescription in my glasses so if some of this seems confused blame it on that. Well, I must blame it on something. I wear glasses almost constantly—except when I'm asleep—and sometimes even wake from a nap to discover that I've been napping complete with specs. See my dreams better that way.

The things I go through to help get DYNATRON out to the awaiting microcosm. We got the lastish run off, collated, addressed and all without any trouble. Since Roy is back on dayshift he doesn't have time to get to the post office so he gave me a list of the number of stamps we'd need for mailing the zine. So I hopped into our trusty station wagon—I always feel that I'm hauling a house around behind me whenever I drive the wagon; there's room enough in the back for a bowling alley—and drove to Alameda to get the stamps. Alameda, a small town about six or seven miles north of here, contains the nearest full-fledged post office. There is a little contract P.O. in a shopping center a few blocks from here but if one asks them for anything other than straight first class or airmail postage the place dissolves into a mass of utter confusion. So we use the Alameda P.O. and all DYNATRONs we've issued since arriving in New Mexico have been mailed from there.

Arriving at the P.O. I wait patiently amid the pre-Christmas rush to get to the window. I finally made it and handed the man a copy of DYNATRON and asked him to weigh it and tell me what the postage would be, both domestic and overseas. He put the zine on his scale and after a bit announced that it would cost five cents to mail in the states and "where overseas do you want it to go?"

"Oh, to a number of countries," I reply.

"I've got to know the countries or I can't give you the postage rate."

"Is this something new?"

"No, it is not."

"I didn't know the rate for printed matter varied from country to country."

"Well, it does."

"It never has in the past. The printed rate is the same to all countries."

"Just a minute." With that he called over a co-worker and after some discussion it was decided that they ought to look the subject up in the postal regs. Well, what do you know? Printed rate is the same for all countries. Now that will be  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cents for the states and 8 cents for overseas.

I agreed that this was fine and asked for the appropriate number of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cent stamps and the appropriate number of 8 cent stamps. He replied that he didn't have either and I'd have to get them from "the man over there". I sighted down his pointing finger but I didn't see "the man over there" anywhere. He seemed thoroughly confused. "Look," he says, "I'll give you the fours and then you can get the halves from the man over there." I still didn't see any "man over there" but figured that this would be some progress anyway so agreed. The clerk counted out the fours and all was well until I remarked that if he would give me so many more fours I could use them for the eight cents postage on overseas mailing.

"Why," he said, "you can do it that way, can't you?"

But instead of just counting out so many additional fours he takes back the original number, recomputes the amount needed, and counts them out all over again. He completed the transaction on the fours and he remarked that I'd have to get the half cent stamps from the man over there. I was about to remark that I didn't see any man over there when, thank goodness, the man over there walked in the back door and went over there.

My original servant of the post office then hollered to the man over there that



I need so many  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cent stamps. Naturally, I was a bit confused by this time and the line behind me was beginning to curleque out into the traffic on US 85 but I did have enough wits left to yell that I didn't need  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cent stamps, I needed half cent stamps. Which was just as well as the man over there didn't have any  $4\frac{1}{2}$  cent stamps either.

Eventually we got it straightened out and I ended up getting gyped out of one  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent stamp because I was so confused that I asked for an odd number of stamps and had to pay to the next nearest even number anyway. What with the postage increase and all I dread to think of what mailing out this issue will involve.

Somebody wake up Ron Bennett and we'll talk about the Kujawas.

Betty and Gene planed in a short time ago, refugees from the ice and snow of Indiana. Roy and Betty greeted each other like long-lost friends and if they had a month to visit I don't believe they would have been able to discuss every subject of mutual interest. Gene and I managed to interject a remark every half hour or so whenever they paused for breath.

It was just turning dusk when I greeted the Kujawas at our front door. As luck would have it Roy had to work an hour overtime so he was still absent when the Kujawas arrived. I directed Gene to the gin and vermouth—Roy is the martini mixer in this house and since he does a good job of it I've not bothered to learn the various proportions—which he promptly turned into excellent dry martinis. The altitude here bothered Betty somewhat so she settled for something less potent. I could go into all the details about how I had started dinner only to have Roy phone that he'd be late and, how the meal became overcooked trying to keep it warm but this is a familiar story to most women and the men probably don't care—so long as they get something to eat.

The nice thing about visiting fans is that most are conversant of a wide variety of subjects which is just as well since my knowledge of SF and fandom is quite limited. Then Roy finally arrived things fannish dominated the conversation for a while but not exclusively.

Gene graciously took us all up in the B-Bird the next day. Roy and Rene went up first and had quite a ball. Diana and I went next but the plane developed a trouble so Gene had to bring us in pretty fast. Diana was disappointed but I was quite glad to get a glimpse of this valley from the air. It is quite a sight—the desolate stretches of desert on either side and the green stretch of the Rio Grande Valley. I can see how flying a small plane can grow on people. It is exhilarating. Roy had said, after his return from Japan, that he wouldn't go up in the air again but he went eagerly enough in the Beech. There's a vast difference between flying in a small plane and lumbering through the air in a military transport. RT and Diana, who has begged for a horse for years, now wants an airplane instead.

That evening we joined Betty and Gene for dinner and more fine conversation. Much to our regret they had to go on to Phoenix the next day. All good things must come to a temporary conclusion. Temporary, for we look forward to continuing where we left off whenever the opportunity again presents itself. I'm not too fluent with descriptions of my impressions of people but, as with some of the other fans we've met, I enjoyed the Kujawa's visit and felt that we had known them for years. Roy says it is part of what makes a fan. Whatever it is I'm looking forward to meeting the Kujawas again.

