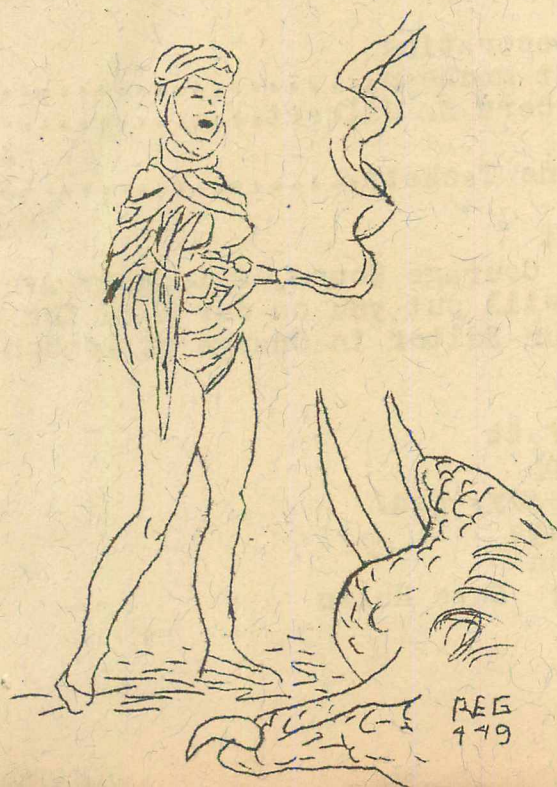


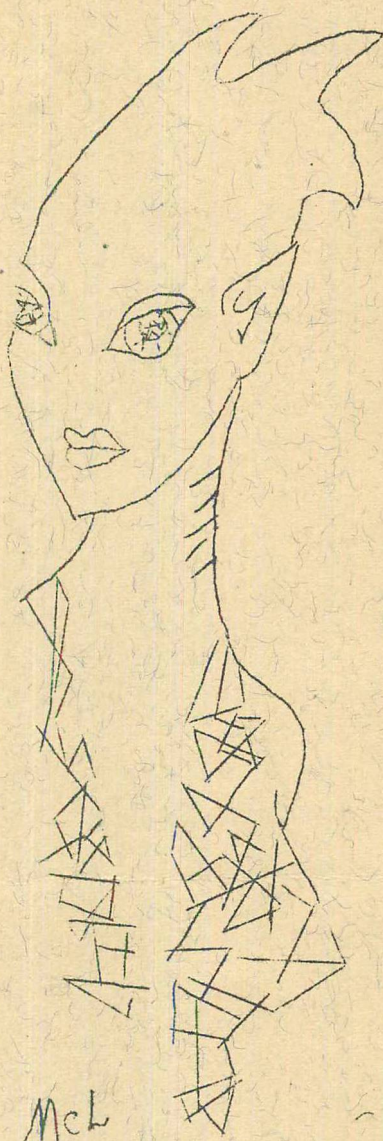
# DYNATRON

26



REG  
449





# DYNATRON THE 26TH

Being an amateur (yes!) publication rather loosely devoted to science-fiction, fantasy (That's "Specialized Literature" in California) and assorted related subjects. DYNATRON is flung together and published by Old and Tired Roy Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, USofA. You (yes, You!) can obtain this ~~sterling~~ copper-nickle publication by contributing material for publication (stfish material in a light vein preferred), sending your own zine in trade, writing a LETTER of comment, or for 20¢. Or even for five 4¢ stamps, yet. Let's give Buck Coulson a laugh and say that DYNATRON is published every other month. Well, the intention is there anyway.

A Marinated Publication  
August 1965

Cover by Robert E. Gilbert.

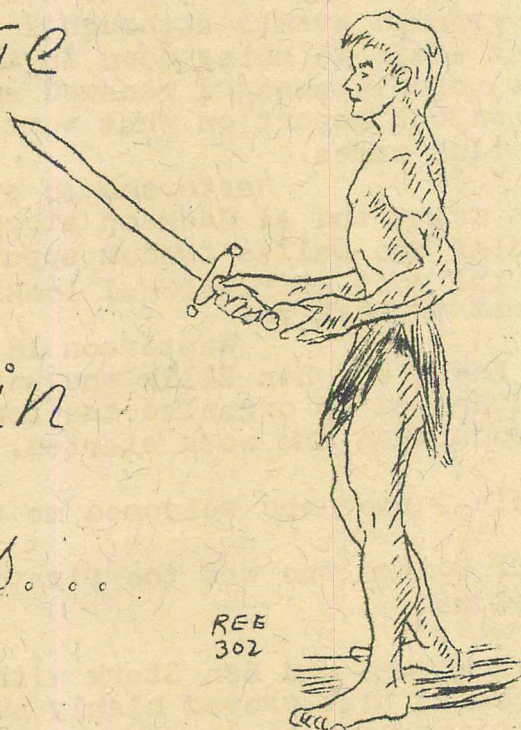
Writings in the Sand.....	3
Humanistic Psychology....	
by Stephen E. Pickering.....	6
"What's The Big Idea?".....	
by Arthur H. Rapp.....	10
Goal.....fiction.....	
by Steven L. Muir.....	13

Interior Decorating	
by Pat MacLean.....	2
by Robert E. Gilbert.....	3
	13
by Rene Tackett.....	10

Editor in charge of Editing: Roy Tackett  
 Editor in charge of tea: Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave.,  
 Surbiton, Surrey, Great Britain, who will put you on our LIST for  
 1/6 or 7/6 for five. Ethel is also our Editor in Charge of London  
 conventions. And unconventions.  
 Editor in Charge of Doodling: Ed Cox.  
 Editor in Charge of Patty-cake: Len Moffatt  
 Editor in Charge of Pasta: Arthur H. Rapp  
 Editor in Charge of California: Rick Sneary, Esq.  
 Editor in Charge of NFFF: Edmund R. Meskys  
 Editor in Charge of Airplanes: Joe Gibson  
 Editor in Charge of Fandom's Focal Point: Dave Hulan  
 Official Subscirber: Ivor Latto.



I wield the large  
sword of  
Heaven to cut  
down spectres in  
their five shapes...



It doesn't quite fit, of course. The spell is Chinese and the young warrior is obviously an Aryan barbarian.

