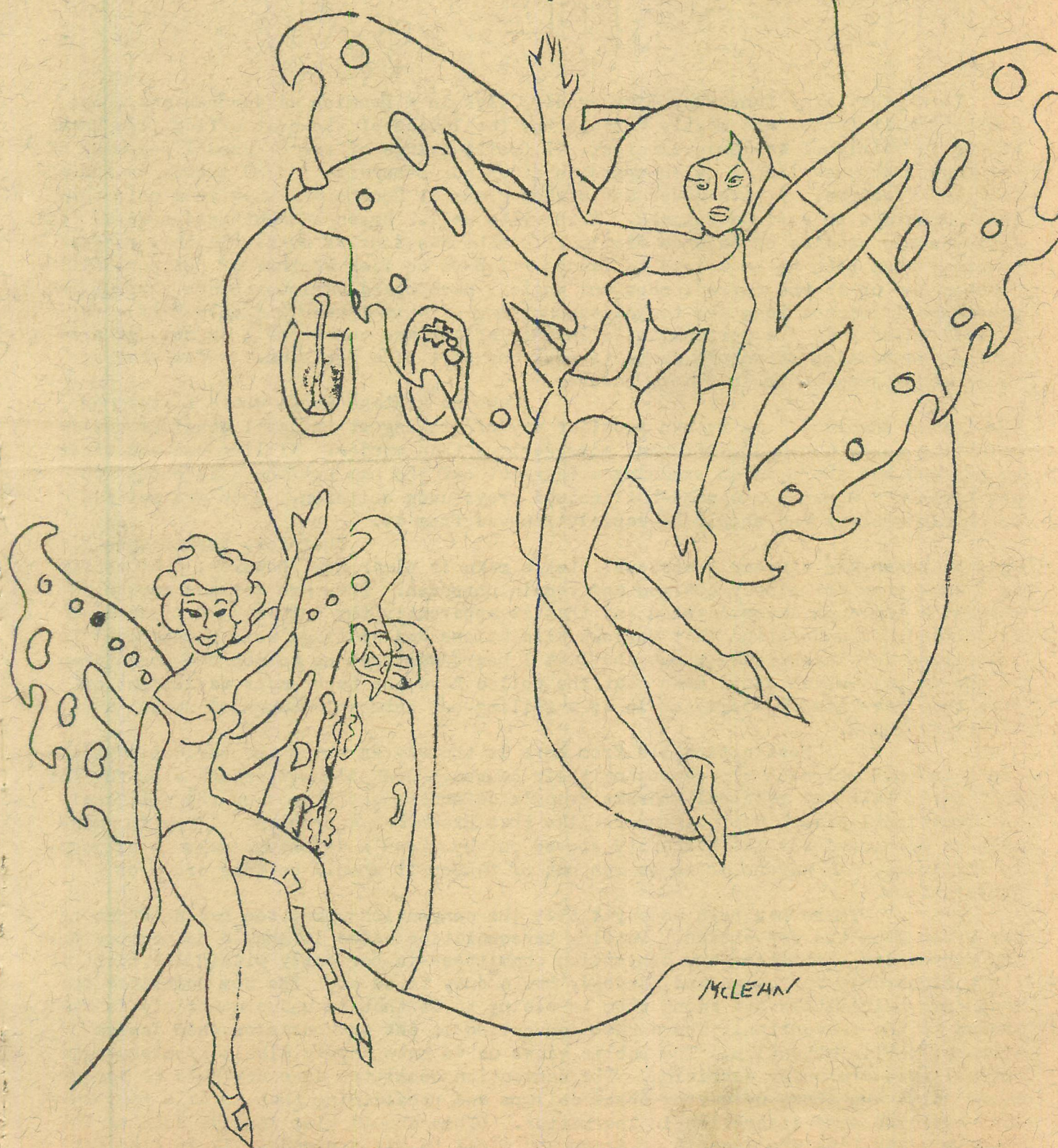


# DYNASTY





# WRITINGS

# IN THE SAND

To a great many fans who, like myself, live in a fannish wilderness and whose contacts with fandom are mostly through the facilities of the post office, the Breen affair is mainly of academic interest. I feel a twinge of regret when I see many of the fans I do know lining up on opposite sides but otherwise I find little in the affair to affect me. I have never met either Breen or Donaho and know them only through their writings in various fanmags. Both write well. Breen has authored several fine articles and studies of science fiction. Donaho has done as much. In this respect I consider them both to be assets to fandom. I have no idea whether or not personality clashes led up to the current mess and while I have heard various things through the grapevine I learned long ago to believe nothing of what I hear and only half of what I see. Insofar as the personalities in this affair are concerned I am not, at present, in possession of enough facts to make any sort of a decision. A few observations would seem to be in order, however.

Make no mistake about where I stand on the issues involved. In my own peculiar way of looking at things I consider child-molesting to be a hanging offense, more serious than murder. Killing can sometimes be excused but there is no excusing some great oaf who has not the guts enough to get himself a woman--or a man--but instead preys upon children. Such are not fit for human society and should be rapidly removed from it.

Therefore the charges against Breen are extremely serious. Let's make it clear now, however, that as far as I know they are simply charges and remain unproven. They are serious enough to warrant a thorough investigation and that is apparently the only way the mess will be settled. I understand that various allegations and writings were turned over to the police for investigation but the last I heard was that no action had been taken in the matter--which could mean that the police have the case under advisement or that they have simply dismissed it as a falling-out between a bunch of nuts. A likely decision.

Most noticeable from here is the way in which the various participants in this skirmish are espousing their causes. Donaho's supporters are, for the most part, calm and rational whereas Breen's defenders are rather on the emotional and irrational side. With defenders like that Breen has a problem. I try to maintain an open mind but the obscenity spewed out by Breen's defenders makes it extremely difficult. If anyone is to be run out of fandom it should be this crowd of guttersnipes.

There has been some yak that the convention committee had no right to bar Breen from the convention. Putting personalities aside it should be obvious that the convention committee--any convention committee--is perfectly within its right to limit membership for cause and, indeed, has a duty to do so. The con committee has many responsibilities and among them is seeing to it that no undue notoriety is attached to the convention. The annual convention is the one occasion when fandom attracts public attention. The public views us as nuts anyway albeit harmless nuts but all nuts are under suspicion. The convention committee does not have to accept every idiot who shows up waving three dollars and proclaiming that he is a fan. They must exercise some discretion in the matter. (This should also include such as the young monster fans who worship Ackerman and flock to his presence. It is fine for



Forry to hold court but the kids should be kept away from the main body of the convention.) Without letting the Breen-Donaho mess enter into it at all, I fully back the right of the convention committee to exclude when it thinks it has justifiable cause.

Heh. One of the charges leveled against Donaho and the convention committee is that by leveling charges against Walter Breen and excluding him from the convention, they have behaved in an "unfannish" manner. "All fans are brothers", it is said, "and none should be excluded, no matter what."

That brings peals of laughter from such fannish ghosts as Willick and Neumann among others, yea, even unto Degler himself. Tell them how unfannish it is to be attacked and excluded.

The difference in the current case is that Breen was/is a member of the fannish "establishment" and while there is the usual amount of bickering and name-calling among members of the establishment in order that they may show off their erudition to each other--and to us plain clods--it is unthinkable that one member of the establishment should earnestly attack another and attempt to drive him from fandom. It is unfannish! It is perfectly all right to bring the full force of the establishment to bear on some non-conforming neo or fringe fan and through invective and derision drive him out of fandom but let's not get carried away and try the same thing on one of the in-group. All fandom will be plunged into war.

How do I feel about the Breen affair?

I glee.

-----  
Hmmm. The damndest things do happen. Maybe if I actually sat down and worked it out ahead of time I wouldn't get into these predicaments. Like, this ought to be page 2 but since I've been sporadically (Hi, Bill Plott) cutting stencils for the past three months and just got around to counting them I find it becomes necessary to eliminate page 2. Besides, it gives Fred Patten something to do--trying to figure out my page credits. Ah, well, let's get on with it.

This, dear hearts, is DYNATRON, the 21st thereof (more or less). Actually there have been more than 21 issues but, what the hell, why not make it interesting for people who keep track of such things. DYNATRON is currently a gen-apa-zine which is to say that it is an amateur publication (Read America's Amateur Publications. 8 for \$1 from Seth Johnson along with miscellaneous material and requests for subscriptions to commercial newspapers) loosely devoted to the discussion of science-fiction, fantasy and assorted associated subjects. It will become, increasingly, a journal of personal opinion as I empty the files. This here now fanzine (fanmag to all First Fandomites) is edited (heheheheheh) by Roy Tackett and published (she runs the mimeo) by Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107, USofA. It appears on a quarterly schedule for N'APA, as a tradezine, and for miscellaneous other hangers-on (like Smit and Baxter). At the moment the subscription department has closed and no subscriptions will be accepted. Keeping track of who is what is getting too bloody complicated. A Marinated Publication dated June, 1964.

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N'APA mailing comments appear only in those issues going to N'APA. If you're really interested.....join N'APA.

TOKYO IN 1966



Once again it is our great pleasure to bring you another chapter of that non-continuous series by E. MITCHEM COX:

# Science Fiction Forever—X

Among the myriads of story-types encountered in this vastless realm of fact and imagination (4 or 5 parts imagination to one part fact, no olive), is the one where emissaries from a Galactic Union visit the Earth to see if it is fit to become a member. And sometimes there is a horribly horrible penalty if Earth (that's us) doesn't Measure Up. Yes, sir. To get an idea of how awful that penalty might be, read this story and suffer a bit as

## GLAATAL CALLS THE TURN

The spaceship hypered slitherly down a vast nothing of unspace. As fast as it could. "Hurry, Glaatal!" risped Noggul. "We are teddibly behind schedule."

