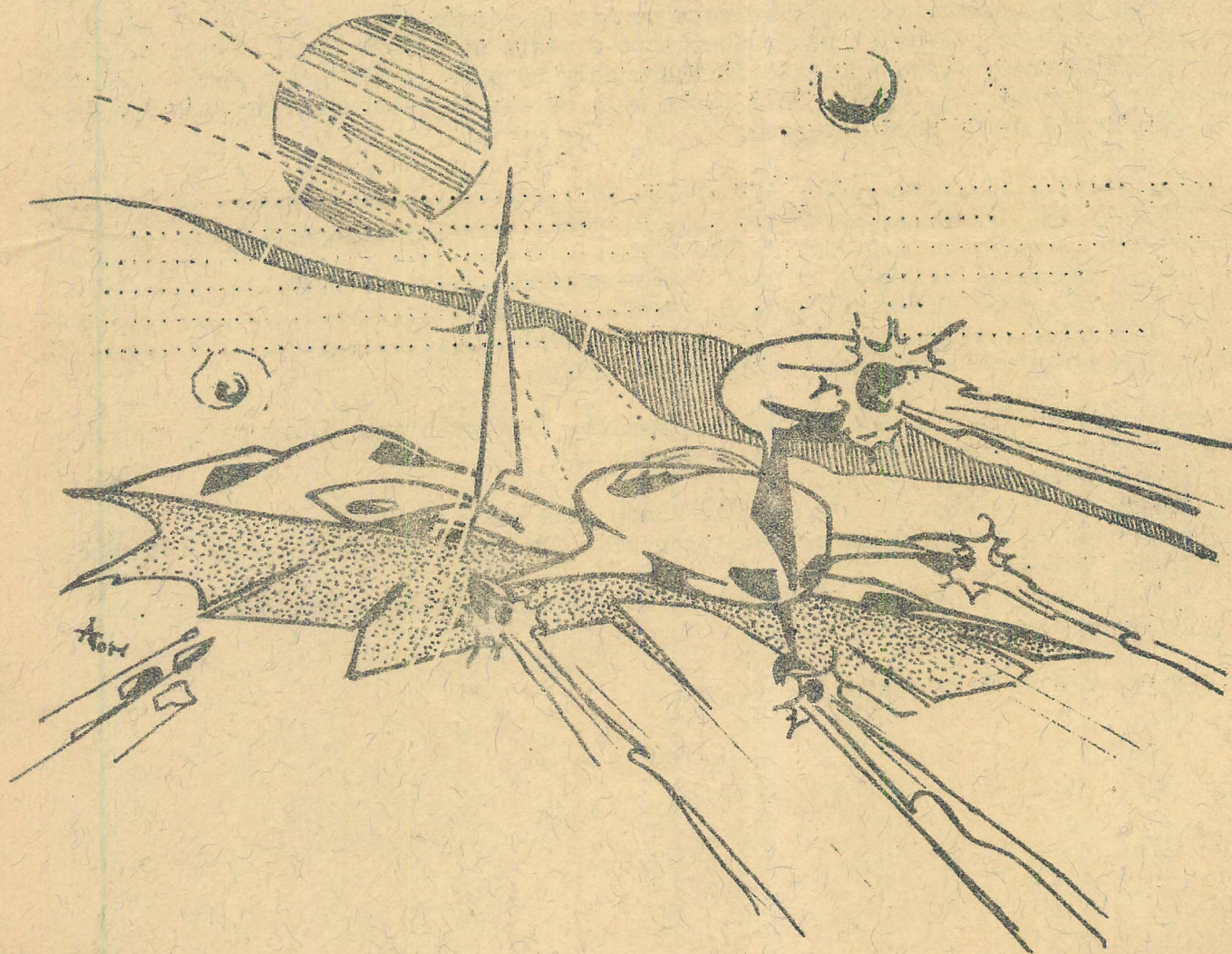


DYNATRON

22



I must say that I was quite surprised by the protests over my attempts to make some changes in Dynatron. It appears that you, dear reader, like Dynatron pretty much as it was. OK, so we're through fooling around with it. We are back on the trail and you bums in NAPA who thought you were going to get this for free can think again. You'll get a zine in NAPA but it won't be this one.

