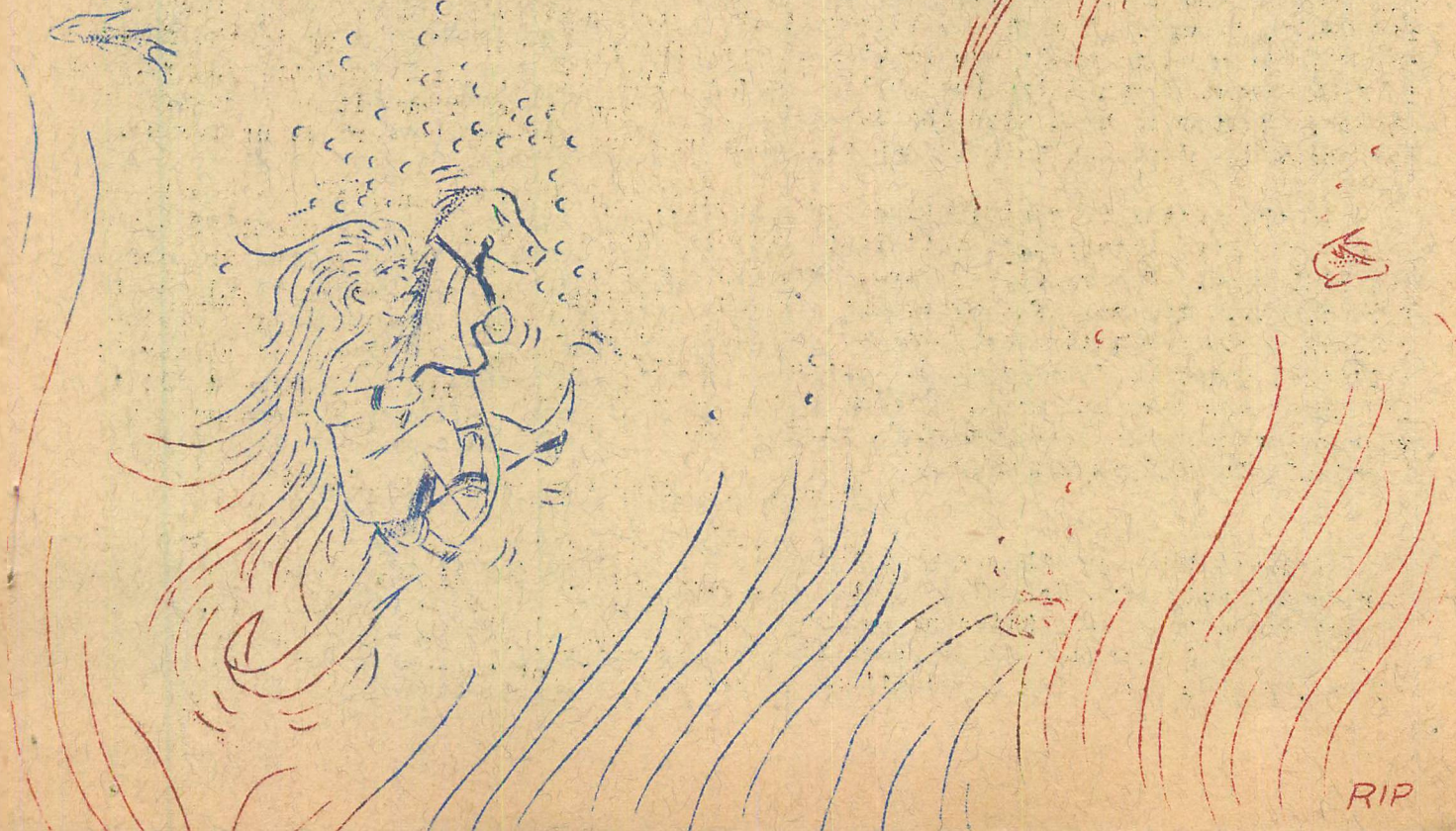
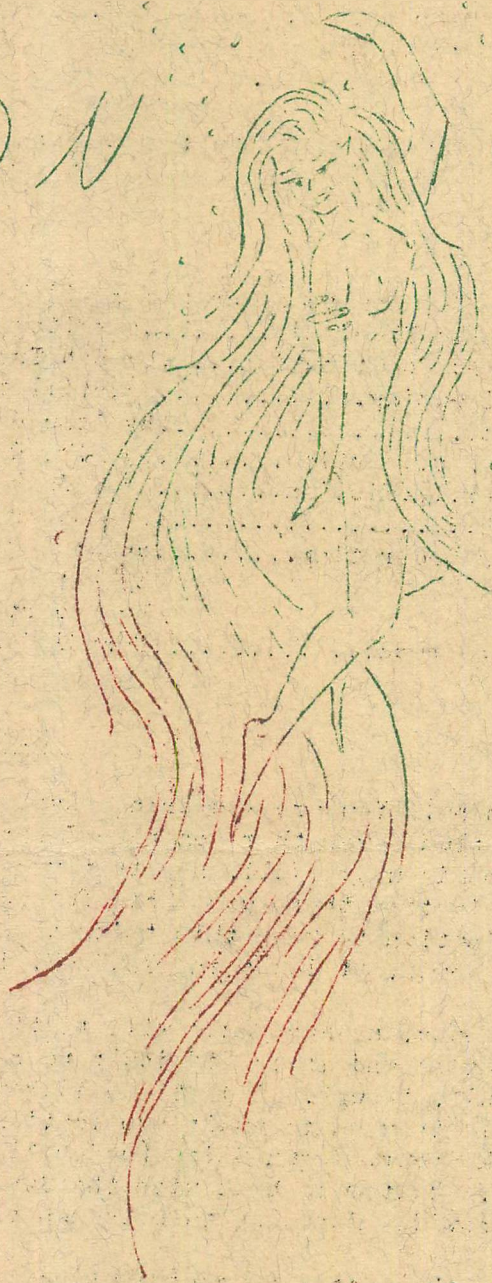


DYNATRON

16



RIP

This is DYNATRON #16, dated March, 1963, and we aren't going to be fancy here this time--just give you the facts, more or less. DYNATRON, a stf fanzine, more or less, is published every other month by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, USA. It is available for 15¢ per copy, 8 for \$1, or for contributions of material, or for a copy of whatever fanzine you happen to be putting out these days. Some fans are just as mystified about how it gets into their post box as I am. On the mailing label: a number indicates, more or less, when your sub expires; C-contributor; T-trade; S-sample; nothing indicates I had a copy left over. DYNATRON is, as it was in the beginning and ever shall be, a Marinated Publication.

~~XXXXX~~
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~~XXXXX~~

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

Ah ha! You are wondering maybe what I am doing here instead of being in my customary place over there on page 3 (or page 2 as it is sometimes called just to confuse the issue)? Well, now that you've asked--you did ask?--I'll tell you. As mentioned lasttime there was a big fat raise in the postage rates which lead to a big fat determination to keep this thing down to 20 pages so that it will go at the lowest rate. Space, at least in DYNATRON, is at a premium.

Maintaining a page limitation is not easy, as any faned will testify. There are numerous goodies on hand awaiting publication and it is difficult to resist the temptation to expand a bit. Not too difficult, though. I just consider what the extra pages would cost me and back in the file they go to await publication in some future issue. Coming up in the future is Jack Speer, Hogan Smith (under his own name this time), Edco, Moffatt, Sneary, and others. Baxter is back with the Stf Quiz and we hope to continue it as a regular feature provided John can take enough time off from pro writing to work it up for us.