I made my bimonthly visit to the doctor a couple of weeks ago. Routine, I figured, just to get the blood pressure checked on. There have been times when I've walked into his office feeling that my next step would be the one into the grave only to have him tell me that I was doing fine and the bloodpressure was maintaining a sensible level. This time, though, I felt great—all full of vim and vigor and fully expecting the doctor to tell me that I was in good shape and wouldn't have to come back for six months. Have you ever stuck a pin in a balloon? That's what I felt like. "Mrs. Tackett, I hate to say this to you since you're feeling so good, but..." The bloodpressure was way up again and I was castigated for not paying more attention to my diet and various other things. I went in feeling fine and came out feeling sick. Sometimes I wonder about these doctors.

CRYSTAL TACKETT

XXXXX

7



A reprint from FIVE BY FIVE, #7, February 1962, Rick Sneary, Editor.

### SNEARY'S REFERENCES

by  
RICK SNEARY

About two months ago, Ron Ellik asked Virginia Schultheis and I, out of a clear blue-with-smoke sky, to recommend reference books to him. Not just books of facts, but a few books that should be on his shelves to give a well-rounded selection. I'm sure he was talking to Virginia rather than me, as she is a librarian. But the question kept coming back to me, even though I wasn't able to give any kind of an answer at the time.

I collect or salvage just about anything I can get hold of so my collection is motly in the extream. The best or most usefull find their way into my own room, while the others are sorted around the house and garage-room, according to how I value them. I think almost any book is a usefull reference and it is a matter of taste what you ~~think I want~~ ~~thought~~ it occurred to me that you might be willing to let me talk about my books. I think a booklist is a sort of guide to the man so maybe it will give you now insight into me. But, as many of my best books are gifts or chance come-bys--and I can't/won't afford some I'd like--don't take too much stock in it.

The easiest system is to work outward from my typeing center. On the stand or at the table at my left are six dictionaries. Three are English: an Abbott's vest-pocket edition, a Merriam-Webster pocket edition, and my large Winston college edition--which is my last word (have still another old one in the garage-room). The other three are pocket-size Spanish, German, and French dictionaries--which I think everyone ought to have. I think Latin and Italian dictionaries would be good things to have, too. Also in this row is a pocket Roget's Thesaurus, but I've never been able to use it for much as the words seem so unimaginative. A bigger edition might be better. A rhyming dictionary might be handy, too, but I've never wanted one of famous quotations.

Then in their special-made box on the table are my small references. A book on general science, two on stars, one on rocks, one on great artists, a collection of American ballads, my two volume set of Robert Graves on Greek myths, the story of 100 symphonies (I need a book or two on music of a more general nature), my little copy of "The Prophet" by Kahilil Gibran (if you don't know Gibran I won't try to explain, but his poetry seemed the greatest thing I'd ever read, when I first read it), and a Mentor Book, "Reader's Companion To World Literature". This is a literary encyclopedia about writing and writers and is one of my most valuable books.

~~Then I think~~ I think some sort of encyclopedia is needed by anyone who writes as much as we do--or even reads as much as we do--and they are fine for settling debates such as Anna Moffatt and I are always getting into. Our family owns a 192? 12 volume set of the World Book, which isn't bad, but I've added to it. I own two volumes of the small Funk & Wagnall (I admire the red and gold bindings), three volumes of the New Pictorial Encyclopedia (a gift) and just recently bought volumes 13 and 16 of the 11th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica and I plan to get more of these. I've a scattering of other books that carry assorted facts, such as a 50 year old telephoneman's handbook and one for plumbers almost as old. Lot's of facts and usefull information. Of course, I've never used them yet.

Now we switch to the far corner of my room and the bookcase above my writing desk. Four shelves, but I will only mention those books I



look on as reference books. Left to right, bottom, comes first my complete Shakespear. I have mixed sets and individual books around by Will which gives me three or four copies of some plays, but this is the whole business--in 4<sub>2</sub> or 5 point type. Considering how often Shakespear is referred to by other stories, I think this is a very important reference, as well as good reading. This is one of my "10 books for a desert island" selections. Beside it is the compleat works of Poe and the short stories of de Maupassant. I also have a 100-year-old edition of Plutarch's "Lives", which I don't think is a must--but good, none the less. And there are all five versions of the Rubaiyat. I generally prefer the first version to the other four.

I also have two collections of American and British poems--which are useful in giving an idea of what each poet wrote but of very little use when you want to find something specific. There are two books giving the stories and histories of operas. I'm not that much of an opera lover but each volume covers the field in a slightly different way, so I can't part with either. That is a trouble with reference books...so much is repeated over and over in different books.

There is a two-volume history of Greece, which I have more for the binding than for interest in Greek history, and one on the 15 most important battles--the ones the Modern Major General in Gilbert & Sullivan knew. I think a complete G&S book would be useful, by the way. Len Moffatt has one which includes the musical scores and they wouldn't do me any good. Next there is R. A. Botkin's "A Treasury of American Folklore" which is a right good collection of stories, legends, ballads and songs.

Of my technical books, the most prized is "Language in Action" by Hayakawa. It is also the least read. I read it through over 10 years ago and have barely opened it in the past eight years. Still, I consider it the book that did more to change my thinking--or set my thinking on the right path--than any other book I have ever read. The next, maybe, would be "Psychology of Personal Adjustment" by Fred McKinney. This is written for the college age group and proved most useful to me in understanding myself, and that my problems of 10 years ago were not very unusual. I have Breast's "History of Egypt" which is beautiful but dated. Much more exciting--and highly recommended--is Ceram's "Gods, Graves, and Scholars". This is an exciting introduction to archaeology from which anyone can go on to more detail. I never have but that is because I'm spread too thin. There is also George Simpson's "Life of the Past" but I must confess I've never read it, and T. Gaster "The New Golden Bough", which is just too much to read, other than here and there when looking up the history of some custom.

Most of the above is on the second shelf, as are my four Tolkien books. This is just about my biggest personal investment and one of the few fantasy works that I'd class as a reference. In fact, other than Lewis Carroll, I can't think of any other I'd rate that high.

