





DYNATRON

of which this is Number Four, dated March, 1961, is an amateur (you can say that twice) science-fantasy fan magazine foisted upon the fannish world by Roy Tackett for his amusement and, it is hoped, the amusement (or bemusement) of the reader. The schedule is fluid but at least quarterly. This issue was edited at Iwakuni, Japan. Editorial address: MSgt L. H. Tackett, USMC,
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Published by Chrystal Tackett, Route 2, Box 575, Albuquerque, New Mexico. You can obtain the next issue by sending a letter of comment, sending your own fanzine in trade, sending material for publication, or sending 15¢ in Yankee hard money. This is a Marina-
ted Publication.

CURRENTE CALAMO

All right, if you simply must know, it translates roughly as "with running pen" or "offhand" which more or less describes the editorial veerings that appear under this heading. Musings on this and that with no particular importance attached.

Memo to anybody: Send LoCs and material along to me but trades and cash to Chrystal at the Albuquerque address. Fanzines have a way of disintergrating when making the long Pacific crossing. Chrystal assembles them in batches, wraps them securely and sends them along--covered with eyetracks, of course. It takes them a bit longer to reach me but at least I get them. As for the cash -- us military types use Military Payment Certificates and Yankee cash is verboten. The reasons are numerous and I won't go into them.

Materialwise we could use articles/essays. Art is not particularly desired. Mainly because there is nothing available at the moment to use as a mimeoscope. Even the windows are plastic and that accounts for the lack of art in this issue. However, if you fanartists are panting to do a cover then it is requested that you put it on stencil and send it along to Chrys. And that should eliminate covers for this year anyway.

Thanks to the Japanese electronics industry which produces fairly good equipment at reasonable prices I am now in possession of a tape recorder. It isn't stereo or hi-fi but will do. If you would care to taperespond I would be happy to hear from you.

If you were expecting a stfish report on Japan this time I have to disappoint you. I've been here only a couple of weeks as this is written and really haven't had the opportunity to do any looking around. Besides which, it is too cold to encourage any wandering around. Next time perhaps. There appears to be something of a scarcity of stf on the station here. The PX newsstand is no help at all at the library has only a small amount and most of that is rather old. Guess I will have to agitate for more of our favorite reading matter.

Through the facilities of Mr Bell's infamous, but sometimes useful invention I established contact with the ex-Lubec Leprechaun and early evening found me making my way into the cave on Normandie Avenue for a face to face meeting with Edco. After several years of sporadic correspondence it was a pleasure to meet him in person.

Edco sneaked us in the back door of the large rambling house on 8th Street wherein we found a goodly collection of men already collected and discussing, undoubtedly, their collections. Well, perhaps not but that last sentence amuses me anyway. I was introduced to and warmly greeted by all and sundry. I shook so many hands that I felt like an alderman just prior to election day.

The ~~Assistant~~ director, in the form of one John Trimble called the meeting to order in the general vicinity of eight o'clock by rapping his gavel smartly on the head of an enthusiastic young neo.

shaped object ticked ominously. Behind the director a large, bomb

The large bomb shaped object previously noted behind the director began to buzz in a loud, authoritative voice where upon it was attacked and speedily disassembled by assorted club officers. There were murmurs that this was another attempt by those "up north" to eliminate the most active club on the west coast.

Business proceeded quite smoothly for a fan gathering and with more order than I had observed in previous meetings of the LASFS in the dim past. This is, of course, a different version of the club than was apparent, say 15 years ago. More given to seriousness and maturity---and like that.

Upon the conclusion of the regular meeting the group separated, amoeba-like, into various smaller parts for the purpose of conducting whatever it was they were conducting. I am not sure of the final disposition of the large, bomb shaped object although there was some discussion about reassembling the thing and shipping it to Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois.

Bloomington, Illinois. Lichtman discovered that most of the members of the Cult (or was it CRAP--I don't suppose it makes much difference) were present and set about lobbying for the admission of a young fanne who lives in Philadelphia. I never did find out if he was successful in his crusade.

I get to feeling old and tired just watching these enthusiastic younger types.

"It is an ancient mariner and he stoppeth one of three." Which is a pretty poor fielding average in anybody's league.

Friday night brought a journey to Downey for a relaxing gab session with the Moffats, Rick Sneary, Mike Hinge, Edco, and Marley L. Gastonhugh. Mike was so relaxed he promptly went to sleep. A fine all night fangab from which I emerged with a rare(?) copy of the collected writings of Rick Sneary and an appreciation of the quieter aspects of fandom. FIAWOL enthusiasm is fine, I suppose, but I prefer quiet talk with people like Len, Anna, Rick, Edco, and Mike. Saturday and a jour-

with people like Len, Anna, Rick, Edco, and Mike. Saturday and a journey to Van Nuys with various LASFS types and an itinerant squirrel for a more lively get-together at the Jacobs' place. This, too, was most enjoyable.

enjoyable. Sunday meant heading north to San Francisco. I enjoyed my visit to L.A. and, who knows, might get back again in an age or so.

I had meant to visit with Bay Area fandom but Uncle had other ideas. In the past overseas processing has taken a week to 10 days. This time it was a matter of hours. I didn't even have time to stop by and say "howdy" before I found myself on an ancient aircraft passing over the Golden Gate. Brief stops in Hawaii and Wake Island and then arrival in Japan. After 31 flying hours I was rather glad to get off the plane.

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Seattle is a year early with their convention. A world fair, based on the theme "man in space" is planned for that city in 1962. Think of what a fine tie-in that would make with the Season.

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I have on hand a report from Johore Bahru, Malaya, which states that one Jalil Bin Ahmad reports the discovery of a tribe of ape-men near Kluang. The report indicates these are giant types perhaps ten feet tall and leaving 30 inch footprints. Ahmad indicated that the creatures responded to a call similar to the famous quavering screech uttered by the Tarzans of the silver screen. He is equipping a new expedition to take up the search for the ape-men. It is possible, I suppose, for a new species of anthropoids to be discovered in the Malayan jungles. Or maybe this is where old movie Tarzans go when they stop making pictures.

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Elsewhere I have frothed at the mouth about the learned scientists shooting off theirs when they don't have their facts straight and are talking assumptions. I have two news clippings from the Albuquerque JOURNAL, both dated 21 January 1961, which serve to illustrate my beef.

The second clipping reports on an address before the American Astronautical Society at Dallas by another prominent physical scientist. This gentleman states that lunar and planetary probes should be completely sterilized to prevent contamination of the probed planets by spores from Earth. He explains about the hardiness of spores and says that they could very well exist on Luna. Both Mars and Venus, he continues, show signs of supporting life.

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men such as you and I. At a recent University of California symposium on "Control of the mind" this drug was reported as increasing suggestibility in man. There was speculation that a police state could add TAP to the public water supply and with an increase of propaganda over the mass communication media effectively bring about thought control.

Did someone mention 1984? Give a bit of thought to mass communication media. Radio, TV, and the newspapers are ever with us although you can turn off the first two and don't have to look at the paper. But what about the omnipresent public address systems which constantly blare out music of one sort or another in restaurants, on trains, and in various other public places. Words and ideas could replace the music.

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In case you are interested, a Japanese scientist who has recently returned from an oceanic expedition reports a marked increase in the radioactivity of Indian Ocean waters.

Thoughts on stf at 10,000 feet. I read my way across the Pacific. There's not much else you can do on an airplane except sleep. I had picked up the February issues of F&SF, ANALOG and AMAZING prior to my departure and proceeded to read them one after the other. Herewith my reactions.

