

DYNATRON

MARCH ~~APRIL~~ MAY
(or maybe even JUNE)

25



REG
296

Dear Sir, Madam, or Thing as the case may be:

I am happy to announce that you are holding in your hands or tentacles, as the case may be, ~~33~~ DYNATRON.

Ah, so. And what, you ask, is a Dynatron? A Dynatron is numerous things ranging from oscillators to engine booster. This particular Dynatron happens to be an amateur publication of ideas, opinions and general mouthing off, pertaining, in the main (and also in other states), to fantasy and science-fiction and whatever else happens to cross the editor's mind. On the right is a picture of something crossing the editor's mind.

This is, more or less, the 25th issue of DYNATRON in the current series and as usual is flung together my Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107, USA. DYNATRON is available mainly to those who express an interest in it in some way or other and can be had for letters of comment, five four cent stamps, and trades for other publications of similar vein. (Gotta straighten out the trade list one of these days.) Our schedule is shot to hell so we figure to get out four or five issues this year. Next year may be better. A Marinated Publication dated May, 1965.



Cover by R. E. Gilbert

Writings In The Sand by Amon Tackethotep on page 3

The Things I Read by John Berry on page 6

Tokyo File by Takumi Shibano on page 10

Interior decorating by Gilbert and Atom on Page 2

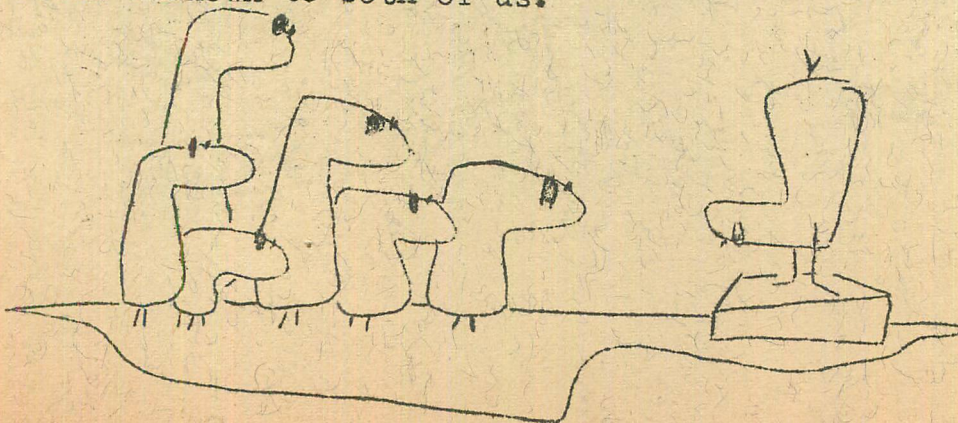
by Atom on Page 4

by Tim Eklund on page 6

by Atom on Page 9

Shooting from the hip starts on page 11 and is followed by FANTASY FICTION DECIMAL CLASSIFICATION by Mack Speer.

New revised mailing list this time! A number indicates the number left on your sub. T means trade. Nothing means you got this issue for some reason unknown to both of us.



WRITINGS IN THE SAND

ON THE LAST ISSUE. It was sort of a special. With the exception of the letter column everything in DYNATRON 24 was by Ed Cox. Yes, the cover, the "editorial", the fiction, the column, and the poem, were all the work of the Lubec Leprechaun. We had also planned originally for Ed to do the letter column also but a combination of his moving into his new home and my inertia cancelled that out. I believe that Rick Sneary was the only one who came close to suspecting what was up but even he wasn't sure. Sort of a fun thing.

ON THIS ISSUE. Late as usual but I have a more or less legitimate excuse this time. I have been somewhat under the weather; down with what, for want of anything better, is commonly known as "the flu". A doctor would no doubt give it another designation and charge \$10. Unless, of course, one happens to be rich enough that the Doctor could charge \$100 in which case he would agree that it is, indeed, the flu.

Well, whatever it is called it has been enough to keep me from doing much of anything for almost a month. I've managed to drag myself out of bed and to work in the mornings and back into bed as soon as I got home. Would probably have been better off just staying in bed but the Sparton Corporation has the highly unsocial idea that a worker must be on the job working in order to get paid. Not at all in keeping with the Great Society where one is supposed to get paid whether he works or not.

Before I go too far afield—my apologies to Speer and Berry and Atom and whoever else appears in this issue for the delay. Apologies also to a host of letter writers whose missives didn't get answered. And probably won't. Not personal replies at any rate.

Getting back to the Great Society...it sounds like a real good deal. There's going to be plenty for everyone. I'm all in favor of it. Right now I'm trying to figure out a way to be one of the recipients instead of one of the payers. Yes. You see my only complaint against the Great Society at the moment is that I'm one of the jokers that has to pay for it. Ah, there's the rub. I just paid my income tax and, as with everyone else in the country who works for a living, had to dig into the sock to do it. Thank to a generous government which cut the amount of tax withheld far below the amount of tax actually due I came up owing — despite the fact that I had anticipated somewhat and had cut my withholding deductions in an attempt to avoid it. Fortunately, I did have enough in savings to cover the amount due. And I want you to know that I really hope that the shiftless Appalachian hillbilly, or equally shiftless big city tenement bum who is the recipient of my contribution to the Great Society enjoys MY vacation this year.

LON ATKINS: No, certainly I don't take any offense at the lino. Enjoyed it as a matter of fact and, when it comes down to it, it is rather appropriate. KatznBailes will absolutely agree that I am a Monster.

TERRY CARR: Ta for LIGHTHOUSE on which I should LoC but won't. Re your comments on Kools vs. Spuds—both were around in the late 30s/early 40s. I seem to recall Spuds as a regular size cigarette—but could be mistaken—however they did come out as a king-size(?) menthol along about 1940. Hmmm. Seem to recollect that there were two varieties of Spuds—one in a silver pack and one in a gold pack. I didn't pay much attention to them, other than to try them as a novelty. Congrats on TAFF.

FANEDS IN GENERAL: PFC Richard C. Markley, RA19815640, Co A, 17thSigBn(A), APQ, New York, N.Y. 09164, is interested in seeing some fanzines.

This is supposed to be a fanzine devoted to science-fiction (you remember science-fiction, don't you?) so I suppose I really should say a word or two about the subject. At the risk of providing another refrain for the Hugo Nominating Committee's refrain that nobody reads all that is published anymore (thereby overlooking some hack author's Hugo caliber gem--who said it was Hugo caliber?--the hack author, of course) I will confess that I have not been a loyal and faithful reader of the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION for lo, these many years.

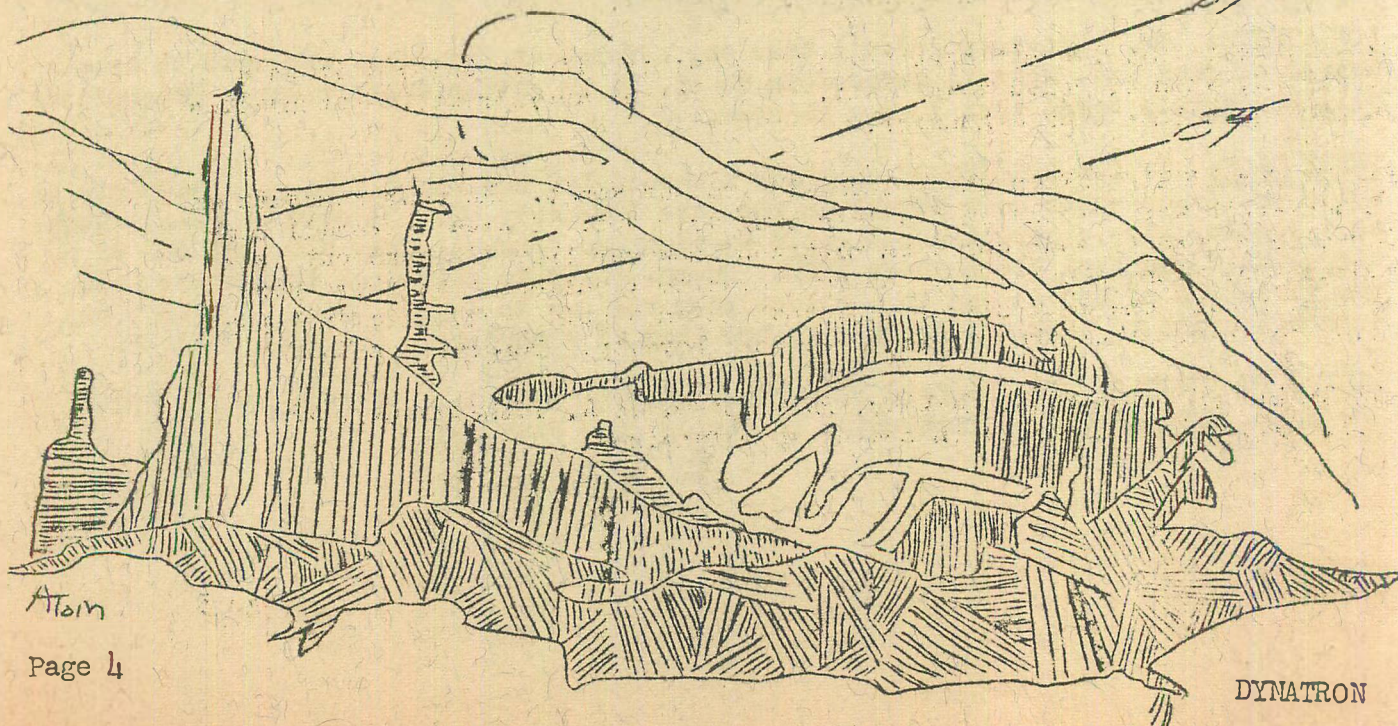
F&SF was established by Anthony Boucher back in the long ago beginnings of the great stf boom (you remember the great stf boom, don't you? Not you, Petjak, I mean old timers like Arnie Katz.) and I still have a copy of Volume I, Number 1 around here somewhere--a remembrance of the golden days of the Little Men and a souvenir of the Garden Library. It was called THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY then, the "AND SCIENCE FICTION" being added later when it was apparent that the fad was mostly for science-fiction. It was a good magazine then. Ah, those were the days....

F&SF began to decline with the departure of Boucher from the editorial chair. It is said that Robert P. Mills was associated with the magazine from the beginning. Something of a wonder that he could have been exposed to so much good fantasy and science-fiction and never learned to recognize it. My subscription to F&SF ran out somewhere about the middle of Mills's term as editor and I didn't bother to renew it. Oh, I'd check the zine at the newsstand each month but usually put it back on the rack and went away sadly shaking my head. Or is it shaking my head sadly? Not that my head was sad, mind you. It's that I was sad because the zine was in such sad shape. Sad.

Along with most of the rest of fandom I was highly pleased with the announcement that Avram Davidson, a fine fannish fellow, was appointed editor and bought F&SF regularly for about six months. It dawned on me that while Avram Davidson is a fine fannish fellow, an editor he ain't, so I quit spending my money on F&SF.

So now I have on hand a copy of the April 1965 issue of F&SF. No, I didn't buy it. I had this ad in the classified section and the publisher sent me a free copy. So I read it. Not bad. Not bad at all.

There is this wild cover all purple and red and blue with these devil-looking critters setting up on top of a stack of bricks. The cover is by Bert Tanner and I don't know who he is either. Whatever became of Bergey and Belarski? But the cover "illustrates" Poul Anderson's "Arsenal Port"



Atom

and Poul Anderson can always be counted on to produce a good story. In this day of Cordwainer Smith and his ilk Anderson remains a superb story teller who can arouse the old sense of wonder. "Arsenal Port" is billed as a novel (anything over ten pages long is billed as a novel these days). It isn't, of course. It is apparently the center third of a novel but it stands pretty well by itself--which is another tribute to Anderson's ability.

Briefly the yarn concerns one Gunnar Heim who has brought his privateer to the planet of Staurn for arming and the attempt of a party of Earth's pacifists to stop him from carrying out his mission of raiding. The party includes an old girl friend of Heim's who was brought along to use a little horizontal persuasion on him. On a journey to visit a Staurni nest Heim and his party are the victims of an attempted abduction and most of the story is taken up with the journey overland back to civilization. Staurn is a high g planet with an assortment of unusual dangers and Poul Anderson manages to make them all quite real for the reader. Fine yarn.

"Keep Them Happy" by Robert Rohrer concerns a time when society takes pity on its criminals and the jailer-executioner has instructions to say anything or do anything to insure the prisoners comfort and happiness right up to the moment of execution. They never know what hits them. Interesting speculation. Good story.

TP Caravan is represented with "Blind Date". Well, they can't all be winners.

"The History of Doctor Frost" is a Faustian fantasy by Roderic C. Hodgins in which Dr. Frost discovers that the devil isn't the only one who is after his soul. Good.