On the third shelf are such things as "A Treasury of Sherlock Holmes", which I someday hope to replace with the "complete" Holmes as this one lacks a good many tales. However, I think I almost prefer Doyle as a writer of historical novels. I enjoyed "Sir Nigel" and "The White Company" more than any of the Holmes stories, and "The Adventures of Gerard" is quite funny, in a way you wouldn't expect of Doyle. Here also is Churchill's "History of the Second World War" in six volumes. I've managed to get through about half of them by faithfully reading one chapter a night...a good system for such books as it gives you time to think on what you have read and not get bored by pages and pages of dry reports. Every so often the Churchill style comes billowing up and you can almost hear that grand old man speaking the words. He may not have



always been right, but dashed if he was ever wrong. Next is my "Twentieth Century Book of Facts" which came out in 1903 and was meant to cover about everything that had happened up till then. I was rather dubious about it when it was first given to me but it has proven both interesting and useful. Next is Asimov's "The Intelligent Man's Guide To Science" which I received as a birthday gift from Ackerman and I have shamefully not read much of it yet. Then a book on the history of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence (which isn't very useful) and a book on birds, trees, and flowers--which never has what I'm looking for--two weapons catalogs, a wine list, and a book on heraldry.

On the top row I have mostly science-fiction books, none of which I class as reference works. Perhaps the most valuable of these is de Camp and Pratt's "Land of Unreason" though I would hold to my "Portable Novels of SF" longer. I have a slightly dated college chemistry book which I've found useful only twice, and three books on rocketry. There are, of course, six or seven volumes on bookkeeping in my closet and in different places.

I almost forgot my fan references. At my side on a shelf are Bennett's 1960 Directory of Fandom, Broyle's Who's Who, the current Fantasy Amateur, LASFS and Project Art Show mailing lists, and Bogg's "Gafia Press Style Book". Down at the bottom is the 1955 mailing list of GRUE (I may not know where fans are but I can sure tell you where a lot of them were.). In my desk are FANCYCLOPEDIAS I and II, the 1946 listing of Ackerman's books, 4/5 of Pavlat's Fanzine Index, THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, THE HARP STATESIDE, WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA, AH! SWEET IDIOCY, the three Hoffman fan histories, two of Rotsler's TTD series and quote Book, THE ATOM ANTHOLOGY, THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF RICK SNEARY, and THE GOON GOES WEST. I don't think of these last six as references but I keep them handy.

Our middle bedroom is used for a number of things, including three shelves of books and magazines. (Sadly, lack of space forces me to put the magazines behind the books.) Here I have 50 or so Mentor paperbacks which I feel is a fine way to build a reference library. Many, far too many I fear, of these books are truly unread but they are available any time I have a burning interest in the subjects they cover. There are hardcovers, too, but nothing I couldn't part with. In a room back of our garage is the rest of my paperbacks, all the pulps, and the very old and poor of my book collection. A number of old history and geography texts are here but they are too old to really be of any use. Of course my collections of John Dickson Carr, Alexander Dumas, and Conan Doyle are out there, too, so it is not all a loss.

What's in your reference library?

RICK SNEARY

XXXXX

Norm Metcalf stopped by 915 the other day. Norm was hitchhiking his way to Denver and points south, Florida to be exact, where he hopes to gather the material for NE! FRONTIERS.

We spent several hours in interesting conversation as Norm brought me up to date on the doings of Bay Area fandom. A fine chap, Norm Metcalf, and he's welcome to come back any time.

But I have a grotch. Norm couldn't resist the fine fannish game of trying to pass himself off as some one else. He first introduced himself as Rich Brown and, for reasons I won't go into, I was willing to accept that. Norm said he had a whole Rich Brown routine worked out but abandoned it when it became obvious that I knew Rich Brown only as a name in CRY.

It is a fine fannish game, I suppose, but not a game that I approve of. Fan visitors are always welcome at 915 but don't play games with me. I don't like it.

RT



## A CHILD'S GARDEN OF SCIENCE FICTION

by  
BEN EVANS

### Chapter I: The SF Magazine

See the magazine.

It is called "Analog".

It used to be called "Astounding".

What happened to "Astounding"?

"Astounding" got the ax.

Ax, ax, ax.

Why did "Astounding" get the ax?

"Astounding" didn't sell so good.

Magazines are in business to make money.

Money, money, money.

So what else is new?

"Astounding" sounded too juvenile.

Juveniles don't have a lot of money.

Money, money, money.

"Analog" sounds more adult.

Adults have more money.

"Analog" is selling no better than "Astounding".

So why did they change it in the first place?

### Chapter II: The SF Spaceship

See the spaceship.

It is big.

Big, big, big.

It is almost as big as a fan's ego.

What is a fan?

You're too young. Wait till the next chapter.

Spaceships cost money.

Money, money, money.

Spaceships are too expensive.

Spaceships work with rockets to make  
them fly.

Fly, fly, fly.

Rockets are too expensive and  
inefficient.

Spaceships need something new.

New, new, new.

See U.S. Patent #2,886,976.

Now we can build a good spaceship.

Aren't you glad we've got free  
enterprise?

Don't you wish you knew what free  
enterprise was?

### Chapter III: The SF Monster

See the big blob.

See the blob assimilate people.

Slurp, slurp, slurp.

He has to eat, too, you know.

He's strange. Like Daddy.

See the blob's cousin.

His cousin is a BEM.

Doesn't the BEM look like Mommy?

Slaver, slober, slaver, slober.

For all we know he may be a she.

He may be an it.

Nobody knows if BEMs have discovered sex.

Sex, sex, sex.

Drool, drool, drool.

For further information see "Stranger In A Strange Land."

Wouldn't you like to be a BEM?

Or maybe a blob?

Have you read "Lolita"?

XXXXX

BEN EVANS



KEEP SAILING

If you happen to be among the minority of readers who object to reports and commentaries on LASFS and LArea-fandom in the pages of DYNATRON, I suggest you skip the next few pages, as I do have a few more things to say regarding the fans and fanac in southern California. And, quite likely, always will.

