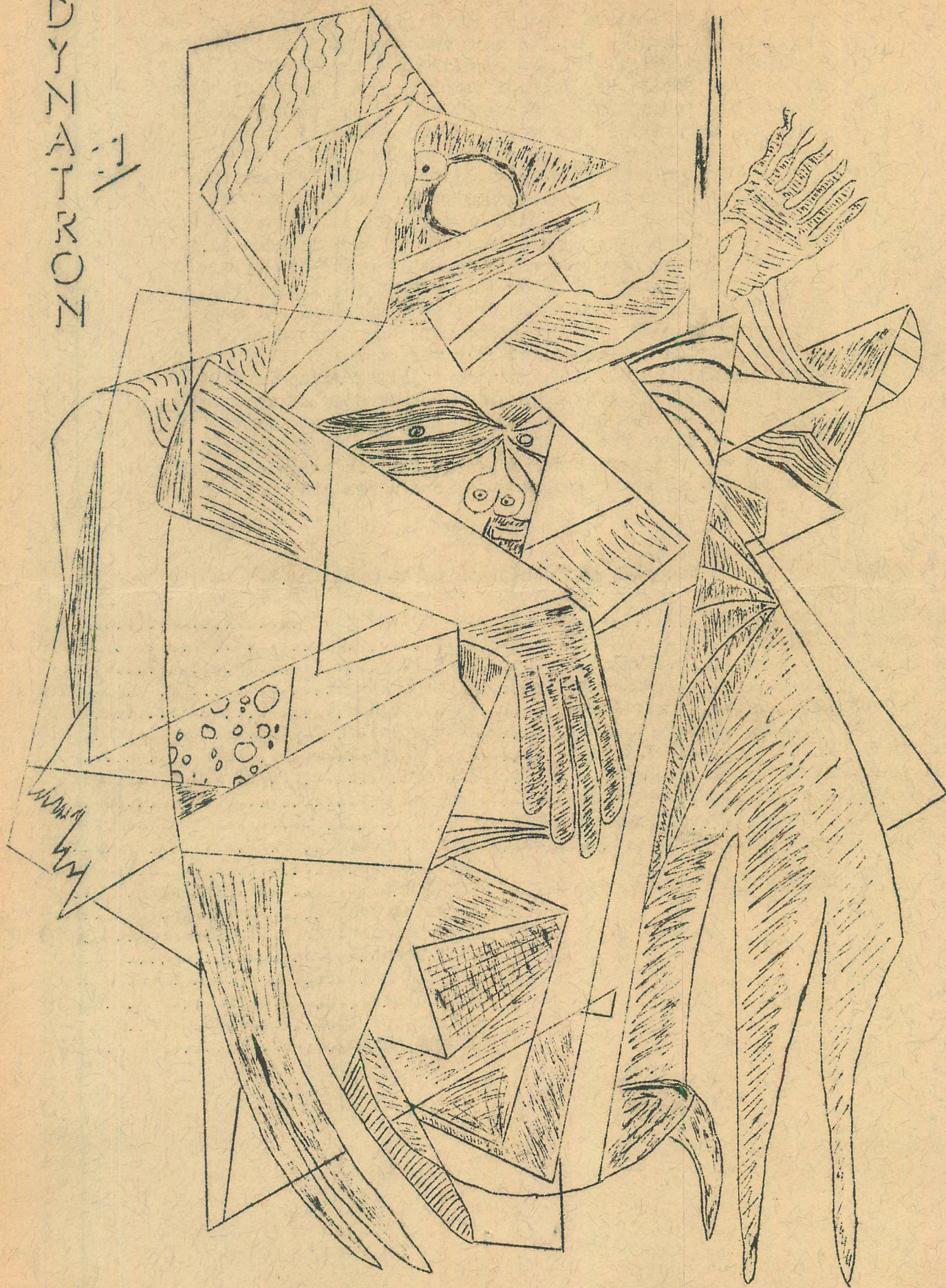


DYNATRON

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In 1946 I was stationed in what Walter Van Tilburg Clark has called "the unfinished land of Nevada." Nevada is one of the less populous states and its main industries, since the mountains ran out of silver, are gambling and the manufacture of radioactive dust. Not being a gambling man I spent my spare time at the poker tables, however, one of the things that has stuck in my memory is the voice of the caller of a game known as Race Horse Keno sounding off the numbers and names of the horses--particularly this fascinating phrase: "E-o-leven, Rowdy Boy." This is e-o-leven DYNATRON and there isn't a thing rowdy about it, not even an argument in the letter section which shows how rough things are in fandom these days.

DYNATRON is produced on a bimonthly basis by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USofA, who figure that yakking about stf and fantasy is as good a way to waste money as any other. People get onto the mailing list in a variety of ways, such as sending fanzines in trade, writing a letter of comment, contributing material for publication, or sending us money at the rate of 15¢ for one and \$1 for eight. If you don't fit into any of these categories then we must have sent you a sample copy in a moment of madness. This is a Marinated publication and if there are no questions let's get on to the

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MAY 1962

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

Rather an appropriate title that. New Mexico, as Redd Boggs will attest, is quite sandy and what with the wind blowing it about and all it sifts right into the house and everything rapidly becomes covered with it, much to Chrystal's dismay. This is one of the drier years (isn't that right, John Paine?), there has been no precipitation to speak of so far this year, and even here in the Rio Grande valley things are getting a bit out of hand. We water the lawn and garden daily but it seems to be a losing battle against the sun which bakes the ground almost as soon as the water stops flowing. Fortunately we have plenty of water although some of our neighbors have found it necessary to deepen their wells this year. This is the result of not only the dry spell but the increasing demand on the available water due to a rapidly rising population. Egad, we moved here from California to get away from vast mobs of people but at the rate Albuquerque is growing we might as well have stayed in San Francisco.

Also writings in the sand are something less than permanent and certainly nothing that appears herein is weighty enough or wise enough to merit being considered as more than writing in the sand--subject to erasure with the next breeze.

I spent the weeks since the publication of the last issue at the Marine air station at Yuma, Arizona, just putting in my time until my retirement date rolled around. There was an air of apprehension about the unit when I reported aboard. Several men who had served under me before were there so my reputation, whatever it may be, had preceeded me. I was scheduled to be assigned as NCO in Charge of the unit but when I explained that I would be there only a few weeks and felt that I shouldn't get too involved in the operation of things there was a general relaxing on the part of all concerned. I ended up assigned no duties at all so spent my last few weeks in the Corps doing not much of anything except reading and marking off the remaining days.

The final day, 30 April, finally arrived and about mid-morning the C.O. called me in, shook my hand, wished me luck, and handed me my orders to inactive duty. After 19 years, 6 months, and 14 days as a practicing Heinleiner I joined the great army of the unemployed and even have an ID card from the New Mexico state employment bureau to prove it.

As of this writing I have a couple of possibilities of employment but nothing definite but keep reading since something may turn up before this is entrusted to the postal department. For the past week I've been working around 915 Green Valley Road NW doing odds and ends such as changing the drive, moving dirt from the high spots to the low spots, generally getting behind in fanac, and managing to reactivate an old lumbar sprain which has given me a decided list to port. Chrystal says she always knew there was something crooked about me but this is ridiculous.

Yuma, Arizona, has little to recommend it except that it was once the site of the Arizona territorial prison, a fact which any follower of TV westerns should know well. The prison is now a museum catering, no doubt, to those same followers of TV westerns. If you will haul out your maps you will find Yuma located in the southwest corner of Arizona just across the Colorado River from California and only a few miles from Mexico. This location puts the town in one of the most desolate desert areas of

all North America. Endless miles of sand and cacti inhabited for the most part by lizards and sidewinders. A hot, dry, windy area where the earth bares its mountain fangs at the clear blue sky and the sky glares back with a blazing, baleful eye.

A barren land, yes, but a rich land when water is available. Water taken from that great artery of the southwest, the Colorado River, is transforming the area. New farms, new orchards, new towns dot the desert all interconnected by a complex network of canals. Bright green oases stand out against the shimmering dun-colored sand.

The Colorado River is a touchy subject in these parts. Seven states, Arizona, Colorado, California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, and New Mexico draw water from this river and its tributaries. So does Mexico. This is a fast growing area. Industry moves to the southwest to take advantage of the climate. So do the farmers. So do the "senior citizens" who find the hot desert sun is kind to their aging bones. All this creates a demand for more and more Colorado River water and bitter squabbles as each of the using states seek a bigger share. There has to be an end to it somewhere for the river is not inexhaustible. That has been learned here in New Mexico where the once mighty Rio Grande is now little more than a creek.

Even so men pursue a course of unthinking stupidity. Above Gila Bend the wells are pumping salt water into the Gila River and the Gila joins the Colorado at Yuma. Below Yuma the Mexicans are complaining. The saline content of the Colorado is making it useless for irrigation and in Sonora and Baja California the crops are dying.

Alliance for progress anyone?

It is lovely to watch the colored shadows on the planets of eternal light.

Yuma is a small town with only a few drugstore newsstands, mostly of minimum size, offering magazines and paperbacks for sale. I made the rounds a couple of times in hopes of turning up something of our favorite literature. The distribution problem in small towns seems to be quite bad. The closest I came to anything of a science fictional nature was overhearing a couple of men discussing the moving of a three dimensional object at right angles to normal space thereby shifting it into the 4th dimension.

I drifted on.



The cartoon on this page and a few others scattered about this is by Gerfan Herbert Weber and was furnished by our man in Pfarrkirchen, Franz Solcher. Danke.

Yes, we've changed typefaces again. Those of you who have the first couple of issues of DYNATRON will recognize this one. This is a Royal portable which I picked up around 1950. The type is somewhat smaller than pica and somewhat larger than elite.

