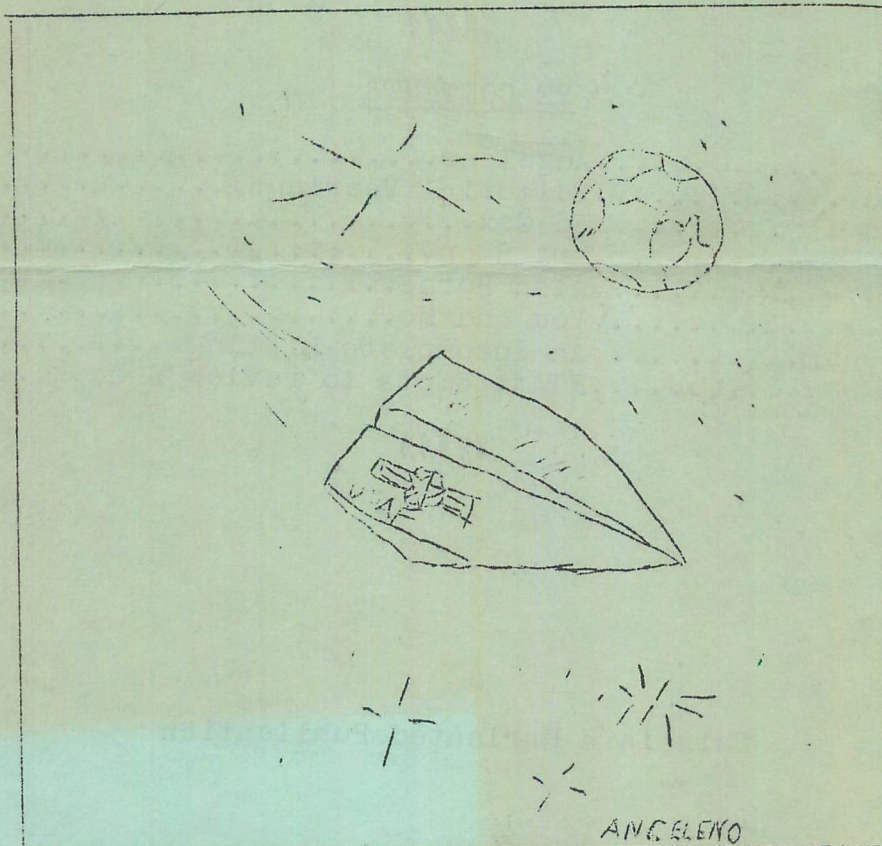


DYNATRON



ANGELENO

three

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We found that there was a great shortage of Spanish Moss in the Great Swamps so we came west to obtain a supply of cactus fiber to press into paper on which to print this issue of DYNATRON. This happens to be Volume 21, Number 3. (Memo to HWjr: We have no mercy on collectors.) DYNATRON is edited and published at Route 2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USofA, by Roy Tackett because it amuses him. Chrystal Tackett is in charge of changing stencils on the mimeo. The price is a trade for your zine, a letter of comment, or fifteen (15) cents hard Yankee cash. No long term subs, please, as the schedule is, at present, too uncertain.

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This is a Marinated Publication

January 1961

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The schedule obviously has veered to something quite irregular. Still, it is hoped that we won't have to suspend completely for the rest of the year. If all goes well we may be able to be a quarterly during 1961.

This was planned for early November but, alas, Uncle had other ideas. Right after number 2 was dumped on the poor, unsuspecting postman I found myself ordered TAD to Cherry Point, North Carolina, for several weeks of school. It seems the Corps is adopting single side band radios and since I'm alleged to be a radio technician it was considered that I should know how the beast works. It works fine.

SSB is not new in itself but it is only in recent years that the art of miniaturization has allowed it to be adopted for field military use. Of course, this calls for new techniques of repair, too, as we have to adapt our hammy hands to jeweler's tools.

Still, I figured, I could get an issue out in late November or early December. Ha! I returned to Beaufort to be greeted with "Hail and Farewell." It appears that someone in the dim recesses of HQ had finally stumbled across my records and discovered that I had been in the Great Swamps for years. Obviously something had to be done. It was. I'm now on my way to the exotic orient.

Packing and preparing to move left little time for fanac or anything else. I did manage to get a few letters answered but that was about all.

Like the pioneers we loaded our wagon (which differs a bit from the prairie schooner) and early on the morning of 10 December with the kids stowed in the back we headed west. Our departure from the Great Swamps was a joyous occasion and we had been looking forward to it for quite some time.

We wended our way into Georgia which has more long towns than any other state in the union. Like this. Whenever there are two houses within one-half mile of each other they incorporate and extend their town limits out at least five miles on each side. And, of course, the speed limit is 25 miles per hour--at the most. This is lucrative. Georgia retains the fee system wherein an arresting officer gets a percentage of the fines collected. So the town limits are stuck five miles or so out in the country and a low speed limit set. A traveler rolling through is likely to get annoyed at those miles of low speed travel and step on the accellerator a bit. Result is usually a ticket and a fine and more loot for the local gendarmerie. A nice racket. The Tacketts had more time than money so we played their silly game. However, all things must end and finally, with a sigh of relief, we crossed into Alabama.

The second day carried us beyond Alabama, through Mississippi, and into Louisiana. I swear I'll not cross that river again. Not to stay for any protracted periods anyway. Second day's mileage: 425.

Day four brought us our first bad weather and it took all day to make the remaining 310 miles to Albuquerque where, despite the hysterical pronouncements of blizzards and dangerous roads by the local radio announcers, we found no snow at all. We crossed from SFG territory into New Mexico early in the morning. I had a pass from A. McCoy Andrews so we had no trouble with the guards posted by SFG to turn back fleeing fens.

From here I go on to the west coast for transportation to Japan. Plan to stop off in LA to renew some old acquaintances among the (shudder) LASFS. Then on to San Francisco. Don't say you weren't warned.

