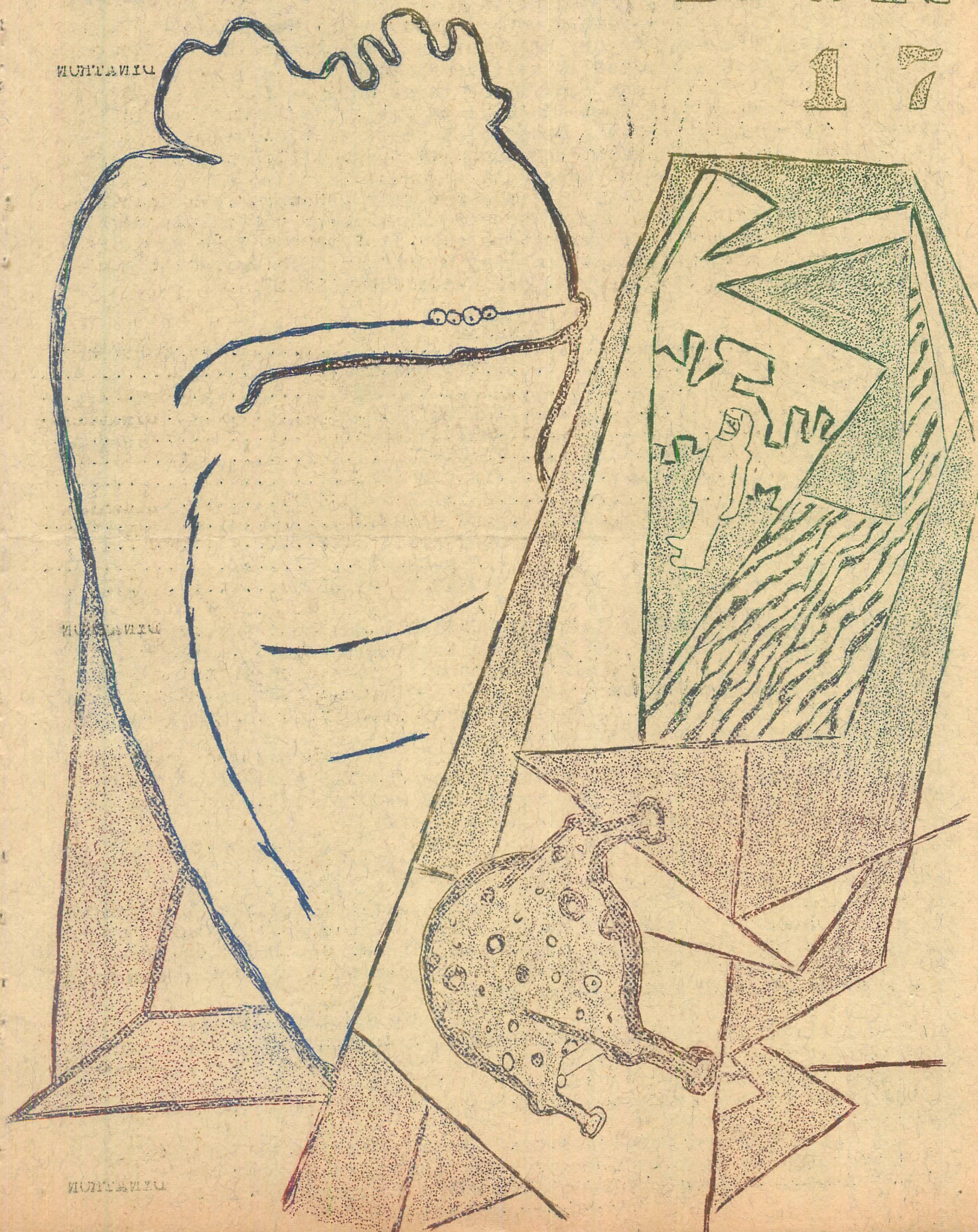


FUTURIAN COMMENTATOR

DYNATRON

17



Hmmm. Lessee, now, this is DYNATRON #17 if my memory serves me right. Yes. #17 is correet. DYNATRON is the fanzine that guarantees you 10 sheets of Twiltone--printed on both sides--and don't ask for more, amigo, unless you want to pay the postage. Theoretically we have here an amateur magazine devoted to science-fiction and fantasy and related subjects. (That's for the benefit of those who, seeing this for the first time, wonder just what the hell it is.) DYNATRON is published every other month by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, and the next issue will probably carry a ZIP number. (The ol' P.O. gonna git to us at last.) What else? Oh, yeah, DYNATRON is available in trade for your fanzine, for contributions of material--which should be stf-slanted--or for 15¢ in cold, hard, legal tender of the United States. It goes out free to members of C.A.P.A. and there aren't too many of them. This issue is dated May, 1963, and is, as always, a Marinated Publication.

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THE NATIONAL SCIENCE FAIR-INTERNATIONAL was held here in Albuquerque from 6 May to 11 May and it was a rousing success. (There's a plug for it in Juffus' article which should have been in the lastish but was crowded out.) There were some 400 student entries from 46 of the 50 states plus Japan, Sweden, France, Italy, and Puerto Rico. And, of course, forty-eleven industrial exhibits.

The fair attracted national attention and a goodly number of scientific and military brass attended and gave glowing speeches of one sort or another to the assembled young brains and various hangers-on.

The preponderance of military wheels taking an interest in a collection of highschool types might seem a bit unusual until one stops to reflect that the military is now--and always has been--the prime investor in scientific research in this country. As MajGen C. W. Clark, of the Army's Research Office pointed out, during the last century West Point was the only university in the country offering courses in engineering, the remainder of the schools stuck to the liberal arts.

Capt Joseph Kittinger, noted for his efforts at high altitude research in connection with the Star-gazer project spoke on that project and the work that could be done by balloons. (Capt Kittinger's last effort failed when the USAF people assisting him somehow managed to let the balloon get away without the gondola.)

Gen Bernard Schriever mentioned that prior to October 1957 he had been taken to task by his superiors for talking about the exploration of space. "Space" he was told, was a dirty word. After October

(continued on page 14)

✕ WRITINGS IN THE SAND ✕

Spring in Albuquerque. It is a season of mild days and cool nights. Daytime temperatures are usually in the high 60s or low 70s with an occasional spurt up to 80°. The nightly lows are in the mid-30s with a now-and-then dip below freezing. The trees are green, the flowers are blooming and the front lawn at 915 has been mown twice so far. Almost pleasant. Almost. Except for one thing. The wind blows almost constantly. A warm, dry wind, averaging about 30 mph with gusts somewhat higher. Dry. There is no rain and the humidity is between 10 and 15 per cent. The warm, dry wind quickly evaporates whatever moisture is in the ground and the dessicated dirt, as fine as moondust after ages of buffeting by the wind, soon fills the air, sifting through the smallest cracks and covering everything with a covering of brown. The wind is usually from the south--we happen to live on the north side of a dirt road--but it now and again shifts to the west or northwest. The winds will continue until about the end of May and when the winds subside it will be summer in Albuquerque and hot.