Maxim Jakubowski, 408 Hale End Road, Highams Park E4, London, England, is a young French fan currently studying philosophy in England. In collaboration with another French fan in Paris Max publishes ESPACE and would like articles on SF, sci art, and SF short stories. Here is a chance for you writing and drawing types to be published in French. Send your stuff to Max at the London address.

"I've never seen anything like it before but I'll eat it anyway."

Southern Arizona--or at least Southwestern Arizona--is a conservative stronghold. Possibly due to the high proportion of "senior citizens" among the population. Possibly not. In any event the public information media are about as far right as they can get. The local radio stations carry such as "Know Your Enemy", "The Dean Manion Forum", "Lifeline", etc. These are all highly anti-communist, of course, and that is commendable. Unfortunately, they are also anti almost everything else: the current administration, the previous administration, the Supreme Court, all progressive legislation, income taxes (well, that makes some sense), the UN, and almost anything else that comes to mind. The newspapers are of a similar bent. A while back when the administration proposed legislation to strengthen the Food and Drug Administration the Phoenix newspapers came out in opposition with a sarcastic editorial about the "poor consumer" the gist of which was caveat emptor. There appears to be favorable sentiment for the Birch Society in the area and Mr. Edwin Walker is thought to be a mistreated hero. Please note that I said "Mr" Walker. He's more of a civilian than I am. I'm still in the reserve.

When the March temperatures in Minneapolis were struggling to reach a high of Zero I thought about suggesting to Boggs that Yuma would be a fine place to bake his tired old bones but decided that I'd better not. Ol' Redd would be climbing the walls after reading the newspapers and listening to the radio there for a few days.

This issue's news note: among the latest astronomical pronouncements from the Soviet Union is the statement that Mars isn't really red but only appears that way to us due to the absorption of the blue portion of the spectrum by the Martian atmosphere. No red deserts? Egad! There's ten thousand stiff stories shot to hell. Hmmm. They didn't explain, though, how come we see that blue-green vegetation.

Fascinating the things that a fan observes. I was talked into playing Bingo a few weeks ago. Bingo is a game for which I have no fondness but this was a sort of special occasion. A renewal of old acquaintances as it were. I had run into an old friend who invited me to the game saying that there would be several people I had known before in attendance and this would be a fine way to get reacquainted. So I accepted and it was. We all gathered at one table and played bingo and yakked about people we knew and cussed the caller for not coming up with the right numbers. The games were all for merchandise prizes except for the last one which was a cash jackpot of \$275. Routine for bingo, I guess. However, my eyebrows lifted slightly when the last game was announced (only slightly, mind you, for nothing really surprises me). The woman across from me reached into her purse and removed three or four silver coins which she placed on the table in front of her cards. I noted two or three other women at the table doing the something.

Do you suppose that Fritz Leiber was right in "Conjure Wife" and that these crazy females are practicing a bit of witchcraft when the men aren't looking?

I don't believe that Chrystal does.

P.S. It didn't work anyway--the jackpot went unwon.

DYNATRON's regular columnists are among the missing this time. Expectant-father Edco is fasia what with working 60 hours per week and taking care of Anne after he gets home. Dunno what happened to Len Moffatt. He was to give us a report on the Fanquet which honored Squire Sneary this year. Art Rapp. Well, he's not a regular contributor to these pages but I figured I might as well get the whole CAPA gang into this paragraph. Speaking of which, Chrystal put out the April issue of FIVE BY FIVE since I was stuck off in Yuma and did a most excellent job of it. I'll make a fan out of her yet.

If you hurry you still have time to cast your vote for Ethel Lindsay for TAFF.

That's where my money goes. Did you ever stop to figure out just how much wordage you are getting for the money you spend on sfzines? I did. What set me off was GALAXY's claim that it has more pages than any other zine in the field. It does, of course. It also has the smallest pages of any zine in the field. The number of pages does not, in itself, indicate much of anything. One evening when I hadn't much else to do I did a bit of counting and figuring and came up with the following approximate mess. Bear in mind that these are only approximations and do not take into account space devoted to illustrations, advertisements, etc, all of which reduce the total word count. And if the figures are too approximate for you then figure them yourself--I'm not going through that mess again.

GALAXY averages about 10 words per line and 40 lines per page for a total of 400 words per page and about 78,400 words per issue. ANALOG averages about 12 words per line and has 42 lines per page for a total of about 504 words per page. While ANALOG has only 180 pages, 10 less than GALAXY, the additional 100 words per page gives John Campbell's magazine a total of about 90,700 words per issue. Well, well. AMAZING and FANTASTIC have about 10 words per line and 41 lines per page--about 410 words per page--and your 35¢ buys you 148 pages or about 60,600 words. F&SF manages 12 words per line and 41 lines per page; 132 pages and you get about 64,900 words for your 40¢.

And just to carry this out to the ridiculous end, ANALOG costs you 0.00055 cents per word, GALAXY costs 0.00063¢ per word, AMAZING and FANTASTIC cost about 0.00057¢ per word, and F&SF costs 0.00061¢ per word.

Of course the only thing this proves is that some people will do almost anything to kill time.

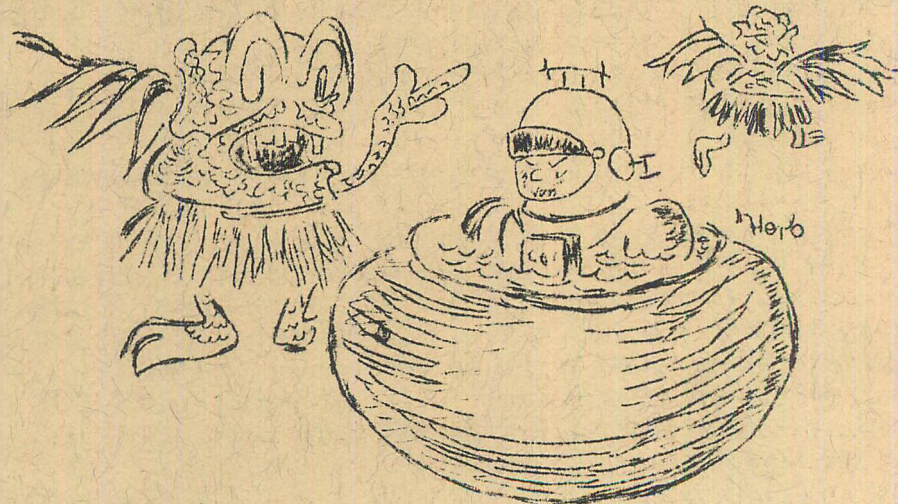
I suppose you know by now that the Fan Achievement Awards are no longer an issue. Since I am primarily a fanzine fan, mostly because I haven't been near any clubs in recent years, I favored the awards because they were designed for fanzine fans. I still think they were a good idea. The awards might have been acceptable if they had been handled differently but George Willick is something less than tactful and pushed hard, albeit somewhat too hard and in the wrong direction, for something that captured his imagination. As a member of the Fan Awards Committee I've had my differences with George Willick and there have been some harsh words between us. However, this I will say for George Willick: when the few nominating ballots had been tabulated and it was obvious that fandom had rejected the idea of the awards, Willick was wise enough not to press the matter any further. The Fan Achievement Awards have been dropped and contributions, so far as is possible, have been returned to those fans who made them. As a former member of a now defunct committee I want to express my thanks for the support of those fans who did submit nominating ballots and contributions.

It was fun while it lasted and, by Ghu, it did stir up a ruckus.

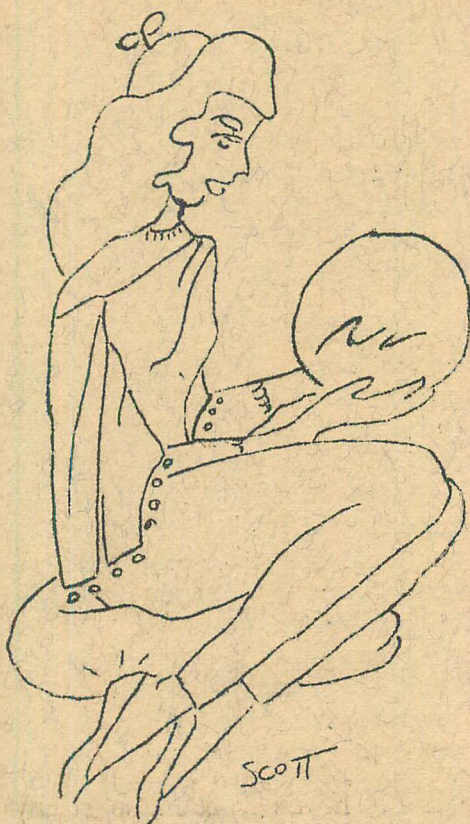
Now that that is out of the way, George, where is PARSECTION?

ROY TACKETT

XXXXX



"Quick, Xuul, bring the can opener."



Crystal

GAZING

I'm flattered by the picture, Pat, but must admit that I am nowhere near that serene looking. Roy says we'll run a photo page Real Soon Now.

A couple of days back I managed to read the newspaper. I do occasionally. I'm one of those people who prefer the morning paper--from years of habit I guess, however, I really shouldn't for if I read something with which I don't agree then it upsets my whole day. However, this time I felt pretty good when I finished the daily news. I read an article about a New York hotelman, Edward Spatz, who has distributed hundreds of credit cards good for a free week at a new hotel he plans to build. He plans to build it on the moon and expects to have it ready in not more than 10 years.

About now I think Roy would welcome a week's stay (all expenses paid, of course) at a moon hotel, what with all the outdoor

work he's been doing since he "retired" from the USMC and arrived home in Albuquerque. The place has begun to take shape and improve in appearance and my poor feet are beginning to improve, too, what with not having to do so much running around on my own. It sure helps to have a strong male-type back around the place. Even one that is slightly strained. It is also a very good feeling to look around at the end of the day and see that something has really been accomplished instead of the little piddlings that got done when I had to do it all myself.

