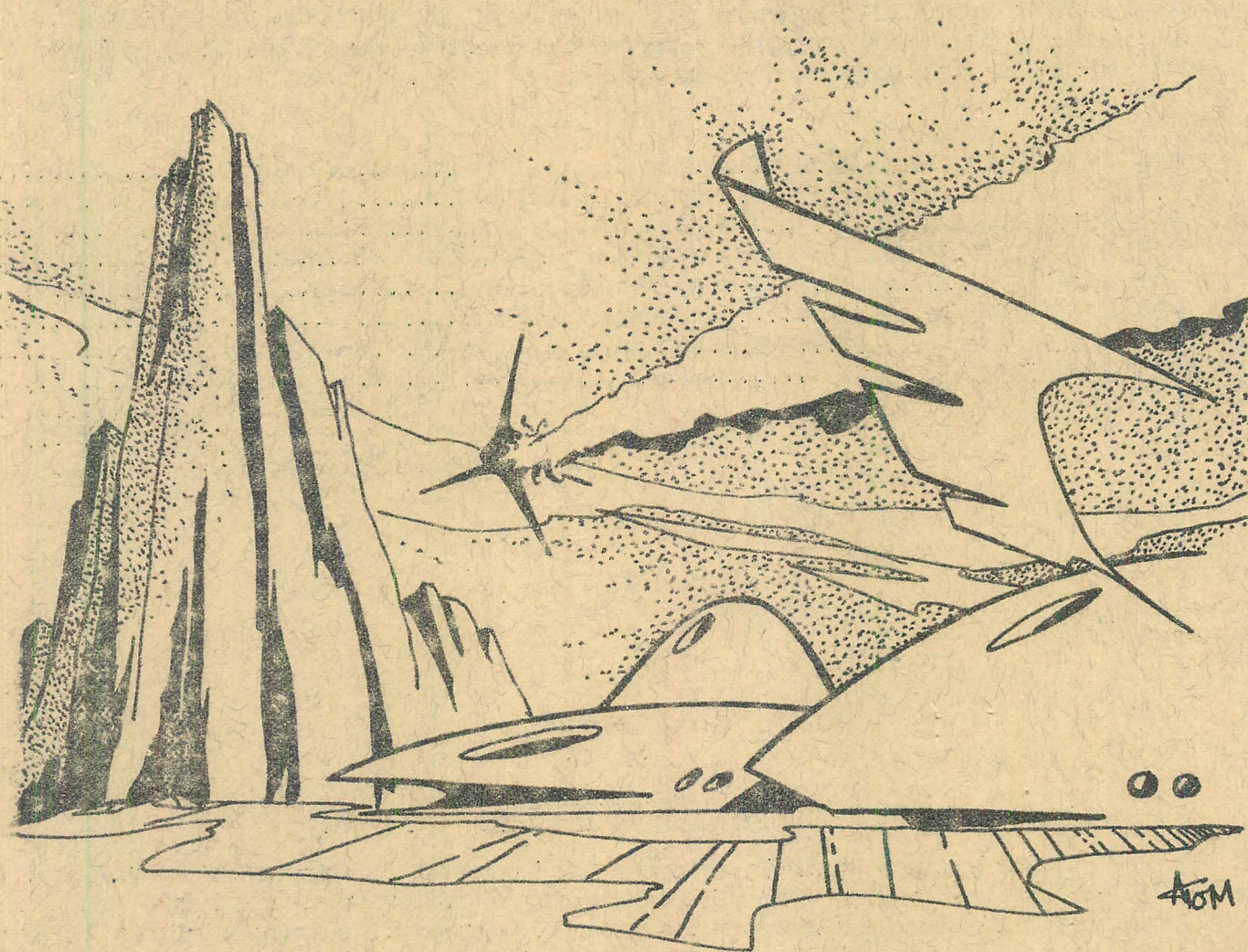


FUTURIAN COMMENTATOR

18

# DYNATRON



ATOM



Now when I was 18 I was knocking about the wilder regions of Australia, such as Luna Park in Melbourne. Wild. This is the 18th issue of DYNATRON which isn't wild at all. A rather tame fanzine in fact. A little wild in fiction now and again. At least I hope it is tame although I'm never quite sure just what will turn up. One of these days I'm going to break out those back issues of G2 and see if I can turn up Joe Gibson's old prozine collection. Silly thing to do. Burying one's prozine collection that is. Although if I had buried mine when I went charging off to the wars I might still have it and it would be worth a mint and maybe Gibson wasn't so silly at that. How was he to know this town was going to grow--like a cancer. In any event this is DYNATRON #18 carrying a date of July 1963. DYNATRON, theoretically devoted to the discussion of imaginative literature, is published every other month by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. Note that cryptic five digit figure there. That's our ZIP number assigned by the P.O. If you don't know what a ZIP number is that's your problem. I don't know either. It is supposed to improve the distribution of mail. Haw! On the mailing label a T means you're getting this as a trade, a number means you're one of those rare critters, a paid subscriber and the number is the last issue on your sub, if there is no code at all it means you got this issue for dark and mysterious reasons. If there is a big fat 0 after your name it means this is your last issue, amigo, unless you make a move of some sort. Oh, yeah, the price, in cash, is 15¢ per copy. Or a contribution of material concerning sf or fantasy. DYNATRON is, of course, a Harinated Publication and the editor reserves the right to change his opinion from issue to issue--or from paragraph to paragraph.

COVER by Arthur Thomson.

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### WRITINGS IN THE SAND

I think maybe we just ought to skip the May issues of DYNATRON. We never seem to get it out on time. Either the mimeo collapses into its individual components or some other equally ridiculous occurrence serves to delay us. We have no trouble with any of the rest, just the May issues. So the May 63 issue, as with previous May issues was delayed until July and now we must go like mad in order to get the July issue out on time if we're going to get back on schedule.

Our sad tale of woe this year proves only that I'm really a fakefan at heart since I'd rather spend my money on food than on pubbing a fanzine. A trufan would starve before he'd miss a deadline.



Along about the middle of May the Chief Engineer at the TV station called me in to his office and sadly informed me that due to the fact that certain changes were being made in accordance with the wishes of the new owners he had to give me two weeks notice. Urk! I'd been laid off. It wasn't altogether unexpected since the station staff has been decreasing ever since the new owners took over. They operate on the theory that automatic equipment is more economical than manned equipment. The fact that this is correct doesn't make me any happier.

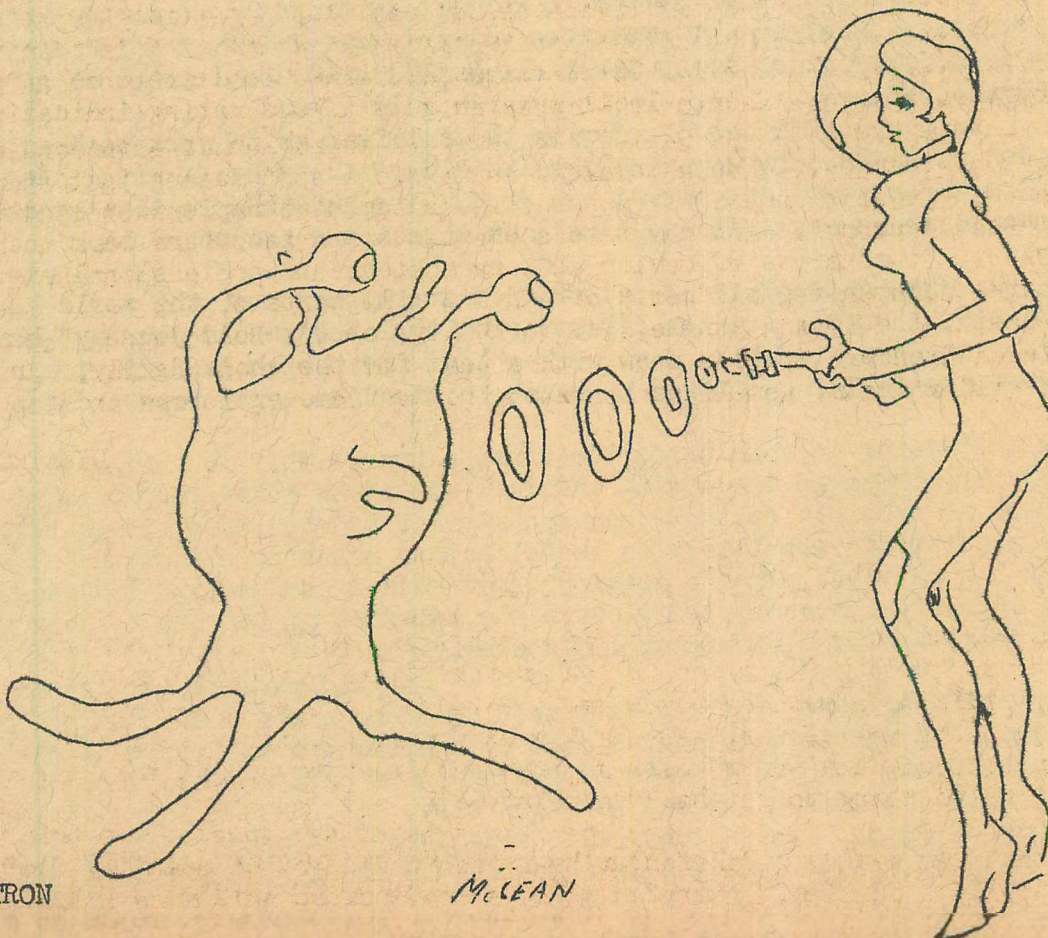
Albuquerque is not a town overflowing with job opportunities. The Chamber of Commerce people like to hand out glowing word-pictures of how the town is growing but the people at the State Employment Office spend more time passing out unemployment compensation than they do job appointments. As the population grows so does the number of unemployed. Jobs are not easy to find here. This is particularly true when applied to retired military types who are pushing 40. (If you consider the import of that line you'll see why I am somewhat sympathetic to the society of "Starship Troopers". And Kipling's "Tommy" is as appropriate today as it was when he wrote it.) After a great deal of searching around, and fighting my way through a battery of aptitude tests I managed to get on as a technician in the laboratory of Sparton Southwest, a small electronics manufacturer here. And picked up some part-time work as a fill-in deejay at one of the local radio stations. When one of the regular staff can't make it they call on me and I make with the record spinning and yak. Something of a personality change there, from the serious electronics technician to the carefree dj.

showed in the tests I took?

I wonder if it

The aptitude tests were administered by the company trick-cyclist, a serious type young man who actually seemed to think his job had some importance attached to it. In a way I suppose that it did for hiring was done on his

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Memo to staff artists MacLean and Kimball: We need more illos. Signed: Ye Editor.  
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DYNATRON

MACLEAN



recommendation. Besides the usual mechanical and electronic aptitude tests there was a whole flock of personality tests to determine what psychoses I suffer from. Word association and what would you rather do and what have you thought about the most and all that sort of rot. For the most part the tests were fairly obvious although a couple of the applicants seemed to be having difficulty making up their minds. After the tests there was a private interview with all sorts of searching questions such as what was my ultimate goal and what did I actually prefer to do and how was my family life. It was difficult to keep a straight face for our man was a typical movie-type trickcyclist.

After all that there remained but a physical exam (I'm disgustingly healthy) and a polygraph test. I almost balked at that figuring that was carrying things a bit far but, as I mentioned before, jobs are not easy to find here so I submitted to the lie-detector. I guess I'm not a criminal as I was hired.

The reason for all these precautions, outside of the normal idiosyncrasies of American industries, is that Sparton SW is a sub-contractor for the Sandia Corporation and the Sandia Corporation is the Atomic Energy Commission in the guise of private enterprise.

In any event I am now engaged for the first time as what one might consider an actual "worker" in that I am employed in manufacturing although I'm on a monthly salary instead of punching a time clock as do the production people on the line. We go to work by the bell, take breaks by the bell, and quit by the bell. Egad. Regimentation again.

There was less of it in the Marines.

A WANDERER IN THE WASTELAND. Being given my walking papers by the TV station was more of a favor than a catastrophe although it was a bit of a shock at first. However it shook me out of the rut of complacency into which I had slipped and stirred me into checking on some things--such as Civil Service applications--that I had ignored during the past months.

It also served to restore my critical sense as regards to television. I had come to accept TV practices without protest--sort of a "don't bite the hand that feeds you" thing which isn't altogether good for commercial TV needs to be bit a few times.

This isn't going to be an exposé of TV for I haven't had that much contact with the industry. Just a few observations on TV practices on the local level. And those practices aren't too good. The general practice seeming to be to get as much money as possible and t'hell with what the public wants.

of course, is good old free enterprise in action. It represents not only the conservative viewpoint of caveat emptor but the liberal view that the public really doesn't know what is good for it anyway. While I may agree that the public doesn't know what it wants I don't agree that John Q. Sucker ought to be stuck at every opportunity. This,

In television the viewer is considered two times a year. This is during the rating period--a 30 day period in the spring and fall--when the stations try to attract as many viewers as possible so that they can attract as much advertising revenue as possible. That the ratings are likely to be fallacious makes no difference at all, TV lives or dies by the ratings. When a local program gets a good rating indicating that it has a more than average number of viewers the salesmen go to work to load it with commercials. There are people watching this show.