✕
Plague. The Black Death. During the Middle Ages it swept across Asia and Europe quite effectively removing any worries the people of those times may have had about excess population. I really don't suppose they worried much about excess population in those days which is probably just as well. Plague remained pretty much of a problem until the 19th (XIXTH) Century when, we are told, an obscure Ukrainian scientist named Colgate Kalmolivitch discovered soap. All of which is well known, I'm sure. Now days one hears of plague only in novels or in sensational non-fiction books aimed at the readers of Night Stand Books who have grown jaded.

Fictional treatment of plague usually has it being introduced into some seaport city by a group of brown rats that have escaped from behind the Iron Curtain and are seeking political asylum. Most authors seem unaware that this particular gimmick is unnecessary. Plague doesn't have to be imported--we grow our own.

Most people are unaware, and one presumes that his is a good thing, that the western United States is one of the most potentially dangerous parts of the world insofar as plague is concerned.

Plague was imported into California during the 1800s from China along with vast cargoes of men to work on the railroads or open laundries. Most people usually connect plague with rats but the germs do quite well in any rodent and found the local fauna to be excellent hosts. Ask any Californian about squirrel control in that state. Most California real estate contracts specifically require that the property be kept free of squirrels. (Ron Ellik fans can make their own jokes here.) Rabbits and prairie dogs also act as hosts for plague germs.

Public Health officials throughout the west run constant checks for the possibility of a serious epidemic is always present. Most of their efforts in this field are not publicized but a reported case of plague will set vast wheels in motion.

I find that New Mexico is high on the list of potential danger spots. 23 counties here are known definitely to be infected and the state has had 12 individual cases of plague since 1949, seven cases have been fatal. The last two were reported in 1960 and resulted from infected rabbits. Both forms of plague, bubonic and pneumonic, have been found here. The Public Health people say that streptomycin and the sulfa compounds are

useful in treating the disease in the bubonic form.

In case you're wondering what brought all this on, it was a report made by a recent meeting of the NM Public Health Association. And about the time the report was made public I developed a rash of suspicious-looking spots. But it wasn't the plague. The doc said it was measles. At my age. Tsk.

Another recent import to California, name of Redd Boggs, wants me to announce that he has a new address: 270 South Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles 57, California.

Bonnie Brae? I wonder if that is the Ethel Lindsay influence?

Ethel has seized upon a couple of remarks I made an issue or so ago and inquires into my politics. Am I, she asks, a Democrat or a Republican and under which wing do I place myself, liberal or conservative?

The first part of the question is fairly easy to answer--Chrystal and I are both Democrats, according to our voter registration, although that doesn't really mean too much since the only time we vote the straight ticket is in the primary election. (By the way, the last session of the New Mexico legislature, in a magnificent step backwards, abolished the direct primary here.) Well, actually I suppose that being a registered Democrat means more than that first sentence indicates. It means, for one thing, that when, as is often the case in local elections, the qualifications and points-of-view of the candidates are fairly evenly matched, we'll cast a vote for the Democratic candidate. It also means that the Democratic candidate for minor offices is going to pick up my vote. As for instance in the last election when I discovered on the ballot the position of Precinct Constable along with a Republican and Democratic candidate for the office. I hadn't known beforehand that there was such an office; it wasn't mentioned in any of the election literature nor did the names of the two candidates for the office appear on the campaign propaganda. I pretty well divided my vote for the local and state offices and cast my ballot for the two Democratic candidates for Congress...well, I actually voted for only one of them. In the other case it was a matter of voting against the Republican nominee; in my mind both candidates were unacceptable but one was more unacceptable than the other.

As for the second part of the question, well, Chrystal is somewhat conservative and as for myself--that isn't an easy question to answer. Mayhap I'm a liberal conservative or a conservative liberal. Perhaps the latter definition is more fitting than the former. I can see some good points in the liberal program and some good points in the conservative program. I find a vast amount of idiocy in both.

Maybe one of these days I'll expound on my political theories which will probably bring cries of anguish from all sides. But not now. There's not enough room in the magazine for that.

Conservative? Liberal? I dunno. A little of both and a whole lot of neither.

Shoko Uhara also has a new address: c/o Mr. I. Nakajima, Kami Takabatake-cho, Nara City, Nara, Japan. And how about a letter of comment from you, Shoko?

Fanned with extra copies to spare might send a sample to Al Morgan, 4817 Mt Elbrus Dr., San Diego 17, Cal.

A few weeks ago Diana's teacher assigned her class the task of writing a space story. Herewith for your edification and amusement is the first science-fiction story by Diana Tackett, age 9, 4th Grade. RT

A RACE TO THE MOON

Joe said, "We can't see the world any more."

The Captain said, "We are 60,265 miles up above the world."

"I am rising up in the cabin," Joe said.

"Joe, where are your magnetic boots?"

"I left them at home."

"Do you want to be the first boy on the moon?"

"I do! I do!" shouted Joe.

"You know Bob is going to put a spaceship into space. It goes faster than ours. He will be the first boy on the moon if we go back for your boots. Spacely is not on this trip so you may wear his boots. Do you mind?"

"I do not mind," said Joe.

"We better put on our oxygen tanks," the Captain said.

"OK," said Joe to the Captain.

Two days later they reached the moon. Bob had not arrived. Joe was the first boy on the moon.

DIANA TACKETT

Diana illustrated her story with a picture clipped from a SF Book Club ad. She was given an "A" on the story and her teacher commented that the story was very good and that Dee had shown some originality since she was the only one in the class to write any dialogue into the story. Gad, science-fiction in the schools. We have arrived. RT

XXXXX

Some recent additions to the sf shelves at 915 and a couple of small comments on them.

THE GREEN MILLENNIUM by Fritz Leiber. This is the Lion Library edition and the blurbs make the most of the small bit of sex with which Leiber attempted to spice up an otherwise dull tale. THE GREEN MILLENNIUM reads like a tale from GALAXY and you know what I think of most tales from GALAXY. I got about a third of the way through this one before I gave up and tossed it onto the shelf. I don't know what Leiber was attempting with this one but it is a long way from the Mouser or CONJURE WIFE.

CAT'S CRADLE by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is a fair to middling tale; it could have been better. The basic idea is fine and Vonnegut is sometimes a good story-teller. Other times he lets his fondness for literary gimmicks detract from the flow of the story. Dividing 218 pages into 127 chapters is carrying things a bit far. This one is a tale of super-science, a new religion (any comment on the philosophy of Bokoron from those who were so voluble about Mike Smith?) and a wry comment on various things. I like it. But it could have been better.

Ah yes, THE STAR OF LIFE by Edmond Hamilton. Not Hamilton at his best and certainly not Hamilton at his worst, but a good straight Hamilton tale which means, of course that it is a damned fine story. Hamilton isn't gimmicky--he just settles back and tells a story and I usually enjoy it. This is typical Hamilton with mankind scattered among the stars along with a flock of high ideals and an interesting quest. This one could have come from STARTLING STORIES and while I don't know what your opinion of STARTLING-type yarns is--I like them.

Noriyoshi Saito has had his translation of Doyle's "Maracot Deep" published by Hayakawa Shobo Co.

TOSHO SHIMBUN, a leading weekly paper for the reading man, is publishing a monthly SF fanzine critique column. The writer is Kyoji Ishikawa, a mystery story critic and SF fan.