Ho, there, this

is DYNATRON 22, or the twenty-tooth as EdCo would say, and aren't you surprised, Buck Coulson? I am. DYNATRON is a sort of amateur type thing, sometimes called a fanzine, or something like that (what's a crudzine anyway?) loosely devoted to the discussion of Science-Fiction and Fantasy ((not to be confused with FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION which is something else, man)) plus other interesting topics such as Norman Letcalf's publication facilities and Buck Coulson's mustache. He'd doesn't really have one, you know, Juanita paints it on every morning. DYNATRON is published --pay attention now--every other month by Roy and Chrystal Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, USofA. In accordance with our policy of having a new policy with each issue we are happy to announce our new policy: viz., (whateverthatmeans) Dynatron will cost you five (5) unused four cents (4¢) stamps per issue unless we trade or something. (Trade? Oh, heheheheh) Unless you happen to be one of those overseas types. Damfino what arrangement you can make. How about one of you Limeys becoming our European agent? We send out copies to contributors which doesn't include letterhacks unless you live in some far off corner of the world like Argentina. We also send copies to people just for the hell of it now and again--sometimes it sends them into a state of shock. DYNATRON is a Marinated Publication--yes, we marinate it thoroughly to give it the green color--and this issue is dated August, 1964. Next issue will be out in October. The deadline is Yom Kippur and we do need material.

COVER.....by Arthur Thomson.....Where else?
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Cover lettering quite probably stolen from YANDRO.

Since we are starting a new and revised mailing list with this issue we'd better use the little boxes. You got this because:

- () You've subscribed. To issue #
- () You're in CAPA and I don't have to check this box.
- () Your name is Smit or Baxter but I can sing "Waltzing Matilda" louder than you.
- () Trade, I guess.
- () I don't know either but if you enjoy this issue we'd enjoy hearing from you.
- () Think up your own silly reason.

ED COX, doodle in this space:

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

I have once again given my all for the National Fantasy Fan Federation. Which is to say that I've just finished publishing an issue of TIGHTBEAM, the club's letterzine. It is quite an experience under the most ordinary circumstances but I usually seem to get involved when things are a bit out of the ordinary.

Ken Krueger

was supposed to put out the March TIGHTBEAM (#24) but ran into various problems and TB24 didn't appear when scheduled. Correspondence flew and/or crawled back and forth between N3F officials and Krueger and Hayes and me. Hayes (J. Arthur, that is) was to do the May TB (#25). Somewhere along the line Hayes decided that his issue was really the March issue so he published TB24 along about the end of May. He also announced that I would do the May issue, the deadline for which would be 1 June. The hell you say, I said. There was also in Hayes' issue a letter from N3F President Don Franson stating that we'd be back on schedule with my issue but nobody paid any attention to that.

So at the end of May everybody in Neffer-neffer land received a copy of TIGHTBEAM 24 published by Art Hayes. The first of June they received a copy of TIGHTBEAM 24 published by Ken Krueger. I thought maybe they were starting a new trend or something and was all set to number my issue as #24, too, but concluded, when the letters started coming in, that Hayes and Krueger had managed to get all the Neffers even more confused than usual and that I had better don my shining armor and straighten things out. I numbered my issue as #26 and patiently explained things to the membership. Now I'm awaiting issue #27, pubbed by Ira Lee Riddle (with a bit of help, no doubt, from the old Peon himself) to find out how much confusion my explanation caused.

Man, I'll bet there's a bunch of unhappy letterhacks reading TB 26. I received more than 40 pages of letters for that issue and you know me, chums, it is a rare day when I put out more than 20 pages of anything. I hacked those 40 plus pages down to fit a 20 page zine, complete with cover, a half-page mailer, and lots of editorial comment. I'll be burned in effigy. Not to mention various other towns.