In the matter of contributions of material, and for the benefit of a couple of people who have inquired, I anticipate cutting down somewhat on the amount of outside material used. The regulars, Edco, Moffatt, Sneary, Baxter, Shibano, and whoever I forgot, will stay on, of course, but I'm not soliciting outside material unless it concerns science-fiction or fantasy. Fannish material I've got plenty of. Socio-political material I don't need. Articles on stf and fantasy I'll accept at any time. If any of you were inspired, as Alva Rogers was, by Rick's article lasttime to list your reference books and material, send it in. I'll make it a regular department. Fiction? It will be considered.

Pompous sounding paragraph, wasn't it?

I note with some dismay that the LASFS has decided not to make a bid for the 1964 worldcon leaving San Francisco as the sole contender. I'm dismayed not because San Francisco is the only bidder but because LA pulled out. (There we go again, Alva, with the double-standard of abbreviations.) San Francisco, or more properly its environs, can put on a fine convention and will go all out to make the 1964 con a

memorable one. I just dislike seeing the idea of competition disappear. Orwell. Congratulations to San Francisco, put on a good convention, and for Ghu's sake, will you drop the silly slogan now?

S.F. IN S.F.
SAN FRANCISCO IN SIXTY FOUR

Hip, hooray, and a big locomotive (that's for the benefit of the college crowd) for John Campbell and the New ANALOG. It is one of the finest sights these old eyes have seen in many a year. The new (old actually) size, the new paper, and the new stories all cause me to hope it will be a rousing success.

I'm inclined to think that the new format is going to bring us more good stuff and less stuff foolishness. The stories in the first two of the new issues were good. I usually don't care for the work of Mack Reynolds but I found "Frigid Fracas" quite palatable. Winston Saunders' "What'll You Give?" is good hard stuff in the ASTOUNDING tradition.

I think we can look for an upswing in the quality of artwork, too. Nat White's cover on the March issue was excellent and the only adjective I can apply to Schoenherr's cover on the April issue is "beautiful". The increased page size will also allow for better resolution in the interior artwork and, if JWC can get some artists, we should see some fine inside illos.

On the whole I'm quite pleased with the new ANALOG. Now if the other prozines will follow suit and go large size I will be a most happy fan.

GoldenGateParkTelegraphHillRussianHillFleishackerZooFisherman'sWharfNobHillChinatown
NorthBeachCableCarsBushStreetTwinPeaksUnionSquareTheBridgesTITheFogBooksSanFrancisco

Continued on Page 7



"the next thing he'll be telling us
is that he's one of the Kennedys"

A PROPOSED CONSTITUTION FOR WHAT IS NOW KNOWN AS THE N.F.F.F.

by

BOB TUCKER

Article I (Name).

The name of this here mob shall be The Disgruntled Cosmic Faps of Sol III.

Article II (Purpose).

The Purpose of the Disgruntled Cosmic Faps of Sol III shall be:

(a) To promote, prejudice, prosecute and prepare amateur faps for the bitter glories to come; to pave the way for costlier feuds thru direct taxation; to spread disunity and dirty linen; to lend a helpful slur where necessary; to encourage the feathering of illegal love-nests; to educate the members in the finer practices of murder, mayhem, mutiny, manslaughter, mutilation, maceration, machiavellianism, machination, macromelia, magianism, malpractice, malignity, malversation, muckraking and mashing, as well as arson, technical rape, libel, counterfeiting, garroting, stealing, shoplifting, forgery, check-kiting, black-jacking, card-cheating, and the subtle differences between common or garden-variety robbery and piracy on the high seas; to teach members how to face firing squads, gas chambers, electric chairs and/or swinging from yardarms with nonchalance, dignity and aplomb; to loot Fap funds whenever possible; and to undermine friendships.

(b) Our slogan shall be "If he's a sucker— take him!"

(c) On the other hand.

Article III (Administration).

(a) The Administration of the Disgruntled Cosmic Faps of Sol III will consist of three branches: the Executive, the Judiciary, and the third branch which was broken off in last night's storm.

(b) The Executive branch shall be saddled with nine fraudulently elected officers as follows: 1st vice president, 2nd vice president, 3rd vice president, 4th vice president, 5th vice president, 6th vice president, guide, sergeant-at-arms, and interloper.

(c) Officers of the Executive branch shall serve for life, or longer in an emergency not covered in this constitution, and shall not be eligible to succeed themselves more than once.

(d) It shall be the sacred duty of all vice presidents except the 4th to be. The 4th vice president shall exist.

(e) Should any vice president vacate his office by reason of death on or before fulfilling his full term, he shall be declared null and void.

(2)(a) The Judiciary shall consist of four self-appointed, self-righteous judges who are beyond ~~redemption~~ reproach.

(b) The members of the Judiciary are to execute themselves simply but fatally at every opportunity.

(c) No fudging allowed.

Reprinted from LE ZOMBIE #60, September, 1945, (Bob Tucker editor, publisher, and head ghoul-keeper) by permission of the NCO in Charge of reviving the dead. Thanks.

Article IV. (Elections).

- (a) Annual elections shall be held not oftener than once a year, nor not less than every twelvemonth; except when the full moon rises in an overcast sky on the 28th of each month.
- (b) No office shall be declared vacant and therefore subject to fulfillment via election as long as the officer in that office is still in office.
- (c) Candidates filing for office must furnish, in duplicate, lightweight steel files of good rasping quality.
- (d) Positively no spitting on the floor on election day.
- (e) Ballots should be counted before winners assume office.

Article V (Membership).

- (a) Any amateur fap in good standing position who seems likely to subscribe to any of the worthy purposes outlined in Article II(a) is eligible for membership in this organization.
- (b) Except people from Indiana.

Article VI (Finances).

- (a) Dues shall be whatever modest sum is safely and easily collectable as often as is deemed expedient. The only exception to this rule shall be rubber checks.
- (b) The 6th vice president shall not share in the proceeds.

Article VII (Official Organ).

- (a)
- (b) The official organ shall be whichever organ the 1st vice president selects, providing however that he hasn't already lost such organ in a previous operation.
- (c) The official organ shall be exhibited monthly.

Article VIII (Amendments).

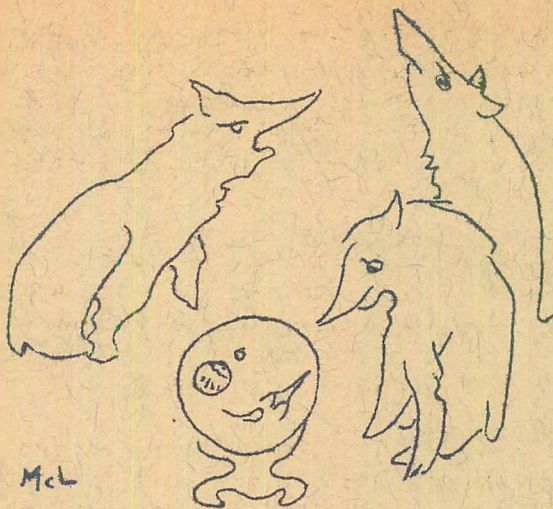
- (a) No amendments shall be allowed to this constitution.

Article IX (Privileges).

- (a) All officers and members of this organization are entitled to all privileges they can safely get away with, including those hobbies mentioned in Article II(a).
- (b) Both male and female members are entitled to privileges.
- (c) The Diagruntled Cosmic Fans of Sol III will not be responsible for hats, coats and bundles left over thirty days.