Someday, perhaps, a Compleat History of the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society may be written and published. That statement, qualified as it is with a "perhaps" and a "may", is based on the assumption that Anything is possible. I have not attempted to determine the degree of probability of such an event actually occurring. At various times over the years there has been talk of compiling a history of the club, or publishing all of the old Minutes, and so on, but—to the best of my knowledge—said project is still in the talking stages.

However, what I would like to see is a history written in a completely unbiased, unprejudiced manner, reporting in some detail on the club and its members, making no attempt to "play down" the fusses, feuds, and other foibles, and—by the same token—making no attempt to underplay the good things and persons. This is asking Too much, I know, but we may as well wish for the Best when we aren't entirely certain of ever seeing what might be termed "the second best". Never can tell when Foo (or Elmer, for that matter) might rare back and pass a Miracle.

As most of you must know, Harry Jarner is currently working on a history of fandom. I'm sure that the space he devotes to LASFS and LArea-fandom will be as objective as he can make it, and that his history as a whole will rank second to none. Harry is one of the few fan writers I know who is really capable of such a project. But, of course, he isn't likely to devote 100 pages or more to just one fan club, even if it is the oldest fan club in existence, and it would take at least 100 pages to properly tell the LASFS story.

Now I suspect that more words have been written about LASFS and its various members than have been written about any other club and its members in the microcosm. If it were somehow possible to add up the good words in one column and the bad words in a second column it would be interesting to see which column obtained the greater total. Interesting, but not conclusive. The value of such a comparison-count would be debatable. I say this because I suspect the so-called "bad words" would outnumber the good, if only because of the sheer bulk of Ah, Sweet Idiocy!, and despite the fact that Laney did have some good things to say about the club and some of its members. Feuding and fussing will invariably consume more wordspace on paper than pleasant topics so it seems. I understand that this is merely "human nature" which, at times, seems simply a euphemism for yahooism.

Every so often someone will remark on the longevity of the LASFS, wondering how it has managed to survive what with all its ups and downs over the years. The answer is obvious: people. Fan-type people.

There have always been a few members in attendance (a "hard core", if you will) who have kept the show on the road, by some manner or means, and there have always been a sufficient number of non-active members who have given their support to the few who were willing to do the work. This support ranges from occasional attendance (and payment of dues) to regular attendance, and—more often than you might suspect—actual support and assistance in the form of donating labor, money, time, and so on, to such club projects as the library, the official organ, local conferences, special meetings, and special publications.

Of course, it hasn't been the same "hard core" over the years, anymore than it has been the same supporting membership. Both elements change every few years, with more than one change in a single decade. And much overlapping from group to group. Further, I use quotation marks around the term "hard core" because the ones I have known haven't been as "hard" as all that. They might appear so to the brand new member or to the visiting fireman, but all it takes to become an integral part of the group that is "running the club" is a willingness to work. Certainly "personality" can help or hinder one in becoming a "wheel", but in the long run it is the results

15



that count—and you can't get results without work. So...what about the unsung members mentioned above? The ones who do help out with various chores and projects yet rarely get egoboo in print? True, they are aware that their efforts are appreciated, and in most instances they help because they like to participate on a local level but have no interest in becoming active in fandom in general. Can it be argued that the members who are well-known (even into BNFdom) in the fan press are taking more credit than they deserve, taking credit for the work of others? 'Tain't necessarily so. One must remember two important points: (1) the "unsung" members could be "sung" if they wanted to be, and (2) the work of the leader-members consists not only of their own individual efforts, but also the work of getting the non-active members to work—to become enthusiastic about the club and its projects. If you have ever worked with people, anytime, anywhere, you know that this isn't the easiest job in the world.

Now 'twould be a horse—nay, "yahoo" of another color—if the normally non-active members of the club did not appreciate the results of the projects, but they do. (In fact, I can say with all sincerity, that I do, for I've been a rather non-active member for some time now, and am happy to see the LASFS and the currently active LArea fans keeping the show on the road—not just the club itself, but the equally interesting added attractions such as genzines, apazines, worldcon planning, art shows, etc.

Certainly I'm prejudiced, as I have every right to be, but I think that even a more objective writer than myself would have to admit that fandom would have been—and would be—a less rewarding hobby had LArea fandom never existed. It has given fandom what might be called a "sense of continuity", not just because the club has lasted for so many years (for it might have done that without ever being in contact with fandom in general, a situation that nearly existed when the post-Burbee Shaggys were getting such poor distribution), but primarily because we have been blessed with one "hard core" group after another, and sufficient supporter-members to make the efforts of the "leader-members" worthwhile. These efforts—and their results, or lack of results in some instances—have made LArea fandom both famous and notorious throughout the microcosm.

Besides this "sense of continuity", local fandom has given much to fandom in general. In turn it has received both bouquets and brickbats, sometimes deserving, sometimes not. One could make a long list of projects and publications in which local fans have participated...VoM, SHAGGY, FANCYCLOPEDIA I, 1948 FANTASY ANNUAL, Big Pond Fund (the forerunner of TAFF), the fan art show, the futuristic fashion show, Westercons, Pacificon, and many others. But all of these are well known and received their fair share of egoboo at the time they occurred, and will continue to be praised each time they re-occur, whether in some old fan's memory or, as in the case of such items as the art show, in actuality.

So what has LArea fandom done for us lately? Well, the latest issue of SHAGGY arrived the other day. If you missed the 1962 Westercon there are at least three items in the mag you'll be glad to see. And if you were at the Westercon, I'm sure you'll be happy that at least one of these items (if not all three, depending on your individual interests) has been published. I might add that the rest of the issue has up-to-par material, too, and SHAGGY's par is usually hard to beat.

There are other things. The auctions at the club, for instance. Sure, you've heard of them, and true, the funds derived are often used on some local project (in which you may or may not have any interest), but let's not forget that both TAFF and TAFF have benefited from these auctions, as well as from individual contributions in time, money, and work on the part of LArea fans, most—if not all—of whom are members of LASFS. There are publishing ventures too numerous to mention. There is the Fun Fund jar. (When the punsters slack off, thus avoiding fines, the jar is passed so that all present can contribute to the fund, which for the past couple of years, has been given to a fan visiting from overseas.)