But it was fun and the hardest part was collating the 350 copies of that issue. I got dizzy going round the table. And it's a rectangular table at that. Current subjects in TB are discussions of psionics, neofen, religion, neofen, various other things, and neofen. It's all good fun and games and if you aren't now in the N3F, send two bucks to Janie Lamb, Rt 1, Box 364, Heiskell, Tennessee 37754. The ol' Neff isn't really so bad--if you don't get too serious about it that is. How about that, Monroe?

If you, like me, are one of those who grew up with the pulps and feel nostalgic about those old, ragged-edged magazines with their thud-and-blunder yarns, you will appreciate THE PULP ERA, published by Lynn Hickman, 500 North St., Hannibal, Missouri 63401. THE PULP ERA is a fine, multi-lithed, fanzine containing studies of the old pulps--not just stf but all the pulps--that are both serious and entertaining. It also contains some of the finest artwork in fandom. THE PULP ERA is scheduled for quarterly publication and the price is 35¢ per issue. Well worth it.

UNCONSCIOUS APPROPRIATENESS DEPARTMENT: Now and again I listen to LIFELINE. LIFE-
LINE is a Conservative radio program which seems to be devoted to condemning such
things as the U. S. Government, Communism, Education, and the 20th Century. The pro-
gram comes on here immediately after the 9:00 p.m. news and if I happen to be busy I
let it run a while before I switch over to the baseball game. Usually the man doing
the talking is taking off on the Communists and/or Socialists whom he calls "the
mistaken" or on some mysterious "they" in the Federal Government. "They" do not in-
clude the President or the Congress but are the ones who are out to turn the country
over to the Reds. I keep listening in hopes that someday one of these commentators
will tell me who "they" are.

A few weeks ago the subject under attack was pornog-
raphy. I was told that it is flooding the nation; that it is responsible for all
sorts of heinous crimes including rape, incest, and child-molesting; plus, of course,
the rising tide of socialism.

One of the features of LIFELINE is that listeners are
urged to purchase copies of the script to distribute to their friends. (If I did I
wouldn't have many friends left.)

"For three typed copies of tonight's script," the
announcer said, "send 25¢ to LIFELINE, Washington, D.C. Be sure to specify Program
Number 69."

The hottest subject around here at the present time is not the weather, which
has been dry and in the high 90s, but Project 1970. The mere mention of it in the
North or South Valley brings screams of anguish and a vast amount of argument.

Project 1970 is a scheme put forward by the City Manager of Albuquerque for the even-
tual annexation of most of Bernalillo County into the city.

As is the case with
most areas of the West, the population of this area is growing at an alarming rate.
In 1940 the population of Albuquerque was slightly more than 35,000; in 1950 it was
close to 150,000 and in 1960 the count for the city proper was around 235,000 with
another 25,000 or so living in the suburbs. The suburbs consisted mostly of the
North and South Valleys generally given over to small farms and rural-type residences.
The sort of area referred to as "rurban" by those who coin such descriptive terms.
(Not all the fanspeak is spoken in fandom.) There were a few local communities but
not of them were incorporated.

Then in 1958 the Village of Los Ranchos de Albuquer-
que came into being when some North Valley residents got together and decided that
some sort of zoning regulations were needed to keep out undesirable commercial en-
terprises. The Village set its boundaries, held an election, and was chartered by
the state as an incorporated community. We are located a couple of miles north of
the Albuquerque city limits.

The sudden appearance of a new community in its back-
yard didn't set to well with the municipal government of Albuquerque. It dawned on
city officials that while they had been concentrating on expanding the city east-
wards the North and South Valleys had been quietly growing. As of now it is estima-
ted that 30,000 people reside in the South Valley and 10,000 in the North Valley.
Albuquerque officials began to take steps towards expanding the city to the north and
south. A few small areas in the South Valley were annexed into the city and the
city's representatives in the state legislature went to work. Last year they were
able to push through a bill which decreed that no new community could be incorporated
within five miles of the municipal limits of another community and that any unincor-
porated area which had been completely surrounded by a municipality for five years
could be annexed into the municipality without reference to the residents of the
area.