As with the other prozines, these three are quite similar in make-up. An editorial (except F&SF), a fact article, a book column, five or six stories and (again except F&SF) a letter column. Oops. "Brass Tacks" missing this time. Quite similar in appearance. All digest size, unfortunately. For February AMAZING offers 148 pages for 35¢, F&SF presents 132 pages for 40¢, and ANALOG has 180 pages for 50¢.

Similarity in appearance, however, gives way to dissimilarity in contents.

The thought occurs that if tricyano-amino-propene were added to the public water supply then it could be truly called TAP water.

F&SF, Feb61

"Hothouse" by Brian Aldiss is a vivid view of a highly improbable far future when the sun is hotter and vegetation is king. Rating: 6.

"Time Was" by Ron Goulart. A superficial little fantasy about a time trap. Rating: 4.

"Of All Possible Worlds" by Rosel George Brown. Fair to good other world sociology. Rating: 5.

"The Ubiquitous Wife" by Marcel Ayme. A lightly amusing fantasy concerning a highly divided wife. Rating: 5.

"The Intruder" by Theodore L. Thomas. A well-done yarn of a man's reaction to the invasion of his favorite vacation spot by a potentially dangerous intruder. Rating: 6.

"The Tunnel" by C. Brian Kelly. An arty bug story. Rating: 3.

"Storm Over Sodom" by Robert F. Young starts well but ends as a lecture on public morality according to Judeo-Christian concepts. Rating: 3.

Fiction average for F&SF: 4.57. Two good stories, two poor stories, and the rest routine.

AMAZING, Feb61

"When the Dream Dies" by A. Bertram Chandler is the first candidate for best science fiction story of the year. This is a good one. Rating: 7.

"The Man Who Saw the Future" by Edmond Hamilton still reads well some 30 years after original publication. A minor tale but it holds the interest. Rating: 5.5. Incidentally, I'd always thought that Hamilton was characterized as "Ol' World Wrecker" rather than as "World Saver" as indicated by Sam.

"The Final Decision" by David R. Bunch is another minor effort in the Morderan series. Rating: 4.5.

"What Need of Man" by Harold Calin. A bitterish tale of rocket testing. This one gives the appearance of having been written around the cover illo. Rating: 5.

"Revenge" by Arthur Porges. Humorous mad scientist thing that takes a few digs at bureaucracy. Rating: 6.

Fiction average for AMZ: 5.6.

Shades of "The Shadow". I just glimpsed the cover of March ANALOG.

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ANALOG, Feb61

"The Weakling" by Everett B. Cole. A typical Campbell type psionics tale. In this one we have men and dinosaurs side by side. Or perhaps it is neck and neck. Rating: 5.

"Freedom" by Mack Reynolds. Pipe dreaming behind the Iron Curtain. Rating: 5.

"The Plague" by Teddy Keller. This could be a SatEvePost reject. This is science-fiction? Reads well, though. Rating: 5.

"The Outbreak of Peace" by H. B. Fyfe. Strictly a filler type. Rating: 4.

"The Ghost Fleet" by Christopher Anvil. Another one of those things about the ostracized military man who was right all along. Blah. Rating: 4.

"Occasion for Disaster" by Mark Phillips. Part 4 of a wacky fantasy such as graced the late UNKNOWN. Only instead of magic the gimmick is psionics. And where's the difference between magic and psionics? Rating: 5.

Fiction average: 4.66. This is typical of what the magazine has been presenting for the last few years: psionics, sociology, UNKNOWN type fantasies, and contemporary yarns which can be classified as sf only by stretching the highly-elastic definition of the field. None of the stories are outstanding (or even very good) but none are very poor either. Mediocre.

Featurewise, JWC takes editorial honors this time, not so much for what he says but for how he says it. AMZ reprints a Gernsback speech and F&SF has no editorial. Miller has the best book reviews. In F&SF Bester tosses brickbats at some of today's alleged writers. Cotts is competent. As for the articles, Asimov takes first place for F&SF although McClatchie in AMZ has the more interesting subject. ANALOG has rocket pictures.

Overall AMAZING is the best of the three and probably the best science fiction magazine on the stands today. (And I never thought I'd see the day when I would make that statement.) F&SF has gone down hill since the departure of Boucher and ANALOG is a mere shadow of ASTOUNDING.

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Ted Pauls classifies DYNATRON as a "new trend" fanzine. But how can that be? There are no comic book discussions in DYNATRON.

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Larry Thomas shouldn't have used FLUSH as the title for his zine. He can only blame himself for giving people the idea of what to do with it.

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FANAC 69 carried my change of address from Laurel Bay to Albuquerque. And guess to what part of the Great Swamp FANAC 70 was sent? Hey, Terry, don't you read your own magazine?

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What with no cover this time there is no contents page either. Les Sample has something called "The Psycho Ward" on Page 8. "Things of Fenterest" by a NYC type named Jon White is on page 9. Deckinger, who as Coulson indicates seems to be in all the rooms, has "Parting of the Ways" starting of page 10. One of his mood pieces says Mike. "Unpaid Ads" are on Page 11. England's Dorothy Hartwell contributes "The Telepath" which starts on page 12. Another mood piece more or less. John Baxter is appropriately fannish with "Fan-Fare" which occupies page 14 among others. Page 17 is the start of the lettercol. Some good ones this time, too. "Spiritual Thoughts on Fandom" ghost-written by F. Towner Laney is on page 30.

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Except for some artwork (have patience, Maggie, it will show up one of these days) the material file is now empty. So how about putting something in the pot? Articles, essays humor, etc. concerning science fiction, fantasy, fandom, and related subjects are needed. Fiction? Maybe. If it is good and catches me in the right mood.

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There have been several inquiries as to who is "Angeleno". I'll let you speculate for a while. Art Rapp knows.

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The country has reason to be concerned about the outflow of gold. Consider all those unrecovered gold-plated satellites zoomin' around up there.

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A former California teacher turned ecdysiast recommends that other teachers could increase their income by becoming exotic dancers.

And that should do a lot towards increasing attendance at school, too.

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I have a report that rock-and-roll will soon take its place as true folk music. In case you care. I don't.

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I figured that I had a pretty good hook last time with the quote from Phillip Lee Ralph. Seemingly I figured wrong. The reaction, to it has been quite small. Most LoCs didn't even mention it. Guess I'll have to dig out another one.

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Happy birthday, Chrystal.

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THE PSYCHO WARD

being a sort of column by

LES SAMPLE

The name which this sports was conceived for definite reasons -- no, it has nothing to do with Bloch's book. It's like this: the Army (ecchhh!) is sending me through this course in neuropsychiatry to enable me to become competent enough to work with mental patients in an army hospital for the remainder of my three year term of enlistment. No wise cracks about patients having an adverse effect on my mind, or vice versa. But there seems to be some doubt among the majority of personnel in this class as to whether their fellow students are not more qualified to become patients rather than psychiatric technicians. This theory was somewhat borne out by the fact that several nights ago a number of guys came back to the barracks after the movie and found their beds missing. They were hidden in such diversified places as the baggage room, fire escape, etc. One bunk was, quite disconcertingly, hanging from the rafters. Ghu only knows how it got there.

Needless to say the victims retaliated against suspected tormentors as soon as possible. The next night many beds were found, upon occupancy, to be filled with thoroughly crushed cornflakes! And, I might add, quite an uncomfortable sensation that was, too.

One fellow spent fully an hour searching for his footlocker. How it got on the roof is still quite a mystery. Those things are heavy.

So, for the present, I have taken up residence in Company "e"'s psycho ward.

Most of you out there, I presume, recently received a neocruddish thing entitled FAN-TOME, for which I will take the full responsibility. I was aided by several people but since the whole atrocity was conceived in my mind, I feel it is unfair to put such a black mark upon the reputations of others. Which noble sentiment I shall probably regret at a later date.