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In a few days John F. Kennedy will be sworn in as President of these United States. I don't envy him the job. Troubles abroad and more of the same at home. Abroad we are torn between support of our traditional allies and support of the new nations emerging from colony status. There is shooting in Laos--something that makes me nervous at this particular time--which gives no indication of quieting down. At home there are economic troubles (shh. don't mention it aloud but we are having a recession), farm troubles, social troubles and ghu knows what other troubles. We have food surpluses. If we try to dispose of them on the world market we anger other countries who are selling the same items. And, of course, there are the countries who will get angry if we don't put things on the world market. I hope that Mr Kennedy is a man of infinite patience. He'll need it.

It is to be hoped that the next four years or so will see greater strides in the space program. I believe that, unlike his predecessor, Mr Kennedy thinks that space travel is possible and that in itself should give the program a boost.

Think of how many of these problems could be solved (and more created) by a world government. The shift in sentiment about that has been surprising. Right after WWII a large portion of the country was much in favor of an overall world government. Several state legislatures had passed resolutions favoring it. During the past few years there has been a reversal of thinking on the part of those who influence opinion and world government has become a bad word. Nationalism among the former colonies in Asia and Africa hasn't helped the cause either. Each little segment of the globe which now breaks its ties with Europe proclaims itself an independent and sovereign nation and warns that it wants no ties with anyone else. The trouble is that so many of them are not ready to be on their own. In situations such as this the guidance of a world government would be invaluable. However, the world appears to be retreating from that goal rather than drawing nearer to it.

Israel's growing nuclear potential is a reminder that any nation that can afford it can join the nuclear club. And what do we do when several of these small, fiercely independent states end up with the wherewithall for nuclear warfare?

As I said, I hope that the space program accelerates rapidly in the next few years. I think it is almost time to get our hats and leave.



Noted with interest is a report from New Orleans that voodoo is still strong there. Although the rites are not held as openly as they once were there is a good market for gris-gris. According to the report drug stores in some parts of the city stock such items as compelling oils, voodoo candles, and do-it-yourself doll kits.

This do-it-yourself bit seems to indicate that even the witch doctors have succumbed to inflation.

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This same general conference also adopted a new standard of time for us. To be specific the second is now defined as $1/31,556,925.9747$ th of the year 1900. That is Anno Domini, I believe. I'm not sure what the second is supposed to be if one is a Moslem, or a Jew, or any of the various others who do not reckon time as we do. I don't suppose it really matters. But I cannot help but wonder how the learned gentlemen arrived at the exact length of the year 1900. Wouldn't it be awful if something happened that year to throw off their calculations? Mayhap the Earth was slowed just the tiniest fraction of a microsecond by a meteor. Pardon me while I go check my calander.

"The Seventh Day" was published in Germany in 1957 and in this country in 1959 so you may have already read it. If not, I recommend it.

Considered in the light of what we know of the Polish temperament, the feelings of Germans for Germany, and the tendency of students everywhere to seize upon a cause, it is entirely conceivable for WWII to start as outlined in "The Seventh Day."

"The Seventh Day" is not great writing. The story is rather disjointed as Kirst presents a number of related and unrelated threads. But it is rather frightening.

Note that Britain has called in the farthing and found 749,520,000 of them missing. Wonder what Anglofandom is up to now?

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You're right, of course. The fanzine section back there was done several weeks earlier than the main part of the zine. But stencils are expensive and I'm too lazy to recut it anyway. Several other titles have come in since then including SMOKE from George Locke, MAINE-IAC from the cave on Normandie Ave, ESOTERIQUE from Henstell, THE SEIDMAN NEWSLETTER (Thanx R. Bergeron), and various and sundry others.

Monumental is the word for HABAKKUK 5. Donaho has done a tremendous job on this one which certainly shows that fen do think. My congratulations to you, Bill, on the fine zine.

Congratulations, also, to the LASFS on the holiday issue of SHAGGY. The Barr Calendar and the art portfolio are very fine. Collector's items for sure.

I also want to mention "The Bug Eye" from Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhlandstrasse, Uffort/Eick, (22a) Krs. Moers, Western Germany. This is a bilingual fmz with good potential. If you are interested in the doings of Gerfandom get this one.

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As it says up front DYNATRON is available for letters of comment. Halfpage notes will get you dropped. I will expand the letter col if I get sufficient interesting letters to warrant it. As for material--stf, fantasy, fandom, and related subjects. No more fiction for the present, please. I have a pretty good stock of that and can always get more from Deckinger if I need it in a hurry.

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I doubt that many fen, myself included, are athletically inclined. (I must admit that Uncle requires a certain amount of physical effort from me but if I had my druthers I'd druther not.) I enjoy sports as a spectator and I am particularly fond of track and field events. I was quite impressed with the gymnastics exhibitions at the summer Olympics last year even though the filmed TV coverage was brief and spotty. The thought occurs that gymnastic workouts on the bars and rings would be excellent training for future spacemen. The timing, agility, and dexterity developed by performing on the bars would be a great asset to movement during conditions of weightlessness and during acceleration. It is a pity that the athletic departments of our schools do not put more emphasis on gymnastics. But it doesn't pay as well as football.

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The heartwood of a tree is more durable than the outer wood.

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For those of you who have asked, my tour overseas will be for 13 months--unlaos something happens to extend it. The Eisenhower ban on dependent's overseas didn't affect us as we marcorps types can't take our dependents overseas anyway.

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TWICE UNDER HEAVILY

a sort of perambulating column by

ED COX

DEPT OF EXPLANATION: Perambulating is because this column appears in a number of different zines. No installment has any of the stuff that has appeared elsewhere, of course, but why should I figure out another title every time I write this stuff for somebody?