Then, of course, there is the "LA Once More in '64" committee. Which reminds me that there is one point I'd like to clear up right now. One of the arguments put forth in favor of San Francisco over Los Angeles for the 1964 Worldcon is that L.A. has had the Worldcon more recently than has Frisco. Technically—I might even say



legally--this is not true. The last Worldcon in Los Angeles (city of, not county of) was the Pacificon in 1946. The Solacon was held in South Gate, not Los Angeles. True it was held in a hotel that is normally located in Los Angeles, however, during the time of the Solacon the Alexandria was a part of South Gate, an arrangement made possible through the kind co-operation of the Mayors of South Gate and Los Angeles. Those of you who attended the Solacon will recall that Mayor Weaver of South Gate attended the first session of the 1958 Worldcon to proclaim that the Alexandria Hotel was within the city limits of South Gate for the duration of the convention, having been invited to do so by the Mayor of Los Angeles. It was for "fun", true, but it was for real and legally done. A fine point, this, but a valid one.

Further, the Solacon committee was not an official LASFS operation. Neither is the "LA Once More" committee, but it is closer to LASFS than our committee was. The Solacon committee was closer to being a committee of the Outlander Society than anything else. And we don't plan another convention for South Gate until 2010.

I trust I have no enemies in either the LArea or the Bay Area, and I see no reason for a real fight between the two committees. Each should stand on its own merits, without resorting to "dirty politics" and, happily, I've seen no evidence of the latter in their respective campaigns. Each committee is sure that it can put on a better con than the other committee, and that's as it should be. Healthy competition can bring out the best in both of them, no matter which one gets the con. Each respects the other and the spirit between the two is friendly.

The fact that I'm supporting Morcon instead of Friscon is not entirely due to group loyalty as I still think of myself as an Outlander first and a LASFSian second. Nor is it due to the fact that I'm listed as an "official advisor" by the L.A. crew. (I perfectly willing to be an "official advisor" to any committee, be it L.A., San Francisco, or Albuquerque, but only to one at a time.) I'm on friendly terms with Califans, north and south, so if friendship were the criteria I could be as easily swayed by Alva and Bill as by Al or Ron, to name only four of the good people involved. Basically, I pick the Morcon committee as the better of the two fine and capable committees because I think it has the edge in talent, resources, and experiences. The matter of whose turn it is being neither here nor there.

TAFF needs candidates. And support. TAFF needs not just one or two candidates per election but three or five or more, with the understanding that the losers can always stand again in future elections. The deadline for the next Amerifan-to-England nominations is 28 February 1963 and at the moment there is not a single candidate in the race. I had hoped that Squire Sneary would stand this time but now that he has declined the honor (and even if he had accepted I would feel the same way) I feel that there should be several candidates to make the TAFF race as interesting and exciting as possible, which, in turn, should keep the Fund from floundering due to lack of support.

If you have been a fan for any length of time at all, get five of your fan friends to sign for you, and mail the signatures, a 100 words-or-less platform, and five bucks (as bond that you'll actually make the trip if elected) to Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, California. Or, if you don't want to stand, get one of your fan friends to stand. Don't let this great fan project come to an unhappy end due to a lack of willing candidates. There are plenty of fans worthy of being TAFF delegates. The major problem is getting them to stand. TAFF needs candidates.

Keep Smiling.

LEN J. MCFFATT

XXXXX

Editorial Comments: Friscon. Ech! How about Bayvention? SFOcon II? I like the double meaning of the initials. // I happily assume that you are being facetious with that remark about an Albuquerque con committee. New Mexico fandom consists of Juffus, Gretchen Schwenn, Chrystal (on the fringes), and myself in Albuquerque, and Bill Wolfenbanger way off in the Four-Corners area. // Bay, Wolfenbanger, did you know you were living in Flying Saucer country? There's been more UFOs spotted up there than in the rest of the country combined. RT.

14



Ed Cox doodles in this space.

LETTERSLETTERSLETTERSLETTERSLETTERS      FEEDBACK      LETTERSLETTERSLETTERSLETTERSLETTERS

ED COX

14933 $\frac{1}{2}$  DICKENS STREET,      Well, that's your problem. RT  
SHERMAN CAYS, CALIF.

I note that while the surging flow of fanzines is unabated, you've switched your manner of reviewing. I like it better this way. They're more intriguing to the non-receiver in much the same way the old SS "A" list was over the "B" list, the latter being pretty sketch compared to the longer reviews of the former, as you probably very well remember. I would sure like to see Merwin's reviews of the past few years crop! Yeah, if it included him editing a revived SS/TIS. RT

Speaking of horror movies and so on, the weekend in LA certainly has its share of them. The Friday night "Weird Tales of Science Fiction" phased out a few weeks ago and now the same channel has its horror movie on Saturday nights. At the same time as the channel 11 SF movie. I almost always watch the horror movie. The same damn series of so-called science-fiction movies play over and over and over and over. Such as "Target: Earth!", "Riders To the Stars", "Attack of the Crab Monsters", and so on and on and on. Some weren't bad on first showing. Once in a while a first-rate job shows up on another channel. The Cogate Theatre, definitely high-class stuff as TV movies go, showed "This Island Earth" (I think that was the title.)

Last Saturday night I watched "The Mummy", made in 1932 and starring Karloff, David Manners...forgot the name of the girl. This was the first of the Mummy movies and very well done, too. This is part of the era of the great horror films when such a production got all the attention and work that any other type of film did. Most of them these days are hacked out as quickie attractions and rate about as low as any stf junk-film (such as "Fire-Maidens of Outer Space" or whatever its called).

