

DYNATRON



Although your preference may be a fifth of gin, this is the 5th of DY NATRON and if you happen to have both the former will add to your enjoyment of the latter. DYNATRON is the brainchild (no remarks, please) of Roy Tackett and bursts unbidden on the fannish world every other month. This issue was edited at Iwakuni, Japan, and the editorial address is (take a deep breath) MSgt L. H. Tackett, USMC,

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The publisher is Chrystal Tackett, 915 Greenvalley Rd. NW Albuquerque, New Mexico. Please note the new address. The ridiculous price of this thing is 15¢ or a trade for your fmz or a letter of comment. Or, if your name is Rapp, Cox Moffatt, or Sneary you won't be able to escape the next issue no matter what. Send letters and material (which is always needed) to the editor with trades and cash going to the publisher. This is a Marinated Publication. If you're lazy and want to subscribe it goes at 8 for a buck.

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#### ART

Cover (if there is one)	Chrystal Tackett
Page 3.....	Angeleno
Page 9.....	Imilani Devine
Page 13.....	Bob Smith

(Editors Note This Day 19 July 1961. After much patience and perserverance over a nine months period we finally gave up. The latter part of May 1961, we returned the duplicator to the business concern from which it was purchased as a brand new machine last August 1960. The duplicator was returned to the factory a distance from here and finally after much agitation was returned this date. The reproduction appears to be much better and so is my blood pressure. Thank you for your patience in waiting for this issue.)



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- MARINATING -  
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Starting off with something in the nature of a complaint. Concerning insipid fan writing and creeping mundac. Or why do fans feel compelled at times to flood us with wholesale accounts of their daily mundane activities?

Item: "Hobbit on the Road" in which Ted Johnstone monotonously records his travel replete with dirty bus stops, greasy hamburgers, and thin milk shakes. Who cares?

Item: Terry Carr's Boycon report in CRY in which he prattles brightly about missing tickets, forgotten razor blades, and whether or not he cleaned the cats's box. Who cares?

Item: The banal "City Life" column in HABAKKUK 5 in which the writer drones tediously on and on about her dreary apartment and her wearisome cats. An item of unsurpassable dullness. Who cares?

Why is it that normally good writers when faced with the prospect of reporting on a convention, or a trip, or a visit, or a move, become overwhelmed with the urge to put on public display the commonplace minutae of their daily lives?

Con reports and trip reports can be interesting. Case in point: Ronel's account of his New York trip in SHAGGY 54 which is interesting, entertaining, and happily devoid of dismal trivialities.

I have no beef against fannishness but I grow weary of reading about George's goshwow trip in which he drove his car at 90 per or about John's visit to his grestaunt at Candlemas when they all played charades.

Fellow fen, write if you must; write lengthy articles on fantasy and science fiction; write vast treatises on sex and sociology and why the world is going to hell in a handbasket; write pages of fan fiction and reams of faaan fiction: write large and merry books about your fanac; even write convention reports and trip reports. But subject us not to the boring intimate details of your daily lives and habits. I care nothing about what time you arise in the morning, your daily caloric intake, the frequency of your bowel movements, or the color of your new jockstrap. Keep the mundane where it belongs. I've got troubles enough of my own.

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You'll note in the colophon the addition of a subscription price and a regular schedule. I hadn't planned on doing this until after my return to the states next year when I hope to make some improvements in the format. However, I have been more or less forced into it by a few of you who have been foolish enough to send the long green for a long term subscription. For the next year you'll have to put up with Dynatron as is--mostly wordage. I will attempt to make it interesting.

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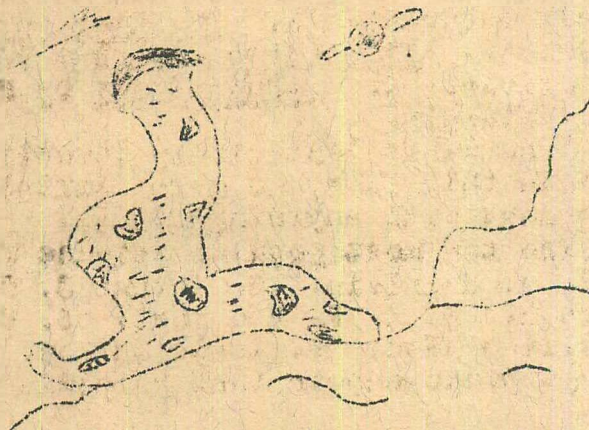


A San Diego astronomer has protested the firing of rockets towards the general vicinity of Venus.

"It would be horrible," he said, "if they should crash into a city there."

I begin to grow just a mite suspicious of these scientific types. In Dynatron 4 I reported on one who quoted the exact temperature at the surface of our sister planet and now here is one talking about cities.

Ghosh! Do you suppose that all this New Age gibberish might be right and that the Little Green Men walk amongst us? Or that some of these people need a rest?



//////

F&SF. Japanese version. The Japanese edition of the MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION is a publication that, based on purely physical considerations, far outshines the U. S. original. I have on hand the May, 1961, issue which sports a beautiful multi-colored abstract cover overprinted with the letters "S-F"  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches high. The magazine itself measures 6" by 8  $\frac{3}{8}$ " making it a big larger than our digest size. It is 20 pages longer than the stateside version having 150 pages of good quality slick paper. Color, notably a subdued violet, is used throughout the book and it is illustrated with drawings, photographs, and combinations of the two.

The contents includes a fact section on science fiction in the news which contains, among other items, an article on the Soviet Venus rocket and one titled "The Fantistic World of Communications". I have not been able to obtain translations of the remainder as of this writing. Asimov's The Bug-Eyed Vonster is reprinted in this section.

American fiction reprints are The Pliable by Daniel F. Galouye, Soul Mate by Lee Sutton, The Last Word by Chad Oliver and Charles Beaumont, Nothing Sirius by Fred Brown and a story by Asimov which translates as Leave Saturn or Saturn Leave. Either way I can't place this one and will try to get it translated so it can be matched up with the American version. The Pliable is evidently the feature story as it gets special treatment on the contents page.