## WRITINGS IN THE SAND

And I don't have any spectres to cut down--even in one shape. So what shall I do with these three (or thereabouts) pages? There is, obviously, only one thing to write about this time: Westercon XVIII.

In spite of my gloomy predictions of last issue that I would take no vacation this year, we did manage to get to Westercon. I was somewhat dubious about it right up to the start of my time off from Spar-ton SW. A note had come in from Rick Sneary saying, "Well, make up your mind. Are you or aren't you?" I mulled it over, still undecided. Finally came home on Friday, 26 June, and said to Chrys, "Let's go to California." Said Chrys: "Let's go."

But, of course, there was much to be done first. Mow the grass, water the garden, lay in a supply of feed for the rabbits and chickens and dogs and birds and fish. We decided we'd leave early Monday morning. I got off a card to Rick informing him that I'd finally reached a decision and would be there.



Conventions are, of course, different things to different people. My Westercon was not your Westercon. To me the convention was not the programmed events although I thoroughly enjoyed those I took in (and must admit to being down in the bar for some of them), but was instead the acquaintances I renewed and the people I met. So instead of a long drawn out report on what went on (read it elsewhere) I think I'll just mention names.

Westercon 18 started on Saturday the 26th for me when Tom Reamy and Al Jackson stopped by on their way to Long Beach. Tom and Al are Dallas fandom apparently and the publishers of TRUMPET, one of the most professional looking fanmags on the scene today. Both are great to talk to.

Westercon 18 was Al Lewis and Ron Ellick who weren't there and were sorely missed. Al had helped to organize the Long Beach committee and then bugged out for Europe when the work started.

Ellie Turner who welcomed me to fandom.

Bill Donaho who was the first fan I saw at the Edgewater and who is a good man.

Alva Rogers and Ben Stark with whom I organized a First Fandom get-together that proved highly successful. First Fandom isn't dead and you just have to see them in action at conventions to know that's true.

Ed Wood who was a delightful surprise. Ed Wood in the fanzines is a deadly serious type and certainly can't be related to convention-going Ed Wood who is pleasant and voluble and tremendously funny.

F.M. and Elinor Busby who are very fine people and who helped to make for some pleasant hours down in the bar.

Frank Herbert with whom I discussed desert cultures while waiting for service in the coffee shop.

Sam Moskowitz who surprised everyone by flying in on Saturday. Sam became one of the highlights of the First Fandom meeting, of course. I get amused. I read a lot of complaints about how much Sam talks but nevertheless it is surprising how many fans are constantly stopping by to listen to him.

Jim Webbert. What with Jim and the Busbys we almost had a CRYgang con.

Lester del Rey with whom I discussed the state of the prozines, and editors, and writers and all like that. Signed him up in First Fandom, too, by Ghu.

Hal Clement who managed to get his picture taken with all the pretty femme fans.

The New York Fanoclasts, including A\*R\*N\*I\*E\*K\*A\*T\*Z who...including Arnie Katz who...who...oh, you'd never believe it.

Joe and Felice Rolfe. Felice's first words were a continuation of our discussion from NIEKAS just as if we were still in the lettercol.

Jack Speer who lives in Santa Fe and whom I have to go to Long Beach to see.



Considering that Westercon was supposed to be a regional convention, it certainly attracted a number of fans from vast distances. There was the Seattle contingent, of course, but they were expected; still it took the Webberts and Wally Gonser 24 hours to drive down from Seattle. There were the Fanoclasts, Ted White, Rich Brown, Mike McInerney, Dave Van Arnam and Arnie Katz from New York. Reamy and Jackson from Dallas. A couple from El Paso whose names I missed. Paul Hekart from Jersey, Dennis Knuth from Wisconsin, Jean Bogert from Pennsylvania. Total attendance was close to 200 I think. The fan from farthest away was Carlton Sugara from Honolulu. A goodly fannish host assembled.

The pros were there, too, of course, but not in any large number. Besides del Rey, Herbert, and Clement, there was Kris Neville and Fritz Lieber. Fritz gave a good speech on Saturday and Kris is interesting at any time. Harlan Ellison was in and out. Ray Bradbury showed up on Sunday and gave an excellent speech. Inspiring, it was.

The auction was a success what with Len Moffatt, Ed Wood and Walt Daugherty doing the selling. Bradbury items brought in the most, of course, but other items also went well. The manuscript, incomplete at that, for Doc Smith's "Skylark Duquesne" brought a good price from Bill Ellern, and the older prozines also did well. (Funniest sight at the auction: Ed Wood and Len Moffatt bidding against each other for a copy of SPICY DETECTIVE) The younger fan--the teenagers--did most of the buying. Don't ask where they get themoney. They were able to outbid almost everyone, though.

There were small scattered special interest groups around. The ERB enthusiasts, the Baker Street Irregulars, tangled knots of monster fans, poster fans, and et cetera and et cetera.

Best of all, though, were quiet talks with old friends. Moffatt, Sneary, Ed Cox. Bjo and John, Bruce and Dian. And new friends such as the Busbys, the Rolfes, and the Rogers'. And Jim Webbert. And Bill Donaho. And Lee Jacobs. And Arnie Katz. And Steve Tolliver. And Ellie Turner. And Ted Johnstone. And Dick Ellington. And vasty amounts of others. I had a ball. It was a great con.

Next year in San Diego.

\*\*\*\*\*  
ED COX, Doodle in this space:  
\*\*\*\*\*

Speaking of San Diego, we took in the zoo there on the day before it was closed by a strike. Man, those unions are strong in California. They've even got the animals organized.

I saw more funny-looking people than I did funny-looking animals.

Progress (?) Report: The average speed on the L.A. freeways during the "rush hour" from downtown to 28 outlying points is now up to 30 miles per hour.

There's nothing wrong with California that couldn't be cured by getting rid of ten million people. Or even 15 million.



# Humanistic Psychology: A VOGTIAN CHRONICLE

Recent years have seen the creation, hitherto unrecognized in our fan journals, of a scientific group which is striving for a logical culmination of humanistic principles in those scientific studies orientated with a study of human beings and their every facet. This project--yeilding what is commonly called "humanistic psychology"--has the tang similar to the ideas presented by A. E. van Vogt's Nexialism in Voyage of the Space Beagle, about 15 years ago. The postulates of humanistic psychology were explained by Dr. Henry Winthrop in the July 1964 issue of THE HUMANIST, a bi-monthly publication of the American Humanist Association, and it would do science-fictioneers well if we were to examine the new school of thought analogous to our studies of future philosophical-cultural trends.