BOB TUCKER

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CHRYSTAL GAZING

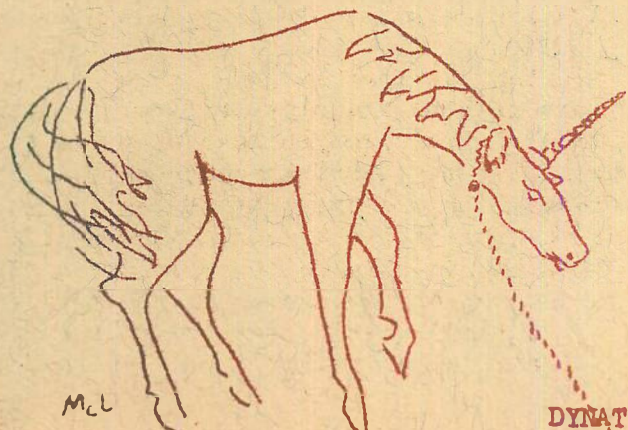
I just took time out to convince the girls that this is not good kite-flying country. Every year they persist on trying it but the winds in this valley are too gusty and unstable to do much with a kite. Plus the fact that the kites sold to children these days are merely a token way of handing something back for the money the kids pass across the counter. If one is lucky the kite can be put together without breaking but it doesn't take much more than that. I'd be ashamed to sell a trusting child such lousy merchandise.

That could lead to a lengthy discussion, on my part that is, regarding what causes children to become the types of adults they do. It raised my blood pressure--which is already too high--when I read an article about how the fairy tales, which children have been raised on for generations, are being rewritten because they are supposed to be the cause of traumas and anxiety in children. I possess a fear of heights--which doesn't affect me in airplanes--and of deep water and I've been searching my memory for the particular fairy tale which caused me to have the undesirable characteristics but so far I haven't found it. I really don't expect I will.

The other day I picked up a children's book which was supposed to contain "The Three Little Pigs", "Goldilocks and the Three Bears", and other well known selections. I sat down to read the stories to five-year-old Rene and one of her friends when I suddenly realized that I didn't recognize the story at all. I hastily looked at the contents page, figuring that I must have read the titles wrong. Nope, there were the old familiar titles. But what had become of the old familiar story? What happened to the house of straw? What happened to the huff-and-puff-and-blow-your-house-down? What happened to the just end to the villianous wolf? How does the pig get off demanding building materials as his God-given right? Luckily my two listeners could not read so I pretended to read from the book but used the old familiar words.

I have no objections to change, that is the addition of tasty new fairy tales to the old repitoir, but I do object to modern writers using old titles with the stories so completely changed they are not recognizable. I check the books now and if I read "as adapted by" or "as re-told by", they go back on the shelf in a hurry.

Here I go as usual writing a few lines for DYNATRON and Roy will, as usual, "edit" them. For some reason when he is through editing my writings they have taken on a mild flavor of Royism and lost a certain amount of Chrystalization. However, you should be glad that he does edit what I write else you might find it hard to wade through. I write as I talk, as if we were sitting down for coffee together and so the grammatical arrangements are liable to come out somewhat imperfect. I do well to find time to put a few lines on paper so I'm glad Roy is able to go over them as I seldom have time to rewrite them myself. Also I've been helping Diam with her homework and since I'm an sort of an absorbing person--I absorb a little bit from almost anyone--I find I've absorbed some of her misspelled words.



DYNATRON

We are making sure we have a good collection of the old fairy tales, as originally written, so that Diana and Rene can enjoy exciting, imaginative, and invigorating stories that have not been "retold" as tasteless pap and that they, in turn, will be able to read to their children. Of course, if this trend continues they may have to read these old originals behind locked doors, under the covers, with the aid of a flashlight.

All this stir over children's fairy tales causes me to wonder how long it will be before the psychologists and psychiatrists begin to make inroads in science-fiction. After all, a great deal of science-fiction is fantasy, a writing of the unknown, a dream of what might be. Unless every element of a SF story can be proven to have a factual basis, and proven to be not-harmful, will the story be allowed?

What is to happen to future generations if dreaming and the stirring of the imagination is no longer permitted? If books are banned because they are fantasy? Hasn't a great many of our present day benefits come from the ability of someone to dream? Doesn't the future depend on the ability of dreamers? Doesn't the gain from dreaming far outweigh the faults of dreaming? Will cutting out fantasies and dream stories really keep people from dreaming? Can any group take an individual's mind and make it not dream? Somebody seems to be trying to do that. Will the elimination of written fantasy really solve the problem of keeping those who want to escape into a world of fantasy and dreams from doing so? Is this tactic of cutting out fairy tales or watering them down until they become nothing but groups of uninteresting words really going to make children more realistic? Is it harmful for children to dream? My answer is NO! More problems will be caused than will be solved.

I could go on at length about this and the trend to control and censor what the individual may or may not read but there isn't space for it this time. It isn't fantasy alone that is being cut out and banned, other categories of books are also being removed and placed on the "forbidden" lists. Maybe I'll go into it next time but for now—Roy says we've got to keep the page count down.

CRYSTAL TACKETT

XXXXXX

WRITINGS IN THE SAND—continued from page 3.

Among the many things received lately is a ballot for the "First Annual Fan Poll." This one was mailed from Hagerstown, presumably by Harry Warner, (I don't know of any other fans in Hagerstown) and Chuck Wells is the official teller. The categories are Best Single Publication, Best Fanzine, Best Fan Artist, Best Fan Cartoonist, Best Column, Best Fan Writer, Best New Fan of 1962, and #1 Fan Face of 1962. It reads like a combination of the Fanac Poll and the Fan Awards Poll. There is also a list of candidates for the new Fan Poll Committee. We have six candidates for the five member committee: Walter Breen, Terry Carr, Dick Ency, Bob Lichtman, George Scithers, and Ron Bennett. There is also a proposed charter to be voted on.

I shall, with some amusement, await the results of this particular poll. I'll bet Willick is laughing out loud.

X

Spring has more or less sprung in New Mexico. You can tell it is spring because most of Oklahoma and part of Texas is blowing by. The winds will continue for a while making sure that everything receives a fine coat of dust. Chrystal is about to give up housecleaning until next month or so for the dust sifts in faster than it can be removed...I primed the pump on the irrigation well today and gave the front lawn its first soaking of the season. We've put a new concrete water gate on the irrigation ditch in back. Chrystal is working on her garden, asparagus and onions already set out. Got to get some grass in those back lots to keep the weeds down this year. So who's got time to write letters. If my correspondents don't hear from me personally, they'll have to bear with me. Have fun. Like later, man.

ROY TACKETT

XXXXXX

DYNATRON

john

Stf Quiz

BAXTER

As usual, we open with the first paragraphs of some major sf novels. Score one point for the name of the book and one for its author. Total possible: 10.