Anyhow, what I started to say was that I didn't write the poetry. The author, a non-fannish friend, chooses to remain anonymous. At this point I doubt that many of you will stop and ask yourselves why this is so. You will in all probability, sneer and say, "I don't blame him." It's not really that bad, people, I rather liked it myself, besides the perpetrator didn't remain completely anonymous. If you observe closely the quaint little squiggle at the bottom of that particular page you may decipher the writer's initials. And then, again, you may not.

There's a Hyborian Legion for Conan fans, and a Fellowship of the Ring for Tolkien addicts, but what about Oz fandom? If such an organization exists for the followers of L. Frank Baum's creations, I've never heard of it. Anybody interested may contact me at a variety of places. The safest address is 2735 Willingham Drive, Columbia, S.C., from whence all mail will be forwarded to me.

How many Oz books did Baum write, anyway?

Herewith the results of the Sample Letterhack Survey of 1960, being a list of those persons appearing most often in the lettercols of fandom. I think. Most often in the zines I got, anyway. Original intention was to print up a little certificate of honor for each of

the five fans listed, but what with the army and all, I had no chance. The top five are listed below.

Fandom's letterhack of the year -- Harry Warner, Jr.

Second - Les Nirenberg

Third - Bob Lichtman

Fourth - Vic Ryan

Fifth - Marion Zimmer Bradley

'Tis interesting to note that only one femme was among the top five letterwriters quoted in fandom. As a matter of fact there was only one other in the first 20. So where are all our femme-fannes?

Since entering into this psychiatric business, I am no longer called merely such things as atheist, communist, beatnik, and the like. To the list has been added such endearments as paranoid, schizophrenic, psychotic, manic-depressive, and a host of others. I may yet become a member of NFFF.

If Tackett is as keenly observant and intelligent as many fen, you can rest your troubled minds about my next appearance in DYNATRON. Knowing what a great boon I shall be to the circulation and popularity of his zine he wouldn't dare print another issue without me. Would he? Now, see here, Roy....

LES SAMPLE

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Careful, boy, I'm not too keen on trick-cyclists anyway. RT.

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THINGS OF FENTEREST

by Jon White

Prophecy: "My fear of the UNKNOWN was at this point very great. Something ASTOUNDING had occurred." From Lovecraft's "The Rats in the Walls" published in 1924.

AMAZING and FANTASTIC letterhacks often criticize the stories for being hackneyed. They should read their own letters which are written in the same old hackneyed way. All novels receive praise as if they were good by virtue of being novel length. Phooey. Most readers lack the critical faculty necessary to distinguish good stories from bad. Where are the damon knights of tomorrow? (For that matter, where is the damon knight of today?)

If you must collect...go to the second hand book shops and crawl through the stacks (and stacks and stacks) of old books. It takes time but produces gems. I've picked up "The King in Yellow", "The Worm Ouroboros", Arkham House editions, and others for less than 25¢ each. One warning, though: if you are allergic to dust---ahhhhhchooo.

All imaginative literature is fantasy. Science fiction is fantasy with excuses.

JON WHITE

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The inevitable Deckinger

PARTING OF THE WAYS

It's hard to say goodbye to an old man you know you'll never see again.

Very hard.

Hard enough to make you wish there were no parting ever, only a long and lasting and uncompromising friendship.

But this isn't true. Saying goodbye is a necessity, a longing and a desire and a hope fulfilled by a quick handclasp.

The old man who stood looking at me knew it, and I knew it, and I guess if anyone else had come by they would have known it too.

You don't say goodbye easily. I couldn't. I knew I couldn't before I left, and I also knew I had to. I couldn't, and yet I had to, for man and nature are cruel and goodbyes and hellos are spoken without reason or meaning or even care. Whether we care or not doesn't matter--it's done and it's done and it's done and there's always room in infinity for more.

He was old. So old it looked as if the wind and the rain and the snow had collected in him and aged him. Even more than he was. He was old and yet his thoughts, only some of them, a precious few, were new as a morning rain soaking a field.

He was old and yet he would not admit that fact, not even to himself, and perhaps that caused the most harm.

He stood looking at me and his eyes filled with tears and I knew they mirrored mine. He was old, oh so old, yet for a brief instant his agedness no longer existed and I could see him young once again.

Young as the breezes that blew through the leafy trees and shook in ecstasy.

Young as streams that cascaded along a swollen, dense, parched river bed, seeking the quietness and solitude that merging with the sea had to offer.

Young as the happy, playful laughter of children, echoing within a school, watching with awe as snowflakes begin to fall, faster and faster, and then running out and burying themselves in the white, gnawing coldness that eats with an unsatiated, voracious hunger.

But years slip by quickly, all too quickly when they really mean something, and they do have a meaning. Deeper than the surface residue that collects on an icy road.

He stood there and all at once he was old again. Old as I had known him, and strangely, I was comforted by this. It is not good to watch something you know being swept away, and see it replaced by something you long for. Desire and nostalgia live in the same mind but they can never merge with each other.

Slowly, lightly, and brittle, and gracefully, god, so gracefully, he moved his gnarled, twisted wrist to his forehead and rubbed his skin selfconsciously, for no other reason except he could think of nothing else to do and you just can't stand there like a mindless toy soldier watching everyon else and know that you're being watched, too, and do nothing about it except smile.

And he couldn't smile. Not even if he tried and I knew he would not and I felt proud of him for it.

I couldn't smile either. I couldn't grin or laugh or joke or even talk because what I had to say could not be expressed in words. Words are vehicles of emotions, they are not emotions themselves and can never be, just as thoughts can never be actions.

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He was aged and I was young, he was the tall tree, dying because the younger, hungrier trees had forced him out of existence. His branches were withering and his leaves were drooping and his roots were darting out of the soil, one by one, seeking the quiet and comfort and peace that non-existence had to offer.

I looked deeply into his limitless eyes and saw all the sights he had ever seen, and heard all the sounds he had ever heard, and felt all the emotions he had ever felt. His eyes had recorded well.

He took my hand briefly and gripped it for an instant, not hurting me but bringing me an awareness, breaking the self-imposed stupor.

He lifted his head and looked up into the sky and then he looked down at the ground and never once did he smile the way I prayed he would.

I followed his movements and saw nothing yet I did them because I had to and I knew that I had to.

A sound rumbled in his throat, his neck muscles constricted, but he said nothing as I knew he would.

He looked very sad and suddenly I felt chilly, so chilly that I had to pull my coat up tighter.

Very softly he turned around and opened the door and walked back into his house and said not a sound, as if there was actually anything he could possibly say.

I watched him go and didn't move because, just then, I did not want to. I saw the fire flicker and go out and the ashes appear and then be dispersed by a strong wind.

I turned, too, and I walked away, down a dirty, stone-pocked road, under a cruel, harsh, omnipotent sky, away from a rotting house and an old, old man whom I would never see again.

MIKE DECKINGER

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UNPAID ADS

The object is to test your memory. Identify the story and author from the clues given in the classified ads below. RT

1. A group of my Olympian friends seem to have strayed. They were last seen engaging in a riot in the fish market. If you know their whereabouts please contact Hunter Hawk, Box 1930.

2. Concert tonight. Fresh from his appearances on Kalgan and Siwenna, Magnifico Giganticus will perform on the Visi-Sonor. Haven Hall at 8.

3. For sale: the slightly used body of an idiot. Current resident returning to own continuum. Will include instructions on how to light fire without matches. Selena LeNormand Lister, Cloud Mesa.

4. Lost: England, Europe, and presumably all other land in the Northern Hemisphere. Reward for information on the whereabouts of the nearest port. Captain Hayes, SS York Castle.

