



DYNATRON #29. An amateur publication dedicated to the proposition that the only things worth discussing these days are found between the covers of books and magazines devoted to Fantasy and Science Fiction and even that is not saying much, and to the proposition that the only people worth discussing it with make up that loosely connected sub-culture called SFandom. DYNATRON is published four times per year, more or less, by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107.

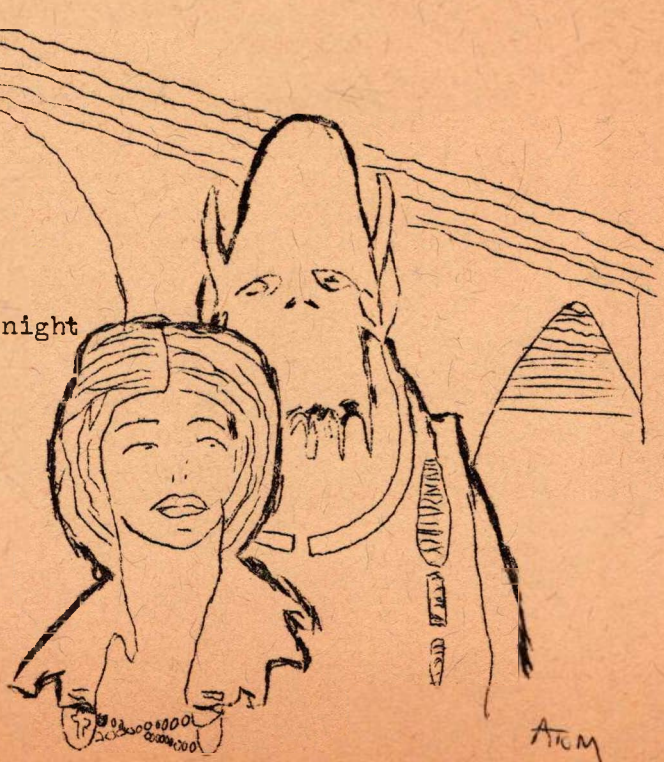
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Old Bob Tucker came to town last night
 I heard the noise and
 I seen the fight



AMarinated Publication
 September, 1966

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

The rather faded and bleached appearance of this issue is as much of a surprise to me as it is to you. You are surprised, aren't you? This is the first time in many an issue that I've had to substitute paper for the entire issue. There have been occasions, as lastish, that I've had to finish off in something other than lime but this time....

I might as well pick up some mimeo paper since I've got a few bucks extra, I said to myself. So I climbed into HIS Indefatiguable and headed for downtown Albuquerque, a journey that is not undertaken lightly as it is highly dangerous. By count 83.27% of the drivers in Albuquerque don't know how to drive.

After a journey of about a half-hour I wheeled into the parking lot of New Mexico School and Office Supply Company, the only place in the city that sells Twil Tone. Gad, what a shock! A big sign on the door proclaimed that the place was closed, bankrupt, in the hands of the receiver, Judge Such and So. By damn!

How

dare they do this to me!

So I made the long journey back to Los Ranchos and hauled out the telephone directory. Nobody else handles Twil Tone. Well, yes, sir, we have some colored mimeograph paper. Yes, sir, we'll give you a discount in large lots. \$2.67 per ream. Big deal.

I called hither and yon. They were closed so I tried another place. Finally located a store that would sell me some plain white mimeo for \$1.60 per ream. "Now, this is school grade, you understand, and it isn't very good. We have some better here for \$2.75 per ream." Drop dead. Gimme the school grade.

I wonder, is school grade mimeo paper used in grade schools? Answer, no. Grade schools around here use Ditto not mimeo.

The closing of NMScol&OffSup also closed the only place in town, so far as I know, which had facilities for electronic stencil cutting which accounts for this issue's cover. I have several fine illos by ATom and REG but they'll have to wait until I uncover another place that does electronic stencil cutting. I sure can't do them by hand.

Albuquerque suffers the pains of a town in transition. The population is somewhat more than a quarter million now but in many ways the outlook is still smalltown. Changes are becoming apparent as the power structure shifts due to the dying off of the older generation but the Duke City still has a long way to go before it becomes a true metropolitan area. There are encouraging signs....

Levi Strauss has just announced that a new plant will be built in Albuquerque. Martin-Marietta is dickering for 11,000 acres just south of the city on which to locate a new plant that will employ, according to reports, several thousand. An influx of industry would do much to change the conservative attitude of the city. (No, not conservative in the political sense but in the sense of opposition to change.)

Downtown is about through as a commercial center--retail that is. It is changing to a government and financial area as the businesses flee to the outlying areas. And this is due to the refusal of the downtown merchants to accept change. They still want to do business in the same ratty stores they've used for years. Impossible to compete with the shopping centers with their huge free parking lots and well-laid-out, modern, business complexes.

Maybe someday one of them will stock Twil Tone!

At a reasonable price.

Leon Hale, 3909 Martin Road SW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87105, has several hundred sfzines and books for sale. Send your wantlists to Leon. I think he can fill requests for just about anything except WEIRD TALES and maybe he's got some of those.

MMYFFSAW: Considering the number of good stories written and read over the years and years I've been reading "this junk" it is difficult to put my finger on any one in particular and say "This is my favorite" but I'll give it a go anyway. It is equally difficult to decide on what facet of the field I like best as I enjoy all forms of imaginative literature. I like hard science-fiction as exemplified by the writings of Hal Clement but I'm also partial to the romances. The fantastic adventure, such as "The Face in the Abyss" wins out over such fantasies as "Hell is Forever." Favorites?...Ummmm.

SF: Asimov's FOUNDATION

Fantastic Adventure: THE SHIP OF ISHTAR

Funny Fantasy: Anything (almost) by Thorne Smith

Weird: Jirel of Joiry

Science-Fantasy: Who can say?

Next week, next issue, a different list. I may reread something I like better.

Some personal favorites over the years, though: the Lens series, City, Microcosmic God, The Star Kings, Fury, NWSmith, Black Destroyer, Who Fears the Devil?, when I was young Captain Future.

Ah, well. Anyway the idea is to start you off—what are your personal favorites? Never mind the literary merit or whether it's a classic or not. SF, Fantasy, Weird, Booklength, short, movie, whatever.

ED COX, DOODLE IN THIS SPACE:

"A gripping, thrilling, uncanny tale about the frightful fate that befell a yachting party on the dreadful island of living dead men." That's the blurb for Isle of the Undead written by Lloyd Arthur Eshbach and published in WEIRD TALES, Volume 28, Number 3, for October 1936. This is the cover-copper and the cover is by that delightful illustrator of ERB novels, J. Allen St. John. (My personal favorites are his drawings/paintings for the Pellucidar books.) Red is dominant here. The central figure is vaguely negroid, standing behind a greenish altar stone, arms flung high holding a bright red cloak; they eyes bulge and red lips and white canines are very much in evidence. Two other red-robed figures flank the central vampire. In front of the altar is the nude figure of, I presume, a woman. Well, it is difficult to tell what with short hair and all. The backside is presented to us. She is surrounded by four glowering figures in costumes of varied ages of the past—more

of the undead, I guess. The background is dark blue with the usual bats flitting around.

(Speaking of bats, what's new with you, BettyK?)

Ah, well, let's get along here. If I don't get to the story soon I won't have any room left for Sam Unbrage.

The mood of "Isle of the Undead" is set in the first paragraph: "A drab gray sheet of cloud slipped stealthily from the moon's round face, like a shroud slipping from the face of one long dead, a coldly phosphorescent face from which the eyes had been plucked." Et cetera.