OTHER FAN- In the last couple of years there has been a lot of talk
DOMS DEPT: and plenty of articles about "other fandoms". I don't find this a bit surprising since almost any hobby can be classified as another "fandom" if the devotees have any type of organizational structure. Naturally, the more out-of-the ordinary the hobby is, the more like fandom it seems. I find many of them fascinating alternate world/fandoms but have my hands full with the hobbies I now endeavor to pursue.

But an Insidious Influence is being subtly exerted on me. This I.I. is in the persons of Lee and Jane Jacobs. For months they have been inviting me to go with them to meetings of Animal Fandom. This isn't what they call it, of course. Lee and Jane got a seal-point Siamese cat and in doing so got connected with an Animal Club. Here they go to see and chat with cheetahs, ocelots, lions and a host of smaller cat-types. I'd successfully put off their kindly invitations with the excuse that I liked me unchewed and in once piece. And no, I don't want to pat the cheetah because he's liable to like me and take my hand....off. And like that.

Desisting temporarily in their efforts to get me to go to the home of one of these people who rent their cheetah, or lion, or bobcat, etc., out to movies and TV--and keep him around the house during club meetings--the Jacobs' called me today and asked me if I wanted to go to the Cat Show at Bullocks. Thinking that in a department store of that calibre, I ought to be safe, I weakened and said I'd go.

I should have known better.

Bullocks disappointed me terribly. They have the weirdest elevators. There's no protective door in the front of the things and if you don't really step back, you are liable to be smeared down the side of the cement shaft! So I obeyed the attendant and reluctantly, hating a press of people, stepped back into the capacious bosoms of several women behind me. I was reminded of a Lucky Strike slogan of some years back.

Anyway, at the 10th floor we got off and went in to the 3rd Annual Cat Festival/Show/Bazaar/Whatever. And migawd! there sure were a lot of cats up there!

And this will continue up there on the next page. Egad! Commercial plugs for a department store and a cigarette. Did you get paid? --RTJ

Several score of prize-winner types like Burmese, Abyssinians, Siamese, Manx, and a host of others all the way to the ordinary house cat. All lovely creatures and caged. Except for the cheetah which lolled on a couch. The ocelots and bobcat were caged, most of the time. At one time one of the ocelots was taken out and held in the arms of its owner while many people chucked it under the chin and petted it and in general strained the partial disability clauses of their accident insurance policies.

We wandered around, Lee and Jane talking to people and cats that they knew from the Animal Club (Jane shamelessly pointed out Boyson, the sealpoint stud they're going to mate with their cat) while I wandered around looking at cats and women looking at cats. I guess I wasn't looking too closely, though, since Bjo was one of them and she finally had to holler at me before I realized she'd been following me around wondering how long it would take for me to stop looking through her! But then she has no pony-tail anymore.... Others of the Fan Hill LASFS mob were there including Ernie Wheatley who also went around looking at cats and the women looking at cats. We were worried for a while there since we suddenly missed Ernie and he was last seen in the vicinity of the cheetah.

This cheetah is an immense type cat. He's a 70 MPH cat which stands taller than a three-year-old and which can accomodate same in one crunch. He was very friendly, Jane kept telling me. He also looked sort of thin as if he hadn't had any~~body~~thing to eat for days. A young girl, daughter of the woman who had it on the leash, was sitting on the couch with it, petting it, its head in her lap. She'd even rub her wrist across its muzzle trying to get it to open and show us gaping citizenry just how fast it could crunch off her hand..... Jane told me that I could get to pet him all to myself next Sunday at the Wild Animal Club. Wild, I thought.

And so it went. Animal Fandom. Housecats, even expensive, pure-blooded types I can see getting. But ocelots and bobcats...lions and cheetahs? No thanks. And when the Jacobs get their ocelot, I'll phone them, even write letters to them...but they'll have to come visit me!

Oh, yeah, one other thing about the show which caused me to say "I should've known better." When I move next year I'm going to get an Abyssinian. I love cats and just gotta have an Abyssinian.

Oh, and why do I call it another fandom? Well, because that day Lee and Jane ran off a one-pager for the club which amounted to "Wild Animal fans of the world unite!" There's like a club. Any kind of pets. One woman has 20 snakes; a cat photographer said she has a flock of turtles. A write-up of the club has already been sent to a prozine, Lee told me; the House Cat Gazette or whatever it was. And pretty soon they'll have a club organ. In other words, a fanzine. But Bill Ellern and I don't think it'll spread through and finally supplant fandom. Some towns might have ordinances about ocelots in the living room.

It was a mighty struggle to resist breaking in several times on this page. Some phrases almost call for it. However, being a serious type editor I did resist. Hmmm, I always thought it was a herd of turtles. Senor Cox continues on the next page. --RTX

WHITHER ONE-SHOTS? I wonder what "one-shot" connotes to most fen these days. The newer ones probably have thoughts of stuff that came out years ago that they've heard about or have seen in somebody's fanzine collection. The older ones, like me I guess, and the genial editor of this mag, remember when they spurted out of somebody's mimeograph in the golden days when they actually happened. I guess those at Burbee's in 1954 were the last of the great one-shots that started back when the Insurgent Element of Los Angeles fandom were putting out WILD HAIR and other such stuff.

Since that time, one-shots have sort of degenerated to a sorry state. That is the ones I've run across now and then in recent years. Fanzines that if they are accepted as being one-shots by the fans concerned, then the concept of one-shots has changed drastically or the actual production is down to the nadir!

Of course, there is the definition of "one-shot" to contend with. There are a number of fanpublications that can come under the term. Such items as A FANZINE FOR BJOHN, THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR, and FAN-CYCLOPEDIA II are marvelous, and varied, examples of what are actually One-Shot publications. But the lower case concept of one-shot would normally cause one to think of a nappy group of fen gathered together who suddenly, with the inspiration and excitement of the moment, sit down to typewriter and stencil to dash off excruciatingly witty, vastly humorous, telling prose and comment covering the atmosphere of that moment in the fannish continuum. These, when they come off right, are the sparkling gems in the spontaneous field of one-shot tradition.