A good example is a syndicated show called "Bold Journey". You may have seen this one a few years back when it was a network show. It consists of movies made by amateur and professional explorers and adventures documenting all sorts of odd and wild parts of the world such as the Congo basin, the Amazon jungle, New York City, etc. "Bold Journey" has a large and faithful audience. It is a show with appeal for the whole family. Jr likes to watch the wild animals, Mom likes to watch the handsome explorers and Pop

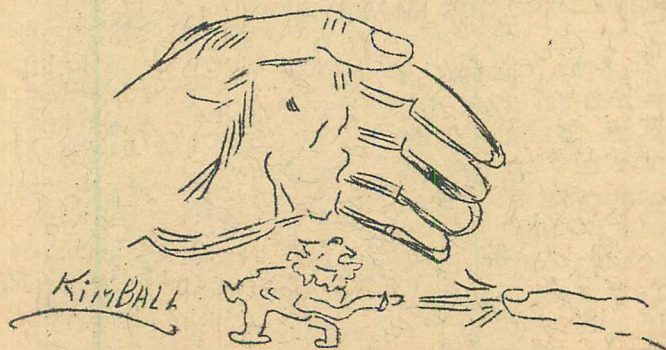


gets his kicks watching those bouncy, bare-breasted, brown skin belles. Mom doesn't approve of this, of course, and thinks "they" ought to make the girls put some clothes on although she sighs mightily whenever the handsome explorer takes off his shirt. It is a good show despite the fact that the explorers seem to be standing in line to photograph the same spots. I even like it myself. According to the schedule, "Bold Journey" is a 30 minute show that runs from 6:00 to 6:30. Sure it does. All 19 minutes of it. The show actually comes on at 6:03 which cuts it to 27 minutes. Six of those 27 minutes are devoted to commercials--three breaks of two minutes each--and the opening and closing announcements plus program promotions use up another two minutes. Time those half-hour shows some time.

We used a lot of movies. The station for which I worked specialized in movies and ran them at every opportunity. Because they are comparatively cheap and usually well sponsored. We plugged each film as "just one of the 2,000 movies in our film library, movie viewed regularly by more people than any other program." The standing joke was that when we said the movies were "viewed regularly" we meant they were seen over and over again. The good ones were shown during the rating period, the rest of the dogs in the package ran during the other ten months. Sometimes, if the viewer watched the show often enough, he might get to see the whole thing. If it was scheduled for the late show and the director was in no hurry to go home. Mostly our viewer saw parts of the movie. A movie time slot was usually two hours long--120 minutes. So we schedule a movie that has a running time of 115 minutes and it seems that shouldn't present any problems. Except that there are also 18 minutes of commercials to be gotten in plus a one minute opening and a one minute close and we have 135 minutes to get into the 120 minute time slot. Guess what gets cut? There are two ways of editing a movie while you are running it; one is to let the film roll during the commercial breaks so that the viewers miss only a couple of minutes at a time, or you can time out your last reel, figure when it has to be rolled in order to get out on time and when that time arrives roll the film and then get to it as soon as possible. It sometimes gets a bit confusing for the viewers but who cares--we got the commercials in.

I could, I suppose, continue, but what purpose is there to it? You get the idea. What has all this to do with science-fiction? Nothing, but you must admit it is pretty fantastic. Let's veer off onto something else.

THE BEST FROM STARTLING STORIES was compiled by Sam Mines and published in 1953. It may seem a bit late to be doing a review of it now, ten years later, but you know how I am...I think the decade of the foolish fifties was a period when good stf was singularly hard to come by. Of late I've been reading some of the anthologies from the shelves of the Albuquerque Public Library (which is, I'm sure those of you who recall the discussion will be interested to know, officially on record to the effect that Jack Vance is Henry Kuttner and all Vance's books are filed under the Ks.) and going back over some of the stories I skipped the first time around. I figure that by this time the anthologists, may their tribe increase, will have pretty well sifted the hundreds of tales that were published between 1950 and 1960 and extracted what few nuggets there were. John Baxter says I shouldn't dismiss a whole decade of stf writing with a few words of condemnation and his is, of course, right about that. But Sturgeon's law can be applied to the yarns written in the 1950s and have room to spare. During that decade 99 percent of all stf was crud. However, there were more than enough fair-to-middling yarns in the remaining one percent to fill several anthologies.





The eleven yarns assembled in this volume are not the best of STARTLING for SS in its best days featured novel length stories, leaving the shorter yarns to TWS, and none of the novels are represented here. However there are some good stories here, interesting and intriguing, and, in my opinion, there is one that deserves to be called a classic.

The book opens with "The Wages of Synergy" by Theodore Sturgeon. This is Sturgeon during the period when the sfzines were showing how adult they were by tossing a bit of sex into the yarns; it isn't Sturgeon at his best. This is the tale of a biochemist who made a study of the body's chemical reactions during sexual intercourse and who discovered a substance that scared the hell out of him. In an earlier period the story would have been written differently concentrating on the idea but this was written in the 50s when the emphasis had shifted from ideas to people. ("Stif is big time now, it's read by the general public and the general public doesn't want to read about ideas, it wants to read about people. The general public is scared of ideas. They don't care what the guy invents just so he beds down the girl regularly.") Consequently the emphasis is on characterization in this semi-mystery story and it is contrived and overdone, particularly in the case of the girl: "Killy, I had a think..."

Ecch!

Sturgeon puts forth some interesting discussion of the difference between morals and ethics, a subject which has been kicked around in the fanzines without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. In my own mind there is a difference but I'd be hard put to define it. Sturgeon says that morals are the patterns of individual survival within a group while ethics are the patterns of an individual within the group towards the survival of the group. Therefore it is possible for an act to be both moral and ethical or immoral and unethical or moral but unethical or ethical but immoral. The act of murder, for instance, could be immoral but, nevertheless, ethical if the murder was necessary for the survival of the group. It is an interesting proposition and one with which I'm not going to argue. I have never been overly concerned with morals but I do feel rather strongly towards ethics. Like, I don't care one way or another who is sleeping with whom but the perpetration of a fraud shakes me up. The former is a matter of morals, the latter a matter of ethics.

Hmmm. Alma Hill's constant and vituperative attacks on the character of Al Lewis are unethical since they threaten the whole of the NFFF.

Be that as it may, "The Wages of Synergy" isn't top-flight Sturgeon despite the title pun.

"The Perfect Gentleman" by R. J. McGregor is another character study with a dash of sex. A girl is marooned on a far-off planet with a "Castaway Companion" that can be grown from seed and will assume whatever characteristics are mentally impressed upon it. The girl in this case is a bit romantic so her castaway companion is a handsome type. She's also something of a prude.

Joel Townsley Rogers has "Moment Without Time" about a Russian scientist who discovers the nature of time at the moment of his death and finds that he can stop time and walk freely about making changes...to no avail.

"The Naming of Names" is one of the series of Martian Chronicles which Ray Bradbury had in STARTLING and TWS over a period of years. This one concerns the efforts of an Earth colony to impress the image of Earth on ancient Mars only to have things turn out opposite. Despite the Martian setting this story, as with the majority of Bradbury's stories, is not science-fiction. Bradbury's Mars is located in the American Midwest and has no relationship whatsoever with our neighboring planet. The editors of SS bought these stories with great regularity and they were highly acclaimed by many readers. I wonder why? Despite all the publicity he has received as a "top science-fiction writer" I don't think Bradbury ever wrote a science-fiction story in his life. He has gone on to LIFE and the slicks. Their loss is our gain.



"No Land of Nod" by Sherwood Springer caused a bit of a furor when it first appeared because it used as a plot gimmick one of the greatest of Christian taboos--incest. Other than that it is a fair-to-middling last-couple-on-Earth story. In most yarns of this type the hero and heroine fade into the sunset with their mission of re-creating the human race. Springer draws on GENESIS for his title and basic idea. According to the Bible Cain went off into the "Land of Nod" where he picked himself up a wife. (This has confounded Christian fundamentalists for generations since they never can explain just how this woman got into the picture.) But Springer points out that if the last-couple-on-Earth are just that then there is no Land of Nod to which the second generation can conveniently journey to find mates. Thus if the race is to continue the reality of what is called "incest" must be faced. He handled the theme well and without sensationalism for which he is rightly remembered. More or less.

"Who's Cribbing" by Jack Lewis is an inconsequential tale told in the form of an exchange of letters. It concerns a stf writer whose material is rejected because it is all copied from the works of an earlier writer of whom our hero has never heard and whose yarns can't be found since the zines in which they appeared seem to have vanished. Frothy.

Arthur C. Clarke's "Thirty Seconds - Thirty Days" is unusual in that he switches heroes in the middle of the flight. At the beginning of the tale the Spaceship Captain is the hero and the Ship's engineer appears as the dirty no-good. About midway through they switch places. Otherwise this is a tale of a spaceship on the Earth-Venus run (ah, remember the days when we figured to colonize Venus?) which has the misfortune of having its oxygen supply wrecked by a meteorite. There is enough air to last both members of the crew 20 days. Or one of them 30 days.

In "Noise" Jack Vance paints with words. Vance is a master of description and in this tale of an Earthman marooned on an alien planet he presents some of the loveliest descriptive passages this side of Merritt. I can see the procession of various colored suns and the natives of the planet become more real to me, as they do to the protagonist of the story, with the passing of each differently-colored day. The writers of some of today's "literary" type stories should study the works of Jack Vance.

And here is the one I consider to be a classic. Edmond Hamilton's "What's It Like Out There?" A bitterish tale that strikes a responsive chord with anyone who has gone off to supposedly glamorous places--or events--and must return home and conceal the truth--that there is no glamour, just work and hardship.

"What's It Like Out There" is a bit out of the ordinary for Ol' World-Wrecker Hamilton but it is a tale well told and one that is not to be forgotten. When our first spacemen get back from the Moon and beyond think a bit before you ask, "What's It Like Out There?"

There is no denying that Ed Hamilton is one of my favorite authors and has been ever since I began reading this crazy Buck Rogers stuff. Most of the time he writes not science-fiction but science-fantasy as he tends to ignore scientific fact and remake the various worlds to suit his tale.





This doesn't bother me particularly since I am as fond of fantasy as I am of science-fiction.

AH HA! Fourteen neofen now think they have me in a corner for I condemned Ray Bradbury for doing this just a few paragraphs back. But there is a difference and to me it is a big one. Ed Hamilton is a story-teller, Ray Bradbury is not. My first demand of any author of fiction, sf or mundane, is "tell me a story". Tell me an interesting story, a romantic story, a story that will arouse my sense of wonder. Hamilton never fails to do this.

He is at his best, perhaps, in writing a tale of nostalgia, a story of men of the far future returning to an ancient and almost forgotten Earth. Hamilton can move me with his words and that isn't easy to do for I am mostly a cynical type. I don't know and don't care how his work stacks up as "literature" but Ed Hamilton's name on the cover will sell me a magazine,

Van Vogt is represented in this volume by "Dormant" which concerns itself with a strange thing found on a Pacific island after the war--a very strange thing indeed. A chilly tale of what even man might achieve--someday.

And last there is "Dark Nuptial" by Robert Donald Locke. The matter transmitter has been written of often in science-fiction. Perhaps the best treatment and explanation of it was in "Rogue Moon". The basic idea of both "Dark Nuptial" and "Rogue Moon" is the same--that an item which is moved from place to place by a matter transmitter is broken down into electrical signals and it is these signals which are transmitted, not matter itself. They can be recorded, of course, the same as any other electrical signal. When the object being moved is a human being then metaphysical complications enter into the tale: If a man dies and is re-created from his matter-transmitter recording, is he the same man? Does he have a soul? There are similarities and dissimilarities between "Dark Nuptial" and "Rogue Moon". It isn't easy to decide which deals best with the idea.

THE BEST FROM STARTLING STORIES. Well, not really the best but certainly not the worst either. STARTLING and TWS are long gone and I don't suppose we'll ever see their likes again. They had their own special appeal and as science-fiction went the "Thrilling Twins" had their own special plateau: somewhere below the lofty peak of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and way above the depths of AMAZING STORIES and certainly way above 9/10 of the flood of prozines that appeared in the 1950s. But when the flood receded they, too, were gone. Alas.

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Alas, alas, for Uncle Joe, he's gone beyond the stars. I miss him, oh, I miss him so. He had such good cigars.  
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Anybody know what happened to some of the writers featured in that anthology? Who was and what happened to R. J. McGregor? Joel Townsley Rogers? Sherwood Springer? Robert Donald Locke? Sounds like a bunch of pen-names for Brett Sterling.

We have had (I gotta get some new corflu--this stuff is getting thick) fannish visitors of late. Ol' Tyrannical Al Lewis stopped by on his way to Midwestcon and Midsouthcon and the wilds of Maine where he will make the sun go out and chatted for a few hours. We discussed all sorts of interesting things like sf and the latest gossip from the coast and fandom and the N3F and the N3F and the N3F. Al and I are on the Directorate along with Art Rapp, Dave Hulan, and Big-Hearted Howard and are considered fair--or perhaps unfair--game by the 103% Neffers. It is a ball. I've decided to drop most N3F activity next year although I will retain my membership, for I find it to be using more than its share of my limited fanac time. When I should be writing things for SHAGGY that I send to Ed Cox to print in his FAPazine, or working on DYNATRON or CAPA or something else I usually find myself pouring over N3F business. So I've decided I won't run for re-election. Unless, of course, the 103% Neffers force me to.

XXXXX

ROY TACKETT







see this, wowie! And the idea is, when the hero confronts his doppelganger in a tense scene, that it wipes out this scientist and his family, Mars won't be threatened with invasion from Earth (why else would we wanna go there for?) and they'd all be safe. Because, of course, the project would fall apart if the scientist is did away with, yes sir. So he calls in his scientist buddy from the Cape who helps figure out how the thing got to Earth and how to get help, etc. Needless to say, this bugs the Martian. From here there is the last attempt to escape and we find the Martian has buddies with whom he intends to duplicate the whole bunch (five) of our heroes (counting the family but not the dog). I'm not going to reveal the ending, even though I wasn't cautioned about this when I entered the theatre before the first 16½ minutes were over. Some one of you, or more, might go if it's still around by now and haven't seen it already. The ending is worth the whole picture.

VENUS, ALAS! Looks like Mariner II has done what we all, all of us old space opera fans that is, had hoped it wouldn't, although we knew better. Yes, it's true. Gone are the damp, steamy jungles spawning great, massive reptillian creatures, eternal rain and vast planet-wide seas. As the newer school of thought contended not many years ago, it is a dust bowl and those clouds are just that, dust, not moisture. The temperature, always imagined to be hyper-tropical so that the jungles oft spouted gigantic mushroom shapes to confound the sweaty explorer dodging the greenies' dart-guns, is indeed high. Some 600° F even on the dark side. For even this, I'm told, is true. The rotation, as discovered by radar, is not the same as our own and there is a dark side and a light side. I don't remember reading this but somebody told me and they added that the wind carried the super-heated dust around the planet so the temperature is equally high all over. This is saddening, y'know, because according to the scientists, life as we know it can't exist on Venus. There go all them wonderful PLANET STORIES down the drain. Just like Barsoom went.