Consider the mood. The setting is the South Seas. In a love pulp this moon would have been described as warm and romantic but in WEIRD TALES it is a thing of menace. The secret of writing for the pulps--or anything else--is the use of appropriate description. Some of the writers, such as Lovecraft, carried it to extremes but it is a necessary element.

Clifford Darrell, wealthy ~~playboy~~ (wrong pulp, dammit) playboy and his girlfriend, Vilma Bradley (Vilma???) , are cruising the South Seas on his yacht. There are a gaggle of other passengers, too, but they are not introduced, and serve only one purpose in the story. The other character in the foreground is Leon Corio, captain of the yacht. He's the villain.

An ancient Persian galley sails out of a fogbank. Well, how should I know how a Persian galley got to the South Pacific? For all I know it is a gang of Mormons who set out from the Persian Gulf for Utah and got lost. The galley approaches the yacht. Clifford sees the crew. They are the Undead! "Do something, Corio," our hero rasps. (Yes, he rasps.) Corio does. He whips out his silver, four-coned horn, and blows the note of sleep. Cliff and Vilma, and all the other shadowy characters on the yacht, go off to dreamland.

Cliff awakes in the blackness of a dank and musty cabin of the galley, rotted and spongy it is. He peers out and sees that they are headed for an island. The island is shaped like a skull. (Hot damn! KUNG KONG!...No, wrong skull island. Sorry about that.) As the galley sails into a cave Cliff grabs Vilma (in the dark...he knew her by feel presumably...nah, unlikely for reasons explained later.) and bursts through the rotted and spongy side of the galley into the water. Escape! Unfortunately, one of the oars, less rotted and spongy than the rest, bashes him on the head and he's off to dreamland. He awakens on a ledge half out of the water. Vilma is gone! He must find her! He dashes off, stumbling along in the pitch darkness of the cave, and finally emerges onto a small plain on the other side of which is a castle. Ah! There! By the light of the ~~ghostly~~ ghostly moon (ghostly moon?) he discovers Vilma's delicate footprint. On! Our hero dashes across the plain and finds Vilma outside the castle. Reunion scene. (How are things on the Reunion scene?

Oh, like, swinging man.

Where is this Reunion anyway?

In the Indian Ocean.

I thought you said the story was set in the Pacific Ocean.

Well, hell, all the oceans are pretty much alike. If you've seen one ocean you've seen them all I always say.)

GANDALF IS A FINK

FAKE REDD DODDLE



Cliff and Vilma climb the wall of the castle and find themselves peering into a great hall and looking at the cover of WEIRD TALES for October 1936. The passengers of the yacht are serving the one purpose I mentioned a while back--they are serving as a mid-night snack for the vampires. Off to one side stands that dastard, Corio. Cliff and Vilma stare speechless. So how would you react if you found yourself staring at a real WEIRD TALES cover? Well, now, if it was one of the Brundage covers....

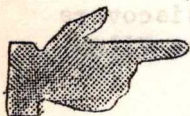
As the night ends the vampires retire to their tombs and Corio herds the remaining passengers to their pen. He does this by playing a hypnotic note on the horn. Cliff and Vilma must also follow the sound but, fortunately, our hero trips over a rock (or perhaps his big feet) and is off to dreamland one more time.

Cliff comes to an hour or so later and sets off to find Vilma. Corio has her. He has spreadeagled her on a bed and torn off her clothes. The cad! Cliff smacks him right square in his evil mouth. Corio runs out the door. Well, I don't blame him. If somebody smacked me in the mouth I'd run out the door, too. Cliff frees our heroine, averting his eyes from her nudity, of course, and they start back for the yacht. Corio shows up with the horn and, yep, off to dreamland again.

This time our hero awakes back aboard the galley. Corio has left him there to serve as breakfast for the crew when night falls. Cliff is distraught. What to do? As the sun begins to sink he remembers that the crew was armed (his memory ain't too good at times) so he manages to come up with a knife, cuts his bonds, and is off to rescue Vilma again. Back at the castle he discovers a room full of gunpowder. He makes a trail of it--just like in the western movies--and lights it then dashes off to the great hall where the Vampires are about to puncture her milky white throat. The gunpowder blows! Cliff snatches Vilma off the altar, cuts off Corio's head, and gets the hell out of there.

As the story ends the whole island blows up (powerful gunpowder) and Cliff and Vilma (now fully dressed, of course) are back aboard the yacht sailing off into the sunrise.

Cliff and Vilma are typical pulp hero and heroine. They are pure. In the old pulps the heroine often lost her clothes but the hero was a gentleman and never took advantage of the situation. At the end of the tale he would give her a chaste kiss but that's about as far as it went. That's what happened to the pulps, you see. When those virtuous heroes and heroines grew old and died they didn't leave any progeny. Naturally the pulps folded. The breed died out.



The files, old things, are disgustingly empty. DYNATRON needs material. Preferred are articles, reviews, and the like. But light and, preferably, amusing. Send me no heavy analysis of the social significance in the works of R. Creighton Buck. Or if you do send along a stamped envelope so I can send it back. DO send in reviews/analysis of old books and new mags...or old mags and new books...or whatever. Fannish material...sure. Comic books...No. Almost anything will do as long as it is related to fantasy or science-fiction or fandom and is light and will provoke a smile or a chuckle or a belly-laugh even.

Avon Book S212 features a cover showing a man and woman running down a passage-way apparently fleeing from a ship seen through a doorway in the background. According to the cover blurb on Whit Masterson's THE DARK FANTASTIC: "The deadliest menace the world has ever known moved closer." The menace from which the couple on the cover is fleeing is the deadliest menace man has ever known: pasteurella pestis, Plague.

THE DARK FANTASTIC is the story of the struggle of American and Mexican authorities to keep a mutated, more virulent form of plague from establishing a foothold on the North American continent. Borderline sf, fair adventure. The cover price is 60¢. The book is worth half that. Pick it up in a 2nd hand shop if you are a completist.

Whit Masterson doesn't appear to have done too much research on his subject. While a mutation is always possible, as in the case of the influenza virus, it is difficult to think of anything more virulent than the pneumonic form of Plague. Also Plague is well established on the North American continent with a few cases of Bubonic showing up every year. The foreword is particularly interesting, though. In it Masterson briefly discusses the great epidemics of the Black Death in history and notes that today "with a well-stocked medical arsenal, modern man thinks of the plague, if he thinks of it at all, as belonging to a bygone era as remote as the Crusades.

And yet, almost unnoticed, the two-hundred year retreat of bacillus pestis has come to an end. In a sudden inexplicable reversal plague has again begun to creep outwards from the remote uncivilized areas that have always been its stronghold, its strength apparently undiminished."

Ummmm. Last year five cases of plague were reported from the Navajo Reservation in the Four Corners area. This year plague activity seems to have pretty well spread over the entire northwestern quadrant of New Mexico. A handful of cases reported from here and there, all bubonic. The health services are taking all sorts of preventive measures, of course, but, yes, the indications are that here plague has begun to creep outwards.....

How do you feel, Vardeman?

TED WHITE, I told you wrong. I find that I was off by about 100 years. The conquistador, Coronado (who is now in the New Mexico Hall of Fame), came this way in 1540 looking for the Seven Cities of Gold. (Chrystal and a group of Girl Scouts followed part of his route this summer and received considerable publicity for their efforts.) Juan de Onate officially conquered the area in 1599 and Santa Fe was founded in 1610. The Rio Grande valley was settled about that time and this area certainly contained farms and ranchos at that time. In 1680 the Indians revolted and the Spanish were forced to retreat to El Paso. De Vargas reconquered the area in 1692. Albuquerque itself was founded in 1706.

According to this history book (I finally made peace with the public library) the colonists were farming through this area in the early 1600s usually wintering in Santa Fe.