1. These are the stories the dogs tell when the fires burn high and the wind is from the north. Then each family circle gathers at the hearthstone and the pups sit silently and listen and when the story's done they ask many questions: "That is Man?" they'll ask. Or perhaps "That is a city?" Or "That is War?"
2. The crowd standing before the White House was noisy as crowds have always been noisy. A certain high-pitched sound was absent, for the children had been kept at home in the care of their older, but pre-pubescent brothers and sisters. It was not fitting that children should see what would happen tonight. Tonight one of the most holy of the rites of the Great White Mother would be conducted. The little ones would not understand it.
3. Obeying an inalienable law, things grew, growing riotous and strange in their impulse for growth. The heat, the light, the humidity - these were constant and had remained constant for...but nobody knew how long. Nobody cared any more for the big questions that begin "How long..." or "Why...?". It was no longer a place for mind. It was a place for growth, for vegetables.
4. The girl who came out of the Genetics Building was heroically built. From a distance her body might have been called slim, even slight. But beside the two ugly pseudo-Greek statues which flanked the building, her height showed. She was at least eight feet tall.
5. His name was Gaal Dornick and he was just a country boy who had never seen Trantor before. That is, not in real life. He had seen it many times on the hyper-video, and occasionally in tremendous three-dimensional newscasts covering an Imperial coronation or the opening of a Galactic Council. Even though he had lived all his life on the world of Bynax, which circled a star on the edges of the Blue Drift, he was not cut off from civilization, you see. At that time, no place in the Galaxy was.

One could never say that it is easy to be a sf hero. In their searches for newer and messier ways of remaking the universe, sf writers often grind their protagonists between the wheels of the plot. The following extracts illustrate some heroes in awkward positions. Can you recall what stories these extracts are taken from? Count 1 for title, 1 for author. Total six on this section.

6. All over his body the corded muscles contracted in ridges, striving to keep him erect...He went over, back, down like a felled tree, thudding heavily on the sand...On every square inch of his body the sweat glands seethed with sudden activity. From every pore oozed great globules of oily liquid...His arms rippled with motion and the hairs there writhed and stirred as though endowed with separate life.

7. I started to move, and looked down. What I saw there held me fixed. I lifted my arm. It was like nothing so much as a plump white bolster with a ridiculous little hand attached at the end. I stared at it in horror. Then I heard a far off scream as I fainted.

8. The asthmatic cough of a lion sounded. Barton dodged by the tank and tossed his bloodstained bandage over the railing. There was a flurry of water slashed into foam as the great shark woke to life. And, from cage and tank, from the beasts waked into a turmoil of light and sound and blood-smell, came the variable. The paranoid minds could not communicate, could scarcely think, against the beast-torrent of mental hunger and fury that poured through the night.

Here, as in the previous quizzes, is a selection of verse of one kind or another from sf stories. Some is awful, some not at all bad, but I make no critical comments; only ask you to pick the source (1 point) and the author (1 point). Score six on this section.

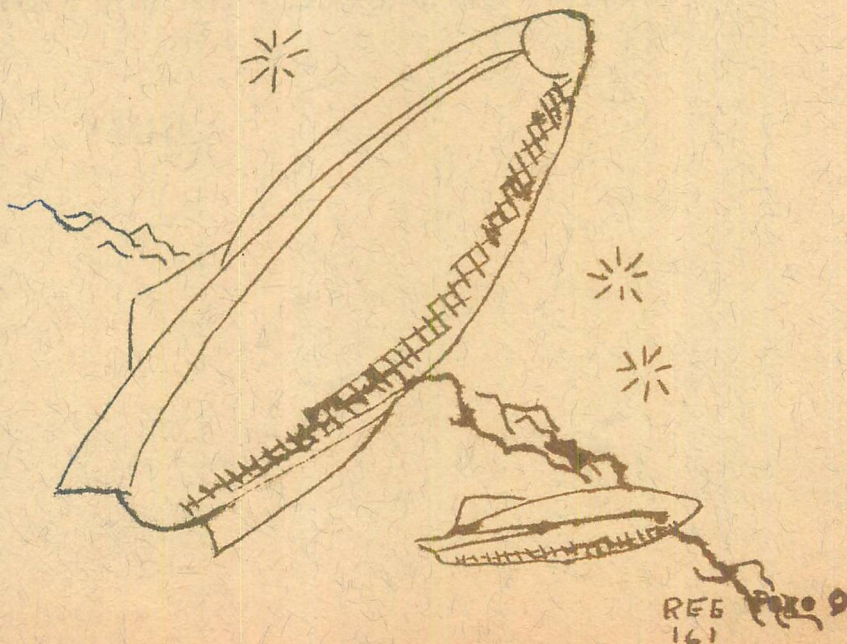
9. So frequently as I with present time
The earlier image of our joy compare,
So frequently I find our less than prime,
And little joy than that we once did share;
Thus do I ask those things that once we had
To make an evening run its magic course,
And banish from this company the sad
Thoughts that in prohibition have their source;
Change, peaches! From the better to the worse.

10. The swallers misprize
A Zoroastrian cephalopod.
Ten Red adverbs
Decry heterogamy,
Till the Hyleg swingles.

11. Hopeful of poetry, the near-sighted heart
Puts to the moment's pain a burning-glass;
The soft bruise bleeds, and mourns fatality,
Weeping, This shall not pass.

Personal column: What novel
by what writer might have sparked
the following newspaper advertisement? Score the usual
2 for each question, 6 for the
section.

12. Hey, Miss! Are you around
25, 5'5" tall, weigh. 120
lbs, blonde with dark eyes
and a good figure? If so,
you might be eligible for
our Jumper Girl competition.
Apply Publicity Offices,
Monarch Industries, New
York. J. Smith, for Ben
Reich, President.



13. Wanted to charter. Servicable rocket with crew for return trip to the moon. Light work, generous reimbursement. Apply D. D. Harriman, Kansas City, Kans.

14. Will anyone knowing the whereabouts of Luella Jamieson, about 22, tall, fair complexion, mentally retarded, please contact J. and R. Jamieson, Birdsville, S.C.

15. I seem to recall somebody asking for a question for the weird and horror fans among DYNATRON's readers. Glad to oblige. H. P. Lovecraft is one of the most popular writers of weird material, and yet it's surprising to note that only one of his hardcover books was published during his lifetime. For one lousy point, can you give the title?

16. And for one other point, can you name the famous character of macabre fiction described as follows: His face was a strong—a very strong—aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils; with lofty-domed forehead, and hair growing scantily around the temples, but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, so far as I could see it under the heavy moustache, was fixed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth; these protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years.

The answers are listed below. Don't cheat. The total possible score is 30. If you scored above 25 you can consider yourself a science-fictional scholar. If you scored below 10—go back to your comic books.

1. CITY - Clifford D. Simak
2. FLESH - Philip Jose Farmer
3. HOTHOUSE - Brian W. Aldiss
4. TITAN'S DAUGHTER - James Blish
5. FOUNDATION - Isaac Asimov
6. PLANET OF THE DAMNED - Harry Harrison
7. CONSIDER HER WAYS - John Wyndham
8. MUTANT - Henry Kuttner
9. THE CASTLE OF IRON - Fletcher Pratt & L. Sprague de Camp
10. THE CARMELIAN CUBE - Fletcher Pratt & L. Sprague de Camp
11. GET OUT OF MY SKY - James Blish
12. THE DETOLISHED MAN - Alfred Bester
13. THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON - Robert A. Heinlein
14. TO WALK THE NIGHT - William Sloane
15. THE SHADOW OVER INNSMOUTH - Visionary Pubs; Everett, 1936
16. Count Dracula.

XXXXX

JOHN BAXTER

MIKE DECKINGER
ANOTHER DAY

[illegible]

"Please," he moaned, like a stray dog striving frantically to uproot a hidden bone, "Please, just one more day."