Hayakawa Shobo Co. has begun publication of its second "Tales of Menace" series. Books issued so far include "Blood Runs Cold" by Bloch, "Shock" by Matheson, plus anthologies by Fred Brown and James Serber.

Toshio Maki (Dr H. Maizumi) who had attended the German SF Congress at Unterwossen last August has returned to Japan and Tadashi Taka (T. Kousai) has left Japan for Italy (a relief of the Uchujin ambassador to Europe? Ha!)

Eiichi Kojima, a prize winner at the Chicon artshow, has established a SF art club. Akira Yamaguchi was elected the chairman.

The January and February issues of SF MAGAZINE contained more original stories by Japanese writers than there were translations. This is the first time this has happened.

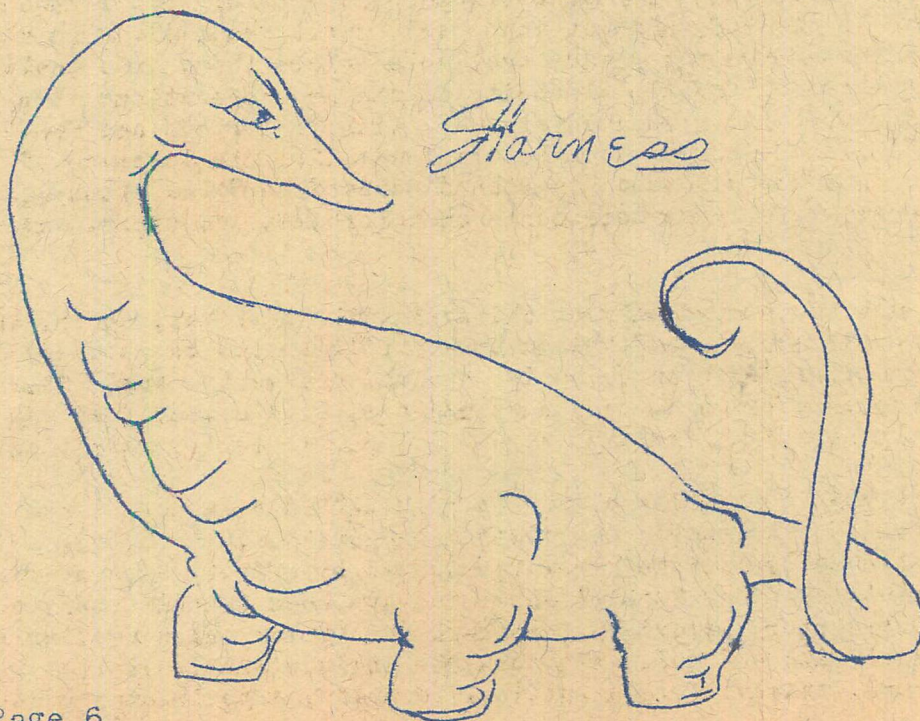
Rei Kosumi is writing a weekly SF column for NAIGAI TIMES, a minor daily paper.

The S-R Club, a mystery story fan group which has taken a recent interest in SF has nominated the following as the best SF published in Japan in 1962: UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS, THE CURRENTS OF SPACE, THE MOON IS HELL, THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH, THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN, THE TOWER OF LIGHTS by Alan Kiodomari, and an anthology of short stories by Ryu Mitsuse.

The Gifu City fan club organized by Den Yoshimitsu has 30 members already.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

XXXXX



Jack Speer PRECOCITY

One of the weaknesses of STARSHIP TROOPERS was the adolescent slang of the soldiers. Probably this was the result of Heinlein's writing juveniles for too long. It's against the direction of change, for fighting men in the far future to use such naive nicknames as Rasczak's Roughnecks and Willie's Wildcats, which sound like high-school football teams.

There was a time when soldiers used such terms, a hundred years ago. Bruce Catton mentions a certain naive quality about the soldiers of the Civil War, an innocence lost to later generations. One way this expressed itself was in unit nicknames such as the Louisiana Tigers. Even in that war there was one, Lee's Miserables, which strikes the note of weary bravery that marked our men in World War II and the Korean conflict.

I suppose the slang of STARSHIP TROOPERS could be defended. Heinlein might say that in fighting an alien race, the Bugs (in itself a Britishly naive name for the enemy), our people regained the certitude that marked the combatants in the Far Between the States. There is no rule that every trend established from past to present must be projected into the future. But this one toward greater sophistication of the young is, I think, so prevalent that a departure from it calls for justification.

Watching my children, now 5 and 7, I can see them entering stages of interest that came to me at later ages. It is not merely their language that is more high-flown than mine at that age. They are really getting into higher orders of abstraction sooner. For instance those lifeless objects, playing cards and dominoes, have helped my boy learn his numbers at an age when I was still using dominoes for building blocks.

My 7-year-old daughter is interested in magic tricks. Except for what I read in the Book of Knowledge from 8 to 10, I didn't get into magic until about 11, when mail order entered my life. The means were not really available before that, in a small town, and this is part of the reason for the precocity of the new generation: the means are available. My kids work in a rudimentary way, with Tinkertoys and Erector sets, which in my deprived childhood hardly came before I was 12. The lowering of the bicycle age from adolescence to childhood has been discussed in FAPA. Teen-age autos have been discussed everywhere. Preadolescents on motorbikes, scooters, and karts hardly need mention.

Of course it's not enough to merely confront children with the bikes, tools, and books made for older people. As the size of things they handle should be reduced, so also should the written material be adapted to their physical and mental age. There has been no apparent increase in average IQ, and physical age, at the most, has advanced $1\frac{1}{2}$ years in the last generation (largely, says LIFE, due to better nutrition).

And this adaptation has been done. The change is highlighted by a copy I recently acquired of Johnson Smith & Company's big premium budget (i.e., booklet), which I originally read in the early thirties, now reproduced by offset, apparently from a copy of about that vintage. This booklet seems to have been compiled before World War I, from mostly 19th-century material, yet there wasn't much else available in competition with it in the 1920s and 30s. The contents include little stories, recitations, jokes, conundrums, tricks, fortunetelling, formulas, experiments, puzzles,

games, etc. The material is very similar to many children books of the present day such as Spooky Magic and Jokes and Riddles to be Read Aloud, but there is no comparison in typography, clarity of descriptions, etc. The editor seemed to have only a vague idea of the age group for which he was writing, but was probably the card in his late teens; the illustrations show fine young men of the Gibson era in formal dress.

Coming up a little bit later than the Gibson era, to my own childhood, I can't think of any periodicals for children under the age of the Open Road for Boys. Eventually there was something called Child Life, probably a pallid precursor of Humpty Dumpty's Magazine, Jack & Jill, etc. There was nothing at all like Classics Illustrated Junior to make fairy tales attractive to the very young (I read Grimm and Pinocchio principally around the age of 12). Disney didn't animate Snow White until I was 17.

Nowadays there is an embarrassment of riches in children's books. The How and Why Wonder Books of exploration, the microscope, primitive man, machines, etc, are a little old for Margaret Ann, but she tackles them from time to time, and meanwhile I learn a good deal from them. Her True Book of Science Experiments (an aunt gave that to her, throw it or nil) is right at her level, and the experiments are such that 5-year-old Eddie assimilates them too. Of course the kids prefer showy experiments in which something blows up, sparkles, foams over, ktp. So did I when I got my Chemcraft set at about 11 and haunted Louis Clark's laboratory.