Jane Beauclerk has a sword and sorcery entry called "Lord Moon" which is interesting and worth reading.

A brief vignette by Isaac Asimov, his first fiction in quite some time, indicates that the good doctor hasn't lost the touch and it is a pity he doesn't write more.

"Aunt Millicent at the Races" by Len Guttridge is an amusing fantasy in the Saki tradition concerning a Welsh lady who dabbles in witchcraft.

Asimov's science column (on uncertainty), some notes on the ice ages by T. L. Thomas and a cartoon by Gahan Wilson round out the issue.

I don't know about you but I'm going to get the next issue. F&SF seems to be looking up.

That ad in the classified column was for the "Albuquerque SF Club" a non-existing organization that seems likely to remain that way. I ran it in an effort to establish communication with other fans in Albuquerque. It brought in two inquiries: one from a fan in Chicago and the other from the University of Massachusetts Science-Fiction Club. Ah, well, there's always the Neff.

NEWSWEEK recently conducted a poll on the college campuses around the country to try to determine the attitude and outlook of what it terms the college generation. Generally it appears that the college generation is well-fed and contented and not prone to rock the boat. There are a few "activists" around but the majority seem to have decided that the world is what it is and they can't do anything about it so the best goal is a house in the suburbs--any suburbs--with a good job and hot and cold running television. In glorious color, of course. Among other things NEWSWEEK listed a variety of "institutions" and asked those interviewed how much confidence they had in them with answers categorized as "great deal", "only some", "hardly any" and "not sure".

It has been about a half a generation, 20 years to be exact, since I was a member of the college generation at the University of Denver and a somewhat shorter time since my informal association with the college generation at the University of

California and I find it amusing to reflect on my attitude then and my attitude now. There have been some changes.

First in line is the "scientific community" whatever that is. 76% of NEWSWEEK's interviewees indicated they had a great deal of confidence in the scientific community, 20% had only some, 2% had hardly any and 2% weren't sure. In 1945 I had a great deal of confidence in the scientific community. I still do up to a point. I think the scientific community can produce no end of wonderful achievements if it is allowed to. Unfortunately it isn't allowed to. The scientific community is now subservient to the government and produces only what it is told to produce. Case in point: I read recently where it is now possible to set up an off-shore nuclear power plant in the Southern California area which could produce--at reasonable cost--enough fresh water and power to take care of that area's needs for years and years to come. So what's the hold up? Why isn't it being done? What or who is blocking it? It wouldn't be the private power people by any chance, would it?

The medical profession. The majority of today's college students say they have a great deal of confidence in the medical profession. 20 years ago I did, too. Now I have hardly any for it isn't the medical profession any more it is the medical business and the doctors seem more dedicated to the pursuit of money than to the pursuit of knowledge and the curing of the sick. Does the medical school in your area still administer the Hippocratic oath? Many no longer do.

Banks and financial institutions. Today's collegians express confidence in them. I had little confidence in them in 1945 and even less today.

The U.S. Supreme Court has the confidence of the majority of today's college students. I have more confidence in it today than I had 20 years ago for the Court seems to be doing its best to protect the rights of the individual and god knows they need protecting.

Higher education. The college generation has confidence in it. So do I. But not quite as much as 20 years ago.

Big corporations. Approved by today's students. Me? Need you ask? Little confidence in them in 1945 and my 1965 opinion hasn't changed.

Executive Branch of the Federal Government. 49% of those interviewed by NEWSWEEK expressed a great deal of confidence in it; 42% only some and 9% hardly any. In 1945 I had a great deal of confidence in it. Now I'm not so sure. It seems to me that the executive branch has grown too unweildy and that it is floundering around without any real purpose or direction. We have lived with one crisis after another for the past 20 years and the executive branch seems to be taking them as they come on a day to day basis. It has no overall goal and the machinery of government has become so cumbersome that most of the energy is expended in just keeping it going. As I commented to Joe Gibson I think that our particular version of society--as headed up by the executive branch of the federal government--has entered the Red Queen's race and we must run faster and faster just to stay in the same place. If Kennedy had survived we might have made some progress for he brought in men of vision with him but now....I don't know.

The arts. I gave little thought to them in 1945 and probably even less now.

Psychiatric field? Pfui! Psychiatry itself is a failure and although much progress is being made the credit goes to the drug companies not to the psychiatrists.

Congress. Only 39% of those interviewed expressed a great deal of confidence in Congress; 52% had only some and 8% had hardly any. Congress used to be the body that made the laws and passed them along to the executive branch to carry out. Now the executive branch makes the laws and passes them along to congress to rubber stamp. It doesn't function very effectively these days.

The military. The trouble with most of these categories is that they are ambiguous. Such as this one. How much confidence do you have in the military? To do what? To defend the country? To not mess in civilian affairs? To not attempt a military coup? Questions could be asked about any of the categories supplied by NEWSWEEK and it is difficult to give answers about any of them. Had I been interviewed I would have countered each question with another. But on with the game. I shall assume that the question is about the ability of the military to defend the country. According to this survey 17% of the college students had hardly any confidence in the military, 43% only some, and 38% a great deal. When I entered DU in 45 we were busy tearing down our military machine and would have had a difficult time defending ourselves against San Marino. The military machine is pretty damn strong these days and the only question is whether or not the idiots who are leading it would know how to use it. If the way in which our military "advisors" are managing to lose the war in Viet Nam is an example of what the military can do to day then I am afraid I have little confidence in it.

The United Nations. I had great hopes for and confidence in the U.N. 20 years ago. Now I have none. It is a rather useless organization no more effective than was the League of Nations.

Organized religion. 80% of today's college students say they have some or a great deal of confidence in organized religion. That shows what kind of idiots they are.

22% express a great deal of confidence in the Democratic Party and 63% say they have some confidence in it. Only 12% have a great deal of confidence in the Republican Party backed up by 53% with some confidence in it. 20 years ago I had a great deal of faith in the Democratic party and hardly any in the GOP. Nowadays...tweedledee and tweedledum. You pays your money and you takes your choice. The Republicans are wandinging around looking for a leader. The Democrats have a leader who is looking for a party. Neither impresses me greatly. What ever became of the Futurians?

NEWSWEEK doesn't draw any conclusions from its survey. Neither do I. It is one of those meaningless things that the press runs every so often to take up space and to try to convince the readers that something useful has been accomplished.

And if you think you can draw any conclusions about me from the reactions I have written here...the more fool you. One cannot properly answer a question such as "How much confidence do you have in....?" without getting a whole cartload of qualifiers for it. But it does fill up space.

In "You Sane Men" Laurence Janifer tells of an off the beaten track world with an off the beaten track civilization. The rulers of this world, the Lords and Ladies, are an unstable lot but have managed to achieve a fairly stable civilization. An unstable lot? Yes. Psychotics, sadists, who have fled Earth and who maintain a society without violence...among themselves. Two-thirds of the population are "the Bound": slaves who do the work and upon whom the Lords and Ladies practice avariety of tortures thereby relieving their emotions and their desire to violence. (The Remand Houses--the houses of torture--are well described by Janifer.) It works out well for a while. Until some of the younger generation decide there is no fun in torturing the Bound for after years of breeding the Bound accept their fate and, indeed, brag about the amount of pain they can stand. The Bound don't fight back. They don't scream and holler. They're no fun at all. So they younger generation revolts against the older generation and they scream and holler in a most delightful way.

"You Sane Men" is not an easy book to read. The style is rambling and vague--the story supposedly told by one of the revolutionaries who escaped his world and was found by a patrol of the Comity of Planets.

The book is dedicated in part to publisher Larry Shaw, "who had the guts."

I wonder why he bothered.

The Lomas Avenue Paint and Body Shop formerly located on North Fourth Street in Albuquerque has moved to Vasser Avenue.

Andy Zerbe mentioned a while back that he had been out on an archaeological field trip and when I asked what he was looking for he replied, "Indian remains, what else?"

What else would an archaeologist look for in the United States? A surprising amount of things. In "Hidden America" R. W. Robbins and E. Jones discuss a number of projects in the United States that are profitable for the archaeologist. In our rush towards the 21st Century much of the works of man that existed in the U.S. prior to 1900 have been buried and in some cases buried surprisingly deep. The authors tell of the search for the site of Thoreau's hut at Walden; of the digging up of the Saugas, Massachusetts, ironworks--the first ironworks to exist in America; of the search for relic of the old Dutch settlements along the Hudson River; and many others. "Hidden America" is well worth reading if you are interested in archaeology or history.

Ed Meskys takes me to task for reprinting Jack Speer's decimal classification system without giving equal time to the FANTASY CLASSIFICATION SYSTEM put out in 1952 by Alastair Cameron. Ed says I shouldn't expose a new generation of fen to one without the other. He even sent along a copy of Cameron's work for my perusal. (Remind me to send it back to him.) I admit that Cameron's work is excellent but it is, in the main, an expansion of Speer's system, with more detail and elaboration. It certainly is worth republishing but not here. Cameron's work runs to 52 mimeographed pages which is more space than I care to devote to such a feature and since it is covered by copyright I couldn't reprint it without permission and who knows where Cameron is these days. No, I don't want to know. Address all inquiries about the Alastair Cameron FANTASY CLASSIFICATION SYSTEM to Ed Meskys.

You know, of course, that Venus is hot and wet again, don't you? Presumably something like Earth was during, say, the Permian or a little earlier/later. What do you suppose ever became of all that formaldahyde?

Joe Gibson sez he's going to expand the "Starship" series from G2 and issue it as a limited edition type of thing. About 100 mimeoed pages plus multilithed illos. Make a handy reference work--especially if he takes my advice--so all of you write him and reserve your copy.

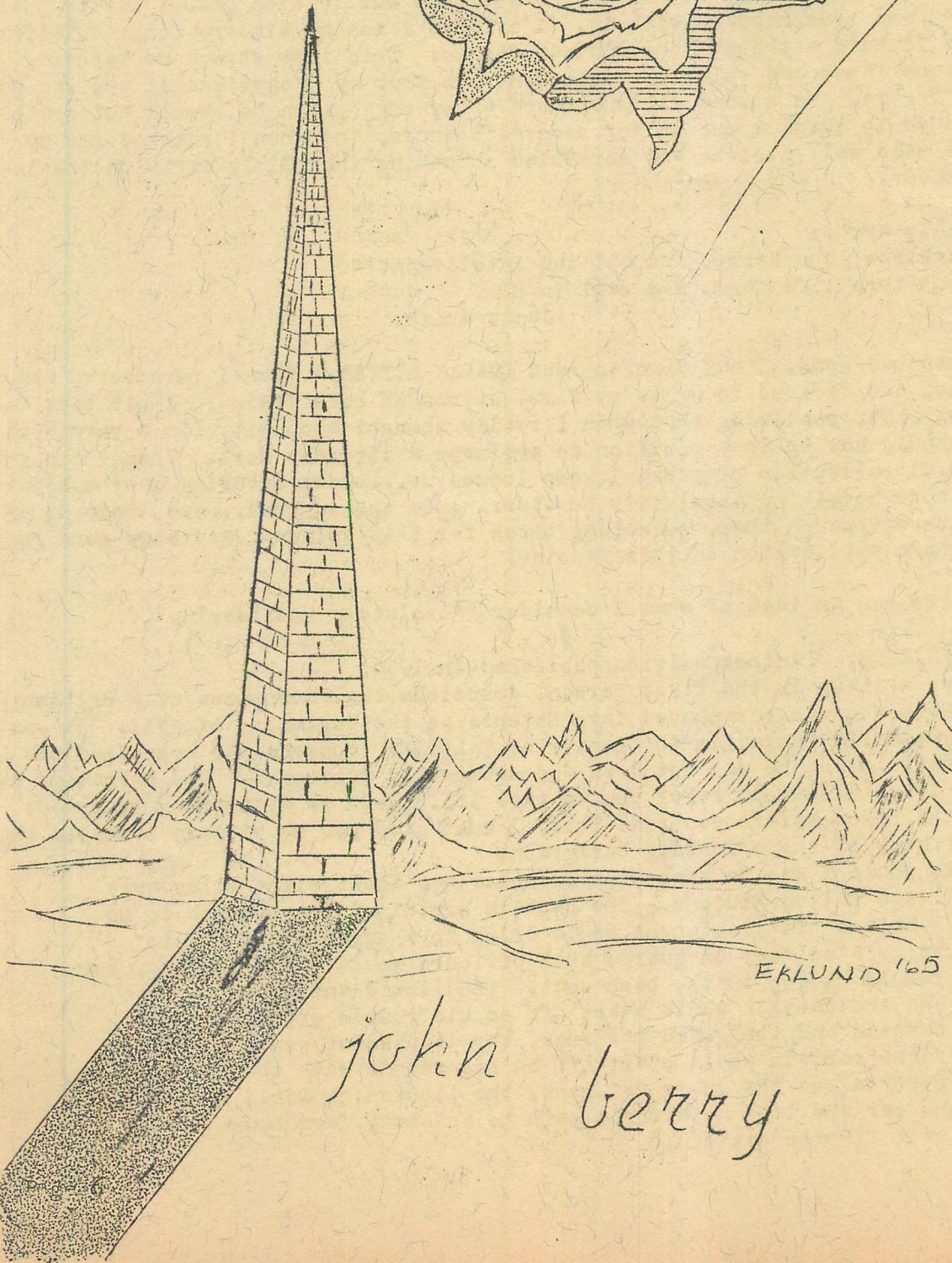
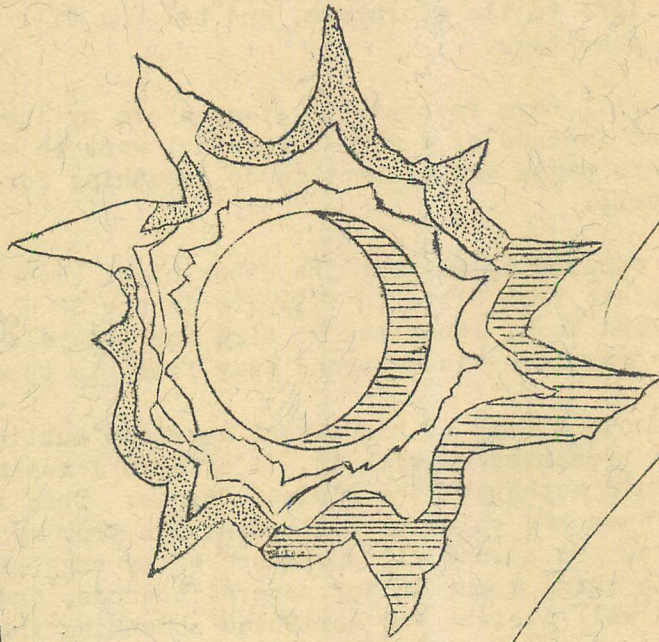
I would call your attention to LES SPINGE from Dave Hale and Ken Cheslin (write to Ken at 18, New Farm Road, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, Great Britain) which is one of the biggest and fanciest fanzines around. SPINGE 1965 is a far cry from the original and contains 110 pages of all sorts of fannish goodies. The current issue, #14, starts off with a white on black cover by Brian McCabe and behind the cover is a whole roster of British fandom. Spinge is pubbed about twice a year and is available for trades, LoCs, etc. No subs, no sales. Damn fine fanzine.