There are three stories by Japanese writers. My translator was unable to give me an English equivalent for the first, the nearest approximation being Real Happiness by Hugushima. A certain Takahashi has a story titled Cosmic Dust and one Hoshi is represented by Eye in Darkness. My translator tells me that Hoshi is a major Japanese stf writer. The name translates literally as "Star" so is possibly a pseudonym.

There is a section on fantasy films illustrated with stills which covers a variety of the American output of the last few years. No monster movies represented as far as I can tell.



That standard magazine fixture, the book column, is present. This one reports the results of a poll taken by the magazine to determine the most popular stf books and authors in Japan. 842 readers responded to the poll and their choice as the five most popular stf books in Japan is duly recorded. 1. The Last Days of the Solar System by Arthur C. Clarke. 2. Time Patrol by Poul Anderson. 3. The Winds of Time by Chad Oliver. 4. Strong Enemy by R. A. Heinlein. 5. Over Time by R. A. Heinlein.

I somewhat tentatively identify the Clarke as Expedition to Earth although this is by no means certain. I cannot connect the two Heinlein books with anything at all.

The ten most popular science fiction authors in Japan are:

1. R. A. Heinlein. 2. Arthur C. Clarke. 3. Frederic Brown. 4. Poul Anderson. 5. A. E. Van Vogt. 6. Chad Oliver. 7. Ray Bradbury. 8. William Tenn. 9. Isaac Asimov. 10. Alexander Kolpakov.

It would appear that Heinlein is king of the hill in any language.

There is, wonder of wonders, a letter column at the end of the book.

The magazine costs 130 Yen which converts to approximately 36¢ and is published monthly by Hayakawa Shobo and Company, Ltd., Tokyo.

Capsule opinion: The Japanese edition of F&SF can give lessons to its American parent. From all outward appearances it is a better product than the original.

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Over in the U.K. authorities on the Isle of Man are planning an organized mermaid hunt this summer and are said to have offered a prize of 20,000 pounds for the first mermaid caught.

It would seem more appropriate to fish for mermaids than to hunt for them but either way I think the 20,000 pounds are quite safe.

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Still on the Isle of Man (the place must have a new press agent as it has been making the news pages frequently of late) the Bishop of the island has banned the new Oxford translation of the Bible. It is not in sufficiently good language for public worship, he says, and it lacks rhythm and a sense of awe.

Which probably means that it is written in language the people can readily understand and he is afraid they might discover they have no need of a bishop.

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Some of the overseas readers didn't get the connection between the title of Art Rapp's article ("Sex and Stf Do Mix") in Dynatron 3 and the subject matter. By way of explanation, the magazines mentioned are a type known generally as men's magazines and feature the gamut of adventure stories usually heavily loaded with sex. These are large size, slick paper magazines and sell quite well. Actually, Stf should be right at home in these as most of the alleged "true adventure" they run is pretty fantastic.

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It takes you an hour to get from Iwakuni to Hiroshima on a crowded train that gives you an inkling of things to come and puts meaning to the words "population pressure".

You find the city itself is a modern metropolis about the size of Seattle or Kansas City. A fast-paced, streamlined city no different than any other its size. Except, you are told, Hiroshima is dedicated to peace.

You discover such things as Peace Park and Peace Boulevard and Peace Bridge. A memorial cathedral bearing the Christian Cross on its facade was built to house peace gatherings. The Goddess of Peace looks down at you from her pedestal in the park and the "Statue of Atomic Children" contains 1,000 paper cranes -- prayers for peace.

In Hijiyama Park you find the Headquarters of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission and its hospital. Here extensive research is carried out on the effects of radiation on the human body. You find the people here more concerned with these effects than anywhere else in the world. And, you agree, they have reason to be.

You find the Peace Memorial Museum with its photographs and collection of items testifying to the unleashed power of the atom.

You pause in the Peace Park before the Cenotaph beneath which, in a stone box, are the names of more than 60,000 people who perished on that day in 1945.

And you see towering nearby the rusting, battered hulk of the Industrial Exhibition Hall known now as the Atomic Dome. This is the only ruin remaining. Another reminder of what happened on that day when one era ended and another began.

You gaze at the Atomic Dome--this was near Ground Zero they tell you. You gaze at it silently and you think of a city destroyed and thousands killed by a single bomb. And you think of other places like Tokyo and Hamburg and Coventry where thousands of bombs were dropped and the results were the same. But this was it. This was the big one that changed the world.

You look around you at the Park and the Bridge and the Memorials and you think that if true peace is achieved then perhaps the sacrifice of thousands of lives will have some meaning.

So you leave and go back to the world of reality. And you read the newspapers and you listen to the newscasts and there is crisis and threat and calls to arms from each and every corner of the world.

So you wonder about the sacrifice. Is there to be a meaning to it? Or was it merely one more meaningless sacrifice on the altar of the god of war?

And if you listen closely you can hear from far Olympus the mocking laughter of Ares who knows the answer.

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Add to the files on test-tube embryo experiments a report from Hong Kong that Communist China has decided to proceed with the experiments in an effort to bring the foetus to term.

The Chinese PEOPLE'S DAILY recently carried a 3500 word article by Chang Tso-Kan, identified only as a scientist, which states that Chinese scientists are attempting to prolong the laboratory culture of the embryo to six months after which time it should be able to survive outside the culture medium as a normal baby. Chang said that research into predetermining the sex of the child is also being carried out with moderately favorable results. The final objective of the program, he indicated, is planned birthrates on the national scale.

I find that speculation on the possible results of Communist experimentation along these lines is a bit disturbing. And us without even the beginnings of an android program.

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"The future possible debauchery of scientists' discoveries for evil purposes should never, in itself, be a deterrent to the scientist."

Dr. James A. Coleman  
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Stf is becoming increasingly hard-pressed to stay ahead of the mundane world. Last year Ballantine published "The Climacticon" by Harold Livingston, a tale about a machine which measured female emotion and eliminated time-wasting preliminaries in the eternal chase.

JAPAN TIMES now carries advertisements for something called the "Detectograph" which feature a drawing of a guy looking quizzically at a gal and the text: "Does she or doesn't she? Find out for sure with the Detectograph."