"I know, I know," risped back Glaatal. He hunched over the control console and strained to extract every last erg from the straining, mighty engines of the straining ship. But it continued to hurtle its square shape end over tumble down a grey corridor of nothingness at pretty much the same rate. Two Mach.

"Hey, Glaatal, we're still doing only 2 Mach!" complained Noggul. He stared out through the port at the shifty pearly greyness that slunched off in several No-directions all at once and would have made his stomach twist sickeningly if he had had a stomach.

"I know, I know," Glaatal risped irritatedly. "It's not the speed of our ship, it's the rate-of-flow in the Unspace that counts!"

"Then why are you hunched over the controls for?"

Glaatal's crest flamed bluely. "Gee, I dunno!" He got up and went into the lounge, followed by Noggul. They lounged.

"But we're still behind schedule whined Noggul. "We've got three more systems to screen before we can go back to the barracks."

"I know, I know," risped Glaatal. "And say, how come you havent risped lately?Q

"Gee, I dunno," risped Noggul. "Haven't been paying attention, I guess."

Then, in anger, "And if you had, on that last world, we wouldn't be so far behind schedule. Do you glanish that the main team is only about two systems behind us now? That they'll be irritable and liable to snap judgements if they find flaws in our preliminary recommendations?"

"I know, I know," risped Glaatal, his crest flaming pinkly. "How did I know this assignment would be so tough. Next time I'm putting in for the milk run."

"What do you know about milk?" risped Noggul, his crest flaming blackly.

Glaatal's sharp retort was cut off by the sound of a timer dinging in the control cabin. "It's time for Snap-Out!" risped Noggul. "Hurry!" They ran as fast as they could, inasmuch as it wasn't their manner of travel, and settled down into the control hammocks. Noggul rewound the timer.

"We've got Glono little time in which to bring to a satisfactory conclusion a preliminary investigation of the intelligent life on this here planet." He looked at his wrist-watch. "In fact, we'll have probably 13 minutes and 41 seconds." Glaatal depressed studs in the panel as he risped.

Noggul glanced up from the view-screen. "That means we won't have time to go all over the surface for photo-observations or converse with many of the intelligent beings."

"We won't even have time to go to a drive-in movie, it's that bad. We gotta make tracks (here they both convulsed, their frames being very handy for this, at the joke...they didn't have feet) for the next system or the main Force will catch up with us!"



"Then only one of us will be able to make a Probe" riaped Noggul.

"Yes. So which of us is it to be? If we land in the dark side, I'll make the Probe; if the light, you! And I'll bet a ginnefp that the planet will turn to the darkside as we orbit!"

\*\* \*\* \*

Glaatal whooshed silently down through the dark and plumped squishily onto the cool grass. It was a lawn. Disguising himself as best he could after adjusting his anti-grav belt to comfortable weight, he smoothed the mustache and marched up to the front door. He rang the bell.

After a minute, the door opened. A young, thatch-haired teenager peered at him from behind thick-lensed glasses. "Hey, you ring the bell?"

"Yes. I did." Glaatal gleed from within; his disguise was working.

"That's pretty good. We ain't gotta bell; we got chimes. And besides, the party ain't here." He jammed a toothpick into his mouth and grabbed the doorknob.

"No, wait!" The teenager waited. "I'm not going to a party. I've---"

"Then waddaya in costume for?"

"I'll explain," Glaatal riaped quickly. "Oops, sorry" he added as the teenager dug blunt fingers into his earballs, yelping, "Hey, waddaya doin!?"

"It's a noise I make. But I must ask questions."

"Oh? Isziss a quiz-show on teevee?" He peered out into the dark for a teevee truck but none was at the curb.

"No," Glaatal said. Time was running out. "Are you familiar with world problems today?"

"Sure."

"Is there a community of nations that administers the affairs of this planet?"

"Huh? Ya mean the United Nations?"

"Great! And have there been any wars, then, between any parts of the world?"

"Not today there wasn't. Last---"

"Very good. And would you fight?"

"Uh-uh, not me! I go for Dianetics and---"

"Splendid! And what is this Dianetics?"

"It's about the mind. We---"

"Capital! And have you on this planet achieved atomic power?"

"Oh, sure. We got the atom b---"

"Tip-top! The atomic-blast! Then you ought to achieve space flight soon!"

"Oh, yeh. You know about those guys that went up in space ca---"

"More advanced than I thought," Glaatal vlamished to himself. "Would you consider joining a Galactic Federation if the alternatives were explained to you?"

"Oh, sure, I'd prob'ly like it better than the Neff."

"You'd like it? Even if a failure on this planet's part might mean its total annihilation if there were any dissention among the inhabitants?"

"Oh, sure..." Must be a guy from UNESCO or something, he thought, scratching a shin with rubber-soled shoe.

"You would, personally, vouch for this, knowing the full consequences? After all, once the full Team gets here, the Force and revealed itself, there would be only two possible routes of action. Be qualified to join or total destruction. Here, now, with me, you could avert such a situation if the facts are not as I've been led to believe! Do you understand me?" Here Glaatal drew himself up to his full, towering height.

The kid looked down on him and said, "Sure thing, man. Now what teevee show are you really from?"

"I've little time for oddments," Glaatal said, looking at his wrist-watch.

"Man, you need a shave!" marveled the kid, looking at Glaatal's wrist.

"Then your answer is final?"

"Sure! Now can I go in?"

"Certainly. And you'll be hearing from us." He twitched at the control belt and soared skyward. The kid sighed in relief and headed for the television set.



"Who was that?" his mother called from the kitchen.

"I dunno." He clunked the channel-selector over.

"Well, what did he want?"

"Ah, he was some kind of a nut, I guess. I played along with him and he left."

E. MITCHEM COX

XXXXX

JOHN

Baxter

S  
F  
QUIZ

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Before we start, it might be worthwhile to point out and explain the fact that this quiz casts a somewhat wider net than its predecessors. I've altered the terms of reference to include fan activities, weird and fantasy material as well as SF. You'll notice a few questions about fandom and big name fans, plus a few that will be easier for readers of WEIRD TALES than ASF. The reasons should be clear enough: no library is bottomless and I'm finding it harder and harder to find questions that deal exclusively with SF. Also, there is the problem of boredom--a pure diet of questions about SF is as dull as a reading diet composed exclusively of SF. Hence the changes. I hope you agree with them, but if you don't I'll be glad to hear why. Incidentally, I'm also on the lookout for more questions--any suggestions?

I. As usual, we kick off with the first paragraphs of some well-known novels. Score one point for the name of the book and one point for author.

a. Upon a massive bench of polished ersite beneath the gorgeous blooms of a giant pimalia a woman sat. Her shapely, sandalled foot tapped impatiently upon the jewel-strewn walk that wound beneath the stately sorapus trees across the scarlet sward of the royal gardens of Thuvan Dihh, Jeddak of Ptarth, as a dark-haired, red-skinned warrior bent low towards her, whispering heated words close to her ear.

b. Gary hugged the shadows along the shore and waited for the sound of the shot, for the crack of a carbine. The old woman had been a fool to think she could sneak across the bridge, either starved to the point of desperation or a fool. The darkness of the night couldn't hide her, not any more, not with the troops guarding the other end of the bridge with infra-red lamps and sniperscopes on their rifles.

c. The first difficulty was with language. That is only to be expected when you jump five hundred years, but it is nonetheless perplexing to have your first casual query of: "What city is this?" answered by the sentence "Stappers will get you. Or be you Slanduch?"



d. The voice, speaking out of the ancient blackness of the night on the third planet of Arcturus - under an alien tree, bent and crippled by the remorseless wind-- paused, and cleared its throat.

"....ahem" it said. "Gentlemen..." "It's this way with the soldier. What makes the soldier different from the common, garden-variety murderer is the cause for which the soldier kills - "

"Bull!" said another voice out of the wind-dry darkness.

e. The creature was like an eye, a globular eye that could see in all directions, encysted in the grey, cloudy mind that called itself Alfie Strunk. In the dimness thoughts squirmed, like dark fish darting; and the eye followed them without pity.

II. This is the potted biography of a well-known BNF. Score 2 points for guessing who it is.

Born 9/28/38. Ex Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, and OE of FAPA, member LASFS, N'APA, IPSO. Berkeley fandom 1957-1961. Received Hugo 1958. Well-known as hitchhiking fan because he travelled to NYCon II at the age of 17 by thumb and two years later went to the MidWestCon the same way. Portrayed Wrai Ballard, the Musquite Kid in Unicorn Production's "The Musquite Kid Rides Again"; will play Fafhrd in Leiber's "The Black Adept".

III. Memory is a tricky thing. One is often surprised by the disparity between a remembered date and the actual one. This is especially true with SF stories. Can you remember when the following historic stories were first published? Score one point for each.

a. NIGHTFALL

c. THE RATS IN THE WALLS

e. AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

b. LIFELINE

d. KILLDOZER

A clue: the dates are 1924, 1938, 1941, 1944, and 1951. Now all you have to do is decide which date fits which story.

IV. Here is a beautifully drawn word-picture of one of the greatest villians in epic fantasy. Two points for this question -- 1 for the man's name, ad 1 for the story from which this extract is taken.

He was a thin wisp of a fellow, so fair-haired that he was almost an albino: and his bright eyes were so blue, so palely azure in their faded depths, that you could not see into them. He was clean-shaven. It seemed that there was no part of him which you could catch hold of, neither his hair, nor his eyes, nor his whiskers. Even the colour had been washed out of him, it seemed, so as to leave no handle. Only in the skeletal pink face, the brilliant eyes had crows feet around them - a twinkle which you could assume to be of humor, if you liked, or else of irony, or merely of screwing up those sky-blue pupils so as to look far and deep. He walked with an up-right carriage, both ingratiating and defiant - but one shoulder was higher than the other. He had been born slightly crooked - a clumsy delivery by the midwife - like Richard III.