"Third Force" is the idiom which most accurately characterizes humastic psychology's status; it contrasts them from the schools of psychoanalysis and from those who adhere closely to the axioms of behavioristic psychology. The group, upon analysis, abhors those God-Sent Messengers of Light of the Great God Psychology. Sarcastic, perhaps, but nonetheless a lamentably accurate portrait of exactly the feeling one encounters from the behavioristic scientists. And it is surprising to discover that the "third Force" has theologians, philosophers, scientific-humanists, scientists of all fields. At this writing the field even has among its ranks those strange creatures known as "educators", although no school--no matter whether it is MIT or the University of California--can give one an education. The only thing one will receive are finely polished tools for acquiring an education!

Like Van Vogt, the humanistic psychologist relies on man's reaction-action stimulus deriving from his environment--thus yielding his behavior and all that it entails. Another facet is their feeling that the Freudian psychoanalytic fields are limited in their hypothetical influence which they are continually claiming to have, and in trying to explain man's facility of being able to create, to imagine, and to learn from past experience. They also deplore mathematical or statistical methodologies in social and psychological sciences, when it is generally not accompanied by logic. The Van Vogtian character is generally oriented with the propitious ideal that psychology is the only accurate study in science. In the last analysis, mundane behavioristic science has the annoying, somewhat doting knack of taking a few trial-and-error cases, drawing from them false premises and deductions about the actual, complex behavior of all mankind. Winthrop writes: "...Much of the razzle-dazzle in the social and behavioral sciences may have to be junked and that social and behavioral scientists will have to begin to

by  
STEPHEN E  
PICKERING



use their brains." After years of expostulation, at last they are beginning to ascertain a glimmer of reason!

Arthur C. Clarke, notably in *PROFILES OF THE FUTURE*, has cited that many scientists suffer from a lack of imagination and nerve, tending to shirk that which was originally abandoned by early Renaissance scientific methodologists! Taken further, for the sake of our discussion, whatever one's opinions or knowledge of ESP, there is the averred fact that for thousands of years the scientists of the Middle East accepted telepathy, telekinesis, clairvoyance, etc., as common day-to-day occurrence. However, Western Civilization is ingrained with the relentless feeling that ESP is nonsense--since it can't be found in the science textbooks.

Again looking at the shortcomings of 20th Century science, one may ascertain easily that it is the social and behavioral scientists, if anyone, who are escaping from reality. Rather than being honest with their embryonic field--psychology--they insist upon narrowing down the great, deep, and complex levels of human behavior to a set of laws which are actually applicable to a select few. And even then, what proof has the science-fictioneer that human behavior is adequately set forth in a psychology textbook? None whatsoever. "The intelligent man," says the philosopher, "knows no answers."

Humanistic psychology, if properly used and accepted in academic circles, might prove a reverberating addition to the humanities: a scientific program smacking of logic and shrewd acumen. John Campbell has written in the past that the "cross-influence of cultural patterns and mores on technological background is one of the prime fields of exploration for science fiction," (From the introduction to Robert Heinlein's *THE MAN WHO SOLD THE MOON*, Shasta, 1950) and there is the field of humanistic psychology--or stated more logically, humanistic socio-psychology; for, indeed, the field doesn't limit itself specifically to psychology, but to all realms of study.

Much has been said of values (ethical and moralistic) and their relationship to the science-fictioneer. Humanistic socio-psychology carefully examines the relationship between these values and their effect upon man's behavior. A. E. van Vogt, in *SLAN*, the *Null-A* novels, *THE WAR AGAINST THE RULL*, *THE BEAST*, and others, has several times questioned the quasi-existentialist state of mind of the psychologist. This is the second important area of the humanistic psychological study of research: whereas existentialism is generally equated with the Jean-Paul Sartre school of philosophy, in the new school of psychology it studies what Winthrop calls the "uniqueness in human behavior."

Philip Jose Farmer created an impact upon science-fiction with "The Lovers" (*STARTLING STORIES*, Aug 52), a moving, tragic science-fictional love story, and one which secured for Farmer the distinction of being the creator of varied forms of sexual matings among humanoids throughout the galaxy (much in the same way that Clement is noted for his superbly presented alien worlds). Humanistic psychology is examining yet another facet of behavior which has unmistakable overtones of Farmer: varied manifestations of love, which, according to Winthrop is a "phenomenon which many regard as our most distinctly human characteristic" and, likewise, is rarely discussed in psychology journals.

The first group might be intrinsically labelled study into the "self" or "being" of man; the second group concerns itself with those areas resulting from the "self" of man. Other than the hackneyed subject called "creativity", the primary subject of



interest to us as science-fictioners is that area concerned with personal or cultural identification. This stems in with the subject of cultural acceptance which is particularly important to the psychological development of an individual. One must find in himself acceptance of the culture, and likewise the culture must accept the individual--if one does not find both of these points it can prove disastrous to one's personality. Hence sometime in a person's life--usually in the teen years--one must discover a particular area or field with which he may identify himself; the more there are, the happier or more well-adjusted one will be. Thus, one of the prime motivating and identifying forces in our lives is science-fiction. And the humanistic psychologists are urging fuller research into all of the factors involved in the personality development of the individual; in other words, they want behavioral scientists to be the equivalent of our Nexialist.

"Self-actualization", almost analogous to self-identity, has the flavor of the Aristotlian postulates of The World of A. being concerned primarily with the "potentialities" of these personality traits which develop into identification mechanisms. These are the self-actualizers of the "self" of man. Winthrop lists several of these traits--among them being creativity, firmer identity, sharp perception of reality, and the ability to love in a non-carnal sense.

Psychologists, in the main, attempt to reduce human behavior to a given set of actions and reactions, tending to completely overlook those vast, complex, and generally quite unknown areas which actually go to make up human behavior. The humanistic psychologist feels that the abstract values human beings hold--such as love, justice, ethics, etc.--account for a large section of human behavior, deriving from personal and cultural frames of reference, the latter concerned with the entire group. These frames of reference also cause identification with the people of the past and those yet to come in a much-yearned-for utopia. This is ego-extension, or, more commonly, cultural chauvinism.