Next thing you know, they'll tell us that Neptune isn't a vast blue sea from pole to pole. Or at all.

PROJECTS FOR FANS DEPT: Fans are a statistically minded lot. They, or we, love to list things, compile information and indices. From WHY IS A FAN? to the annual index of the contents of CRY; the DAY INDEX and THE CHECKLIST OF FANTASTIC LITERATURE to the late Julius Unger's typed lists, by issue, of the contents of the prozines. All these and many more can adorn the shelves of the collecting fan's reference library. This brought up a couple of other possible projects for the energetic fan with time and resources. One is an index of the contents of DYNATRON. Yes sir, Roy ought to designate the next big annish and somebody get cracking. So get cracking, Edco. RT? Then on a larger scale is the other idea I had. Going back to the idea of various types of fans, we have the collector-fan. It used to be that almost any fan collected just as a matter of course. It was part of being a science-fiction fan, just as getting on the FAPA waiting list seems to be now. At any rate, in these days of a small selection of sfzines, collecting may be on the upsurge. There is so much stuff available in paperbacks that nobody can buy them all new or keep up with them. Especially if you try to collect hardcover stuff, too.

One way of finding out what you may want is to read the reviews. "The Reference Library" in ANALOG along with the reviews in the other prozines, pretty thoroughly cover the field. It wouldn't take long for a person to find whose tastes in reading pretty well reflect his own. The idea then, is to index all the reviews in ASF, FSSF and GALAXY. Go back years and compile them by book title, where reviewed, and so on. This would, in a neatly produced fanzine, be of inestimable value to the collector, even more interesting than a TAFF report because collectors only go to conventions to buy books and attend auctions. Right?

Anybody want the job? Should keep some enthusiastic fan busy for weeks. And hurry it up. I'm trying to catch up on my collecting and need the information.



There is a not unamusing jazz joke concerning a discussion of the origins of jazz among some prominent critics. Marshall Stearns, an expert on the chants and songs of the cotton-pickers, was to explain how jazz was imported from Africa on the slave ships. Rudi Blesh, another dabbler in the antique, would continue with an account of its establishment in New Orleans, while Louis Armstrong would explain how it sailed on the riverboats to Chicago. Then Leonard Bernstein would explain all about the final arrival and perfection in New York. At this point, it was suggested, Herbie Mann (a keen experimenter in Latin American and native rhythms) would argue that it never came over from Africa in the first place.

I won't ask you to laugh. The only reason I quoted this limp little anecdote was to illustrate that other fields have much the same problems as we do. Any reputable critic will be glad to give you a capsule history of science-fiction, neatly divided off into periods, styles and approaches. But, as Ed Cox points out in DYNATRON 16, there are so many inconsistencies in our system of definition that it falls down almost every time we put it to the test. If "Stranger In A Strange Land" is science-fiction, why do we have reservations about Gore Vidal's "Messiah", which has an almost identical theme? What is the vital difference between EARTH ABIDES and ALAS BABYLON which places the first among our most honoured works and the other in the demi monde? How can we admit an oddity like SOME OF YOUR BLOOD while refusing similar recognition to other studies of abnormal psychology? Certainly the whole problem demands examination.

My own thinking on the subject is by no means complete, and I'm sure it will change as I think some more; but briefly, I'm inclined to feel that the vital difference between science-fiction and the rest of literature is one of approach. There seems to be a great difference between the ways in which a sf writer and a mainstream

one "work up" an idea into a saleable piece of fiction. A great deal has been written about the working methods of the sf writer, and from all this discussion has emerged the general agreement that a sf writer conceives stories in terms of plots rather than of people. In fact, in most sf stories, the central focal point of interest is not the protagonist but the idea which motivates the plot. As Kingsley Amis summed it up in NEW MAPS OF HELL, the plot is often the hero. This situation seldom occurs in mainstream fiction, and a frequent result of the gap is this confusion as to what is science-fiction and what is not.

On considering a few examples of parallel thinking but varying approaches, there are signs of some logic in this view. ON THE BEACH, for instance, has a typical sf plot - civilization wiped out by atomic radiation. Yet the approach used by Shute makes little use





of the idea, concentrating mainly on the mental attitude of the people remaining alive. There, in a sf story, the characters would be making immense efforts to avoid the catastrophe no matter how hopeless the situation (as in McIntosh's ONE IN THREE HUNDRED), Shute's characters just sit down and while away the last few months on the beach. In comparing Orwell's 1984 (not sf) and Kornbluth's CHRISTMAS EVE (definitely in), the same similarities and differences appear. Both stories deal with revolution against a totalitarian state. However, Orwell subordinates his story of Winston Smith's revolt to a study of the character's mental outlook and the philosophy of the state in which he lives. The "action" of the revolt is cut back to a semi-symbolic and abortive protest, without dignity or effect. On the other hand, Kornbluth studies the key figure of a large revolution, involves him in complex plans and stratagems, unites him with a vast adventure story chronicling the entire incident and sweeps his readers along in his detailed description of the plans for, and final consumption of the uprising. Clearly, the sf writer thinks in terms of mechanics; while other writers are concerned primarily with attitude, personal feelings and beliefs.

When sf writers turn to non-sf material, one is struck even more forcibly by the gulf between working systems in sf and other fields. Edgar Pangborn's recent THE TRIAL OF CALLISTA BLAKE provides an interesting study case. On the surface, this is a typical courtroom drama. A young girl, unconventional and outspoken, is arraigned on a charge of murdering a well-liked woman in a small country town. She is involved in the accidental poisoning of the woman, and, as the evidence is almost completely circumstantial, her fate rests in the hands of the jury. Naturally, they sentence her to death - not because she is guilty, but because she is different. This is an immensely good book, well written and compelling; it's clear that Pangborn has at last discovered the water in which he swims best. But the curious thing is that, after reading it, I realised that the story uses a pure sf plot. Here is the old alien-vs-hostile environment situation, where an innocent visitor battles against the superstitions and customs of a race completely alien to him. Philip Jose Farmer built his reputation on it; writers on time themes, anthropology and associated subjects use it all the time. And Edgar Pangborn, no doubt unwittingly, has employed it in this contemporary novel.

This is just one example; I'm sure you can think of many others. The sf field and its fringes abound with writers like Pangborn who retain their roots in sf while appearing to fly far from it; and along with these, there are many who seem very close to sf but in reality are part of another world entirely. I wonder if the vital definition of science-fiction does not hinge on the varying approaches of these writers, and their ability to separate themselves from traditional writing methods and create completely original works. Perhaps the great mainstream authors are those who have broken away from a stock approach, while the lesser ones have, like most science-fiction writers, "never left Africa in the first place."

JOHN BAXTER

XXXXX

THE LINDSAY REPORT, Ethel Lindsay's recounting of her travels in America as the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund representative last year, is available through Ron Ellik, 1825 Greenfield Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California. The cost of this handsome, 60 page report, illustrated by Arthur Thomson, is one dollar and all proceeds go to TAFF. I highly recommend the Lindsay Report even if you are not interested in TAFF--and you should be. Ethel is an excellent writer and her observations on life in the U.S.--not only in the microcosm but in the country as a whole--are well worth reading. THE LINDSAY REPORT--one buck--cheap. Get it.

The TAFF campaign should be interesting this year. Should be. But isn't. Three candidates vying for the trip but up to now none of them seem overly enthusiastic about it. The official platforms are worthless. Wally Weber seems the liveliest of the lot so I guess I'll vote for him.

BT



[illegible]

A science-fiction story has, ideally, a feeling that is contradictory; the term itself is contradictory since fiction is the opposite of fact and science is an accumulation of fact. If a definition of SF is possible it will have to be a special case and rather general which will, of course, lead to differences of opinion as to what it means. But generalities are still useful, and remind me of the math terms which show relationships that specific terms may not be able to show. The A, B, and C of algebra and geometry may show how to handle a problem more clearly than giving numerical values in place of the letters. So it may be that a rather general definition of SF will help to clarify what it is.

FAIL SAFE, for instance, is a problem story based on an area of science: engineering; socio-engineering, perhaps, if politics can be formally given a title of a scientific sort. A hackneyed space opera might be SF but it might not be a "problem" in the mind of the reader: in such a case would we call it SF?

Inasmuch as I like "pure fantasy", "science-fantasy" and straight science-fiction I do not let the refinements of categories bother me--but they are handy to consider. If we find that a certain mag specializes in a certain type then it is possible to select reading to fit the mood.

STAN WOOLSTON

# DYNATRON



A somewhat reduced lettercol since the lastish was mailed so late.

FEEDBACK

TADASHI KOUSAI  
presso DOTT. GUIDO DURANTE,  
VIA MARAGLIANO 2-7  
GENOVA, ITALIA

As you searched for SF in Japan now I search for it in Italy. So far I have found several magazines. FANTASIA E FANTASCIENZA (IFSF Italian edition) L.250. (The rate of exchange is 621 Lira to the dollar). GALAXY (Italian edition) L.150. GALASSIA which has

long stories only, L.180. i romanz: del COSMO fantascienza also features long stories only, L.150. URANIA, also long stories only, L.150. URANIA is issued fortnightly, the rest are monthly. I have also found THE BLACK CLOUD by F. Hoyle in an Italian language paperback. I must study my Italian very quickly.

Keep us posted on what you find, Tadashi. Have you found anything resembling SF fandom in Italy? //ART RAPP: Five prozines plus paperbacks. Give us your report on Italian stf and fandom. RT

HARRY WARNER, JR.  
423 SUMMIT AVENUE  
HAGERSTOWN, MD.

Others may marvel at Tolkein country or astronauts. I prefer to find amazement in the fact that I'm commenting on fanzines within a month of their receipt. Find further amazement in that your letter is published so quickly after I received it. RT

The writing of the fan history may engross me so much that I'll drop everything else in the interests of completing the job. The actual writing began a week ago this letter dated 21 May 63. RT and is going somewhat easier than I'd foreseen. The style is stiffer than I'd prefer but that's probably the result of nerves and stagefright and I think I'll be able to loosen it up by the time I write the second draft.

I thought that the Tucker item was brand new until I reached the footnote on its first page. Since I have a normally good memory, have been in fandom longer than any except a few dozen without gaffiation, and didn't recognize it, there is a valuable lesson herein: unlimited supplies of fanzine material are available from the fan-

zines of the 1940s. You didn't need any explanatory notes on this one, although I seem to detect allusions to actual NFFF crises in some of the provisions. Uh-huh, and it would apply pretty well today, too. Pong suggested we submit it to the membership for a vote and I'm tempted...RT

We shall pass in respectful silence over the working of the Baxter quiz and the results that arose from this process. I'm quite happy with my comic books, thank you, and maybe I'll enjoy one part of the Discon more completely as a result of my new status. I'll let you in on only one small segment of the truth: that I not only didn't know the answers to some of the itmes, but had never heard of two or three of the stories from which the queries came.

Mike Deckinger's little piece suffers from the same malady that afflicts so much fanzine fiction. I can't figure out exactly what happened. If this was something that went on as a result of a concession to return to life granted by some deity after the main character's death, I don't understand why he should end up once again





WARNER, cont'd.

in the seconds before he died. If the story is supposed to tell of intervention by some higher power just before the bombs fell, permitting certain individuals to re-live a little of the past before meeting death, the story should be rewritten to eliminate all possibility of the other interpretation. The apparent premise, that the simple little every day acts can be infinitely precious if one can't participate in them any more, is pretty well conveyed.

The translated story is much more unified and professional in content and style. I think I'd like it if it weren't for the fact that I can't stand anything related to racing, horse or motor vehicle variety. I was lost to the race enthusiasts when young, because I discovered that in every race one of the participants always finishes ahead of the others, and after I learned that secret all the joy went out of the sport.

Dubious examples don't invalidate a definition. You're an adult and your daughters are children, and the fact that there are some teenagers at an inbetween stage who are hard to fit into either category doesn't make the usual definitions of "adult" and "child" useless. I think that A SHAD OF DEFERENCE is not sf by common sense even if it fits a definition of the literature (I didn't read ADVICE AND CONSENT). Booth Tarkington's ALICE ADAMS would be sf under some definitions because the plot hinges around an improved kind of glue that a man has invented. I don't feel that a story is worth rating as sf, even if it fits the definitions, when the new gadgets or its location in the future have no real effect on the plot. It's just the same as Palmer's conversion of westerns into space operas: technically they met the definition but why worry about it, when it's obvious they weren't worth fussing about?

It all depends upon the personal point of view. I believe it was Roland Shibano (either he or Toyoda) who mentioned that at one of the Japanese fangabs the idea was advanced that all fiction is fantasy of one type or another. Generally we all know what is meant by "science-fiction" even if we are hard put to give an actual definition. All the alternative names that have been put forward as a substitute for SF are no better. RTX

ED CON, DOODLED IN THIS SPACE:

ROB WILLIAMS I don't notice any change in the contents of ANALOG fictionwise, 1515 1/2 SOUTH MAIN, departmentwise or otherwise (save for those more easily seen BURNETT, INDIANA covers and those genuine SCIENTIFICAD adverts). It's just so much pouring of old wine into new bottles. Old wine is the best kind. RTX

The size has the allure of a novelty (nothing in flat size since the decade old SF PLUS) but it's harder to read abed. (OOOPS. And me with my ANALOG lying right smack dab on top of MYTHICTEL.) I mean, the digest size you could hold with one hand while the other was free to feed your face. The new size calls for using both hands and makes it awkward to read and snack at the same time. You have to roll over on your side and lay the mag out on the bed and pin it down with one hand. This is not a good position to read JFC's editorials in. The blood supply is cut off just a smidgen to the brain and I need all the nourishment my brain can get to comprehend some of those Campbell flights.