V. What illustrator holds the record for the most Hugos for "Best Artist"?

That's the quiz and Roy will tell you that the answers are on page 11

The total possible score is 20. 15 is good and 12 is about average. Under that means you've been spending too much time at the movies.

JOHN BAXTER

XXXXX

Ghod! If you think I'm going to tell you what I scored, guess again. Back to the TV set for me. RT



# COTLSON

Robert S.,  
of course

## JUST A ROMAN IN THE GLOAMIN'

They don't write stories like KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE anymore, and I don't know whether to weep or be grateful for the fact. The bare plot sounds like something Van Vogt dashed off on a bad day, but despite the idiocies, the story had something. I just finished reading it for this review; this makes the third time around and I still enjoy it.

For the record, KING OF THE WORLD'S EDGE was written by H. Warner Munn (whoever the hell he was) and ran as a four-part serial in WEIRD TALES, beginning with the September 1939 issue. Despite the fact that it took up a fair share of each of the four issues, it never copped a single cover; featured names in those issues being H. P. Lovecraft, David H. Keller, Seabury Quinn, Thorp McClusky, Henry Kuttner, Kenneth Sterling, and Gans T. Field (the latter for an undistinguished eleven-page short story. He must have been related to the editor.) As far as I know, Munn's story was never published in any other form. As it ran an estimated 60,000 to 70,000 words it might yet be resurrected by some adventurous publisher. It would make a fine fictional companion to THEY ALL DISCOVERED AMERICA.

The story begins with a museum curator deciphering a parchment manuscript discovered inside a bronze cylinder on Key West. The manuscript is a letter from one "Ventidius Varro, centurion under Arthur the Imperator of Britain, and now King of the Western Edge of the World", and is addressed to the Emperor of Rome. The remainder of the narrative covers Varro's experiences (and I wonder how much space 70,000 words, handwritten on parchment would take up? I keep thinking that it must have been a pretty fat cylinder.)

To begin with, Varro is an officer of the Sixth Legion, abandoned in Britain by the collapsing Roman Empire. (Fact: Leonard Cottrell mentions that the last three legions in Britain were the 9th, the 20th, and the Second Augusta.) He supports King Arthur during the latter's brief attempt to bring back Roman law to the barbarians. (Like many writers, Munn depicts Arthur as a Welsh chief, rising to briefly dominate southern Britain at the close of the Roman era. Most of the classical names are Cymricized; Merlin becomes Myrdhin, Guinevere is Gwenhyvar, etc.) Arthur has had one large warship built, modeled on Roman lines with both oars and sail. Following his final defeat, Merlin, Varro, a few loyal Legionnaires and some Saxon captives taken along as rowers, commandeer this ship and leave for the fabled western lands mentioned (according to Merlin) by Strabo, Maeldune of Hibernia, and the monk Brandon. Naturally, they make it. Somewhere around the mouth of the Mississippi they run into a race of humanoid alligators, have their ship wrecked in a hurricane, and are captured by Indians, in fairly rapid succession.

These aren't ordinary Indians, though. No Sir! These are soldiers of the Empire of the Mound Builders, which covers most of the U.S. east of the Mississippi. One of them, Hiawatha by name, becomes a blood brother of our hero and, after teaching him the language, gives him all the political dope. As a side issue, one of the local medicine men performs a trepanning operation on a Roman soldier. (Learned the trick from a wandering Inca, no doubt.) However, Kukulkan, the emperor of the Mound Builders, dislikes all this brotherly love and orders the whole push imprisoned, to be executed at the Winter Games. Merlin gets them out of the predicament with a spot of sorcery--seems he's an old Druid who was converted to Christianity late in life and it didn't altogether take; he still uses an odd spell or two now and then, in a pinch. There is also the hint, more common now than in 1939, that Merlin's magic is



actually advanced scientific knowledge.

At any rate, Merlin, Varro, Hiawatha and a few friends head for the hills. In order to have some protection from pursuit, they organize the Iroquois Confederacy, and to while away the long winter hours the Romans teach the Indians how to shoot a bow and arrow. (Never mind that neither the Romans nor the Welsh were archers; that the famed English longbow came in with the Saxons and that none of the Saxons who made the trip are left. Obviously somebody has to teach these poor Indians how to use a bow and arrow, since they're too stupid to think of it themselves.) Incidentally, one scene has the narrator horrified by the "savagery" of the Indians scalping their foes. Munn apparently was one of the majority of Americans who didn't (and still don't) know that scalping was a culture trait that the Indians learned from the white settlers. If he'd shown Varro teaching his red friends to use a scalping knife instead of a bow, he'd have been more accurate.

After getting the Iroquois well established to the north of the Mound Builders, our noble Romans take off for the southwest, where they organize the Aztec nation, teach those Indians how to use swords and organize them into pseudo-Roman legions. (There is no particular rhyme or reason to this teaching, except that the Iroquois did use bows and the Aztecs did use wooden swords edged with obsidian, and Munn had to reconcile the facts somehow. If you read fast, you won't wonder why the Iroquois couldn't have been taught to fashion copper swords as well as bows and the Aztecs instructed in archery as well as swordsmanship.) Merlin is revered by the Aztecs as Quetzalcoatl, and Varro becomes Huitzilopochtli, the god of war. Somewhere along the line he acquires a wife and son, though I'm not at all sure when he had the time to do it. Incidentally, you may be a trifle confused by a story which has the Iroquois, Aztecs, Mound Builders and King Arthur all more or less contemporary, but don't worry about it. The Mound Builders just lasted longer (and controlled more territory) than people think, the Iroquois founded their confederacy somewhat earlier than is suspected, and the Aztecs became a nation, with all their traditional practices, before they migrated to Mexico. Nothing to it.

The Iroquois and Aztecs now execute a combined operation, crushing the Mound Builders' empire in a series of bloody battles—several hundred thousand people involved in one of them, and never mind that historians say there weren't that many people in all of North America at that time. What do historians know, anyway? The few survivors of the ruling race are exiled—they hike to the west coast and become the Flat-heads. (Munn calls these people "Mians"; it's possible that he means them to be "recognized" as Mayans, especially considering the name of their ruler. But, while he took a lot of liberties with history, would even a fantasy writer move the entire Mayan nation from Yucatan to Ohio? It doesn't seem reasonable.)

Things don't quite settle down with the peace treaty, though. First there is a battle with the alligator-men (remember them?) and in this one Merlin finally dies, poisoned by a supposed friend. Then Varro wipes out the alligator-men in revenge, which neatly explains why they weren't around to bother De Soto. And, having conquered the continent, he sends a message off to Rome to inform them of the fact, ask for a few legions to help keep order, and offer tribute. (How the tribute and the legions were expected to cross the Atlantic isn't made too clear, but it doesn't matter since the messenger was ambushed at Key West and never delivered the account.)

As I've said, the story does have appeal. Partly it's the sheer scope of the thing. Where today's fantasy writers pick out one detail of a single legend to work into a novel, Munn threw in the legend of King Arthur, the legend of Hiawatha, the legendary origin of the Aztecs (the eagle and the snake motif of the Aztec's own legend of their origins is explained as the defeat of the Snake—the Mound Builders, who often built their mounds in serpentine shape for no particular reason that we can tell—by the Eagle—the rising Aztec nation), and the Mysterious Mound Builders, who



were far more mysterious in 1939 than they are today. Of course, he didn't blend these elements too well, but it was a grand attempt. I'd appreciate it if a few of today's authors would add a bit of Munn's sweeping vision to their own technical accuracy.

ROBERT S. COULSON

XXXXXX

THE ANSWERS TO JOHN BAXTER'S SF QUIZ:

- I. a. THUVIA, MAID OF MATS by Edgar Rice Burroughs  
b. THE LONG LOUD SILENCE by Wilson Tucker  
c. BARRIER by Anthony Boucher  
d. NAKED TO THE STARS by Gordon R. Dickson  
e. HELL'S PAVEMENT by Damon Knight

II. Ron Ellick

III. Nightfall, 1941; LIFELINE, 1938; THE RATS IN THE WALLS, 1924; KILLDOZER, 1944;  
AND THEN THERE WERE NONE, 1951.

IV. MORDRED, King Arthur's bastard son by his half-sister Morgause, from T. H. White's THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING.

V. Frank Kelly Freas (5 times) just beats Ed Emsh (4 times).

XXXXXX

ADDITIONS TO RICHIE BENYO'S CHECK-LIST OF ACE SF BOOKS

D-13 CRY PLAGUE! by Theodore S. Drachman, MD  
THE JUDAS GOAT by Leslie Edgley

D-43 SALOME, MY FIRST 2000 YEARS OF LOVE by Paul Eldridge & G. S. Viereck

D-265 SHOOTING STAR by Robert Bloch

D-350 RED ALERT by Peter Bryant

D-353 THE MACABRE READER edited by D. A. Wollheim

D-407 THE PLANET KILLERS by Robert Silverberg

WE CLAIM THESE STARS by Poul Anderson

D-467 FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE -- PFFFTT by William C. Anderson

D-508 MORE MACABRE, edited by D. A. Wollheim

F-210 RED ALERT by Peter Bryant (reissue)

F-226 HUON OF THE HORN by Andre Norton

K-110 THE SEVENTH DAY by Hans Hellmut Kirst

K-149 QUEEN CLEOPATRA by Talbot Mundy

K-160 THE WEREWOLF OF PARIS by Guy Endore

Thanx to Ed Meskys and Buck Coulson for the additons.