5. I need the following to complete a time machine: old water tank, batteries, transistors, wire, aluminum rods, rare earths, a tobacco can and a skinny cat. Ship unassembled as it has a tendency to implode. Theodore Mays, Lexington, Ill.

1, "The Nightlife of the Gods" Thorne Smith. 2, "The Mule" Astorov. 3, "To Walk the Night" Wm Sloan. 4, "Ship of Destiny" H.J. Slater. 5, "Time Bomb" Tucker.

THE TELEPATH

I sit alone. That is nothing strange. I usually do. I am different, They say. I sit alone. Why shouldn't I? They often wonder what I think about sitting here in my room all alone. They ask me often. I smile and say nothing. Why should I tell them? They annoy me with their constant questions. It is peaceful here. I hear music, heavenly music, coming from the open window. The air is heavy with the scent of a thousand flowers heavy with the heat of many summer days. No wind. On a day like this a wind would spoil everything. They are back. They want me to go with them. I am content here, I do not wish to move. Why, oh why don't they leave me alone? They have gone, given up for a while. Looking out of the window I can see the sun. Hanging heavy and burning in the sky. Glowing, golden-yellow, infinite. How many words can there be to describe the sun? And none of them really end up describing it anyway. Words, what are they? A useless commodity, and pages and pages of them being written. I know stories. I used to write them down. "Immortalize them in print," the publisher said. Words, thousands of them going round in my mind. Immortalize them? Books are as mortal as man. Man is not important. And, as with so many destructive things, like bombs and cars, words are man-made. So I don't write any more. They told me the papers and periodicals talked about "the loss of a great writer" but if they came to me, I would tell them stories. Tell them, and in their minds I would paint pictures, in a way that words could never do. But they come to me and their minds are afraid to open to me. Words, why do they keep on about it? There are a hundred million different ones. One man cannot talk to another without knowing his language. I have one of my own, a language without words. Ah, the sunset. As the sun goes down the clouds become black and heavy. The gold sunset; the pink sunset. The black clouds. They form shapes that they haven't got during the day. See that one! Like a---no, it is gone now. A light wind has sprung up and is playing with the clouds. Pushing and pulling them into different shapes. I can do that with my mind. I do sometimes. But tonight I am content to let the wind do it for me. I like the night best. Then it is silent, and silence is golden. They say that often. They laugh when they say it but I know how true it is. In the night the thoughts of the city come to me. I can be with them, one of them, a part of each of them, although they are not aware that I am with their every thought. A part of them again, in the way I was before. Alone. And loving it. That is something they can't understand. They put a typewriter in front of me and tell me to write stories the way I used to. I write. Yes. I write like this:

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I want to be
alone. Why
do you keep
on at me? I
have found the
only way to
communicate
with people.
Please leave
me alone.

I write like that, down the side of the page. It gives Them some-
thing to think about and they write "regressed" but that is just a word,
too. I just don't talk any more, that's all. A telepath. Perhaps.
But that, too, is just a label. I can read thoughts. That's all.

The night is so wonderful. I hear a train whistle shrieking as
the train rushes across the city. The thoughts of the people mingle
and are indistinct. But there are other thoughts.

The sigh, unspoken, comes to me, from a girl with her lover. Her
thoughts are crystal clear, but somehow I feel that I am almost eaves-
dropping on people who love. But their thoughts are strong. I am sad,
for they bring back bitter-sweet memories of my own lover.

The night is wonderful. The stars, a million million miles away,
seem near and close, and the moon hangs low. I would like to be out on
this night, just walking, and letting the thoughts of the city sweep
over me, but They wouldn't let me go. They keep me here locked up all
the time. At times like these I almost hate them.

Not all the night is wonderful. Other thoughts come. The thoughts
of men drinking in the bars, the thoughts of drunken men reeling home,
the cruel twisted thoughts of a man beating his wife, the wail of the
prisoner in the jail. The sad thoughts of those who have lost their
loved ones. These come to me too.

Sighing, I close the window for the midnight air is cool. But this
doesn't stop the thoughts coming to me. Sometimes I am afraid at the
thoughts that come to me, but mostly I am sad for I cannot find another
like me. I have searched. All day and all night. There are no others.
I am really alone.

I have been here a long time. I do not know what this place is.
I do not care. All I want is to get away from Them but they keep me
well guarded. Why, I wonder, do so many people want to know the secret
of being able to read another's thoughts? It is not a good thing. The
thoughts always come to you. There is no rest from them except in
sleep. And in sleep there are dreams.

I am getting old. I know that. I know from the woman my mirror
shows me. I am old and tired. Tired of questions and questions. I
would like to paint pictures in their minds, and they would never for-
get them. But they are afraid. I have read their thoughts. They are
afraid and yet curious. The human being is a strange thing.

It is dawn now. The birds begin to awake, the dew lies wet on
the grass and flowers. Another long day begins for me.

I sit alone.

And watch the sun come up.

DOROTHY HARTWELL

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Here approaches John M. Baxter with the suggestion that perhaps not all of science-fiction's troubles are due to bad advertising and distribution. John offers the opinion that stf really hasn't been sold to the public in the streamlined manner of such other necessities as soap, cars, and bheer. John suggests that what is needed is a television show designed to revive the public -- and fannish -- interest in stf; a show like:-

FAN - FARE

A 30" CBS Presentation

Our program opens with some futuristic credits, looking like rocket ships and other more esoteric items, but actually representing the combined work of a large team of psychologists, who were directed to invent a set containing inferences popular to the fannish mind. The trained eye will detect more phallic symbols than anything else - but this is beside the point. After a long look at the credits we hear the exuberant voice of an announcer, thus:

"IT'S FAN-FARE, THE SHOW FOR SLANS....and here to present it is your genial host, JOLLY JOE FAN."

The audience roars and we cut to the studio where a jovial looking gentleman in propellor beanie, baggy jumper, dirty corduroy slacks, and sneakers is holding up a languid hand to quiet the ovation of the multitude.

"Thank you, thank you, fans and femmes, not forgetting (he smiles unctuously at the camera) all you people out there in trufanland. We have a great show lined up for you tonight. Great. But first, a word from our sponsor."

Fade in a cartoon commerical featuring some sexy Rotsler bems doing a can-can. Five adenoidal females sing a jingle somewhere off camera:

ASF is out today.
Cheers! Woooopee! Hip Hip Hooray!
Buy a copy, don't be shy,
Read of rocket ships and psi.
If you're in a mental fog
Clean your mind with ANALOG.

Cut back to the studio where Jolly Joe Fan says, "Yes, folks, ANALOG is out today, with stories by Dr Norbert Weiner, Dr Henry Van Allen and Dr Werner von Braun, among many others. Read editor John W. Campbell's article, "Fooled You, Didn't He?" where he reveals that the articles by Isaac Asimov on Thiotimoline, thought by most to be spoofs, are really authentic case histories of the influence of psionics on chemical experiments. All this, and much more, in the August issue of ANALOG SCIENCE FACT AND FICTION, out today. On sale at all University Libraries, chemical supply houses, and other scientific institutions."

Jolly Joe now introduces the musical portion of the program. The first artist is a folk singer going under the name of "Jest Plain John" but who looks suspiciously like a certain Indiana fan, somewhat disguised, of course. A tragic figure in dirt-stained overalls and red flannel underwear, he shuffles out to where a stool stands pinned in a spotlight, sits down, spits accurately between the cameraman's shoes, and begins to sing, dolefully accompanying himself on a battered guitar. After singing "I Got Them Old Gafia Blues", "Jesus Christ", and an unintelligible but presumably authentic dialect ballad, he scratches himself, spits again (less accurately) and shuffles off, to the cheers and whistles of the studio audience.