The villa of Albuquerque was established in a great cottonwood grove on the Trujillo grant by Don Francisco Cuerdo y Valdez who wrote to the Viceroy on 23 April 1706:

"I certify to the king, our lord, and to the most excellent senior viceroy that I have founded a villa on the banks and in the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte in a good place as regards land, water, pasture and firewood, about twenty-two leagues from the villa of Santa Fe. I gave it as patron titular saint and glorious Apostle of the Indies, Senior Francisco Xavier, and called and named it the Villa de Albu-

querque. It has a good site and location and I bore in mind that which his Majesty provides in his royal laws in Titulo Siete, Libro Quarto de Recopilacion de Leyes de los Reynos de las Indias."

The viceroy for whom the new villa was named was Don Francisco Fernandez de la Cueva Enriquez, 8th Duke of Albuquerque. Hence the nickname of "The Duke City" applied to Albuquerque.

In early 1880 the railroad reached Albuquerque stopping about 1½ miles east of the town due to a dispute over land prices. A new townsite company was formed and plated at the end of the tracks and the area came to be known as New Town. The two areas remained separate (although connected by streetcar) until the great growth boom during the war occupied all the intervening land.

So I'm glad you asked. Now we both know a little more about Albuquerque's history.

Of peripheral interest is a report from the little village of Llano, N.M., south of Taos. One of the villagers reported to the state police that his house was being hit by pebbles. There wasn't nobody there, he said. Also there were mysterious floating lights, he said. Ghosts, he said. The police investigated.

The newsmedia got the story, of course, and shortly Llano was invaded by the usual crowd of curiosity seekers and assorted nuts. One woman, passing through from California, was arrested for trespassing. Seems the man who made the original report woke up about midnight to find her stumbling around his yard muttering incantations and sprinkling graveyard dirt. Exorcising the ghosts, she said.

The police attributed the pebbles to a kid with a slingshot and the mysterious lights to fireflies.

Still, according to our local "news" paper, some of the villagers weren't taking any chances. They were wearing their clothing inside out and marking their bullets with crosses. Got to ward off those evil spirits, you know.

That is not, obviously, one of the more progressive areas of the state. That is Penitente country and if you've an interest in weird religious cults you might read up on that oddball offshoot of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Dark Ages haven't faded completely into the past.

GREEN
POWER

S A M

Reprinted from SPACEWARP, Oct 55,
courtesy of ART RAPP.

U M I B R A G E

(Editor's note: "The Vindication of Sammy Ghee" first appeared in the October, 1955, issue of Art Rapp's SPACEWARP and I herewith tender special thanks to Art for digging into the files and resurrecting this for me. Good fan, Art Rapp, ol' fellow Fiver.

According to Tom Perry's definitive study of the works of Sam Umbrage, Sam was not often poetic but "when he did turn to rhyming he maintained the level of fannish humor that made him one of the favorites of Sixth Fandom." (RT.)

THE VINDICATION OF SAMMY GHEE

by
Sam Umbrage

There are strange things done 'neath a thousand suns by the men who travel space
And the ion trails have their secret tales that would make you hide your face;
In the black of space queer things take place, but the queerest, it seems to me,
Was the message I scanned on the subspace band from Captain Sammy Ghee.

Now Sammy Ghee was from Pollux III, a planet well worth shunning,
For "In highest place" claims its native race "stands the classic art of punning." (1)
But Sam was a dunce, for never once, from his childhood prattle on
Had he played a word that those who heard rated even worth a groan.

So it is not odd that such a clod (in the eyes of Pollux III)
Sought to leave his home and in space to roam for the IS2EC. (2)
(I might pause to tell that I, as well, was a spacer in those days,
But not for me the frontier worlds and the starjump's lonely ways:

Let fools risk their neck; as a commo tech I berthed snug on the nearspace route
Where the asterites all had beacon lights and proximity flares to boot.)
But Sam had guts, and with other nuts he roved to the distant suns
And all his crew were good men and true (for he hated the other ones).

Jake Weinstein, his Purser (a gorgeous curser, but also a baritone famed—
"A singer of note" as Sam would gloat, for which he should be ashamed)
Was the oldest hand on the Sally Rand ('twas a fannish ship you see)
And none of the crew except these two survived the calamity.

For the stores were ruined and the hypes detuned so the void could not be crossed
When the Sally fell on an icebound hell of a world named Limberlost.
There were months to go, those two did know, till a rescue ship would ground,
But they faced the fact: It was plain they lacked enough food to go around.

So they shuffled the deck, for you don't expect such old spacerats as they
To whine and cry, or even die until hope has gone away.
Now Sammy Ghee drew a diamond three, and Weinstein drew a ten,
And Sam a nine, and Jake a five, and they started cursing then

For each wished to win, but the deck grew thin and outside the wind howled on,
And both whised they knew where to find the crew, which was blown to hellandgone.
So they sweated hard, and at last the card turned up in the game they played
(Said Sam, "Jake's face when he said 'The Ace' let me know it was a spade.")

Since their subspace set was working yet, at once they let me know
Of the game they played, the decision made, and which one would have to go.
Then at Jake's request I did my best to tune my set to peak
And taped his song for an hour long (to me it seemed a week).

Then off the air went that rugged pair and a silent month went by
(As Sammy Ghee later said to me, he "had other fish to fry")
Then the set beeped twice and I heard Sam's voice and this message came to me:
"Weinstein tastes good, like a singer ate should." said Captain Sammy Ghee...

FOOTNOTES: (1) As guidebooks to Pollux City are careful to point out, one of the
civic sights is the statue of Professor Arthur Quincy Hiest, immortal in local
history for walking out in the middle of a seminar he was instructing in "Theory and
Practice of the Multi-Level Pun" with the famous farewell: "As the Hawaiian saying
goes, one man's meat is another man's poi, son." (The plaza the Polluxians chose
as the site of his statue was, of course, named Hiest Place.)

(2) Interstellar Survey, Exploration and Exploitation Corporation.

SAM UMBRAGE

XXXXXX

RT'S NOTES TO VARIOUS FEN.

Ethel: Three pages were obviously enough for the subject covered. A full-fledged
autobiography would be as boring for me to write as it would be for you to read. I
doubt that fandom would be much interested in a recounting of travels, fights, drinks,
et cetera. Besides some of the more sensitive types would be shocked at the gorier
details and it would spoil my image as a pleasant, peaceful-type fan.

Luis Vigil Garcia: But it is precisely because I am a SFan that I am not at all en-
thusiastic about the present space program. A lot of money that could more profitably
be spent on research for a real space drive is being spent to send up those silly
skyrockets. Which may or may not get us to the moon but not much farther. Thanks
for the zine.

Ricardo Levelghi: And thanks for ASPIDISTRA. My Italian is no better than my German
which is on a par with my Japanese. I can't read any of them but I do get fanzines
in all three languages now. Ummmm. Fascinating thought: A Japanese-Italian-German
fan axis. Anyway, it is nice to know that SFandom thrives in Italy to the extent of
issuing fanzines.

DWAIN KAISER: Interapa would be worthwhile if you could bring in some of these fans
from Japan, Italy, Spain, etc. Have you ever contacted them?

Anco; Happy Birthday. So I'm a month late. Yes, I did get the room painted.
Tropic green.



Agent from Tomorrow

The men were all Big Business. It was obvious at once from their near-feline stance, the aquiline featured human types; the lean hardness of them testified to the personal engagement in their battle for financial affluence and raw Power. Yet the predatory wolfishness permeated the very atmosphere as they seated themselves around the polished mahogany table, a contraband import from the important topic of their conversation, which was about to commence.

"Gentlemen, if you'll pardon a possibly insulting traditional remark..." The dark-skinned man, scar-jawed and sardonic, stood at one end of the semi-oval of table, and grimaced at the eight or ten others, his white froth of hair radiating in contrasty nimbus to his sun-ravaged skin. A few gentle murmurs rippled around the table in deference to his remark. He resumed.