I note by the numbers on the side of the stencil that I'm too close to the bottom to really start anything else. Besides I've gotto get to the lettercol. Remember the Pan-Pacificcon or whatever they're going to call it to be held in Los Angeles, Tokyo and Sidney in 1967 or 1968 depending. Depending? Depending on who gets the 1966 con, of course. I think the current feud over the 66 consite is almost as much fun as the Hugo Nominating Committee. The entire middle section of the country is up in arms--by Ghod, Kyle ain't about to steal the 66 con. Man the ramparts! Heh. If there was anybody here but me I'd submit a bid for Albuquerque just to keep the pot boiling. Maybe Buck will put in a bid for Wabash.

Juffus, I seem to be having no luck forming an Albuquerque SF Club. What say we organize the New Mexico Science Fiction League?

ROY TACKETT

THE
THINGS
I
RECALL



EKLUND '65

john berry

For ten years now I have written exhaustively for fanzines, revealing my most intimate personal life to the microcosm, and helping fill several psychiatrists' case books at the same time.

I feel now that I have reached the stage where my intellectual prowess can assert itself, and so instead of a mere Berryarn I want to accept the kind offer by Roy to appear in his pages and attempt to do something for the more literary types amongst his clientele.

This thought occurred to me just the other night (8th December 1964) when I received a welcome visit from Ulster's Vile Pro in the SF world, James White. He didn't beat about the bush, James has no time for polite chit-chat, he feels that every second he is gossiping is a second away from his typer.

James whipped out a copy of his latest American publication DEADLY LITTER (Ballantine U2224) and presented me with it. I offered James my sincere congratulations, and asked him if he'd autograph the flyleaf for me. This idea struck me rather forcibly because James had pulled my ball-point pen from my jacket pocket and was busy flexing his fingers. He seemed all surprised at my suggestion he should autograph the book, seemed to think about it for several seconds, and when I reached for my ball-point he said well alright and scribbled something incredibly witty on the inside of the cover.

He actually wrote:

God Bless John Berry, and all the intelligent
Virus-type life forms who sail in him.

James White.

When James had gone, I sat down to read DEADLY LITTER. Then I remembered about Roy's deadline, and decided to write my first serious SF book review. I sat back and pondered about that, realising that when I really thought about it, I'm a very avid reader, and should now be in a position to evaluate a literary work. Then I thought about my special collection of books I keep locked up...books covering many subjects but which feature something absolutely bewildering in the context...and I nipped upstairs and looked through them, selecting three for this column...and many more gems for I hope future publication in this fanzine.

Let me give you an idea of what I consider "absolutely bewildering"....

A SPY HAS NO FRIENDS. Panther edition published in 1956.

The story, written in the first person, describes the adventures of a British agent Ronald Seth who was parachuted into Estonia at the beginning of WWII. He was captured, and actually hanged in the center of TALLINN. Someone had sabotaged the trap on the scaffold, so he was cut down and eventually recovered. The narrative is exciting, but I would like to refer you to page 183. Seth is attempting to escape into Switzerland. Now before you read this, I must give you my sincere promise that it is an exact copy of the offending paragraph:

"The place where I was to cross the frontier was about eight miles away near a village called Bludenz. The captain explained the routine to be followed. He and his lieutenant would drive to a certain spot where there would be a soldier on guard; both officers would leave the car, but I was to remain hidden in the back seat. The lieutenant would go into a house, and the captain would start off on his rounds with the guard. When the captain and the guard had gone, the lieutenant would go into a house, and the captain would start off on his rounds with the guard. When the captain and the guard had gone, the lieutenant would fetch me from the car and lead me along a path to an empty farm house; here I was to wait for the captain."

Another example is from THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW, published in a Panther edition in 1956. The author is Hugh Oloff de Wet, an Englishman of Belgian origin who was a spy for France before the start of WWII, but who infers that this work for France was merely a cover for his work with British Intelligence. He is sentenced to death, and is under the sentence for several years, and on one occasion is actually taken to be beheaded, and has a white paper smock on, but this terrible fate is averted in the nick of time by some happy coincidence.

It is a thoroughly absorbing story, quite true, and I must take my bewildering quote out of context. Perhaps it will inspire you to read the book.

"Poor fellow; he deserved a kinder fate, for it requires fortitude of a rare variety to sit quite still all day long, keep silent, and empty broth and stew and porridge and grease over one's head every day for six long months on end."

Before I butcher James White, let me give you my final gem for this issue. SABOTAGE by Leslie Bell. Four Square Books edition, published in 1959. The factual story concerns LtCol J. Elder Wills who was in charge of a certain secret wartime branch of British Intelligence dealing with the manufacture of seemingly innocent articles which were sent to Occupied Europe and blew up the enemy. Elder Wills was supposed to be an expert on camouflage, and on page 13 this fantastic statement is made:

"Camouflage is age-old. The Bible informs us that the first man to conceal anything was Adam. There is a definite association between his original fig-leaf and the disguise of a modern secret agent in war-time."

When you've a few hours to spare, think about that. It's....profound.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEW

DEADLY LITTER by James White
Ballantine SF U2224

There are four stories in this 175 page edition, all previously published in NEW WORLDS some time ago, although it is intimated they are originals.

Grapeliner. The important thing in this story is that you accept without question the premise that aliens can read the minds of homo sapiens at their first meeting. I'm not too well up in telepathy, and don't want to appear critical, but, for example, if I was telepathic I couldn't read the mind of a Greek because I can't understand Greek and presumably the Greek would be thinking in that language. I think in English, and to me it seems completely out of the question that an alien could understand my mind...or any human mind. It's almost akin to the automatic-language-decoder which some sf stories invariably feature. Other than this, and the whole plot evolves on it, the story is a clever variation of the flogged-to-death "human meets alien" theme. Particularly I like the detailed technical description of the space ship, each passenger kept asleep all the time except for meals, each passenger in his own little plastic cocoon which collectively dangle behind the structure of the space ship like a bunch of grapes, hence the title. To my mind the least satisfactory of the four stories.

The Ideal Captain. This is a superb story, by far the best in the book, as good as any sf I've ever read. The plot is original, extremely well planned, and maintaining interest from the first word...it's one of those rare sf stories which gather impetus as you read. I really feel, after reading this, that James White has mastered the short novelette technique...the balance is exactly right, and I wouldn't change a word of the story.

THE LIGHTS OUTSIDE THE WINDOWS. Again a most original plot, with a gimmick ending which made me feel rather cheated. Once again White has created an authentic space ship canvas on which he has painted the action of his story. I think this his strong point overall in all his stories...the ability to detail a space ship in such an apparently simple way that you feel you can see it in your mind. I found myself accepting the space ship in each of these four stories, I had not the slightest difficulty in following my way around the ships as if I were a crew member.

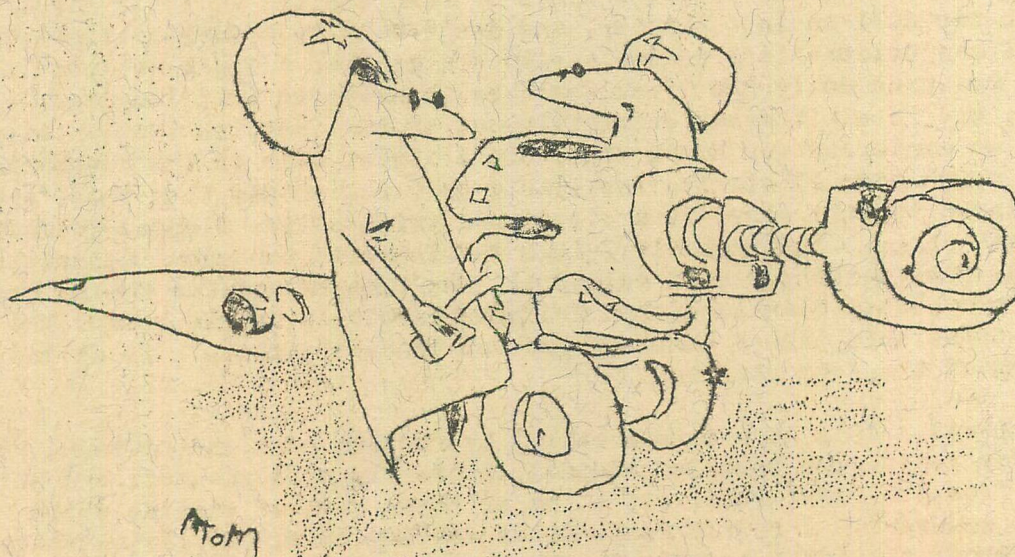
I felt that the story was written in too tight a manner, as if White feared that he had to grip you by the lapels and never let go. There were many cliches, to give a few examples..."But it was not to be"..."You never could tell"..."Miller felt suddenly sick", etc.

I'm no expert on the English language...I've probably taken more liberties with it than anyone else in fandom, but I question the grammatical sense of a terse sentence such as..."Like in a nightmare!"

DEADLY LITTER. I have to say it again, a fresh, original idea here...a space detective story with entertaining revelations, culminating in another surprise ending, which I just managed to guess before I was slapped in the face with it. Well written, full of technical data about atomic space drives, this is James White in full flow.

The four stories I've commented on constitute necessary reading for the sf enthusiast...I've known James White for ten years, and his stories reveal his character...serious, purposeful, highly intelligent and extremely imaginative. James is no hack who flogs the typer keys to death and produces trivial space opera. True, he does flog the typer keys until they're white hot, but he is a careful and sincere writer, putting everything out of his mind except the story he's writing. I read in a fanzine the other day about a writer who thought up a plot en route to see his editor. Personally, I know that James White spends considerable time mentally elaborating his plots before putting finger to typer. He is a most thorough worker, stacking his neatly typed manuscripts on the table before him...I've seen a wastepaper basket almost full of crumpled paper, denoting his obvious desire that his work should be exactly right. If you haven't already guessed it, let me conclude by saying that this latest James White Ballantine makes me really proud to know him, and if you haven't read the stories, you should, you are missing a rare literary treat.

JOHN BERRY
1964



Hell, I thought you brought the shells.