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The compere returns. "Man, wasn't that somethin'? Now, for the more energetic fans, we have that very popular group, "The Rocker-teers" led by Crazy Craig Cochran and featuring Jumpin' George Wells on the vocals." Pan to a group of long-haired guys in spangled space suits and globe helmets. While the musicians sweat manfully behind him, one individual steps forward and begins to sing. Unfortunately, he has forgotten to take off the space helmet which steams up inside, and, when he eventually removes it, one can surmise that all the noise in such a confined space has deafed him. After a frantic rendition of "You Ain't Nuthin' But a Fake Fan", leader Cochran treats viewers to a souped-up version of the overture from Mussorgsky's "Oedipus Rex" retitled, for this performance, "Rex's Rock."

Straight cut to a commercial: a sercon fan in white lab smock points dramatically towards the camera. "Has your zine," he asks, "become irregular? Then try 'Fan Bran' the tasty way to good health. Nine out of ten BNFs use 'Fan Bran'. Hear what one prominent fan, Alan Dodd, has to say about this wonder product." Film clip of Dodd sitting before a pile of just-stapled zines. "Once I was tired, listless," says Dodd in an Oxford accent. "I hated pubbing and CAMBER came out on an ever-lengthening schedule. Other fans started to make jokes about me, and I retaliated with floods of quote cards which earned me a reputation for visciuousness and lack of faaanish ghlood humor. Gafia was near. But then Ella Parker told me how 'Fan Bran' had helped her and ORION to become regular, and I decided to try some. Now, like Ella, I am a happy, contented, regular pubber, thanks to wonderful 'Fan Bran'." Cut to studio announcer: "You, too, can be a happy regular pubber if you use 'Fan Bran'. And remember - to every purchaser of the big new economy size goes the latest issue of 'Amazing Stories' and a full-length pinup of Cele Goldsmith. Get your 'Fan Bran' TODAY."

Jolly Joe Fan reappears. "Well, viewers, it's time for the quiz portion of our program, where some lucky fan has the opportunity to win a marvelous prize by answering one simple question. Bjo, bring on today's contestant."

Bjo, clad in a few scraps of futuristing this-and-that, drags a terrified neo into camera range. Clutching his beanie in sweaty hands the neo stares, hypnotized, at the camera lens.

"What's your name, son?" asks Jolly Joe Fan.

"John....John Brown, sir."

"Brown?"

"Yes sir. I know it isn't very fannish, but I try to dress it up by spelling it 'bRoUUn'".

"Ahem. Yes. Well...er...John, I'm going to ask you a simple question on general knowledge. If you give the correct answer, a fine prize is yours. Now, John Brown, can you tell me the real name of BNF and well-known writer, Bob Tucker?"

"Uhh, Harlan Ellison?"

"RIGHT!" Jolly Joe Fan leaps into the air. "I can see you keep well up on current fan news. Yes, only last week it was revealed that for all these years Mr Ellison has been leading a double life, aided by an extremely clever set of rubber masks, elevator shoes, and other subterfuges. Congratulations, John, and here is your prize -- a life-size

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working model of the Dean Drive, guaranteed by John W. Campbell to produce a non-directional thrust of up to 16 lbs per square inch."

Exit a grateful John Brown, shedding furtive tears -- probably of chagrin.

Close up of Jolly Joe Fan. "We'll be back in a minute, folks, but first a word from next week's sponsor."

Shot of a seductive chick looking over the shoulder of a husky phan who is obviously doing some grade-A cuddling out of our sight.

"Femmes," she says, "this message is for you. Is your man losing interest? Does he get more fun out of a LASFS meeting than a cosy session with you? Then try 'Night of Snog' the newest man-trapping fragrance from Matt Fracture, made especially with fandom in mind. You, too, can get your fan, if you use 'Night of Snog.' 'Night of Snog' is available in handy two-pint flagons at your corner drugstore. Remember, 'Night of Snog', the scent that drives fans wiiiild."

Cut back to studio for medium shot of Jolly Joe Fan. "That's the lot for tonight, slans. I hope you enjoyed the show, and that you'll tune in at the same time next week when we'll be featuring those two masters of slapstick, Falasca and Ellison, in a hilarious punning duel. Norm Metcalf and Rich Brown will be on hand with their latest hit, "I Found My Sense of Wonder at Tyndall Air Force Base", and a panel of faneds will discuss "Fakefans I have known" in preparation to the choosing of "Fugghead of the Year." Until then, this is your old fiend and trufan reminding you to K E E P F A N N I N G!" --JOHN BAXTER

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Never let your sense of morals prevent you from doing what is right.
Salvor Hardin

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I'm told that if you were in England and were served what are called "Sally Lunns" you would be eating a sweet cake often served at tea time.

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Provided the tide is low the 19th World Science Fiction Convention, fanamed the "Seacon" will be held in Seattle on September 2-3-4 of this year. 'Tis said that it will be a gala affair and is to be held at the Hyatt House, a "fly-in hotel" which, no doubt, has facilities for fannes arriving from Florida via broom.

Advance memberships go for \$2 made payable to Wally Weber, Treasurer, or to the Seattle Science Fiction Club, and the address is SEACON, P. O. Box 1365, Broadway Branch, Seattle 2, Washington. Overseas memberships are \$1 each.

(Hey, Wally, now that I'm overseas do I get a buck back?)

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Input +
 To the +
 Dynatron +
 ++++++

SIGNAL VOLTAGE

ART RAPP
 FORT BLISS, TEXAS

You mention the big snowstorm. Of all nights in the Southwestern Desert year, we happened to be using that one when the 6-inch snowfall occurred, to run our annual Training Test, which among other things involved a 20 mile blackout road march, emplacing our equipment under blackout conditions, simulating a missile shoot, then march-ordering and moving to another position, emplacing again, and simulating another shoot.

Just to be jolly, as the snow pelted down and froze in great gobbits on the windshield, the windshield-wipers on my 2½ ton truck decided not to work. My driver earned himself a glowing recommendation for promotion by driving the whole 20 miles with his head stuck out the side window and the snow freezing on his steel pot, not to mention his face.

So we emplaced the guidance section in 15 minutes with snow falling so thick that you couldn't see anything; if you stretched your arm out you couldn't see as far as your hand! What mainly slowed us up was that the snow was so deep that if you dropped anything it disappeared instantly. So instead of our normal practice of running cables out to the other vans and dropping them on the ground to be connected up by the other crews, we had to stand around with the cable ends until someone was ready to take them from us.

Owell, we passed the test with flying colors anyhow, the only drawback being that instead of going back to camp early the next day, we had to sit around in the boondocks until midafternoon when Ft Bliss decided that highway 54 was passable for traffic. It was quite an experience: I mean, you haven't lived until you stumble into a snowdrift and discover it conceals a cactus patch!

Your editorial paragraphs on JFK's problems give food for thought. You know, I'm pretty much of a conservative politically; I even manage to agree with some of the viewpoints presented by such fanatics as the American Mercury and the petroleum-magnate-subsidized local Texas radio stations. The only plank in the conservative platform that really irks me is their paranoid assumption that anyone who doesn't want to return to pre-Civil War days is automatically a Communist plotting to overthrow the U.S. I'd like to see both the leftists and rightists free to express their views, and then try to work out a middle-of-the-road compromise. The big obstacle is that neither side seems to be able to conceive of anyone honestly holding an opinion which differs from the stand they happen to take. To the fanatic conservatives, for example, if you favor the UN, you are automatically unAmerican. I imagine that a couple centuries ago people who favored the Continental Congress were accused of being un-Virginian or un-New Yorkian. Well, to be fair about it, we have to admit that the Continental Congress didn't have to put up with Russian or Cuban delegates!