"The problem of...Earth...Terra...now."

"The problem, as you aptly put it, is not so much Terra as the Federation Enforcement agents." The speaker, the only oval man, nearest to the stereotype fat businessman occupying Earth political cartoons, appeared to be immensely bored with the proceedings.

"Right, Zarnak, that is the problem." He placed one foot carefully on his chairseat and leaned spearlike over the table. "At any time now, Terra will be asked to submit qualifications to become Pre-Class member of the Federation. As we know, they are knowledgeable about this sort of thing and the Federation doesn't really know much about them. Terra is ready and may be able to obtain a Pre-Class status...eventually even achieve Class status..."

"True," broke in Zarnak again, "Though their sociological standards may be sub-standard, their technological quotient is damn near Class IV which is fantastic by Federation standards and may well pull them into Class Status despite their warlike social failings."

"This we know, Zarnak." The speaker presiding was abetted in this remark by several murmurings from around the table. It was the private opinion of some of these lean predators that there was too much preamble to all this.

"So we know the situation. The problem as it were. Now for the solution. We are all here because we all agree that Terra is a ripe fruit ready for harvest...by us." Here he smiled. They had, many of them, been in together in other harvests.

"But we have to assure ourselves of success within the scrutiny of the Federation..."

STEVEN L.
MUIR

Some of the table sitters squirmed impatiently. It was then that a characteristic of them all made its appearance in the speaker's voice.

A hardness...

"So we must alter the apparent readiness of the Terrans to accept, and qualify for, an invitation by the Federation. Sangarsh, your people have been on Terra and you've explored the situation. You have a report." He sat down in a fluid motion.

"It has been determined," Sangarsh stated without preamble, "that the Terrans are ready for Galactic contact. This even though their own so-called 'space program' faltered disastrously after the first fatalities experienced during Lunar landings. As you all well know, a planet may enter into 'classless' Federation trade on a franchise basis if, after failing Federation qualification, they are able to maintain a certain level of exoethnic awareness and moderate technological worthiness. Terra has certainly achieved the latter and has overcome the former mainly due to a certain trend in their literature which transcended the original purpose to entertain and to offer escape. It was called 'science-fiction'."

A number of the others half-concealed yawns. The unnamed leader suddenly stood rapier-like and his words lashed at them. "Sit up and listen! What he has to say is the crux of the matter and it means countless millions to each of you!" And they did sit up and become wide-eyed as was their nature and because the leader had personally killed more beings than all the rest of them together...

"Right!" Sangarsh continued. "It would not have been this literature alone that made the Terrans aware and ready for Galactic contact but for a group of people that made more of it than most others did of any other facet of their escape literature. It tended, from miniscule beginnings, to create an awareness that spread throughout their society and added an awareness to their space explorations transcending ordinary explorations for gain and military purposes." He smiled. "They were called 'Fans'."

"Then you are saying, in effect, Sangarsh," added one of the listeners, "but for this trend engendered in Terran thinking by this minority group, these 'Fans', their society would not have considered collision with extraterrestrial society?"

"Right." The nameless leader interjected his sabre-personality into the group once again. "If we could change the apparent race-thinking of the people of Terra, we can assure ourselves of a planet suitable only for a 'classless' status in the Federation. And we, with our present knowledge gained by constant survey without Federation...ah...sancition, could sew up this planet with exclusive franchises and net fortunes we can consider great, even in Galactic scale, for each of us. With the technological know-how of these people, we would have an unending source of marketable gadgets that would sell profitable throughout the Galaxy."

"The problem, then, is simply to alter the Terran attitude toward contact with extraterrestrials," said Sangarsh.

"That, I suppose," said a new voice, "is my department." He was a grey individual, elfin-shaped, with an almost physical aura of timeless patience.

"Absolutely correct, Galan. Your machine can do the job even though it will be a bit different from providing fresh object d'art from other times and earlier eras." The nameless one laughed.

"But," said Galan, "it will be no less dangerous! Though we may not be importing anything, the Time Patrol is an ever-present danger."

"So it will be, but I think we all accept the fact that most all of our business ventures can stand little or no scrutiny by any of the Galactic Federation Agencies cogniscent of the various areas in which we operate. Now to details. We find that

the year 1930 is about as good a year as any to commence operations. Galan, how does this fit with your equipment range?"

"Not good. By Ferran reckoning, the safe outside range is about 1965 and that is taking all tolerances into consideration."

"Then that will add to the task. Remember, to achieve our goal, the expenditure will be a small thing, financially, but time is, if you'll pardon me, of the essence. Remember this, too, every one of these Fans, every last vestige of their activity, all 'fanzines', so-called, all organizations, all must be wiped out, destroyed, negated, else our mission fails and the Terrans will be well on their way to awareness of Others in the Universe which, up to a point, was merely speculation. The great masses must not begin to consider the possibility of actuality."

"Once this is accomplished, the Terran populace will not be ready to accept the concept of a Galactic Federation and membership therein. They will fail acceptance and gain status only as non-class trading. Our agents will be ready to set into motion the machineries of franchise and we will again be reaping the awards of ...ah...foresight!"

The all agreed that this made the venture worth it, as in so many previous escapades in "investment".

"Galan, how soon can you place an agent into operating condition?"

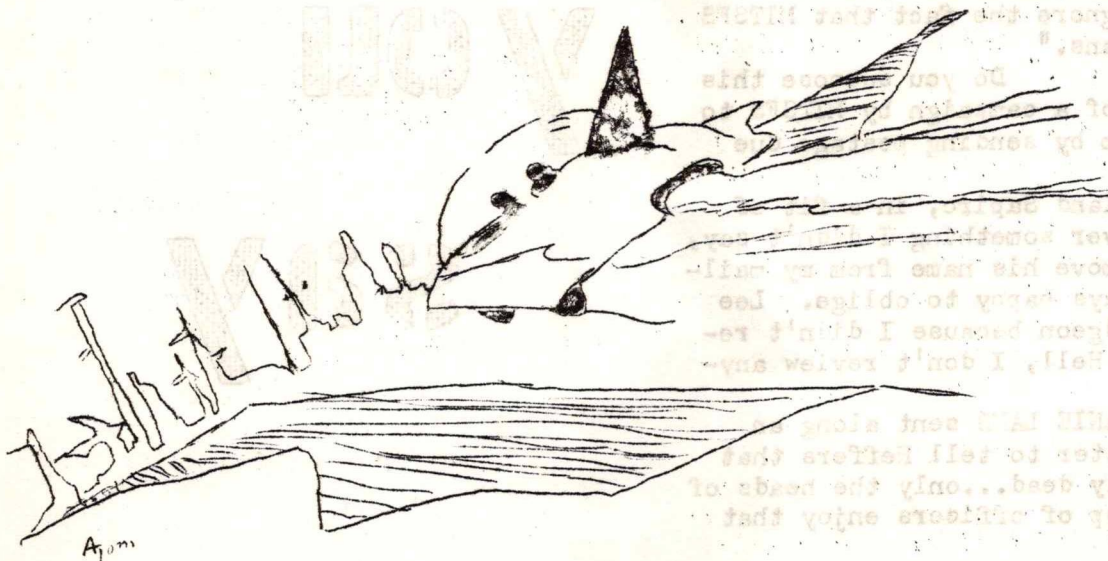
"Anticipating the tenor of agreement, I have at the ready an agent well-qualified for the task and my time equipment will, well-shielded, place him into the Terran past in approximately 1965."

"So be it." And they, all around the ovoid mahogany table, agreed.