XXXXXX

Program notes from that long-running production (now in its 22nd year) the NFFF Follies will appear as the mood strikes us. Songs, dances, and patter, viz.:

"Nobody's Business But Our Own"

(song)

The Directorate

"The Al Lewis Blues"

(song)

Alma Hill

"Al Lewis Walks At Midnight"

(recitation)

Clayton Hamlin

Stone Cold Dead In the Market

(MssBu Theme)

Owen Hannifen

✱



This, my old, is DYNATRON #20.5 or 20½ if you will and it comes as a big surprise to me and I suppose it does to you, too. (Remind me not to use the lancers again in this issue as the type guide seems to be tearing them up a bit.) It's like this, little chums, I didn't have room in DYNATRON 20 to print the letters and here we are with this great stack of LcCs so the only thing for it is to print the things in a separate issue. I wonder, should I call this "Voice of Dynatron," abbreviated (with apologies to 4e) as VoD? Nah. For the record DYNATRON is published by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107, USA. This issue will be distributed through the 20th N'APA mailing--or else postmailed--as well as to various other fans, loafers, and whatever. The usual price (paid by very few) is 20¢ but, live it up, this issue is F\*R\*E\*E\*. Editorial comments will be enclosed in double parentheses and underscored. ((\_\_\_\_)). A Marinated Publication and blame mimeographing goofs on Roy. Chrystal, who normally turns the crank, has been having a bit of eye trouble so I did the duplication on this issue and the last one. Messy, aren't they?

We start off with Scotland's charming gift to the microcosm:

Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain.

Say, we've now got "My Favorite Martian" on TV. Is this good? ((Not unless it is a different show than the thing of the same name over here.))

I enjoy this double dose of Dynatron and applaud your efforts to keep it fantasy and SF slanted. I think "A Shade of Difference" could be called SF but only if you were stretching the category very wide. Anyway, events have caught up with and passed Drury's ideas...he was another who did not judge the timetable for the agitation for civil rights correctly. As he is said to be intending to write a series, I'm wondering how he is going to get himself out of the fix he's in. For he also sadly misjudged the rate at which Russian and American relations might improve. ((He can always claim he's writing of a parallel universe.)) Personally, as someone standing outside I have always felt that Russia and America have just as much in common as they have differences. I read a book about that called "The Big Two" but I forget the author. Can recommend it, though.

Thanks for the publicity on The Lindsay Report. I appreciate that very much as there has been very little mention of it in the fanzines. ((Right. Hey, out there: send a buck to Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif., 90025, and ask for a copy of The Lindsay Report--Ethel's very fine recounting of her TAFF trip. You will enjoy it.))

Charles E. Smith, 61, The Avenue, Ealing W.13, London, Great Britain.

Ta for two issues of Dynatron, cunningly disguised as one issue, thereby giving the appearance of one big fanzine and attracting countless subscribers, letterhacks, et al. ((Al Lewis?)) Very clever! You've quite knocked me over. ((Don't know my own strength.)) Actually, what really knocked me over was trying to catch the darn thing as it came through the letter box. Do you haunt your mail-box while waiting for the cheerful, never-tiring postie to bring your daily ration of fannish good cheer? ((No. Mostly I get bills. Very uncheerful.)) Am I the only one that loses control to such an extent that my hand is there waiting for the countless goodies that are about to fall into my lap? ((Quite possibly.)) Sometimes it turns into a duel of wits. ((Well I'd have the battle half won anyway.)) Said postman has discovered my secret vice and often now he arrives at the door, pushes back the flap to allow the letters to pass through easily (see the GPO Handbook, section 3: methods to facilitate the entrance of letters into dwellings), and then waits. This drives me nearly frantic and I am quickly reduced to a nervous wreck, chewing the carpet and drumming a tatoo with my heels on the floor. ((It's the fannish thing to do.)) Then, when he realises that I have been driven as far as I can go, he pushes the letters through. If it so happens that there is nothing for me, everything is for my wife or daughter, he allows a fiendish chuckle to escape his lips as he goes out the gate. Once or twice he has even pushed the mail through and then stopped half-way, refusing to let go. This



rapidly develops into a tug-of-war, highly grading for all concerned. ((The man's a fiend, ~~Wolff~~ Smith)) Once though I managed to drag him to his knees(it must have been particularly icy that morning. ((Bully!)) Ah! That was sweet. I faced him through the open aperture of the letter flap and stared him down. ((Good show!)) He recognized his master that day and, for a week, everything returned to normal. But then he started again and everything seems worse than ever. ((It always is))The old struggle is still being fought. Then he has the cheek to come round at Christmas and ask for his Christmas box. ((Did you box him?))

Enough of this idle chatter about me, however, ((It's about time)) and on to idle chatter about idle fanzine. ((Who puts that one out?)) I enjoyed your Writings in the Sand without being able to go into long details as to the whys and wherefores. Nice, but strange, to see you still talking about the old Startlings and Thrilling Wonders. I enjoy a good deal of modern s.f. but it doesn't seem to have the same tang as some of the old pulps; even the titles seem to have lost some of their flavour. Couldn't honestly agree with your doubts as to whether Rogue Moon or Dark Nuptial was the better story as the Budrys novel is one of my particular favourites of recent years. There are similarities of course but Budrys' treatment of his characters was more exciting to me at least. I felt Locke's characters were highly stereotyped and fitting exactly into the pulp mould whereas Budrys attempts to dig far deeper. ((No. My question concerned the treatment of the idea, not of the characters and their motivations. Putting such minor things as that aside it is worth a study as to which author handled the idea better.))

I won't try to defend Bradbury against your slights; I'll leave that to friend Lang Jones who, I hope, will see and answer your comments. Suffice to say that Fahrenheit 451 strikes me as a pretty good example of what I call science fiction. Sound Like Thunder can only be described as science fiction; I can't see any of the Mid-Western influence you mention. ((Smith and Jones, eh? That's unlikely.))

The Cox, Woolston, Baxter items were interesting but suffered from brevity. They all could have used some kind of expansion. Len Moffatt's con report was amusing and light in the best sense. Sorry you and Buck Coulson didn't dig Green Millennium. Although not going overboard I found it entertaining and I whiled a way a pleasant evening reading it. ((Coulson's an old grouch. I have a different taste in reading.)) Coming Attraction is probably the better story but Green Millennium is an effective expansion of the horrific environment of Coming Attraction. ((Yeah, the next 100 years are going to be a mess. After that things should get a bit better.)) It is a pity that much of the horror of the earlier short seemed to become lost in the process of expansion and it became rather twee. ((?)) Entertaining but definitely twee. ((Wotinhell is "twee"?))

I had intended to cast some pearls of thought on the subject of morals and ethics that you mentioned somewhere in the issue but, unfortunately, I can't find the place. I really should mark all portions of each fanzine as I receive it, however, to overcome the conditioning of a lifetime--never under any circumstances--deface a book--is very painful. However....ethics are primarily concerned with your effect on others; not to cause others pain by word or deed is an ethic. Morals, on the other hand, are more personal and should deal primarily with one's own attitudes to life and the way one lives it. Total abstinence is a moral attitude, as it is something one can follow without expecting others to copy. ((As good a definition as any, Chas, but too often those who speak so loudly of morals try to get everyone else to conform to their standards.))

X

BILL WOLFENBARGER, 602 WEST HILL STREET, NEOSHO, MISSOURI, 64850

I hope you have been reading the 3-part series in F&SF on the current aspects of Fandom. The Feb ish had an article by Tucker, the March ish has one by Blooh, and the next article, for the April ish, I suppose, will be by Terry Carr. Read them. Excellent articles. ((Of the three, only Tucker is qualified to write of fandom at this time.))

My stf reading has slackened off a bit because I've been reading some things brought out by the Beat Generation, Kerouac, Ginsberg, and the Living Legend of Beatdom, William S. Burroughs. Have you ever read any of this? It can be quite an ex-



WOLFENBARGER:

perience. ((Nah, Bill, I'm too young to have belonged to the Lost Generation and too old to belong to the Beat Generation. I was one of that generation that had a rendezvous with destiny. I'm still waiting.))

Doggone, mentioning Hamilton and all, I wish Hamilton and Jack Williamson and some of the other elder sf writers would bring out collections of their work. Have you visited Williamson yet? ((No.))

There's to be the first Kansas City Jazz Festival in (of all places) Kansas City near the end of April. I plan to attend and, well, Gosh, I was just wondering if you would be interested in considering material that has nothing to do with sf or fantasy...but would have to do with jazz. I can just picture myself going into the concert hall and telling the manager: "Dynatron sent me." ((He'd toss you out on your, er, ear.))

Must close. Got to figure out a way to hex fan editors into printing my stuff. ((Please, Wolfenbarger, just cause I've had your stuff in the files for over a year .....I'll print it any issue now.))

EEEEVERS, 118 W. 83RD ST., NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10024.

Good cover on #18--Atom gives you the feeling that all his details are significant and there's a story lurking in the background.

I can't comment on criticisms of TV as I've spent maybe 15 or 20 hours in front of a TV set in my entire life. I do like to read attacks on the medium, tho, so I won't get the feeling I ought to check and see if it's improved. ((It isn't all bad. There are some worthwhile moments.))

I used to watch "Twilight Zone", mostly to see which SF author Serling was stealing from that night. I quit because it usually turned out to be Bradbury. ((I'm not quite sure how to interpret that remark, Earl.))

Lie detector tests for engineers ((technicians)). Pretty soon you're going to have to take psych and polygraph tests for all jobs, then they'll probably start using truth drugs, then automatic shock treatments, then pre-natal conditioning and soma. 1984 here we come. I only wish I was writing this to be funny. ((It all depends on who takes over in the end. If it is the ultra-right we can look forward to 1984. If these fuzzy-headed liberals win out then we can look forward to a Brave New World.))