Ah, so! Now the plot begins to thicken.

Have you considered drafting Tyrannical Al Lewis as N3F President?

The Albuquerque City Manager announced Project 1970/ a couple of months ago. Project 1970/ called for the immediate annexation to the city of a strip of land 100 feet wide which would completely encircle the North and South Valley areas so that after five years these areas could be annexed into the city at leisure without consulting the residents of the Valley. As one unnamed municipal official put it, "As soon as we do this they can bitch all they want to and it won't do them any good." Part of this 100' strip would take a detour to surround the Village of Los Ranchos to insure that our community will not expand any further. (This is fine with me since we're just about the right size now. Any growth would mean that we'd begin taking in people who would begin to press for municipal services and this and that and the first thing we'd know taxes would be going up and we'd be just another damn town.)

Of course Project 1970/ brought all sorts of protests from the people it would effect. The city manager pointed out--and rightly--that some sort of central control of water and sewage is necessary. Those of us outside the city have wells and septic tanks and as the population grows and lots are sub-divided the danger of contamination of the water supply and of an epidemic also increases. Harry Warner pointed out, in a recent letter, that this situation had occurred in his area. However, most valley residents look on Project 1970/ simply as a land-grab and can see nothing in it except the prospect of increased taxes.

The city goofed by not selling the plan before putting it into operation. I gather that the meeting of the city council at which the plan was adopted was a pretty high-handed affair with the city councilmen telling those who were there to protest that their arguments didn't make any difference since they had decided to adopt the plan and the public hearing was just a formality.

Another formal bit was the granting of an injunction by a local judge which has, for the time being, blocked Project 1970/. The issue is still in doubt.

As with many things I find myself agreeing with the end but not the means. The City Manager is right when he says disease doesn't respect the city limits and that a central control of water and sewage is necessary. Already some wells are becoming contaminated with detergents and this contamination can certainly increase. I like the idea because once the city gets water and sewage lines out in this area those of us in the Village will be able to hook-on at a fraction of what the cost would be now. But I think the city officials are acting dictatorily and extra-legally and that the question of annexation should be submitted to a referendum. That would be doing it the hard way but it wouldn't violate the rights of the people.

As usual, of course, I've had my say in the newspaper letter column and seem to have gained the approval of some of the local ultra-right. I've received letters saying that "I don't usually agree with you but in this case you're right" said letters being decorated with a variety of stickers telling me that "This is a Republic, not a Democracy. Let's keep it that way", and "Wake up America, they're only 90 miles away." There has also been a sampling of ultra-rightist anti-government propaganda.

Rather unamusing these far-right radicals. They have wrapped themselves solidly in the flag and proclaim in loud voices their patriotism and devotion to the country yet their propaganda is strictly un-American. Not amusing at all.

THE FOOLS OF TIME by William E. Barrett, a Pocket Cardinal Book #50003. 50¢. Chrystal stumbled across this one while browsing at the newsstand the other day and called my attention to it. Barrett has written "The Left Hand of God" and "The Lillies of the Field" among others. ("Lillies of the Field" is a fine movie, by the way) I suspect he has done short stories, too, for he shoots the sheriff in the first paragraph.

The scene is Denver and the main character is George Donlin, editor of the "Denver Dispatch". The time is now. And the news is an item from Yugoslavia that Russian medical research has perfected an anti-catabolic serum which arrests the

aging process. From now on age will be treated as a disease for which a remedy exists. There is the usual disbelief, of course, with the newsmen commenting on how the American public hardheadedly disbelieves that the Russians can do anything. (But does he consider that the reason for this attitude lies with the press?) The rumor proves out true and the Russians put a few of their rejuvenated senior citizens on display.

Ah, much concern in official and unofficial circles about the "time gap". Comes on the scene David Gerson, a discredited M.D., a specialist in cancer research, et cetera. "Of course it's true," says Dr. Gerson, "I invented the serum."

And away we go. Dr. Gerson becomes a national institution in a national institution. We've got to catch up with the Russians, you know.