Of course the improvement in equipment extends far beyond books. There are now large plastic replicas of locks and keys and many other objects, to train a toddler's hands to quicker skill. Bridges to the real thing include plastic saws that will cut only styrofoam, little typewriters with real keyboards, and so on.

School teaching methods, despite all criticism, are far better now than in the fumbling old days, so that more can be transmitted, and sooner. And since Sputnik, there is less disposition to hold bright students back to the norms for the age.

Time for more important learning is released by children's spending less time on the childhood crafts and customs celebrated in Where Did You Go? Out and My Life as a Small Boy. Much excess baggage in the way of traditions and superstitions has also been dropped by the way.

The need for children's interests to mature faster is apparent. There is much more an adult needs to know now than there was thirty years ago.

Earlier maturity in social life is a more dubious advance, but the event is indisputable. Practices once characteristic of collegians shifted to teenagers a generation ago; they are now epitomized in Archie, and the Archie comic magazines currently are aimed at pretty early teens.

Everyone knows of the drop in the dating and going-steady ages. In view of the longer time that more people must spend in formal education, the imitation of Hollywood sex models at the age of 13 is hardly a good thing, but it is a part of the trend to precocity which must be recognized. Junior high and grade-school commencements, and highly-organized Little League baseball are other deplorable examples of acceleration in social organization.

Still another evidence of the shifted time-scale is the lowering of Boy Scout age by a year, and the cub scouts' passing the boy-scout division in size. At the ages of 14, 15, and 16, once the center of attention for Handbook contributors, only a handful of young men are kept in scouting, by a program heavily charged with typical teen-age emphasis on dating, dress, careers, etc. Can you imagine a fashion section in Boy's Life of the 1930s? Although standards of performance for the various scout



ranks have been lowered along with the age requirements—an expression of pre-Sputnik softness—the high-school science fair in Seattle last year showed that much can be demanded from some adolescents. (Plug: This year the national science fair will be held in Albuquerque during the month of May.)

Increased sophistication extends to all age groups. The popularity of Contemporary greeting cards' sly wit would have been unthinkable before the war. The Plan Ahead wall motto and its thousand-and-one successors did not flower until the time was ripe.

But the change is most notable in the young. And I expect that someday soon meetings of the fifth-grade Little Achievement group will run something like this:

The meeting will come to order. The secretary will read the minutes.

The fifth monthly meeting of Little Achievement of Cedar Heights Grammar School took place at the home of the president January 29, 1975. The meeting was called to order at 4:12 p.m. by the president, Stanley Brasher. Those present were the president, the secretary, Shirley West, George Bender, and Maureen Wilson. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The treasurer reported a balance in the treasury of \$329.75. Maureen Wilson Moved and George Bender seconded a motion that we send a delegate to the convention in Chicago March 29, 30, and 31. The motion was carried. There were no committee reports. The president then called on Shirley West, our program chairman, who introduced our speaker, Mr. McLaine from National Junior Achievement, who spoke on "Opportunities Unlimited". The meeting adjourned at 5:36 p.m. Respectfully submitted, Dan Wells, secretary.

Are there any corrections or additions to the minutes? If not, they stand approved as read.

Mr. President, I think we should strike out the list of persons present at the meeting, because it shows that a quorum wasn't present, and somebody might later say we shouldn't pay the expenses of our delegates to Chicago because the motion wasn't approved by a quorum.

Mr. President, I don't hink the minutes show there wasn't a quorum present. It just says at the time the meeting opened the following persons were present. Were present.

Is there a motion on the floor? If not—

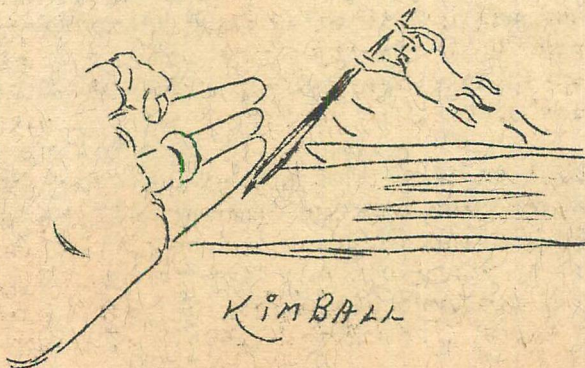
I so move.

I second it.

It's been moved and seconded that the list of persons present be struck out of the minutes. All in favor say aye. The ayes have it.

Mr. President, you didn't call for discussion.

You didn't call for those opposed either.



Well, Dan, it was only you who was opposed. All right, let's have a show of hands. All in favor raise their right hand.

Do you mean all in favor of leaving the names in?

No, this is all in favor of taking them out. Three ayes. All opposed. Three noes. I vote no, and the motion fails. Is there a treasurer's report? Excuse me. Any further corrections or additions to the minutes? Hearing none, the minutes are approved as read—as amended. I mean as read.

Bill's the treasurer this month. He's not here.

All right. Any committee reports? Old business? New business?

Mr. President, I offer the following resolution: Whereas, experiments with classes segregated as to sex have shown conclusively that better scholastic achievement results from this arrangement, and Whereas, in the present crisis of our relations with Russia it is essential that the best use be made of our available brainpower, Now therefore be it resolved that we, the Little Achievement club of Cedar Heights Grammar School, do hereby go on record as favoring separate classes for boys and girls up to and including the sixth grade. And be it further resolved that copies of this be sent to the Cedar Heights school board and released to the press. Mr. President, I'm sure we all read the article in last week's Life Magazine about the sex-segregated schools in Milwaukee and Madison and Minneapolis—

Point of order, Mr. President. I don't think the motion has been seconded.

I'll second it, but I may not vote for it. It seems to me the experiments she refers to may not prove anything, because if you know you're part of an experiment like this, you'll probably study harder anyway.

But they had controls there.

But the controls, knowing they were controls, would also be motivated—

Please, just one speaker at a time.

Mr. Chairman.

Mr. Bender.

I move we lay this on the table, because I don't think we've got a quorum here now, and I don't think we should start adopting resolutions like this that aren't part of our purpose, as stated in our constitution, without a quorum present.

Point of order, Mr. Chairman. He made a speech after moving to lay on the table, so it's no good.

That's no good?

Point of personal privilege—

Point of inquiry—

Question!

Please, if you'll let me clarify the parliamentary situation here, there's a motion on the table, duly seconded—

Not on the table, on the floor.

Mr. President, I'd like to introduce the lady who's just come in. This is Mrs. Robinson from the national Planned Parenthood Federation, and she's going to speak to us if we can cut out these sill points of order and stuff and listen to her. Mrs. Robinson.

XXXXXX

JACK SPEER

SCIENCE FICTION FOREVER - LX

A popular favorite, easily on the top 40, of stf-type stories is What Happens to the Survivors After World Destruction. This can come about due to a number of reasons: atomic bombs, triffids, pagbeasts, what-have-you. Usually, however, there are The Few who try to build up a small band of people to perpetuate the race, fight barbarianism and Preserve Civilization. It is this type of tale that is honored here.