The voice that answered back was sharp and impersonal. "No. It is forbidden. You've had a month. Another day is unthinkable." Darrel slumped to the ground and buried his head in his hands.

red, dusty floor. "Just this once," he pleaded, "I was enjoying it so. I've never requested an extension before, I promise you I never shall again. I just want one more..." his voice broke at this point and heavy convulsive sobs shook his frame. His dark brown suit was stained with dirt and tears, almost undistinguishable from the floor on which he lay.

The Director regally pulled himself to his feet and strode over to the slumped man. He looked down upon him with a curious expression that mingled distaste with pity. Distaste for the wretched individual sobbing by his feet, and pity that desperation had driven him to such unashamed humiliation.

"You will not bother us again?"

Darrel's head snapped up instantly, as if it was on a string, controlled by the whim of some other being.

"On yes, yes," his voice gradually assumed a joyous note, "I promise that were you to grant me one more day I would never complain to you again. I would go about my business and live my life in satisfaction and gratitude. I would...."

"I'm sure you would," the Director said crisply, "as much as the thousands of others who have come grovelling before me for the same thing. Oh, don't think your request is uncommon; it's not really. Well, you shall have the extra day. Don't ask me why I grant it, whether it be weakness on my part, or a lessening of my inflexibility by your pitiful display just now."

"Oh, thank you," Darrel cried, "thank you, thank..."

"Better go home now," the Director brushed away from him, "instead of wasting it here paying homage to me. It's already begun and will last until noon tomorrow."

Darrel walked home at a steady, jogging gait, glancing about at the other individuals less fortunate than him who had been refused an extension, or conceivably would be when they came to request it. For a moment his thoughts lingered on the Director and what had moved him to grant it. But with a sigh he banished the thoughts; he was a strange person and it was futile to attempt to unravel the intricacies that comprised his thoughts and motivations.

The lawn bloomed a rich green as Darrel approached. He deliberately cut across the grass, feeling the springy, green blades reacting like small, resilient stalks beneath the soles of his feet. A bird shaped from a tree and came soaring through the air in an incredibly graceful curve--stopping to rest on a bush before resuming its descent. Squirrels raced up and down the leafy, outflung branches of a mighty oak, leaping with carefree abandon among the quivering boughs. The air held a trace of humidity, and Darrel wondered if it was a harbinger to a rainfall tonight. Just as well if there was rain, he told himself philosophically, it would be the last time he would see it for many years. He crossed the neatly painted porch of his house.

he crossed the neatly painted porch of his house and entered through the swinging screen door. A cool breeze flung itself recklessly about the room and he savored it momentarily, deriving an intense sense of

of pleasure and satisfaction from so insubstantial a thing.

Flinging open the door of the refrigerator he pulled loose a cold drink, removed the cap, and raised it to his lips. The ice-cold liquid set his nerves tingling with invigoration. He drained the bottle then went into another room where he seated himself on a comfortable cushion, leaned his head back to rest against a springy pillow and shut his eyes. He was not really tired, and sleep was not something he desired now, but it came anyway. The comfortable surroundings, the gentle murmur of the breeze, the feeling of contentment spreading through his body, all combined to produce a deep and untroubled sleep.

He dreamed, but for how long he could not say. He dreamed of the summer ground and the hot air, and the weed-choked lawn and his struggles to make something grow in the mass of weeds and stones. Then the joy when at last flowers sprung forth and were carefully nurtured and tended till they burst forth into bright buds which were soon haloed by swarms of buzzing insects. There was the heat of the sun, beating down on everything, and the hot, dry air when everything seemed to cling together. There was day after day of summer which was appreciatively accepted and yearned for after it had passed.

Darrel awoke with a yawn and stretched his arms. He felt completely relaxed as he went to pour himself another drink. Blinking a few times to accustom himself to the onset of daylight which was pouring through a half-ajar window he swallowed the liquid easily. The drink refreshed him, but not as much as it had yesterday, and for a moment astonishment gripped him. Then the past events scuttled back into his memory and he realized with a sudden start that he had slept a long time. Until noon, the Director had said, until noon, which was such a short time away.

He carelessly tossed the empty bottle aside and hurried from the room. The house was darker now, and less inviting. It had not altered too noticeably, not yet, and Darrel did not want to be around when the transition took place.

Outside the law was less green, carrying a dark undertone in the waving blades that rippled in the harsh wind. Darrel knelt by the ground for a moment and then hurried onward. A small rise, surrounded by trees and bushes, and crowned at the peak with an empty clearing was located near the rear of his house. Reaching the rise he began to climb, forcing his muscles to pull him more quickly up the steep slope. He was panting heavily by the time he reached the top and was forced to sink to the ground for a moment to regain his breath.

A spasm gripped him, wrenching his senses and keeping him pinned to the ground like a captured specimen mercilessly held under a microscope. So soon, he thought frantically, so soon.

It was always so soon, whether an extension was granted or not. There was no time for a final look at the summerland he had conjured up in his mind; the summerland which was now sinking into the unreality from which it had come. No longer did dry breezes float around him or birds whistle over his head.

His time was up.

Instead...he was a man, a human being, one man out of the millions looking up into the sky on a cool February day. One man watching the foreign plane zoom lower and lower, hearing the sirens shriek through the air, feeling the fear and horror of full realization entering his mind.

One man turning to run but tripping and falling amidst a squirming mass of people, each seeking escape.

Hearing the sirens whistle their high-pitched, inescapable wails.

(Continued on Page 14)

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

It was three years ago. The reason why I tell you such an old story is only to renew my memory. Listen to me, please".....

At that time I was removing the spark plug from the left cylinder of my motorcycle. I was disappointed to find three times too much bridge on the plug after only one hour of running. Perhaps it was due to my mixture of gas and oil but I did not think so. I used a 13:1 mixture.

I was spending Saturday and Sunday at Naka-Karuizawa using the 9.31 KM dirt track there as practice prior to joining the Asama Volcanic Race. I'd been running the course for about an hour when my motorcycle began acting up.

"Can I help you?"

I looked up in surprise and saw a man who I'm sure was an expert of motorcycles. I could not make out his face because of his helmet and goggles but the fact that he was wearing his touring suit on this hot summer day marked him as a man with a love and knowledge of cycles.

"Thank you, but I think I can mend it myself," I said.

"Bridge?" he asked. "Always left cylinder?"

"Yes," I replied. "Always the left side. It cannot be the mixture but it happens too often." I replaced the plug and kicked the starter. The engine roared into life and white exhaust gas poured from both mufflers.

"A little too much in the left cylinder," said the man. He took off his gloves and held his hands near the exhausts. "Yes, too much to the left side. Lend me your screwdriver."

I handed him the tool and he made an adjustment on the left side carburetor and again checked the exhausts with his hands. He made another adjustment, raced the motor twice, and handed me back the screwdriver.

"I think it will be all right now," he said.

"Thanks for your help," I said.

"Don't mention it. Do you mind if I ride along with you?"

"Of course not, but I'm afraid you might not be able to keep up."

"Oh, I'll keep up," he said.

I started round the course. It made me a little stiff when I noticed I was being watched from behind. I ran fast, very fast. I believed that I was one of the experts but he, too, was fast. He followed just behind me no matter how fast I ran. At the second round of the track I felt a little easier. I didn't mind his being behind me and observing me. I could run without the idea of showing him how good I was and attempting to outdistance him.

The second round was over. Two motorcycles passed by the goal in front of the spectator's stands with sand whirling behind. Exciting speed! Hottest! Again he was just behind me and again I determined to outdistance him. When we came to the 50R curve I shifted down to second gear and went into the curve with the throttle full open.