After a lengthy absence I'm happy once again to present

TAKUMI SHIBANO's
峰 野 邦 夫

Five SF television programs are now on the air in Japan. They are OUTER LIMITS, SCIENCE FICTION THEATER, MY FAVORITE MARTIAN, TWILIGHT ZONE and MAN INTO SPACE. TWILIGHT ZONE is usually 30 minutes with an occasional hour show mixed in. MAN INTO SPACE is a re-run. All are shown on the civil networks. (The largest television network in Japan is NHK, the government system. The privately-owned networks are more or less minor.)

Shin'ichi Hoshi took an around-the-world trip last spring. He first went to New York to see the World Fair and then continued on through Europe. Osamu Tezuka, creator of the animated film "Astroboy" accompanied Hoshi to New York but returned directly to Japan. Tezuka has visited the U.S. several times recently in connection with his film productions.

A rival for Hayakawa-shobo in the SF translation-publication field has finally appeared. It is Tokyo-Sogen-Sha. The new company has published ten translations so far including AGAINST THE FALL OF NIGHT, THE STARS LIKE DUST, THE VOYAGE OF THE SPACE BEAGLE, DOUBLE STAR, and THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON. The Hayakawa SF series now includes nearly 80 books including a few short story collections by Japanese writers and recently published three novels by Japanese writers: THE DAY OF RESURRECTION by Sakyo Komatsu, RETURN IN DUSK by Ryu Mitsuse, and TARGET OF NIGHTMARE by Shin'ichi Hoshi. Others are expected to follow.

We were visited by three American fans last year. Stephen Schultheis and his wife visited the Uchujin Club in January, Robert Brown visited in February and in October we contacted Professor Leon Stover, a visiting professor at Tokyo University. Professor Stover said that he was not exactly a fan but was a member of the Hydra Club and discussed plans for the publication of Japanese SF in English.

There are now 14 SF fan clubs in Japan. These are Uchujin Club which is the oldest having been established in May 1957. THE SF MAGAZINE Fan Club which was established by the magazine during our first national convention in 1962. The SF Art Club is an offshoot of the SFMag Fan Club. It meets monthly and has shows twice a year. Paranoia Club is located in Osaka and has only a few members. The Null Club is also located in Osaka and meets frequently. The Mutant's Club has about 30 members around Gifu and Nagoya in Central Japan. The Core-Selvate is made up of high school boys in various parts of the country. The S-R Club is a mystery fans' club although the Tokyo branch is more inclined to SF than to mysteries. The Horror Literature Seminar is a small group that splintered off from the SR Club. The Kitakyushu SF Fan Club was recently established and now has about 30 members in Fukuoka-city. The Sapporo Fan Club at Sapporo, Hokkaido, and the Sendai Fan Club at Sendai are two new small clubs. The SF Seminar is another new one said to be devoted to more serious and higher criticism of SF stories. The Time Patrol is another new club recently established in Osaka.

In the professional field there is the Science Fiction Writer's Club which was established in 1962.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

THE HELL YOU SAY

Otherwise known as the lettercolumn or lettercol or Locol or something. Look very closely—you may be mentioned. Are you ready? Go. Starting with a confused

IRA LEE RIDDLE
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Got DYNATRON This time. Comments---too much letters, not enuf fiction. Wish you weren't dropping fandom. Could I have copies of the author indexes?
((And he's a second generation fan, too. Tsk.))

RICK SNEARY
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While not recovered from my recent spell of ill being, I do seem to be on the road back. And as usual at this point, I'm filled with the urge to get in and write letters and do all sorts of fanac that have been let slide for weeks or months. (I know that feeling but I can usually manage to overcome it and let it slide for more weeks.) It was therefore a very auspicious time for Dynatron #24 to arrive. Pretending I don't have four other issues I haven't commented on except in 5x5, I'll plunge right into this one. --Yes, I'm one of the old letter-hacks that used to plunge right in at the cover and comment my way through...though I may never have said it.

The cover is simple, like I think looks best on fanzines. I know who the artist is (Who squealed?) but looking at it it strikes me how much it reminds me of the simple line style of a girl artist of a few years back. And what bothers me is I can't think of her name. Or her husband, who was an astronomer in Boston, and a big fan, too. Dang my mind...

Your editorial leaves no room for argument, or correction. ((Hear that, Edco?)) But the theme of "Is Science Catching Up With Science Fiction" had an answer on TV this past Saturday. Larry Welk was replaced by a special called "The Far Out Men", which answered the question pretty firmly. It showed what is being done, and what science and the arts hope to do. It started with a computer that was giving stock market reports in spoken English. They demonstrated that it understood words, and could use words in the proper relationship --without of course "understanding" --and then showed it writing poetry. Which they said was good enough that a San Francisco paper bought some. The scientist said he was sure they could in time build a machine that was smarter than man. The show went on at a very rappid rate, touching a different scientist or artist about every five minutes. Well handleed, with more time given to the men, than the gimics. The new plastic hearts that only need a motor small enough to be useable--and the possable eventual replacement of most of the body. They showed pictures/drawings of "saucer-men", mere human heads, each incased in its own little self-sustaining saucer (Like Dr. Whatt-zet in Captain Future.) ((Simon Wright, the living brain, except that he was just a brain--not even a head--in a box.)) Work in understanding dolphins. The transmission of knowledge via the flat-worm experament (relating the experamenters joke that someday students may learn by eating a kind of professor-burger.) The giant radio telescope in Porto Rico that they hope some day might be able to send and receive messages from the stars--with a several hundred year wait ((sort of like the U. S. Post Office, eh?)). The part on rockets covered self contained life systems, which in time might be made bigger, then planetoids might be captured, hollowed out, given a spin to create gravity, and then sent on a hundred generation trip to populate the stars. ((Be pretty damn populous in that planetoid after a hundred generations.)) The show ended with a place in Santa Barbara where men are paid merely to think about the future. To work out answers to problems we might face ten or more years from now. ((That's the kind of job I'd like.)) With stuff like this going on how can we hope to have our poorly informed and often poorly educated stf writers keep ahead of things? ((By doing their homework.))
((I forgot to mention that comments in double parentheses are the babblings of ye ed))

DYNATRON

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Knowing your habit of running fiction by old friends under new names, I don't know who's toes I might be stepping on, but I wasn't much entertained by the story. In fact I'm not sure it was really a complete story.

I did enjoy Cox's column. He always has something to say--and usually gives me material to work with in answering back. In this case with the opening gun of the barrage of remarks fired against the idea of a Hugo Nominating Committee throughout the issue. For while I don't agree with the details of the plan as brought forward by Ellison, I do agree with the basic idea. ((Careful. You are now entering hostile territory.)) The current system may be adequate, but it has faults, and these faults will grow worse as time goes on. Ed and I have been in Fandom for more than half our lifetimes and I'm sure neither would willingly admit that his judgement of what constituted a good story or artist was not as good as anyone else. In fact, with a greater amount of experience to call on, our judgement should be more valuable than some of these neofans who have been around only four or five years. But when it comes to making nominations for Hugo's there is one small hitch. Neither Ed nor I read all the science fiction books and magazines or stories that appear elsewhere. So what can we do but nominate something from the little we have seen or read? Which is all right most of the time, but can lead to something very good being overlooked, because not enough fans were aware of it. Just as the current system's wide scattering of nominating votes allows a small clique to plump for one name and get in on the Nominated list.

As I understand the plan Ellison backed, a panel, elected by the Convention Members, would review the works of the year. Any fan who wished to nominate something would drop a line to one of the panel and, in theory, he would then make a point of reading the item suggested. The panel still might not read everything published, but would at least read everything someone thought good enough to nominate. The panel would then poll itself and come up with a list of nominees on which the whole membership would vote as it does today. Where I differ from the original plan is that I would have a panel of 20 fans some of whom might also be professionals, rather than just five. I would also rather see the panel elected by all members in a mail ballot, at the same time they cast their Hugo votes, thus giving a wider representation. I, for one, would be quite willing to trust such a committee to do the nominating. If I felt different later on then I'd campaign to have it changed back. No change in Fandom comes easy, or lasts for very long.

((Sensible thinking, Rick. I'll go along with the fact that nobody reads all the stuff that is published each year. Something is bound to be overlooked. After giving this thing some thought over the past few months I'm willing to compromise. Let us continue to have nominations submitted by fandom at large as is now the case but with only three of the nominees selected in this manner. Two supplemental nominations may be made by the Nominating Committee. Ballots should be mailed out in sufficient time for fans to read all the nominations--which means, of course, that place of publication must be included. Oh, yes, quite agree about the size of the committee and about having it elected by the entire con membership by mail. The current committee seems to be somewhat split on what it is supposed to do. Ellison seems to want to award the Hugos, Lupoff to make Nominations and Ethel, sensibly, wants to study the situation as was proposed in the original motion. Boucher and Nesvada have not been heard from. Hey, LUPOFF, what happened to the letter setting forth the results of your survey?))

The poem by The Op is about what I'd expect of a computer. One that lost at chess...

I agree with your remarks to Singleton re TAFF candidates. I'd even settle for Thomson at the same exchange price. Speaking of Arthur, he was heard to use the word "kinky" several times--and I thought I dug the meaning but I couldn't possibly stretch the meaning I picked up from Arthur to cover Peter's reference to Dynatron.

The letter by Sgt Smith was good. Too many of you r

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reader's letters were too brief on a subject to develop any points of interest. Smith and Perry were more interesting because they expanded on their ideas more. You wouldn't be able to print as many letters, if they were all this long, but the ones you did might be more interesting. You could have left out the letter of James Wright without much harm. Unless you wanted to remind us old Fifth Fandom hacks of the brash, bumptious, editor-baiting days of yore. Though I hate to think it possible that any of us could have ever been this bad. ((Dig out those old PLANETS, Rick. They are enlightening.))

ETHEL LINDSAY
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SURREY,
GREAT BRITAIN

Last week an X-ray showed that I had a small duodenal ulcer and I settled into my room prepared to go onto a milk only diet for a week to get the healing started. However the matron spoke and here I am in the sickbay so that I can have proper treatment. As Ella said "They'll never let you enjoy your sickness in peace, will they?" Still I've a very nice room to myself and no typer--so I've plenty of time to answer some long overdue letters. ((I suppose that's what I need. But, egad, why are you lolling about that hospital room when you should be out in the hinterlands selling subscriptions to Dynatron? On second thought, don't. We have too many subscriptions now.))

Dynatron arrived in just as I was leaving Courage House yesterday so I brought it along with me. ((But, but, that's almost two months between here and there!)) The doctor spotted it lying face down on the locker and asked me if I was learning Braille!! Today I had "Life On The Mississippi" lying out and he informed me that it was Twain who said "If you want to live long only smoke one good ceegar at a time." I'll have to try out some other fanzines on him!

I see that other people besides myself preferred DYN out of the NBF. You are quite right when you say it didn't have much NBF material in it, so I can't explain why it seemed to alter the atmosphere so drastically but it did! This now comes from my old friend and swinging chum Roy unmistakeably. ((My swinging days are past, Ethel, I've settled down to be an old grouch.)) As usual only complaint--in a snarly voice--where's Chrystal? Are you one of those husbands who won't let their wife in their fanzine? ((Not really. Chryst pleads lack of time pointing to her outside activities. To do a worthwhile column she says she'd have to read everything that came in so as to get caught up on what's what and she hasn't the time.))

I read the fiction by Chad Vanis (who he?) and find it not bad. I'd have preferred yourself on SF for another two pages though. ((Heheheheheh)) I very much liked Ed Cox's paragraph on Rocket Thunder in the Afternoon. It recalled my own thrill on opening up the first SLANT I'd seen and reading a poem "Sound the roar of the rocket". Ah, nostalgia. I'll weep in a minute.

Nice lot of letters. Most interested of course in the various remarks about the Hugo Committee. Have been mildly amused to notice that no one ever slams at me for being on that committee--in fact hardly anyone ever mentions that I'm on it. Can't make up my mind if this is because fans are being chivalrous (are fans chivalrous?) or because they've figured out that I was put on it. The only prozine I now get is ANALOG.

As rumour always stampedes madly round fandom with truth coming hot and panting behind--maybe I'd better give you a statement of fact. I've got a duodenal ulcer--not because I've been Doing Too Much, or Worrying Too Much or even heading for a Nervous Breakdown...I've got it 'cos I took too much Senna.

That's life in a Sennapod.

((Hummmmm. Oh, fan's aren't chivalrous. I think we've figured you--and Boucher and Nesvbada--supposed to be decorations for Ellison and Lupoff. But you and Boucher are the only ones I'd allow to do my nominating for me.))