SURVIVING THE SURVIVORS by none other than E. MITCHEM COX

Rick Stevens wearily lowered himself onto the stool. He looked over the confusion in the courtyard of the Golden Towers Tourist Motel, TV in Every Room. There they were, the sole remnants of Civilization with their most precious belongings, wandering around in the helter-skelter mess automatically created when any group of disorganized humans congregate.

He pushed back his sun helmet and carefully lit a cigarette. He exhaled and noted that the tobacco stores would be one of the first perishable items to go. He sighed and unsnapped the elastic from across the clipboard. Then he gazed across the meandering people and the noise faded from his mind.

What had it been? It came again to his thoughts. The Great Disaster. Fabled in story after story, in innumerable ways, it had loomed over civilization for decades. But now it was here and Rick didn't know what it had been. But with no fuss, no bang, not even a whimper, it had left 99.9999% of the human population dead. The trouble was, he thought, that it didn't happen quickly enough.

They just started going. People kept on waking up dead. Governments became alarmed. Morticians had a ball. Television networks noticed that their ratings were falling off. Cigarette companies experienced a drastic reduction in sales despite the latest squelching of a cancer scare. People even became worried. Like, all over the world they kept dying. No disease, no radiation poisoning from fall-out. No people. The last few hundred thousands caused all the damage. If they'd all gone together when they went, reflected Rick, things wouldn't be in such a mess for the few of us left.

He'd come down from his mountain retreat to find chaos; he retreated to his retreat before he became immeshed in the mess. Weeks later he returned to find everybody gone. Everybody?

"Rick?" He snapped back to the present. A girl, tall, lanky, red-headed, in blue-jeans and wool shirt, was standing in front of him.

"Yeh, Liz?" He motioned for her to sit down.

"There ain't no water in the pipes in this place," she said in her Wyoming drawl.

"I know," he replied wearily. He indicated the clip-board. "But according to these geology maps, there ought to be a water-table not far down. Some of the men will have to dig a well." She got up and wandered over to some of the men.

That's one reason he'd picked the motel. It was completely walled in old Spanish style. There was water below and enough units for the people to live in. It was also away from the more devastated areas and there was farmland a short walk away.

Why had he done it? He'd gone down to the municipal airfields and found they were relatively undamaged. He'd fueled a plane and using his multi-engine war experience, flew all over the country, search-

ing, searching. And he had found a few survivors. Some of whom he had to leave dead...they better than he. What a social creature is man, he thought, that he becomes unhinged when there are no others like him around. For some reason, he gathered them in, the ones who seemed less shocked and more sane. But he didn't really know any of them. How would they react in this situation? But, he thought, there are some fine things about people. The Race Must Go On. So he labored and got them all out to the West Coast of the United States. They'd survive best, he thought, in a Mediterranean climate such as Southern California. And so they were here.

He called a meeting and set forth a few basic First Things To Be Done. Supplies must be stored. Rodents will no doubt ravage the land. For the time being, half of the court will be Women's quarters, the other half Men's. A water hole must be dug. Sanitation must be set up. Later scouting parties for more canned goods, water, etc. Then the men and women must be paired off and all women of child-bearing age will have to plan for children. He checked them off, item after item, from the clip-board. They respected his word and the clip-board. He appointed two men and two women as his lieutenants in charge of various working parties. Then he went into the manager's office to start interviewing the people to find special skills that would be needed.

The first man came in, strode up to the desk and extended a hand. Rick too it and shook it. "Peter J. G. Veebley here!" he said, flashing white teeth.

"Peter J. G. Veebley?"

"Peter John Griffin Veebley, Sir. Rather a beastly go, what? I do hope they'll clear up this mess so things can get back to normal. Man can't find a decent gin-and-bitters nowadays!" He brushed lint

"They? Mr. Veebley, we are They!" said Rick. "What can you do? We must all help or we will not survive!"

"I'm a man-about-time, m'self. Play a rocking good game of billiards!"

"Never mind. You'd better go with Group B, the Household Force."

A girl came in. He had to admit that even with her exaggeration, she was impressively endowed; rather attractive besides. She was five-three, obviously a 40-26-36 blonde (bottle) and sexy.

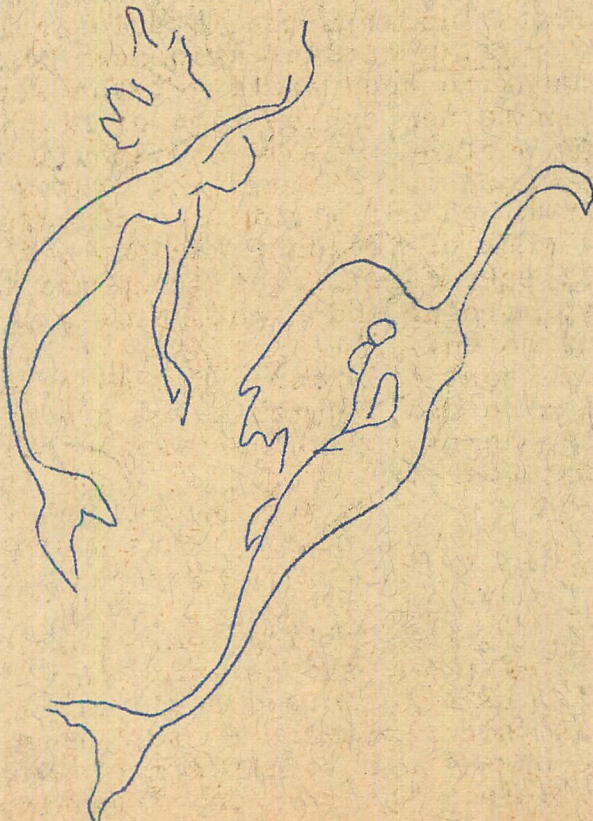
He took a deep breath.

"What's your name?"

"I'm Thelma," she husked.

"What's yours?" She undulated up to the desk and laid a flank across one corner of it and leaned dangerously at him.

"What was your occupation and what can you do?" He felt that it was a silly question.



McL

"I was a B-girl and are you kidding?" she drawled. She produced a cigarette and he lit it. "You're the wheel around here, honey," she continued, "and when we start coupling up, remember Thelma, eh? She launched herself from the desk and oscillated out of the room.

"Oh the hell with it, he thought. "Next?"

"What's your name?" He smiled at the preoccupied looking person who entered. He wore a business suit and a motorcycle cap.

"Yeh, man." He gazed through the wall above Rick's head.

"I asked what is your name?" Rick frowned. Maybe the man was hard of hearing.

"Oh, Clarence L. Raeburn, man."

"What do you do?"

"I'm a disc-jockey, man. Only I spun Modren Sounds, man!"

"Oh."

"When's the juice gonna make this gig, man?"

"Huh?"

"Naw, not that juice...electricity, man. The stuff that comes in handy wall-dispensers! Makes the hifi cry, really wail. Can't dig the Sounds without it and none o' these cats in this crazy pad can blow, man. I---"

"Okay, never mind. Group B. Next."