Zu-zu-zu---rear wheel skidded and my motorcycle slid left. Oh, mistake! I closed the throttle and quickly came out of the skid. I steered my cycle to the right and passed the curve.

Contrary to my expectations he had not passed me. He had slowed while I was in trouble and now ran just behind me as before. At the

place where I had cleaned my plug he signaled for a stop so I sounded my horn and braked to a stop by his side. He switched off his engine.

"Your riding is almost good," he said. "If you correct a few points you'll be able to win with a fine record. First of all, relax. You stiffen your shoulders too much. Grasp the handlebars at home and relax your shoulders. Hold the gas tank tightly with your knees. Second, don't make the engine run at too high an rpm nor at too low either. You varied between 3000 rpm and 9000 rpm but for racing don't slow under 4000 rpm. At the 50R curve you skidded out because you ran your engine too high in second gear. Rapid acceleration is too dangerous except on a straight course. Also you have a bad habit of extending your leg at the curves. There's no necessity for it and even on the hairpin curve you can run faster by keeping your leg in. Now follow me as I run and take my directions. I'll tell you what gears I use and you shift as I direct. After one round of the course pass me and if your running is corrected and good I'll sound my horn.

He kicked his starter and I followed him out onto the course. He dashed down the track making the sand whirl to the sky. I remembered his instructions. Relax shoulders! Tighten knees! He showed me the gear speed whenever he shifted. Fast! Especially on the curves. He ran smoothly and very fast. I found that by following his directions I, too, could run smoothly and very fast.

After the first lap his teaching was over and now it was my round to practice. I twisted the accelerator and passed. The same way of shifting gears, the same speed and inclination that he had taught. I ran without worrying of danger. At the goal I heard his horn sound behind me, the signal that I had made a good run. When I glanced behind me he was not there.

Since that day I've been trying to find him. As I had not seen his face my only hope is to locate him through his motorcycle, a 250 cc sports job, and his license number: "A-1962". I've tried for three years.

Last week we completed our research project at the laboratory. To celebrate the occasion I bought myself a new motorcycle--a 250 cc sports job. My new license number is "A-1962".

Yes, our research project is the time machine and now my mystery is solved. It was myself whom I met that day in 1959 and who taught me to be a better rider.

Now I am about to take myself and my new motorcycle for a little trip to Naka-Karuizawa on a certain day in 1959. The course there is much preferable to these crowded city streets of 1962. Don't you think so?

TADASHI TAKA

XXXXXX

ANOTHER DAY, cont'd.

Feeling the tension and the utter desperation that comes from knowing what is going to happen and knowing there is nothing that can be done to prevent it.

Then the brief wait when life is supposed to flash by, but never does, as the incredibly small object drops from the plane, racing towards the waiting earth while retaliatory missiles are speeding across the globe with the same deadly cargo and people are cowering in fear and terror and numbed disbelief.

Feeling time compressed from two seconds to one second, to a half second, to a minute fraction of a second, to an eternity of heat and rending.

MIKE DECKINGER

XXXXXX

Wherein you get in your licks at me

and vice versa

FEEDBACK

The ranks of the spearmen stand undaunted by the remarks of the pacifistic elements.

G. M. CARR
5319 BALLARD NW
SEATTLE 7, WASH.

Thanks for sending me Dynatrons during my gafia. (Loved the web-fingered mermaid on the cover of #15.) Wish more fans would point up the kind of bureaucratic bungling represented by the Ojo Caliente incident. Very nice and pointed! The nostalgic reminiscences about '45 fmz bring mixed emotions, so does Rick Sneary's description of his reference shelf. Lettercool enjoyable and informative, an unusual combination. Thanks again for your kind patience with me.

My pleasure, Gem, and if I've helped to keep you interested in fandom that's to my benefit as I think you are one of the people who helps to keep fandom interesting. I'm looking forward to more GEMZINES. RT

ROBERT E. GILBERT
509 WEST MAIN STREET
JONESBORO, TENNESSEE

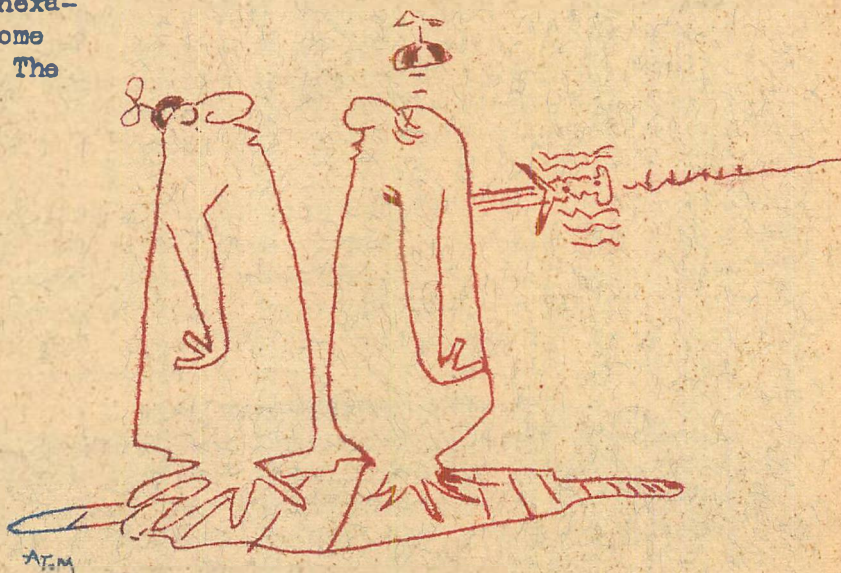
A discussion of comic books at Discon does seem a bit odd. After the way they were censored, what's left to discuss?

I don't understand, since your address is Albuquerque, why the nearest post office is in a small town six or seven miles away. I have a number of reference books but none of them are the ones Rick Sneary mentions in his article. What are your references? RT I thought "A Child's Garden of Science Fiction" by Ben Evans was amusing and well done. Len Moffatt's discussion of the LASFS was interesting. My only contact with the organization is through reading SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES.

I've flipped over all the recent Ace paperback editions of Edgar Rice Burroughs books. Although I don't think Burroughs was the greatest writer who ever lived, or anything like that, I have more of his books than I have books by any other author. I like to read them. I already have some of the Ace titles in hardcover form but I'm buying up those I don't have.

Last night I saw "Twilight Zone" on tv. A man somehow shrunk himself so he could live in a doll house with a doll.

To clear up the post office mystery, while our address is Albuquerque we don't actually live in the city. We live a mile or so north of the city limits and up until a couple of years ago had a rural route address. The city one fine day assigned us all street numbers in what we presumed was the first step towards annexation, a move to which I and some others are bitterly opposed. The only thing we'd get out of it would be higher taxes. Like, who needs them? We actually live in what is called "The Village of Los Ranchos de Albuquerque" which was incorporated to provide certain zoning restrictions to keep the area residential since commercial developments were trying to move in. Like, who needs them? RT



ATM

"One thing, Out here we're
Out of the way of these
Feuds!"

BUCK COULSON
ROUTE #3,
MABASH, INDIANA

On this comparison of DYNATRON with WARHOON...you know what you need to put DYNATRON up in the class of Superior, worthwhile, dignified fanzines like YANDRO, or WARHOON, or RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST? Good layout? Naaah...WARHOON doesn't have any spectacular layout. Good material? Naaah...check over some back YANDROS or the last RHODO.