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BANKS LEBANE
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20015

I'm enclosing the correct five 4¢ stamps for the next issue--last time I sent 5-centers, misled by Buck Coulson. ((Yep, that's Coulson all right. Always leading people astray. Have to watch him. Sneaky, you know.)) What do you want 4's for anyway? If you send a lot of postcards, I should think it would be handier to use those from the post office that are already franked--oh, I just figured it out, you probably make your own pcs. If it isn't that, I don't see what you do with them, since the zine seems to take a 6-center. ((Uh-huh. And a lot of copies go out of here with a four and a two. O'seas postage is usually 8¢, handily made up by two 4s. They also serve in lieu of airmails. Lots of use for 4s. Besides anybody who takes the trouble to send 4s must really be interested in getting the zine.))

Of course the basement spaceship-builder in the old sf was hooey, and I'm sure that everyone knew at the time that it was hooey, but it made a useful plot gimmick and avoided the necessity of describing at great and boring length just the sort of projects that are now going on in regard to spaceflight. Since these programs are fact today, they can be assumed in current fiction without much build-up, and the story can get started. Back then, they just pulled the rocket out of the top hat and went ahead with the yarn.

I read THE NIGHTMARE all the way through, which is more than I can do with 90% of fan sf (or 50% of pro sf, for that matter). His narrative style flowed freely most of the way, but when it did clot it was a major thrombosis: "What horrible dragon's teeth had been sown and grown in furious fecund ferocity?" Forsooth! No rationale for the dinosaurs and the crumbling city (with the power still going, yet) was given, which might be OK in a story that ended as a dream, but this one did just the opposite. Or was that the blunt point of the piece that I just stumbled over? ((Forseeth!))

I wish Cox had given us more details about Prof. Kesarev's theory. Where does he get the oceans for his sea-life? ((Imports them from watery Neptune?))

Obviously the prozines are stumbling toward extinction, and the recent price increases aren't going to prolong the struggle much. The future of sf seems to lie with the paperbacks, which are much fitter for today's jungle.

Peter Singleton's nurse is quite right about New Mexico: everyone knows that the US consists of a narrow strip of civilization along the East Coast, bordering a great desert waste which extends to the Pacific. Occasional rumors of centers of high culture reach us from this wilderness, but upon investigation they always turn out to be as chimerical as El Dorado. The fact that fandom manages to flourish in these badlands only emphasizes the point. ((Many years ago, when I was a tad I asked my pappy what lay to the east of the great Rocky Mountains. "Not a thing, son," he said, "Not a thing." In later years I have wandered far and have undertaken journeys eastward, yea, even to the great Eastern Ocean. Pop was right, there ain't nothin' east of the Rockies.))

Fanny Warner is right about the ephemeral appearance of a lot of paperbacks on the stands. Around the D.C. area some of them (particularly Ballantine and Pyramid) are available in the drug stores for only 3 or 4 days, and they disappear from the big downtown newsstands almost as fast. Ace seems to have it made, though: the stores that stock them have separate stands for them and the titles stay around for months. ((The problem here is that many paperbacks, sf and otherwise, never make it at all. I would estimate that 50% of the pbs I see reviewed in fmz and elsewhere are not available locally although we sometimes get 2nd or 3rd printings. For instance, MacDonald's "The Girl, the Gold Watch and Everything" came out in 1962 and just appeared here a couple of weeks ago. Our distributor, the Beck Distributing Co. also acts as a censor and refuses to handle certain books. Candy and Fanny Hill were both returned to the publishers by Beck as well as some others, altho hardcover editions are on sale. Prudish town Albuquerque. For all its quarter-million population it is still a small town.))

JACK SPEER
2034 KIVA
SANTA FE, N.M.

The Nightmare was fairish fiction, but i suppose most of what i have to say will be critical. The pseudoscientific explanation, "A vortex in space?" was even thinner than it might have been; did he mean "A vortex in time"? I suppose a forbearer is one who forbears. "lay" is the past tense of "lie", which is not transitive; "I lay the carbine..." would be correct in a story told in historical present, but this one is consistently past tense. Do shots ever ricochet, or even ricochet, and come right back at you? Cox's column had a lot of news in it that i missed during the year. This Vasili Kesarev: why does he think oceanic creatures inhabit Mars? "maratine Planet" ---does he mean marinated? ((It sounds as if her were pickled.)) People should either say tremors or temblors; there is no such thing as a tremblor. What were the letters from you and Eney in the newsmagazines about? ((Line concerned (1) this so-called age of leisure (LIFE) and (2), military chaplains (NEWSWEEK).)) I never heard of Radiohero. What was this name that leapt out, who's capitalizing on ESP? Harold M. Sherman?

The Glass Womb was another fairish job, but it didn't bring home the horror of TV with any fresh impact, so i suppose it failed, at best merely exploiting established attitudes. I see no reason for the spelling "this nat'lul wonder", and "beknighted" is clearly wrong.

Pages 15, 16, 17, and 18 are missing from my copy. ((Sometimes one gets lucky...))

One type of s-f that does not require distracting trick effects on TV is time travel. Woolston had a fanzine called I? ((No, it was called FIRST PERSON SINGULAR.)) A structural differential is a gadget that looks like some plates out of an erector set with some strings joining holes of one to holes of another, and other strings running out loose. It is supposed to provide a way to realize, without using words, that everything we say abstracts from reality. Copyright Korzybski. ((I see...))

Tucker: Why not fall for that trick? I don't think Peterson had a decimal classification system of his own. His index to the prozines used mine. Alastair Cameron did have a different system. I think both his and Sam Russell's were much more complicated in their classifications than mine, though i'm speaking only from memory now. A story might have a classification like 14.5-78-24.395/50-01.67-Nike, and this would tell in every case when and where the story took place, and something of its plot, as well as attempting to display all the fantasy elements in it. I guess i'll stop commenting on Tucker's FAPA contributions in my mailing comments, since he obviously doesn't read his mailings. Up to Now was reprinted entire, somewhat to my dismay, in A Sense of FAPA.

Sgt Smith's letter called to mind a plug i recently saw on Channel 7's addition of many new movies to its film library, "Teen-Age Vampires and other thrilling science-fiction films..." ((Just one of Channel 7's library of over 2000 great movies viewed regularly by more people.... Translation: These old movies are run over and over and over again.))

I bit into a copy of A Texan Looks at Lyndon, passed along from some conservative friends, but I didn't get as far as the revelations. It opens with a lot of discussion which merely establishes that Johnson is not a conservative in the Texas mold, which is rather tiresome reading. This is fine for convincing those who are already convinced, but as missionary literature, it would have done better to plunge immediately into the inside information and distortions that liberal writers felt they had to reply to.

Ivor LATTO
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GREAT BRITAIN

Maybe by the time you receive this you will have made deeper inroads into the lush pastures of British fandom ((Is British fandom made up of lushes?)), but you seem to have cornered the market in Scotsfans anyway...me and Ethel Lindsay. What's with the "Glasgow, Highland or Lowland?" Don't you know? Such ignorance! Why, I know that New Mexico is in the South...um, the West...the

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SouthWest? ((Yep.)) Anyway, New Mexico is famous for its...um, let's see now, there's the...er...well, there's a hell of a lot of sand there...isn't there?((Yep)) A marvellous address you have...Albuquerque, New Mexico...very evocative. That's the only reason I took out a sub really ("Have your mailbox filled all the year round", she said; "Put one over on your neighbours by receiving mail from Albuquerque...the OK address for fanmail" she also said. ((Ethel said that?)) And, of course, you can runround and tell all your neighbours that you receive mail from Glasgow; and they'll all sell up and move and you can buy up their properties and lay the foundation for a great cattle empire. Do they have in New Mexico? ((Yep)) What do they have in New Mexico? Sand. You can lay the foundations for a great sand empire. ((The sand is too shifty to hold the foundations proper.))

This was supposed to be a comment on DYNATRON 24, when I started. Liked the cover. Such economy of line! And the lime-green paper. I spotted your deliberate mistake with page 9/10, so I claim the prize. Just mischance, or a cunning trick to find whether your audience really reads the mag before commenting? ((Mischance.))

Your points in WRITINGS IN THE SAND seem unassailable. But wasn't the idea of the backyard spaceship an aspect of Rugged Individualism? A reluctance to accept the fact that anything as thrilling, as idealistic, as space exploration could be conducted by a faceless government department? ((Also no conception of the costs involved.)) After all, if Christopher Columbus could finance his trip from private investment, why not THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON? ((Why not? Where did this Columbus chap journey to?)) I suppose everyone who reads this type of story...with Professor Thing out in the garden pouring Nograv into his machine...accepts it as easily as one accepts any illogicality in sf, for the sake of the action. ((Not in this country. That Nograv sounds too much like a Russian invention.)) And it is acceptable so long as the author doesn't try to explain it with some hairy gobbledegook. ("How familiar are you, really, with the concept the superlight drive is based on? The mathematical depiction of space as having a structure equivalent to a set of standing waves in an n-dimensioned continuum?" Poul Anderson.)(Precisely the question I put to Joe Gibson.)) And even that kind of guff is OK, if the story isn't meant to be taken too seriously...but a straight space epic suffers rather if the reader is continuously breaking into giggles at unexpected moments. ((Straight space epic. I see. Then you do not subscribe to the theory that space is curved?))

My patriotism was aroused by one of Ed Cox's lines, to the effect that in Britain there was a deficiency in the ability to think for oneself, which is fandom's proud boast. I wondered whether he was speaking fannishly or politically. If fannishly, I don't know what he's talking about...I haven't noticed any centralised imposition of authority in UK fandom. If politically, then I would agree with him: it's about time we thought for ourselves instead of kneeling humbly and nodding our heads whenever the State Department chooses to speak. What we need is a General de Gaulle, but where would we find one? ((Try France.)) God knows there are enough examples in British public life, of people who appear to think they are Napoleon, but I can't think of anyone who believes he's Joan of Arc. At the moment there's some controversy in this country over the government's support for the US's handling of the Viet Nam war, with newspaper reports to the effect that the planes of the Seventh Fleet are spraying whatever they fancy with vomit gas, napalm, phosphorus and Lazy Dogs. And although Dr. Dupla may be right in saying that half the country is under a Hitler-type dictatorship, I can't help wondering which half? I don't see much to choose between Ho Chi Minh and whichever general is in control in Saigon by the time you receive this. Most of the outcry here was triggered by the news that gas was being used against the Viet Cong, which wasn't eased much by the knowledge that it was a rather harmless type.

The very word "gas" is very emotive, recalling the gas warfare of the 1st World War. Funnily enough, an interesting point was raised by Capt. Liddell-Hart, the military theorist, in a recent newspaper article. He himself was the victim of phosgene gas in WWI which put

paid on his active military career, but his article defended the use of gas in war, because the gases used on the Western Front, although maiming, did not kill. His thesis was that any soldier would prefer blinding, crippling or being an invalid to being killed outright. In his view, the outlawing of gas by the Geneva Convention inevitably limited weapons to the explosive type, and thus led the way to the development and use of the atom bomb, and act which in his opinion was a far greater crime against humanity, and a flagrant violation of the convention. It's certainly an interesting thought, and icily rationalistic after the emotive talk flying about recently.

((Ol' B. H. done flipped his lid. The gases used in WWI, phosgene, mustard, etc., could and did kill if the recipient got a heavy enough dose. Liddell-Hart's thesis that any soldier would prefer invaliding to being killed is open to debate. It might apply to the civilian-soldier but I'm dubious about its application to the professional. Otherwise: yes, the use of napalm and phosphorus and anti-personnel explosives is much worse than the use of non-lethal gases. Non-lethal. Exclude the WWI gases. // There is quite some controversy here, too, over our conduct of the Viet Nam war.))

Whatever Beat means I don't think one could describe Amis, Osborne, Wain or Braine by that term as Sgt Smith does. Kingsley Amis Beat? Colin Wilson maybe, but who cares what he is? Since their heyday, all these writers have gone over to the Literary Establishment to one extent or another. Has that happened in the States too? Have Kerouac, Ginsberg and the others gone over to the enemy? And I think that Amis and Osborne are still significant writers, Osborne certainly.

You have a fascinating letter column and Ed Cox's piece was very good, but I couldn't work up any enthusiasm for the story or the poem. Oh, yes, Glasgow. A large dirty Victorian city producing all sorts of industrial odds and ends, and ship-building. Half of the population is Irish, Indian, Polish, Italian or Pakistani; the other half is Scots...mostly immigrants from Canada. Main pre-occupations are football, drink, religion and women, in that order. Um, that's about all, I'm afraid. No sand even. How about Albuquerque? How do you pronounce it for one thing? ((Al-bu-kirk-key)) I'd rather not know what it's really like. I'd prefer to keep the illusions induced by its romantic name...Spanish grandees strolling through the cloisters of stately haciendas, colourful peons selling gaudy jugs and blankets... and one colourful peon in a beany producing DYNATRON.