"My name's Wilma D. Earing and I must say that this is a most dis-organized group and that if I had my way, things would be different because I was Chairlady of my Woman's Club for 15 years going on 16 when this terrible thing happened and I want you to know, young man, that I'm not going to associate with any of those uncouth creatures out there--children indeed!--this place isn't fit for them and the authorities will be notified of any goings-on here, I'll see to that, without benefit---"

"Never mind, lady! Group A. Out! Next?"

And so they came. The teen-ager who wanted the radios to work so the Top Seventy could be heard; the lady who wanted to know when the newspapers would arrive so she could catch up with the Astrological Charts because she simply couldn't do a thing without guidance; the man who slavered, almost, on the desk wanting to know who'd get the extra women; the woman who demanded he listen to her explanation of how the saucer people did all this because Man scoffed and now she should be put in charge so that it wouldn't happen again; the man who wanted to know where he, Rick, got off acting like God and was this a democracy or what; the man whose occupation was that of preacher and how God's ways are not to be questioned, He will take care of the group and they should have prayer meetings every day, morning and night, plus all day Sundays, meditation between times; and so on.

After a week, Rick found that some sort of order had been established, but only in the projects in which he had himself taken a hand or given personal direction. Such as the one-shot fanzine session they held for SAPS (Survivor's Amateur Press Society).

Several days passed, some people desultorily working at some of the projects he'd set forth. Such as setting up SAPS. Most of the rest fooled around, cleaning the mimeo or cutting a few stencils; others moped around accomplishing as little as the rest.

Then one day they noticed the food supply getting low. They came to him and complained. He put down his fanzine and berated them about things in general and told them they'll have to forage until crops grew and were harvested. No crops had been planted. He told them to Get With It. In the mean time they'd have to go look for more super-markets. The F&E restaurants were no more. Not even any drive-ins, they said. They hadn't found any super-markets nearby and they hadn't

bothered to go too far afield. After all, Rick would take care of them. He found that was the general consensus of opinion.

One evening, while talking to Clarence L. Raeburn, something snapped. Something of Raeburn's philosophy came over him and he went to bed mulling over his Decision.

The next morning, before most of them were groggily dragging themselves awake in their pestholes, he finished packing the basic essentials to the motorcycle. He kicked it over and it started immediately. The roar brought some of the people to the entrance of the court.

He settled himself in the saddle of the cycle and prepared to take off.

"You going somewhere, Rick?" a woman asked hopefully.

"Yeh, like I'm gonna bug out." He tightened a strap.

"You gonna look for food, Rick?" another asked.

"Yeh."

"When you comin' back?"

"Don't come on so square!" He eased in the clutch.

"But we need you," they wailed. "WE'LL STARVE TO DEATH!"

"Crazy!" he replied and roared away.

ED COX

XXXX

SCIENCE FAIR, cont'd from page 2

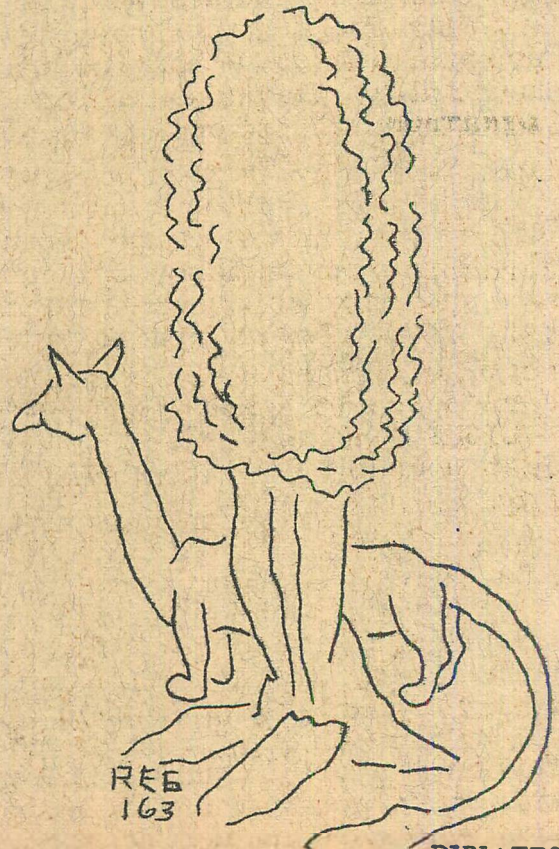
1957 space was all anyone wanted him to talk about. Schreiber also said that one of the big problems in our rocket/space research was the problem of recovering the burned out boosters. It would be more economical if we could use them over again.

VAdm Hyman Rickover spoke of nuclear power applications in the Navy and about the faults to be found in the American educational system. His comments presumably found support among the gathered students for the applauded loud and long his recommendations for separate and rougher courses for the brighter students.

Dr. Wernher von Braun gave his usual talk on the rocket/space program. Dr von Braun will be one shaken man if someone ever comes up with a space drive.

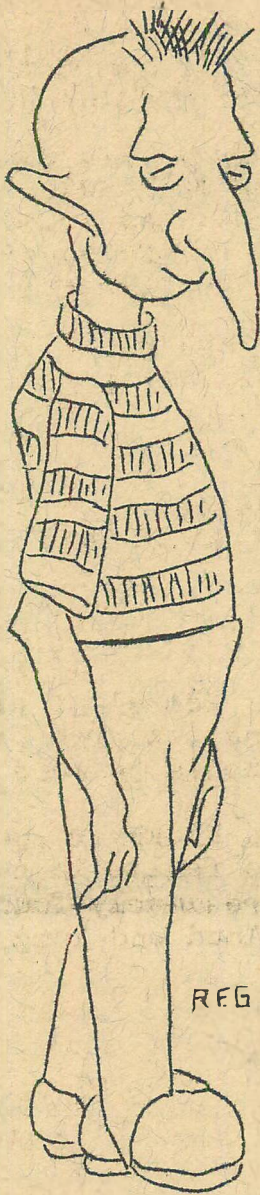
The brass was out in force, amigos, and the press covered their every move. Each planeload was met by the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate who managed to show up in vast numbers. Except one time. When Dr Harlow Shapeley, who originated the Science Fairs, arrived at the Albuquerque airport there was only one lone reporter to cover his arrival. Interesting.

As for the exhibits themselves, they were as interesting as they were varied. It would be impossible for me to give a complete rundown on them but the subjects carried all fields of science. (continued on page 20)



DYNATRON

FEEDBACK



JOHN M. BAXTER
P. O. BOX 39,
KING STREET P.O.,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.,
AUSTRALIA

DYNATRON 15. Cover fair--
not as good as Bjo can be
if she tries. Why not try
switching to the sort of
outline work Coulson uses
most of the time in YANDRO?

Blunt clear outlines, simple shapes and lots
of easy-to-draw machinery. It seems you some-
times go out of your way to find cover art
that is hard to put on stencil.

Speaking of banning books and other exam-
ples of infantile regression, you may be
stoked to hear that in 1933, The League of En-
lightened Magyars put forward as point 19 of
their national programme that all unmarried
girls over 12 should wear a cast-iron chastity
belt and that the keys entrusted to the father
or some competent authority. Apparently there
was a time when things were worse, not that
this is much consolation.