Superior reproduction? Naaah...might help (page 4 of DYNATRON 14 wasn't the most legible piece of fanmanship I've been) comes from using stencils marked "Guaranteed for one year from this date: 7/1/40". I've still got several boxes of them. RT but it's not the most important item. What you need is—mailing envelopes! Yessir, if you think it over you'll note that with editors who know fandom best, it's envelopes two to one. Gives your mag that dignified appearance, keeps it from having that cheap frazzled look provided by the postal service. Makes readers sit up and take notice; if it comes in a fancy expensive envelope, it must be important. Now it just so happens that I'm in a position to do you a favor, bwah. Yep, I can let you have some of the finest quality envelopes, and the price is practically a steal....You understand, I wouldn't do this for everybody, but since you're an old buddy....Er, who's doing the stealing, old buddy? Look, you think if I could afford fancy envelopes I'd be using stencils manufactured in 1940? You do? You're right. RT

Now, now, Roy, don't get all het up about comics. The question is just where you want to draw the line on what you consider science fiction. You can't logically object to "picture stories" if you include movies, now can you? And since you have several movie discussions in this very issue, I guess you do include movies. Can you do it on literary quality? First, this isn't valid; you can't limit any category of fiction to just the parts of it you like. Second, I didn't hear any objections from you about the annual Burroughs Bibliophiles meeting, and while I don't think much of comics I can assure you that WEIRD SCIENCE, at least, was better than anything Burroughs ever wrote. Of course, I expect that Lupoff and Ivie will be discussing things like GREEN LANTERN and PURPLE THUNDERMUG, but, honestly now...can you really say they were worse than some of the stuff in the old pulps? Ever read "170 Miles A Minute" by Ward Skeen? Or, since you were talking about the "boom" of the Fifties, did you ever see a copy of the large-size FANTASTIC SCIENCE FICTION? You can't toss comics out because they're pictures, because so are movies; and you can't toss them out because they aren't scientific unless you want to legislate against UNKNOWN as well. So you'll just have to put up with them, like I do.

Hummm. There must be some reason for tossing them out. Actually, I suppose comics—sf and fantasy based comics—are a legitimate part of the field (although I prefer to think of them as bearing the bar sinister) and as such are quite in order as part of the program of a sf convention. I suppose my main objection is that, to me anyway, the comics have always seemed so utterly juvenile. Particularly the costumed heroes. All comic book buffs may now point out to me the childishness of such old pulp characters as "The Shadow," "The Spider", and "Doc Savage". Chalk it up to my being a grouch. RT

CHARLES WELLS
200 ATLAS, APT #1,
DURHAM, N. C.

Did you know that Ojo Caliente means Hot Eye? I think the USA has always been a little unimaginative about things; the idea of a prefabricated schoolhouse is a marvelous one and I don't see why we haven't been doing that—we certainly need the space.

The same goes for prefabricated libraries. But I suppose the same attitude of that's not-good-enough-for-US! that keeps us from accepting aid from Mexico also keeps us from building prefabricated schoolhouses.

I think you are a little hard on the comic book enthusiasts. After all, the notion of a superman and superheroes was made a part of the national heritage by comic books and after all, such notions ARE fantasy, if not science fiction. Certainly it's not out of place on a convention program, although I agree that if the comic heroes are discussed in the same hushed tone of voice usually reserved for Stendhal by drama teachers or ASTOUNDING in the early '40s by sfans then things ARE getting a little ridiculous.

Chrystal's experience with the postal clerk reminds me of the experiences I have

WELLS, cont'd.

had with various retail clerks here in Durham as we set up housekeeping. I don't know what it is about Durham, but this town seems to have the stupidest retail clerks in creation. For example, there was the time I wanted to look at some Steuben glass as a present. I knew nothing about it. I called every store in town, and no one had even heard of it. Finally, in desperation, I called Sears, not really expecting any result. "Oh, SURE," said the man, "we sell Steuben glass. We sell all kinds of glassware. Come down and look at it...we have it." This was after I had been connected with a stupid female who thought I was looking for glass bowls, and such like kitchen stuff. "It's statuary," I said "...No, statues, ornamental stuff, like on mantels...no, NOT cut glass! Steuben glass!!" Anyway, after that man's assurances I naturally hightailed it right down to Sears—which without a car is somewhat of an ordeal. Naturally, they didn't have any. "I'm sorry," said the man, "I didn't know you specifically wanted one brand of glass. We have all kinds of nice cut glass here," he said, showing me a whole bunch of cut colored glass vases..."You see, I just wasn't sure what Steuben glass was..." he said.

It turned out the nearest place they sell Steuben glass is in Atlanta.

The other day, mailing CADENZA, I asked the man for 13 8¢ stamps, and after figuring up the price he discovered he had given me air mail stamps and he had no regulars. "That's OK, fours will do," I said. So he gave me 26 fours and then proceeded laboriously to add up what 26 4¢ stamps would cost...

What's all this about Yngvi? Everybody knows he was a dwarf...

I think the problem with retail clerks—and other people engaged in service jobs—is another symptom of decay in our society. The people who fill these jobs have no real interest in them and make little effort to find out what they're supposed to do. It is generally the same throughout the country. No, I don't expect people in service jobs to act subservient, no reason why they should, but I do expect them to know what they're doing. I've walked out of more than one store because either I couldn't get waited on or if I did the clerk appeared completely ignorant of what the store stocked and wasn't inclined to find out. RT

ALVA ROGERS
5243 RAHLVES DRIVE
CASTRO VALLEY, CALIF.

It's funny you mentioning the Science Fiction Fanquet Booklet because just two or three weeks ago I came across my copy of it and sat down for a few pleasant moments of reminiscing. First, to answer your question about CENTAURI—Andy Anderson published that fine zine. Every time you mentioned a mag and its price in those days I sobbed right along with you (ASTONISHING 10¢, and a really fine magazine it was, too. And remember when you could get 162 pages of ASTOUNDING for 20¢? Those were the days. And how about all those magnificent novels reprinted from the old Munsey mags in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES and FANTASTIC NOVELS for 10¢ and 15¢ when FFM was still being published by Munsey?)

Stop it! You'll have me blubbering in a minute. Gad, a revived FFM is one I'd willingly pay four bits per copy for. RT

The impression I got from rereading my article on SF art in the booklet was that I couldn't make up my mind just who was my favorite artist—although I did say that Cartier was my favorite. Perhaps



DYNATRON

ROGERS, cont'd.

I was influenced by my possession of a particularly fine Cartier original; but on the other hand, I also had some nice Finlay and Paul originals at the same time...I dunno. Today, I wouldn't say that Cartier was my favorite without qualifying it. Cartier was uniquely suited to certain types of stories—not so much so for others. I miss Cartier very much—but then, I miss UNKNOWN very much, also. I think, after considerable thought, (now there is a remarkable bit of profundity) after weighing all the factors I guess I should say, that science fiction illustrations depend too much on subjective responses in the individual viewer to allow for truly critical assessment—except possibly for someone like Bergeron. In my own case, I'm sure that if I wanted to I could give myself convincing arguments why any one of the following artists could be my all time favorite: Paul, for obvious reasons; Wesso, for reasons not so obvious; Dold, for the Skylark of Valeron and Nightiest Machine illas if for no others; Schneeman for his great work during ASTOUNDING's Golden Age; Rogers, for his memorable covers (and interiors) on ASTOUNDING during the forties and early fifties; Finlay, for his incomparable work in WEIRD TALES in the late thirties and FFM in the early forties; Lawrence, for his superb pen and ink work for FFM, ASTONISHING, and SUPER SCIENCE STORIES; Bok, for his outre originality; Cartier, for his unforgettable UNKNOWN covers and illos; and then there is Freas, Emsch and Schoenherr among the moderns who warrant consideration. Each one of these artists has in one way or another at one time or another, contributed his part to the enhancement of science fiction for me...