No wonder we have lost our sense of wonder.

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A newsstory concerning a US-British proposal to join with the USSR in a satellite program for the detection of illegal nuclear explosions in outer space is headlined "Science-Fiction Space Patrol Proposed For A-Test Ban." This could be an indication that stf is at last being recognized as the true prophet of the conquest of space; or it could be a heinous plot to rid the world of fandom by rocketing various fen off into space in leaky ships. There is some merit in either speculation.

Science Fiction seems to be becoming a tag, in the public mind, for stories and fact articles dealing with the conquest of space. I find the thought of "space" and "science fiction" becoming interchangeable terms vastly amusing. Spacemen may become known as the "science fiction boys" and news releases on space exploration may be prefaced with "Here's the latest from the science fiction front."

But stf magazines are still called "that crazy Buck Rodgers stuff."

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The UN Scientific Committee met recently in Geneva and received a report on the increase of Strontium 90 in Japanese foodstuffs. The report indicated that the Strontium 90 content of every day Japanese food had increased four times in the past four years.

Lastish, you recall, I quoted an item regarding the increasing radioactivity of the Indian Ocean.

Getting hot enough for you?

ROY TACKETT

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Everything - or almost - has been said about Jules Verne and most of his well-known scientific novels are now available in good translations. Still, to those who would like to better understand the early continental pioneers of science-fiction, Verne is only the first step on a road which can produce some interesting and challenging meetings. Obviously the size of this small article is not adequate to present a full panorama of the European science-fiction writers of the first 10 or 20 years of this century. So we shall try to briefly present some early French writers who made rather interesting contributions to the kind of literature made famous by H. G. Wells and Verne.

Following Jules Verne the first name on our list is that of Jean de la Hire, whose works attracted some attention between 1905 and 1925. De La Hire's primary intent was to make a name for himself in juvenile literature and in this he was successful but, unfortunately, not through his novels of science-fiction. A strictly popular writer - his biggest success being the never ending adventures of "The Three Boy Scouts" - and a most prolific one, De La Hire was inspired by Wells and tried to outdo his master with a fantasy too lively and, at times, even too crude. The best examples of his style - and his many faults - are to be found in novels like "Over the Darkness", a description of life in the year 3000, or "The Adventure of the 15", the story of an expedition to Mars (both serialized in the daily Parisian newspaper, LE MATIN) and most of all in "The Bright Wheel", published in 1906.

With this latter work De La Hire clearly demonstrated all his intentions and possibilities, in telling the story of five persons captured by alien beings from Saturn.

Excluding all scientific - and even pseudo-scientific - facts and theories, De La Hire busied himself with the various incidents of his fantastic plot. First was the Bright Wheel itself, a rather primitive flying disc, which transported the five earthmen to Saturn. Once on that planet De La Hire was free to compose as he liked: elaborate landscapes with rivers of gold, green columns of smoke, metallic plants, and frightening caves in which lived the Saturnians. From Saturn the five prisoners were taken to Mercury, a savage planet, where they fall from the Bright Wheel and are captured by a race of eerie creatures whose main features are composed of one leg, one eye, and a single tentacle. Of course everything ends well with the Earthmen returning home via the Saturnian flying disc, but De La Hire is almost too systematic in avoiding any kind of rational explanation or logic. Still the whole novel has a kind of modern style, dynamic and full of never-ending surprises.

More literary in fashion, and also in intention, are two other French writers: Maurice Renard and J. H. Rosny.

Renard was the subject of a previous article of mine, published elsewhere, and I don't wish to repeat myself here. Let it be stated, however, that his "The Blue Peril," "Doctor Lerne, Sub-God", and "The Master of Light" are foremost examples of science-fiction mixed with a rather iconoclastic fantasy and are, by all means, good stories.

As to Rosny, whose main scientific item is "The Navigators of Infinite" (1921), he is considered a strictly literary writer who only incidentally used a fantastic theme. The theme is a further expedition to Mars, the plot and incidents are obvious, and as far as science is concerned, Rosny didn't bother to give many details pertaining with such a matter. Science-fiction with a poetical, or lyrical



angle seems to be the best definition one can give to "The Navigators of Infinite" involving as it does a delicate and tender romance between the courageous Earthman and the pretty Martian maiden (without nose, ears, or lips but who did have six eyes). As said Rosny tried (and succeeded) to write an "artistic" piece of fantasy. He devoted only a brief space to the description of his "stellarium" (the spaceship) and to the description of his magnetic field, but indulged with pleasure in description of the vast forests of huge mushrooms (inspired by Wells) and the peculiarities of the Martians who had flat, orange colored bodies with small legs and emitted radiation which not only destroyed all kinds of plants but also paralyzed living beings. Still, the Martians were friendly creatures and the romance ended happily. Rosny is said to have written a sequel to this novel but, to my knowledge, the manuscript has never been published.

The works of De La Hire, Renard, and Rosny, although they brought something new to fantastic and scientific literature, seem to have appeared too early to attract interest and attention. Moreover, they were all too individualistic (Renard with his philosophical implications, De La Hire with his flamboyant but too childish fantasy, Rosny with his much too subtle poetical touch) to gain any regular followers. So, in France, science-fiction almost disappeared and was employed for the most part only in cheap juvenile stories. It required some 30 years and a new generation of writers before the rise of a distinctive product.

That, of course, requires another article.

GIO SCOGNAMILLO

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I have had several requests for an impression of Japan so here with his impression of Japan is Santa Monica's Al Lewis:

Miyajima is, I think, of all the places I saw in Japan, the most beautiful. There are two ferries which ply back and forth from the mainland to the island. One of them is big, and common, and run by the Japanese Railway, and about as exciting as taking the paddle-wheeler at Disneyland. The second is run by private enterprise and keeps things honest. It is small and open, and you can feel the roll of the sea and the wind in your face and the spray as it cuts the water; it is alive and you can feel the excitement of the passengers around you, for they, too, are alive.