If we can pinpoint one conventional belief among the humanistic psychology school, it is that man's complex behavior can be understood only through a study of the values he holds and which make themselves manifest in life. Robert A. Heinlein, in "Blowups Happen", hypothesized that mathematics and psychology are nothing more than areas of symbology, and human behavior is a complex reaction to likewise complex symbols. These symbols being particularly evident in the humanities, philosophy, etc.

Another facet of humanistic psychology is the method of existential analysis, an area which, it is felt, can contribute much to the study of human motivations and behavior, encouraging, as Winthrop writes, "the use of hermeneusis or interpretation in its philosophical sense and the methods and techniques of cognitive psychology." These methods stress the use of the shrewd forms of criticism found in the humanities and the arts. Science-fiction's inept utilization of future trends is directly analogous to this method of social criticism. Primarily dealing with statistical analysis, the methods generally find that an answer to a particular problem may lie beyond the ranges of statistical design.

Many fields are within the developing coventry of humanistic psychology: existential psychology, philosophical/anthropological/philosophical psychology, and phenomnal/cognitive psychology, as well as new disciplines of research under such imposing names as orthopsychiatry, metapsychology, ontoanalysis, et alia. Prominent psychology and



and existential journals have published papers of many scientists whose researches fall within the realms of humanistic psychology.

THE JOURNAL OF EXISTENTIAL PSYCHIATRY provides much discussion for the science-fictioneer, and a tremendous insight into the thinking of existentialist-oriented humanistic psychologists. In "Prolegomena", the editorial of the first issue of the above magazine, the editors attack the proposition that man is nothing more than a statistical abstraction, adding that "problems, not solutions, have become apparent in the search for a knowledge of man, of how he functions, and where he is going." As human beings--individual personalities--humanity is capable of experiencing new facets of existence, capable of assimilating the immense "plasticity of a growing, creative, newly-confronting agents." If conventional behavioral scientists would, so to speak, arise from their fat haunches and their self-built pedestals, they would see that the whole field of psychology has barely opened the door to understanding the significance of human behavior.

While any differences in conventional psychological theory results in a complete break up of the field's thinking (for example: the various psychoanalytic schools), the various differences in humanistic psychology are only in the degree of emphasis placed on particular areas, and the varied interests of the individual scientists; proportionately, any differences in psychology derive from the philosophies and the cultural interests of the scientists and how "electic one should be in methodology in the behavioral and social sciences." These differences present us with existential psychologists and those previously mentioned plus the idiographic or nomothetic psychologists. Most psychologists lie between these two poles. The differences between the ideologies are marked.

The future of humanistic psychology is uncertain. The theories herein discussed do present the observant science-fictioneer with an imposing potentiality of excellent material. "In science-fiction, as in law, ignorance is no excuse," wrote L. Sprague de Camp. However, many fanzines tend to discuss within their pages those political or philosophical issues which strike the writer's immediate interest, overlooking larger and more important developments. Such discussion is excellent when worthy analysis can be presented but is out of place when it ignores the embryonic schools which may someday overshadow present ranges of thinking. And it is the job of the science-fictioneer to anticipate and interpret these changes in human reasoning and civilization. Humanistic psychology is certainly a subject for proper investigation. Let us theorize that someday there may be behavioral scientists specializing in what we generally call "psionics". Psychology, as it stands today, is not van Vogt's finely-developed science, but rather a self-restricting field which needs to broaden its horizons, abandon its prejudices of methodism, and provide the recognition of the importance of the subjective and the unique in human behavior.

Many scientists seem to feel that humanistic psychology is a scientific lack of nerve. Nevertheless only time will show whether it can be the answer to many stressing academic problems. It is still a young and unsystemized field and as science-fictioneers we can only anticipate that real achievements will be the deciding factor.

STEPHEN E. PICKERING

XXXXX

LOS ANGELES--TOKYO--SYDNEY: PAN-PACIFICON: A REAL WORLD CONVENTION!  
DYNATRON



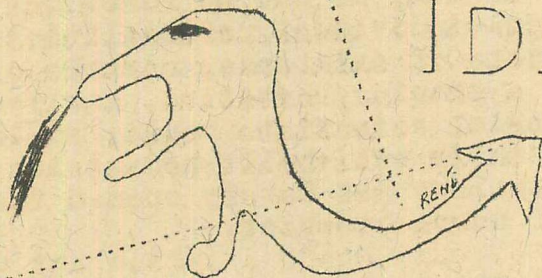
A R T

A

10

10

WHAT'S  
THE  
BIG  
IDEA?



Got quite a kick out of reading a complaint by James Ashe in DYNATRON that science has caught up to science-fiction and so there isn't much left to write about, nasty ole reality having taken all the romance out of such once-glamorous subjects as space exploration and like that.

Well, I'll have to admit that 9/10s of the current crop of prozine fiction supports Jim's theorem that there's nothing left but to hash over the ancient themes of yesteryear, but on the other hand, just because the prozines are in a rut is no sign that the limits of sfictional imagination have been reached. Good grief, we have more directions than ever before in which to stretch our imaginations these days.

Certainly, whatever we decide to use as a theme for a science-fiction story can, more or less, be plunked into one of the standard pigeonholes: alien planets; time travel; world of the future, etc. But this doesn't mean the story will necessarily be boring. After all, plenty of authors used the boy-meets-girl formula before Willie S. sat down to scribble Romeo and Juliet.