You have a point when you object to a
discussion of comic books at a sf con though
this will not stop the ConCommittee from put-
ting on the programme, nor prevent it from be-
ing a success. The sad fact of the matter is
that SF has an ever-diminishing place in the
World Convention set-up these days. The intro-
duction of a comic book forum is just the
latest and most noticable step in a gradual
process of watering down. When you look at it,
there is precious little sf material on the
Worldcon programme now. For every lecture or
symposium on sf, there are two or three about
editing fan magazines or something equally re-
mote. As many fans have complained recently,
the phrase "World Science Fiction Convention"
is decidedly doubtful - the sf world as a
whole has little to do with it, and it con-
cerns itself hardly at all with science fiction.

You are being very unfair to Anthony Burgess and A CLOCKWORK ORAN-
GE. It is not at all the sort of book you think it to be, though,
short of you reading it yourself, I can see no way to convince you. As
for "messages and social commentary" there is no more than in THE DE-
MOLISHED MAN and considerably less than in STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.
Just because it has no space battles and blasters doesn't prevent it
from being grade-A, SF.

✂ We don't go looking for complicated artwork--we just take it
as it comes. We've some ATOM's coming up that will be elec-
tronically cut--and worth it--since we couldn't do them by
hand. //I'm somewhat inclined to agree about the dubiousness
of dubbing our annual con the "World" convention. It would
seem to apply only if one considers the world to consist of
America and the UK.//Maybe I'm wrong about A CLOCKWORK ORANGE.
I'll withhold judgement until I read it. Now, then, where did
I put that copy of THE SHIP OF ISHTAR? RT✂

DENNIS KNUTH
RR 2, BOX 272,
AUGUSTA, WISC.

How dare you!!! How can you insult comic mags like you do? Oh, it's fairly easy. RT Science Fiction in comics today is now of a high class! In fact they are better than most other SF except for this super-hero bit!

So please DO NOT insult us comic mag fans. We (the true lovers of science fiction) like all types of SF, especially the type seen in fanzines.

Now I have nothing against comic magazine fans in their place-- which is the lower grades of grammar school. I figure that when people leave the 4th grade behind they should also leave comic books behind...by that time they should be able to read. RT

DAVID HULAN
3806 PINEDALE DR SW
HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

I scored 19 on Baxter's quiz, which I guess means that I'm not a stf scholar but I'm out of the comic book class. The poetry racked me up; I only got 2 out of 6 points there.

I guess stfnal illustration, like all art, is pretty subjective, but I have never cared for Schneman's work. Of course, I may have missed some of his best since I don't have a complete file of Golden Age ASFs. One of these days I've got to check and see if I still do. RT Cartier and Rogers, plus Gladney (the most technically competent stf illustrator I've seen, though he didn't have the "feel" for stf that some others had) and W.A. Koll (who never seems to get mentioned in these reminiscences) are my favorites from that era of ASF. I think Roy Krenkel should be added to the list of outstanding moderns.

GORDON EKLUND
14612 18TH SW,
SEATTLE 66, WASH.

I don't like the cover drawing on Dynatron 16. I've been trying to teach myself for the last few months not to comment on fanzine covers, since I know nothing whatsoever about art. About all I can ever say about a cover or an interior illustration is either I liked it or I didn't. Any conception of worth or lack of same being purely subjective.

I quit reading John Campbell's magazine--what's that name now?--a couple of years ago. I didn't think it was worth 50¢ for the amount of story value I was getting. I have glanced over the new issues, with the dirty old magazine dealer breathing down my neck all the while, and was pretty much impressed. I may have to start buying the magazine again. That's the spirit, Gordon, let go of some of that loot. RT

The Tucker reprint was surprisingly short on laughs. There were some good lines, though, but they were amazingly few. But, then, times have changed since 1945, which no doubt has something to do with it.

Ed Cox: I don't think "Advice and Consent" is really a stf novel either. The mere act of setting a story in the future doesn't make it science fiction by my definition. You might consider it a feather in SF's hat to have a best selling book written in the median, but with "Advice and Consent" no one would believe you if you told them it was stf.

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

Chrystal's comments about the creeping propaganda which is devitalizing library books...why all this foolish revision of children's literature to remove any supposed "violence" from the written word

when TV programs present visual images complete with all the gory details? Yeah, particularly when most of the little darlings are not able to read; anyway...not if they're entrusted to the schools that is. T

CARR, cont'd.

Coulson's comment about mailing envelopes brings to mind something that has puzzled me for a long time. Why fans will continue to spend more on envelopes than the cost of the postage? For years I used to send GZ out in a perfectly adequate mailing wrapper which consisted of a flat brown paper bag such as used in drug stores, etc. They cost around \$3 per 1000. Considering the cost, convenience and adequacy of these bags as wrappers, I've never been able to understand why they failed to catch on.

LEN MOFFATT
10202 BELCHER
DOWNEY, CALIF.

Reprinted from FIVE BY FIVE #22, May63, Rick Sneary, Esq., Editor.

I, too, liked "Frigid Fracas". Also enjoyed Farmer's "Some Fabulous Yonder" in the April FANTASTIC--up to a point, the point being where the author had to chop off, end the story, no doubt due to word/space restrictions on the part of the mag. Rog Phillips used to grouch about this, when he was writing for AMAZING. He'd get going good with his story and plot and have to bring it to a screeching halt because he'd used up the allotted quantity of words.

Tucker's take-off on the NFFF is just as funny, and in some degree just as applicable as it was in '45. I'm not really anti-NFFF, mind you, why some of my best friends are NFFFers.... Well now, as one of the NFFF Directors I'm not anti-NFFF either. I thought that the item was funny as hell so reprinted it. RT

I forget what score I made on Baxter's quiz, but it was better than I expected--somewhere between 15 and 20. The fiction was pretty good. Neither of the stories were original in content and idea but I'd like to see more by both Deckinger and Taka. Some nice long letters but 10 to 1 you'll get a gripe about "wasting space" to list all those reference books.

Obviously I've no column ready for #17. Don't wait up for me. I won't. RT I'll get one written....

Actually the only gripe I've seen on listing the reference books appeared in a fmz review in Joe Pilati's zine. Joe isn't interested in reference works. RT

Stan Woolston, noting our "desire to save space and keep postage down" sent along several pages of comments--the pages measured 11x18. Here--with a few extracts....RT

STAN WOOLSTON
12832 WESTLAKE ST.,
GARDEN GROVE, CALIF.
At one time I thought of a solution to give a mag a look of bigness, like having mirrors in a small room to give a semblance of depth; maybe if I tell you about it it'll go away....First mimeo the artwork, full page stuff, but done with a luminous ink, the formula of which I'll leave to your imagination except that it would be in a light yellow hue visible in the dark. Next, overprint with a page of copy; space between paragraphs, but otherwise fill the page. Okay, if you wish to allow a little space for Ed Cox to doodle in, not much, though. Do this page in blue or green ink. Third, overprint this with a page of text copy using orange ink. Each issue has a couple pair of "glasses" with cardboard frames--one orange, the other blue so as to block out the opposite color of text...Because I'm generous I'll present this Woolston System of Saving Postage to you free. Yes, I'm in a generous mood. You'd have the most colorful and compact 60 page zine in fandom until others adopt your system...YOUR system. What do you bet that someone will try it? Hmmmm. It might work. RT

WOOLSTON, cont'd

Bob Tucker's PROPOSED CONSTITUTION has a few things that amuse me. If I had read it when first proposed I'd have demured; I can see no use for a rule outlawing spitting on the floor on election day. Is this Tucker some sort of prohibitionist--trying to limit the rights of true fen? And a special rule that ballots must be counted before officers assume office--preposterous!