However, there is the well-planned one-shot, too. These are the type that Burbee so capably directed back in 1954 or thereabouts. The people all knew that it was a one-shot session, there was more or less a theme and each brought some short item they had written for the occasion. When there, amongst the goblets of home brew and goodies, additional material was written on stencil, the other stuff was stenciled and illustrated at the same time and the whole thing was run off and assembled. Done right, these can be as good as any 100% spontaneous one-shot and stand a better chance than 90% of the former of coming off as more than a messy garble of sodden mimeo paper.

These days, it would seem, that the traditional stereotype of one-shot is the off-the-cuff, spur-of-the moment, fan-visiting type thing. Which could be all right. But the way it comes out seems always to be WeWillPutOutAOneShot! Like-wow! We'reActuallyPuttingOutAOneShotAndIsn'tItGreatFunGoshWow! This pervades the entire thing and thereby, in most cases I've seen lately, spoils the whole effort. The writers are preoccupied with what it is they are doing, not what they are saying and why.

Recently, however, there was a brief flare of light.

And if you want to know about that flare of light continue on to the next page. I wonder what it was? Let's continue with this and find out. On the next stencil, of course. This one is almost used up. Or will be when I get through typing this.--RTX

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A real one-shot of the Spontaneous Class appeared from Fan Hill entitled A FANZINE AT 4:20 PM for distribution in FAPA. It just sort of happened and the result was a one-shot in the best tradition. The material was well-written, illustrations were made on the spot and applicable to the text, the overall thing had continuity, unity, and was not a sloppy mess as is the falut of many one-shots despit the merit of the material. Maybe it is the harbinger of things to come. John Trimble and I have been talking about the possibility of issuing one-shots in the Grand Manner on suitable occasions.

I'm well aware that there is a distinct possibility that there have been some other good one-shots issued in general fandom in the last year or two but my observations are based on the stuff I have seen and which seem to be representative of what is likely to be found throughout current fandom. -- ED COX.

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UNPAID ADVERTISEMENTS

Can you identify our advertisers? Identify story and author. No, you don't win any prizes.

WANTED TO BUY: Rope. Salesmen apply to the Gnoles, #1 Farside, Dubious Wood. (1)

HELPER WANTED: Mechanical, electronic and biological experience is necessary. Apply to Simon Wright, Box 103, Luna. (2)

CEMETARY PLOT WANTED: Willing to pay good price. Howard Wilson, 1952 Neville Road. (3)

BETTER MOUSETRAP NEEDED: Must be exceptionally strong and fast acting. Contact Dan Burman, c/o Burman Bullfrog Batteries. (4)

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE DESIRES EMPLOYMENT. Martian-born free comrade will consider anything profitable. Continuum no drawback. Contact Belgotai of Syrtis. (5)

RIDE WANTED: To the far moons. Will share expenses. K. Bristol, c/o Interworld Insurance. (6)

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A fairly easy lot. Stand on your head to read answers if you are really stumped.

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- (1) "The Man Who Sold Rope to Gnoles" by Idaris Seabright.
- (2) "Any Captain Future Story by Ed Hamilton
- (3) "Underground Movement" by Kris Neville.
- (4) "Mechanical Mice" by Maurice A. Hugi.
- (5) "Flight to Forever" by Paul Anderson.
- (6) "To the Tombaugh Station" by Wilson Tucker.

SEX

And Stf DO Mix!

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You say that stfzines are folding like Arab tents, and you can't find any of your favorite reading matter on the newsstands? Tsk, perhaps you just haven't been looking closely enough.

Take MEN, Nov60 issue, for example. The cover-copping lead story is "The Conquering Frauleins" by Sarban. It is billed as a "complete book bonus" but the fine print of the copyright notice confirms that the adjective modifies "bonus" rather than "book", being a condensation from a Ballantine Books volume titled "The Sound of His Horn." But the blurb brings back fond memories of the old PLANET and Z-D AMAZING:

"He woke up in the center of Europe, still alive, still the man who had just escaped from a WWI POW camp--but the time was May 27, 2044, Germany had won the war and the world was in the hands of a flock of savage, clawing Nordic women...."

It's pretty lousy stf by trufannish standards. Alan Querdilion, a British POW, escapes from his prison camp and wanders thru the forests of Bavaria until shot by a raygun. When he regains consciousness he is in the future, and that's about all the explanation we get either of the deadly "Bohlen Ray" or of the time-travel mechanism.

Far from ruling the world, the Nordic women of the story are mere slaves and chattels of the German men. Germany has reverted to a sort of feudal setup in which the nobility live in castles on their estates and use the women, as well as non-Nordic men, as "game" for their hunting parties. Incurring the displeasure of the local Count, Alan is turned loose as the quarry for one of these affairs, meets a fugitive girl in the woods, and with her help escapes from the Count's estate and wanders through the woods once more, until he emerges to find himself back in 1944.

The story runs 15 pages, with 10 small illustrations, one double-page spread in color, and of course the cover illustration. Most of the pictures have little relation to the story; possibly the artist based them on the book, of which it is obvious that large hunks of continuity were chopped out to make the magazine version.

If you like science-fact with your science-fiction, try MALE, Nov 60. Here is an article, "New Evidence That There's Life In Outer Space" by Al Silverman, including a double-page spread of 8 pictures of BEMS, from HG Wells to Hollywood. The article presents nothing that will startle trufen, mentioning mostly the accounts of people who have met the little green men from the flying saucers, and an outline of Project Ozma including, of course, the CalTech professor's remark about the dangers of contacting E-Ts: "To them we may be the finest beef animals ever."

A pseudo-scientific horror tale that WEIRD TALES might possibly have liked appears in CLIMAX, Nov60. "The Last Experiment" by John Keefauver, concerns a guy who volunteers for a scientific test of the effect of complete silence on a human being, by letting himself be placed in a soundproof room. Logically, the story suffers from the fact that, tho he has supposedly been selected at random, the subject later turns out to be a little psycho on the subject of noise and silence, a fact which surely would have been noticed by the "two psychologists" who conducted the preliminary briefings.