If you're stuck for stiffish themes just pick up any issue of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN and leaf through it. If the articles don't inspire you, the advertisements will. For example, these days the giant corporations (as evidenced by their advertisements in the technical journals) compete fiercely for the services of the available scientific manpower. Why not project this into the future a century or two, and set up a story wherein a young college graduate is trying to make up his mind which job offer to accept, meanwhile being wooed by corporation recruiters with such dazzling offers as a secret longevity serum or a harem of houris for his leisure hours? Obviously, since the corporations have to recoup their investments, the prospective employee, once in their clutches, won't have any leisure hours in which to enjoy his harem, or even his lengthened lifespan. But will our noble, naive hero realize this soon enough? Will one of the corporation B-girls hired to seduce him (into accepting employment with the firm she represents, that is--after all, science-fiction magazines are family magazines) have a sudden stroke of conscience and warn him of the horrors of corporate life? Will he defy society and set up as an independent businessman, to the horror of his friends? Hell, come to think of



it, the recruiters for the corporations must have some interesting and complex problems of their own, perhaps having to spot their potential employees as early as kindergarten, and subtly brainwashing them for years so that when they graduate from college they will be pushovers for a lifetime employment contract with dear ole Ajax Enterprises.

Well, if you don't like advertisements, read an article or two in SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, and you'll find that contemporary science has all sorts of possibilities that haven't yet been exploited in the prozines. There's this gentleman who recently brought coherence into the jumbled world of subatomic particles by deducing a system of symmetrical relationships patterned on an Oriental philosophy call the Eightfold Way. Maybe other obscure and mystical philosophies contain the germs of scientific revolution. I bet Ray Nelson could write one hell of a story about a world in which the two most revered names in physics are Einstein and Kerouac...

Take topology. Suppose the universe (as most cosmologists maintain) is finite, but unbounded. Suppose, tho, that instead of being merely a four-dimensional sphere, it's shaped like a hyperspatial Klein bottle. Then, if you went far enough in any direction you would find yourself INSIDE the universe. This could mean that "matter" in OUR universe becomes "empty space" to you, and if you happened to be in the vicinity of Earth, you'd find yourself slinking around in the walls of castles, wailing over your sad fate and causing the rest of us to believe in ghosts.

It's around election time as I write this, and I notice there's a big campaign afoot to get people to vote. This suggests several themes around which a stf tale cries to be written-- one, for example, being the question of whether getting people who know little and care less about politics to vote is going to result in a wiser slate of winning candidates than if the voting is left to people who are naturally interested. Lessee, we could have a world in which government agents with whips and stunguns go house-to-house on election day, driving the electorate to the polls. And why is the electorate reluctant to vote? Well, seems there's this computer built into the voting machine, which not only registers the voter's choice of candidates, but rewards him by subjectively thrusting him into a probability-world where every candidate he voted for was elected. After five or ten years of seeing where the politicians of his choice have led the country, perhaps the voter isn't quite so confident of their qualifications for office. Or would all this, in the end, turn out to be a sinister plot of the computer itself to brainwash humans into realizing that no human can rule so wisely as a computer? Hell, I dunno. Someone write the story and we'll all find out.

As civilization becomes denser, wildlife becomes scarcer. The biggest game disappears first, of course, since a field mouse can conceal itself far more successfully than a moose or a grizzly. But sooner or later, whatever the species, if the city continues to grow, it must make a last stand in the alien environment of concrete and metal, and get itself shot by a policeman or run over by a truck. Wonder if Bradbury ever got around to telling how the last human was exterminated in an obscure corner of a mechanized city-world? And if not Ray, why not you?

Lasers are being talked up as a solution to the interplanetary communications problem. (And if you don't have at least a general understanding of why a coherent beam is more efficient than a broadcast of electromagnetic energy, then you're not keeping up with your technology as a trufan should. Just because any bright eight-



year-old can reel off a pretty fair description of nuclear fission reactions nowadays doesn't mean that it was generally comprehended back when the Hiroshima bomb went off. Yet most everyfan of those days knew at least enough about atomic processes to spot (and gleefully point out to less-informed friends) the more obvious bloopers in the newspaper accounts of what those mysterious scientists had been up to down at Oak Ridge.) To bet back to lasers, what happens when 2<sup>10</sup> important conversations are sequentially pulse-modulating a laser beam between Mars and London, and some idiot in a space ship drifts into the path of the beam? (Shades of George O and Venus Equilateral!) Or maybe he's not an idiot--in his own estimation, at least--and has deliberately interrupted the communications in order to blackmail the planetary government. But perhaps he hasn't realized that the very concentration of power which makes a laser practical for interplanetary communication also makes it capable of burning a neat hole in his ship's hull. (But if it packs that much power, how do the communications people keep it from burning a hole in the receiving antenna, planetside?)

Wonder if anyone has built an X-ray laser--and what could be done with it if they did? Wonder what door-to-door encyclopedia salesmen of the XXIII Century will be like, when both encyclopedias and doors have evolved a bit? Wonder when the real-estate promoters will realize that by cutting a channel from the Pacific to Death Valley, they would convert a lot of useless desert into choice seashore building lots? (There's a mathematical theorem which states that the perimeter of an area can be increased indefinitely without increasing the size of the inclosed area. Now since shoreline real estate is obviously more valuable than inland real estate, the longer the shoreline the more profit for the real estate salesmen. Someday a mathematics teacher, forced by the low salary paid him by the Board of Education to moonlight as a real estate salesman, will hire a bulldozer crew to reshape the beach of his oceanfront lot into a shoreline of infinite length, and....)

Wonder if the seaport cities of today will be abandoned when the Earth's mean sea level rises as a result of melting the polar icecaps (so that Antarctica can be converted to house the surplus population, of course--and then it will be necessary to melt the northern icecap too, to keep the Earth from tumbling on its axis from unbalanced gyroscopic forces). Or maybe they'll be retained as picturesque Venice-type relics of a bygone age, complete with authentic reconstructions of used-car lots and juke joints, with glass-bottomed excursion boats cruising out to where the tourists can gawk at Liberty's torch, thanks to a clever waterproofing job, still lit and gleaming in the ocean depths.

Wonder if James Ashe is just a cynical, world-weary old fan, or is he merely kidding us when he expresses fear that science-fiction has run out of ideas?