((Haw! The Duke City is, I fear, just a typical American town although due to its being in the Great Open Spaces, somewhat more spread out than most typical American towns. ((The Los Angeles influence, you know.)) Lots of peons but no grandees. Sometime I may do a profile on the city. Since you're a stranger here I shall point out that I do not live in Albuquerque itself but in the Village of Los Ranchos de Albuquerque which is the other town in Bernalillo County.))

STEPHEN BARR
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76255

Your comments about the Washington Monument was right on time as a few days later I heard of those people up North who tried to let blow at a few of our old keep-sakes. Since I'm off on monuments I might mention that I was reading in the March ESQUIRE and there was an article there in about a real old monument about 100 miles from Albuquerque that had engravings of Spanish soldiers on it. It's supposed to be a national monument but the author said that no one knew or cared about it. Other than a one-paragraph mention in the guidebooks it is dead. Do you know anything about it? ((Probably refers to El Morro National Monument in the western part of the state. It is somewhat off the beaten path which would account for lack of visitors. Most travelers in that area are too busy zooming along 66 to get off the road. Just as well as they'd want to inscribe their names on the rocks, too. Who needs them? Are there articles in ESQUIRE? Last time I looked I could find nothing but ads.))

I didn't read the fiction by Chad Vanis but that name sounds like something you would write

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under. ((Not me, I write under the name of Arnie Katz.)) Also noted the fiction by Alvoris Theop in the form of a poem that covered two whole damn pages when it could be put on a half page or less. ((Why do you consider it fiction?))

The best feature in the whole issue was "Twice Under Heavily" by Ed Cox. That boy has got something on the ball and you ought to make him do more than "an occasional column". If Ed hasn't read ARNIEKATZ yet he'll be better off if he didn't. The only thing that it's got in common with DYNATRON is that they are both green. ((HMMMMM?))

You really have a hot letter column lined up this time and I must say you give the boys a run for their money...er, stamps. Now really old bean, you don't think that the Hugo committee was set up so that things like SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR would win, do you? I'm all against the Hugo committee thing and don't like the idea of any one telling me what to do or how to vote or what to vote on but you sure as hell didn't have to use SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR as an example and say "Anything to help sales." Really now! ERB is outselling everyone else right now about three to one and your crack was uncalled for. ((Oh, I wouldn't say that.))

You keep mentioning all of the communications that you receive concerning the different committees you crusade against and ol' Harlan but you never say anything else about it. Don't we neo's have a right to know? Won't this affect us in the future? I've heard that some secret zines, letters, petitions, etc., have been going around through the BNF's hands while the whole thing has been kept from the public. What in hell is this whole thing about anyway? ((Don't ask me. I have seen no secret zines, letters, or petitions (but I'm not "in" either) and everything I've received on the Hugo committee ruckus has been printed in the last couple of issues. Except Ellison's phone call. All he said was that he was not happy with my comments in Dynatron on the committee--and his tv stories.))

CREATH THORNE
ROUTE 4
SAVANNAH, MD.
6/4/85

I more or less agree with you about these special committees that are being set up. ((That's what I said--it's a set up.)) On the other hand, I can see some of the difficulties in the presentation of the Hugo. Perhaps the best solution would be to do away with the Hugo. After all, what real sf fan really cares who gets the Hugo.

The winners, of course, but it doesn't make a very big dent in MY life. Nor in yours, I would wager.

Okay, you've explained DYNATRON, now how about explaining "Futurian Commentator" or whatever it is. ((Self-explanatory.))

I've often wondered what would happen if a dianetician undertook to "clear" Bob Heinlein. Well, I've wondered once or twice, anyway. Not that I believe in dianetics. Anyway, I would think that they would discover that Heinlein had a particularly happy time in the Navy and that he has a great respect for the Armed Forces. Even his characters show this. Note that he always has a "wise-old-sergeant-who-knows-his-way-around" and a "young-recruit-who-is-still-innocent-and-still-has-his-ideals" ad Nauscaum. I'm beginning to lose the respect that I used to have for Heinlein. There's no doubt that he's a good story-teller but he got lost in the deep fields of philosophy, etc. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and it is obvious that Bob does not have a lot of knowledge in those fields. Many of the new writers are more informed than Heinlein. Their only fault is that they don't have the ability to fascinate the reader as Heinlein does. On the other hand, perhaps these two traits mentioned about RAH naturally go together. Perhaps any good story teller will be quite positive and have prejudices about many things. ((It helps to make the story convincing. Don't knock the wise old sarge and the young recruit bit--they're from life. Perhaps the new writers you refer to are better informed than RAH--but about what? Not about sf, that's sure.))

Thanks for including both con reports. Both were interesting.

PETE JACKSON
RD #1,
DANVILLE, PA.
17821

Now that I'm no longer a N'APAn do you miss me? ((Come back Pet-jak. All is forgiven. I got the covers. Two of them.)) You won't have anyone to pick on in the future unless I reenter. ((I didn't get the staples, though.))

I was thinking: maybe our solar system is an example of planetary life and death. Maybe the sun was much bigger than it is now and maybe Pluto used to support life. ((Did they have a plan for rehabilitating Appalachia, too?)) And as the sun gradually cooled off the next planets in line began their own forms of life. Maybe Mars is an example of what Earth may look like some years hence. And maybe Venus is an example of Earth's distant past. Of course there is a big hole in this theory; if the sun was hot enough to support life on Pluto then it would have been hot enough to burn up the planets nearer the sun. Or would it? Maybe Mercury used to be as big as Jupiter and what remains is all that is left. ((There's several holes there, Petjak. Take it up with Joe Gibson. You do get G2, don't you. Try a copy from Joe. 5380 Sobrante Avenue, El Sobrante, Calif. 94803. Send him a dime or something. But I'll tell you, to me your theory makes as much sense as any other theory the cosmologists have come up with.))

Now what about the asteroid belt? ((What about it? Jupiter uses it to hold his pants up. That's what about it.)) Maybe one of the planets had an atomic war and blew the planet to bits and the asteroid belt is all that remains.

I wrote a story titled Nightmare, too. Richie Benyo was supposed to frank it through N'APA. You might like to see it. You could find something to yell about in it. ((Aw, Pete, I read your comment in Pet-Rich and really I'm not that much of an ogre. When it comes right down to it I'm a pleasant, even loveable, fellow. Ask anybody. Ask Arnie Katz. No, don't ask Arnie Katz..))

((Editor's note: We get a little slop over from N'APA here once in a while. You don't have to understand it.))

BILL WOLFENBARGER
602 WEST HILL ST.
NEOSHO, MO.
64850

The story by Chad Vanis, "The Nightmare", is interesting because it is a type of story all too rare in sf fandom--and a good thing! It reads like a throwback to PLANET STORIES.

The column by Ed Cox is not as interesting and enlightening as used to be. It's becoming something of a drag. Or maybe it's just me. Maybe I'm the drag. Anyway, Ed, you were writing better three or four issues ago. Get back the old steam and get with it, boy. I dig your comments on Leigh Brackett, and "Sea Kings of Mars" is fine and beautiful.

This "the glass womb" by Alvoris Theop is engrossing. While I found some of it confusing, the work as a whole is really tremendously exciting in its own quiet way; fandom has never seen anything like this and probably never will again--and that is lamentable. Theop's conception is a thing of joy set apart. I think you're hung-up here in this wonderful poem, Alvoris Theop, but all to the good, you express it and in your own way; the only way.

Peter Singleton: Fandom IS TOO CONFORMING; therefore it's in one hell of a rut. Science-fiction is slowly conforming, therefore more and more science-fiction is because it is both everything and nothing. The thing we fans should talk about is how much we ENJOY the literature. There is always new blood and thought in this and never seems to single-mindedly conform. Digging various ENJOYMENTS in science-fiction is The Biggest Gig of Them All. Many thanks for your kind comments on my story THE NIGHTNESS. It is gratifying to know I've Communicated From The Page. ((I have a vague impression that you're not communicating with me, though.))

Dr. Antonio Dupla: When I wrote "A cup of quiet tea" I was trying to help create and build the mood of the story. I tried to put forth a mood of quiet danger in a unique form of wonderment. That's right. Dr. Dupla, I'm happy to your writing style, more, more.

Robin Wood: The Hugo nominating committee is The Shits. I'm hip to your comments commenting on the comments of Mike Deckinger. If it is not physical injustice, intolerance, deprivation, barbarism and animal brutality in Mississippi, then it is mental. ((Precisely what I've said all along: it's all in their heads.)) But this is not restricted to the poor angels in Mississippi, it is the Voice of the Teeth of the World. ((Whaaat??))

My definition of the Beat Generation is that there is no definition except it is what it literally says it to be: beat. ((Beat how?)) William Carlos Williams called Allen Ginsberg's poem Howl, "...a howl of defeat." ((Probably referring to his talent as a poet.)) They have been beaten out of their chance to belong in the American Society that believes in real realities. Today's American Society is so square it doesn't know the first thing about looking for Truth and Reality. ((Crap, Wolfenbanger. These so-called beats haven't been beaten out of anything. They are either too lazy or too afraid to face up to the realities of today's society.)) Of course you are right, Robin, that's a useless definition. I'm hip to your Bohemian.

Monk has a kind of beat cool. That's the only way I know how to say it. The fancy suits thing about Miles is not it, tho (Monk wears fancy hats) but it is because Miles partly exists outside his soul. Beat is the heart-beat. To be beat is to be engaged for, as Larry Lipton put it, "Man's original nature." I'm no authority on anything. ((Man's original nature is that of a wild animal. You want to search for it? Search the jungle, man, any jungle, the real ones, the concrete ones, any of them.))

Roy Tackett: On page 23 of the ~~Litter~~ letter column, you dismiss such people as Solomon, Ginsberg, Brossard, etc., as being in Mundania. For some time now there has been an awareness in beat literature to science-fiction and to science-fiction an awareness of beat. The two forms are on the point of merging. Ray Nelson combines them, and so does poet Allen Ginsberg. To read A. G.'s Poem Rocket is like reading a kind of him Clark Ashton Smith; in his Over Kansas a line like "spectral skeleton of electricity" is used. ((This makes it stf?)) Burroughs (William s., not Edgar Rice) has written science-fiction in his books The Ticket That Exploded and Nova Express. Limitless. These could be the people who will shake up the sf world, and Ghod knows sf needs to be shook. I'm sure they'll have help from such as Philip K. Dick and Thomas M. Disch and others. ((For sure this mob would shake me. You and Judith Merrill and the talk of a merging of beat and stf. Fine, let them start writing stf. And I mean stf--not a bunch of meaningless blah which nobody understands--or is meant to--but is classified as stf because it fits there more easily than anywhere else.))

Eric Blake: Discussing Heinlein's work you say "...seem to agree with the communist view that religion can only be an instrument of oppression, or fraud." But oppressive and fraudulent for whom? It has not been an oppression or fraud for those, throughout History, who genuinely have a spiritual experience with Jesus Christ and who act positively as a result of that experience. I don't belong to any "religion" as religions exist today but I believe in it, of course. Of course for whom? For me.

I've got to stop now, but I can't. My fingers are sticking to the typer keys and I can't get up. Help! Help! Come get me out of here help I can't help myself can't stop don't know how now....((I do. Simply cut you off at the end of the page. Which this is.))

JOHN BAXTER
BOX C.39
CLARENCE ST. P.O.
SYDNEY, N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA

What you say about sf having been off the mark in the matter of backyard spaceships. is, of course, perfectly right, though I think it should be said that this is not wholly an example of sf missing the boat in keeping up with science. On the whole, sf has kept up very well

when it comes to basic themes. ((Quite true, John, back in the earlier days we had no conception of the utterly fantastic cost of space travel. What with people building boats in the basement and cars and planes in the garage the backyard spaceship seemed logical. I'm not at all sure that it isn't still logical--given the proper circumstances. (Remember Edco wrote the editorial, not me.) Note I said spaceship, not rocket. The rocket program is something on the order of a vast WPA: it keeps untold numbers of people employed in this country. The government can always think up ways to make three dollars take the place of one--or a thousand take the place of one for that matter. I'm still a stfish dreamer, John, who will be willing to bet that somebody just might develop a space drive and build a ship in his backyard without the benefit of the multitude of things that the rocket boys find to be absolutely necessary.))

The general theme space travel has been developed by sf writers along very much the same lines as the actual problem has been by engineers, just as the general theme alien biology has been worked out by writers and biologists along almost the same lines. (Some of the articles you read these days sound like the sort of stuff Campbell published back in the 40s.) However, spaceship construction was never a theme. Building the ship was something you had to do before you got onto the story proper, and of course the writers didn't waste too much time on it. If it was necessary for the hero to have a ship and for it to be secretly built, well why not build it in the backyard and let the readers take it on trust. After all, the action did not really start until he got among the asteroids or wherever he was off to. Where space-ship construction was used as a theme--and I can't think of too many stories of this kind--it was generally worked out fairly accurately. Mainly I recall space-station construction -- almost the same thing surely -- and the way this was worked out by Clarke in ISLANDS IN THE SKY, Heinlein in DELILAH AND THE SPACE RIGGER, etc. The one lone example of space-ship construction as a theme which comes to mind is Kornbluth's TAKEOFF, and as I recall the digging up of parts for the ship provided 90% of the novel's action. So Kornbluth at least seems to have seen the difficulties. Nevertheless your points were well taken. The field of Reliability is a new one to me.