I object to Section B, article 5 of the Tucker constitution. The clause excluding Indiana constitutes unconstitutionality.

How do you feel about excluding people from Massachusetts? RTX



Every now and again I feel that I really should make some sort of acknowledgement of the various fannags that make their way into the mail box. Sigh. Maybe next year I'll get back to letterhacking. Only 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> more months and I can turn my seat on the Directorate over to some other poor unfortunate. Anyway herewith some comments on fmz as a sort of acknowledgement--and to fill up space. This is

THE ENDLESS STREAM OF

STARSPHINX. Ron Ellick, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif. Bi-weekly, 3 for 25¢. News and chitter-chatter. Brief but probably the best fanews sheet around right now.

YAIRO #125. Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt #3, Wabash, Ind. 46992. Monthly. 25¢. As STARS PHINX is the best of the newssheets so YAIRO is the best of the genzines. (So howcome it always winds up in 2nd place?) YAIRO is a "honey" sort of fannag with the same people appearing time after time and being talked about and all like that. And Duck Coulson's brief, sharp reviews are probably the best in fandom. So what happened to the gold Twiltone?

Hooahw! A sharpie here in Albuquerque somehow discovered that a block long portion of one of the streets had never been "dedicated" to the city which means, I presume, that it was still officially private property. He acquired title to it by paying \$84 in back taxes, had it appraised at \$2500 and promptly erected a fence on each end of the block effectively stopping traffic and fencing in some 30 families who lived on the block. The city screamed and went after an injunction to make him tear the fence down. Said a city spokesman: "We obviously hope to sell the street to the city for \$2500." The city indicated that it could acquire title to the street through normal condemnation proceedings but considered this to be too expensive. How much does the city want to pay for the street? \$84, of course.

Haw!

Let's do mailing comments. ENCLAVE 3, Joe Filati: I hope you're sending copies to Dick Ellington, 1818 Hearst Ave., Berkeley 3, Calif. Now there's a guy that can really clue you in on this anarchistic jazz. My heart bleeds for Scali--he seems to have just discovered that the world isn't going to stand in loco parentis and take care of him like Mom and Pop. I'm not at all surprised at Deck's statement that he prefers Rockwell to Thomas; it shows in his writings. FIVE BY FIVE, Edco. With three CAPANS already in FAPA a best of FIVE anthology shouldn't be too hard to work up. TWILIGHT ZINE 10, Bernie Morris: Still to be read. NOCTURNE 9, Max Jalubowski: The contents look interesting. I wish I could read French. INCHABLE, John Boardman: Muchly enjoyed "Science Made Too Easy." POOR RICHARD'S AFFINAC 15, Rich Brown: You the president of the Paul Stanbery appreciation society? SCOTCHIE 32, Ethel Lindsay: Being read. INCARNET 8, Al Andrews: Gorman's "Tarzan and the Apes" was pretty nothing. The rest was pretty good. Good color work on the cover. FAN POLL RESULTS, Charles Wells: Only 47 voters? That's not too many. (My thanks to those who voted for DIAMANTOR features.) DEAUTY AND THE DEAUT, Ray Nelson: Well, it was better than THE CAP OF THE. DIAMOURA 1, Phil Harrell: The Dumont Folio is quite good. The rest still waits to be read. Wyszowski: I won't trade for an irregular one-pager. MACH 2, Iris Carey: What we need to solve the postage problem is for Congress to pass a bill giving amateur magazines with a circulation of less than 500 special rates. LOUI 6 Dave Nolan: By itself dried milk is not too good. One way to cut the milk bill is to mix it half and half--half fresh milk and half dried. Comes out pretty good. FARRAGO #2, Larry Grilly: Can you get us some more info on West Indies fandom from Brent Phillips? AMERODORON, V2#6, Tom Seidman: I don't hold with Norm Taylor on forcefully attempting to change man's basic nature through the use of drugs or whatever; we have enough sheep as it is. His appeal for a return of gunlaw and



dueling is much more palatable. On status: but janitors are no longer janitors; they are now "custodians". X FANAC 93, Walter Breen: noted. X LUNAR LOOK #1, Al Kracalik: There's plenty of stf in stf-fandom, Al, along with other stuff to add a bit of spice. Just how do you expect LUNAR LOOK to pay for itself? X (Ghoddam, the coffee pot is empty. Time out.) G2, V2#9, Joe Gibson: Why go to the stars? Why not? It beats watching television. Yes, man is still a hunter and a damned good thing he is, too. Psui on those who would make him a vegetable. X FANTASY FICTION FIELD, Harvey Inman: News is scarce, true, but keep it up. If you can pick up a couple of good correspondents on the West Coast and in NYC you should have it made. X STEFANTASY 51, Bill Danner: I didn't have to peak under the cover, Bill, it came off in the mail. Colin Freeman's item was quite good. X LOGORRHEA 2, Thom Perry: The Weinlein item was much much too short. "A Reporter's Notes" amused. X OUTPOST, Fred Hunter: Tell us more about the Shetlands, Fred. X HOMUNCULUS 3, Avram Davidson: I say, Old Thing, how come you sent two copies? Ah, I have it--you sent one and the other was sent by GERRAMERIXA. Hooboy, note the clever way I caught your attention there, Brer D. Yessir, that sure was clever. You have inspired me to become a prozine editor. This bit about going in to the office only once a week--that's for me. Sorry the house deal fell through, maybe I can get you a deal on a street here in Albuquerque--they seem to be for sale. Two copies, heh, heh. X LUNATIC NIGHTM, Frank Stodolka: That postcard size must involve a great deal of work. It does seem, though, that you waste a good bit of space. Maybe not. HBF letters don't necessarily have to be reserved for TIGHTBEAM and if you think a lot of fueding goes on there you ought to see what circulates in private correspondence. X PHOENIX 7, Dave Locke: Egad, that script typeface is rough to read. Your typewriter decorations throughout the zine are excellent. X SCRIBBLE 12, Colin Freeman: Apropos the toilet with the built-in radio--can you picture the result if there should be a short circuit? X PEEF, Julian Locke: I shouldn't admit it, I suppose, but I enjoyed the like Hammer things when I read them some years back. Some good lines like: "The loudest noise in the world is the sound of the hammer being pulled back on a .45 automatic." X THE VINEGAR WORK, Bob Leman: "Ballade Upon The Sorrows of Fan Publishing"...you ain't wrong. Those were the best FAPA mailing comments I've seen yet. X There's more around here somewhere if I wanted to go look for them which I don't. Gad, why didn't I think of this before...Treat all the fuz received as if they were part of one big apa--and aren't they? Ooops, here's the TELLURIDE TIMES but it's not a fanmag, it's the weekly from Telluride, Colorado, sent along by Richard and Rosemary Hickey who get egoboo on the first page yet. END MAILING COMMENTS.

The Hickeys visited with us just before Independence Day stopping by on their way to Telluride. They had driven their VW non-stop from Chicago to Albuquerque which is more than I'd even attempt in my two tons of Detroit iron. Rosemary had a copy of the Proceedings of the Chicon which I perused with some interest. The usual fangab went on and on. Nice folks Richard and Rosemary Hickey.

All of which reminds me--what reminds me is that the Hickeys stopped one door too soon at first--for the benefit of visiting fans who usually visit in the dark, as you drive on Green Valley Road from 4th Street you will eventually come to a house with a sign which reads "Tackett" hanging from a tree. Don't stop. We don't live there. That is my mother's house. Proceed one house further to where there is no sign and only a small inscription on the mailbox--which you can't read in the daytime let alone at night. That's where we live. No, silly, not in the mailbox. Better still, call when you arrive at the outskirts of town--you'll never find us if you don't. The city maps, if you have one, are liars.

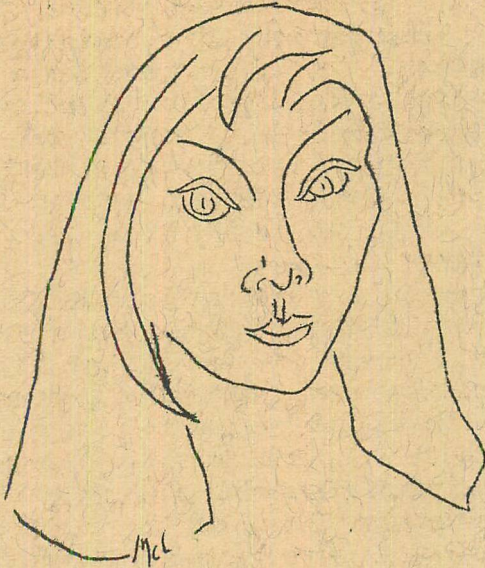
Ed and Anne Cox phoned from Sherman Oaks to tell me that they had finished the tape they were to send me a year and a half ago. They promised to mail it Real Soon Now. Or maybe even bring it with them if they should ever come this way.

XXXXX

RT



## CRYSTAL GAZING



I could start this column off with a thousand and one different subjects. I've noticed in some of the letters of comment coming in on that last and very delayed ish of the "Big D" (as Ed Cox calls it) that many liked the cover but couldn't figure it out. Now this brings up a question: if you could not figure the cover out, what did you like about it? Was it the fact that you couldn't figure it out or the fun of trying or the layout of the drawing or just what? When you make comments of this nature I do wish you would state why you feel as you do. Otherwise it leaves me with the feeling of an uncompleted story. I know that the artists would also like to know why you feel as you do about the pictures. It seems to me that fan artists are the most unappreciated of all fanzine contributors. Their work is so seldom commented on. I liked Gary's cover myself. It stirred my imagi-

nation, taking me into the far future and giving me a view back through the ages. I don't know just what Dorf had in mind when he drew it or just how he goes about a drawing like this. Perhaps he just starts doodling and lets his hand take his pen where it will. He does come up with some fascinating drawings.

We have been having some discussion of "freedoms" in our house of late. Roy opines that there aren't many left and suggested I devote some of the space here to the discussion but I've decided not to for to do justice to the subject would require a thesis and Dynatron doesn't publish theses. It is too big a subject to be confined to a few lines or spoken lightly of.

What set the discussion off this time around was the discovery by one of the residents of our fair city that one of the streets was still private property. He picked up the title to the property by paying \$84 in back taxes. He had the street appraised and found out it was worth \$2500 so he offered to sell it to the city for this amount. The city refused and offered him \$84. He refused and now has barricaded both ends of the street which means that the home owners can't get their cars in or out or that traffic can't go through. The city has gone to court to get an injunction to force the man to remove the barricades or give the city the power to do so. The judge on the case said he would give the owner five days to take down the barricades and if he hadn't done so then he would authorize the city to tear them down. However, he warned the city that should it lose the hearing on the case it would have to replace the barricades if the owner wants them back up. We are watching the case with much interest and feel that the city should be made to pay the full price if it wants its street back. Government, local and national, has gotten to the place where it pretty well does as it pleases with little thought as to how individuals are affected. It is a pleasure to see an individual get government over the barrell for a change.

Albuquerque does seem to have its problems. Particularly in the tax and sewer departments. The newspapers turned up several expensive buildings that were carried on the tax rolls as vacant lots. There are apparently no plans in existence on the sewer system which seem to have been built rather haphazardly with water from high drains pouring onto the streets from lower-lying drains. Some sewers less than a year old are already caving in and you wonder about driving down



the street for you never know when it will drop out from underneath you.

The downtown area is having new storm drains installed--it rains here at least twice a year--but there seems to have been no planning at all on the project. The contractors go merrily on their way tearing up streets and blockading intersections and for a while downtown was called the maze. I started downtown from here in the North Valley a while back and after being detoured around in circles for about an hour found myself in the South Valley and wondering what had become of the downtown area. I couldn't get near it. The merchants all screamed, of course, but it didn't do much good.

well, it helps to keep life interesting--and the taxes high.

Oh

we learn that everything is now automated and a computer turns out the tax bills for the entire county in a matter of a couple of hours. Sheesh, we used to be able to gripe about "those idiots in the tax office" but what can you do about a machine?

trust you have a ZIP code number? This is the latest thing dreamed up by the Post Office to speed the mail on its way--they say. A five digit number following the city and state in the address. The digits give the state, the city, and the postal zone. After my numerous encounters with postal employees I've become convinced that it should help. They should be able to recognize the numbers from 0 to 9 even if they can't read. A friend mentioned that it would help here since most people cannot spell Albuquerque anyway.

Whatever the reason ZIP code and automated mail handling seems to have caught on and is certainly helping to speed the mail on its way. According to one report people are saving time by not bothering to go to the Post Office any more--they're putting trading stamps on the envelopes and the machines don't know the difference. ((It also save on postage around here as many letters arrive with uncanceled stamps due to the fact that the machine turned the envelope upside down or somesuch. RT))

A recent newspaper cartoon showed why a man cannot keep his sanity in this life of automation and numbers. It depicted a man sitting in a padded cell surrounded by his social security number, dog license number, car license number, fishing license number, hunting license number, income tax number, savings account number, checking account number, DDD telephone number, various tax numbers and the addition of the ZIP code number was more than his mind could stand.

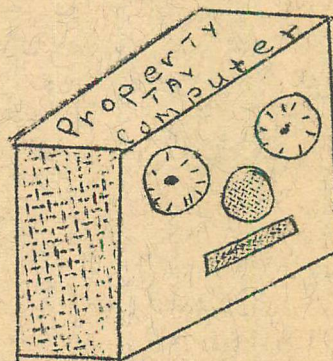
Thanks to the "Shaggy" crew for sending out the folio of Poul Anderson's illustrations for THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS. They are very good in my opinion and I wish I had them when I was reading the book. It was interesting to go through them and see if the author envisioned his story the same way I did. He did which gives much credit to Poul Anderson's descriptive abilities.

We are pleased to report that the Alameda post office at which we purchase stamps for DYNATRON--and mail it--now has a new building. Gee, did we give them that much extra business?