I dunno about EdCo's Ocelot Fandom: milkshakes are pretty tame compared to bheer -- and where will they find an equivalent to the helicopter beanie? I imagine there are plenty of N3F types among cat lovers, tho.

Speaking of one-shots, I wonder if Ed remembers that classic one called ARP, in which he, Rick Sneary, and I tried to convince the N3F that it should adopt an Activity Requirement Plan to eliminate deadwood from their membership. They didn't, but they did elect the 3 of us to office in the club, and we pretty nearly turned into an active organi-

RAPP, cont'd zation before we gave up.

Alan Burns makes demonology sound pretty innocuous. I wonder if he's ever read "The Hell-Fire Club" or other accounts of what went on at real devil-worship ceremonies? They were definitely not affairs to which you would invite Aunt Matilda. Classical demonology was a reaction against religious repression of sexual impulses and the black-mass boys sort of went overboard in the other direction!

HABAKKUK has gone pretty exhaustively into this "free-loaders vs the working class" kick. The surprising thing is how conservative and conventional the attitudes of the majority of fans turned out to be. After all, at a casual glance fandom seems to be (to an outsider) a collection of eccentrics and dreamers, just the sort of crowd which you'd expect to sneer at the concept of working for a living.

Art Hayes' letter prompts me to observe that what science fiction needs is an aggressive advertising agency that would, for a bulk fee, place an advertiser's ad in all the different prozines now being published. There are services like this for weekly newspapers, and trade magazines; it would not only help the prozines to survive by increasing their advertising revenue, it would be a profitable enterprise for some fan with enough knowledge of the publishing ropes to operate such a service. Larry Shaw, Ray Palmer, you other out-of-work ex-editors, are you listening? Look at what advertising makes possible in the way of a 35% POPULAR SCIENCE or a 25% MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED! And even if the hardware merchants didn't consider stfreaders a suitable audience, the electronics and scientific-equipment manufacturers ought to -- and, since most of them are operating on government contracts and are able to charge off their advertising as part of production costs, they are not at all particularly concerned about whether people who read their ads are going to rush out and buy anything from them or not. If, in this roundabout way, our taxes subsidize TIME and SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, why not ANALOG and AMAZING, too?

#Don't complain, Art, just think of all the good winter training you now have. It may come in handy someday if you get tossed out into the cold cruel world in the dead of winter. Or you may want to join Rip Schultz in his plan to live off the country in the north woods. #To the real fanatic conservative the favoring of a federal government of any type stamps you as unAmerican. Some of the people I talked to in the south would like to abolish Washington, DC, altogether. You have a point there about the Cuban delegation. It's a job to clean up all those chicken feathers. #Headgear for ocelot fandom: I recall some knitted caps with pointy ears and cute li'l cat faces on them. Just the thing. #I gather there are quite a few people playing at witchery and demonology these days in a mild, expurgerated sort of way. Methinks they would be quite shocked at the real ritual. #Despite outward appearances fen are, on the whole, a pretty savvy group genuinely concerned with the social structure of the society and not given to being stampeded with crackpot schemes. They would see the ultimate outcome of continued support of the free-loaders. #More advertising would certainly be a help to the prozines and stfreaders are a natural audience for aviation, electronic and scientific ads. If Shaw, Palmer, et al, are

listening then they are reading over someone's shoulder as they sure aren't on the mailing list. Lessee, I have in hand the Nov50 SUPER SCIENCE which, out of a total of 132 pages, carries just about 20 pages of ads. Of course, these are typical pulp ads: "operate your own business", "Nervous Stomach", "Train your voice", etc., and I don't suppose they brought in too much in the way of revenue but it must have been a bit of help. I don't mind the advertising if it helps to bring the price of the zine down to a reasonable level. #Hmrrrrrr. I quote from Taurasi's column: "The present war situation has begun to affect science-fiction fandom. Superactive fan Arthur H. Rapp has joined the U. S. Army. Art, of course, will have to drop all fan activities. These include the publication of his monthly magazine, Spacewarp; Official Editor of The National Fantasy Fan, organ of the NFFF; numerous other publications for other organizations, plus a large amount of letter writing. It will take several fans to fill the vacuum created by Art's joining the Armed Forces." RTJ

RICHARD BERGERON
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

The cover idea on the new DYNATRON is very good but (I hate to say it) think what Atom could have done with the idea! :: Your ramblings were wel-

comed although I have no particular comment I want to make. I like to see an editor writing a good share of his own magazine. It takes a lot of enthusiasm to pull the trick off -- most editors are so lazy -- and a person with that much enthusiasm will generally have an interesting magazine. I'm surprised tho that little of this material seems as serious as your letters to Wrhn. Do you bring a different attitude to bare on your editorial material? :: Pelz and I have been losing points on the Pillar Poll by lecturing SAPS against the practice you pick up at the bottom of page 9. Why did you have to ramble in there to fill up those four random lines of stencil? Cox's article certainly could have filled the space. In SAPS people hesitate to start a mailing comment on a new title that near the bottom of the page (as if there was some built-in slight!) and proceed to fill up the space by telling what they're wearing, listening to, eating, or when they last went to the bathroom. Somehow it tends to lose its impact when used repeatedly.:: Ed's column was enjoyable. He fails to mention the super line of Goojle Pubs in his summation of one-shots.:: I had to raise an eye-brow over your remark that Wrhn is "pubbed for SAPS and fortunate is he who gets a copy." There's nothing restricted about the circulation of Wrhn. Each masthead states that it's available for comment to non-members, which is as broad a circulation as the traffic will bare. and with the addition of "The Harp That Once Or Twice" it's now available on subscription for those who don't care to write letters of comment but still want to see the Harp.

~~X~~No, I don't particularly shift the emphasis between letters and editorial material (although I will admit that on the whole I find most things amusing when I should consider them seriously) it is just that I haven't yet run anything as generally serious as the material that appears regularly in Wrhn. If serious material comes in I'll run it with appropriate comment. As for the cover (Standard LoC: Zine OK, Cover awful) I keep hoping some kindhearted artist (Bjo? Simpson? Bergeron?) will come to my rescue--on stencil. #I stand corrected on the circulation of Wrhn. RT~~X~~

BETTY KUJAWA
SOUTH BEND, IND.

Enjoyed the report on your westward trek--ain't driven thattaway in ages now. Know full well about those "speed-trap" towns--we got 'em too.

Yes--on Laos--when I read of it and got your lil news sheet of your change in residence and your future moving to Japan I thought immediately of you. (Now that's a stupid remark! When I hear from you who should I think of -- Wally Weber?) If I may get serious for a bit and not sound too corn-ball about it--I do hope that you won't be involved in any war stuff in Laos. Sounds like a helluva spot for fighting to begin with--jungles and all--whooosh!

Dunno if you caught this--was in the paper this week--and I still have not formed an opinion or stand--but the news is as follows: "Bologna, Italy (AP) A group of Italian scientists claims to have achieved human fertilization in a test tube repeatedly and to have kept one embryo alive for 29 days....the doctor said the embryo had been destroyed because it became deformed as it grew...."

This hit me strangely--this is human life they are kidding (oops, sorry, that sounds said) tampering with--not "creating" life but at least starting an honest-to-god human being along its way. And it kinda gets me--you know??? Sure, so far they have no way to keep it alive till "birth" but for five years now the article says they have taken sperm and ova and started things going. IS there a moral responsibility here involved? When does an embryo or foetus become, in the eyes of the law and public conscience, a fellow human that's being tampered with. It didn't ask to be started and if we look on human life as something sacred or like that--well.....?

Your QUOTED FOR COMMENT finds me in agreement with Mr. Ralph--like you I can find no argument with his statement--now watch you get tons of logical arguments proving us all wrong.