Your constant references to PAN-PACIFICON 1968 LOSANGELES-TOKYO-SYDNEY are beginning to worry me. What gives, for God's sake? Whose idea is this? What is this Con supposed to be? Ordinarily I wouldn't care but I wake up screaming in the night at the thought of 500 hungry fans landing on my doorstep one morning, demanding blog, brag and a seminar on Sex in Science Fiction. Insofar as we are a dull lot out here and an all-male fandom I would be unable to provide any of these.

((Ah, prepare yourself, John, for the Pan-Pacificon is going to be the con of cons. The stf affair of the century as it were.))

THE NIGHTMARE was not Pulitzer Prize material, but as a first story it might have been a good effort. Do you think it likely that a bullet fired into a street could ricochet back past one's ear? I don't think....((Well, as a matter of fact, neither do I.))

DYNATRON

Good for Ed Cox and his comment on the the basic illegality of the Hugo nomination system. As I said in my article in the last WARHOON... you can fill in the rest yourself.

The Sound of Thunder, Rockets, etc. I was in an earthquake once. (I suppose you were also, Roy, being in Japan so long?) ((Yes, not only in Japan but also in various other odd corners of the Pacific, including one of the oddest of all--California)) It's an awesome experience. Ours was just a tremor, but it scared me spittleless. The ground shook like a tablecloth whipped in the air to scatter crumbs, and I was one of the crumbs. You feel pretty small when something like that happens. ((Yes again. At the risk of being banal I must admit that nature on the rampage is probably the most awe-inspiring thing one can come up against. I have at various times found myself in the midst of earthquakes, hurricanes, volcanic eruptions, etc., and felt at the time that man and his works are rather puny.))

No fair to knock FIRST MEN IN THE MOON without having seen it, Ed. ((Ed is a true Fifth Fandomite.)) You are sentenced to sit through three hours of Yugoslavian cartoons or GONE WITH THE WIND, whichever shall be the more horrible. ((Hold it. Hold it. My Southron readers will rise in rebellion if you dare to knock GWTW.)) Actually, FIRST MEN was an excellent piece of work. Not even the most gung-ho sf fan could possibly take offence at any of its scientific points because it is a complete send-up from beginning to end. Following the Wells story fairly accurately, it has a spaceship powered by painted-on anti-gravity ((Hot damn, sports, even before Johnny Damokles)), a race of (presumably) air-breathing aliens under the moon's surface and a knockabout professor played very ably by Peter Sellers' old cohort Lionel Jeffries. Harryhausen's effects were perfect. I mean it--perfect. No jerkiness, no wires, no faults of any kind. He has even licked the oldest of problems--rocket exhaust. It no longer looks like a sparkler or a blow-lamp. It looks like a rocket exhaust. Of course this can be deceptive. When I saw the films of the first Russian to leave his ship and float in space, my instinctive reaction was "What bad effects". It didn't look like he was floating at all. He just sort of blung there and rocked about. They ought to hire Harryhausen.

Please don't suggest that all this talk about a definition of sf is for my benefit--I would get no sleep at all if I once thought that. ((I have to have some excuse for running it. Why do you continue to run that stuff? Oh, it's for ol' John Baxter, you know.)) No, for God's sake think about women for my benefit, not about sf. There is more percentage in it for all of us.

ROBIN WOOD
375 DAY ST.
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIF. 94131

The lettering on the cover is very neat, but those spaceships or whatever look pretty wish-washy. Limp, as a matter of fact. ((How did you guess? That is the fleet of Imperial Limp, 5th planet of an obscure red dwarf star in the vicinity of Utterbang. The story of this fleet and the adventures of His Imperial Limpness was chronicled in an obscure red dwarf fanzine titled ZeLombie by Sam Umbrage of West Upper East North Southton, New York, during the heyday of 6th Fandom. As with most 6th Fandom writings it is now largely forgotten except for such serious students of the microcosm as Harry Warner and Ben Solon. Plus, of course, a few red dwarfs.))

In Writings In The Sand you manage very well to put down the do it yourself spaceship builders and all. Yet I wonder...maybe there really is an easier way to get Out There. ((There has to be.)) Maybe somebody will find a way in his home workshop. ((You been reading Cambell's editorials again.))

I imagine waaay back in prehistory people were having one hell of a time getting over yon mountain until some crafty cat found out you could just hop on a horse and let it do all the work. ((You'd be surprised how fast you can get over yon mountain when there is a cave bear hot on your trail.)) And radio-activity was discovered by accident. ((I thought it was Becquerel.)) It wouldn't surprise me at all if some day in the near future somebody bought a second hand NASA suit, plugged a power unit into it he'd made from an old Japanese transistor radio and made it to the moon. Why not? A remote possibility perhaps, but still a possibility. Someday some radio ham may build an anti-grav device all by himself.

Tho, to tell the truth I have read enough stories about elderly scientist in white smock, young virile engineer and scientist's comely daughter singlehandedly building a multitude of miraculous gadgets and saving civilization from Evil Things Out There. And it would be nice if that radio ham I mentioned already had a family. Going through the Van Allen Belt might be a little rough.

THE NIGHTMARE. Good. I think I'll give up dreaming. Could be dangerous.

To find out that Venus is probably an unbearable dry and hot place was bad enough, but now that Cox informs me that Mars might be one big sea...c'mon Cox, you're putting us on. I can see it now as the first Mars shot lands, landing gear down, astronauts hoping all is well with the sand-crawling halftracks they have aboard and then...splash.

The Glass Womb. Ordinarily I don't dig poetry but this one I liked very, very much. Wow. The Boob Tube strikes again.

Your letter column is beginning to look like a cross between CRY and the nefer letterhack zine. Or mebbe it did all the time. Come to think of it, it probably did. Full of science fiction fans. And there aren't too many of them to go around. ((Well, I'm working on it....))

You know there might be a way to fight his machine-ballot thing. Just everybody apply for absentee ballots. That way you know for sure what you're marking. ((Not in this state. We have no absentee ballot.))

The California Fair Housing Act stated that you could not refuse to rent ((or sell)) to someone on basis of race, color, etc. Prop. 14 did away with it and was worded so that no further Fair Housing Act could be written into law. Perhaps this was a restriction on property owners, but is refusing to rent on that basis a legitimate reason? I don't believe so. It stands to reason that the logical outcome of the passing of Prop. 14 will be the establishment of all white areas, Negro ghettos, etc. Sure, we already have them, but at least we were on the way to doing away with them. Well, this could go on and on. It was argued pretty hotly here. And 14 passed. Now various groups are trying to get it declared unconstitutional. It seems to me that we're on the first step to having the three restroom establishments you find in the deep south: men, women, colored. ((There is something amusing in the thought that Jim Crow may leave Dixie and become established in California.))

Well, isn't all fiction speculative? ((Noooo. I don't think I'd say that.)) Seems to me everybody is putting Heinlein down because of his personal philosophy which is a hell of a reason to put down his fiction. If it's written well, that's what counts.

I've heard that you have to have tried LSD to really dig CAT'S CRADLE but I liked it, even without LSD. ((But what sort of a story is it if one must take drugs to understand it?))

Mae Strelker makes me wonder about UFGA and lost at-
in a vague sort of way. Like when I saw my flying saucer. This was
back around 55 or 56 when everybody was doing it. I was over at the
grammar school for some reason with a buddy of mine. Happened to look
up and here was this big orange disc buzzing the school building.
Hey, look, there's a flying saucer, I yell. He doesn't look up. Fi-
nally I get through to him and he does look up. It is gone. A flying
saucer, huh? he says. Then we climb into the car and shoot through
some good mountains roads at about 80 miles per. Beats a common old
flying saucer any day.

They're scarcer now. The subject used to creep
up in old air force bull sessions. I knew some guys who'd claimed to
have seen one land on an airplane patch somewhere overseas. I've
heard the airforce has shut the lid down on anybody who does claim to
have seen one. Lot's of weird stuff floating around in the sky.
((That's a statement to dwell upon.))

Who cares. If I saw little
green men tumbling out of the TV tube I'd probably just get up and
change channels. ((Once down in South Carolina we picked up something
on the radar scopes. High. Way high. From the speed with which the
blip moved across the scope we calculated its speed at about 25,000
mph. Dunno what it was.))

ED COX
14524 Filmore St.
Arleta, Calif.
91332

Geewhiz but that stuff in the front part of DYNA-
TRON 24 was so fantastically bewildering in its
multiplicity of theme, handling, treatment, imagery
and multitudinous complexity of its kaleidoscopic
range of thought, ideas, dynamic allusion, meta-
phor, understanding, affluent lyricism and fingerspitzengehfehl, that
I'm at a loss for words! ((You lost me with

I'll comment on the letters. ((Good. I may even comment on your let-
ter.)) So

The letter-column was really great this time. I think Dr. Dupla
is great; I'd better put that guy on my mailing list. And another item
from his letter that I read sparks the following comment: "The Star"
which I've always considered a gem of a short story, has been rescued
from the anonymity of INFINITY and is now in hardcovers. I'm sure
most of you read the review in ANALOG. ((Think the book is TALES OF TEN
WORLDS.))

And, like geewhiz man, in Robin Wood's letter you really sur-
prised me. Like, Roy-baby, don't you dig Miles-baby and Monk-baby and
Diz-baby and Arnette and Eric? (Eric Dolphe, you squares!) I guess
you'd rather dig "China Night" and what a revelation I have for you:
I got a recording of that from an old tape from BOYD RAEBURN! ((Oh,
yeah, man, I dig them cats. Like Ol' Diz was the last pitcher to win
30 games in one season. Back in 36 I think it was. And Monk, he was
one of Doc Savage's crew. And Arnett. He played for USC and the Gi-
ants and just announced his retirement. And Eric--he was Lief's old
man.))

Harry Warner-baby: you really should've looked it up. It is K
Tarrant as thousands of letters roll in.

But the letter that really in-
spired all kinds of comments and gentle fumbling in dusty files of fmz
was gentle, dusty old Bob Tucker. ((He was vacuumed just the other
day.)) Hey, man, you still got your file of LeZ or have sebenty-six
neofans already sent in their five bucks? If not I'll send in five
bucks.....

But among others, here I have on yellowing old yellow paper (like an old HORIZONS) a work entitled: "Some suggestions for a Decimal Classification of Scientific, Weird, and Fantastic Literature." Not the unnecessary ", " after "Weird". It is by none other than Arthur Louis Joquel, II, who has had by-lined articles in the LOS ANGELES TIMES if not elsewhere. This one runs to about nine pages, on one side. In fact, it is exactly nine pages. It is subtitled "Preliminary Edition, July 1946" and acknowledges debt to the systems of Speer and Russell. It looks as workable as anything else I've seen yet.

Next I have here at hand an even yellowinger slab of paper which looks exactly like an old HORIZONS before it went to white paper and, shudder, cover illustrations. Only it aint and is bound in an already yellow posterpaper and is entitled "FULL LENGTH ARTICLES Number Two UP TO NOW A history of fandom as Jack Speer sees it". It is dated, on the inside, 1939 for the World Science Fiction Convention. And some other stuff in the preface regarding the sub-divisions and main trends of history, etc. I think Bob has a fine idea in the reprinting of it. In fact, if you don't intend to, and Jack Speer gives mermission (for which I'll petition separately) maybe I will! ((I have no plans for reprinting it although I'd like to read it.)) I think it a valuable piece of historical work and ought to be exposed to view again. It runs about 20-odd pages of pica type and wouldn't take an awful lot of work to reprint with a possible new forward by the author and a possible analysis by the author as to his interpretation of how come fandom did go in the direction it did after 1939. ((I think Cosmic Claude changed the course of fandom.))

Gee, if Eric Blake got upset about some of Heinlein's stuff, I wonder what effect "This Fortress World" must have had! Or "The Star".