CHRYSTAL TACKETT

XXXXX

DYNATRON



"But, I don't own A \$50,000.00 house. It's only A 50' trailer!"



BACK IN THE SAID AGAIN. Once more the final page and what do I fill it with? Babblings. Those of you who notice such things will observe that we've changed typewriters again this issue. This one gives us more words per page than the pica machine and isn't as rough on the stencils as the straight elite--this is midway between the two.

Next issue is the annish otherwise known as let's clean out the file issue. We'll have Len Hoffatt's Westercon report, along with material by Gary Labowitz, Bill Wolfenbarger and one assumes, some others. After that I'm not at all sure just what we'll have.

Exerpts from a three-foot letter from Tom Dilley: "And, of course, right in the middle of my enforced noncommunication, Buck Coulson had to dig up a letter I'd sent him in December and publish it." ((Which proves, I guess, that when Buck says he has a backlog for KAIRO he means a backlog of everything. RT))

"You say that Edoo has a thing about doodling and if a fanzine shows up without doodling space he gnashes his fangs and rips them to shreds with his toenails. Most of us have to do that just to get them open.

"If Lincoln were alive today, he'd be rolling over in his grave."

Owell. Nextish in September--I guess.

Have fun.

ED COX, DOODLE IN THIS SPACE:

ROY

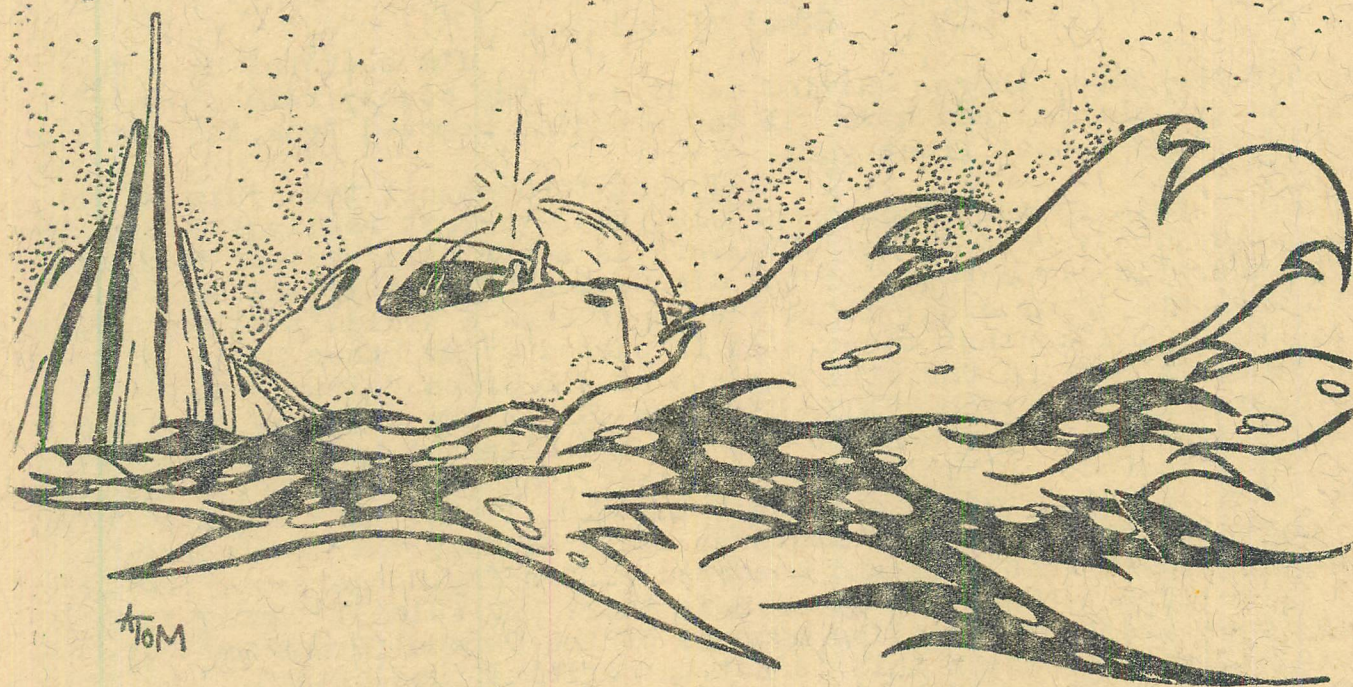
DYNATRON 18  
Roy A. Chrystal Tackett  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

PRINTED MATTER  
RETURN REQUESTED

, Deliver this to poor ol' unsuspecting



# dynamatron





Er, ah, surprise? Halfway through the zine you find another cover and a new number. Well now, to be truthful this is DYNATRON #19 and is dated September 1963. Technically this is the annish. Big deal! What happened was this: I had the stencils for #18 cut in July but that was when we mailed out the May issue. The September issue was on stencil in September, too, but this is really October and the whole blasted works has been somewhat delayed. Like I said, in DYNATRON you get 20 pages per issue. No more. I decided to save on postage and mail both #18 and #19 out together. You damn betcha it counts as two issues on your subscription.

Egad! If I'm to get back on schedule I must get another issue out next month. Worry. Worry. Oh, I tell you there is no end of work in the fanpubbing game.

I'd probably have held this up longer except that hordes of subscribers--mostly Neffers who, like Fred Gottschalk send me their whole week's allowance (15¢)--are outside the door with scythes and hoes and axes and other peasant-type weapons demanding something for their money. Most of these subscribers seem to be comic book fans who heard that I had said something about comic books in DYNATRON. When they found out what it was I said about comic books they waxed exceedingly wroth.

Hmmmm.

Could it be that the horde of subscribers doesn't want DYNATRON at all? Could it be that they want me instead?

Egad! 'Scuse me.

I'm back and have taken care of the subscribers. Remind me to call the county refuse department in the morning and have all those bodies removed from the front lawn. I like a neat front yard.

I went through all this jazz in #18 but since this is the colophon of #19 (yes, yes, it really is) I guess I'd better go over it again. DYNATRON is a strictly amateur publication theoretically devoted to the discussion of fantasy and science fiction (note lower case; it it was upper case I wouldn't discuss, just cuss) and all like that there. It is pubbed every other month, most of the time, by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, USofA or EUA as the case may be. The going price is 15¢ per each or two for two bits and no long term subs will be accepted. Like I've got too many long term subs now. I figure some of them ought to run out about the time I take this rag into FAPA. We also give copies to contributors, letterhacks, other fanpubbers in trade for their fanzines, and assorted riff-raff, hangers-on, and fellow travellers. (Note the lower case there Mr. Welch). Among the lucky ones are those sterling members of the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance of which this is not an official publication. The official publication of CAPA is called FIVE BY FIVE and we Tacketts have to publish that thing this month, too, not to mention FIRST FANDOM MAGAZINE. Fandom is, just a rhoddamn pain in the mimeograph. And this bloody film sheet is so beat up I can't see through it any more besides which it is full of holes and there isn't another one in the house and I wonder how that plastic sandwich wrap would work. We'll find out on the next stencil. Certainly this is being typed directly on stencil. What did you expect? The cover of this is by ATom, interior decorating by Clay Kimball, Pat McLean, Robert Gilbert and possibly Chrys. Material inside somewhere by Len J. Moffatt, Gary Labowitz, various letterhacks and I dunno who all. Look and see. This is, of course, a (somewhat delayed) Marinated Publication.

RT



Testing. Testing. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Hmmm. This sandwich wrap appears to be OK as an emergency substitute for a film sheet except that it has a dreadful tendency to stick to itself and is difficult to handle. But at least I can see through it. There are at least two typos on the preceding page but, no, Redd Boggs, I am not going back to correct them. Where was I? Oh, I wasn't yet.

You have, of course, viewed "The Outer Limits". As of this writing three plays have been presented: THE GALAXY MAN, THE HUNDRED DAYS OF THE DRAGON, and THE MAN WITH THE POWER. Of the three I would rate THE HUNDRED DAYS OF THE DRAGON as best although it is only marginal stuff and the ending was weak. However, it was well done and rather believable. A chemical compound to make flesh plastic is not beyond the realm of possibility and the continued growth in power and influence of China is a certainty. THE GALAXY MAN has received favorable comment. It was well done and had some good points. But, egad, The GALAXY Man? The writers/producers presumably have no concept at all of the vastness of space. The Galaxy Man. From just over there, ya see...yeah, the Great Galaxy in Andromeda (why must it always be the GGIA?). No, I'm not complaining about the distances involved I'm complaining about the fact that these jokers do not know what a galaxy is. But then neither do 99.7% of the viewers so what difference does it make. And who's Joseph Stefano (a pseudonym no doubt) anyway?

This sandwich wrap has a disadvantage in that it is pretty slick and I'm now having to turn the platen by hand and the stencil seems to be going awry. Yes, I'm a whole line crooked. Pardon while I see if I can straighten out this mess.

OK, I gave up on the sandwich wrap and am going without it and as a result I'm chopping hell out of the stencil. Full speed ahead.

On a TV quiz show the other day, one of those things where the contestants attempt to guess hidden words from clues given, I was somewhat amazed to note that one round ended rather quickly. The hidden word was "fiction" and the clue given by the contestant's partner was "science". That's all it took.

As you may or may not have gathered I have a mildish interest in things archaeological and anthropological. (Modern man is a pretty sick critter but his ancestors are rather interesting.) This interest isn't enough to make me grab a shovel and charge off around the countryside digging holes in the ground but books on the subjects constitute a large part of my non-stuff reading and whenever the opportunity arises to have a first hand look I do so. New Mexico has been the site of some important finds with such places as Sandia and Folsom yielding much evidence concerning the antiquity of man in America. The Indian Pueblos in the area spotlight Neolithic civilization in the Southwest. Some of the modern pueblos have a lengthy (so I split it in the wrong place) and there are various and sundry ruins of interest. (Diana insists on leaving out the "i" and calling them "runs".)

One such spot, not far from here, is Frijoles Canyon where the ruins are now protected as Bandelier National Monument. Frijoles Canyon is located deep in the Jemez Mountains; it is a few miles long and 200 to 300 feet wide. The cliffs tower some 400 feet into the air. (These cliffs, by the way, and the plateau from which they are cut, are composed of volcanic ash spewed out a million or so years ago by the Jemez (that's Hay-mess, Katz, you ignorant Easterner) Volcano. The crater, now called Valle Grande, is the big old biggest



volcanic crater in the world measuring more than 20 miles across.) In 1200 AD or thereabouts a group of Pueblo Indians settled in Frijoles Canyon and lived there for around 300 years. Well, not the same group, you understand, but their descendants and all that. Mostly they dug caves in the cliffs and lived in them although a number of them built houses along the bottom of the cliff and a hundred or so built a circular village in the middle of the valley.

Archaeologists figure that the village, called the tyuonyi and pronounced chew-ohn-ye, stood 3 stories high and contained about 400 rooms. Some of the walls are still standing. The rooms are rather small, generally about seven feet square although the size varies with some larger rooms about 10 by 10 and others somewhat smaller.

The Indians farmed in the valley, fished the stream that cut the canyon, and hunted through the nearby hills. Game still abounds in the area.

The canyon is ideal for a neolithic settlement, easily defended, a handy supply of water, and arable land. As with most neolithic peoples, the settlers of Frijoles Canyon were skilled in pottery, basketmaking, painting and carving and what have you.

Somewhere about 1550 they pulled up stakes and went elsewhere. No one knows why.

Perhaps they heard that the government was building a new defense plant a couple of counties over and needed workers.

It is an interesting place to wander around. The National Park Service has left the ruins pretty much as they were found except for the addition of a bit of cement here and there to prevent further deterioration and the installation of some stone steps--which blend in perfectly--to make the cliff and caves more accessible.

There are other prehistoric ruins scattered about New Mexico. We'll get around to them one of these days.

Haw Department: Deckinger reviews DYNATRON for FFF and paints a picture of Roy Tackett slaving away at the typewriter slowly and with much effort bringing this thing into being. Haw! I type somewhere around 75 words per minute and, when I decided to put out an issue, the zine takes shape rapidly. As should be evident I simply reach into the file, drag out an article or two, and quickly transfer them from paper to stencil. My own material usually goes directly on stencil--although once in a while I run two or three drafts on something I particularly want to get across. Memo to Deckinger: Oi, have you got a wrong number!

Considering this is supposed to be a stf-slanted fanzine I haven't gotten much about stf into this column this time. There is always next time. I should have a few words about an old "classic", THE SLAYER OF SOULS by R. W. Chambers. And maybe even a few words about the Lens. Maybe. If I can find time to bat them out.

Fan-type visitors to 915 this past summer: Richard and Rosemary Hickey, Al Lewis, Ron Ellik, Russ Martin, Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, Bruce Pelz, Fred Patten, Ted Johnstone, and Dian Girard. It's been a pretty good summer. And if you think I'm going to do a piece about autumn in Albuquerque---you're wrong. Later.

ROY TACKETT.



I Was Robert Benchley At Westercon XVI

LEN MOFFATT

!+!  
!+!  
!+!  
!+!

"Hey! There's Robert Benchley!" shouted a voice from the Hyatt House swimming pool. A chorus of agreement followed the shout, punctuated by friendly laughter and assorted splashings.

I was standing at poolside at the time, attired in sports clothes, wearing my "Harlan Ellisons" ("Shades" or sunglasses to the uninformed), attempting to take a snapshot of the swimmers, who included one or more of the Benford Twins, Calvin W. "Biff" Demon, and other such Famous Fans & Pros. I almost dropped my camera--and turned to look behind me, wondering who or what I might see, considering that the great humorist had died 18 years ago.

"No, no -- we mean you!" came the insistent shout, which caused me to fumble even more with the camera, no doubt adding to the Benchley Image I had unwittingly created. I finally managed to snap the picture but sighed inwardly, recalling that my wife once told me that I bore a slight resemblance to Errol Flynn. Of course that was a few years ago, and I was slimmer then. Not that I am fat now, you understand--but my weight (stark nekkid on the Dean Drive Testing Machine) has increased in the past few years from its previous maximum of 145 lbs. to a minimum-maximum range of 150 to 155 lbs. However, the 16th Annual West Coast Science Fiction Conference was remarkable (and is memorable) for a number of reasons, all more noteworthy than the dubbing of yours truly as "Robert Benchley".