Anyhow this vintage thriller shows Karloff in his hey-day. There is plot, suspense, and drama...and fantasy...in this film. Karloff plays a priest who violated the old code and tried to use the "Scroll of Thoth" to bring his beloved back to life. He is caught and punished most severely. That is, not only in this world, but the next as well. Archaeologists find his tomb and the scroll and, inadvertently, one brings him back to life. The plot gets somewhat complex for detailed reviewing here, but Karloff assists the archaeologists on subsequent expeditions to unearth the mummy of his beloved, whose personality has come down through the generations and is now in the body of the heroine of this show. A tremendous scene is when Karloff shows her, in his sumptuous ancient Egyptian-type quarters, his magic pool wherein is depicted what happened back 3700 years ago. The roiling clouds sweep away and we see a silent movie treatment of all that transpired. What a scene. No wonder so many of us hark back to the silent films. There was magic in them. And in this film, too. The ancient gods did things then. Frightening...and awesome as hell, too. Karloff was tremendous.

There's been some other first-rate horror films such as the first and second Frankenstein movies and that movie in which Simone Simon starred, "The Cat People", I believe.

The Cat People is, indeed, one of the best. Better on the big screen without commercial interruptions, of course. I've seen it several times. Let yourself relax and be borne away by the film. Scares the hell out of you. And you never see a monster at all. RT

ALVA ROGERS

5243 RAHLVES DRIVE,  
CASTRO VALLEY, CALIF.

Why the double standard about "LA" and "Frisco", Roy? We're damned because we use "Frisco" in our slogan, but Los Angeles can use "LA" with approbation and impunity. Where did I put my dictionary? RT As a matter of fact, if one were to ask the average BArea why referring to San Francisco as Frisco is such a heinous crime, amounting almost to lese majesty, the answers would range all the way from a blank stare and a shake of the head, to "Herb Caen says, 'don't call it Frisco.'" Well, you go right ahead and support LA—it's a good town with a lot of good people in it and I like it—but we hope to see you in the BArea come Labor Day weekend, 1964.



ROGERS, cont'd

The Sneary reprint was interesting and reminded me of the times Walt Daugherty took me with him to the Varner Brothers studios where he worked back in 1944. In 1961, Rick says, the MGM lot was virtually deserted with only one or two TV shows in the works. The Varner lot in 1944 was, to coin a phrase, a beehive of activity, with what seemed like thousands of costumed people skittering through the studio streets and all the sound stages operating at full capacity. It was truly fascinating.

I always did favor the double standard. Actually, Alva, the "Frisco" thing has nothing to do with my supporting L.A. over S.F. It is a combination of things, such as the fact that I'm more acquainted with L.A. fen than I am with S.F. fen. As you know I'm a former member of both GGFS and the Little Men and as such, should, I suppose, support the BArea but except for you and Joe Gibson I know little, if anything about Bay Area fans. Perhaps, if SF had announced itself as a possible consite earlier I'd be all for it but you waited too long. I committed myself to L.A. two years ago. I once heard that you don't call it Frisco because that was a term used only by the less literate but I doubt if that's the reason. I dunno what the reason is. # Egad, is Herb Caen still at it out there? RT#

STAN MOOLSTON

One thing in favor of DYNATRON as a communicative fanzine 12832 WESTLAKE ST., (in comparison with VARHOON) is its size; imagine a conversation as long as a VARHOON to comment on each ish, for the completist letterhack. Fortunately, I've no completist tendencies when it comes to writing letters, so VARHOON is fine with me—but so is DYNATRON.

You should move to Sunny California if you hate bright and sunny mornings—or days, for that matter; about three weeks ago (I think) we had a day with sunshine all daylight through. Since then, with maybe one day's exception, it's been foghorn weather. Come! California needs you! #Ha! You sound like my fellow CAPAns. But I don't need California. RT#

The Sneary item will probably inspire comments like mad. On reading up to the rhinoceros skull I can see any comments might be mad. It reminds me of a fan's house with assorted interests represented, from old pianos, old books, a gasmasked loving cup, etc. If a TV play were done by fandom's filmmakers they could probably find enough props in various "dens" to make up a most convincing and curious curiosity shop.

As I've been from several towns dubbed "hick" by some big-city shysters, I'm not ready to believe any of Deckinger's Discon report. Perhaps at one time towns were hick; now they have TV and can probably out-shyster Deckinger any day of the week. TV is the great leveler (next to a manure spreader).

WEST OF THE SUN: Most if not all of us have ancestors who were cannibals, and mentally most humans have cannibal tastes (desire to overcome others and absorb their initiative). Maybe I should say I equate slavery and control of others with the cannibal idea to a degree. As described by Tom Armistead, this book reminds me of Swift but as I remember reading it I think it doesn't have Swift's deep insights.

Maybe a Committee of Elder Fen could be formed to subtly see that any tendency towards a new influx of prozines is discouraged. We could have a whole series of committees. Maybe a psi committee for if the minds of the people concerned are as weak as suggested by the propubber who didn't know SFzines exist, we could use witch-doctor techniques on them. Actually, though, I think there is room for some good zines—say a renewed TIS or STARTLING, and an UNKNOWN and maybe one like FANCUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES that reprints from books. A mild growth could inspire writers to work harder at it. It is the wild growth that might do harm.

Stan, there's no comparing DYNATRON with VARHOON. VARHOON is an outstanding publication—as evidenced by the fact that it won the Hugo—while DYNATRON is, well, an average-type fanzine at the most. I can't match Bergeron's effort and I don't intend to try. There's a difference in content involved for one thing. DYNATRON is a means for me to keep in touch with a lot of good people that I don't have the time to write to indivi-



COLLSTON, con'td.

dually and, as such, I don't feel it is necessary for me to expound deep and serious thoughts each time it appears. Dick points to my column in DYNATRON #12 as a prime example of putting words on paper and not saying anything. Guilty, your honor, of committing the offense then, in the past and, quite probably, in the future. Dick, one presumes, looks on fandom as a group banded together for the purpose of communicating with each other concerning matters of serious import. My view is somewhat different. I think Dick takes the matter of fandom and fanzines too seriously. RT

FRED GOTTSCHALK  
6716 SULPY LANE  
ROCKVILLE, MD.