I remember my visit--just four years ago last week--it was a day of brilliant sunshine, an azure sea, the deep-green trees, and the startling vermillion of newly-painted temples. It was a spring day with the buds on the cherry trees not yet come into bloom, and the tourists not so many as they would be on the weekend. I remember the little harbor at the island, with broad terraced steps dipping into the sea, with white boats bobbing at anchor, the shopping arcade, wide as a street, with light brown gravel underfoot and light brown oiled paper overhead. The shadowed restaurants behind their half-opened shoji screens, quiet in the early morning but fragrant with the not-quite-sweet odor of baked rice flour. My first glimpse of that so-often-pictured torii in the sea, and the gentle lap of waters against the pillars of the temple over the water. One great wonder of a bronze lion, and the mossy coolness of a bridge that arched from nowhere to nowhere in a half-circle. The inevitable tour of school-boys in their blue shortpants and their leather book-packs, and a chattering gaggle of school girls with their books tied up in flowered silks. The great pagoda reaching up 5 stories and a story more as one comes upon it from below by a flight of stone steps. That great wooden hall that had seen so much. The roofs of the town: grey tile and brown lumber, so curiously colorless after the vibrant orange of the shrines. The view from the hill, red temple and blue sea studded with green islands, timeless in nature and yet haunted with the phantoms of a long history. I don't expect to see many places that will move me more.

AL LEWIS

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## MISTER MAUERY'S HAT

by  
Rex de Winter

Mr. Mauery paused before the mirror and adjusted his hat just so. He opened the front door of the old rooming house and walked out, closing the door carefully behind him. Mr. Mauery paused for a moment on the old-fashioned front porch to savor the aroma of the flowers growing in the yard. It should be a pleasant day. He went down the steps, along the approach walk and turned right on the main sidewalk. Great trees overhung the walk from either side making it cool and pleasant on what promised to be a hot summer day.

It was, Mr. Mauery reflected, a pleasant town. He had resided here about six weeks and found the people warm and friendly. There had been no remarks about his hat. In other towns there had been curiosity turning to speculation turning to something akin to fear and hate. He always had to move on in a matter of a few weeks. Mr. Mauery never took off his hat --except perhaps in the privacy of his own room with the doors closed and the blinds pulled down. He tried to explain that his religion required him to wear a hat at all times and that he was a very devout man. But still the townspeople usually grew curious and speculative. Mr. Mauery would have to move on. So far there had been none of that here. Perhaps at last he had found a town in which he could settle and enjoy living a peaceful life. The constant wearing of headgear didn't mark him as strange in this town. Everyone wore a head covering of some sort.

Mr. Mauery smiled as he turned into Pete's garage where he was employed as a mechanic.

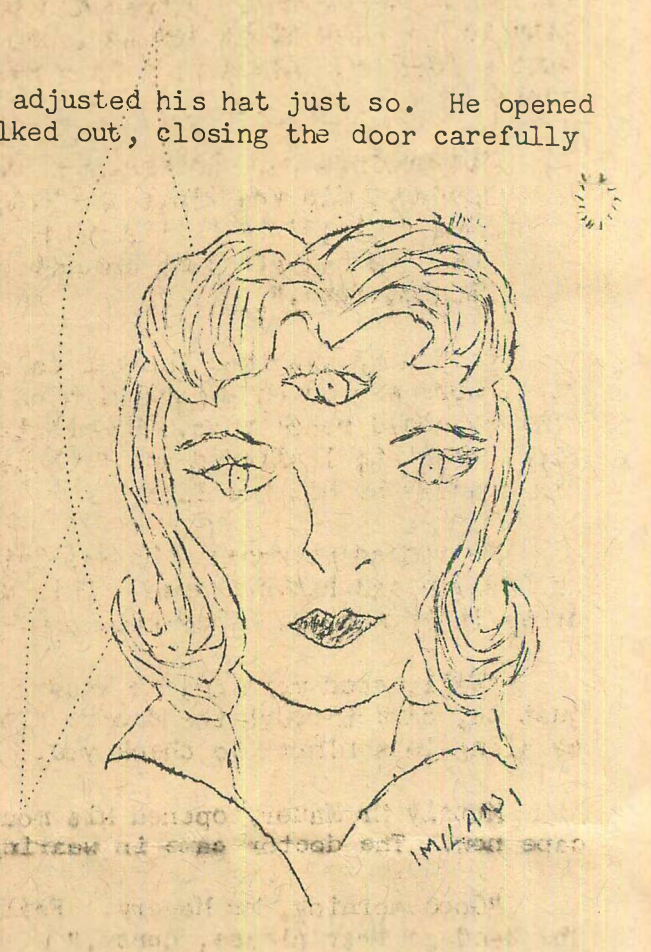
"Good morning, Pete."

"Mornin', Mauery," Pete called from the office. "'S going to be a nice day."

"It will begin to rain at 2:04 this afternoon," said Mr. Mauery. He stepped behind his locker and quickly changed his hat for a mechanic's cap. Being a mechanic had advantages. No one questioned his wearing a cap all day to keep the dirt and grease out of his hair.

"It's too bad I can't find a cover for my big mouth, too," thought Mr. Mauery. "That remark about the rain was unnecessary." His uncanny predictions had gotten him into trouble before. He recalled the last town: "Mrs Pepper will have a 7 pound 4 ounce baby boy at exactly 3:01 pm on Tuesday." Mrs Pepper had had her 7 pound, 4 ounce baby boy at exactly 3:01 p.m. on Tuesday. "No, I wouldn't bet a dime on that horse, Mr Joury; he'll lose by 2½ lengths. The horse lost by 2½ lengths.

People began to wonder. Mr Mauery had moved on.





"I've got to learn to think before I talk," he said to himself. "I don't want the people here to get the idea that I'm some sort of freak." He didn't know why he could foretell the future but apparently it had something to do with the other--the reason he wore a hat. People had told him that he could gain a fortune with his ability to make the right "guess". "But I'm not guessing," Mr Mauery mused, "and I don't want a fortune. All I want is a peaceful life and the opportunity to fit into a community."

His musings were interrupted by Pete calling to him.

"Mauery, did you finish Mr Hinge's car last night?"

"Yes I did, Pete. It's ready to go."