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"It certainly is nice to drip on this vulgar sofa".....Miriam Knight  
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For me it was a nearly perfect convention. Not quite perfect due to the absence of my wife, Anna, and amigo mio, Rick Sneary, and other good friends (such as the Tacketts, the Cox, the Rapps--to name five or so), but despite the high prices prevalent at the Burlingame Hyatt House, and the fact that a Triple bedroom (which I had the pleasure of sharing with Stan Woolston and Fritz Leiber) was the same small size as a Double bedroom with a lumpy portable bed dragged in to make it a "triple", despite all of this, the Westercon itself was indeed a nearly-perfect and most remarkable affair. (Anna and I both could not go, so we rassled for it, and I beat her two falls out of three.)

To list all of the many and varied reasons for the con's success would require 15 or 20 pages, and I rather doubt that the kindly editor would want me to write this entire issue of DYNATRON. One of the primary reasons is the fact that we had an excellent and efficient committee. Each of the 4 committeemen was responsible for one of the four days of the con. This can be a dangerous approach to producing a con, dependent as it is on the individual reliability of each and every member of the committee. Fortunately the gentlemen (Bill Donaho, Alva Rogers, Ben Stark, Al naLevy) of Westercon XVI's committee knew what they were doing, and did it very well indeed. They had lots of help, to be sure--fans and pros working behind the scenes as well as on stage. I think that most con committees get this kind of help, but not all have used it so wisely and so well.

This con had quality. The Art Show, for instance. Despite the many other attractions and distractions (reunions with old friends, meeting new friends, poolside girl watching, etc) I kept going



back to the Art Show to marvel again at the paintings, drawings, cartoons, to wish I had sufficient funds to meet even the minimum bids on some of the works. Not that any of them were over-priced, in my opinion. What too many persons forget when estimating the dollar value of a painting or drawing is the basic cost of the item to its creator. Artist supplies do not come cheap. But fans, like most people, are bargain hunters, and all too often will offer \$5 or \$6 for an item the basic cost of which was probably 10 or 12 dollars. Of course the true value of a piece of artwork is not measurable in dollars and cents, but one should at least start with the time and material cost experienced by the artist and go from there.

From where I was sitting (and/or standing) the Art Show was well organized, thanks to the Trimble, and to this year's Westercon Art Show Director, Jessie Clinton. I feel that these shows are important--not so much for the prizes, though I'm sure they are important to the participants--but primarily because the shows provide a place for the new artists to show their work, and give all of us the opportunity to see this work. Perhaps many will never "make good" as professional (i.e., selling) artists, but this does not detract from the value of the show to all concerned. Some of the pro artists who have made good, in the sense that they are selling their stuff consistently, would do well to visit our Art Shows and see what the "amateurs" are doing. They might learn something, or re-learn something they seem to have forgotten or are deliberately (or lazily) ignoring. I'm thinking of the work that has appeared in the prozines in recent years. With few exceptions it has been hackwork of the crudest sort. Perhaps pro artists, like pro writers, have to be hacks in order to sell, but there is such a thing as good hackwork, and rarely do we see even this. At the Art Shows we see the work of sincere artists upon whom the disease of sloth has not fallen.

Quality, yes. The Caberet Masquerade. There weren't as many costumes as at a Worldcon but, as Ron Ellik pointed out, almost all of them were of "Worldcon quality." (To some degree Westercon XVI did have a worldcon atmosphere, if not of similar proportions. Going for the mement from quality to quantity, the attendance was approximately 200 out of a membership of 270, 91 of whom attended the banquet. Visiting firemen from the east, such as the Kujawas, Fred Pohl, Ed Wood, Jim Blish, and possibly others I didn't get to meet, as well as fans and pros from up and down the Coast, helped to provide or establish the worldcon atmosphere.)

It must have been a difficult job for the costume judges to pick the four winners, but there can be no quarrel with the ones they chose. Bruce Pelz was most impressive as a Heavy Trooper from Vance's "Dragon Masters"; Bjo was Ozma; and Karen Anderson, whose uniform as Head of the Phoenix Guard from Poul's Time Patrol series was also perfect in detail, could wear burlap and mud, and still appear as regal and lovely as she always is. It is regrettable that there weren't a couple more prizes: for Blake Maxim, whose Wizard of Oz ignored the movie version and (as did Bjo's Ozma) followed the original book illos, and for Paul and Ellie Turner--he, charmingly sinister as Pluto, and she, charmingly radiant as Persephone.

For me it was a wonderful evening the pleasure of which was more than doubled by the appearance of old friends from my Outlandish and fannish past (Freddie and Hal Curtis, Rog and Honey Graham), and then there was Chief Red Feather in authentic American Indian attire, with a beautiful, white, eagle-feathered war bonnet. At the



party after the Masquerade I learned that he was Chinese, but he is a Sioux Chief, having been adopted into the tribe, and made a chief when the old chief died. He heads up an Indian Show that travels to all parts of the world; his goal in life is to help perpetuate the American Indian culture. (Yes, he reads stf.) Freddie, as an archaeologist, and Rog, a hyman encyclopedia, enjoyed taling with the Chief, and it was obvious that he enjoyed talking with them. I was content to listen and to learn such interesting things as the fact that the largest Indian village in the world (some 200 teepees) is in Germany! This from the Chief, who explained that the inhabitants of the village are Germans, blond and blue-eyed, but that they help perpetuate the Amerind culture by living it the year around.

I met Art Widner for the second time (first time was at Pacificon in '46), and Ray Nelson for the first time. I could continue name-dropping, but I should comment on other parts of the program--less colorful than the Masquerade, Art Show, pretty girls in bathing suits, or Perdue's necktie--but interesting nevertheless.

There were four panel discussions and, not counting the Banquet speeches, four speeches, one per day. It would be impossible to report everything that was said, even if we had the space, and of course every thing that was said would not be worth reporting. I don't want to give the impression that there was Too Much Program--there wasn't. Each day's schedule was well-balanced, and for the most part did not drag or run overtime. Many things were said that have been said before, but there were some new approaches, some worthy attempts to stimulate both the fan and the pro sides of our hobby, and--I think--to bring them closer together. Whether or not the attempts succed remains to be seen, and in either case does not detract from their worthiness. Both pros and fans had a chance to have their say, and I think an adequate number of us took the opportunity to do so.

Tony Boucher was Toastmaster at the Banquet and in great form as usual. Tony's stamina is marvelous; he participated in the nightly marathon poker games but appeared each day fresh and lively, ready for his part in the program.

It was Forry Ackerman's sad duty to propose the toast to the late Frank R. Paul. He did it well, better than he thought perhaps, for Paul's death was a deep personal loss. It was a loss to all of us, to be sure, but Forry had known Paul better than most of those present. We stood for this toast, a kind of silent standing ovation.

Elinor Busby, as "onehalf of the Fan Guest of Honor", gave what she termed "one half a speech". She spoke of love, the kind that fans can share, the love of friends that transcends biological or even "romantic" love. If Elinor gave only half a speech (and it was all too short), then Buz gave less than a quarter of a speech. This is not a criticism of what he said, but rather a criticism of the fact that he didn't say more. Apparently he had four pages ready to use, but for some reason decided to skip them. He expressed appreciation for being there and that was that.

Kris Neville, the Pro Guest of Honor, gave one hell of a good speech. It is certain to go down in stf/fan history of one of the best speeches ever made at any con. I'm sure it will be published. If you weren't there to hear it, or cannot hear the tape recording, I can only recommend that you get a copy and read it. Was he funny? Yes. Was he serious? Very. It was a speech with hair on its chest, intelligently conceived and resoundingly pronounced. Perhaps it was the sort of speech that could only be



given at a gathering of science-fantasy people, but that's incidental, and does not in any way lessen its importance or its impact.

Yes, it was indeed a remarkable convention. So many remarkable things happened. Mike Hinge shook hands with a lady, namely Betty Kujawa. Gene Kujawa came to the rescue of a pretty, young, blonde, nicely stakced airline stewardess, saving her from having to sleep in her uniform. Wally Weber made a different kind of face each time I said "Marion Zimmer Bradley for TAFF." (I didn't try it on Pelz. You see, he had this four feet of real broadsword with him.....)

I like to think that I helped to close the convention and nicely. Not at the business meeting where I "explained" and expressed approval of an amendment to a resolution, aiding in getting the whole thing tabled. Hindsight tells me that tabling it was perhaps a good thing. (That's Henry X. Hindsight, the peerless parliamentarian from Upper Katchlekicklekalkan.) Not that I'm now against the idea of selecting Westercon sites more than one year in advance. There's nothing wrong with this if all the bidders have sufficient advance notice to prepare their bids. Anyway, I'm happy with the results of the business meeting. Next year's Westercon will be combined with Pacificon II and the 1965 Westercon will probably be in L.A.

Nor was the final auction the close of the con for me. It began, this happy-sad closing, with the drinks and dinner with the Gibsons and the Kujawas, and ended at the final party, after the songs had been sung, the last drop imbibed, when the remaining survivors stood on the balcony outside the convention suite and observed Venus in the early morning sky. I am proud to be numbered among the seven stubborn survivors who kept the spirit of the con going until the last possible hour, then finally parted, knowing it was over--and yet, not over: Big Bill and Gretchen, Karen and Paul, Ed, Lauren, and me. Next year it could be another group, or the same group augmented by others, but whoever and wherever I hope that I will be there again. For this is the link, the thing that prevents any con from ever really ending--the invisible, love-powered continuity between one con and the next. It is the perfect way to close a near-perfect convention, because it is really the beginning of the preparations for the next one. And a reason it is--one of the many, many reasons one finds in this happy hobby of ours--for all of us to  
Keep Smiling!

Len MOFFATT  
10Jul63

XXXXX



T L O L  
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I never had the opportunity as a boy of becoming scared of fire-crackers. This is probably because I was never hurt by one. Some of my friends had them go off in their hands, and one close friend even got his whole hand burned once and had it in a bandage for a month. But I never learned fear of explosives. Sure, I had one go off a few inches from my fingers when throwing them into the air to watch them explode, and I even accepted a dare once to step down on one that had no fuse to make it explode under my foot. My foot tingled a bit for a few minutes I was never really hurt.

In the off season we used firecrackers as experimental explosives. They were much more satisfactorate than nitrate of iodide. Ah! the happy days when my cousin and I built huge domino castles and then blew them apart with a well placed firecracker, sending domino shrapnel flying every which way. Ah! the bliss of shooting tin cans skywayrd. Goddard had nothing on me!

On rainy days we experimented inside. Sometimes we got our kicks by blowing up bridges and track of my cousin's railroad outfit, just as trains were approaching or passing. I bet in one year alone we did more damage than the commandos did to Germany's rail system.

I remember once my cousin and I tried a very clever experiment. I was to light a cracker and throw it into a cigar box he held open. He was then to throw the box into the wastebasket. The idea was to see if the concussion would blow up the cigar box, the wastebasket or both. The first time I dropped the cracker in and he finished up the job. We sat looking at the box-wastebasket combination. Nothing happened. After waiting a safe length of time he picked the box out. The firecracker wasn't lit. I tried it again. I dropped the cracker into the box again and he slammed the lid. Then he calmly looked up at me, his left hand on the bottom of the box, his right hand laid across the lid. "It's not lit again," he said.

I'll never forget the look on his face when the sides of the box blew out.

As you may know, I am quite a piano player. At one time I was considering it as a living. My brother talked me out of it. He played night clubs for many years and I decided to learn from his experience. Anyway, I still like to play for my own enjoyment. Well, last week, while just fooling around (like we near-professional jazz piano players like to call it) I hit upon the most tremendous sound I ever heard from a piano. Really! My wife came running from the kitchen, dishtowel in hand, shouting "My ghod, my ghod, no!" "My ghod, my ghod, yes!" I shouted back. "The lost chord," she said, her eyes glowing. "Shut up," I explained, "and listen."

Well, sir, we had the best time ever, me playing that chord, she sitting there with glowing eyes. I was getting a little worried about my ability to keep my fingers spread just so while I slept that night, and therefore we decided to write the notes



down. "I'll get a pencil," she said. I just sat with my fingers arched, playing that beautiful chord. It took nearly an hour to get all the notes down and tested. But at last I could go to bed, exhausted but happy beyond belief because I, Gary Labowitz, a near-professional piano player, had not only found the lost chord, but had brought it back alive, so to speak. I collapsed on the bed.

Next morning I overslept and got to work late. When my boss asked why I was so late I explained happily, "I found the lost chord last night!" "I'll accept that," he said, "but don't try using that excuse again."

Work dragged by so slowly that day that I had to ask twice to be sure we were still using high-speed computers. But finally, the eventide came (permit me a little poetic license) and I dashed home (on a bus). (Incidentally, the knack of dashing home on a bus is one worth learning. I learned how in New York. Everyone does it there.) Finally arriving I burst into the room, brushed past my wife, and seated myself at the piano. There before me was my beautiful chord, the notes scattered like ants over the page, begging to be played. I arched my fingers in that near-professional way of mine and poised, ready to strike.

"Wait!" my better half spoke. "I have a surprise darling." I turned, impatient. "You see, dear, our piano was in such bad shape I called and had it tuned today." She beamed. "The chord should sound even better than ever." "Yes," I said, but even as I said the words a shudder ran up my spine and I should have known that something was wrong. "It's my little gift to you," she said. I nodded and turned to the piano. My fingers arched again. My wife's eyes glowed. And then it happened! I played the chord.

And it wasn't the same!! Somehow we had lost it. I checked the notes. No, they were the same. The manuscript hadn't been tampered with. There was only one answer. In the tuning of the piano, the notes that were off key (some by as much as an octave) had been rearranged. My wife had thrown away the lost chord! I looked up at her. Understanding was creeping into her eyes, pushing the glow out of them. "No!" she screamed and ran for the bathroom.