Of course the children have really begun to collect from their father what they felt they had missed during the past years. For the first few days René (just under five) hollered "Daddy" for every little thing. Things that she had been able to do quite well for herself while Roy was gone all of a sudden became impossible for her to do. However, she's getting used to his being around and is getting back to normal. Diana, just under nine, reacted a bit differently. She felt that everything of hers that needed fixing would be fixed immediately and that we could now do everything she has wanted to do. What a shock she is in for. However, it is nice to have a fix-it man around the place once again since just about the time I'd get one thing fixed something else would break. The head of the house has a heavy schedule to follow.

Roy arrived home in time to celebrate his birthday so I was real nice to him. I gave him mimeograph paper as a present which seems to be about the best thing you can get for a fan. I figured that while he was waiting for a job (and he'll probably relish one after the work he's been doing around here) he could get this issue of Dynatron pubbed and into the mail. It gets too hot here to do much outside in the middle of the day so he can work indoors on the fanzine.

Another reason it is good to have Roy home is that perhaps I can take a more active interest in things fannish myself. Up until now there just hasn't been enough time to take care of everything around here, including two yowling daughters, and really take an active interest in fandom. Then, too, the children seem to be potential fans for every time I attempted to write or draw they had to be right in the middle of it. If I wrote a story Dee had to have it read to her and then wanted to

act it out. We seem to be raising another Sarah Bernhardt. Actually she does a pretty good job except when she begins acting silly. Which is often.

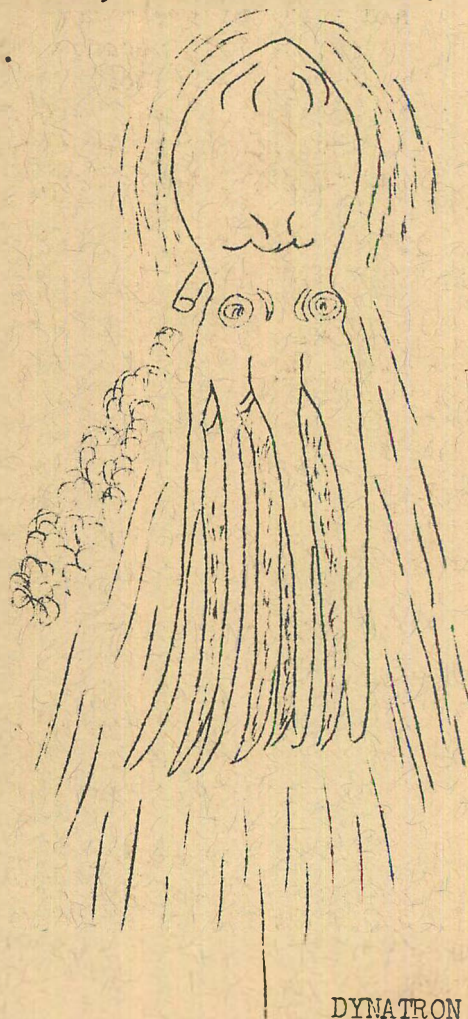
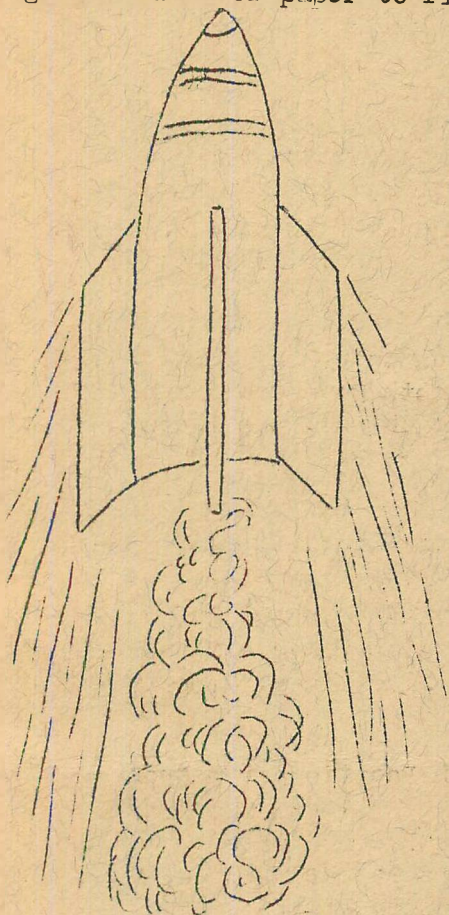
There is one disadvantage in having the great fan himself home--he beats me to the mailbox and gets all the letters and fanzines first and I have to root through great stacks of paper to find out what's new. Still it is rather pleasant to have the desk once again piled high with papers and to have books and prozines and fanzines stacked on every level surface in the place including the ironing board (who wants to iron anyway?) and if visiting coffee klatchers have to shove YANDRO and ANALOG aside in order to find a place to put their coffee cups they are aware at least that the man is back.

I've often wondered why people so often think only of rockets and spaceships whenever SF is mentioned. It must be due to limited education for the field is so unlimited. And most of the people I've talked to lately don't even seem to understand the principals involved in these. The other day I was browsing through a new set of children's encyclopedia we have purchased for the girls and came across the heading "Jet Propulsion and Sticky Pads." It explained how the octopus and the squid can move very quickly through the water by means of jet propulsion and how some animals have sticky pads on the bottom of their feet that enable them to walk on walls and ceilings easily defying gravity. The article went on to compare the octopus and squid with rockets and the sticky pads with magnetic shoes for use in spacecraft. Of course jet propulsion and sticky pads are not new and, for that matter, neither are rockets and magnetic shoes. In a way one led to the other. But if a squid jetting through the water or a fly crawling up a wall

were used as a cover illustration on a prozine the average newsstand browser would never understand the connection. Show him a rocket, though, and that is science-fiction.

If this new children's encyclopedia is any indication of things to come some of the general misconceptions as to what SF is or isn't as well as a great many adverse thoughts about the field should be dispelled in the younger generation. The heading of "Science Fiction" is included in the index and when I checked the page references I found a whole chapter, vividly illustrated, discussing such things as "What is Science Fiction?", "Looking Into the Future," "Into the Wild Black Yonder," (intriguing title) and biographical sketches of some of the pioneers in the field and a list of recommended books. What I liked most of all was the fact that many things other than just rockets and space travel were brought out as science fiction. Maybe we'll see the day when SF is really respectable and father says to offspring, "Son, be sure to pick up the latest issue of AMAZING on the way home from school." (If increasing postal rates don't kill the zines completely, that is.)

(continued on page 19)



Way down yonder in Aussieland John Baxter has been mumbling in his beard ever since I dropped "Unpaid Ads" from these pages. He grew tired of waiting for me to revive that feature and so came up with his own

ST QUIZ

by JOHN BAXTER

1. Most writers of novels try to think up something very special in the way of first lines. Some produce memorable writing, some flowery junk. I won't ask you to nominate into which category the following fall, but perhaps you can tell me (a) what novels they are from, and (b) who wrote them.

"The idiot lives in a black and grey world, punctuated by the white lightning of hunger and the flickering of fear. His clothes were old and many-windowed. Here peeped a shinbone, sharp as a cold chisel, and there in the torn coat were ribs like the fingers of a fist. He was tall and flat. His eyes were calm and his face was dead."

"The visitor, making his way unobserved through the crowded main laboratory of the Hill, stepped up to within six feet of the back of a big Norwegian seated at an electrono-optical bench. Drawing an automatic pistol, he shot the apparently unsuspecting scientist seven times, as fast as he could pull the trigger; twice through the brain, five times, closely spaced, through the spine."

"There was a killer loose on the range. The South Pacific air patrol had seen the great corpse staining the sea crimson as it wallowed in the waves. Within seconds, the intricate warning system had been alerted; from San Francisco to Brisbane, men were moving counters and drawing range circles on charts. And Dan Burley, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes, was hunched over the control board of Scout-sub 5 as it dropped down to the twenty fathom line."

2. If you ever followed the prozine lettercolumns, you'll remember THE VIZIGRAPH and THE ETHER VIBRATES. But can you remember which prozines carried the following?

Down to Earth.
Feedback.

The Eyrie.
It Says Here.

3. Male writers, naturally enough, have a warm spot in their hearts (assuming they have hearts) for women. Unfortunately, they have difficulty in producing something new and unusual in the way of femininity, but I feel that, in the following, the writers created a sparkling and original image. Can you remember (a) the name of the woman described, and (b) the story from which the description is extracted?

"She was as tall as most men, and as savage as the wildest of them. The face above her mail might not have been fair in a woman's head-dress, but in the steel setting of her armour it had a biting, sword-edge beauty as keen as the flash of blades. The red hair was short upon her high defiant head, and the yellow blaze of her eyes held fury as a crucible holds fire."

"She was strangely and wonderfully blind, for she could see in the infra-red only, from 7500 Angstroms to one millimetre wave-lengths, far below the normal visible spectrum. She saw heat waves, magnetic fields,

radio waves; she saw her admirers in a strange light of organic emanations against a background of red radiation. She was a Snow Maiden, an Ice Princess with coral eyes, coral lips, imperious, mysterious, unattainable."

4. On sees some strangely-named stories in science fiction, but the following are especially memorable. Can you recall who wrote them?

Magic, Inc.

My Boyfriend's Name Is Jello.

Vandy, Vandy.

Snulbug.

5. In WARHOOM 14, Jim Blish asked "Is Anybody Listening? Do people read my work?" Yes, certainly we read, but if we come across excerpts like the following, we have a little difficulty in understanding what is meant. I don't ask you to translate these sections, but if you could tell me (a) the story, and (b) the author.....