"OK, Mrs Loffatt just brought her car in. It needs a new exhaust pipe."

"Right, Pete."

Mr Mauery examined the car to see what type of exhaust was needed. The spare pipes were stored on a rack high on the wall and he moved a stool over to climb on so that he could reach them. He mounted the stool and stretched to grasp the spare pipe. The stool slipped and Mr Mauery fell. The loose exhaust pipe crashed against his head as he hit the floor.

Awareness returned. He was lying in a bed. Why? Then memory came back. He had fallen and hit his head. This must be a hospital. His head was bandaged. Panic arose in Mr Mauery. They knew now. He had to leave. He had to get out of there.

"Well, good morning, Mr Mauery." A girl in a trim nurse's uniform, her cap set just so, came through the door. "You had a bit of a fall, Mr Mauery. The doctor will be along in a minute to check you. Now, then, let me take your temperature."

Mutely Mr Mauery opened his mouth for the thermometer. It was too late to escape now. The doctor came in wearing his white jacket and surgeon's cap.

"Good morning, Mr Mauery. Feeling better? Let's take a look at that head. The bandage tray please, nurse."

The doctor quickly removed the bandage from Mr Mauery's head. "Ah, yes, doing very nicely. You received a small cut behind the ear and a slight concussion when you fell, Mr Mauery. Nothing to worry about. We'll keep you here a couple of days and then you should be able to return to your job. Remove the tray, nurse." The doctor turned to leave.

Mr Mauery's panic gave way to confusion. The doctor's reactions weren't right. Surely he could see -- but he gave no indication that he had noticed anything unusual.

"Doctor?" Mr Mauery spoke hesitantly.

"Yes, Mr Mauery?"

"Doctor, didn't you notice anything--ahh--unusual about me?"

The doctor smiled. "Not in the least Mr Mauery." He removed his white surgical cap.

Mr Mauery bolted upright in the bed.

"You!" he gasped, "You've got it, too! You're like me! You've got a third eye!"

"Yes," said the doctor quietly. "All of us here have the third eye. You have found your own kind, Mr Mauery."

Mr Mauery was bewildered. "I don't understand, Doctor. I thought I was alone. I thought I was just a freak."



The doctor sat down. "Elsewhere you are just that, Mr Mauery. But not here. This has become a colony of three-eyed people. There are more of us appearing all the time, Mr Mauery. All over the world. We keep watch and try to contact them and bring them here."

"I don't understand," Mr Mauery said, "What causes it?"

"We don't know for sure yet. We are trying to find the cause."

"Doctor, if almost everyone here has the third eye, why do you conceal it? Why does everyone wear a head covering?"

"There are a couple of reasons, Mr Mauery," the Doctor said. "One is that everyone was so used to wearing a head covering before they found their way here that it has become a habit. And there are tourists. A great many ordinary people pass through this town. They find nothing unusual in people wearing hats. But the sight of a person with three eyes would soon bring the world down on us."

"Aren't there any two-eyed people in town?" asked Mr Mauery.

"Oh, yes, there are several," said the doctor. "But they are aware of us and friendly to us."

"I've noticed, though, that everyone wears a hat," Mr Mauery said. "Surely, the two-eyed people have no reason for doing so?"

"Well, Mr Mauery," the doctor rose and started for the door, "remember that the two-eyed people are the minority here and since the majority of the people wear hats all the time, they would be conspicuous without them. In times like these no one wants to appear unusual or out of the ordinary. Isn't that right, Mr. Mauery?"

The doctor quietly closed the door on a thoughtful Mr Mauery.

REX de WINTER

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#### UNPAID ADS

From the general reaction I gather you like these. Only four this time and they are fairly easy. For the benefit of newcomers, the idea is to identify story and author that inspired our "advertisement". RT.

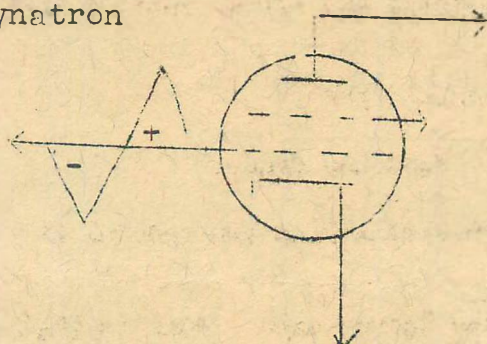
1. House for sale: Grand House, a magnificent marble edifice with some peculiar properties, located in Almirante Calif. Apply to Allison Stephens, agent for the Tannahill estate.
2. Thafahiya, the Curtain Maker, announces an exclusive showing of beach and sports clothing designed by Greenfarbs of Hollywood for use on Osiris.
3. WARNING. All travelers are warned to stay clear of the planet "Deadly" which is in the Messeir 13 group. This planet appears earthlike but the atmosphere contains elements which induce insanity. /s/ Capt M. G. Dodge, Spaceship Lance.
4. Personal. Michael Trehearne. I hate you for what you have done to the Vardda. Shairn.

"The House That Stood Still" vanVogt. 2, "Summer Wear" deCamp. 3, "Angels in the Jets" Jerome Bixby. 4, "The Starman" Leigh Brackett.



## SIGNAL VOLTAGE

Input to the  
Dynatron



BOB SMITH  
1 TIMOR STREET  
PUCKAFUNYAL, VIC.  
AUSTRALIA

I am considering organising a group dedicated to Less Deckinger in Fanzines - a restriction of ten merciful

Mike items a year. / I liked Ed Cox's column. He hit me on a tender spot, though as I had just turned out a one-shot which was definitely "off-the-cuff" and even a trifle "ghosnow"! We'll all survive, though. The yarn by Burns was more like

fact...! It was damned uncomfortable.