ADVENTURE, Dec60, contains "The Undying Ones" by Frederic Brown, with a full-page illo by Lou Feck. This story is marked "Copyright 1950 by Fictioneers, Inc.," and the only reason I can think of to print it is that possibly ADVENTURE owned all rights to it and thus did not have to pay. With all due respect to Frederic Brown, who has written some magnificent stf, it took me three attempts before I could bring myself to finish it, tho it is only 4½ pages long. Space Patrol has orders to destroy all alien spacecraft. Hero finds tiny e-t race, and instead of destroying them lets them attach their spaceships to his so that radar will notpick them up as he blasts thru the blockade, knowing that he must die in space because his ship can't make it back to Earth. ECHH.

And, of course, if all this still leaves you faunching for tru-
fannish reading, you can always get the Saturday Evening Post and read
about John W. Campbell, Jr. ---ART RAPP

Doggone it, Art, you were about a dozen lines too short. I suppose I could fill this space with some sort of fannish wisdom. We stand behind the selection of Los Angeles once more in 1964. Why not? It is closer than anywhere else.

SFG is insidious. They have appointed Lichtman to their apa committee. I wonder if this foreshadows an expansion into Southern Calif?

I got a 62 page Christmas Card from CRY. I suppose I'll have to subscribe to the thing.

Any of you New Yorkers know anything about alligators in the sewers?

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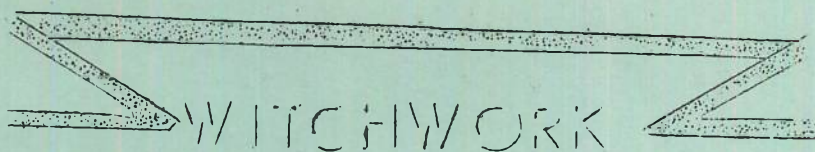
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ALAN
BURNS



+ By the time Johnny had pulled up I was out
* of the house and into the back seat. It was a
+ fine night for a Sabbath, the air was warm, and
***** there was a kind of Spring awakening in it; not
that we mind much what sort of weather it is, but
a good night is a good night.

We picked up Ed and his wife and swung out of town; pretty soon we saw Rick and his bunch in the station wagon and they dropped in behind us. Chris and Theo were waiting at the crossroads on their motorcycles and when they saw us coming they started up. They were our Coven's placemen. They picked a spot for the Sabbath, made sure that there wasn't anyone around to interrupt, and then led us there. We had to be careful because no-one in the Coven would stand watch and miss participation and we couldn't have outsiders. We headed out onto the moors. I glanced at my watch. Ten. Enough time to get everything ready for 12. It was just the sort of occasion when we might have a visit from him. He comes when he can but there are a lot of covens and ours isn't one of the big organisations, though if I may say it myself we do all right. He's been once or twice and enjoyed himself and the air was full of a sort of electric tension that suits him best.

At last we swung down a side road and then on to a cart track. We stopped at a wood and drove the cars in. The place looked deserted enough. Still, no use taking chances.

We know what to do so there was no talking. I unpacked the tables while Rick saw to the kit box. Rosa gave me a hand. She's a good girl, and I felt we could hit it off, but the Coven's rule, "no union without a sign" is not to be broken and we both knew it would come soon enough. We got the tables up in the small clearing that Chris and Theo showed us and Rick opened up the chest (which we irreverently call the kit box) and brought out the altar fittings and the book. We'd got up the altar table, but he examined it carefully to make certain it was secure before spreading the black and silver cloth on it. The two silver candlesticks with their black candles were then put in place and the chalice between them in the centre of the altar. By that time the other tables at the side of the clearing had been set and we were more or ready.

As Captain of the Coven, Rick said, "We will remove metal from ourselves."

We were all used to this and what metal we had was mostly stuff you carry in your pockets. We piled it on a spare table and then took up our positions, standing in a sort of "U" shape with the altar across the top of the U with Rick standing in front of it.

Signal : Voltage

Input to the DYNATRON

BILL DONAHO, Berkeley, Calif: A most enjoyable zine, particularly your comments, editorializing or what-have-you. Much better than your contributor's stuff, although the last half of Rog Ebert's poem is quite good.

I didn't get as excited over "Starship Soldier" as quite a few fans did--I thought it was an enjoyable juvenile, but certainly not worth the Hugo--but I too believe that "Society exists to serve man, not man to serve society." Certainly a responsible person also owes obligations to society and certainly with the present scheme of things the "something for nothing" crowd is a big danger...The whole question is far from simple.

I wish you would tell more about yourself in your editorial. I got the impression that you are in the Air Force ~~RT~~ Air wing of the Marine Corps-RT (Career or serving a hitch?) Career. Have 18 years behind me. and are probably in your twenties. 35 Are you originally from the South or just stationed there now? Originally from Colorado - You say you prefer the - - - Southwest? Surely not Texas, New Mexico, Nevada, etc.? Affirmative to all but Texas. Also include all other western states except California which I claimed as home for over 10 years but which is now too crowded for my tastes. --RT

I utterly failed to get the point of "Seepage". I suppose Rog had one?

"A Day with Rain" was quite smooth writing but again the point was too obscure. This combined with the fact that for lo, these many years the aliens in SF (or most of them) have been paragons of goodness, much better than us nasty, crawling humans, rather spoiled the effect for me.

Art Rapp and Alan Burns take the letter column honors. I too am always fascinated by witchcraft. Have you been reading Sid Coleman's debunking of "witchcraft as a religion" in YANDRO? I would like very much to see Alan's comments on same.