"The Snyol of Plesch? And gvan-hunting in the Sunqar, eh?" he said, pronouncing Barnevolt's Nich-Nyami name 'Esnyol' -- as for that matter did all Gozastandou-speaking Krishnans."

"The woman leaned forward too, and the snell from her diseased mouth reached Hebster even across the enormous space of the office. 'Rabble and reaching and all the upward clash,' she intoned, spreading her hands as if in agreement with an obvious point. 'Emptiness derogating itself into infinity--', 'Into duration,' the older man corrected. 'Into infinity,' the woman insisted. 'Gabble gabble honk?' the young man queried bitterly."

6. Any keen reader of fantasy will keep up with the various pieces written by prominent "mainstream" authors. Do you remember which famous "mundane" writers wrote:

Messiah.

The Machine Stops.

The Isle of Dreams.

ANSWERS

1. MORE THAN HUMAN - Theodore Sturgeon.

FIRST LENSMAN - E. E. Smith

THE DEEP RANGE - Arthur C. Clarke.

2. Down to Earth - FUTURE SF.

Feedback - INFINITY SF.

The Eyrie - WEIRD TALES.

It Says Here - SF QUARTERLY

3. Jirel of Joiry - BLACK GOD'S KISS by C. L. Moore.

Olivia Presteign - THE STARS MY DESTINATION by Alfred Bester

4. Magic, Inc. - R. A. HEINLEIN

My Boyfriend's Name is Jello - AVRAM DAVIDSON.

Vandy, Vandy - MANLY MADE WELLMAN

Snulbug - ANTHONY BOUCHER

5. THE HAND OF ZEI - L. Sprague de Camp.

FIREWATER - William Tenn.

6. Messiah - GORE VIDAL. The Machine Stops - E. M. FORSTER.

The Isle of Dreams - R. L. STEPHENSON.

How did you do? Score 1 for each section of a question (i.e., 1 for author, 1 for story title). Total possible score is 25, but I won't lacerate your ego by giving an "average" rating. Obviously not everybody will have read the same books, and some of the more obscure novels may be totally unknown to you by reason of no reprints or something like that. However, I do think that anybody who scored over 20 really knows his SF, and those who scored below 10 should start looking for back issues of ASF instead of CAPTAIN MARVEL.

JOHN BAXTER

DYNATRON

FBI GOODBYE

by
MIKE DECKINGER

J. Edgar Hoover was not always a nervous man. There were times when he was light-hearted and gay and other times when his official post dominated his life, forcing him to become a bitter, determined person, dedicated to apprehension of law-breakers or the investigation of a subversive plot.

But very rarely was he nervous.

On the morning of April 19, however, he was extremely nervous. He fidgeted about in his soft-bottom chair, impatiently chain-smoked through three packs of cigarettes, and at times dejectedly ran his fingers across his scalp. When he had stubbed out the last butt he rose to his feet and began to pace about the room. He strode to the window and peered out. Below him he saw the traffic-clogged roads with pedestrians scuttling across.

"Why," he thought irritably, "why do they have to do this now? I've served this country well. As head of the FBI, I..."

His thoughts were cut off as his assistant, Howard Freenston, entered the room.

Freenston glanced at Hoover. "Still disturbed about it, Chief," he said.

"You know I am. Why shouldn't I be? Bounced after...."

Freenston approached the older man and slipped a reassuring hand around his shoulder.

"Don't take it too hard, Chief. We knew it had to happen sometime. And if it wasn't now it might be a year from now, or two years, or three."

"I know. I know all that," Hoover snapped. "It's just that this seems like such a futile, useless ending. Just because some young upstart introduces a new, harebrained crime-fighting system that's about as workable as a refrigerator in hell, I'm shoved out so this newcomer can get in. What does he know about running a department like this? I'll bet he'll be down on his hands and knees within a week, begging to chuck it all, the young...."

"Easy there, Chief," Freenston soothed. "There just isn't anything more that can be done about it at present. Think of how the rest of the people in the United States will feel to learn the FBI has been..."

"Uprooted," Hoover interrupted. "Torn out by the roots. That's the word for it, Freenston, completely uprooted. Do you know how an old fire horse feels when he's put out to pasture after years of faithful service? Well, I do, boy. I know it well."

"Maybe it won't be too bad, Chief," Freenston said. "You'll be getting a pension from the government; the brass won't allow you to fade away. Things will be easy for you in the later years of your life and all the present members of the Bureau who choose to retire will be taken care of."

"Taken care of. Yes, I suppose so. We're always taken care of. Like the obsolete mistakes the bigwigs want to hide. The FBI has served this country well since it was organized. There have been books written about us, films made; we've captured the imagination of young boys who want adventure and action." Hoover cradled his head in his hands. "Now they don't want us any more. The big boys who make the decisions are through with us. The Pentagon brass hats, the President's advisors, and, yes, probably even the president himself. They're through with us. They've decided we can be replaced. Replaced by a...."

The private line telephone on his desk rang. Hoover studied it for a moment then extended his hand and lifted the receiver.

"Hoover speaking," he said calmly. He listened for a moment then softly replaced the phone in its cradle.

"Anything important?" Freenston asked.

"Important?" Hoover considered the word. "I've just been informed that the new boy will be arriving late today. He's transporting his rearrangement plans with him

and he wants to have them executed as soon as possible. Tomorrow morning the movers will be coming. They're going to start removing most of the things we have here and replace them with new ones. All the files we've compiled, the mugbooks, the experimentation labs, everything. They're all to be either altered or removed outright. Probably to be burned. If they do burn any of it I don't want to be around to watch it. I couldn't bear to see that."

"So this is the end for us," Freenston reflected. "I guess I won't be able to tell people that I was here when the FBI began, but I'll be able to say that I saw its death. I'm not proud of that, not in the least."

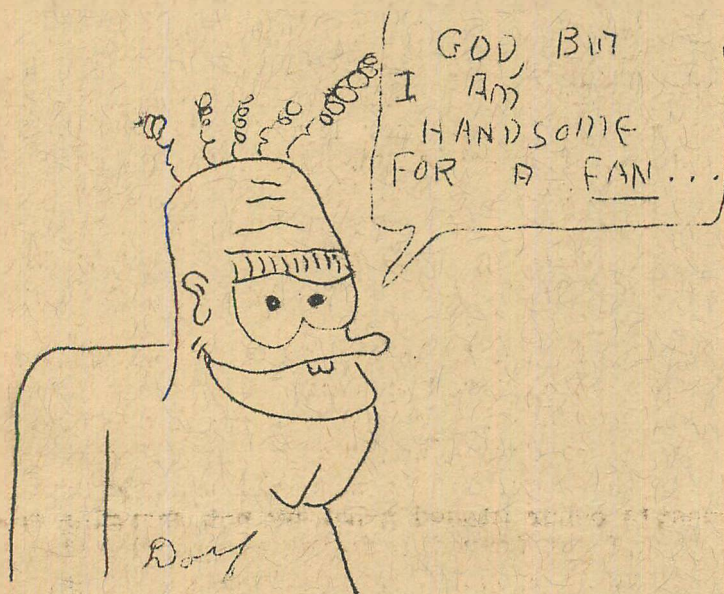
"Don't be, boy, don't be. It's never a pretty sight to see something you've loved and worked for utterly and irrevocably destroyed. It's not pretty at all."

Freenston began to draw the shades. "I suppose the new head man will be using this room?"

Hoover nodded. "They're even working on a big brass plate for his desk now."

"Yes, I know about it," Freenston said. "He should be storing a lot of his personal equipment in this room. When people walk in that's the first thing they'll see. This man sitting behind his desk with his big brass nameplate before them: John Berry, GDA Director."

MIKE DECKINGER



THE ENDLESS STREAM

Being a listing of some of the stuff that has found its way into the mailbox of late with a comment or two now and again. I tell you, there's no end to them at all. RT

MIAFAN #6. Mike Kurman, 231 SW 51 Court, Miami 44, Fla. 15¢ or trade. Quarterly. Slanted towards the NFFF, Mike says, and it is. Lady B. Hutchins has the cover and an article on Roscaline. Lady B shows lots of promise. Seth Johnson's fanzine reviews add to the fun--and to YANDRO's subscription list, too, Buck says.

SALAMADER #1. Fred Patten, 5156 Chesley Ave., Los Angeles 43, Calif. 25¢, trade, LoC. Irregular. Standard LASFS pub which means it is interesting from the Bjo front cover to the Harness backcover. And whatever became of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES?

FIVE BY FIVE #8. Thish by Ed Cox. The O-O of the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance with the admirable Edco ranging high and wide. Also present is another installment of Len Moffatt's fan autobiography complete with photos, a SPACEWARP reprint from Art Rapp, comments on this and that by a couple of Tacketts, and an attempt by Squire Sneary to straighten out the Treasurer's report--no easy task since the Treasurer changes from month to month. Completists may continue to eat their hearts out.

CANDY F SPECIAL, Bo Stenfors, Bylgjävagen 3, Djursholm, Sweden. Trade only. The last issue of the poor fan's ADAM complete with complete nudes and a couple of sexy (?) stories. Nothing special I'm afraid. Bo says he'll be back with NIGHT OF SNOG.

AXE #23, #24, #25. Larry Shaw, 16 Grant Place, Staten Island 6, N.Y. 10¢, etc. Bi-weekly. All the news and Dick Lupoff's fmz reviews. What more do you want?

HELP! POLICE!

BY

ROBERT
COULSON

I don't think that anyone has satisfactorily explained why an honest citizen, with a conscience purer than the driven snow, should quail in terror when stopped by a policeman. I don't know why it is either, but I can testify that it happens.