I'll admit now that the only reason I didn't catch her then was because I stopped in the kitchen to pick up the meat cleaver. But I am patient. Sitting here in front of my bathroom door with my delicate near-professional fingers arched over the handle of my meat cleaver, I wait. She has to come out to eat sometime.....

GARY LABOWITZ

XXXXXX

#### A WILL OF FREEDOM

And darkness is splattered to the windows.  
An ebony black, cream smooth.

If I could penetrate that dark  
Like some raw original dawn

I would be free from captivity.

BILL WOLFENBARGER

XXXXXX



# LETTERS

FEED →

← VISCAGE

Wherein you have the opportunity to get in your licks and I get the last word anyway. In brackets like these. RT/

TOM DILLEY RUNS FREE: I must say that you are a fairly long-suffering soul. On, I don't suffer too much except for a twinge in the back now and again. RT/; it appears that you let me run all or four issues without writing before you finally cut me off. The trouble with you is that you publish too regularly. The trouble with me is that I have been beset by any number of things which have prevented me from writing too regularly. I have yet to work off the backlog that has been accumulating since the first part of Jan. And the external pressures have not let up too much, though I may now be able to keep up with the fanzines & correspondents if the material doesn't come in one huge flood. Naturally, my prolonged silence has not endeared me greatly to those who have been sending me fanzines for LOCs (though I should have thought the opposite; there ought to be a whole collection of faneds who'd be glad to give me lifetime subs if I'd snut up). And, of course right in the middle of my enforced noncommunication, Buck Coulson had to dig up a letter I'd sent him in Dec. & publish part of it, which didn't help either. Buck is always talking about his backlog of material but a backlog of letters dating back to last year...? RT/ Ah, well.

Your program of weird films on TV is interesting; at sporadic intervals (whenever the station can find a sponsor), WSUN-TV runs its "Nightmare" program. The thing started about five or so years ago, and ran for about three years straight; since then it has been on & off in three or four month stretches. About a year ago, someone at the station apparently did try something along the line of making something of a production of the show, rather than merely running the film and the ads. The production was ludicrous, and flopped. But it was interesting, as someone at WSUN seemed to have heard of Lovecraft. For a couple of months, there were references to the Necronomicon, Nyarlathotep, etc., etc., and a notice at the end that "this was an RPL production." (I can see August Derleth and a plane-load of Copyright Office officials speeding toward St Petersburg right now.) Not unless you tell them. Neither Derleth nor the copyright office are on my mailing list. RT/ After another of its periods of absence, the program came on again last night (minus production); I wonder how long it will last this time. Seems rather like a thwartable but unkillable monster; it's often put down, but invariably rises again. Hush up that sort of talk lest the monster fans start writing in. RT/ At least the





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DILLEY

DILLEY, cont'd.

program enabled me to see the original Karloff "Mummy" film, which is undoubtedly the most truly frightening movie I've ever watched. The whole thing was tremendous. Apparently U-I thought so too, as they used clips from it in each of the five or six sequels. Most of the sequels were pretty bad (I greatly rued the substitution of Tanna leaves for the parchment and that ridiculous wingy Manone-type mummy for Karloff), but there was one that had a great ending: the heroine, of course, is in the mummy's clutches, and the hero, backed by 300 extras with torches, is in hot pursuit (perchance one of the extras immediately behind was holding his torch too low). The mummy, heroine swooned in arms, heads toward a dank and dismal bog, and, wonder of wonders, sinks, heroine and all, into the quicksand whilst hero, extras, and torches looked on from the shore. I didn't know Hayes let Hollywood make film endings like that, and the effect upon me

was something.

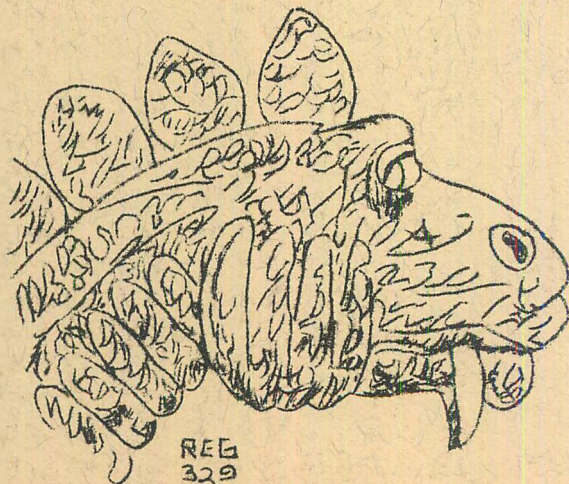
Speaking of TV stations, I seem to have more or less free run (quite free; I can go anywhere, and nobody pays me anything) of U of Fla's educational TV station. What a setup: three rooms and all controllable, if necessary, from a couple of master consoles located elsewhere in the building; two of the big Ampex video tape machines and one of the little ones; five film to TV translators, approx 2000 reels of video tape, about 20 visual monitors in use & 10 or 15 spares & maybe 5 or 10 scope monitors; altogether the station can, simultaneously, broadcast, run closed-circuit, feed the NET net, & tape, from any combination of sources (four different program channels the place has yet). Of course, if anybody cares to ask where the Fed govt's money is going... /Better that Uncle's money goes there than some of the places it goes: like some of the alleged foreign aid that is pure waste. That's quite a set-up for an educational channel. The commercial stations around here have nothing that elaborate. RT/

The Tucker reprint was funny as hell. (1590 Robinson Drive North, St Petersburg, Fla. 33710).

BOB TUCKER GETS NOD FROM HAMILTON

Your favorable mention of Ed Hamilton and THE STAR OF LIFE is one of those star-begotten coincidences always happening to faaans. I read the book about two weeks before going to the Midwestcon; it was fresh on my mind because of what the protagonist didn't do; and there was Ed Hamilton as big as life sitting across the table from me.

I spoke my piece, and he grinned and nodded and reminded me of the truism that nearly every writer wants to rewrite another man's work. I thought it was a shame that the



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TUCKER



TUCKER, cont'd.

protagonist wasn't mined for historical and archeological information-- after all, if a ten thousand year old man turned up alive and talking today, in this half crazy civilization of ours, somebody would have the wit to pump him dry. But Hamilton's hero, if you recall, was merely given a chance to talk and then bundled off to prison. I protested that. Yes, but suppose this man from the past was just an average-type Joe, how much historical and archaeological information would he be able to furnish? An average type from today's U.S. would be able to contribute info on trivialities but on how much else? RT/

You are correct in believing it came from Startling Stories. January 1947, where it was somewhat shorter, of course. Hamilton said the publishers were after him for another one, but he wasn't too sure he could satisfy them; too many other jobs working, and even expanding an old magazine novel into a longer book requires work. But in the end he invited me to take his hero and write my own story, if I liked, changing the plotting to an archeological heyday.

Leigh Brackett was there too, same table, and I yakked with her on the picture HATARI! She wrote it. It was fun to watch and after I told her so, she told me the kind of perverse fun she had writing it. She wrote in New York and the picture was shot in Africa, with neither end of the dog knowing precisely what the other end was doing. The result was that the director brought back his exposed footage, everybody looked at it, and then everybody had a big party trying to fit bits and pieces of it together to form some sort of coherent story line. For example, there was supposed to be only one baby elephant, but the film came back with three.

These people (Ed and Leigh) are fun to talk to. (Box 478, Heyworth, Illinois 61745).

PAT MC LEAN IS DISTASTEFUL TO FLEAS.



Yup, soap - one of the great inventions of the human race, tho mostly you never find it on the lists. Fact, I can't ever remember seeing it on such a list, but where would we be without the stuff - sick and dirty, that's where. Always (well, for some time, anyway) I have wondered why there aren't more cases of plague in San Francisco - the place is covered with fleas. Probably it's one of the few places in the US where the mention of fleas is not automatically a joke. [Are you by any chance employed by the L.A. chamber of commerce? RT/ If you don't have the habits of a hermit you can't avoid the little brutes - any bus ride is capable of rendering one no longer singular within their clothing. [Maybe the reason there isn't any plague is that the host busses aren't infected. RT/ Fortunately I am one of those whom, for some inscrutable reason of their own, the little beasties don't find much to their taste, and so was seldom bothered by them, but some people really suffer in that town. It's standard operating procedure in SF to lay down [Yes? Yes?] a heavy barrage of Flit [Oh.] before moving into new quarters. Now howcome, with all this, there isn't more plague there? There must be some other operating factor.

Maybe you're a social democrat? [I'm more of an anti-social Democrat. RT/ If I open my mouth in the

MC LEAN



MC LEAN, cont'd.

midst of a political discussion all my anarchist friends (a not unconsiderable group) instanter screech "don't listen to her, she's a social democrat", which, from their tone of voice, is a condition not unlike leprosy. Don't know as it's strictly true, tho. But if believing in a strong, consistent law on a whole lot more liberal basis than the present one makes a social democrat, then I guess that's what I am. Not that anarchy isn't the most beautiful dream - but is it attainable? Not anytime in the foreseeable future, it ain't. Hmph. These anarchist cats fail to realize that their ideal is not compatible with a population of 180,000,000+. Under the conditions of anarchy, and I mean the idealized anarchy these types prattle on about not the "official" definition, that population would rapidly be reduced because all too many people can not survive outside the framework of our civilization. Sure, anarchy is possible but at the cost of millions of lives and the humanists in the audience get all shook up at that thought. Now I'm not knocking anarchy 'cause I'm mean enough to make out under any sort of conditions--except possibly our current capitalistic civilization which bugs me more every day. RT7

Diana's story is among the best fan-fiction I've read lately. Really. "Do you want to be the first boy on the moon?" Yuk, yuk. Do you notice a certain Bradburyish quality?

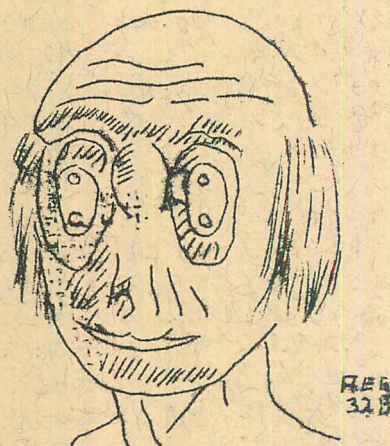
Cox's story is too true to be on second thought so very damn funny. It is funny, tho, and has the only possible right ending. Let's hope that somewhere off in the sunset our bhoy finds some kindred souls. Have you read EARTH ABIDES? Two or three times. An excellent book as is most of Stewart's work. A very good book, but what would it be like for most of fangdom if they found themselves with such a bunch? Gmurg. Maybe the N3F should sponsor a Refuge in New Zealand or something. Do you want me to make that a Directorate motion?

Since there are always a few Immature Units (a chancey group, as everyone knows) at any con - why not accept the comic book situation as a blessing in disguise and give them a room - full of comix, natch, -all to themselves? Any speakers who feel up to it can go in there and give their talks on comix and the rest of the con would be spared the hiddi-osity of it all. (P.O. Box 162, Sappho, Washington.)

REDD BOGGS WEIGHS US IN THE BALANCE

Thanks for sending Dynatron #17, which was quite interesting aside from the artwork and the format, both of which seemed far below par. Well, even Deindorfer's front cover was interesting, come to think of it, in a grisley sort of way. I'm glad to see what a bad Deindorfer looks like.

Of the textual material I liked both Jack Speer's "Precocity" and Ed Cox's "Surviving the Survivors" though both are minor items from such talented typewriters. Juffus seems to have written a four page article about the supposed precocity of today's children without mentioning TV, which seems to be the principal implement in the change. Some time ago I heard a pre-school moppet hammering at a door he was unable to budge and screaming "Open seasame!" Now, I never heard the term "Open seasame!" till five or six years later when I read The Arabian Nights, but then





BOGGS, cont'd.

I didn't have the advantage of TV. /Don't complain, just be thankful you didn't have TV. RT/ Nearly all the precocity I could spot in my nephews and nieces and in the kids of friends derives from many hours of TV watching, so far as I could tell. /It all depends upon what one means by "precocity". It is defined as exceptionally early development, particularly mentally. Hours of telly watching teaches the young'uns to mimic adults but I think it is just mimicry--something like the talking of a mynah bird--you thought I was going to say parrot, didn't you?--. I doubt that TV, commercial television that is, actually stimulates mental development. Educational TV is something else again--it is a fine teaching tool--the Albuquerque public schools make good use of it--but the kids must be guided to it; on their own they prefer the westerns and cartoons and there is little stimulus there. RT/

Edco's "SF Forever" contribution was rather badly handled, but had some pretty good lines and read smoothly anyway.

In the letter department, I note a letter /Really?/ from one Dennis Knuth of Augusta, Wis. "Knuth" isn't a common name and I wonder if Dennis is any relation to Gail Knuth Daniels? I dislike comic books myself, but I think you're a ~~little~~ dogmatic when you say comic books ought to be forgotten after the fourth grade, "by that time (people) should be able to read." I should think anybody with a powerful taste for adventure and super heroics would like to read comics, since those magazines are one of the few contemporary sources of such material.

I'm not dogmatic about comic books--just opinionated. Besides, I get a charge out of riling up the comic book fans. They get so maaad. RT/

G. M. Carr wonders why her idea of using "a flat brown paper bag such as is used in drug stores, etc." for mailing fanzines never caught on. Maybe it's because such wrappers were not convenient and adequate. It's much better to mail a fanzine unwrapped and stapled shut than to enclose it in such a ridiculous "envelope." People used some pretty weird wrappings to mail things, but G.M.'s was one of the most incredible wild things I ever saw used in the days when I worked for the post office.