I read carefully all through Mae Strelkov's letter and never did find out just what the hell she was talking about. I also gather that she never did arrive at her point, if there was one. Or, as I was beginning to suspect, is she one of these flying saucer nuts? And, believe me, flying saucer nuts are really nuts! I suspect that they'd be at a complete loss to describe what a flying saucer looks like if it hadn't been for "The Day the Earth Stood Still." Perhaps I'm being unfair, but one Thursday night when we had to forsake LASFS (another kind of nut), I taped the audio of an hour tv show on "Is There Life On Other Planets" mainly because Ray Bradbury held forth for about 20 minutes at the last of it. And there was this one guy who was president of something or other who was interviewed as an authority. He didn't commit himself to anything and when asked to describe a flying saucer, referred the reporter to "The Day the Earth Stood Still". Asked what it was like inside, again back to TDTESS. Ghod. So, as I always did think, the flying saucer nuts are phonies. Never, not once, have they offered a single stick of concrete evidence to back up their claims. ((I've never figured out why the flying saucer people--the ones in the saucer--never contact anyone with authority but always pick out some character like an itinerant preacher in England or other non-entity. Hell, they could contact me, for example, and I'd set them straight.))

JAMESASHE

RD 1

FREEVILLE, N.Y.

That did it. My sense of wonder is entirely wrecked. I've been able to separate business and pleasure but when you started in about spaceship reliability requirements, that did it. You're right. In my heart I

know you're right. ((Should I run for president?)) Now I'll have to hire a whole batch of technicians and get a government contract before I can build that Galactic Drive. I'll hire you to oversee reliability engineering for my junkyard. You'll see.

DYNATRON

BOB VARDEMAN
8727 AZTEC NE,
ALBUQUERQUE,
NEW MEXICO

I just received Dynatron 24. By just received I mean two weeks ago but you said you were late in getting it out so I'm merely following your lead. ((Smart move)) For some weird reason I enjoyed it immensely. ((It could be that you're weird, you know.)) Dynatron must appeal to all who are slightly (or not so slightly) insane. ((Well, just read the letter column, man.))

On page two Dynatron was said to be a Marinated Publication. This must be true--the pages are even green. Like the editor, perhaps? ((HMMMMM.))

In regard to "The Nightmare". I still can't believe it! ((Haven't you ever heard of the necessary requirement of the suspension of disbelief?)) A strange plague popping up out of nowhere, maybe. But how does the tyrannosaurus make the scene? A time vortex or some fanciful fabrication doesn't explain the plague, too. I believe the author's imagination has "grown in furious fecund ferocity" to torment poor unsuspecting people with his nightmare. But then nobody said it was supposed to be good.

Pages 9 & 10 got put in backwards. Are you normally backwards? ((Only in regards to pages 9 & 10.))

The best feature was "the glass womb". It adroitly showed the trouble with American society--captivation by the boob tube. Most commercials and some shows are insulting to the mentality of a nine year old (but I must have watched this junk at least once to know. Alvoris Theop? Ah, come on! It doesn't even sound like a name backwards. (Sirovla Poeht). In fact it doesn't sound like a name anyway you look at it.

((Bob is a fan I found searching through stfzines in a back issue store. He and I seem to be Albuquerque's fan population. Except for Casey, of course (Hi, Case.), but Casey is mostly a first edition collector (with a luvrly collection, too) and not so much a fan. All you eager faneds out there can help contribute to Vardeman's downfall by sending him your zines.))

ART HAYES
P. O. BOX 189
MATACHEWAN, ONTARIO,
CANADA

You will note that I'm using a different address from that given you in my last communication. Either address will do, and while Box 189 might be a day faster, here in the wilderness a day is not of too much importance. That is one thing

my fanac will have to get adapted to, that one day more or less is not that important any more. ((In most phases of fanac it seldom is.))

Though I speak of this area as wilderness, actually, this is the area where I was brought up, and as such, is well known to me. I'm working 38 miles from the nearest town. At the moment I couldn't get out if even an emergency was to take place, roads are temporarily blocked. We should be able to get out tonight, though, and we better, as it is our weekend to be out of camp.

While the day of the cellar, or attic, or barn, inventor is, in ordinary circumstances, passed, I do not think you should write off the amateur inventor as easily as you do in Dynatron. Without being able to cite circumstances, I do think the amateur inventor has come up with astounding ideas in the past, and even though it is apparent that space travel is a horse of a different breed, I do think the amateur inventor will contribute something in the future to even this line. I wouldn't put it past some amateur to do a little space soaring within the next twenty years. The first amateur flight may turn out disasterous but he probably will have contributed something

along the line ((yeah, probably our first casualty if he tries it in a rocket)) something that, with polish by the professionals, will assist in making space-flight come within a gambling man's willingness to gamble on for safety. At the present stage of the art (?) there is an attempt (understandable, too) to make it as safe as possible, to refine it as much as possible, and, in so doing, are contributing, creating hundreds of opportunities for failure. The amateur with his limited resources won't be able to make such refinements and should have fewer failure-prone components. ((There's much in that, Art, because for every component that is added there is one more component that could fail. In our efforts to provide maximum security and protection there is ever the danger in making things too complicated. There has been much consternation in military circles of late that Korean War vintage MIGs were able to shoot down a couple of our fancy jets in Viet Nam. Our planes contain such a bewildering mass of electronic equipment that the pilot, it seems to me, has all he can do just to keep track of his dials and meters. No wonder he gets shot down. He's so busy trying to keep up with all his electronic gear he simply hasn't time to fight or take evasive action.))

Whether I drink up or not, I doubt that I'll be able to become a competent enough letterhack for Dynatron, tho I am, for sure, a letterhack. As a letterhack I've accomplished something over the past two months, even with a 1000 mile move, and that is to keep up with my correspondence. Wonders will never cease which is why I think the amateur inventor might still surprise us all.

I think along about now I'll convert this to AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM. Letters are still coming in and it looks as if there will be no end to the things (not that I'm complaining, of course,) until I get this issue out and the letterhacks can start on it. TOM PERRY admires Dr. Dupla's letters and dislikes my nonstop paragraphing. It's not that I'm set in my ways, Tom, but it's fast and saves space. Tom is thinking of bringing out a definitive checklist of the works of Sam Umbrage and says: "anyone interested should write to me--right away before it's too late.".....DENNIS GUTHRIE sends 4¢ stamps and comments.....LES SAMPLE sends an article and this is my first acknowledgement of it. It'll show up in these pages one of these days. Les comments on the filming of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES, isn't the least enthused about it, takes various potshots at the Hugo nominating committee and reports that in South Carolina it was found that even the dead seemed to vote for Goldwater.....JOHN BOSTON inquires about the ball-bearing mousetrap mentioned by Tucker last time. I can't remember the exact yarn but a couple of typical Astounding engineer types were discussing a project and mention was made of having a ball-bearing mousetrap--a tom cat, of course.MIKE DECKINGER comments on various and sundry although I don't recall having anything by either of them in the last issue, and concludes: "Nor may be there much hope left for DYNATRON if you continue to publish things like James Wright's "fable". You might have at least warned us.".....JIM GOODRICH proves to be a reader loyal and true. He penned his comments while his wife was in labor proving that nothing will distract the attention of a real Dynatron letterhack.....BILL DONAHO (a recent visitor here) sends comments on Proposition 14, the hoo-haw at Cal and the Hugo committee. He wants to know if he's being discriminated against since he got his copy of D24 a week later than other Bay Area fen on the mailing list. Not really. D24 was mailed out in two batches, a week apart. You just got in the last batch...The same splitting of the mailing will probably be in effect this time, too. This is the end of the page. We must have another I suppose. For unless I've miscounted, entirely possible you know, then this is

DYNATRON

This is page the last and you better believe that's so. After pubbing this issue I just may retire to N'APA or something and do minac. How about a minac Dynatron?RICHARD MANN, pubber of ROMANn and all sorts of other weird stuff says: "Alvoris Theop. You betchum, Red Ryder. I don't believe in people named Alvoris." Hey, we have a LittleBeaverTown here. Sort of an attraction for the kids. Dunno if it's successful or not--wasn't the last I heard.....DWAIN KAISER pens a missive supporting the ideas of some writer or other in regards to the Hugo hoohaw. Dwain says he thinks this writer is right. Well, that makes three in favor of the Hugo committee; Dwain, this writer (forget his name) and some eastern-type editor of books.....HARRY WARNER (in this section? unthinkable!) complains that four pages of the letter section were missing from his copy of D24. Don't you all wish you were as lucky as Harry?.....BEN SOLON has checked through the MIT stfzine index and concludes that he has a rarity. Like the index lists MAGANTHROPUS as a two-parter in FANTASTIC and Ben has part 3. Sometimes I get the impression that most of the people on the mailing list live in alternate worlds.....BUCK COULSON (obviously a penname for Alvoris Theop) sent along another book review. I knew he'd get around to reading another book one of these days.....PETE SINGLETON says they closed out Ward 2 and were turning the lights out on him as he wrote. Very confusing.... and here's BETTYK, by golly, one of my favorite people, with all sorts of comments about this and that....and RICHARD MARKLEY done joined the Army.....Got enough letters left over to do a letterzine. May print them next time.....G. SCITHERS tried to bribe his way onto the mailing list but I wouldn't let him. He gets on the list for a good try at trying to corrupt the editor anyway....TOM PERRY wanted to know how stencil cement worked out as corflu...not so good.

And what else? Best novel of 1965: "The Prophet of Dune" by Frank Herbert is the candidate so far. Particularly if it comes out in book form including the first third....."The Man From UNCLE" is a damn fine tv show and if you're not watching it you should be. A satirical thing with all sorts of stefantasy (hi, Bill Danner) trimmings. One Michael Avallone has written a book, pubbed by Ace, with the same title. Save your 50¢, it's a lousy book.

A note or two about this issue. I've used three different typers. We've got to get a new machine one of these days. Chrystal's L. C. Smith cuts a good stencil but jams up towards the end of the line which is annoying to say the least. My 1950 vintage Royal works fine but doesn't do too well when it comes to stencils. This is my 1940 vintage Royal which cuts a good stencil and all but the roller is so hard and slick that it doesn't line feed evenly. And that's annoying, too. Hey, IRA, I'm only kidding. Next issue---hmmmm. I dunno. It will be a surprise to both of us.

F&SF prints advertising blurbs on the back of excess covers and mails them out to prospective advertisers or subbers.....Only a little room left so.....

ED COX, DOODLE IN THIS SPACE

Oh, shut up, Buck, just because I forgot all those pages five and ended up with an odd number of stencils....you know I'm not about to let a completely blank page go out--intentionally, that is.

I have been giving some passing thoughts to Presidents. Brought on by the fact that 20 years ago (plus a few weeks by the time this appears) Harry S. Truman became President. FDR, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson, these are the Presidents I can recall. Before FDR I was much too young to give any thoughts to the Presidency. From my own point of view I would rate Truman the best of the lot, followed by FDR, Kennedy and Eisenhower. It is too soon to try to evaluate Johnson. Truman was totally unprepared to have the awesome job of the Presidency thrust on him. But he accepted it and was not afraid of it. It took him only a short time to get the feel of the job and become, in fact, the President. On his desk was a sign: "The buck stops here". Whatever else may be said about Truman it can be said that he never ducked a decision. Right or wrong, if there was a decision to be made, he made it. And I admire him for this. One of my reference books sums him up as a President who was often wrong in little things but always right in the big things that really counted.....Damn good man, Harry Truman.Johnson is frequently compared to FDR in regards to political acumen but compared to Roosevelt he is the veriest novice. FDR was undoubtedly the greatest politician in history. Whether this is good or bad depends on your point of view, of course. As president he was a whiz on domestic affairs and the changes he made in the structure of the United States will be felt for years. The Roosevelt Revolution was just that and those conservatives who long for the good old days will have to face up to the fact that there is no turning back to them. The United States that existed before 1933 was a different country. FDR's weak point was foreign affairs....they stole his pants in international dealings.....Kennedy. Charming, intellectual, glamorous. The tv president. He brought a certain elan to the country, given time he might stirred us all to something more than mediocrity. He had the makings of a good president. A pity he was cut down so soon.....Ike. He was a nice old man. Not much of a president but a nice old man. We all liked Ike, the man. We sat still for eight years which hurt.

So much for the Presidents. Or at least some random thoughts on them. Ah, well.
They filled half a page.

Oh, forgot to mention way back there on page 2 that we have a British agent. Yes. Like, all them furriners over there in Great Britain (I wonder, do they still paint themselves blue?) can get Dynatron for 1/6 per issue or five for 7/6 which is more than U.S. fen can do. Our British agent is a Scot, you know, and those are the best kind. And our Scot is Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey. And that's just about the best British agent one can get. Yes. Got a worrisome ulcer, she has. Comes from keeping track of all our British subscribers. All our British subscribers? Ivor Latto. Subscirbers??? OK, Latto, you're the official subscirber. Ethel says that the Eight Earl of Eton or somesuch one day commented that he dreamed he was making a speech to the House of Lords and woke up and found that, by God, he was. Cheslin will appreciate that. I may devote the next issue, at least a paragraph or two, to solving the problems of Great Britain.

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Let me leave you with this:

Still there, Buck?

ROY TACKETT
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