Amen to your comments on comic books. I could never understand the interest otherwise sane and sensible sf fans have in comic books. So they're ostensibly science fiction, so what. That doesn't make them any more palatable, either artistically or literarily. Focey on comic books.

I enjoyed Rick's article immensely. I collect books in somewhat the same manner as he does, but my non-fiction books run more to socio-political-historical types than his. Even so, I find several titles he mentions in my own collection. The Breasted and Ceram books, Churchill (I read the entire work at one crack during a period of unemployment when I had plenty of time on my hands), and I also have Sir Winston's "History of the English Speaking Peoples" which I haven't completely read as yet. I have a set of the Britannica which my Father-in-law gave us for Christmas a couple or three years ago. For quick reference I have the "Columbia Desk Encyclopedia" and a good collegiate dictionary. Also the "Dictionary of American Slang" which is a gass to read. Two books not referred to nearly enough are Margaret Nicholson's American version of "Fowler's Modern English Usage" and Strunk & White's "The Elements of Style."

Looking over my shelves and picking at random I have, in the way of reference works, and odd mish-mash, some of which are: The Viking Portable Library-Gibbon, Toynbee's "History of Civilization" (the one volume Somervill condensation of Volumes I to VI), three of the four volumes of "The Newgate Calendar" published in 1824, bound in 3/4 leather and marbled boards, a marvelous source of information on English law of the 18th and early 19th centuries. The three volumes so far published of Schlesinger's history of the New Deal, and Justice Douglas's eloquent testimonial to man's struggles for personal liberty, "An Almanac of Liberty." At the opposite end of the spectrum we find "Mein Kampf," "A History of the Communist Party of the USSR (Bolshevik)" by Stalin, and several volumes of the Selected Works of Lenin. I also have the King James Bible and The Book of Mormon. A must companion to Hayakawa's "Language in Action" is the same author's "Language, Meaning, and Maturity." Every science fiction fan should have a copy of the Smyth Report. An interesting, if slightly ponderous, book which goes a long way towards giving some insight into the bitterness most German's felt towards the Versailles Treaty is Alfred von Wegerer's "A Refutation of the Versailles War Guilt Theses"—a refutation that is hard to refute. Following this we naturally come to Shirer's monumental book (both in size and importance), "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich." In the same area the recently published "The Fall of the Dynasties" by Edmund Taylor is an absorbing and scholarly history of the great dynasties (Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, Romanov, and Osmanli) which all came to rather violent ends with World War I.

ROGERS, cont'd.

I have several books on English history (I'm an inveterate Anglophile), American history with particular emphasis on the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought", a few choice art reference books, biographies, a history of modern whaling, books on chess, and quite a few on Russia with emphasis on the Revolution and Marxist-Leninist theory. David Shub's biography of Lenin is invaluable, and B. D. Wolfe's "Three Who Made a Revolution" (Lenin-Trotsky-Stalin), is one of the finest books of its kind ever written. Edmund Wilson's "To the Finland Station" is another excellent examination of the personalities, philosophies, forces of society, and what-not, making up the Russian Revolution.

Back to this country a surecure for smugness is a periodic reading of Gustavus Myers's "History of Bigotry in the United States." For a fascinating peek into the sick mind of an American bigot and ultra-rightist, circa the 1930s, I find Elizabeth Dilling's outpourings of filth, "The Red Network" and "The Roosevelt Red Record and its Background" the perfect books. A more positive examination of the New Deal is Robert E. Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins", as well as "The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes." And on and on and on....

Norm Metcalf is a kook who grows on one.

Len Moffatt is a good man and he writes a real good column. I would like to see much more from him on the LASFS and LArea fandom--both past and present. Come now, Len, your South Gate argument just doesn't stand up. I'll grant that the Alexandria was part of South Gate, but that particular bit of South Gate was right smack dab in the center of Los Angeles--one step out of the hotel onto the sidewalk and you were back in L.A. You people down there have been such wonderful hosts to we'uns from up here so many times that we insist on returning the honors. Believe me, Len, if we get the bid at the Disco you guys won't luck out so easily--we'll be drawing on as much talent down there as we can get.

Speer makes good sense, and I more or less agree with your response to the worthy John Baxter.

Your list of reference books is most impressive. I've read many of those titles even though they're not on my personal shelves. Knocking about the world for 20 years precludes building any real reference library so most of what I've read have come from the shelves of military and public libraries. // Amigo Len will appear in DYNATRON every couple of issues or so if he holds to his present schedule. RT

ED COX
14933 $\frac{1}{2}$ DICKENS STREET,
SHERMAN OAKS, CALIF.

I am not too amazed at the plight of Ojo Caliente; nor at what happened. It is a shame, too, that such a situation does not cause any amazement on my part...that the situation existing is such that something like this does not seem out of the ordinary. It is a minute fraction of the state of affairs that exist that should have the American people up in arms, street-marching, torch-light parades, floods of letters and telegrams to Washington...not just about Ojo Caliente, but concerning all the exposed inequities and inadequacies. But we all just let it go...most people show more concern about rushing down to the new-car showrooms at model change-over time than about government mismanagement. //It's part of the training. RT
Where did you get this info? With some references, it would be a good bit to send to THE REPORTER or any big daily paper of the opposite party, etc. //Naaah. The story broke here in Albuquerque and was given local play. Films were sent off to the telly networks, which weren't used, and the wire services also had it. They didn't use it either. Who cares, man, who cares? RT

I don't know what it is about Ben Evans' "A Child's Garden of Science Fiction", that appeals to me, but it does, it does! I even like it.

Last item in Len's column reminds me that Wally Weber is standing for TAFF. I don't care who else is nominated now; even though they be friends, Wally was first and I'm for Wally. Hell, I'll even vote this year....!

I disagree that "Advice and Consent" and its ilk is science-fiction. They are only by very technical fine points to be considered within the realm of sf/fantasy. A great debate, argument or flurry of "what's the definition, etc" could well be

COX, cont'd

fired up for the nth time. But it causes me to remember back during the war years when magazine stf was scarce and the book field hadn't really gotten on the bandwagon. Those days anything that came out was trumpeted about in high glee and great excitement. If there was so much as a ghost or something, the book immediately became weird tales type stuff, etc. Not too long ago I read somebody's comment that would fill the bill here. The gist of it is, and I agree, that such novels are sociological, political, etc., and a small element of means to an end is inserted--such as having the story set a few years in the future. Even Slaughter's "Epidemic" would qualify in this context. "Fail-Safe" comes closer to being real stf. New inventions aren't required to make a story stf and setting a story a few years in the future for convenience does not necessarily qualify it. Any story definitely set in the future rather than in the present may call for an exercise of the imagination..but not necessarily that much. The extent of the exercise of the imagination doesn't necessarily, to me, determine the science-fiction-ness of it! There're a lot of stories set in the present that demand quite a bit of exercise of the imagination...which doesn't make them stf either. Catch-22 anyone?

~~XXXXX~~

This is it!
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