ITEM: RATATOSK 15, 13 June 1965: "A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FANZINES is the long term project being planned by Harold Piser, a non-fan whose hobby is indexing. He intends to correct and update the FANZINE INDEX, and include other material such as lists and descriptions of organizations...."

STEVEN L. MUIR

XXXXXX



Al, yes, and now we come to what is my favorite part of Dynatron. Sometimes the rest of the zine gets to be a drag but the lettercol always perks me up. Editorial comments and interjections will be double bracketed and underlined ((even so, like this)). I've heard some complaints that this is eyestraining and distracting. Al Andrews used it in his zine, ISCARIOT, and I found it neither eyestraining nor distracting. Indeed, it seems an excellent method of separating editorial comment from the body of the letter.

ISCARIOT, by the way, is a pretty good fmz and if you are not getting it, you should. Al doesn't list any price but I imagine that if you sent him a Johnson quarter or a Confederate dollar or something he'd send you a copy. That is Al Andrews, 1659 Lakewood Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35216.

I get strange things in the mail. Like here is a letter from something called National Conference For New Politics. They want me to send them some money. Haw! I admit a certain dissatisfaction with politics as they are now politicized but this NCFNP isn't my cup of tea either.

And here's a postcard (a 3¢ postcard that arrived with 1¢ postage due) from Tom Jensen of the MITSFS, no address: "Facts for accumulators. Twilight Zine is published by a fan club. Well, if you ignore the fact that MITSFS doesn't like fans."

Do you suppose this could be part of a campaign by MITSFS to bankrupt fandom by sending postage due postcards?

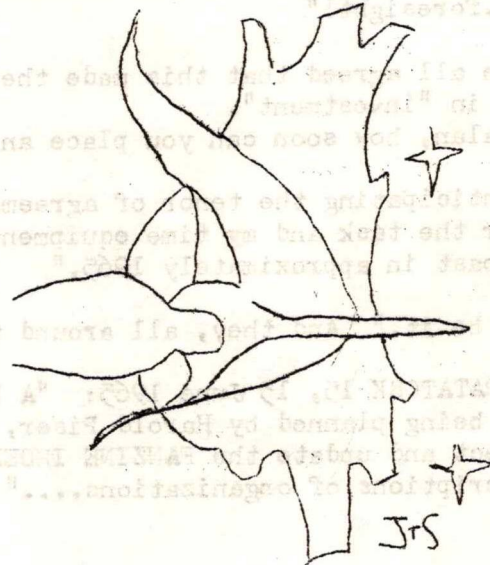
Leland Sapiro, in a fit of high dudgeon over something I didn't say, asks that I remove his name from my mailing list. Always happy to oblige. Lee was in high dudgeon because I didn't review his fmz. Hell, I don't review anybody's fmz.

JANIE LAMB sent along an interim newsletter to tell Neffers that N3F isn't really dead...only the heads of the current crop of officers enjoy that status.

One John Cooper offers to send me a copy of his comic book fanzine if I send him 50¢. He's got about as much chance as that NCFNP outfit.

Letters start on the next page.

the
hell



you
say

PHIL HARRELL
3021 TAIT TERRACE, APT 2,
NORFOLK, VA., 23509

A friend of mine's mother had a baby. She had always wanted a girl and after seven boys she finally got one. Since I was and am a close friend she asked me what I would call the baby if it were mine. Seems they didn't have any trouble thinking of boys' names but were stuck for girl's names. So I said I thought Crystal had always been a particularly beautiful name; so was Elain. This struck their fancy so they named her Crystal Elain. The Crystal I was thinking of was the one I saw in the pages of DYNATRON...((Chrystal thanks you.))

Things that seem to work out fine for you don't seem to work out for me at all. I picked up your "Ed Cox doodle in this space" for one of my zines and sent a copy of it to Ed but nary a word did I ever hear from him. ((He was probably too busy doodling.)) Not only that but when someone else moves I see it splashed in all the newszines and CoA columns of just about every zine I get. Me, I still have to pick up mail at my old address and read "We also heard from Phil Harrell.." in the WAHF column.

I always enjoy DYNATRON, but there just doesn't seem to be a heck of a lot I can say about it, other than the cool green color is soothing to my sinus... ((You could probably say more if you had received the last two or three issues.))

LYLE GAULDING
6950 WILLIS LANE
BEAUMONT, TEXAS
77708

Concerning back yard space ships: quite right, of course, that nobody could build a rocket ship in his back yard, but would you be in any better case even if you did have an ideal space drive? Assuming that you could build the drive from available materials and could weld an air-tight hull, you would still have a serious problem with auxilliary equipment. The life support system, radio, navigation system, and radar would be formidable investments for any individual. However, the space drive would allow a single, not-to-large, corporation to build spacecraft instead of requiring the resources of an entire country. And speaking of one corporation spaceships, like Harriman's in THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON, pre-space program writers could think in those terms because they thought of building one rocket, instead of a whole developmental series. We, who saw the numerous blow-ups of the Vanguard, etc., in the early days of the program know how suicidal a one rocket project would be.

I believe there was a comic book version of TARRANO THE CONQUEROR 15 or so years back, quite a bit left out but the basic story pretty much the same. A number of very poor Cummings books have been brought out in pb. I wonder how TARRANO has been overlooked; it couldn't be worse than the other reprints and the plot sounds a bit better than most.

((Radio, navigational equipment, and radar are not at all prohibitive in price. Life support system in the form of hydroponics would also be relatively inexpensive.))

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

Without wasting space on apologies for being so late, or thanking you fully for the loc on Horizons in which I hope to introduce a letter column as soon as a few more locs pile up in the next year or two, let me plunge into my duties on the February Dynatron. You might like a sequel to the account of how the passenger pigeon was done in, and you'll find it in Rutherford Platt's The Great American Forest. The murder is not yet complete against the hero of this book but the general principles are similar and the decimation of woodlands is somewhat more critical to the way we live than the case of the extinct bird, whose passing was harder on the passenger pigeon than on man. The Platt book accidentally contains some good clues about how persistent life can be, as if telling us by indirection that we shouldn't be too sure there is nothing alive on the moon or Mars. There is one incident in which a couple of explorers finally reach a previously unknown little pocket in the Arctic after incredible difficulties only to find themselves face to face with some Eskimos. ((Who was the more surprised?))

Through the Alimentary Canal & C. sounds as if it were a parody of one particular kind of travel literature that flourished for only two or three decades. The sentences

Buck Gulson quotes are exactly in the style and spirit of the guide books that motorists used during the first couple of decades of the automobiles' general popularity. (You're much older than I.) These detailed travel instructions were unnecessary before this period because nobody took long trips and they became obsolete after while because highways finally got fully littered with signs (and beer cans?) and were mostly paved well enough to be safe to travel in any kind of weather. The local newspapers used to publish a column written exactly like the quotation, every Saturday, suggesting a trip that local folks could take on Sunday over cowpaths that served as highways back here in these hills when I was a little boy.

(The 1907 Natural School Geography, which I just happened to have handy, makes many references to important railroads and canals but mentions roads in only an offhand way stating that overland teaming was the most expensive method of transportation.)

Dick Mann is entertaining, although I had trouble at first convincing myself that it's really possible for someone to be nostalgic about his distant younger years when he was born long after I suspended publication of Spaceways. I suppose Weinbaum was the author who held for me the place in which Sheckley lodged in the youthful Mann's heart. (Ed Hamilton for me.) Of course, Weinbaum died soon after he started to appear in the prozines and this was a tremendous blow to someone who worshipped his stories as much as I did. But then the dreadful little thought began to squirm around in an effort to attract my conscious attention: no matter how terrible was the death of such a promising writer, there was a bright side to the situation, because now he could never write bad stories to disappoint me.