RT- Pardon me for butting in above but it seemed the best place. Certainly society exists to serve man and not the reverse but in order for it to do so all members must make their contribution to it. Especially our modern type society. The people I gripe about are the one's who feel that society should serve them simply because they exist and there is no need for them to give anything in return. Our writers do seem to feel that it would be a shame to turn us nasty, crawling humans loose on the rest of the universe. I weep. If we ever get the wherewithall to get out there the rest of the universe had better get out of our way. If man gets the chance he'll rule this universe. Memo to ALAN BURNS: You get YANDRO; would you care to comment on Coleman? Or, since transferring the discussion from one zine to another may not be ethical send it along to Coulson and we'll all read it there. (Hi, Buck, just trying to keep the fire going.)

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BOB SMITH, Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia: The man in the military post office saw me coming and shoved this thin folded fanzine at me. "Only one of these...ha,ha...magazines for you today," he chuckled. I eyed him coldly and glanced at the return address, Laurel Bay, South Carolina. I beckoned him closer. "Ah," I said, in an evil tone, "but this one is different." As he leant forward in anticipation of he knew not what secrets I held the 'zine

Yes, these stencils were cut for the smaller paper which we do not have any more of--the small paper that is. (They told me not to end with of.

under his nose and hissed: "this one was Born in The Swamp." The fool jerked back and nearly put his foot thru an expensive looking parcel on the floor. So I walked out into the sunshine, and he wondered why cold chills were nibbling at his backbone.

You may be right about Astounding/Analog: Campbell may be "adapting" but I do not particularly enjoy the present results. I don't care a damn what he calls the magazine, but it seems to me his baby was on the down-grade long before the title change. RT - Far be it from me to quibble about the current quality of ASF. I agree that it has slipped considerably but it sells, Bob. It sells. And as far as JWC is concerned that is what counts. Of course AMAZING sold in the Shaver days, too, until it got completely ridiculous. I'd hate to see ASF go that way. Mayhap it is time for a new editor.

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LEN MOFFATT, Downey, Calif: Co-incidentally you came up with an idea I suggested in a recent letter, wherein I was discussing what could be done to SELL s-f, that is, to increase readership of the mags, start new mags, etc. Namely and to wit: Go back to the large size format--go all out for eye catching covers (not necessarily the bem-babe-bum type but colorful and intriguing)--make it difficult for the newsstand dealer to bury the mag with all the other digest size mags.

Dignity, maturity, fine--nothing wrong with 'em but the stories must be good stories, full of wonder, thought provoking, interest holding. We don't want to return to cardboard characters and hackneyed plots..we want good writing and imaginative plotting..but we want to have that spirit of adventure, sense of wonder, or whatever you wanna call it, too.

Methinks Deckinger's story came off better than Ebert's, though the latter may have been better written.

You got a nice lettercol going, too, and I think your fanzine reviews are sufficient for the purpose. With all the fanzines being published nowadays a guy could bring out a monthly mag containing nothing but detailed fanzine reviews.

M. of F.A.T. indeed!

We thank you for your commentary on the impossibility of a two-party south. Anna says Arizona used to be a strong Democrat state, but people moving in from the midwest helped it change to a two-party state, with the Republicans now on top. Too bad, too, as we have no love for Goldwater. We have no love for the backward-thinking Dixiecrats either, and must agree with you that it will take time, time, time to change the attitude of the solid south. A population shift--that is, people moving to the south from the north and west--isn't likely, so only the slow process of education over the years is likely to change the ultra-conservative southern attitude.

RT - Absolutely. Look at the display large size zines get. They are spread out on the newsstand whereas the digests are usually buried end on. Only problem is getting the publisher to take the chance. It's a rough business and not one conducive to gambling. # The big deterrent to immigration into this part of the country is the lack of industry. The south is still primarily agricultural. All those millions who moved to California and Arizona for the mild climate missed a good bet by not coming down here. This is late November at this writing but it is still shirt-sleeve weather in S.C. More and more industry is moving here, though, to take advantage of the lower wage rates and lack of entrenched unionism so 20 years may make a difference.

This has to be squeezed in at the bottom because it is a late item and I want to get it in. The New Mexico Democratic party is challenging the election of Tom Bollack (R) as LtGov of NM. They challenge the

DOROTHY HARTWELL, Hornchurch, Essex, England: Peter Davies mailed me your latest copy of DYNATRON. I don't know whether you like getting LOC's from people you didn't mail DYNATRON to, but you've got one anyway. Peter is very busy these days, working hours of overtime; he doesn't have much time for letterwriting, and as I like pretty much the same as he does in the fmz line, you can take it that my comments are his comments, too. O.K.?
 RT-Ancient American proverb say "no tickie, no laundly". Now you can mail Peter your copy of DYNATRON and let him write the next LoC. Letter follows.

ED COX, Los Angeles, California: Gad, I don't know about Ebert's "Seepage". It created sort of a mood, some atmosphere but these things need a little more point than this one had. Or maybe it needed, for me, a more obvious point. I dunno, maybe I missed the boat on this one.

I find your leading comment in "Currente Calamo" well taken. I did notice that bit about Norman Norell. Fashion! Highod, that tableau of lifeless, unhuman, slouched, sexless, things with Norell is supposed to represent feminine fashion? That guy hates women with an implacable, clever passion. Utter, utter travesty! And women, the vain, silly idiots among that race anyhow, with more money than sense, will flock to buy those "creations". Ech!

"THE WABASH PICNIC or 'WHITHER LASTS'" was the funniest and best item in the issue, even if I wasn't in it. It would take a regular FANCYC II to unearth all the fannish references and allusions found in that one page. Gad, how like the old-time I feel. We are. Or something.

Most of the free-loader class can't even comprehend the abstract concepts of society and such like. They don't expect to be served on a silver platter, they just plain don't want to work and sort of slough off onto the welfare rolls since it sure is easy that way.