Speaking of mailing fanzines, you could enlarge Dynatron at least four and possibly six pages (two or three sheets) and still mail it for 4¢ per copy, according to my postage scale. Three extra sheets puts it right on the line. But you can safely allow the magazine to run to 24 pages without worries about extra postage as long as you mail it naked as it were. /I've been thinking about going legal size. RT/

"Chrystal Gazing": I suppose there is the satisfaction of speaking your piece, but is it really worthwhile to state your opinion that, say, Norman Thomas should run for the presidency at a Birch society meeting? Why bother? /Chrystal says you are picking nits and that your example is a bit extreme but even so she would speak up in such an instance if she felt the occasion demanded. "What I meant," she says, "is that in civic, or school, or club meetings, too many people do not speak up to state their ideas or opinions and then grumble if the final result isn't to their liking. Chances are that many other people share their view and if the subject was brought up the decision might have gone differently. I've found too many cases where people are afraid to oppose the clique in power and that the clique is in power only because they make it a point to speak their piece while the rest go along like sheep." I might add that I agree...that you don't get anything done by sitting on your duff. Why bother? Why not? RT/

"As MajGen C. W. Clark...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."



### Still BOGGS

That sounds wrong, doesn't it? That's because--as Burbee would say--it is wrong. It depends on what he meant by "the last century" and whether he meant "university" and not "college" or "school." But obviously other institutes of higher learning were teaching some kinds of engineering during the 19th century. Rensselaer Poly was founded in 1824, Rochester Tech in 1829, Purdue in 1869, and Rose Poly in 1874. Georgia Tech was founded in 1885, Louisiana Poly in 1894, and Drexel and California Institute of Technology, both in 1891. Perhaps the most famous school of its type, MIT, dates back to 1861.

I don't think it's such a horrible thing to be interested in "the liberal arts" which--I say dogmatically--are ultimately the only things worth bothering about. I choked a little on your theory that "the military is now--and always has been--the prime investor in scientific research." Even if it were true, and it obviously is not, I feel indignant that science is made to direct its efforts toward better and more efficient ways to kill people. You caught me with my terminology down. I meant "development" rather than "research". You think about that one for a while and go ahead and get indignant. RT/

Diana's "A Race to the Moon" was excellent. Speaking of precocity, I've been trying to recall how young I was when I wrote my first fiction. I remember writing some stories to staple inside some manila folders my father gave me when I was between 7 and 8. One of these was fantasy of a sort because it dealt with Santa Clause, but it was a good many years later that I tried my hand at science fiction. (270 S. Bonnie Brac, Los Angeles, Calif. 90057).



### WALT TAYLOR IS PREJUDICED.

I was disturbed about your reference to the mentality of the majority of comic fan. You may not find interest in comic fandom as a whole, and you may sneer at the activities that they find pleasure in, but please don't doubt their intelligence. Go back and read it again. The top man in CFandom--indeed the man who started the whole thing off is a PhD named Doctor Jerry G. Bails, a responsible adult with a genuine interest in the media. Why? Ronn Foss is also a responsible adult--a post office worker, I believe...and an outstanding artist. Then there are the Thompsons,

and their tremendous comic fanzine Comic Art. CA is without a doubt one of the top fanzines in any fandom, and would certainly be on my list of all-time great fanzines. There are others too, from literally all walks of life, and the majority of the comic fanzines are excellent examples of serious intelligent planning, able to stand up against many stf zines in quality and appearance. Well, that isn't too hard to do.

I can't convince you to like comics, but I just hope I am able to show you the maturity of those who do. Well, don't just stand there, go ahead and try. RT/

What type of mimeo do you print Dynatron on? Some pages seem to be very good, while others (like page 16) are practically illegible. Dynatron is run off on a Sears Tower--closed drum type--which is ac-



TYALOR, cont'd.

tually a Vari-Color in disguise. Probably the best available in its price range. The mimeo is not responsible for the poor reproduction you mention--this is the fault of the stencil which was old and dry and shouldn't have been used. But I'm cheap. I had it and I used it. RT/ The use of color on the cover was more effective in this than it was in #16. Deindorfer's art was considerably superior to Dick Schultz's mermaid endeavor anyway, so I suppose the color had a better chance of looking good when used with a good piece of art-work. I don't care for RiP's stuff anyway, so I guess you might say I am prejudiced.

I would like to correspond with a Japanese fan, because I am fascinated with the Japanese enthusiasm for stf. By this I mean the entire populace, fan and non-fan alike. [You want to correspond with the entire populace of Japan? RT/ I mean, what American newspapers do you know of that carry regular stf columns? I would like to know more about Japanese fandom, so could you possibly include that bit of information (that is, about my being anxious to hear from a Japanese fan) in some issue or another of Dyn? [Not if you persist in that "Dyn" bit. TAKUMI SHIBANO: can you find a correspondent for this enthusiastic young fan?]

Jack Speer's article on precocity was interesting. He mentioned very little, however, about pre-mature promiscuity, which in my opinion is mostly the fault of the parent. I think that I can say this in all honesty, as I am qualified to speak about the feelings of the adolescent from the position of someone under 21. I have seen little girls no older than 12 forced to "become interested" in boys because the parents thought it to be terribly cute that their daughter was so popular. It almost always leads to trouble sooner or later. Believe me.

Well, I can't offer much of an annotation on Ed Cox's fiction. It didn't particularly move me, but it wasn't bad. (390 Wembly Road, Upper Darby, Pennsylvania)

BUCK COULSON WAS IN THE SCOUTS.

What do you do to your twill-tone paper, anyway? DYNATRON always comes thru the mail with a sort of limp, soggy appearance, like fabrics that have been pre-softened. Twill-Tone doesn't give this effect to other fanzines. [Ah, yes, but you must remember that our Twill-Tone is pressed from cactus fiber and that New Mexico is very dry. You are, of course, familiar with the way cacti store water; DYNATRON just naturally absorbs moisture from the air when it arrives in those wet eastern areas. Then again, it's sort of a limp, soggy fanzine anyway. RT/

You seem to have got about as far in THE GREEN MILLENIUM as I did. Maybe someone who has read the whole book will write in and tell us what it was all about?

I'm not sure that I agree altogether with Jack Speer. For one thing, there was no need for special editions "to make fairy tales attractive to the very young". Fairy tales were read to children, not by them. Until a child learns to read for himself, he doesn't particularly need vocabulary-adjusted books; they're nice, but not essential. When he does learn to read, he's already old



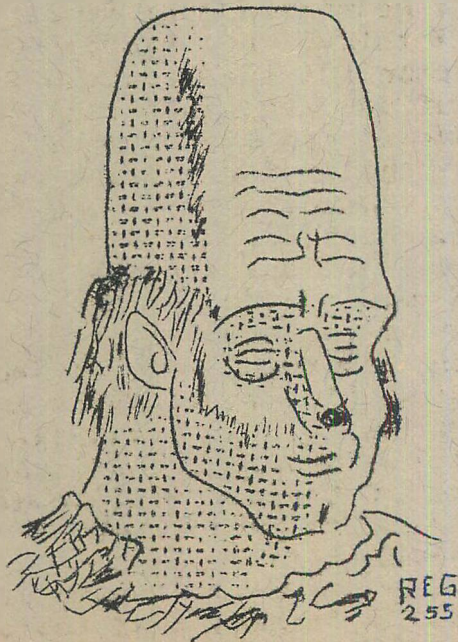
COULSON (above) WITH NEOFANED



BUCK COULSON of Indiana still at it enough for mags like OPEN ROAD FOR BOYS; I was reading it at age 7 and 8, which was about as soon as I could read anything beyond the "Oh, see Jack" level. [I was reading the stf yarns in SPICY ADVENTURE about then] I agree that children's literature today (aside from the regrettable trend toward expurgation) Yeah, they ought to revive SPICY ADVENTURE. is much better than it was 30 or 40 years ago--after all it should be. But I don't think it's as much different as Jack makes out. As for the social "maturity"--early dating and marriage and all; that has very little to do with precocity. Where children become physically and financially independent earlier, as in our early Colonial society and today, then they marry younger. Where they do not become independent early (19th century Ireland being a good example) they marry later (as late as age 30 or 35, in the case of Ireland). Precocity has nothing to do with it. The only difference in today's society is that there are so many doting parents who subsidize child marriages before the children are independent. This is a new trend, and not a particularly healthy one. But it isn't related to the intelligence, sophistication, or precocity of the children; only to the idiocy of the parents. [You ain't wrong, ol' buddy. The idea of marrying off the kids is to get rid of them. This business of keeping the kid and spouse is idiocy. Comes under the heading of "togetherness" I suppose. RT/ The lowering of the Boy Scout age was accompanied by a lowering of requirements and the providing of a less "sophisticated" level of interests. I know, because I was in the Scouts when it happened and I was old enough to make a direct (and disparaging) comparison. Also, the ages of 14, 15, and 16 were never, to my knowledge, the center of attention for Handbook contributors. Scouting centered on the activities of ages 12, 13, and 14; after that came Senior Scouting, which has emphasized dating, dress and careers for about as long as it's been in existence. If these activities have been emphasized more in BOY'S LIFE lately, it could mean that there are more Senior Scouts around today than there used to be. Maybe the new generation is more sophisticated than we were (it undoubtedly is more sophisticated than I was, but that's beside the point), but I don't see the great change Jack does. (Rt 3, Wabash, Ind. 46992)

HARRY WARNER, MONARCHIST.

Your notes on plague came at an appropriate time. Every other news story I've written in recent weeks has involved some form of danger of mass illnesses, not particularly from plague but from bad sanitary conditions in this area. The health people found coliform bacteria in 9 out of 10 wells they check in one of the newly developed areas north of town and another section south of this city has perhaps 5000 new residents in the past 10 years without anything resembling a sewerage system. The county has formed a commission to bring water to the former and sewerage to the latter areas and you'd think that this was Trotskyism at its worst from the indignant reactions from the areas affected. The general opinion is: we bought houses out here because we were to cheap



WARNER



WARNER, cont'd.

to pay city taxes and we'll be damned if we'll pay sewerage and water bills to the county. There was an outbreak of typhoid at a children's camp in nearby Pennsylvania that seems to have caused some second thoughts, but everything is still in the courts and meanwhile interstate highways are under construction that will quadruple the costs of laying pipes if the facilities aren't installed promptly before the dual lanes are put into place. Sometimes I think we should switch over to an unlimited monarchy, now that we have a family fitted for the job in Washington, on the grounds that the will of the people is no longer a useful way to run the country in these days of moranic mobs. [Harrumpf! You realize, of course, that you've pretty well described things as they are hereabouts--except for the disease that is. We live outside the city with our own wells and septic system and wouldn't think kindly of the costs involved in a municipal water and sewage system. And, of course, we have the problem of population growth, too. On the whole, though, we have the problem pretty well under control in that 1/2 acre is about the minimum lot size around here. This is horse country and since horses require a large area most property owners here have successfully resisted the efforts of realtors to subdivide. I wouldn't blame the situation in your area on the people as much as I would on greedy realtors who developed the area. Here the county is attempting to pass a zoning ordinance which would set a safe minimum lot size and the realty interests are fighting it. That absolute monarchy would do well to crack down on the fast-buck boys who are responsible for the development of the unsanitary conditions. I'd better cut this off or I'll fill pages with it: like the causes of floods in Albuquerque and so on. RT/

I enjoyed Diana's story. But I must point out that a Florida fan named Raym Washington had his 9-year-old sister as a fairly regular contributor to his fanzine many years ago, and she wrote stories so violent and bloody that she frightened even me. But she, of course, had not had the Heinlein influence that Diana obviously has undergone. I think that A Race to the Moon conveys so completely the present Heinlein techniques and ideas that it could save any busy fan the trouble of reading his last three or four novels. [Raym's fanzine was called SCIENTIFUN, too. The old Ark-of-Fire-Bug was my #1 correspondent in days of yore but I haven't heard from him since the late 40s. He was in the merchant navy then, I think. Ho, there, BOB BROWN, have you ever heard of Raymond Washington out there on the vastness of the ocean? RT/

Juffus' arguments don't seem sound to me. I suspect that part of them are flawed through the simple fact that he grew up in a small town and his children are being raised in big cities. If children mature earlier today than they once did, they must be mature awfully early. I remember quite clearly that a slightly older feminine cousin was dating boys when she was 12 and I was 11. Tarkington's novels probably give a quite accurate picture of the middle middle and upper middle classes of the Midwest of the 1910s and 1920s, and they show children behaving about the same as Jack's examples (and I'm sure that he is pretending to find an interest in parliamentary procedure in kids that doesn't exist.) It's undeniable that kids are more organized than they used to be in scouting and baseball but this may be just another reflection of the national trend to big business and I don't see what it has to do with precocity.

I hadn't realized that science fairs had grown so elaborate. The ones around here are dreary affairs, heavy on posters and short on science. I imagine that the exhibit featuring Jupiter's great red spot was really a hard one to get together. (423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland. 21740)



AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM: BILL PIOTT: I felt a clammy chill as I wondered just how much kids could be hurt by not "progressing" with the rest of the world; probably be hopelessly lost by the time they enter junior high. MIKE DECKINGER: Are we really auditioning girls from throughout the universe? ROBERT E. GILBERT: All I know about it is what I read in "Forever Amber". LEN MOFFATT: It was a new camera (got it for 7½ Blue Chip Stamp books). DICK FINCH: Everyone should read "Silent Spring" by Rachel Carson. STAN WOOLSTON: Every fan editor should have a handy hatchet to use to better his mag. KRIS CAREY: I'm rushed from several angles. BILL WOLFENBARGER: The fairy tale is sagging. VARIOUS PEOPLE: Enclosed find 15¢. LEE HAMMER: In a way I would say that the conservatives are really the more honest as more readily than not they admit they are not interested in the people; the liberals on the other hand pay lip-service to the so-called rights of man but only if they can see political gain in doing so...It tickles me to picture you settling into a life of middle-class comesticity, working 9 to 5, doing dishes, mowing the lawn. And if it tickles me you can bet that Gregory will have a fit of laughter and Moonflower will go into hysterics. I am off for the Orient once again. Care to join me? Absolutely NO+7 .....Which winds it up till nextish when we'll have--possibly--EdCo, Wolfenbarger and me, of course. Write. Roy.

DYNATRON

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