Full agreement on your attempt to put welfare costs into their financial place. I don't have the statistics here at home, but I believe that the county spends something like \$200,000 on public welfare out of a total budget that is just short of \$10,000,000. The city pays no tax money at all for this purpose. State and federal money between them amount to more than half of all the welfare money that is paid out in this area; even so, public welfare spending is a trifle compared with what is spent on education and even on debt service for utilities and public buildings that were financed through bond issues. On another point I must differ although this may be a case of different policies. In Maryland you can't quit your job and live off the dole. The welfare people won't give money to anyone capable of holding a job, except in the case of a woman with children too small to care for themselves and no man in the house, and the unemployment compensation people won't give you jobless pay if you quit your job voluntarily or if you got fired; you must have been laid off, or be jobless because you have a seasonable type of employment which is currently out of season. (Sort of like a snow remover in Miami?) This involves a few abuses, but not many and most of them minor, like the ability of someone who is new on the job to get unemployment compensation if the factory closes down a week or two in summer to give all the employees vacations and he isn't yet eligible for any vacation pay. (According to a recent newspaper story here 18% of the total population of the state of New Mexico is drawing welfare assistance. Rather shocking, what?)

Anyway, I'm glad you snapped out of the gafia but sorry that you did not identify completely the specific element that causes a fan to get that way. (Diagnosis for myself is easy: I am an old fan and tired.) I came quite close to the same mysterious condition for a couple of months earlier this year when I wasted a lot of hours doing such strange things as watching television and sorting out my collection of slides--photographic variety, that is; I don't collect children's playground equipment. (You could start a whole new trend...) Unfortunately, near-gafia has disastrous consequences for anyone who leads the kind of fannish existence that I exemplify, for the fanzines requiring lots can pile up unbelievably in just a few weeks of non-letter writing. (Do as I do when the stack gets too high, forget the whole idea of logging.)

Plug to fill up space: Are you interested in starships? Aeroplanes? Science discussions? Nekkid women? Serious and non serious stuff discussions? Then you should get, if you don't already, G². Four issues for 50¢ from Joe Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Avenue, El Sobrante, Calif. 94809. Try to get a word in edgewise in his lettercol.

You're right that '65 was a major year in sf, but because you didnt read F&SF you missed one of the year's major event's---Roger Zelazny's "...And Call Me Conrad", which is probably going to get my vote for the Hugo. Ace has brought it out in paperback as THIS IMMORTAL. Don't miss it. (Scheduled to be started as soon as I finish "The Frontier World of Doc Holliday.")

"Science fiction is what I point to when I say 'science fiction'."

Fan club OC's are not so completely dead as Art Rapp supposes. WSFA started one about a year ago, under Don Miller's editorship, and it is going strong, appearing twice a month, and with a postal Diplomacy supplement. The new St. Louis club is putting one out, too. And there must be others. I agree that the trend toward weekly apa's is deplorable, at least for non-contributors.

With all this talk of Morrow and all, I think fans are overlooking one of the best artists ever to illustrate sf--I mean Jack Gaughan, who is overdue for a Hugo. He did some wonderful work in 1965. The F&SF cover for "Rogue Dragon"...the IF wrap-around for "Retief's War"...the Pyramid Lensman covers...He's been very prolific lately, while Freas only appear rarely.

Oh, yes, the Yellow Sea. So far as I know the term was invented by George Heap's audience at the 1965 Disclave. George sang a song, to the "Twelve Days of Christmas" about mailing fanzines. Part of it went: "On the third day I mailed it, the postman brought to me, Three L.O.C.'s." Most of the audience heard the line as "three yellow seas". (You win the cigar.)

((Task. I grow weary of mundane paragraphing which takes too much time and doesn't distinguish between paragraphs too well. Nonstop paragraphing from here on chums.))

ERIC BLAKE
P. O. BOX 26
JAMAICA, N.Y. 11431

I have just received Dynatron #28, which reminded me that I have not yet commented on #27. In fact, the only letter of comment I have written to you was an indirect one, with regard to your letter in Mrs. Carr's curiously named but excellent little fanzine "Interapathy". I said that I do not think you correctly characterize my views by calling them "fascism". Fascism brought more, rather than less, state economic interference. Furthermore, particularly in Nazi Germany, it took on unpleasant anti-religious overtones. (Say rather totalitarian and repressive then.) However, I cannot condemn it as absolutely as you seem to do. For all its faults---and many Americans died because of them--(Aye, there's the rub.) fascism at least recognized communism as the enemy of religion and civilization. When fascism ruled the nations of central and eastern Europe, communism was unknown in those countries. (As was any form of freedom or opposition. Do you consider the Nazis to have been civilized?) Now communism rules most of them and is strong in the rest. Italy, the original fascist country, now has the strongest communist party outside the iron curtain. The downfall of fascism in these countries represents a gain for international communism, particularly since they were able to get the United States to do most of their dirty work for them. This, incidentally, is one of the reasons I condemned Franklin Roosevelt so strongly in my letter to Dynatron #27. (How do you differentiate between Tweedledee and Tweedledum?)

My objection to the stories in which a religious sect is made the villain arises from the fact that the religion in question is usually intended to be Christianity. The "Holy Murcan Church" in Edgar Pangborn's "Davy", and the villainous churches in Heinlein's "If This Goes On" and "Stranger in a Strange Land", Lieber's "Gather, Darkness", and Lester Del Rey's "The Eleventh Commandment" are all clearly imitations of Christianity, or of what Christianity is imagined to be by its enemies. So the question is not "Should tyranny be tolerated merely because it purports to be a religion?" but "Should religion be attacked because it is purported by its enemies to be a tyranny?" (Your defense of religious principles is commendable but are you being general or specific? Would you be equally zealous in defending Shinto, for example? What think you of Islam? As a firm believer in the Nordic race would you accept the worship of the Norse gods?)

It is not just welfare recipients who are among the majority who are voting themselves the taxes paid by the hard working minority. I also include people who have voted themselves higher wages by supporting minimum wage legislation or otherwise used their power to vote to gain financial advantage for themselves from the government. (But higher wages means higher taxes also. Who is supporting who?) Governments which accede to this kind of pressure are engaged in nothing more than bribery. Robin Hood, also became famous by "robbing the rich to give to the poor", but this does not hide the fact that he was nothing but a common thief. (Rather an uncommon thief. Should a government of, by, and for the people ignore the wishes of the majority of the people?)

Ben Solon falls into an oversimplification when he shrugs off the anti-Viet Nam demonstrators with the words "they've still got a right to their opinions". "Freedom of speech" is used nowadays to describe, not only legitimate differences of opinion, but also talk and action that is little short of treasonous. The purpose of freedom of speech, as guaranteed in the Constitution, is to strengthen America by making sure that everyone has a say in matters of public concern, in order to better determine what course of action is in the country's best interests. But courses of action against this country's interests, such as advocating its military defeat in or retreat from Viet Nam can not by any stretch of the imagination be included under "Freedom of Speech". (You got a different Constitution than I have? My copy does not contain any qualifiers on the subject of freedom of speech.)

Our enemies are watching us closely for signs of defeatism. The Vietnicks who give them hope by advocating an American defeat in Viet Nam are aiding them. The proper name of this is "treason". Does anybody dare to call it by its right name any more?

((Herewith a note from Dynatron's Official Subscriber))

IVOR LATTO
16 MERRYTON AVE
GLASGOW W5, SCOTLAND

I put all the names in the hat, and Dynatron was the lucky first one out. You have been awarded my annual letter-of-comment. (Well, at least that's some kind of an award.) Actually of course, I would never be so flippant about such a thing. I really gave the matter a deal of thought, and was finally swayed by your green...sorry!...lime paper, by the interior artwork, and by my responsibility as New Mexico's financial bridgehead in Britain. (If you lived south of the wall we could have all sorts of fun with that lime bit.)