But if you restrict the use of Deck's output half the fmz being published would fold for lack of material. Hmmm. The idea does have merit. RT

DICK ELLINGTON

2162 HILLSIDE AVE.,  
WALNUT CREEK, CALIF.

I am summat in disagreement with your reactions to "Starship Soldier." I did four years in army intelligence myself--RA at that and it was enough to make an anarchist out of me. Don't get me

wrong, I enjoyed myself and I had a ball. But I feel a deep sympathy for the guy who isn't suited for military service and doesn't want to pull in. The draft, per se, is one of the real bone-crushing indictments of governments in general. Let's face it, if people really believed in these so-called "Ways of Life" and political systems and such other semantic garbage, they would willingly go out and defend it. But they don't and hence the draft. It's all very well to talk about this being the only fair way but what's fair about it? When a draft law is passed, the very people being drafted aren't consulted about it at all --if they were, you wouldn't have a draft. Then again, the same thing pertains to war. If you restricted the decision to go to war--any war--to only those who would have to fight it, there'd be an awful lot fewer wars.

Cox on putty tat fandom is very pleasant. I am of course an ailurophile myself and dote on all sizes and shapes of fuzzy little cats. Unfortunately ocelots and suchlike are out of my price range (dammit, why don't they increase my unemployment--fine thing when a man can't even afford to buy an ocelot...) but that's just as well as I'd probably have a couple. Actually I'm just addicted to animals in general but I do prefer cats to most others. If I had my choice and plenty of room I'd have half a dozen cats (I only have five now) four or five dogs (Salukis perhaps and giant mastiffs), an ocelot or small leopard, a mongoose, a skunk, a bear, several king snakes, a monkey, hunting eagles, a parrot and Ghu only knows what else.

You really interested about alligators in the sewers of New York? It seems that people in N.Y. have the habit of picking up those cute little baby alligators for their kids and then tiring of them quickly. At this point they just flush them down the toilet. So one day this sewer inspector is walking through the mains and sees this silly log which he steps on and then yelps like mad as it jumps and snaps at his legs. The alligators throve like mad on sewer life and they had to send down teams of men with rifles to knock them off and they seriously doubt they got all of them. For real.

You figure on charging admission to that zoo? Thanks for the info on the gators. Fascinating aspect of city life. RT



ALAN BURNS  
GOLDSPINK HOUSE,  
GOLDSPINK LANE,  
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE 2,  
ENGLAND

I'd like to use your pages to foster a project raised in AMR. (probably with tongue in cheek) namely founding a demonological union. I think fandom has room for one. Anybody interested please write to me--it's time someone raised a little hell in fandom.

I argue strongly against Philip Lee Ralph because he has missed the full meaning of science. Now too often--no, I'll say always--science deals only with physical things and neglects the delicate forces which I class as supraphysical. Take any scientific formula. How accurate is it? Let's take a simple one: force equals mass times acceleration. It's accurate, yes, in the physics lab, maybe. But you have light constantly smashing into things--do they move? No. So the formula breaks down. Take the concept of entropy, of the Van der Waals equation of state, the concepts of Thermodynamics, like the first law. When this was trotted out I boned the lecturer about atomic energy; she said that the law had been rewritten to include it. I don't call a law a law until it is 100% cast-iron inviolate. All this is why, though I'm a chemist by trade and technically educated I sincerely believe and practice witchcraft; it is getting into the field where laws become absolute and not mere hypotheses.

X Can't say that I agree, Alan. I'm a bit dubious about this calling up demons stuff even when an extra dimension or two is thrown in by way of explanation. While I grant that there may be something in it, until Nick or one of his associates looks me up and offers to make a deal I reserve the right to view the whole proceedings with extreme skepticism. RTX

KEN CHESLIN  
18, NEW FARM ROAD,  
STOURBRIDGE, WORCS.,  
ENGLAND

There are a lot of stories (like "And then there were none") that suppose that worlds were colonised by..splinter groups..or like that...that's what we could do with--one or two (for safety) great dirty ships to cart all fandom away from

it all. We'll all gafia together.

X Don't think we could take it. It's mad enough getting a few together for a convention every so often. RTX

A3C ROBIN WOOD  
AF 19655527,  
63RD C&E MAINT SQDN  
BOX 274  
DONALDSON AFB, S.C.

Something is happening to stf. No mags to speak of. Naturally FANTASTIC and AMAZING are improving. With less mags and (I assume) approximately the same amount of yarns for sale, they're bound to get anold of some of the better stuff. I just hope they can keep it up. I still can't picture them going as far as being the best stf rag around, tho. For my money F&SF is the best thing around. It's literary.



I don't care what it says in Dynatron, you are not starting any "coven" in this club.



WOOD, cont'd AMAZING and FANTASTIC have a disgusting tendency to lean toward space opera. I'm perfectly willing to put across an extra nickle for F&SF's format. You know you're getting some quality with that mag. So maybe it's personal taste. You can't talk me out of it.

And South Carolina is naturally a hellhole as usual. Hope New Mexico, and California and Japan and all such places are doing better. This place is SICK. Ho, hum, I guess you already know that, tho.

I agree with this bit about treating tue magazines just like any other pulp, as far as advertising goes. Anybody knows that advertising is what magazines live on. Just what it is that keeps the stf rags going I don't know--unless it's devotion or undying loyalty or something. Now of course we know that stf fiction isn't just sex and gore pulp fiction, we know it is Different and Good and Literary and like that. But meanwhile, while we keep Nasty Advertising out of science fiction (with the exception of anything dealing with the mystic organization in San Jose that is not a religious organization and the Red Cross, etc) the number of stf magazines declines and those surviving are busily hiking prices to survive.

Must admit to being a bit hasty when I labeled AMZ as #1 zine last time. After doing a bit of reconsidering and coming I once again came up with ANALOG, which may be only a shadow of ASTOUNDING but still runs some pretty good stuff. As you say, this is personal opinion. Thinking back on this argument about pulp advertising it strikes me that we'll have to look elsewhere as there aren't any pulps any more either. Yes, I have an acquaintance with conditions in S.C. RTX

JON WHITE Dorothy Hartwell writes in a cross between Richard  
90 RIVERSIDE DRIVE Matheson and Hemingway. Good. The best thing in  
NEW YORK 24, N.Y. the ish was "Fan Fare" with "The Psycho Ward" a  
close runner-up. "Fan Fare" would have been really swell in a MAD-type cartoon panel. "An Age of Kings" stinks! Jesus you chopped up my column.