One night a few years ago, when we were living at 105 Stitt Street in Wabash, I was roused from a quiet evening of reading stf by a knock at the door. Answering it, I stood staring horrorstruck at a state trooper--uniform, flashlight, gun, notebook, and all. Ominously, he inquired if this was 105 Stitt Street. My first appalled reaction was "My God, what did I do?" My second was to tell him that no, this is 77 Stanstead Road, or 402 Maple Avenue, or anything but 105 Stitt St. However, years as a trustworthy, helpful Boy Scout have their effect, so I told him that yes, this was 105 Stitt. The next question was whether a certain Mr. Tyner lived there. Breathing a little easier, I could truthfully say I'd never heard of Mr. Tyner. Well, does anyone driving a blue-and-white Ford live here? Easier all the time since my Ford ranges from black to tattle-tale gray, depending on how long it's been since the last rain. By the time the trooper got around to inquiring if there was a 125 Stitt St. nearby, my pulse was almost back to normal, and I even smiled weakly when I apologized for being unable to help him.

While we were living on Stitt Street we got used to local officials pounding on the door and demanding to see the vicious dog which lived upstairs. (I don't know where he got the money to pay the rent...) They never did anything about the dog, but every time he bit someone one of the local gendarmes would come out and look at him. (This gives you an idea of the size of the town; it was so small that Dog Bites Man was news. I've often thought the beast's owner missed a bet by not charging admission.) Also, it was about this time that I got inured to being stopped by state troopers after dark. Invariably, they told me that one of my headlights was out. (If I installed two new headlights on Saturday, one of them would be out by Sunday night it seemed.) Of course, one never quite gets used to seeing a flashing red light in one's rear view mirror, but I was fairly hardened to the sight; it was always about a missing headlight.

Until, that is, the time I was informed that I'd just run two stop signs and what did I have to say for myself?

However, if there's one thing I've found out about state police, it is that no matter what they stop a driver for, they invariably check his license while they have him cornered. It's instinct, or habit, or something. So, one night Juanita and I were returning from a fan party at Joe Saunders' house. We had borrowed my mother-in-law's car after the starter fell off mine, and Juanita was driving because it was about 3:00 AM and I was half asleep. We stopped for a traffic light in Noblesville, a drunk tried to talk us into giving him a ride, we ignored him and drove on. Half a block further, the ominous red light began flashing behind us. Juanita pulled over and informed me that her billfold, containing her driver's license and all other identification, was at her mother's apartment. At about the same time I recalled that I didn't even know if the auto registration papers were in the car or not, and if they were the name on them wouldn't match anything in my billfold. And if the cop wanted to be nasty, we couldn't even prove we weremarried, with Juanita's identification missing. When Juanita rolled down the car window I was shaking. The policemen (two of them) came up, inquired if the drunk who had accosted us at the stoplight was a friend of ours. When we said no, they said that they intended to go back and pick him up, but they had wanted to make sure that he was accosting strangers first, not just having a chat with old friends. They apologized for any inconvenience we had suffered, and left.

By this time, Juanita was in no condition to drive, and I was wide awake, so I drove the rest of the way. Some people are just lucky, I guess; the police were so shocked at the idea of a drunk molesting strangers in their fair city that they never thought to ask the first question about licenses that would have lowered the boom on us.

BUCK COULSON

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NBC News has finally caught up with DYNATRON. On 27 April they reported that the USSR is now studying mental telepathy and that while the United States was also checking into the subject our program was not as extensive as that of the Russians who have turned their best brains loose on the project. How about that? RT

The Seattle theater censors closed the "Girls of the Galaxy" show at the world's fair. It seems they objected to bare-breasted beauties. Wally Weber has embarked on a campaign to close down the censorship board.

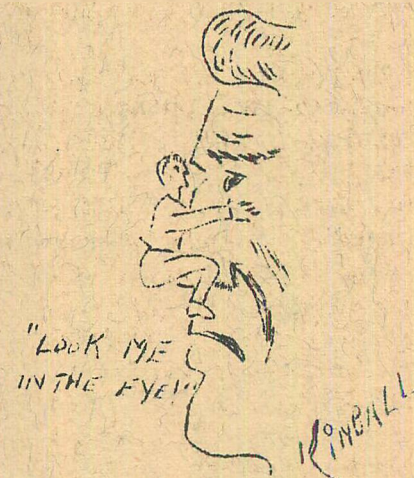
THE ENDLESS STREAM FLOWS ON

YANDRO #111. Bob & Juanita Coulson, Rt 3, Wabash, Ind., 25¢. Monthly. As usual Mr & Miz Coulson manage to put out the best all around fanzine there is. Even if Buck does use copies of schematic diagrams for artwork. Er, Buck, I mentioned YANDRO to Max Jakubowski so you'll probably be getting a stack of subs from France.

LOKI #2. Dave Hulan, 228-D Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Alabama. 15¢, etc. Qtrly. Great Roscoe, Katya, how long did it take to paint each cover individually? LOKI is one of a rare breed these days--a fanzine devoted to fantasy. Featured in this are reviews by Dave and by Larry McCombs, an essay on Blackwood by Alan Dodd, and an attempt by Lady B. Hutchins to match up Norse and Christian mythology. Starting next issue will be a continuing series on UNKNOWN. Dave, the lucky stiff, has a complete set of that most fabulous of all fantasy magazines.

CRY #158. (158 issues--utterly ridiculous). Box 92, 507 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Washington. 25¢, etc. Monthly. Buz, Elinor and Berry up front and much to Weber's dismay Avram Davidson holds court to the usual gang of idiots in the letter section. This could turn into the lettercol for F&SF. Well, I prefer CRY to that dreary excuse for a prozine.

THE TWILIGHT ZINE #5. Bernard Morris, 420 Memorial Dr., Cambridge 39, Mass. Trades, contris, LOCs, no cash. Irregular. For a group who claim they aren't really fans the MIT boys sure put out a fannish type fmz. But, egad, Bernard, how did the people at MADEMOISELLE find out about stf and fandom?



CINDER #10. Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd, Longmeadow 6, Mass. 15¢ etc. Monthly yet. Behind the Bergeron cover is a new lay out. Each item in its own individual box. Boxed in are Al Woods, Larry McCombs, Mike Deckinger, and a whole herd of people in the letter column. Jack Cascio fired his volley in #9 and this contains the counter-attack by all and sundry. (Fred All and Jack Sundry.)

FANAC #83, #84. Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St., Berkeley 4, Calif. 4/50¢, etc. Irregular. More news, more reviews, more of everything except a regular schedule. Good when it appears which isn't often enough.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

On 1 April our "SF Meeting - Kansai" was held in Osaka. ("Kansai" means western area and includes Kyoto and Osaka. "Kanto" means eastern area and includes Tokyo and Yokohama.) About 25 people gathered at a room in Ōtemae-Hall. This was the second time that the Null Club and Uchūjin-Osaka gathered together for a joint meeting. Our first joint meeting was held on 30 April of last year at which time Null Club membership was far below that of Uchūjin-Osaka. I gave them my joy for their growth in the past year.

Yasutaka Tsutsui, the president of Null Club, took the chair and Ichirō Kanō, who had come down from Tokyo with me, was the guest speaker. and gave a quite reserved speech about his opinion of SF. He spoke only of his own manner for writing SF stories saying that he had written very little in this field compared to his work in the mystery story field.

I spoke a little of recent developments in the SF field in Japan and abroad.

The meeting began at 1:00 p.m. and finished at 8:00 p.m. There appeared two free attendants at the meeting who had read a notice of it in one of the morning papers. One of these said he thought it was to be a meeting of ghost-story fans and confessed he could not understand our speeches about SF writers, SF stories, strange machines, etc.

We finished up the meeting with a round of general chattering and Yasutaka said that he enjoyed very much presiding over this year's meeting and finding how much his club had grown. About five of those in attendance were female fans including Shoko Uhara of whom you have heard in DYNATRON. She was the youngest there and her attitude was very moderate. The next morning's newspapers reported briefly on the meeting.

NEWS NOTES: Kosumi Rei and Tsutomu Miyazaki have written non-fiction articles about 4-dimensional phenomena for the Sunday Mainichi.....Kōsei Ono and Ryū Mitsuse are now writing for SF MAGAZINE.....Uchūjin Club members Tadashi Taka, Morihiro Saito, Jōsuhe Gari, and Aritsune Toyada all had stories published professionally during February and March.....Roi Taketsu left Japan for New Mexico on 18 February.....NULL #6 was issued. 48 pages and very good and very pretty as usual.....SPACESHIP #7 was published. 6 pages.....Uchūjin Club members Kunio Nagatani and Mitsuhide Shimauchi are planning to publish a new fanzine devoted to fantasy and ghost stories.....A monument to Jūzō Unno, Japan's great pioneer SF writer, will be founded at Tokushima City, his native place.....Shiro Shima and Shun Satō are planning to establish a new fan group affiliated with SF MAGAZINE.....Clarke's "A Fall of Moondust" is being run as a three part serial in the Japanese edition of READER'S DIGEST.....Asimov's "Currents of Space" and Copel's "Dark December" are scheduled for publication by Hayakawa Shobō... ..Norio Itoh failed his entrance examinations to Tokyo University and has returned to his home at Hamamatsu City. (About 4 hours from Tokyo by train.) He will edit our English language fanzine (UCHUJIN INTERNATIONAL) from there. Noriyoshi Saito and I will act as advisors and we hope to have the first issue out in June.....The U.S. F&SF has purchased Shin'ichi Hoshi's "A Man Made Beauty" which was translated into English by Noriyoshi Saito.....We've elected a new editorial committee for UCHUJIN since some of the former committee are now full time pro writers (as Hoshi) and some have become inactive. The new board: myself as editor, Tsutomu Miyazaki, Ryū Mitsuse, and Tadashi Hirose as assistant editors, and Hajime Mochizuki as accountant.....UCHUJIN #54 carried Bill Brown's "Star Duck" and anyone having information on Mr. Brown is requested to contact me.....The May issue (#55) will be our 5th anniversary.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

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Out of the DARKNESS

by

CLAY
KIMBALL

Clay Kimball goes to a lot of stiff-type movies. Knowing North Carolina I can understand that. He wants to tell us about them. He may turn into another Alan Dodd. Egad.