ART RAPP

(((Ideas abound almost everywhere. Even in the daily newspapers. As for instance, a story in this morning's Albuquerque JOURNAL that birth control practices have caught on so well in Australia that many hospitals are cutting back on their maternity services; bookings into some maternity wards being less than 60% of "normal" these days. Carry that on to a conclusion and have world civilization threatened by underpopulation instead of overpopulation as is now thought...It is guesstimated that the world population at the time of Rome was about 50,000,000. What sort of world could modern technology build for such a small population? Would 50,000,000 people be enough to support modern technology? Hmmmmmm.)) RT



# GOAL.

FICTION BY

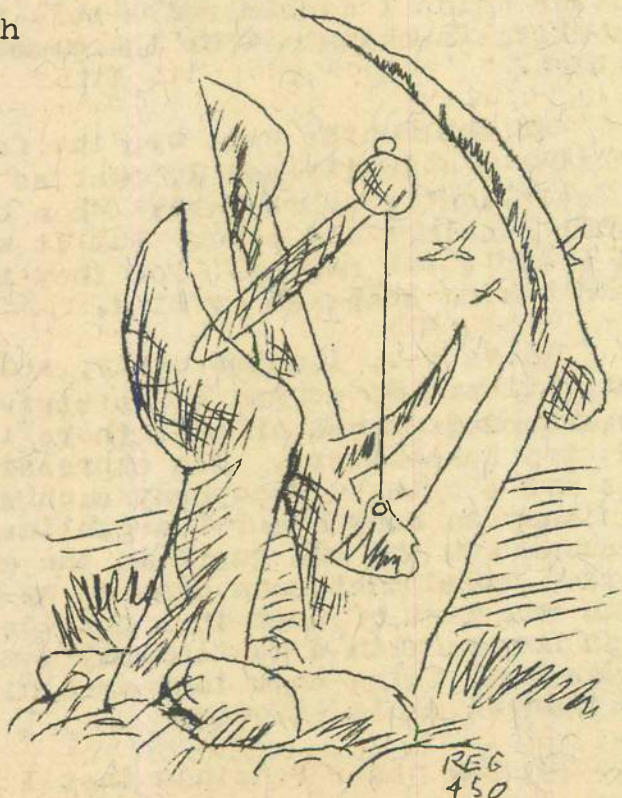
steven l. muller

I had not indulged in my once very subjective hobby, fandom, for a number of years. Keeping my FAPA membership, I was content to maintain requirements in that organization and settle back comfortably reading fiction, letting the hue and tumult of general fandom cease to be a part of my life.

I did, however, keep constant watch on current FAPA doings which, to a degree, reflected concurrent trends in general fandom. From time to time, a new name, up from the depths of the Waiting List, would flare briefly, fade and die out, leaving the membership much as it had been. Then came the pogrom in which the membership slashed the waiting list to the bone and set up rigidly extreme requirements. Soon what names were left moved up and into FAPA with a rapidity that came from an increased requirement pace within the organization itself. Again, from the parade of new names, some would flare, flicker and fade. But the case of Melvin Putney was another matter.

I was reading the Autumn 1968 mailing when a publication figuratively leapt out of the stack at me. It was masterfully written, a grammatically correct, interest-stimulating piece, the style of which was new to me. I glanced at the Fantasy Amateur and, as I had suspected, it was a new fan. This in itself was not unusual. But the address, in conjunction with the other laudatory aspects this fan displayed, caused me a brief twinge of excess interest. He lived in the same town in which I had kept residence all of my life. In fact, I judged the address to be not more than a half mile from my own!

At first this caused me some alarm. It was well known in fandom that I did practice, and was the last to deny, being more or less the fan-hermit. For a time this caused me to react not unlike somebody who discovered that they lived in an area of excessive fallout. But after a few weeks it occurred to me that had this Putney desired to impinge on my sphere of solitude, he





would have taken some sort of action before this. Another thing that gave me solace was that he wrote exceedingly well, covering such subjects as "Five Color Lithography", "The Pierce-Arrow" and "Do-It-Yourself-Bookbinding" with as much insight, knowlege and comprehensiveness as he did "Ghost Stories, An Evaluation", "The First Phase - Amazing Stories, April 1926-April 1929" and Capt. S. P. Meek, Pioneer Science-Fictionist".

It was for these reasons that I found myself following his FAPA publication with a little more interest than I did most other newcomers. It also caused me to write a mailing review of his publication, NUALET, commending him for one of the above named articles. When his postcard arrived in the mail, thanking me for the kind words, as he phrased it, shortly after that bundle arrived, I thought that this was the beginning. Of the end of my solitude.

But such was not the case. Instead, a few weeks later, there arrived in my mail a fanzine. This was not uncommon, I must say, since many of the newer FAPA members, once within the organization, send copies of their non-apa publications to me until they are discouraged by lack of comment. But his, much the same as his FAPazine, was scintillating in editorial brilliance. He had a stable of fine writers, some of whom I recognized from the FAPA roster, and put together a very erudite, interest-worthy, readable fanzine. The editorial was sparkling and he handled the letter-column with a deft, sure touch. The lithography was superb and the five-color covers denoted not only a patience and craft, but a definite income to cover the cost of such an endeavor.

I was so impressed that I wrote a letter of comment!

It would have been as easy to phone him, I later realized, but that, of course, would have lost the distance, the impersonality of the letter which I considered a safe venture, hermit-wise. A note arrived shortly, thanking me for the comment and promising the next issue in return.

As the months went by, the fanzine, CTHULHU, arrived with an amazing regularity and I, just as regularly, wrote letters. At first I was slightly apprehensive when he published them, and as a result, other fanzines did come. But it was not a bad circumstance, I reflected after a few months. For they helped to fill in a pattern that had been taking shape in my mind.

There was, I noted early, a drive, a forceful push, in Putney's activities. He seemed to be striving for something. Some goal that transcended those of the others in fandom. He was certainly one of the top fan-editors. His expression of the English language in print was not a printed cacophony such as could be found with a deadening monotony in many other fan-publications. His NUALET soon gained top places with the old guard in the annual FAPA polls. In a newszine called FANAC that soon came to my mailbox his CTHULHU took honors along with the best of them in a publication called the FANNISH. He accepted such honors with a gentlemanly demeanor, in print as it were, a modesty and savoir faire that increased his stature with all concerned. Yet he redoubled his efforts.

In the other fanzines that I received, there were articles and



fiction, letters and reviews, all with an excitement, a burning drive that added a zest to their competent handling. His reviews were sharp, yet penetrating in analysis. The fiction and articles showed a white-heat creativity that would soon transcend what fandom had to offer. Yet he continued. I had known of him for a little over a year, observing his top-flight activity in all levels of fandom when he received what many would consider the top honors. He was, only a few months before, awarded a Hugo for CTHULHU and had been a member of many of the panels at the convention. This I learned from reading the convention reports that appeared in many of the fanzines I was receiving as a result of my letters in CTHULHU and, later, I must admit, in other fanzines. Then an even greater honor was bestowed upon him.