Jesus had nothing to do with your item being chopped. I did it all myself. You getting the same zine as everyone else? I ran no "Age of Kings". RTX

MIKE DECKINGER I can't help but protest Sample's list of the top five  
31 CARR PLACE, letterhacks of the year. Granted Warner may be in  
FORDS, N. J. first place but Les must get damn few fmz if he assumes Nirenberg is 2nd or Vic Ryan fourth. Redd Boggs belongs in 4th or 5th place and I think that I (no false modesty here) am entitled to at least 3d spot. If Sample wants to set this Letterhack Survey up he should at least get his names accurate.

Dorothy Hartwell's story wasn't bad--I think. That is, I'm still confused about her motive behind it. The writing is good but there are several inconsistencies that just don't gibe.

I'd be just as happy if the prozines kept away from the blocks of house ads that filled the pulps. It's not exactly pleasant to open a sf pulp and come face to face with a rupture easer ad. I've often wondered if the manufactures of these devices expected ruptured persons to read sf pulps.

As Betty Whatshername must know by now, Big John in the Vatican objected to the experiments creating a human foetus and the scientists



DECKINGER, cont'd reluctantly abandoned their tests. Of course what these scientists fail to realize is that we got enough people here born of the old, reliable, time-tested method. No sense in creating a new one when the old one works just as well.

Is there some reason why someone with a rupture shouldn't read stf? On to a letter from Betty Whatshername. RT

BETTY KUJAWA  
2819 CAROLINE,  
SOUTH BEND 14, IND. Hope to see more of Sample's "Psycho Ward" column in issues to come. He's asking here about where are all the femme-fannes--where were they ever? Juanita tells me there never were too too many at any time--anyway I'm here...says Betty.

I'm flunking regularly and miserably with this Unpaid Ads quiz but keep it up. Someday I'll get 'em all right. I thought the Dorothy Hartwell tale beautifully done and this comes from one who usually does not like this sort of thing too much, you know.

But, oh my, the Best of the Issue Award goes to Baxter and his "Fan-Fare spoof!!! Now that had me laffin' and laffin'.

Now where did Craig Cochran get all that info on trees?? Never thought of him being hip to what a tree consists of, did you?

Am shuddering over Deckinger's advice on how to foil the pursuing motor cop--ouch-- kick it up to 70 and then swerve down a side road, indeed. Knocking off a few poor innocent bystanders or pedestrians who were merely returning home from their daily rounds of stealing a loaf of bread, perhaps?

Didn't you know about Craig? The reason he is so well versed on trees is because he is one. Well, more of a cactus. RT

CRAIG COCHRAN  
467 W. 1ST ST.,  
SCOTTSDALE, ARIZ. I hate to say it, but I think Les's top five letter-hacks is a bit off. What's he doing, counting mailing comments, or like that?

Ah, sweet Deckinger. Comes to DYNATRON with his "Parting of the Ways" which didn't have the surprise ending I thought it was going to have. The writesmanship is excellent, but all that space is taken up for nothing, it seems. No point to it; nothing said. I at least thought the old man would turn out to be a toy soldier, a male tree, or a psychotic killer!

Nothing like giving Dottie's story a special effect: you printed one page upside down, ya scruff!

Yuk yuk, but there's nothing like a ghod bit of fan humor and dear old John Baxter succeeded this issue. But John, you spoiled my enjoyment of Brahms Near Finished Concerto in G Minor.

Who needs to go to Malaya to find ape men? I know of quite a few specimens in one of the neighboring towns that'd fit perfectly into the category. Of course, the forehead sticks out from the indented eyes and they have an overlarge jaw with huge, ugly teeth sticking out of their rough looking mouth. They're a little hunched over and have big, musclebound, hairy arms (not to mention chests; you should see the ape-women!), and long toe nails. They carry around clubs, jawbones, and 17 year old girls; they eat raw meat and dynatrons, too, but outside of those few characteristics, they fit perfectly into the category of ape-man. I'll trade you 5 Chewy Bubble Gum wrappers for the rocket pictures in ANALOG.

Craig, you found my hometown of Bury-your-dead, Ariz. No, you are confused. The 1st page of Dottie's story was OK. The rest of the zine was upside down. RT



AL LEWIS  
706 SAN LORENZO ST.  
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

The two pieces by Deckinger and Dot Hartwell are interesting respectively as bad and good attempts at mood pieces. Deckinger has much the better lines, yet Dot Hartwell has written rings around him. The difference, I think, is this: that Deckinger, enchanted by the sound of his own words, has forgotten form, has forgotten that any story, no matter how introspective, has got to go somewhere, not in a physical sense perhaps, but in a psychological sense. Mike's best line is his first, and in a page and a half we learn nothing that is not contained in that first line. Every time he seems as though he were going to say something, he becomes banal again. "But years slip by quickly, all too quickly when they really mean something, and they do have meaning." Everything Mike says serves to diffuse the meaning of his scene rather than to focus it. Dot Hartwell is just where she was at the end of her piece as she was at the beginning, but that sentence has tremendously more meaning at the end of the story than it did at the beginning. We have been somewhere, even if only in the mind. It is no masterpiece, but it is successful in precisely what Dot has set out to do. Both Dot and Mike set out to paint a picture with words; Dot succeeded because she did not forget that art requires conscious craftsmanship. % Hmm, so that's how it is made.

%Yep. And you're the first one to get it exactly right. RT%

RUTH BERMAN  
5620 EDGEWATER BLVD  
MINNEAPOLIS 17, MINN.

Les Sample: There is an Oz Club. The Wizard of Oz Club, Justin Schiller, 2038 East 64th St., Brooklyn 34, N.Y. Dues \$1.50 the first year and \$1.00 per year thereafter. A small group, but it puts out a fairish magazine called the BAUM BUGLE. Justin is its director and dictator, and he cannot punctuate which gives the BUGLE rather a messy appearance, but otherwise it's quite good.