I agree with Gary Labowitz that Yngvi is not a louse. However, my belief that Yngvi is not a louse is unstable. By the time I finish this I will have probably convinced myself that Yngvi is a louse. At least I don't start off prejudiced. But I don't agree

that Gary's proff is valid.

The man's name is Yngve, with an "e". Altho I've not researched this I did read that ish of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and noticed the information about Dr. Yngve. Thus the Labowitz committee is meaningless since there is no evidence that he changed his name to Yngvi with an "i". If there were to be any meaning in reference to this person, which I doubt it does, and if his name was Yngvi, which I doubt, the name of the committee should be "Yngvi was not a louse committee" or "Yngve is not a louse committee", if you follow me. You lost me on the first turn. RT  
Gary has presented some doubtful evidence that one Yngve exists but there is no proof that Yngve is Yngvi or that he or either is not a louse.

GORDON EKLUND  
14612 18TH AVE, SW  
SEATTLE 66, WASHINGTON.

Your practice of reviewing fanzines hither and yon throughout the contents of the magazine is one of those irksome little practices, which, while all being very minor in themselves, have done much to turn me off DYNATRON. Why can't you run all the fanzine reviews all in one little place of their very own? Because I use them as fillers. RT

I liked Sneary's reprint, if an article from a fanzine with a circulation of five can be considered a reprint. Good stuff, like, but as with most of DYNATRON's stuff not too deep—but I don't suppose that's really a criticism, considering most "deep" stuff in fanzines.

I feel rather out of place around here, if newfan's are supposed to have a sneeze of wonder and be all enthusiastic. Gads, I'm a newfan and I'm not enthusiastic.

You really ought to have explained to Betty Kujawa that, if Lincoln were alive today, he most certainly would be a Democrat. Or would that have been to apparent as baiting. Well, anyway, I've got the line: "Abe, you Democrat infidel," to remember this scene by.

Your layout and illustrations are horrid.

I grant that material in DYNATRON is not deep, but just out of curiosity, what do you consider "deep"? If Lincoln were alive today he'd be too old to mix in politics of any kind. You might consider him a Democrat but I consider him overrated. Having seen BRAINBLE, I'm much amused at your comments on DYNATRON's artwork and layout. RT

JACK SPEER  
160 WASHINGTON SE,  
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.

I was holding my breath a long time for the end of the long parenthesis in your editorial, but by golly, you hadn't forgotten, and you finally closed it.

But of course Stranger in a Strange Land is s-f. I don't know why people have so much trouble defining science-fiction. Science-fiction is a branch of fantasy fiction. Fantasy fiction is any fiction that is not mundane. (mundane fiction is fiction which we know could happen). Science-fiction is fantasy fiction which maybe could happen or maybe couldn't happen, we don't know. (Pure fantasy we know couldn't.)

And to be sure, Advise and Consent is s-f. So is Fail-Safe. So is Seven Days In May. It doesn't have to involve any inventions beyond those of the present day. The



SPEER, cont'd.

fact that it is set in the future, to give the author more room, is enough. Why does being in the future make it maybe-could maybe-couldn't? Because there may not be any future for the human race.

Or to attack it from the intensional direction: any story definitely set in the future rather than the present calls for an exercise of imagination beyond that ordinarily demanded by mundane fiction. A proof of this is the old lady in the Snoqualmie discussion group who, when I suggested Advise and Consent took place around 1965 (?), thought I said 1865. She just couldn't conceive of a story taking place in the future. Do you know of any story previous to Wells and Bellamy that was placed in the future? Think how long it took even for s-f writers to get into the habit of placing their stories in the future.

By the way, I question the statement that historically s-f grew out of the broad field of fantasy. Seems to me it grew rather out of down-to-earth mundane fiction—or nonfiction. Gulliver's Travels was inspired by accounts of more or less true voyages, not by folk tales about little folk.

There is no longer a mutual exclusion between stf and mainstream. Mainstream literature has been fantasized to a considerable extent. This doesn't make stf any less stf.

Bill Plott: Of course the coiner of "fanzine" knew he was borrowing the technique of Lewis Carroll. Louis Russell Chauvenet was and is a gentleman of wide cultural attainments. The immediate conduit of this wordmaking practice into fandom is Uncle Hugo, but I daresay not one fan in ten is ignorant of Carroll and the portmanteau word. Bill might do well to look up the word "genre" before he again uses it as a synonym for fandom; and then, as recommended by Damon Knight, not use it at all.

The Shea-type story Harry Warner was trying to think of was The Undesired Princess.

XXXXX

CHANGE OF ADDRESS DEPARTMENT or SO YOU THINK MAYBE THIS IS A NEWSZINE?  
Charles & Jane Wells, 200 Atlas, Apt #1, Durham, North Carolina

¶

Hmmm. I've cloned out the lettercol and suddenly find a couple of letters left. Owell, I've still some space left to fill so let's get on with it. Here's good old Bob Smith of the Sydney Smiths, late of London, and a servant o' Her Majesty.

SGT SMITH, ROBERT F. Say, you heard that new record. ¶No. RT¶ with the catchy (to  
E COMAND AMENITIES, me, anyway) tune that goes "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?"  
VICTORIA BARRACKS, Well, I have this real keen variation: what ever happened  
SYDNEY, N.S.W., to Roy Tackett?—or better yet, what ever happened to Bob  
AUSTRALIA Smith, eh? It's quite possible I owe you a letter because

I'm way behind on just about every fannish level. ¶Yar, and  
it is quite possible that I owe you a letter because I'm way behind on just about  
every fannish level. RT¶

'Sfunny...Ed Cox never doodled anything in my copy...I filled that space in but  
it's pretty crummy.