I always thought rather weak the argument that "the Sumerians must have figured 'years' at a different rate than we do today" to explain that long procession of kings! It does sound a lot more logical the Atlantean way. Don't these archaeologists have any imagination? Roy Tackett drinks bheer. *RT-Happen to be drinking bourbon and water at the moment although I find gin a highly palatable potion as a rule. # Most of the comments on "Seepage" were in the same vein. I also thought it rather obscure but enjoy the flow of Ebert's words even if they are pointless. # What gripes me about the free loaders, amigo, is that it is costing you and I more and more each year to support them and we're getting no return. I do not subscribe to the idea that those of us who can should support the rest of the population. Especially when a goodly number of those we are supporting are just plain lazy. #Not much comment on "The Wabash Picnic". I think mayhap some of the allusions went too far back. We are. # Wonder if the Sumerians based their calander on the year 1900?*

ART RAPP, Fort Bliss, Texas: I'll take your word that the cover is a staff photograph. Which member of the staff is it, tho? * E. Monstro Cox *

Glad to see you giving AMAZING a pat on the back. AMZ and FANASTIC are definitely working their way upward out of the well-deserved disrepute in which they've spent the past decade. I would like to see Cele Goldsmith honored at the next stf con for being the only presentday editor who is really friendly toward fans and fandom in her mags. *RT-I second the motion. And at the current rate of improvement, AMZ should take the Hugo in another couple of years.*

 validity of the Indian vote in N.M. in a move which, if carried through, would apparently disenfranchise some 300,000 Indians in 25 states. Strangely enough I hear no great outcry about equal rights for Indians. I presume this is because their voting strength is so small. RT

BETTY KUJAWA, South Bend, Ind: Three nights ago in my dreaming I was living in a lush penthouse on a cliffside--a car whizzed by and I took one look at the plates and yelled to Gene that it was the Tacketts. (Now how did I know that from car plates?) So we drove after you, flagged you down and you-all came back for a big party. Why did I dream that Dr Tackett? Too much rich food prior to retiring. Send 25¢ and Dr Brady will send you a booklet entitled "Calcium, the answer to the world's ills." Send 25¢ more for booklet entitled "Strontium-90, the answer to calcium." Thanx for many kind words, Betty. X

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ART HAYES, Bancroft, Ontario, Canada: In the discussions that have been taking place, for some time, about the near-death of SF, my own views are different again. Distribution is not the complete answer either. To me, SF has tried to DEPEND on the charity of its followers too much, not realizing that in a democratic, competitive society, only charitable organizations can exist with that philosophy. Business does not depend on charity but depends on its ability to please its customers. It does not try to lead the customers in any obvious manner, but tries to use such methods as motivational sales techniques. The customer, officially, is always right, but back of the sales campaigns the customer is wrong, does not know what he wants, and so, has to be educated. A firm will try to educate its customers. If education fails it will try to satisfy the customer no matter how wild the taste. SF has been suffering from amatuerism and a dependency on charity and calling to DUTY of the readers to support it, rather than trying to make a go of itself in the normal business manner. If the customers demanded the product, the product would reach the customers, so distribution is not the trouble directly.

I'd like to take issue with the support you are showing Witchery; you are overlooking the support that Saturnalia should get, too. So send me an article on Saturnalia. # For some reason known only to a couple of the more obscure gods the publishers (those left) don't treat SF as a business. Rather it gets special handling. Mayhap they are in awe of the medium. Art Rapp suggests that the publishers treat stf the same as any other pulp and include all the ghod-awful advertising that goes with the pulps; the idea being to put the zines down on a sensible price level. Commendable since the 50¢ price will drive off potential readers. X

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Also heard from: Ken CHESLIN, Jack CHALKER, Maggie CURTIS, Chuck DEVINE, Geo C. WILLYCK, Ken HEDBERG, Mike (1000 words a day) DECKINGER, Martin HELGESEN, RonEl, Mike McInerney, Alan BURNS (who also swats bugs), Giovanni SCOGNAMILLO (who I hope to entice into doing an article or two), Sture SEDOLIN (who takes me to task for being neoish. Andy MAIN wherefore art thou?), Les SAMPLE (who done become a soljur: Pvt William Leslie SAMPLE, RA14737569, Co "C", 2dBn, Class 31-A, USAITC, BAMC, Fort Sam Houston, Texas), Terry JEEVES, Paul SHINGLETON, Craig COCHRAN, Norm METCALF (who told me what happened to Colorado fandom), and Scotty TAPSCOTT. And did I miss anyone? Oh, yes. Dick SCHULTZ.

You are the most agreeable group. I can't seem to raise an argument anywhere.

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This letter column was not edited by Marley L. Gastonhugh. (Gastonwho?)

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The Endless Stream

Wherein you get a mention and that's about all.

SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES, P. O. Box 115, Solvay Branch, Syracuse 9, N.Y. Semi-monthly. 10¢ per or \$2.40/year. #347, #348 & #349. The news, of course.

THUD & BLUNDER #2. Paul Shingleton, Jr., 320 26th St., Dunbar, West Va., Monthly. LoC or trade.

ETWAS #2. Peggy Rae McKnight, Box 306, "Six Acres", Lansdale, Penn. Irregular? Loc or Trade. Should I mention this twice? I received two copies.

ESPRIT, Vol 2, No 2. Daphne Buckmaster, 8 Buchanan St., Kirkcudbright, Scotland. 20¢ or LoC. Daphne says the opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the editor.

KIPPLE #6 & #7. Ted Pauls, 11448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Md. Monthly. 10¢, LoC, Trade. One of my favorites. The controversy gets wild at times but is always interesting.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #52. John Trimble, 980¹/₂ White Knoll Dr., Los Angeles 12, Calif. Six-weekly. 25¢, LoC, Trade. OO of the LASFS. I think this crew has shifted the base of operations from Fan Hill.

ERG #5. Terry Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12, England. No schedule or price listed. Excellent job. Mainly humor.