I can't find much to comment on in the May (you must be joking) issue. (The May G2 came out in August. Don't complain.) I place sf defining in the same class as Heinlein-discussing..pas devant les roues...(Watch it. The post office might not go for that sort of language.)..and fan clubs leave me cold (although one could do something with a rolled-up copy of HABBAKUK with a big nail through it), and your Writings in the Sand leap from subject to subject too quickly for my tired mind, from Hereward to Caesar, Hari Seldon to Burns. Mighty! (There is little that is really worth more than a few seconds of my valuable thinking time.)

One thing which caught my mind was Bob Tucker's remark that the US was engaged in a contest with the Yellow Races. It made me feel slightly hurt, as a European. (Does Britain really consider herself as part of Europe?) If America goes off on a crusade in the Pacific, what happens along the firing line in Europe? (Fear not. DeGaulle will protect you.) We can only stand there, staring across the barbed wire to the Russians, suffling our feet and whistling in an embarrassed manner, and twiddling our rifles sheepishly. What have the Chines got that the Soviet Union hasn't, apart from chow mien and bamboo tooth-picks? (A powerful lobby in Washington.) We have the feeling that we have been abandoned as a provincial backwater in terms of global war; like Pathans squabbling boredly over the sheep and goats. Has the heart really gone out of our own little sector of the Cold War? Maybe the European theatre has just become unfashionable. Religious wars are old hat, and apparently ideological wars are on the way out, so perhaps racial wars are the current fashion. Or maybe someone in the Pentagon has been reading prewar Amazings with their little yellow villains.

Actually, the US withdrawal from Europe is rather sad. The US consulate for the West of Scotland used to be located in a building next door to where I work, and I used to enjoy watching the Hands-Off-Cuba people do there stuff outside. Whatever happened to Cuba? ((It became a desert island; all the Cubans moved to Miami.)) Now the consulate has been closed to make foreign exchange economies, I believe, so that the US citizens in our area have to fend for themselves in their dealings with the natives, without interpreters even. Although the building is now occupied by a firm which makes metal windows, the Great Seal is still above the entrance...and a rather charming, sleek mammal it is, too.

So much from your European correspondent. I can't give you the red-hot latest on the British sf scene. I attended the London WorldCon a year ago, and I didn't enjoy that. Too many bloody yanks.

JACK SPEER
1301 SAN PEBRO NE
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. 87110

Comments on the last APA Aq mailing:

Is Coulson
Tucker's hired gun? ((Buck the Bullet he's known as.))
What was the original saying after "When Greek meets Greek"? ((They open a restaurant, perhaps.))

I imagine people who've invested a lot of money in Freudian analysis will take issue with you on the obsolescence of Freud. I take exception only to the "of course" in your remark.

You say the term "motel" didn't become popular until after the war. But I remember about 1941 a nightclub entertainer singing, to the tune of "It Might as Well Be Spring", "I'm as nervous as a virgin in a motel".

What means FROOMB? (Fluid's Running Out Of My Brakes.)

"psychological mumbo-jumbo of 'The Incomplete Enchanter'?"

I thought it was logical rather than psychological, though there is a psychological basis for the laws of magic. "I don't quite see where time-travel stories are precluded by the law of the conservation of matter and energy. But even if they were, I wouldn't think this a great argument against time travel. There is no a priori necessity in that law. And if it holds a posteriori (about which there is some doubt at the time of the steady-state theory), this is merely saying that time travel is not among the phenomena that we commonly see. ((Hmmm. Perhaps UFOs instead of spaceships are time ships...))" Boston's revised definitions don't seem as way out as some of his earlier observations. He seems to have the essentials straight now, and is concerned only with delimiting the boundaries of s-f and fantasy in some troublesome borderline areas. However, he needs to sharpen up his use of words. When he says "Now that science-fiction has been neatly compartmented within the field of fantasy", he seems to be using "fantasy" in the sense that includes s-f; but when he says "Fantasy is that branch of fiction dealing with some general premise or condition contrary to contemporary or historical reality", his definition excludes s-f. Much of his trouble, especially where he tries to explain why Epidemic is s-f, stems from his refusal to admit that any story placed in the future (including Seven Days in May) is s-f. If he will admit that, everything will straighten out for him.

You may have had a meaning in mind which is true, but on the face of it "'Fantasy' is straightforward enough but 'Science Fiction' is a bastard term that defies definition" seems wrong. I'd say "Fantasy" is harder to define. And there is nothing bastard about "Science Fiction". There is a little difficulty because the term doesn't exactly mean "scientific fiction". But legitimate children often have inappropriate names. ((Dr. H. Bruce Franklin calls SF the fiction of possibility and fantasy the fiction of impossibility. If we accept this definition then most of what is considered science-fiction actually belongs in a twilight zone between the two extremes.))

I'm skipping lots of juicy nits in Dynatron ((Dynatron's nits are out of bounds until it moves into FAPA.)), but I wonder if "epoch space-opera" is Yasuoka's mistake. One usually expects foreigners to learn the look of a word and not be misled by similarity in sound.

Tucker accuse me of "finding flaws in grammar". This i hotly deny. I have never found fault with anyone's grammar, neither my own (both of whom have been dead for years) nor Tucker's (about whom i know nothing, except that one of them put him to selling papers at a tender age). ("Epoch space-opera" is as it was written but in the matter of "grammar" I'll have to admit the possibility of editorial error (after all, I've seen a picture of Coulson with his gun--fair mean he looked).)

But if i were finding flaws with people's grammar in this letter, or their use of words, i'd surely put the finger on "Fandom seldom gives the bibliographer very little reward for his labor". (Did he say that?)

Smith: What's a Mum?

A possibly major factor in nostalgia for the thirties and early forties, that you don't mention, is that this is the time when the people grew up who are now running things. (I was hoping no one would mention this. I hate to think of our generation making such a miserable mess of things.)

BOB VARDEMAN
3705 GEN. STILWELL NE
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.

I am not by any means a fannish scholar, but maybe I qualify as a scholarish fan. So how about this? "Yellow Sea"- in Chines Hwang Hai, is an arm of the Pacific Ocean between China and Korea. Or maybe it's the color of water you get by dumping a copy of "The King in Yellow" in salt water. Or maybe it's the color of the sea if you're wearing yellowed sun glasses. (Or maybe you've been out in the sun too long.) For a title for the lettercol I would prefer something on the order of "Black Plague" or "The Blight". More appropriate. (Well now...nextish maybe.)

As to this business about whether Columbus or the Vikings deserve credit for the discovery of the Americas, I contend that neither deserves any credit at all. The Amerindians should get a little glory. After all, they were here centuries before either Cristobal Colon or Leif Ericsson and populated this hemisphere to such an extent that it took the Europeanas close to 300 years to worm it out of them. Not a bad record for the indians considering they were mostly nomadic. No as to who re-discovered America it was definitely...

Banks Mobane: As Coulson said in this last ish of Yandro (which is only a second rate Dynatron--that ought to get this letter printed; and a bomb in the mailbox from Coulson) about nostalgia for the '30s and '40s, anyone yearning for this period is "suffering from nostalgia idiotica." Which sums up everything from comic Books to Batman. Not to mention the Green Hornet. (Oh, I wouldn't go that far...)