Mike's story: I won't say anything if you don't.

Tadashi's story: I've a feeling it should have started two pages "earlier".

Sorry, old chap, but I've got to chop. The last part of your letter will appear later as an article. Save space, ha? So you send enough to fill the fanzine yourself. RT

BUCK COULSON,
ROUTE 3,
WABASH, IND.

Trouble with Ed Cox's definition of science fiction is that it's entirely subjective. He probably knows which books he considers stf, but he can't explain it so that anybody else can use it and come up with the same results that he does. Which is going to leave him in a bad spot if anyone wants to argue; from the way he's started, I think I could use Ed's arguments and prove, first, that something like THE MOUSE THAT ROARED is science fiction, and second, using the same arguments, that it isn't science fiction.

Juanita would probably give three cheers and a tiger for Chrys's comments on bowdlerizing of children's literature. Of course, the censors do have an argument; as Chrys says, children have been raised on cruel, bloodthirsty fairy tales for countless generations--and look what a mess those children have turned the world into when they grew up! (So few people understand or agree with the rebuttal, which is that children who enjoy any sort of books aren't the ones who cause trouble.)

Yeah. RT



ROBERT E. GILBERT, 509 WEST MAIN ST. JONESBORO, TENNESSEE: I just finished reading Burroughs' A PRINCESS OF MARS. I hadn't realized before that the Martians laid eggs. That kind of conduct would surely create some delicate problems. I've never been able to visualize the Martian flyers. A one-man job is described as being 16 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 3 inches thick with a seat over the motor. That would make it a surfboard with a chair on it.

I couldn't understand whether A PROPOSED CONSTITUTION was a joke or for real. I laughed at it so maybe it wasn't serious. I made 0 on the stf quiz. "Another day" was well written but when I finished it, I didn't understand it. "The Rider" had some interesting material on motorcycling.

"The Rider" appeared originally in a motorcycling zine in Japan and Tadashi is an avid motorcyclist himself.

CRYSTAL GAZING

Bjo, all that sand and dust didn't really come from Arizona; it is actually part of New Mexico with a little of Texas and Oklahoma blown in for good measure. It's dry here.

As Roy will testify I dearly love to get up on a "soap-box" and orate. I usually have plenty to say about things that concern me. One of my pet peeves is the person who fails to speak his mind at the proper time. I think this is due to a couple of basic reasons, one being that unless a situation actually upsets people's personal lives they could care less about what is going on and, second, people are afraid to speak their opinions because they think they might differ from the majority. It aggravates me to go to a meeting of one sort or another and when opinions from the floor are called for there is nothing but a great silence. Of course when the meeting is brought to a close there is all sorts of mumbling and grumbling about what should have been done. They get no sympathy from me. Why didn't they speak up when opinions were called for?

Have you ever attended a meeting where two or three people sit and carry on their own private conversation while the meeting is in session? Chances are that one of them will suddenly ask a question on a subject that was thoroughly discussed and settled 15 minutes earlier. These are the same three people who complain about the meeting taking up so much time. During Major Gordon Cooper's press conference the two men on his right kept up a conversation during the whole interview. This not only seemed rude it was also distracting and I kept wondering what earth-shaking problems they were discussing. At any moment I expected one of them to break in to announce that the world had just blown up or the Martians had landed or some such.

I get all riled up when I go to hear a speaker talk on something that is of interest to me and then find a half-dozen people ~~st~~urrying around the platform holding whispered conversations while the guest is trying to lecture.

I voice my opinions whenever I have the opportunity. Sometimes I get a foot shoved in my mouth but at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that I spoke my piece.

The National Science Fair-International was held here a few weeks ago. It was a huge affair and a great success. However, it was open to the public for only a comparatively brief period and consequently was very crowded. We were able to get around to seeing only about half the exhibits. Our elder daughter, Diana, was full of questions about the exhibits we did see but we weren't able to answer them all as the huge crowd kept pushing us along to the next exhibit. If I had realized that she would show such great interest and be so understanding about the things we were able to explain to her I would have taken her out of school for a full day. The Science Fair would have been well worth a day of school missed.

The last issue left something to be desired. We had a problem with static electricity on that one. The sheets picked up quite a charge going through the mimeo which resulted in their sticking together which resulted in a great deal of offset. We ran off the school newsletter and some advertising since then and Roy grounded the mimeo to the cold water tap which helped considerably. It also saved me from numerous shocks.

CRYSTAL TACKETT

XXXXX
LARRY SHAW: If you find out how to operate that Model 77B pass the word along would you? We've one of those monsters sitting here, too, and can't figure out how to make it go. RT.
DYNATRON

SCIENCE FAIR, cont'd from page 14

Just a few examples of some of the presentations: Cofactors in T2 Phage Lysis; Chemical Factors in Regeneration of Newts and Salamanders; Effect of Synthetic DNA Polymers on the Synthesis of Polyribonucleotides; Jupiter's Great Red Spot; and on and on. The work involved in these projects is croggling to think about.

Neffe Dave Katz received a certificate of merit and a tour of research installations from the U.S. Army for his project: Energy Loss of Beta Particles in Lead and Aluminum.

One Wayne Miller of Manassas, Virginia, had a study of the Dean Drive and two earlier related phenomena (it appears that the idea goes back a couple of hundred years) under the heading of Reciproca-ting masses. His conclusion: it won't work as a space drive.

The students exhibits were open to the public for only two days but during those two days approximately 100,000 people went through the turnstiles for a view of the exhibits. Most, I suspect, left rather early. The comments I heard from the general public leads me to believe they were somewhat bewildered by it all.

The industrial/government exhibits were equally fascinating. NASA was well represented with satellite models, a Mercury capsule, and various other exhibits. The Army, Navy and Air Force all had large exhibits portraying their delvings into research. The Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory had a scale model of the Kiwi reactor on display--that's the nuclear rocket they're trying to perfect--, AT&T had a model of Telstar complete with TV on which the public could view itself; Union Carbide plugged their new fuel cell by using it to power a soft drink machine which dispensed free pop; the doctors showed us diseased lungs; the dentists diseased teeth and the trick-cyclists were there, too. IBM had a computer set up to keep track of the participants--I should have asked it where Katz was.

Next time the National Science Fair--or even some of the local science fairs--gets to your area be sure to take it in. Fabulous.

Newspaper reports indicate that most of the participants are stf readers but Katz is the only fan name I recognized. So they haven't time for fandom.

Come to think of it, who does?

Wolfenbarger, Labowitz, Moffatt, Woolston, Sneary. Maybe. Maybe not. I'll be here for sure. How about you?

Nextish: I dunno.

RT

XXXXX

DYNATRON #17

Roy & Chrystal Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, New Mexico

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