He was nominated for TAFF.

And nobody else would stand!

What more could a fan want, I thought. Yet there was, despite his modest and almost reluctant acceptance of the TAFF honor, something he still desired. It was evident, at least to me, in his writings, his attitude as a whole. Probably because I had made what came to be a special study of his fan-career, it was apparent to me with a startling clarity.

In the course of my observations, I learned that he was quite happy in his non-fan life. He was doing fine as an undergraduate at the university near our town, had a delightful girl-friend who adored him, was brilliant in his chosen studies and had everything to look forward to. It came to me, then, that it was something in fandom that he desired that he had not yet received. And was not in any position to influence the achievement, directly at any rate, of that goal.

So it was that I, after all this time, bestirred myself and walked, one evening, over to the address at which he lived. I had followed this theory of mine as far as I could and, convinced that I was right, was damned by a maddening curiosity to find out exactly what it was and whether or not I was correct.

At my ring, steps sounded within. The door opened and Melvin Putney stood there. I recognized him from photos published with reports.

"Good evening," I said. "I'm Knickerbocker." His face brightened and he stepped back.

"Come in! I'm very glad to see you!" I entered and he shut the door. "Come along to the living room. This is a pleasure!"

"I hope I'm not intruding, arriving unexpectedly like this," I said, taking the seat he indicated.

"Not at all, not at all," he said. "The rest of the family is out to a movie and this is a rare pleasure indeed. Care for a drink?"

"No, thanks." I said. "I have been reading your publications for some time, as you're well aware, and thought since we lived so close, I'd drop in and be neighborly for a change." I smiled, feeling sure that the transparency was immediately obvious.



"I'm very glad you did. I've always respected the 'unwritten law' ..." here he smiled..."which I'd heard of for a long time before my family moved here a couple of years ago."

"Oh?"

"Oh, yes, we've been here only a short time, comparatively. Actually, it is mostly due to the fact that we moved here that I became interested in fandom at all and that only indirectly."

Immediately I heard that I realized that I would very possibly learn what I had come to seek without actually broaching the subject!

"How did that happen?"

"Due to the fact that my Dad got transferred to this branch of his company, and we lived in Florida previously, the whole family had to move. I had just graduated from high school. We arrived here, bought this house and settled in." He smiled. "I knew nobody and it was summer. So I had a lot of spare time. I always liked to read, so I did a lot of it. Mostly mystery fiction but I also stumbled onto science-fiction. And from there to fandom."

"That is the course many a fan has followed," I said. "I became interested in fandom after reading science-fiction for a time, but that was many years ago, when I was very young, and there was a different relationship between science-fiction and fandom." I smiled. "But let's not discuss me. It is your fan-career that is now at white heat."

He laughed modestly. "Oh, it is fun. I meet and am in contact with many interesting people."

"You don't sound as though you are enjoying yourself as much as it would seem while reading your fanzine.", I had to get him back to the subject somehow.

"Oh, I am enjoying myself, immensely," he answered.

"You are also, in a very short time, one of the most successful fans." The word "successful" might do the trick.

"Oh, you could say that," he replied, still modest. "I've been lucky and have had wonderful cooperation from a lot of swell people."

"Well, I do say" I pursued, "that your fanzines have been voted in the high, if not top, categories in the polls. You must admit that that is successful!"

"It is," he said, "if popularity is all you want."

"Is that not what all fans desire in their headlong drive through the fannish maelstrom?"

"It is in most cases, I guess," he replied.

"Then what is your case? After all, you have made TAFF history and that is a double honor! Or isn't that what you want?"



Here he seemed to come to life. That spark appeared in his demeanor and I now witnessed in his person the white-heat of ambition that I had long observed in his fanactivities.

"Yes," he said, a new timbre to his tone of voice. "I'll admit that I wanted to publish the top fanzine. I worked at it and put time and money into it, with an interest that must exist if one is to be successful in fan-publishing." Here he got up and, unbeknownst to himself I'm sure, began to pace about the room. "I wanted to become popular! I wrote to the fanzines and took part in almost all the activities with the exception of the NFFF and some of the smaller apas."

"Then what more could you ask?" I asked. He whirled and faced me.

"But that isn't what I wanted, he said, an intense look upon his face. "I wanted these things as only means toward an end!" He seemed to be quite upset.

"TAFF+" I said. "The object of fan-popularity is, it would seem, to be able to compete for the TAFF."

"Oh, yes, for the others. But that, also, is only a part of it."

"Then, pray tell, what is it? You are using fandom as a proving ground for pro-authorship later? It has happened often and I'm sure you're well on the way toward achieving this goal."

"Oh, no, no, it's not that at all. I hadn't even considered it," he said. "It would, of course, be interesting to try. I never thought of it and I'll have to try that, too!" He was abstracted and seemed, for a moment, to forget that I was there.

"Then tell me, if you will, what is it that you want from fandom?" There it was. Would I finally get the answer? What could it be that had him in such a state?

"Oh, yes, you couldn't know, really. Forgive me." He turned and stood facing me.

"If you'll remember, I mentioned that I became interested in fandom through reading science-fiction. And in Science-fiction through reading mystery fiction." He smiled. It was on the dust-jacket of a Bob, Wilson to me then, Tucker book that I saw the science-fiction titles, read them, became interested and discovered more science-fiction."

"But what has all that got to do with your fan career?"

"It was only after I had been in fandom for a while and got into FAPA after the waiting list blitz, that I got to know a lot of the older names in fandom, such as yourself."

"So?"

A feverish light burned in his eyes as he continued. "It was then that so many of the people in the Tucker novels took on a new significance! Names bloomed out in my memory like 4th of July fireworks! They were people in fandom!"



"So you want to write a book and do the same thing? Chad Oliver has done it on a limited scale," I smiled. "What has that got to do with your fan-career?"

"No," he said, his voice tense as if he were under great strain. "I do not want to write a book and it has everything to do with my fan-career! The very reason for my whole effort!"