MAELSTROM. Bill Plott, P. O. Box 654, Opelika, Alabama. Quarterly. 15¢ or Trade.

HOCUS #17. Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, N.J. Irregular. 5¢, Trade. Attempting to shift to individizine format. You should be able to do better than this, Mike.

FANAC #65. Terry & Miriam Carr, 1818 Grove St., Berkeley 9, Calif. 4/25¢. Terry says the price will change. I think the schedule has also.

INSURRECTION #9. Robert N. Lambeck, Bldg E, Room 215, New Freshman Dormitories, Burdett Ave, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y. 10¢, LoC, Trade. And no room for a comment after listing the address.

YANDRO #93 & #94. Robert & Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Wabash, Indiana. Monthly. 20¢. When I first saw the cover of #93 I thought it was a publication of the Hyborian League.

QUE PASADO. Les Nirenberg, 1217 Weston Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada. No price or schedule listed. Reflections on the Pittcon.

NORTHLIGHT #11. Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 2, England. Alan announces suspension of publication until he can obtain a new minco.

HAVERINGS #1 & #2. Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England. Irregular. Four pages of fanzine reviews.

SAM, #1. Steve Stiles, 1809 Second Ave., New York 28, N.Y. Or so I make it out. Four illegible pages.

PARSECTION #2. George C. Willick, 306 Broadway, Madison, Ind., 8/\$1.00. Six-weekly. Are you turning this into a letterzine?

NEW FRONTIERS #3. Norman Metcalf, Box 1262, Tyndall AFB, Florida. Irregular, 30¢. Outstanding. This is the kind you put on display.

POLHODE #2. Edmund Meskys, 723A 45th Street., Brooklyn 20, N.Y. Irregular. 10¢, trade, LoC. Dated 15Mar60. Interesting material here.

LES SPINGE #3. Ken Cheslin, 18 New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, England. Irregular? 15¢ LoC, Trade. Fine bacover by Schultz. Improving, Ken, keep at it.

DISCORD #7. Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, N.E., Minneapolis 21, Minn. Six-weekly. LoC or Trade. A new title for RETROGRADE but the same fine material. I would title the illo "Good buy, Arthur Summerfield."

SI-FAN #2. Jerry Page, 193 Battery Place, N.E., Atlanta 7, Ga. Bi-monthly. 20¢ or Trade. Six editors?

CANDY F #2. Bo Stenfors, Bylgiaavagen, 3, Djursholm, Sweden. Irregular. Trades only. Dedicated to fantasy, science fiction, and the beauty of woman. Mostly.

XERO #2. Pat & Dick Lupoff, 215 E 73rd St., New York 21, N.Y. Bi-monthly? LoC or Trade. Ted White has 10,000 comic books? Fantastic.

THE MONDAY EVENING GHOST #7. Bob Jennings, 3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tenn. Six-weekly. 15¢ or Trade. The color was fine but the time involved could have been more profitably spent in proof-reading and correcting.

WARHOON #9. Richard Bergeron, 110 Bank St., New York 14, New York. Pubbed for SAPS and fortunate is he who gets a copy.

A check of the list reveals that 26 separate titles have been received in the two months interval since last issue. The Endless Stream is an appropriate title. Quality, on the whole, was good although one or two were pretty horrible. Content for the most part is on the serious side (which I approve) but not entirely so. The humor present is good and far from childish. All in all the fanzines indicate a certain maturity in fandom.

Whither SF and "Starship Troopers" continue as the main objects of discussion. Comic books are under scrutiny in several fanzines, notably XERO. Other issues are witchcraft, sociology, and censorship.

The fanzines listed present a veritable rainbow of colored paper. Some even show up on plain white paper.

Mike Deckinger is everywhere. Where does he get the time?

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The cover is closed and

# INTO THE BOOKCASE goes

ROGUE MOON by Algis Burdys. Gold Medal Books, Greenwich, Conn. No. S1057, 176 pages, 35¢.

This one goes into the section marked "Strange Inventions" although, in view of the date (1959) of the setting of the tale it would also fit into "Parallel Universes."

Dr Edward Hawks, Research Director of Continental Electronics, has developed a matter transmitter/duplicator, complete with a process for recording a human being on tape. The Navy manages to set up a receiver on the moon and discovers a structure described as an alien artifact. Examination of this relic from out there is hampered by the fact that those doing the examining die quickly and seemingly at random.

Hawks attempts to solve the problem by transmitting a man in duplicate; one to the moon and one to a receiver on Earth. The two maintain telepathic contact so information on the artifact is passed back to Earth but the shock of the inevitable death of the identity on the moon either kills or drives insane the identity on Earth.

Hawks asks Vincent Connington, ConElect's Director of Personnel to find him a man who is a confirmed potential suicide. He believes that a man who openly courts death would survive, sane, in the Earth body when the identity on the moon died.

Connington, for reasons of his own, comes up with Al Barker, race driver, mountain climber, and professional seeker of a means to break his own neck.

Barker and Hawks get along like a couple of Siamese fighting fish. Barker's suicide urge drives him repeatedly back to Hawks who sends him to his death again and again. Each time the Barker identity on the moon penetrates a little deeper into the alien structure and each time the Barker identity on Earth proves tough enough to survive the shock of his own death.

Burdys draws his main characters well. Hawks, Barker, Connington, and Claire, Barker's mistress, are believably done and the motives that drive them are plain. The other characters fail to come to life. The action moves at a good pace but the book is spotty and I found myself going back at times to see what I had missed. It turned out that I hadn't missed anything--it just wasn't there.

"Rogue Moon" will do for a fast reading action tale if you don't try to figure out the scientific gimmick. And it does present an interesting question: Postulate that I record you on tape by a method which consumes your body material in the process. Later I play back the tape and recreate you. Question -- have I recreated you or have I created a different entity?

Nitpicking department: It is not now, nor was it in 1959, illegal to sell liquor to Indians.

ROY TACKETT



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