Archaeology? Interesting subject, but the word has some interest in it too. When are we going to knock the ae out of archaeology as we've done with encyclopedia etcet. ((I didn't know there was an "ae" in "etcet".)) Memberships are now open in the Fannish Archeology Society. Purpose? Just to knock that archaic old A out of the middle of the word.

Moffatt and Labowitz are funny. The Wolfenbarger poem is good, but I wonder why he puts both "ebony black" and "cream smooth" in one image. They just don't fit together. ((You never seen black cream? How come you do that Wolfenbarger?))

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Sandwiched in between the zines on golfing, fishing, basketball, surfing (man, that's the height of something...a zine on surfing on sale out here) and all like that I found something called TRUE TWILIGHT TALES. It was like ghost stories. No, I did not buy it. Hey, those crazy editors of LIFE actually send personal replies to LoCs. They're as nutty as fanzine editors. D'ja see (former?) fan Rog Ebert get a mention in NEWSWEEK over his comment on Prof Oliver's idiotic remarks? R. de Tac.  
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BILL WOLFENBARGER (what, again?) 602 West Hill St., Neosho, Missouri, 64850

#18 has an inspiring ATom cover...the usual ATom, of course. I must say that I have seen better illos thish than others. The best thing is "Writings in the Sand". ((Aw, shucks.)) While on the subject of Ed Hamilton, you'll be interested to know that he has a novelette in a pb on the stands now, in a collection from the pages of the late and lamented SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES. ((Uh-huh, I got a copy.)) Hamilton's tale appeared in the very first ish in 1956. It's called "The Starcombers" and the old sense of wonder came to me on the very first page. I guess you could



WOLFENBARGER

call that the usual ole Ed Hamilton, huh?? ((Uh-huh. And right good Hamilton, too)) You claim that Ray Bradbury never ever "wrote a science-fiction story in his life", is unjustified. ((Did I say that?)) One of his very few sf stories appeared in PLANET STORIES sometime in the '40s, called "The Creatures That Time Forgot". My favorite Bradbury stories are his fantasies from WEIRD TALES: stories like "The Wind"; "The Night"; and "The Scythe". ((Yeah, man, like that's good Bradbury.)) I think Ed Cox has an appealing idea there, bottom of page 10, when he asks you to index DYNATRON. Will you, sir? ((Who? Me? Let Cox do it, he's got as many Dynatrons as I have.)) Dadgummit, let us have more articles like the ones thish by Baxter and Woolston, ok? Fandom has spoken. ((I've heard fandom speak before...usually doesn't say much. I'm agreeable to more article like those, have a couple in the files yet))

Perhaps some day we oan hunker down in a corner and you can explain to me this "Futurian Commentator" bit above your fanzine title? ((Fannish way of registering a title, mayhap.)) I think I would just about burn my copies of SATELLITE to have the cover of #19 in a suitable frame. I love that line of yours, "Fandom is just a ghoddam pain in the mimeograph." That's beautiful. Ah, shucks, it is. ((Yeah.)) For some silly reason I just can't seem to swing along with Len Mcfaff's con report. I can swing right along with Baxter and Sneary and Edgar Allen Poe but "Keep Smiling" just doesn't seem to ring true. Thanks for having "A Will of Freedom" by Wolfenbanger in there. I like it.

In re the WAHFs, I no-comprehendo the thing about "The Fairy tale is sagging..." ((Don't ask me, Bill, you wrote it.))

DENNIS KNUTH, RR 2, BOX 272, AUGUSTA, WISCONSIN, 54722

Again you are picking on comic fans. ((Who? Me? Me pick on comic fans? What makes you think I'd do a thing like that?)) You may not be aware of the fact that most people come (or should I say "graduate"?) from comic fandom to sf. I learned of fandom from "Fred Norwick" who had a letter published in a comic magazine and he gave a list of fanzines, including yours (I don't know if that is good or bad) but here I am, now interested in sf although I am still interested in a few high class comic books if you believe in such a thing. ((I don't.)) I have now started my collection of sf paperbacks and mags.

Well, at any rate keep up the good work. (What good work?!!) ((Now, now, Dennis, I'm not picking on comic fans. Sort of. It is just that I think comic books are for the, er, younger set (grammar school) and the thought of full-fledged adults be-goshwow over them is hilarious. You show maturity in graduating to other forms of reading--not necessarily SF but the printed word instead of picture stories.))

KRIS CAREY, 1016 2nd St., Wasco, Calif.

I too, have turned over a new zorb ((a new what?)) and am answering and acknowledge receiving your zine, but am doing it from the unusual position of the horizontal. I have a cold...a Nasty Virus, I believe they say...and am having to waste a beautiful weekend in bed. ((Well, there are times...)) Therefore I doubly appreciate Dynatron 18-19. Having a cold has its good features; f'rinstance, all I can do in this capacity is answer zines and correspondence, which enables me to catch up with unanswered items. In any case, onward! ((Where to?))

According to your format/heading ((my WHAT?)) a "T" behind my names mean that I'm getting the zine as a trade. ((Yes, we always have trinkets to trade with the natives.)) It is interesting to note that I don't have a "T" behind my name, no, I have a "t" behind it. I have freely interperated this hyroglyph as meaning "traves-tidigitisofeermacism" and shall act accordingly. ((You'll damn well get arrested if you do.)) Somewhere, somehow and for some unrecountable reason, "Bold Journey" never struck me as being particularly exciting. I remember getting bored stiff whenever the show came on the idiot box. Perhaps I didn't like the format or the presentation of the show, or perhaps some similar odd reason. Anothr reason strikes my mind; I can't palat the idea of oogling brown barebreasted belles. ((Man, that's the only kind that can appear on American television.))



CAREY:

Sturgeon's "The Wages of Synergy" brings to mind a story written by G. Petyon Wertenbaker in the June 1926 AMAZING. In this story, Sir John, ((who he?)) one of the principal characters in the beginning of the story discovers a way to redirect the life producing powers of the male reproductive glands into the body; in this way the power of these glands add to the length of the person's life, producing immortality. The theory prevalent in the story was that every time a male has sexual intercourse his emissions take away a certain amount of life force. Evidently, if a man had no sexual dealings then he would become immortal. The doctor, Sir John, arranges the necessary organs in his subject, who becomes the hero of the story, and attains the state of perpetual life. It was all a very good story in my estimation. I forgot to mention the name of the story which was "The Coming of the Ice."

Hamilton's "What's It Like Out There?" also reminds me of a collection of stories in one paperback that I have always considered to be one of my favorites. They were culled from GALAXY, IF, VENTURE, and FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, and published under the title "Station In Space". The book is written in a beautiful quasi-romantic style about man's attempts to conquer space. I believe it to be one of the best such written within the '50s which you call barren, more or less. ((Oh, not barren. Most definitely not barren but producing a great flood of very poor stf.)) ((Coulson doesn't agree with me on that. He's probably right. Possibly.))

Ed Cox: if you consider "The Day Mars Invaded Earth" a grade Z movie, what do you classify "I Was A Teenage Werewolf" as? Grade Z-? People haven't really realized how the subject of serious science fiction can be effected with great possibilities by mature writers and similar producers and casts. An example of this is Ray Bradbury's planned movie of his book "The Martian Chronicles". The effort should start a golden age of stf movies and video material. ((Maybe. I think that Bloch has pretty well put his finger on the reason we don't get good stfilms: they're too expensive to produce.))

I enjoyed Baxter's column. John, did you know Miles Davis is running for president. I kid not.

Stan Woolston is simply restating what everyone feels into new words. I'm sure every fan thinks generally the same thing--you can't call science fiction non-science fiction then call it science fiction again. ((Whaaat?))

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I didn't scream too loudly when this character in "Flash Gordon" started stuffing all those billions of watts of pure solar energy into his little box but when he insulated it with "the most inert metal known--solid gold", oh, boy, that's almost as funny as Dear Abby.

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PETER SINGLETON, Ward Two, Whittingham Hospital, Near Preston, Lancashire, England

I'm surprised to learn that a TV station in the States can get away with three commercial breaks within the space of a half-hour programme. Two breaks is the limit over here, and that is two too many, brother. Up until last year we were subjected to a series of 15 minute "Advertising Magazines". These consisted of a running succession of plugs about various items by different manufacturers, though sometimes with a particular theme like "domestic utensils." All smoothly interlaced with conversational patter which provided some semblance of continuity. This has been banned recently. The result? An advertising magazine in serialised form! This dodge has been engineered in connection with a Holidays Abroad sequence; parts of which are shown every time a break is allowed and running over a period of one and a half hours. ((We still have some programs that are nothing but solid advertising, usually for some overpriced "domestic utensil" or hair preparation or something equally useless. They are rarer now than formerly but still around.))

So you don't think Ray Bradbury ever wrote a science-fiction story in his life? ((Well, hardly ever.)) I don't entirely agree with that myself, but Ray is with you 100%. ((Intelligent fellow.)) He tried to have the "SF" tag removed from some of his books but to no avail. I don't agree with you at all regarding your evaluation of Bradbury's works. I'm a real gone Bradbury fan, no less! Can't help it but we all have our little weaknesses. All I ask of an author is--entertain! Stimulate! As far



as I'm concerned Braibury does both.

Enjoyed your review of "Best From SS". This is one anthology I shouldn't have missed but did, perhaps due to me being a kid of 14 when it first appeared.

Ed Cox: I confess I haven't read an ERB novel since my early teens but enjoyment and gosh-wow excitement are associated with the name as far as I'm concerned. If I re-read some of them I feel fairly certain that my impressions would be drastically modified, though. That's what happened with Flash Gordon!