"And what is that?"

"I want, more than anything else in fandom, for Bob Tucker to use my name as a character in one of his mystery novels!"

STEVEN L. MUIR

XXXXX

## The Endless Stream

It has been a while since this particular "column" made its last appearance in DYNATRON. This is where I cast an eye at the current outpouring of the fan press. I wouldn't exactly call it a review column. Mostly acknowledgement of fmz received and some comments. Shall we? Lets.

RATATOSK 16. Bruce Pelz, Box 100, 308 Westwood Plaza, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Bi-weekly. 3/25¢. What fandom needs is a good news-zine. This isn't it and neither is the East Coast counterpart, FOCAL POINT. There is "news" in RATATOSK but it is sketchy, at best, and frequently outdated. The main value is in the listing of address changes of the ever-migrating members of the microcosm. It's really too bad that some enthusiastic type doesn't revive FANAC or something similar.

G<sup>2</sup>, V4N10. Joe Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave., El Sobrante, Calif. 94803. Monthly. 2/25¢. Subs only. Joe gets under the skin of a lot of our thinner skinned fen. Having brought the Starship safely, more or less, back to earth the current topic is airplanes. Zoooom. And evolution. Also zoom. And there's BettyK in the lettercol talking about Elizabethan England--the first Elizabeth, dolts--and how life in those days was, er, rather spicy, one might say. A funzine with serious under-currents. Buy it.

I've got a whole stack of stuff here from Rich Benyo and Pete Jackson (Pete Jackson, RD #1, Danville, Pa., 17821)(I don't know Benyo's current address.) that should be commented on. Some of it is good. Some of it is not. But, by Foo, chaps, I'll not comment on zines that arrive here with POSTAGE DUE.

ZENITH 8, Peter Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, England. U. S. Agent, Al Lewis, 1825 Greenfield Ave., Los Angeles 25, Calif. 30¢, 5/\$1. Quarterly. One of the serious British zines with various fen and pros commenting on this and that and things stffish. One of the better of today's fanzines. If you're in any way serious about stf, get this one.



KIPPLE (various), Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Drive, Baltimore, Md., 21212. Frequent. 20¢, trade, LoC. Ted needs to get some new readers--or at least some new letterwriters for we have the same tired crew rehashing the same wornout subjects. Best parts of the zine are Ted's comments on the Baltimore scene and the "quotes" from the typewriter-drawn faces that Ted scatters throughout the zine. Like: "My name is Rutherford Comstock. I am a Professor of Business Administration at Blaugh University. It is the purpose of our institution to instruct American youngsters in the processes of the free enterprise system....presently I am engaged in teaching a course in 'Advanced Price-Fixing.'"

STOPTHINK #2. Nate Bucklin, P.O. Box 4, Dockton, Washington 98018. 25¢ "Infrequent" he says. There's a whole herd of younger fen coming along. Bucklin, Rich Mann, Les Sample, et cetera, et cetera. They write enthusiastically and publish fanzines by the bale. STOPTHINK is rather typical (but less readable due to poor repro) of them. Enjoyable. I think a new phase of fandom is upon us. Let's see now, what number would this be?

STARLING 6. Hank Luttrell, Rt 13, 2936 Barrett Sta. Rd., Kirkwood, Mo. 63122. 25¢. Quarterly. Another of the new fandom zines. This one better than average. Hank is trying his hand at color mimeography and the results aren't bad.

New fandom. HMMMMM. Hadn't thought of it that way but we do have a whole new generation of fans here. Fans who've been coming along for the past couple of years. People like Benyo, Jackson, Katz, Thorne, McFarland, Luttrell, Bailes, and a whole herd of others. Happy to see them. They add a bit of zest to the fannish scene.

QUARK. Tom Perry, 4018 Laurel Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska, 68111. 25¢. Tom lamentably does not date his fmz or use issue numbers. Reminiscent of 6th Fandom, this. Willis is here with The Harp and Gina Clarke has a column and Joe Pilati has a title and Tom begins his definative study of the works of Sam Umbrage. FMBusby's letter is one of those little gems that deserves a special niche in fannish history.

THISTLE & THORN 2. Creath Thorne, Rt 4, Savannah, Mo., or Duncan McFarland, 1242 Grace Ave., Cincinnati, O. Irregular. Two-bits, etc. Another of the, what shall we call it?, New Fandom?, zines. (Arnie the K says not to confuse this with the New Wave which cometh from Britain and is deadly serious. I wonder if it is also constructive. Around and around we go.) And this is a good one. Tim Eklund has an interview and bibliography with/of Andre Norton and a host of other stuff. Dale Tarr (he's a New Fan???) talks about (writes, rather) The Nothing Men. Makes some good points, too. I liked best the Round Table Reviews in which Duncan, John Boston, Steve Barr and Clay Hamlin (I know he ain't a New Fan) put forth their points of view of books. Ooops, Creath is in on this, too. Of particular interest to me was the review of ORPHANS OF THE SKY (Yas, that's "Universe" and "Common Sense". McFarland says "...the theme is hardly new to me..." which makes me feel even more ancient since "Universe" was the first that inspired the imitators. Hamlin calls DAVY "confusing...hard to follow." and continues: "Only comparable technique I know of off hand is from Ayn Rand, but this is better done." Which should indicate something to the objectionables or or objectors or objectivists or whatever the Randists label themselves.



All of which wraps up DYNATRON 26. I told you last time I was cutting back to 20 pages--and meant it. No letters this time which means that DYNATRON 27 will quite probably be all letters. Plug time. DUNE will be published in hardcovers this fall. Get it. Read it. Vote for it for the Hugo...Address changes: Bob Vardeman, P. O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, New Mex.; John Boston, 818 South Seventh St., Mayfield, Kentucky 42066; Jeremy Barry, 2287 27th Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94116. ....Nextish.

ROY TACKETT

XXXX

Last minute note: Effective with #27, publication will be quarterly. Subs are open at 25¢ each, or four for \$1. Next issue, then, will be in December.

From:  
DYNATRON  
Roy Tackett  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107  
USofA.



To:

Ed Meskys  
c/o Felice Kolfe  
1360 Emerson St.  
Palo Alto, Calif.  
94301

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
RETURN REQUESTED