"And then this ghost reached out and...."

The Innocents. - This is one of the best fantasy pictures in years--if it is a fantasy. That's pretty much for the viewer to decide.

On the surface the picture, based on Henry James' "Turn of the Screw", is a pretty straight forward ghost story, but underneath it is something else again. Director Jack Clayton builds up the eerie suspense nicely, then--with one little action--he changes the meaning of the whole picture.

Deborah Kerr is hired as governess for two small children--and lovely children they are, beautiful and charming. Their home is a lovely old mansion with spacious grounds, landscaped gardens, ponds and lakes. It seems idyllic.

But subtly, a sense of disquiet is introduced; the boy is expelled from school for some unexplained offense; strange people walk the grounds.

Questioning the help reveals that the strangers are the former governess and chauffeur, both of whom are now dead. Further it is revealed that in life the two had been lovers--the chauffeur a sadist, the governess his willing, even eager victim--who had delighted in performing in front of the children. It is even possible that they involved them in their sport.

Then the chauffeur died and the governess had grieved herself to death. Now they are back. Why? The only answer seems to be that they wish to continue their old games and can only do so through the children.

Miss Kerr decides to exorcise them and in the attempt drives one child insane and kills the other.

Or so it seems until the final brief bit of action when the picture is suddenly inverted and it begins to appear that Miss Kerr was simply an insane sex pervert who was projecting her fantasies through the children and in the process destroyed them.

As I said, it is pretty much up to the viewer how he interprets the film, but whichever way you want to look at it, it's a thought-provoking picture well worth seeing.

The Day The World Caught Fire. - The idea that an H-bomb blast could knock the Earth out of orbit is silly, and the idea that a bigger one could correct the first is laughable, yet that's the gimmick on which this film hangs its slim tale. You might overlook it if they had come up with a good picture. They didn't.

By coincidence, Russia and the U.S. set off simultaneous blasts and suddenly the earth is racked with violent storms, ending with a severe and unrelenting drought. Why? An intrepid newsman decides to find out.

Or so we are told. Actually he does very little except ask a few questions and complain. In fact no one does anything about the problem at all. After all, what could an ordinary man do when the Earth starts falling into the sun? So the event is used mainly as a backdrop for the usual improbable love affair--here even more unbelievable than usual, but Janet Munro is certainly nice to look at, so who cares?

MYSTERIOUS ISLAND - A surprisingly good picture. It could have been just another cut and dried monster picture, but with the application of a little work and a little imagination it became instead a fine high-adventure piece.

During the Civil War four damnyankees escape from a nice confederate prison, taking a fine, brave Southern soldier with them. They escape in a balloon, which is caught in a violent storm and is carried across the country and halfway over the Pacific (possibly it was looking for Roy Tackett). Finally it settles on a deserted island.

It isn't deserted for long. The boys have hardly arrived when the sea washes up a boat containing two women. And there are indications that there is someone else around. Who? Captain Nemo, of course, but you're not supposed to know that.

The picture is well developed, builds suspense nicely, has some nice monsters built and animated by Ray Harryhausen. The Nautilus even has some lovely machinery and Herbert Lom is an admirable Captain Nemo, though he doesn't have much time to develop the part.

Even the scenery is beautiful, not the least of which is Joan Greenwood and Beth Rogan--who, I believe, could give more milk than the goats she tends.

CLAY KIMBALL

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AND ON AND ON

NEOLITHIC #21. Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis 17, Minn. 2/25¢, etc. Bi-monthly. If this were put out by anyone other than Ruth it would be strictly a crudzine: typos, strikeovers, sloppy dupering. But with Ruth at the helm it has an air about it I like. NeOL is one of the top 10.

DISCORD #17. Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Pl NE, Minneapolis 21, Minn. 15¢, etc. Bi-monthly. How come I get the March issue in May, hah? I suppose I'll get the May issue in July? No matter, just so I get it. And you should, too.

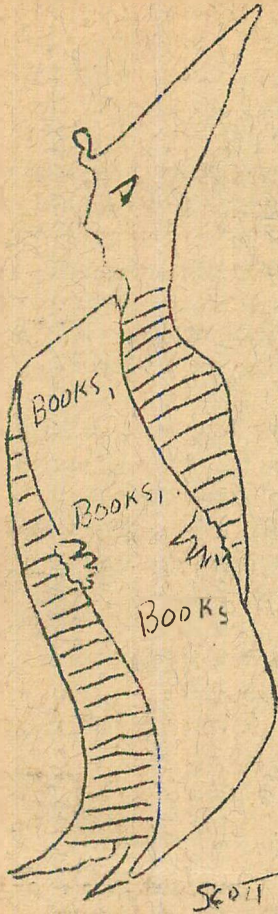
SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #60. Fred Patten, 222 S. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles 4, Calif. 25¢ etc. Bi-monthly (hooah!). It's about time. Where ya been? Main issues this time are the Costume Ball and TFCV&M with Bjo, Dirce Archer and Hal Lynch discussing the former while Joe Gibson and Alva Rogers debating the latter. Also John Berry recounts an encounter with Willis on the tennis courts. Great stuff, that. The LASFS is homeless these days which might account for SHAGGY's lateness. And then again it might not.

THE REBEL #2. John Jackson, RR #7, Box 137-D, Crown Point, Ind. 15¢. Quarterly. Neatly rimmed and we learn that John Jackson is a wrestler. Here's an editor that can really twist one's arm for contributions.

And in the as yet unread stack: FICCION CIENTIFICA & REALIDAD (Hector Pessina), OUT-POST (Fred Hunter), SETEBOS (Hannifen & Lanctot), AMBLE (Mercer), HAVERINGS and SCOTTISHE (Ethel Lindsay for TAFF), PELF (Hulan & Locke), IDLE HANDS (Hetcalf), KOTA (Armistand), CUTWORM (Gentry), GENZINE (GHCarr), HYPHEN (Willis & McAulay), SCRIBBLE (Freeman), G² (Gibson. Joe, I'm going to go looking for those ASF's Real Soon Now.) INDEX TO THE SF ZINES - 1961 (Tyrannical Al Lewis), CINDER 11 (Williams), ENVOY (Cheslin) HOW TO RAISE RABBITS (U.S. Dept of Agriculture). Plus a half-dozen others.

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by PAT SCOTT



Might as well keep this orderly one way or another - so I'll start with the hard-covers on hand. First off there are the three books we got recently from the Science Fiction Book Club. Fred and I both wanted to read Three Hearts and Three Lions and Stranger in a Strange Land, two of the current offerings, and so decided (not without some misgivings) to have another try at the Book Club. We chose Triad, Three Complete Science Fiction Novels by A. E. Van Vogt, for our allotted third (three books for a dollar is the introductory offer, in case you don't know), not only because it seemed the best buy but because I wasn't at all sure that I had read the first of the three - "The World of A." As it turned out, I hadn't.

"Three Hearts and Three Lions" by Poul Anderson is a thoroughly adequate fantasy of the somehow-he-was-thrown-back-in-time-to-what-lo-and-behold-was-his-rightfull-place-all-the-time type. About the only drawback to the book is that somehow the land of Faery does not seem at all as frightful as it should. Even Anderson seems a bit troubled that Chaos is to all appearances a good deal more orderly than Law. It makes one wonder along the lines of "the side that wins is Right."

Heinlein's book, "Stranger in a Strange Land", we in this household found most enjoyable. Every reviewer we have read had panned the book on the grounds that it preached too much. If so, it did not bother us but then we have been known to show interest in works of a purely philosophical nature. The characters' attitude towards sex (which subject comprises the better part of the last third of the book) is a bit saccharine and juvenile, reading like the Compleate Philosophy of the serious collegiate Thinker, but Heinlein is too good a craftsman to let this mar the plot to any extent. The inevitability of the ending escape me, but then this is not the only author whose vocabulary contains the word "inevitable" in the position that should be occupied by "expedient".

The other fairly recently published hardcover in the house, "A Fall of Moondust" by Arthur C. Clarke we borrowed from the library. I was rather expecting it to be as dry as the dust in the title, but surprisingly enough, this is not so. The technical problems, such as they are, are interesting. The characters have enough space in the novel length to move around and become real people whose problems assume the dimensions of something to worry about rather than just being mechanical puzzles to which the author must find a solution.

Then there are six paper-backs which we have purchased in the past month or so; The Unsleep by Diana and Meir Gillon (?), The Space Egg by Russ Winterbotham, The Day They H-Bombed Los Angeles by Robert Moore Williams, Little Fuzzy by H. Beam Piper, The Lani People by J. P. Bone, and The Last Planet by Andre Norton.

The Unsleep is a somewhat labored account of how a drug is discovered which when taken banishes sleep and what happens to the world after everyone but two holdouts (within the bounds of the story - seems that everyone is so well integrated or something that other than our Hero only a handful of patent crackpots refuse the injections) are happily sleepless. Our hero (and his wife for a while) suffer in a ghastly fashion for no one will let them sleep, and indeed the subject is rapidly becoming not fit for polite discussion. Most of the book is devoted to this and I, for one, came perilously close to being bored. In the first place I think that most people would refuse such a drug, but even if that were not so, surely not everyone would accept sleeplessness. I have no desire to be robbed of my sleep and I'm sure that there must be others who feel the same. In the second place I can feel no real sym-

pathy for a grown man who lets himself be put through the kind of Hell that the chunky "friends" inflict upon the hero of this book.