Hmmm. I'm developing a nasty habit. I call it Index Collecting Mania. Before long I'll end up with more indexes than prozines. I've ordered four within the past week--ASTOUNDING (Ft. 1--Jeeves), NEBULA, (BSFA); British SFA (forthcoming from Roger Peyton of Birmingham) and GALAXY (BSFA). So I'd be highly delighted if someone decided to produce a DYNATRON and ASF-F&SF-GALAXY index. After this momentous task has been completed, all that would remain undone in this line would be a tome entitled AN INDEX OF INDEXES or something. ((I think one is in the works.))

John Baxter: When he defines Orwell's 1984 as not being SF, I can't help wondering if he is expressing his own opinion or Public Opinion. If it is his personal view then it's the only point of his article that I don't agree on. On the other hand if he rightly considers it Public Opinion, I have no complaints because this is certainly true (apart from an enlightened few who are prepared to accept it as SF without turning a hair.)

Illos. Yes, I agree that artists don't get all the egoboc they deserve and I nearly always mention them in my LoCa--if I don't forget! Best interior illo in #18 was the REG on page 7 for a well drawn, appealing E-T. ((That's no E-T, that's REG)) The ATOM cover is a dilley, forsooth, as is the one on #19. Showing the photos of contributors to the lettercol is a very interesting idea, Roy. I hope you emulate this in future issues.

Enjoyed the conrep by Len Moffatt. Sounds rather like a fairy story--all merry and gay--without a single ugly black cloud to spoil the fun. Quite refreshing to read a report like this but it seems too good to be altogether true, somehow. Heck, I'm getting cynical in my old age--I'll have to try and snap out of it. ((Else you are liable to end up like me.))

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Change of address: Miss Shoko Uhara, c/o Ryokufu-sc, 1-1673 Oumiya-kita, Asahi-ku, Osaka, Japan.

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SGT ROBERT F. SMITH (310840), SGT'S MESS, 1 CCD, BANDIANA, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

Both #18 and 19 are fairly interesting, but nothin in 'em prompts me to go to town, as it were. John Baxter's column on "you-know-what" (a good name for it, too) does appear to tackle the problem from a sound and new angle, but...why tackle the problem at all? ((well, it does give us something to write about)) I am training my own mind to ignore, absolutely, the temptation to tack labels on anything I read now. I'm all for meaty analyses of why an author wrote what he did, his style, literary quality, etc., but I no longer care about the vague pigeon holes that others attempt to jam the work into. I am, you know, inclined to agree with the Japanese fans: all fiction is fantasy of one type or another. And I will leave it at that. Like Stan Woolston I do not let the refinements of categories bother me, but inasmuch as you can find a mixture in most of the magazines I do not consider them "handy to consider". ((My own definition of science-fiction is narrow: a tale which is based on solid science, such as "The Trouble With Telstar" is science-fiction; all else is fantasy.))

Your notes on the archaeological and anthropological finds in your area were of interest. What with you and Mae filling pages in the CRY letter-column with enthusiastic talk of things ancient and these little tidbits in DYNATRON I am tempted to tell you of the time Ron and Cindy Smith, two young English couples, assorted kids, and myself spent the day crawling amongst the undergrowth at Bundeena looking for aboriginal rock carvings. ((Please do.))

37,000 pounds of sand in orbit....its quite bloody mind-croggling.



JOHN BOSTON, 816 South First St., Mayfield, Kentucky, 42066.

I have finally received this compendium of Literature of the Western World, to wit, DYNATRON #18, and never mind the date which says July 1963. Better late than never, I always say. ((Do you really?))

You are not alone. ((True. I have a wife, two daughters, three dogs, various rabbits, chickens, pigeons, goldfish, parakeets, and a mouse in the pantry.)) The Paducah library also has Vance cataloged as Kuttner. Why? ((Non-fen)) Ask me. ((Do I dare?)) I work in a library. All right, don't ask me. I'll tell you anyway. ((I knew you would.))

Here I have the STANDARD CATALOG FOR HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARIES, SEVENTH EDITION, 1957. ((Yes?)) I look on page 912, in the "Author, title, subject and analytical index." ((Yes?)) What do I find? ((Peanut butter?)) "Vance, Jack. Pseud. See Kuttner, Henry." The library isn't guilty; the H. W. Wilson Company is. ((Ah, so.))

I don't know about R. J. MacGregor but a J. MacGregor is currently writing as J. T. McIntosh. ((He used to write as J. T. M'Intosh.)) Joel Townsley Rogers appeared sporadically in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE. No he didn't. That was Joe Hensley. ((Is this true, Buck Coulson? Did the public prosecutor of Madison, Indiana, really appear in FU?)) Let's see...the last time I saw that name was in the SatEvePost for "Night of Horror" ((Which Saturday Evening was that?)) a pseudo-sf tale about a bunch of huge spiders who try to Take Over. Robert Donald Locke appeared (damn. you just can't erase with a new ribbon)((Most of us use erasers.)) in ANALOG in mid-1961 with "Next Door, Next World".

Zagat's "The Lanson Screen" was reprinted also in Conklin's BEST OF SF.

The reason "Some of Your Blood" is accepted as sf is because nobody wants Sturgeon to branch out into other fields. Does that make sense? ((No.)) And 1984 is sf! John Baxter says that "the sf writer thinks in terms of mechanics, while other writers are concerned primarily with attitude, personal feelings, and beliefs." Not so. However, the "mainstream writer" uses attitude, etc., to illuminate the character of his characters (?) ((you're as bad about that as I am)); the sf writer uses it to illuminate the society, the setting. That ain't necessarily so either, but it is more valid as a general rule.

All this argument about science fiction and its definition, if any, is very interesting. Therefore, I humbly submit this: science fiction is that branch of fantasy whose element of the fantastic has its base in science, technology, or the human mind. That includes Captain Future, "Some of Your Blood" and "Earth Abides" at one fell swoop. Also, I guess, Bradbury. No doubt I will be set upon and devoured for calling sf a branch of fantasy. Let me, then, define fantasy: that branch of fiction which is based on or deals with some premise or condition contradictory to contemporary or historical reality. That, unfortunately, still leaves Vardis Fisher and his cavemen unclassified. ((No, you won't be set upon for calling stf a branch of fantasy since that is generally accepted.))

Yes! It was slightly surprising to find a new cover, number, et al ((Al And\*rews?)) in the middle of the zine. Especially as I was writing this letter and reading the zine concurrently. (That's not the reason for the typos. I use the Biblical method of typing: seek and ye shall find. And with this damn ribbon I can't erase.) ((I keep telling you to use a rubber eraser.))

That idea of Pat Maclean's for a comics room at the conventions is excellent. Just think, you could schedule a talk on some subject of unlimited interest to the comics fans, wait until the proper minute, and lock the door! ((Hey, there, Knuth, he's picking on comics fans.))

This is a letter of comment. I wrote it. Therefore I am a letterhack and entitled to the next issue of Dynatron. You said so yourself. ((I was out of my mind.))

No, there, all you eager faneds. Professor Alberto Lazzarini, Garibaldi 628, San Nicolas, Pcia de Puenos Aires, Argentina, is a stf enthusiast who would like to see some fanzines. He writes a good letter.

Attention all Neffers: I'm running for the Directorate so vote already--for me. RT



BUCK COULSON, ROUTE 3, WABASH, INDIANA, 46992.

I started reading Dynatron 18/19 and I keep seeing things I want to comment on. So I'll just read by the typewriter (is it illuminated?) and comment as I go; at least I won't forget anything.

I don't think the Fifties were all that bad (well, truthfully, neither do I) and while STARTLING and TWS were certainly among the better magazines, I doubt that bit about them being "way above 9/10 of the flood of prozines that appeared in the 1950s". (Yeah, I keep forgetting that SS & TWS featured such as Kendall Foster Crossen.) Lessee now, were there 40 mags in that flood? Sounds about right; so I have to find five that were equal to or superior to the Thrilling Twins. There's GALAXY, of course; it went downhill at the end, but I think those first few years of the decade qualify it. Too bad F&SF started in 1949. FANTASY FICTION (the del Rey edited one) qualifies, though. And while we're on del Rey mags, there's also SPACE SCIENCE FICTION and SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES, which were at least equal to the Thrilling mags. INFINITY and the Shaw-edited SFA didn't quite measure up, and neither does BEYOND--but how about VENTURE? And IF? I know IF started out miserably, but after Fairman left it and before Gold took over, it published some pretty fine material, including at least one Hugo-winning novel and some other contenders. And then there were STAR and VANGUARD (so each lasted only one issue; those issues were good.) Frankly, I think the period from say 1949 thru 1955 was one of the best that stf has had. (The boom and subsequent bust are quite interesting. It might make a good subject for a paper by one of the college-type fans: the reasons for the sudden rise in the popularity of stf and, after a period, its equally sudden decline.)

Cox: don't blame the Flash Gordon writers too much for that copy of "The Lanson Screen". If you have a copy, look up the April, 1949, issue of TWS. On page 130 there starts a story titled "The Box" by no less an author than James Blish. There is this impenetrable screen all of a sudden over New York City, see, and nothing, including air, can get in or out. And everybody is trying to find out what caused it and eventually they do. The generator was planted by enemy agents (Blish hadn't fully developed as a writer yet) as a test to see whether or not the zone of force was really uncrackable.

Maybe James Blish is writing Flash Gordon these days. (And there's this guy carrying this solid gold box full of billions of watts....)

Rob Williams: ANALOG is the first large-size mag "since the decade of SF PLUS"? Boy, are you going to be surprised when you run across the last 4 issues of SATELLITE.

Back page: Yes, I noticed your new typewriter wasn't as rough on the stencils as the old one. Hardly even marred them, did it? (Er, I was testing your eyes?)