If you think of Wally Weber when you hear from me it may be that you are comparing DYNATRON to CRY to the detriment of DYNATRON no doubt.....Almost anyplace is a hell of a spot for fighting be it jungles or city blocks. Which, for no apparent reason recalls the two soldierly types crouching in a foxhole somewhere or other. "It's a helluva war," the first commented. "Yes," said his companion, "but its better than no war at all." Obviously a Heinleiner.#I had missed that item. Glad you brought it to my attention. It presents a problem which contains all sorts of ramifications. Legally, I suppose (I don't know for sure, perhaps someone else can furnish enlightenment on this point) the foetus doesn't become a human being until it is actually born. The church, of course, considers it human from the moment of conception. In the Christian community there will no doubt be a great hue and cry against this type of experimentation which will lead to its being stopped. In other parts of the world it probably can be carried on without any particular qualms over the moral issue involved. I am inclined to think that a lot of useful knowledge can be obtained from the experiments. Knowledge which will be for the betterment of the race. (For the benefit of all rabid pro and anti integrationists I mean human race.) The most surprising thing is that these experiments are conducted in Italy--a nation so closely tied to the Catholic Church which definitely frowns on this type of thing. RT#

LES SAMPLE Thanks for printing my new address but 'tis
FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEX. sad to announce that it has changed again.
#Pvt William L. Sample, RA14737569, Co "E", 1stBn, MFSS, BAMC, Fort
Sam Houston, Tex., is the last I had from Les. He indicated another
change within 3 weeks so by now is probably at Walter Reed or some
such. Where are you, boy? RT# Like the zine muchly. All is interes-
ting. Most is amusing. The cover I don't like.

That Weights and Measures Conference is really farcical sounding. Sure its not some kind of hoax?

WHERE IN HELL CAN I GET A COPY OF "THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR"?

I do not read ANALOG any more. Neither do I read GALAXY. AMAZING will win the Hugo for the best pro-mag of 61. They weren't quite good enough to take the honors for 60 in Seattle come September. F&SF will win again.

The Weights and Measures Conference was no hoax. The new standards were adopted for precision measurements in electronics, rocketry, etc. Just shows what can be done by slanting a news item. # I think I may specialize in fiction such as "Seepage" and "Witchwork". Reading to leave you frustrated. # F&SF the best in 1960? Maybe. Not in my book. #Fmz reviews are a problem. Most of the zines have been read by everyone anyway. But now that the prozines have dropped their listings an occasional run down seems necessary to keep an awareness of new entries. RT#

Well, well, up to page five and nothing to comment on yet--just little nods and smiles, and "that's good" or "he's right, there" or "that's a reasonable attitude", but a quick peek forward and my eye lights on the note that "a half-page note gets you dropped" so maybe I'd better pad a little. (Do you measure from the top of the paper or the first line of typing?)

EdCo seems a little less EdCoish than usual, but then I'm not familiar with his writing in such a serious mood. Speaking of other fandoms, the LASFS has recently come across one which deserves to be spelled with and upper-case F -- a whole batch of eager youngsters who write goshwow letters to the editors of sf-type comic books, have regular club

FITCH, cont'd. meetings and publish their own necto and ditto fanzines.
Urk!

The fine art of the one-shot is not dead, I think, but certainly is in abeyance; it is too deeply rooted in the fannish personality ever to die. From the early T'ang era when a group of poets would get together to drink rice wine, listen to the rain on the banana leaves outside the window, and compose long poems, each writing a line to complete the previous couplet and adding another ending with a word nearly impossible to find a rhyme for, and passing the scroll around the table, followed by the bottle, until the early hours of the morning; to the days when Franklin set up his press at Passy and printed little things by and about distinguished visitors; to the great Burbee one-shot sessions at the LASFS in the 50s (I guess they were great, I've never seen a product of one of them); to the sort of fabulous fannish classic which could have been put out at the LASFS new years party, were it not for the fact that everyone was too interested in getting drunk; Ghu willing there will be a couple of good one-shots this year!

I'm not sure that our civilization would collapse if the small core of pure scientists were removed, as Phillip Lee Ralph suggests. We certainly would stop progressing in a certain direction, but we might very well make some much needed progress in other directions. There's an old tradition of letting one's fields lie fallow every seventh year, and it might be a good idea for us to stop once in a while to consolidate our gains in order to prevent indigestion. How's that for mixing metaphors?

Re fanzine reviews, someone who publishes regularly and frequently should at least list all the fnz as they come out. FANAC is the logical source of such information.

#Comic book fandom: As Marley L Gastonwho? suggests there is a nucleus there for future stf fans. I think that the comic book fans will eventually be ~~shattered into~~ lead into the path of enlightenment. (Eh?) # Our civilization is so constituted that it must keep progressing and so there is definite need for the continued output of the pure scientist. I fear that should our ever-increasing technology stop its forward progress the whole unweildy mess would soon collapse. Maybe we would progress in other directions (sociologically and psionically?) but the most immediate result would be chaos. #Agree that FANAC is the logical spot for fanzine listings. As mentioned above there should be some sort of monthly checklist of fmz. No need to be detailed, a listing of title, address, and price, and perhaps a notation if the zine is a new one.

Memo to T. CARR: Make the above an official type suggestion for you to consider when you get your personal matters straightened out and back onto a regular schedule. RT

CRAIG COCHRAN
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZ.

CRAIG COCHRAN
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZ.

Giving a traffic officer a percentage of the fines is absolutely unlawful. At least it would be if I had anything to say about it. The cop then just thinks about himself and will arrest a lot of people who broke no laws at all. And its almost certain they won't let you by with a warning.

of Anniliads or something.
Huh? Yes. Well...The above was brought to you through the courtesy of DYNATRON, the magazine that has something for everyone. Remember, eventually you will read about it in DYNATRON, the fanzine that is undecipherable in West Virginia.

REDD BOGGS
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Like many of the so-called "letter substitute" type fanzines these days, Dynatron continues to grow and is already bigger than many a regular subscription type fanzine of yore. Gee, I remember the time when letter substitutes ran only 2 pages long, and no fanzine ever ran more than about 24 pages except when an anniversary came along. Careful, dad, you'll date yourself and have all the young neos doing homage to your long and faded beard. RT

Incidentally, I believe it was in the second issue that you remarked that you didn't foresee a day when there would be a two-party South as long as one of the parties would be labeled Republican. While this remark wasn't necessarily the conservative type comment I was referring to, I couldn't disagree more. Surely nothing is more inevitable than a two-party system in the south. The day must come, and in the near future, when the national Democratic party has to jettison the Dixiecrat wing of the party for good, and the splinter group thus formed will either have to align themselves with the Republicans or join them formally. As you say, Republican is still a nasty word south of Mason-Dixon and there'll probably be a period where the Dixiecrats try to maintain their separate identity, but sooner or later -- unless the whole aspect of American politics changes -- the southern conservatives will find themselves where they belong, in the once-hated Republican party. Third parties don't do much good in America and probably can't survive too long even in the provincial south.