Gawd! What do I do with only 20 lines left? I Also Heard From: BEN SOLON who says he is faunching after old fanzines. He's willing to pay money for them, too. MATHEW DRAHAN who sent some poems which I'll probably use nextish. BILL WOLFENBARGER who didn't send any poems. Or did he? ED COX who sent some poems. JACK BALDWIN who sent some poems. Sheesh, I run a half page of poems and get flooded with the damned things. HARRY WARNER, JR. (again?) who wants to show off his memory of my previous incarnation and addresses me as "LeRoy". Growf at you, Harry. LES SAMPLE sent something about knowing someone who knows someone who almost saw a flying saucer and I might even print that next time. MATHEW DRAHAN again with speculations on what civilization might have been had not Carthage been destroyed by Rome. I think Leinster covered that in "Delenda Est" in TWS or STARTLING some time ago. HAROLD PALMER PISER wants to know where is the DYNATRON index I promised him last year. I'm working on it. Hey, here's PETE WESTON. He joined the Young Conservatives because that organization is full of girls. He says he'd be surprised if we heard from Ivor Latto again. Bring down those eyebrows, Pete. ART RAPP writes about SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, PLAYBOY and MAD. Now that's a combination. LLOYD HULL and CHARLES RUSSELL want copies of DYNATRON and actually send coin. A postcard from Bjo says there's a whole mob due in here in a couple of days. Awk.

XXXXX

GRUMPY OL' ROY TACKETT APPENDS A FEW COMMENTS ON THE 29TH N'APA MAILING.

THE ALLIANCE AMATEUR: Where'd everybody go? On suggested amendments: (1) to drop the membership quota to 30; No. Recruit more members. (2) to change the dues: No comment. The OE knows more of our financial requirements than I. (3) to change the number of required copies--see (1) above. (4) regarding mailing comments. No.

NULL SET: Hello, mild mannered Felice Rolfe.

RACHE 22: Your rundown on the current state of the apas is useful. There's one or two listed I hadn't heard of. I am disappointed that you omitted CAPA, the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance which is still going strong after more than five years. FIVE BY FIVE has been issued monthly for 62 consecutive issues without a break. CAPA is probably the most stable of apas with no change in membership since the beginning and, barring death or disaster, no indications of any changes coming up. While this might be used as an argument that CAPA is a closed apa it isn't strictly true since there are provisions for adding new members should it ever become necessary. (That last sentence reminds me of the answer to a question in the Albuquerque JOURNAL's "Action Line" column. A reader wanted to know if it was true that the Duke City was located on an earthquake fault. True, said the column, but no earthquake had ever been recorded here. When old timers brought up the quake of 3 December 1930 the Journal commented that since there was no seismographic equipment in the town at that time it was true that no earthquake had been recorded here.)

ASGARD: Bruce is getting easy in his old age. I'd have given you credit for 2½ pages at most.

FOOFARAW 20: Yeah, and the power lobby wants to screw it up by putting in some unnecessary hydroelectric dams.

Not as spectacular but almost equally surprising is the Rio Grande Gorge in northern New Mexico. From the vicinity of Taos one looks west across a flat plain to the distant mountains. If one drives west along the highway one comes suddenly, without any warning at all, upon a great gash cut in the earth by the Rio Grande. The gorge is some 600 feet deep and not particularly wide but is noteworthy because you don't know it is there until you are right on the edge. To the eye the plain appears unbroken to the mountains in the distance.

NATTERJACK: Willie Hoppe said if you can see them you can hit them and if you can hit them you can make them.

O RK: Urk.

BYZANTIUM: Good cover by artist unknown. Radio in this area is pretty much of the same pattern. Music and news (plus features on the net outlets) and a succession of disc jockeys who all sound just the same. Some variation from station to station in regards to type of music: KQEO is rock&roll for the kids; KLOS is Spanish language; KRZY and KHIP are country music; KOB (NBC), KGGM (CBS), KVOD, KDEF and KARA are variety but really there is little variety in any of them. One of the local djs said he preferred working in radio to tv since there was more originality in radio. What originality is there in playing records in accordance with a predetermined format (male singer, instrumental, girl singer, vocal group and repeat) and reading copy? There is an opportunity there but it isn't exercised around here. FM is somewhat better but not much as a couple of the FM stations are simulcasts. Locally produced tv consists mostly of a newscast or an old movie. The educational channel, KNME, is far superior to any of the commercial channels both in local and network programming.

TJD HEE ERV SI EL Y: Silly name for a fmz. Or anything else. Fred, one of the Albuquerque "fans" commented on the Speer decimal classification system for stf by saying that he suddenly realized that in order to use it one had to read the damned stories.

KAYMAR 13: "Ancient Religion" reads like something out of FATE or one of Palmer's unlamented publications. You say "yet today the average person know a little indeed about the Mayas and their remarkable achievements." Considering your essay I can comment only that what you say is remarkably obvious. Since you take Middle America as your main theme I'll ignore the irrelevancies, inconsistencies, and inaccuracies in your background material on Mesopotamia although that's an awfully big lump to overlook.

You write as if the Maya were the only tribes involved in pre-Columbian civilization in Middle America and, indeed, they are the tribe best known to the layman. The Mayas were preceded by the Olmecs, contemporary with the Mixtecs and Zapotecs and followed by the Aztecs all of whom made their contributions to the civilization of Central America. Did I omit the Toltecs? Throw them into the pot, too.

I find no argument with your dates which generally agree with conventional studies. Question: How do you account for these "Babylonians" settling in Middle America and not somewhere else on the long road from Alaska to Honduras?..I think you will find that the Mayan chief god was the sun...The rite of human sacrifice which you describe was Toltec in origin...I doubt that your tourist would see a sight which would later amaze the 16th Century conquistadores. The Spanish never saw Palenque which was abandoned about 800 and not rediscovered until the 19th Century...Ah, well....Tsk, Kaymar, you mean you don't believe that Middle American civilization was introduced from Atlantis? Actually, old boy, while Hebrew mythology is closely akin to that of the Babylonians, to try to relate either to the mythology of Middle America is purely wishful thinking.

NEUROTIC AMOEBA: Janifer. Buck Coulson reviewed "You Sane Men" and I believe I have seen another review somewhere but it escapes me. I don't think that this problem is peculiar to you...SF book reviews are quite hard to find almost anywhere outside of a few fanzines and a column or two like Sky Miller's. For that matter, in the hinterlands almost any book review is hard to find. One problem with "You Sane Men" is that a conventional reviewer might find it difficult to classify. It lies within the general framework of SF but I would have reservations about classifying it as such. It belongs more with such oddities as "Torture Garden". My main objection to your book was the style in which you wrote it. The story was interesting enough and acceptable as a possible world (Hell, I guess it is SF) but the manner of telling the tale turned me off. The narrative was too much. I'd have preferred it told straight although the style you chose did give added insight to the character of the narrator. Ummmm. With some second thoughts I'll say that you were successful in what you were trying to do with the book but it wasn't exactly my cup of tea. None of which explains why it wasn't reviewed, of course.

BALROG: "If the public cannot be trusted--and even encouraged--to read Robert Welch--or Marx and Lenin for that matter--then the country isn't worth saving." Amen, Brother. But the only way one could get either across to the public is to present it as a situation comedy on the boob tube. Ah so. CBS could run "The Red Under the Bed". NBC could come up with a halfhour titled "Karl & Nikki". ABC would rerun "Maverick" and have the whole audience.

THE OFFICIOUS TNFF: The real thing should be so good.

GUANO 26: The 200 year calendar is useful. Thanks.

FRINGE: Hello, mild mannered Carol Murray. Give my regards to FM&E and Wrai and real gone Gonser and all. Do you look eagerly in the mailbox on Sundays and holidays, too? Next time I see FM&E I'll ask them to explain to you that the mail isn't delivered on Sundays and holidays. And frequently not on other days either. Do you expect to find your boy's girl friend in the mailbox? On Sundays and holidays? How about: "Disregard previous telegram"? #23 on the SAPS wl, eh? I'm #3 on FAPA.