Pronounced chew-ohn-ye? And located in Frijoles Canyon? You're putting me on.

RICHARD MANN, 131 BELT ROAD, APO 845, NEW YORK, N.Y. 00604.

Received the DYNATRONs the other day--about a month ago--and kinda (kinda?) enjoyed them. I thought I'd get into the DYNATRON spirit of things and write about a month late. ("A Month Late"? On second thought that doesn't look like such a good title for a column--better luck next time.) You know I wish I had a green typer ribbon so I could answer you letters in style---maybe if I had a green thumb?...Nah.

I can certainly back up your observations on television. (I don't make my observations on TV...I make them in fanzines.) Here on the base, the television station does not run commercials. Lotsa little propaganda items for Uncle Sam, yes; but commercials, no. (Be thankful for the little things.) The local tv workers don't have the frantic worry about fitting the exact times like I imagine the big commercial outfits do. The local boys just start the show within five minutes of the scheduled starting time, and let it go till it finishes. Then they broadcast a little sign that says "Musical Interlude", and just irritates me. They play this terribly worn-out music along with the sign for 10 or 15 minutes. (The crew has to finish their coffee, you know.) Then something like "Social Security File" for another five and then into the next show. At least they don't cut up the shows for commercials. Not that that's any great privilege or anything. (No?) Before I came to this lee-tle ol' paradise of the Pacific--I call it that to insert a science-fictional note; after all, this is the Atlantic, you know. We watch a little of the Puerto-Riqueno stuff once in a while. (My dad, being an old Arizonia, can't break the habit of



DAVE HULAN, 17417 VANOWEN, APT #21, VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA, 91406

In your review of BEST OF SS you didn't mention that some of the stories are actually from TWS.

Hasn't Edco heard about the N3F's book review index project? I assume it's still going on--I haven't gotten an ish of TNFF since June, so I may be behind the times, but the last I heard Meskys was hard at work on it. ((Who knows about N3F projects? I hold little hope for special projects since even the official publications, TNFF and TIGHTBEAM can't seem to be published on time.))

Who has reservations about "Messiah" being stf? Since when is "1984" not stf? Baxter makes some interesting points, but I think he overgeneralizes to a great extent. I don't feel like taking apart every thing he says at the moment but if I get in the mood I may send you in a detailed refutation--or an argument, anyhow. ((("1984" was a popular and successful tale by a prominent and respected author. Obviously, anything in that category cannot possibly be stf which, as all critics know, is all trash.))

The latest VECTOR notes an SF film festival in Trieste, Italy, sponsored by what is apparently Italian fandom. Brian Aldiss, Harry Harrison and Ted Carnell were there and Aldiss named some Italian fans. It would seem that there is an abundance of leads for Art Rapp to run down. ((I think Rapp's interest in stf and fandom has run down.))

To correct the statement: West Point was the first school in the U.S. to teach engineering, and for most of the 19th Century the Army Engineers were the Civil Engineering backbone of the country. They still are for big projects like dams, etc., though roads and such are usually handled by civilians now. ((Yeah, which is why the roads keep falling apart.))

And I challenge Redd Boggs ((I'll hold your coat)): it's not horrible to be interested in the liberal arts, but equally they aren't the only thing worth bothering about. Not unless you're so unmaterialistic as to be indifferent to your surroundings. Redd sounds like the old Greek philosophers--the only gentlemanly occupation is abstract thought; it's up to the hoi polloi to get their hands dirty. ((Yep, Ol' Redd just sits out there in the sun all day and contemplates the navals of the girls who pass by.))

Redd continues to parrot the popular idea that anything the military is interested in is ipso facto a "better way to kill people". While this is frequently true, it's not necessarily so. An already mentioned example: the numerous dams constructed by the Army Engineers. Other examples: advances in medicine such as Reed's work on yellow fever; advances in navigation; advances in transportation (when would we have had jet airliners without military research?), etc. In some cases there is obviously an indirect connection with killing, but none of them have a direct bearing. Actually a very small proportion of military R&D goes toward direct means of killing--they've got just about everything they need for that already. Most current research is toward defenses and delivery systems--and a delivery system can deliver mail as well as warheads, if that's what it is needed for. ((Ol' buddy, that's just what it is needed for. We gripe a lot about the postal system but, in all seriousness, despite all the PO's electronic advances, postal service continues to deteriorate. It took 2 months for a fmz to go to NYC and return to me (addressee had moved.))

ANDY ZERBE, 3154 DUPONT ST., MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA 36106

Wonder what the dark and mysterious reason I received DYNATRON for is? I'm fairly sure I didn't pay for it as I don't remember doing so. I assume the reasons are dark and mysterious because I don't think I've even heard of DYNATRON before. ((We have our ways, Zerbe, having once been exposed to the Dynatron effect you'll never be the same again.))

You should see some of the TV programs around here. ((No, thanx, I see too many around this part of the country.)) The worst offender in regard to commercials is Clardy's Adventure Playhouse. All of their commercials are about five minutes long. I know because I took the trouble to time them one night. It wasn't so bad when they ran nothing but John Wayne movies, but since then I've stopped watching it because of the commercials. ((Do you want John Wayne commercials?)) One of my major complaints about the stations here is how they show westerns. They try and fit them into a one  
Page 9 ((Ghoddamit, Tackett, watch the line markers)) DYNATRON



ZERBE, cont'd

hour time slot, usually between four and five in the afternoon. I quit watching it after a while because of the frustration of not seeing the endings. ((The cowboy and his horse ride off into the sunset.))

Think I'll have to try reading the new ANALOG in bed someday just to see how it's done. Because of the way the lighting in my room is arranged I find it difficult to read anything in bed. In one respect the large size ANALOG is easier for me to read, it doesn't try and close up as readily as the digest size one did.

As to the Great Galaxy in Andromeda I would assume that it is used mainly because it is the only one visible to the naked eye that I know of in the Northern Hemisphere. You know I was quite surprised to discover that there are about half a dozen or so nearer than it.

KERRY KENT KNUDSON, 10809 Alclad Ave., Whittier, California, 90605

This is a letter of comment on Dynatron (I always liked words that ended with "tron") #18 and #19. They were well worth the 30¢ I paid. ((Egad, a cash customer)) Dynatron had a great effect on me. ((Poor fellow.)) The letter sections are great. Ed Cox's work I enjoy very much, too. Why not have an issue of all letters? ((Well, mainly because this isn't a letterzine and I wouldn't think of putting out an issue that consisted of nothing but letters.)) How about more stuff by Len Moffatt?

For the benefit of those of us who never had a chance to read SFICY ADVENTURE could you give us an idea of the pulp's format, stories, artwork, editors, etc? ((Hmmm. You're asking me to strain my memory. 'Twas a typical pulpzine in size and format, very little different from any of the other adventure pulps except for a dash of sex in the stories. All sorts of tales, sea stories, mystery, jungle adventure, and, of course, stf. I can't recall any specifics as to stories, authors, or editors.))

HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 SUMMIT AVENUE, HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND, 21740

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about your double issue is your sadistic action of hiding an ATOM cover inside. When I saw what you had done I immediately thought of those newspaper stories in which neighbors complain to the police who investigate and find a wizend little child who has been confined to a dark attic for the past nine years. After a little while, I told myself that after all, this sacrilege did have the advantage of keeping the cover from exposure to noxious elements of the atmosphere. ((Typical newspaperman--always thinking in terms of newstories. These noxious elements in the atmosphere--are they any kin to the noxious elements in the population?))

I was glad to see your nice words about the Popular Publications titles. I was never unreservedly fond of Startling, but TWS was my secret love, and I think it published much better stories than anyone admits today. Best of all, it didn't make pretensions about its superb literary qualities and didn't take itself too seriously. Not even you mention the good artwork that it featured: typical pulp illustrating, but exactly in keeping with the nature of the stories and never offending by artists who tried to show they knew how to imitate the avant garde.

Someone has been working on that index of reviews. I can't remember who described his work in a recent fanzine, but I'm pretty sure it was a West Coaster and I think Norm Metcalf is helping or promising to be publisher or something. ((Considering how long it has been since Norm published anything it is probably or something.)) I think that this is one fan project that could make a project because every public library of any pretensions in the nation would purchase a copy automatically. ((It occurs to me, mentioning stf artists and compilations and all that I have never seen an index of stf/fantasy artists. We sort of look on them as being there but seldom worth paying any real attention to. An excellent project for an eager fan would be a compilation of the published works of the various pro artists.))

John Baxter wouldn't have this much trouble with the problem if Hugo Gernsback ((bow when you speak of the elder gods)) hadn't popularized "science fiction" so completely that several types of fiction are now described by that one term. Usually the mainstreamers write future fiction and this might be a good time to try to put the



# THE HAGERSTOWN HERMIT CARRIES ON

"future fiction" term to use, for reference to stories that occur in the future and contain some trappings of science fiction but are mainly concentrated on the same fictional processes that are found in mundane fiction. ((I note JWCjr is plugging "space stories"..))

Len Moffatt's con report was notable for the fact that it supplied information about Chief Red Feather. His name and picture began turning up suddenly in fanzines as if everyone knew all about him, and I felt as if I'd been out of touch with fandom so long that someone had entered the field and gained celebrity status in the normal way during my absence. ((This isn't an uncommon thing, Harry. Every so often I pick up a fmz which is all full of chatter about so-and-so and wonder to myself just who the hell is so-and-so. I suspect that club fans, well known in their own areas, suddenly burst full-blown upon fanzine fandom.))

ROSEMARY HICKEY, 2020 MCHAWK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, 60614

The DYNATRON twin arrived. Not every item inspires me to great verbal reaction but every bit of it provided reading enjoyment. I liked it. ((Aw.))