Some three dotted comments on #3: "What's "TAD"? On the next page I puzzled a long time over "SFG" but I finally figured that out. "TAD" probably refers to temporary duty, but what's the "A" for? Attached, maybe. ... It's surprising to find a machine infested with vombs after

fact, though. The two factions may quibble and harass each other most of the time but come election time and they close ranks. (For most of the party anyway; there are some dissenters on both sides.) It is a hard political fact that the two factions cannot get along without each other. Kennedy would have lost without the support of the south. The south will not abandon the national part because that would mean loss of its seniority privileges in congress. Patronage in both the conservative and liberal wing depends upon both retaining the Democratic label. Unless both the Republicans and the Democrats agree to a realignment the current hydraheaded party organization will continue; it is necessary to remain in power. # Perhaps I do show certain overtones of conservatism-- particularly when I look at my tax bills. However, I don't class myself as a conservative. Neither do I espouse the out-and-out liberal line. Put it this way: you may recall Tom Seidman's proposal in his "Seidman Newsletter" that the government should "guarantee everyone a certain minimum standard of living." I would modify this proposal to the effect that the government should guarantee everyone the opportunity to have a certain minimum standard of living. There, I suppose, I veer from the liberal line which would make this an out-and-out gift while I would expect the individual to make some effort on his own part. # If man gets the chance he'll rule this universe. This is substantiated. Agreed that there may be beings out there who will swat man like a fly and restrict him to his own mudball or exterminate him completely. But they had better be damn good at it. Man has clawed, connived, and butchered his way to being kingpin on this planet and will do the same in space if he can. If not, it will not be for lack of trying with all the ruthlessness, slyness, and trickery the human race is capable of and history indicates that man is capable of a lot of that. # The challenge in the New Mexico election is based on the assumption that residents of federal reservations are not entitled to vote in a state election. Be it noted that all elections, even those for federal officials, are state elections. If this is upheld it will not only knock out the Indian vote but also the vote of members of the armed forces and civil service workers living on federal reservations. (Reverse Heineinism) I don't think the courts will go along with this. # Surely, you get mail from organizations advocating better treatment for the Indians. But this is what can generally be considered in-group material. How much of it do you see in the national press? Or hear from the mouths of national politicians? My complaint about this whole civil rights argument is that it is in a large part politically inspired by people who don't really give a damn one way or the other. They pay lip service to the cause, either for or against, because it means votes. The really sincere believer in civil rights usually gets lost in the shuffle. The so-called "Negro vote" numbers several million and is generally concentrated in what are considered key areas. It pays the politicians to yak it up about Negro rights. The Indian vote, on the other hand, numbers only a couple hundred thousand and is pretty well scattered so not much is said unless it

affects a local outcome as in New Mexico. I will grant you that there are many sincere fighters and believers in the battle for equal rights. I get disgusted with the phoniness and hypocrisy of the great campaigns, though. Especially at election time. # The change in paper size was necessitated by the fact that the smaller size is no longer available to me. # "Underground Movement" appeared in F&SF sometime in 1952. Forget exactly when and the files aren't available. # The spear carriers are a standing army because I haven't figured out a way to get them to sit down. Obviously a bunch of Heinleiners. Write again, Redd, best letter yet. RT.

MIKE DECKINGER The best way to avoid speed traps--and we have them
MILLBURN, N.J. around here too--is to keep an alert eye (and ear)
 out for a pursuing gendarme and when you see one on
your tail you immediately gun the motor. The cop races after you. You
accelerate to 70 and let the cop catch up until he's about 5 feet be-
hind you and gaining ground. Then suddenly you swerve down a side road.
If your timing is good the cop will follow the trail he's on and per-
haps go plowing into a tree or house or something like that. I must ad-
mit it takes practice to master the art, but once you do there's nothing
to worry about.

What grosses me about the inauguration nonsense is the pomp and formality attached to it. I don't think I've ever heard anything as nauseating as the songs dedicated to Mrs Kennedy and Mrs Johnson. I'd repeat the lyrics here but someone might be eating.

I dislike athletics and sports strongly, both as a participation and as a spectator sport. Nothing bores me more than football. It's humorous, in a pitiable way, to see hords of people in large baseball or football arenas yelling and shouting and screeching madly like a pack of frightened hyenas. I also am not too fond of the manner in which these sport events take up so much time on tv. I don't watch it too often, but it seems that whenever I want to, there's also some damned game on.

It's really surprising just how "other fandoms" are interrelated with this fandom. I think you'll find that every fan in sf fandom also has some interest in one or two others. I'm a member of Motion Picture fandom and film theme fandom myself.

Certainly sex and stuff mix, Art Rapp. As a matter of fact, sex mixes with just about everything you can bring up. Who's complaining?

You can practice your hotrod tactics if you want to, Mike, but I grow too cautious in my old age. Besides, all you are doing is increasing the tax burden what with having to buy new motorcycles and all. # You want to hear nauseating songs? Try listening to a juke box sometime--or AM radio. RT#

ED MESKYS
BROOKLYN, N.Y. Re "Starship Troopers", I read the first half of the F&SF version and the whole book version. In the former the only bit of sf was the opening scene and I griped about the lack of stf in the novel. However, the 2nd half did have enuf. I liked the book as a whole and after considerable thot chose it over "Sirens of Titan" when it came to the Hugo voting. But you are the first to say in print something I've been pointing out in LOCs to every fmz which discussed the book--you DIDN'T have to be in the military to earn your franchise--you just had to do something to serve your country.

MESKYS, cont'd Ghoo d ghrief! The newsletter ~~X~~Dynatron Newsletter sent out to announce my address change. RT~~X~~ reads like SFTIMES. Or rather, a hybrid of SFT with FANAC! (Can you imagine such a combination?)

EdCo was most interesting. I'll have to give a high priority to his SAPSZINE. The only "Advt" I got was the 1st and then I was wrong on the author. Rapp was, as usual, very good. He's appearing almost as frequently as Deckinger. "Witchwork" was fairly well written but inspired no comment. Nor did, for that matter, "Quoted for comment" except for a tentative agreement.

~~X~~That is the point I was trying to make about the society delineated in "Starship Troopers", that military service was not the only way to earn citizenship. Most fan writers have overlooked this as they condemn the society as "militaristic". Of course, this was the primary method presented in the novel which was written from the point of view of a soldier. RT~~X~~

~~XXXXX~~

MIKE McINERNEY I agree that large size format might help but there is
MERIDEN, CONN. no guarantee that it would! FU changed to large size with eye catching covers and, in fact, everything you mentioned except good stories. So this would seem to indicate that in order for a mag to survive, it must have good stories with that elusive sense of wonder in them. Big size is not enough.

~~X~~No argument about the necessity for good stories, however, you cannot use FU as an example. It folded because the entire company failed so the experiment is incomplete. I'd like to see someone else try it. RT~~X~~

~~XXXXX~~

PAUL SHINGLETON, JR. I do wish you hand't recommended "The Seventh
DUNBAR. W. VA. Day." I still say this is a putrid book. The local paper reviewed it and liked it. I wrote a nasty letter to the reviewer telling him he was nuts and saying that the book stunk. Needless to say he wrote back that I was full of... balderdash.

Edco's item was interesting. Cox' ramblings fascinate me. He can make interesting the stupidest things!

My Ghu...Rapp isn't kidding is he. I mean, well...yea. I remember reading a story of "after the Russians win the final war"...in a man's magazine about s~~x~~ix months ago. It was about s~~x~~ix pages long and consisted of nothig but s~~x~~ex. (Ghudammit, I can't get anything right).

Is it not a lot of work to go ~~X~~ each time a comment pops up? Would not ~~X~~herewith followed a variety of parenthetical examples. RT~~X~~ be simpler..or something? I mean fans are supposed to be lazy and that darn well doesn't look lazy to me. Green paper and that green ribbon is weird. Green on green. Ogg.

~~X~~Well, it takes four strokes to produce that thing plus back-spacing. But I've more time than anything else these days. RT~~X~~

~~XXXXX~~

And that, he sighs, just about wraps it up for thish. The page count ran a bit higher than I had intended. Have to apply the editorial blue pencil more liberally next time. If you're not in the letter col it's because I'm in Japan and your letter is in Albuquerque. The next issue should be out come June or July or possibly sooner. Meantime write and send tapes and like that. Like, you have to keep up the morale of our boys in the service and all that.

~~XXXXX~~

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