%Thanks, Ruth. I'll pass the rest of the info along to Les whenever I find out where he's hiding. After his item last time maybe they put him in a ward. RT%

Some of the overseas post arrived too late for inclusion but HELMUT KLEMM wants to know way US fandom is all down on Galaxy. I don't think we're particularly down on Galaxy, it's just that it prints lousy yarns. ALAN DODD suggests that letters of comment to Dynatron be interspersed with news items ala the editorial column and proceeds to do just that. Such as: "The cover wasn't much but what there was was all right. The hole in the Nottingham pavement was still there tonight reports the BBC. The police are looking into it." He also sends stacks of amusing clippings from the London papers. ALAN BURNS opines that I had better stay away from California after mentioning that it actually does rain there. Only when shipped in from the Great Swamps, Alan. He protests the misunderstanding of witches and witchcraft which (witch?) he says is essentially a human religion whose ritual has been distorted in the telling by unbelievers.

XXXXX

If those National Science Foundation people who are drilling holes in the ocean bottom off Guadalupe Island were to bring in an artesian well, would you say that they had made a fountain out of a Mohole?

XXXXX

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L.A. ONCE MORE - IN SIXTY FOUR  
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## THE ENDLESS STREAM

There have been roughly a half-dozen new entries since the last time around. None spectacular.

SEZ WHO #1. Jeff Wanshel, 6 Beverly Pl, Larchmont, N.Y. Irregular. This is a letter of comment substitute and I suppose the only way to get it is to send your zine to Jeff. His fmz reviews are interesting and well written.

NEOFAN #1. Owen M. Hannifen, 16 Lafayette Pl, Burlington, Vt. 15¢ or Trade. Irregular? Presumably a N'APazine branching out into general circulation. Thin but with seemingly good potential. Hannifen appears to be fascinated by the LASFS. Gad, what a fate.

ZYMURGY #1. Richard Koogle, 5916 Revere Pl, Dallas 6, Tex. Trade or LoC. Supposedly monthly but only this one issue has shown up to my knowledge. This one is sloppy but has possibilities. #1 contains an excellent article on hectoing by Rapp and a curious thing by Bradley.

FLUSH #1. Larry Williams, 74 Maple Rd., Longmeadow 6, Mass. 25¢. Bimonthly. An overpriced purple blob. But enthusiastic. Ghod how enthusiastic!

SCIENCE FICTION READER #1. William E. Neumann, 2537 S. 94th St., West Allis, 19, Wisc. 25¢. No schedule listed. The editor of this one says that this is to be a vehicle for amateur fiction. It will fill a need, I suppose, since most faneds won't touch fan fiction. Trish isn't too good but judgement deferred until I see #2.

BEDLAM #1. Mike Deckinger, 31 Carr Pl., Fords, N.J. LoC or Trade. Irregular. What are you trying to say, Mike? I can't figure out whether you are planning to become a beatnik or one of Ayn Rand's "new intellectuals". Either way I think you ought to take BEDLAM out into the Jersey swamps and bury it and revive HOCUS which was better than your latest effort. Don Fitch's letter was good but the rest---sheesh---garbage.

XXXXX

I mailed off my Hugo nomination ballot a few days ago. My lineup for the fmz and prozines:

- |                               |               |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. NEW FRONTIERS (Metcalf)    | 1. ANALOG     |
| 2. YANDRO (Coulson)           | 2. AMAZING    |
| 3. WARHOON (Bergeron)         | 3. NEW WORLDS |
| 4. DISCORD (Boggs)            | 4. F&SF       |
| 5. SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES (LASFS) | 5. FANTASTIC  |

XXXXX

"Then in 1952, Don Ford and a person...lost to me, resurrected said fund to bring Walt Willis to the '42 Con -- in Chicago. The entire mess was very successful. It was decided (on the strength of 1962 and Willis) to do it each year." -- Paul Shingleton in T&B5.

Better send for an engineer, Paul. I think the time machine has flipped its lid.

XXXXX



## ONTO THE SHELF

This column is open for contributions. Jon White is guest reviewer this time.

SOME OF YOUR BLOOD by Theodore Sturgeon. Ballantine Books, 1961, 143pp, 65¢.

This is Sturgeon's sixth novel, and the second non-fantasy published under his own name (his other non-fantasy was I, Libertine, under the pseudonym of Frederick R. Ewing). I am happy to say that Sturgeon has dug himself out of the mire. After "Venus Plus X" this was a joy.

The book is composed almost entirely of manuscripts, letters, and transcriptions of conversations, a method which has been used before (Bram Stoker in "Dracula", Wilkie Collins in "The Moonstone", etc) and will doubtless be used again, even though it is entirely superfluous to the book.

"Some of Your Blood" is the case history of George Smith, a very disturbed young man. His mother bled from the breast when suckling him as a baby and consequently the milk-comfort connotation is replaced by blood-comfort in George. Thereafter, whenever George needs comfort, is lonely or disoriented, he craves for blood. This is somewhat far-fetched but Sturgeon presents the case convincingly.

The first half of the book is taken up with George's manuscript, an autobiography written in the third person. For an ill-educated country lad, George displays an enormous facility with words. He is eloquent and perceiving. George's manuscript is written in what I call Sturgeon's Very Own Imitation of Salinger. Sturgeon has used this style before, but never in such length and so successfully. You might even call George a perverted Holden Caulfield. The manuscript is the most successful part of the book.

However, at times the style is a little painful. George refers to his parents as "the father" and "the mother". Sturgeon tries too hard. Although we come away from the manuscript feeling that George has told his life completely, we are to find that it is full of holes. George does not mention his "sickness", his modern vampirism.

Through some literary detective work a psychiatrist realizes George's disturbance. The interviews reach a truly terrifying peak as the psychiatrist probes deeper and arouses George's desire for blood.

This is a very successful novel for its intent and purpose. It is also Sturgeon's neatest book. All ends are tied up and the package is complete and compact. Sturgeon is striving towards something new: perhaps a new form of literature or maybe just a new style.

JON WHITE

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Rereading that I get a sinking feeling that I should have sent it back along with the other stuff. Oh, well.

RT

XXXXXX

Wanted: Tape respondents. Tapes promptly answered. Arguments welcome.

XXXXXX



TO:

Jon White  
Bucks Rock Work Camp  
Near Milford  
Conn