The Space Egg and The Day They H-Bombed Los Angeles are easily the worst of this lot, both reading as though the authors had not one, but both, eyes on Hollywood. In the first a china egg (can't tell it from the common chicken-house variety with the naked eye) fers out of some mysterious substance given off by a jet plane which is being tested and proceeds to do in the pilot in devious fashion. He and a young lady (there were two eggs, of course) then become Awful Menaces so invulnerable that 20 or 30 people can't put an end to them with all the artillery at their command - and believe that if you can.

L.A. gets the bomb not from an external enemy but from our own government because a menacing protein molecule develops which is taking over all the people in the area and the authorities can think of no other means of ending the threat. Everyone but Our Friends is taken over by this terrible (and thoroughly unbelievable) menace and thereby rises conflict.

Little Fuzzy is a pretty good book if you don't mind Piper's insistence on cute, cuddly little aliens. Not once is there any consideration of what this cuteness might do to them in their role of pretty, intelligent pets of human beings.

The Last Planet (originally Star Rangers) is up to Norton's usual standard which all Norton fans will agree makes it very good reading indeed. It concerns the dissolution of the Galactic Central Control and the last landing of one of the ships of the Stellar Patrol, a once mighty organization that is quite literally falling apart. Good clean fun for all and a few delightful aliens thrown in for good measure.

The Lani People is also to be recommended. While not absolutely first class science-fiction it is close enough to be well worth reading. The cover will give you the idea that it is one of those sex-in-sf books that have been about so much of late but the cover is misleading. The story concerns a race of tailed humanoids who are being used as slaves on the grounds that they are not really human. Our Hero can't quite buy this and thereby hangs the story.

I might also mention at this point a new non-stf book by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. called Mother Night. This story of the confessions of a spy is as full of kinks and twists as any of Vonnegut's other work and if you liked The Firens of Titen you will probably like this, too.

EAT SCOTT

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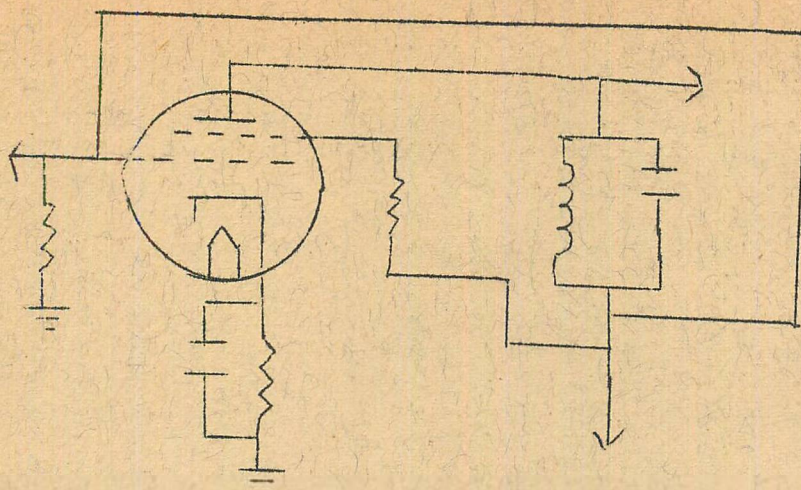
CRYSTAL GAZING (continued from page 8)

Oh, yes, the encyclopedia is called "Our Wonderful World" and it is published by Spencer Press. A word of warning, though, don't get involved with it unless you have lots of time. Whenever I take one of the volumes off the shelf I can't put it down for hours. I let Dee take a volume to school with her and her teacher found it to be a great incentive for the class--the first child to finish his/her work got to look at the book.

We still don't have any stf artwork to hang on the walls. After I agreed with Roy that we had enough conventional artwork--including two lovely Japanese scrolls--the walls are still glaring barely at me. Maybe we can pick some up if we get to the con. I did see a picture the other day that I dearly wanted but I didn't mention it since it was non-stf. I seldom see a painting I'm really taken to but this was a life like New Mexico scene. New Mexico does have some fascinating scenery, not at all as barren as one might think after driving across the state. The state is quite romantic if one takes time to get off the main highways and the list of places I want to see is growing by leaps and bounds. NEW MEXICO magazine carries marvelous pictures of the most beautiful places and I read the other day that a jigsaw puzzle company had contracted to turn some of them into puzzles that should be very successful with ardent jigsaw puzzle fans like me. I really enjoy working them. Now if someone would only bring out jigsaw puzzles with science-fictional artwork that would be something I could really go wild over.

CRYSTAL TACKETT

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FEED-
BACK

SGT ROBERT F. SMITH
1 ALPHAS UNIT
VICTORIA BARRACKS,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.,
AUSTRALIA

I imagine that you also were becoming slightly irritated with all the draft-dodging enthusiasts and types that apparently feel our society owes them nothing so therefore they owe it next; hence the level-headed and refreshing blast in #9. I consider that you summed it up pretty neatly, but I've no doubt someone will pick holes in your statements...its all pretty

damn sickening to me.

Who the heck was Bertrand Santayana? You certainly have some pretty far-out material in DYATRON these days.

I don't know why you think "Some of Your Blood" is funny. I've just get through reading it, and although I do not intend to go so far as to state that I enjoyed the book I must admit that it affected me in an emotional form, but I couldn't say just why. There were, in places, brief glimpses of his earlier "More Than Human"; George had faint but definite lone characteristics at times and the woodland scenes in both books also gave that impression. I am, however, inclined to disbelieve in "Phil" and "All" although "Lucy Quigley" might have been interesting.

"With a membership of only five CAPA should be called "Completists are Permanent-ly Added."

I think "Some of Your Blood" is funny because the premise is laughable. Followers of Freud will take me to task for that but to me George, and the reasons for his being what he was, is preposterous. Cup osedly this was taken from an actual case history but I can't see it. # Yes, you might call CAPA that. It also frustrates a flock of omni-cans. RT

CLAY KIRBALL
106 W. DEL AVE.
DRAVER, N. C.

I seem to have come in an issue too late. #9 must have been quite an issue. Boggs didn't understand "Envoy" and nobody understood the cover. Sounds all very interesting.

No. 10 is nothing exceptional. Your editorial makes good reading but doesn't seem to require any comment. That's a good picture on page 4 but could anyone really be named Stolen?

I don't like fan fiction and "Ambition" only reinforces my opinion. Do you really feel this was worth four pages? Yes. RT

Draft dodging must be a popular subject but it doesn't bother me since the draft dodges me. Short story: I sat there on my army bunk and pondered the question he'd asked, what could I do for my country? I'd set myself a task. And as I realized what I could do my mind grew quiet and still. There was something I could do. I got up and went over the hill. End story.

You don't happen to be related to Bertrand Santayana, do you? Well, it's like this: Redd Boggs, obviously a penname for Ruth Berman, understood the cover well enough--he just can't understand who the artist, Len Hoffatt, is. I keep trying to explain to him but he refuses to believe in Len Hoffatt. RT

RICK SNEARY, ESQ. The L.A. airport does have a rather sense of wonder about it. To
2962 SANTA ANA ST. saw Ella off there, and it rather has the air of Things To Come.
SOUTH GATE, CALIF. Makes flying away in a mere airplane seem rather a let down.

Good story by Muir. The trouble with his stories is that I
keep expecting them to be about deer and forrest rangers, and charaters like Smokey
the Bear. -- You can't trust even good children. The only answer is to drown them
all.

Tokyo File is interesting as always. The mention of "L'Art et la Litterature
Fantastique" made me stop and wonder. With a good deal of there SF being translation
they might actually be getting more international material than we are. That is bet-
ter material from all over. If you have to use translations, you might just as well
use the best from many different lands. So for a while it might be possable that a
greater cross-section of SF litature will appear in Japan than anywhere else.

No comment again on Moffatt--I keep saying everything elsewhere.

Letters. Armistead's is rather disqueting for a reason not mentioned. From his
address I'd assume he was part of a Air Force family. His school must then be filled
with, if not made up intirely, by AF type kids. To have a teacher that "square"
there is sad indeed.

If I could figure out what Seth Johnson was against--I'd be in favor of it.

Say, how about Ogawa relating some of those SFish stories about swords? Even if
no one but Fitch and I are interested. How about the story of the blade called
"Grass Queller"?

I'm surprised you didn't tell Baxter what someone else has said of the "not in-
volvementists" before. Not many people would mind if the objectors did withdraw from
society. I'd grant that as their right. But they only want to withdraw from the
parts they don't like. It's sort of like the old time Father who would thunder "As
long as you are under my roof you will do as I say." He could be as wrong as hell
but there was a certain amount of justice on his side. You know, I'll bet if a bunch
of these decenters did form a group and set up their own city, and a couple conserva-
tive capatalists moved in, they would be as hounded as the non-Turatsins were in ear-
ly Plymouth.

Chrystal, as far as anyone can tell Pelz must have been accepted by mistake and
USC refused to admit they had made a error. Other than the Puttners, no fan typos
are known to have lasted long there. I understand pelz is now safely over at UCLA.

I don't know Bruce but they do say (old cliché) that birds of a feather
flock together and when it comes to UCLA, well, really...CMT. # TOSIO OGAWA,
note Rick's request and send along some sword stories with a SF or fantasy
slant. I think most of us would find them interesting. RT

GARY DEINDORFER, First off, please note the new address. And welcome back to the
121 BOUDINOT ST. Home Soil. I presume that now that your publishing arrangements
TRENTON 8, N.J. are much simpler we will be getting biweekly issues of DYNATRON.
Right? You're sick. RT

I doubt that most fans would wish to publish a special issue of their genzine each
year devoted to TAFF. And I doubt even more that "articles, stories, illos, poems...
all dealing with TAFF" would do much for the TAFF image, as Len Moffatt seems to be-
lieve. Fandom would be saturated with TAFF propaganda all too soon if this state of
affairs were to come about. I feel that TAFF is receiving quite enough publicity now
and that no more is needed. And this may be heresy or something, but if TAFF were to
fold tomorrow, I don't think I would miss it. If a foreign fan is popular enough the
American fans will pool contributions to bring him over as witness the Willis and Ber-
ry funds. And the British could do the same thing. Somehow the concept of a fan a
year--any fan just so that it's one every year--does not overly appeal to me. This
does not mean that I think TAFF should fold--as long as it can stand that's fine--
but I'm not going to be getting all goshwow over TAFF. Hell, one of the reasons I am
in fandom is that it has less of the blind organizational gung-ho than does nundanity
in general. I don't want to see it begin to compete with Mundanity and get on an
Organizations are a Way of Life kick.