Maybe your verbal gimmick of "trick-cyclist" wasn't so funny. I think I caught on somewhere on page 4. ((I borrowed the term from some yarn or other. I think it appropriate. Almost as good as "sick kiatrist".))

One minor benefit from seeing the old movies on TV...a variant about seeing the picture differently each time...it was my pleasure to see a couple which were cut... but differently from when they were shown in Chicago theaters. And when you think that one of them was once an ADULTS ONLY film it gets funnier. ((We've been kicking this around in CAFA (as is everyone, I guess) the changing fashion in films and mags etc. A couple of us, with long memories, recall some 30 or so years ago when movies and zines were quite bold and then came some reaction and censorship. Now we are in a more relaxed period when what was once "adults only" is considered tame enough for the kids. It also indicates a decline in the influence of the church which is good and perhaps, just perhaps, a more sensible outlook on life.))((Now if you can figure out what I said, let me know.))

In several LoCs in various fanzines I've borrowed from time to time, the writers made reference to marginal notes--or something--apparently notations to guide or structure the comments. I tried this on this issue of DYNATRON and it's ridiculous. By the pp of John Baxter where he says "...central focal point of interest is not the protagonist by the idea which motivates the plot." my marginal note says "means the theme - yes, like good mystery stories." Now I know that when these notations were being made, flashing through my mind were the most brilliant, interesting sentences. Jewel-like phrases pungent with sharp insight and sparkling with intelligence. I remember how they felt as they went through. But apparently they went right on through.

For me, the best kind of story to read is one in which the characterizations are so well developed, that they're quite three--if not four--dimensional and that these characters interact because of shared interests which are engendered by the "ideas" of which John Baxter spoke. My first recall is that I had accepted his concept and was structured by that but now I'm beginning to question. Agreed that the difference between "mainstream" and stf--characterization for the former, ideas for the latter--isn't that still just describing imperfect literature? Now because I want intellectual challenge in my fiction I'd settle for the lousiest science fiction story to one in which there is no challenge but the characterizations are drawn in depth but there is no reason why there can't be both in the same book.

((What is perfect literature, Rosemary? We have no Shakespeares writing stf. What I want most in fiction is for the author to tell me a story; in science-fiction he must tell me a story that not only entertains but sets me to wondering as well. I make no pretense of knowing what is good literature and what isn't but I do know what makes a good story. We've some fine story-tellers in the field: Hamilton, Tucker, Heinlein, Leinster, Vance, to name a few. And then we have some, don't ask me to name them, who attempt to be "literary" but are usually just lousy. ))



ROSEMARY HICKEY STILL YAKKING:

I tore Richard away from his studying to read the bit about the Sioux Chief and what he had to say about the Indian village in Germany...and that they "help perpetuate the Amerind culture." Richard's immediate question was "Which Indian culture?" and then dissertated for about 15 minutes on the various Indian cultures and the very erroneous stereotype on the American Indian...starting with "like that we often hear people speak of THE American Indian or THE American Indian culture. The different tribes of American Indians were as different from each other as it is possible for human cultures to be. In fact, ethnologists have often selected American Indian cultures to illustrate the extreme differences possible in human cultures. Consider the Kwakiutl, Zuni and Apache Indians. The Kwakiutls carried the American conspicuous Consumption trait to its most ridiculous extreme. They had a culture that Senator Goldwater would probably consider to be utopian. The Zunis were extreme pacifists and introverts. The Apaches were more war-like than the Spartans. Yet, we repeatedly hear people say "THE American Indian culture." Now what the hell do they mean by that? They mean brightly colored war bonnets? Buckskin garments? Teepees, Tomahawks? This conglomerate is the American Indian STEREOTYPE. Ed Quote. ((They mean the American Indian as he is presented in western movies. There ain't no such critter—and never was.)))

Boggs on GMCarr's plug fro brown bags for mailing. The TELLURIDE TIMES is mailed in a flat brown bag weekly and always arrives quite safely. Several fanzines have arrived safely in such a container. Of course, I wouldn't know about those that might have been lost along the way. But it's such an appealing idea to me, that I'm planning to mail out my professional journal that way. My 1000 bags are sitting in my office waiting for the address stickers to go on. Someone give me a real good reason for not using them--like losing the zine out of the bag or something. Otherwise, I think it's the easiest and cheapest way. Teach me different? ((How about that, Redd? There's been fourrfive items arrive here lately in brown paper bags, the type GMC uses. So far as I can tell they work fine. Comment?)))

LES SAMPLE, 4213 WILLINGHAM DRIVE, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, 29206

Funny you should mention TV ratings ((did I mention them?)) I am in possession of a booklet from the American Research Bureau, received last week, asking us to take part in a television rating poll during the week of Nov 13-19 ((now you know how old these letters are.)). Along with the names of all the programs we watch during the week, we're supposed to answer such goodies as "Of all the television commercials you saw this week, which one does your family vote as best?" It is to laugh. ((Well, sir, it just so happens that we received one of those a few months ago, too. It im-  
pressive to think that we probably represent half of Albuquerque.)))

I see no sense in spending all kinds of time arguing about what is science fiction and what is not. I read primarily for entertainment, and as long as a story or novel amuses me (or, at the very least, fails to bore me, I don't really give a damn about the subtle characteristics of plot and character which determine what particular sub-division of literature the novel belongs to. And if it does bore me, I still don't care what type of stuff it is--I just quit reading it and pick up something else.

Freedom? We are fast losing any freedoms we may have, and the excuse given in most cases (when they bother to give us one) is that anyone who wants to be free (i.e., different) is plotting to overthrow the government. The biggest "freedom we have left is to do as we are told or suffer the consequences--if you want to call that freedom.

Whenever I start making noises like the above, someone invariably says, "If you think our government is so lousy, why don't you go to Russian? Maybe you would like it better over there."

Now from what information I have been able to gather, the United States has the best government in the world, particularly where protecting the rights of the individual is concerned. ((Depends upon who the individual is, of course.)) However, it seems to me that a lot of people have, in the past few years in particular, taken the attitude that since we have more freedom than anybody else, we have no right to criticize the government: "Boost--don't knock". It is apparent that these people are con-



LES SAMPLE:

fusing "best" with "perfect". Best we may be, but we are the best of a pretty poor lot. There is a lot of room for improvement, and if there is to be improvement, there must first be criticism.

Note the change of address. We haven't moved, but it seems that the county had the street numbered differently from the city or something so we had to change the house number. Down with Bureaucracy! ((That's progress, Les. About 10 years ago our street was called La Cueva Road and was changed to Green Valley Road from some never explained reason. Then a couple of years ago the post office or somebody else decided we should use house numbers instead of a rural route designation. We had a hell of a time figuring out what the numbers were to be. Progress.))

TAKUMI SHIBANO, 118 O-OKAYAMA, MEGURO-KU, TOKYO, JAPAN

TOKON, the 2nd Japanese SF Convention was held on 26 and 27 October. On the 26th we held a beer-party which was joined by more than 60 attendees, including Masami Fukushima (editor of SF MAGAZINE), and such noted professional authors as Shin'ichi Hoshi, Ichiro Kano, Ryu Mitsuse, Taku Mayumura, Yasutak Tsutsui and others. Osamu Tezuka, the author of "Astro Boy", an animated film for TV, also attended and showed some of his films.

On the 27th we held a movie show at Mainich Hall which nearly 300 fans attended. "The Time Machine" and "Journey To The Center of the Earth" were shown. At the same time an Art-Show was held in the lobby by members of the SF Art Club and prozines and fanzines were also on sale.

The 300 attendees of the convention, although more than the 180 last year, were less than what we expected, although they came from all over the country. We feel that SF fandom in Japan is progressing gradually but not as well as we should expect. We still have only one prozine and the publication of SF books and magazines seems not a good undertaking here although many newspapers and common magazines give us mention very often. Although this is mostly due to the efforts of the hard core of our fandom. We feel that while we are attracting attention no real progress is being made. What do your readers think of this situation?

STEW METCHETTE, 3437 CATTARAUGUS AVE., CULVER CITY, CALIF., 90231

The super combined 18th/19th DYNATRON has been on the rear half of the kitchen table, along with a bill for an atlas, an invitation to donate to Barry Goldwater, and a copy of GALAXY. You are in questionable company--so I extract you from the table, think momentarily about the bill, let my boy glue Barry to an old Xmas card, and set the magazine on top of my lurch. It belongs to Cox. ((Tisn't the first time I've been in questionable company although including Goldwater is carrying it a bit far.))

In #18, you mentioned Startling with a longing sigh, and panned Bradbury. Last things first, the two Bradbury stories I've really enjoyed and remembered were "And the Moon Be Still As Bright" and "There Shall Come Soft Rains." And also a little short called "The October Game"...but the outpouring of the Mars stories has left little impression. Recently an English lit major mentioned that THE ILLUSTRATED MAN was excellent reading, and when I mumbled avoindingly, gave me his pocketbook copy. I tried unsuccessfully to get him to accept a James Bond thriller but he was two chapters deep in Dandelion Wine.

Cox and I have been wondering why several of the long stories that SS featured have failed to make the pocketbook stage. The double novel type would seem to be an insatiable eater of the SS "novel"; yet, "Lord of the Storm" and "Mask of Circe" haven't been picked up. I know they're both by Kuttner, but one man's Hammond is another man's Hamilton. ((Or possibly Sterling.))

Today's crop of mags doesn't attract like SS used to. I don't have to run the border with my contraband copy of a pulp magazine anymore, airily wrecking Canada's austerity by importing 20¢ worth of illegality, but the last five years of Galaxy don't even shine in the reflected light of half a dozen Startlings.



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