I used to have a whole swag of Doubleday books; collected most of them in Japan  
via Charles E. Tuttle's publishing firm, but some I found on local shelves. I re-  
call I was always crotching at their uncut edges, especially my copy of "One In Three  
Hundred", which was particularly bad. Are they any better these days? ¶The edges or  
the odds? RT¶

Aw, surely the science fiction produced in the 1950s wasn't all that bad, Roy!  
You can't just dismiss the 50s like that; individual yarns must be examined, and I  
could take up the rest of this letter listing the fine yarns. ¶Name two. RT¶

Sydney in '65? You're kidding, of course? I don't mean by that that it's un-  
thinkable to even consider any other place but dear old Blighty for 1965, but it's  
equally unthinkable to consider the various tiny factions in Australian sf fandom,  
most of whom don't even speak to each other!, coming together for a convention. In  
fact, the thot is so mind-croggling that I'll have to just sit here for a few minutes  
and contemplate my twinst....



SMITH, con'td.

Mike's conrep was awfully frustrating, but then it was only his view. An earlier one he did for Baxter's BUNYIP was the same.

Plott's "Fanspeak 1984?" was interesting, but I disagree with his suggestion that fandom's particular range of portmanteau words are slang. I think the majority of them are, simply, portmanteau words, telescope-words, amalgams, etc. Most of the slang words that Bill used in the LoO arrived during the early days of the American "New Nation" around the beginning of the 19th Century, and some of them had a very brief stay indeed.

Well, why not Sydney in '65? There's talk--dunno how serious--of bringing Tuck over for the '64 con so he could put in the bid for Aussie. My Inglis readers will probably be dispatching vast engines of destruction in this direction but I think that having cities at the opposite ends of the Earth, so to speak, bidding for the con would make it quite interesting. Yes. RT

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

Whatever happened to John Baxter? This sounds like Smith's letter. RT Ah, now there's a story that will make your hair curl. A great deal has passed in the life of scribe JB since last he graced the green pages of your noble fanzine. For one thing, on the 1st September '62, he got married. There was much rejoicing and carousing and quaffing of amber fluid, not

to mention some suspiciously smoky liquid in a square bottle. Bob Smith became embarrassingly inebriated and chased the bride's sister down the hallway. All in all it was quite an event.

After all this brouhaha, the bride and groom caught the midnight express and travelled 600 miles to Melbourne. Once there, we shacked up with Lee Harding, ex-fan and budding pro, and his wife, and proceeded to talk about the state of science fiction into the wee small hours. At least Lee and I did...our wives listened for a while and then retired to the bedroom and played penny poker and read Rabelais. After a few weeks of this, we came home, leaving the Hardings lamenting. Once home, John Baxter settled down and wrote a story. Ted Carnell bought it for NEW WORLDS. He wrote another. Ted bought that, too. Then Lee Harding suggested he collaborate with him on a novel. They did. It was mailed yesterday, so keep your fingers crossed.

Other than these highlights, there has been a regular fusillade of small explosions. John Baxter found Ron Smith, prominent New York BNF and ex-editor of INSIDE who was lost in the wilds of rugged Australia. Great was the rejoicing when these two personages met, and out of their joy plans for a fanzine were born. It may take a while but something should be forthcoming soon.

You may be right in expecting a new boom in sf--things in the English-centered part of the world are definitely pointing that way. The difference in this boom will be that the growth will come from outside the field. It'll be a case of outside publishers and writers moving in rather than established writers and publishers expanding to meet a larger demand. An example--during the last six months, about a dozen new hardcover sf novels have been published in England, all of them by writers without previous experience of science-fiction. This is not to say they are duds, on the contrary, they are for the most part excellent pieces of work, showing a freshness of approach and a flair for really original thinking. Better still, the writing is well up to contemporary critical standards, which is more than one can say even for Heinlein. The man worth watching is Anthony Burgess, a novelist who has built up an enviable reputation as a writer about the East. His first essay into sf, A CLOCKWORK ORANGE is the sort of book that fans should enjoy--it's the story of juvenile delinquency and its prevention in the future, told through the eyes of a jd, and related in the slang of the day. That's on the surface--I'd guess that Burgess was trying for a reasonable application of Joyce's FINNEGANS JAKE language experiments and a method of presenting the strongly rhythmic Joyce structure in a way that would be intelligible to the average bright reader. However you look at it, it's a great piece of sf. His second science fiction novel, THE WANTING SEED, is more-or-less the homosexual society of Beaumont's THE CROCKED LANE blown up and worked upon in a way most sf authors would find totally impossible. It's currently a runaway best seller in Britain and, what's



BAXTER, cont'd.

more important, a critical success as well. If either of these are released in America, I suggest you try to read them. They put the best contemporary sf in the shade. Also worthwhile is Nicholas Monsarrat's THE TIME BEFORE THIS, Huxley's ISLAND, Dan-  
ver's THE END OF IT ALL--you'd be surprised just how far the invasion has gone. Hold  
onto your hats boys, it's just about time for the half-gods to go.

That was the trouble with the last stf boom--too many outsiders, who had  
no conception of science-fiction, started writing it. I'm not saying that  
the field should be closed and only established stf writers permitted to  
practice the art--we'd soon run out of writers--but I do think that writers  
without experience in stf should study the field before they attempt it.  
Note, please, that I'm talking about science-fiction, not social essays  
set in the future. Your description of A CLOCK WORK ORANGE does not cause  
any great desire to read it to stir within me. It is, I suspect, the sort  
of story (?), all filled with messages and social commentary, that bores  
me. Whatever it is it ain't stf. Not my brand, anyway. Now, then, where  
did I put that copy of GALACTIC PATROL? RTX

XXXXX

In the next issue: John Baxter's SF QUIZ, an article by Jack Sneed, fiction by Mike  
Deckinger and Tadashi Taka and who knows what else?

X

DYNATRON #15  
ROY & CRYSTAL TACKETT  
915 GREEN VALLEY ROAD NW  
ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
RETURN REQUESTED

TO:

Lt David G. Hulan  
228-D Niblo Drive,  
Redstone Arsenal,  
Alabama