DORF, cont'd.

Steven Muir's story wasn't a bad job, not at all. It had very little of the sophomoric quality of almost all fan fiction. I gather from your introductory blurb that Steve is an old-time fan who is returning. How old-time a fan is he?

The thought strikes that you could initiate in your fanzine a sort of Best of CAPA section. It would be a worthwhile kind of thing, I would think, satisfying--or at least serving to placate--the completist apans who aren't CAPANS.

I'm considering running excerpts from FIVE BY FIVE in some future issues, not to placate omniapans--I don't care whether they're placated or not. Steve Muir is old time enough to be in CAPA. Come to think of it, he is in CAPA.

Now all you have to figure out is which one of us he is. RT

DAVID A. VANDERWERF, I am rather unsure of what I am doing since I am quite new to
RURAL ROUTE #2, sfandom and this copy of DYNATRON hit me from out of the clear
REDWOOD FALLS, MINN. blue (although at the moment it is pouring a foot of snow) sky.

AMBITION: Not bad. I was in the dark much of the way, which surprised me somewhat since I can generally spot which plot is being used. This one threw me. This, I realize, puts me in line to be labeled a Class I clod by those of your readers who write those "I-could-tell-it-all-from-the-first-paragraph" letters, but I couldn't care less. Good on you, mate, pay no attention to them. RT This was one of the better pieces of fan fiction I have encountered in my rather short life as a fan. Nothing tremendous, but much better than average.

THE SECOND PSALM FOR FEN: I tend to agree with the sentiments; I will refrain from comment on the means of expression, being a lousy poet myself.



LEN MOFFATT RIP's cover for #10 was somewhat disconcerting, but a good cover none-
LO202 BELCHER, the-less. Certainly expressed its title, "panic"...
DOWNEY, CALIF. Enjoyed seeing the Asiatic Gyrene again, tho I liked the caption used in 5X5 better than the one used here. Both said the same thing, essentially, but, of course, I'm prejudiced.

"Muir's" story seemed to lack something, but I'm not sure what. Originality, maybe. Don't mind old themes being reworked but none of the characters seemed Real.

Greatly amused by Baxter's 2nd psalm for Fen, but I won't say "touché" as his rebuttle was based on wish-fulfillment, dream stuff, whereas my FIJAGH version was based on true fannish reality...

Japanese items of interest as usual. Hm. Tack Mayumura, eh? No, couldn't be our Tack. Right. He's Roi Taketsu. RT

I was going to send a dime and a Wheaties box top to Redd, along with a 100-words-or-less explanation of my obviously too-esoteric covertoon, but we haven't bought any Wheaties lately. Would he settle for a Ralston Wheat Chex boxtop instead, I wonder? Anyway, now's your big chance to hold a Contest, with readers sending in their interpretation of the cover...Anna and I could be the Judges, whose Decision would be final and you name the prize. Otherwise we may never tell.

Perhaps in these discussions re draftdodging and allied subjects we should forget such terms as "society," and consider 'em simply from the viewpoint of one's attitude towards one's fellow-man. One either believes that "no man is an island" or one doesn't. If we feel obligated to our fellow human beings, for whatever reasons, we'll cooperate to make things easier and better for all of us. If one feels that things could be better, one should work towards that goal. This hardly kills individualism--in fact, it requires more honest-to-humanity individualism than sitting apart from others, and grotching at the unfairness of it all. Nothing wrong with good, honest grotching to be sure, but there's nothing wrong with good, honest work, either.

I dislike--hate, if you wish--killing people and waging wars as much as anybody--perhaps more than some who've never experienced war. Practicality rules us all,

HOFFATT, cont'd.

whether we like it or not. War itself isn't "practical"--from the humane viewpoint, but once you find yourself involved in a war (which you and your fellow-man failed to prevent), and all lined up to be drafted, it just isn't practical to be a draft-dodger. Not unless you are an "individualist" who gives not a hoot for his fellowman. Saying you don't want to kill your fellowman is nonsense. Neither do I, but you attack me or my family or friends with intent to kill, better do it fast and efficiently, or you'll be dead or incapacitated first. No doubt there are persons capable of turning the other cheek, but they aren't in the majority, and they can be numbered among the impractical. I don't say they are wrong, for of course if we all were capable of suppressing violent reactions there would be no wars, and mankind, obviously would be truly nature. Meanwhile, back at the draft, the individual can do more, for himself and for his fellow man by not dodging the draft and the war or "security" it represents. I certainly feel that what little I did as a medical corpsman in WWII was more in line with making things better for my fellow-humans than deliberately dodging the draft, and preaching obviously impractical pacifism. Neither killing nor patching wounds, are the most pleasant jobs in the world, but when the only alternative is to sit on the sidelines and make ineffectual howls at the bad old world "we never made" the only practical, individualistic, humane thing to do is to do your share in hastening the end of the war. Well, there is one other alternative--one can always take leave of the world one never made. Perhaps suicides are the most individualistic of all...

No, no man is an island, and when one tries to make like an island, one may as well be dead. Enjoying being cut off from the rest of humanity doesn't make one a non-conformist, it makes one an unhappy, miserable, lonely, uncooperative, lazy, spineless fool.

The true non-conformist is one who not only sees that something is wrong, but who also works to change the bad or dangerous conformity with the means best available to him. True, the means should justify the end, which is the very reason why we should live and work in a manner designed to approach our goals of world peace, brotherhood of all mankind, etc. The means must be practical, and such negative actions (or non-actions) as draftdodging are hardly practical, nor is there any true justification for them.

OK, let's hold a contest. Send your interpretation of the cover of DYNAMATRON 9 to Len--deadline 15 June--and he and Anna will pick a winner. I'm not sure what the prize will be but we'll print the winning interpretation and come up with something. RT

Egad, lots and lots of letters left but I've got to cut it short this time. NAME: BILLYJOE PLOTTOFOPELIKAALABAMA who sends in a new address--Bill Plott, P. O. Box 654, Opelika, Alabama...JUNE BONIFAS, 1913 Hopi Rd, Santa Fe, N.M.: Roy must have been away a long time if he things hamburgers are still available for 30¢...BUCK COULSON, Rt 3, Mabash, Ind.: "I'd rather conjure with Seabury Quinn than read his stuff."...GEORGE C. MILLICK, 410 7 110th St, Apt 111, New York 25, N.Y.: "I think feuds in fandom are not only necessary but needed."...DR. ANTONIO DUPLA, P.O. 12. Agustin 9, Zaragoza, Spain: "You have a first rate columnist in Ed Cox." True, Antonio, but with Edco working 15 hours or more a day I don't expect to hear much from him for a while...DAVE HULAN, 228-D Niblo Dr, Redstone Arsenal, Ala: "A TAFF delegate should have a moustache."...MIKE MURMAN, 231 SW 51st Ct, Miami 44, Fla: "DYNAMATRON is the only place where you hear about Japanese sf. Why ruin it with more about LASFS?" Weeelll, the LASFS is pretty far out, too...LARRY CRILEY, 951 Anna St, Elizabeth, N.J.: "Anyone who can't even spell Stephen right probably can't write a good story."...JERRY POURNELLE, 4311 Roosevelt NE, Seattle 5, Washington: "Anything worth doing well is worth doing for money."...MIKE DECKINGER, 31 Carr Place, Ford, N.J.: "You know, those gals will just not come into the bathroom with you."...PAT SCOTT, Box 401, Anacortes, Washington: "If the story had been a page long, at most, it might not have had that pointless feeling about it."...ETHEL LINDSAY, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, England: "I tell you it takes a woman."...JOHN BAYTER, P.O. Box 39, King Street Post

office, Sydney, NSW, Australia: "Mario has the cooking thermometer over at her place trying to find out the proper heat for boiling eggs."...HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, Maryland: "There is the germ of a real project in that Hayakura classification of all fiction as fantasy." Now, Harry, you've enough to do what with the Fan History and all...LARRY WILLIAMS, 74 Maple Rd, Longmeadow 6, Mass.: "I've now got a mimeograph."...Miss SHOKO UHARA, c/o T. Kimoto, 1073 Horon Minami-2, Nara City, Nara, Japan: "Most Japanese think that SF stories are read only by children. As old generation have hard head like stone, they cannot understand the jokes and important points of SF stories some of which are not recognized by scientists yet. It is very difficult for me to get information of SF because Nara is in the country with very few SF fans."...ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts., England: "Now you can watch John Payne in FLYING LEATHERNECKS on TV like I do."...ARITSUNE TOYODA, c/o Koh-yama-soh, 1-57 Asahigaoka, Nerima-ku, Tokyo, Japan: "Mario Kita's prizewinning story was not SF but involves itself with many SF-like situations." That was an editorial error..."TAKUJI SHIBANO, 118 O-okayama, Neguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan: "We are going to hold a convention celebrating 5 years of UCHUJIN on 27 May at Muguro Public Hall. I am arguing with the editors of SF MAGAZINE to give this nationwide publicity as the first Japanese SF convention." X

In the next issue: Don Franson, Harry Warner, Buck Coulson, Takumi Shibano, and others. The deadline is 20 June.

This is DYNATRON from
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