The serum turns out to be a Greek Gift. Like, the old Greeek gods were always bestowing gifts—which usually had a joker involved.

The yarn doesn't. Barrett writes well. His characters are believable and the story flows smoothly. He has much to say about present day conditions, the American image, government, and the feud between the newspapers and the broadcasting types. (True, H. Warner? Do you feud with the local television people?). This one is worth your four bits. Is it stf? Ummmm. Yes.

HELP!

Er, I find myself in a rather embarrassing position. Except for a bit of fiction the files are empty. I don't have anything for the next issue. Very little for this one. My own fault, of course. I've been messing around with Dynatron, changing the schedule, flirting with N'APA, and all and contributions of material quit coming in. Can't blame the contributors for Dynatron showed signs of being unhealthy. Not really. Just tired. But I think we are back on the path now and so I would appreciate it if you would consider Dynatron as the place for that article. The only restriction I place on material for Dynatron is that it must pertain to fantasy or science-fiction. Biographies, bibliographies, old book reviews, new magazine reviews, old magazine reviews, new book reviews, notes towards a definition, what have you. If you're going to send fiction, do me a favor: send along an envelope and a stamp so I can send it back. Fiction we get in the form of Stf Forever! and other such items. Deadline for the next issue is Yom Kippur. We can use material with the light touch such as Coulson's book reviews or that dreadfully dry--except to serious fen--stuff such as Benyo's bibliography. Dig it out and send it along. Much grass.

Earl A. Thompson, 4923 South Parsons, Apt 2, Pico Rivera, Calif., 90661, sent along the following via N3F mail. It's a clipping from the Reader's Forum of the LA Herald-Examiner of 13Jun64. It seems as if they are always with us, no?

"Jules Verne was an entertaining science-fiction writer. He used his imagination to create people and situations that could not be accepted today by sane people as fact. That was all perfectly proper because it didn't inflict a hardship on the taxpayers of his time.

"It is my candid opinion that some of the scientists responsible for furthering our space program belong in asylums. They are prognosticators of the impossible. The fallacy of putting men on the moon, is to say the least, ridiculous. If Almighty God ever intended for man to invade the universe and his planets, He would have made it easier for us to do so. It's moon money madness.

"The crime as I see it, is the enormous amount of money being wasted that could be provided for far more worthy projects such as feeding and rehabilitating millions of starving human beings.

"The so called foreign aid program is supposed to accomplish that, but falls far short of its objective; a lot of the money falling into Communist hands. When will all this insanity cease? Who are these men who are determined to change the orderly manner of things into chaos?"

Thanks, Earl. Proof once again that fandom has no monopoly on nuts. Boy, what I could have done with that in the letter section.

I am not, I suspect, cut out to be an astronaut. Not under the current conditions anyway. I don't think I could make it in one of those little capsules.

I have a cousin with the carnival. He comes to town about once a year and we take the opportunity to do a bit of visiting and let Diana and Rene enjoy the various rides. They insist that I must get on with them. Oh boy!

The kids have a ball with all the flying and twisting and whathaveyou. I just turn green. I get the impression that my years of dissipation are catching up with me. I used to be able to enjoy carnival rides but I think my speed is now the merry-go-round. Provided it doesn't go round too fast.

I'll go into space when they can provide me with first class accommodations and a nice smooth ride.

Do you remember how it was going to be? We read about it back in Uncle Hugo's day. And in all the zines before the war. Then when the war ended with the big bang the pros had a field day. They wiped Earth clean for about three years and then decided that maybe we wouldn't at that and went back to telling us how it was going to be. We're still reading about it. I'm talking about the blessings of atomic energy. Man, it was going to be wonderful. All that unlimited power. Cheap power. Earth would be transformed. The deserts would blossom. We'd all sit back and let the power of the atom take over and remake the world. Light me another of those pure Havanas. Sure.

So the atomic age is two decades old. What have we got to show for it? Where's all the wonders? Well, we've got two or three plants scattered about the country producing electricity. Not very much electricity and it's not very cheap. We've got a handful of submarines powered by nuclear reactors--sort of. And there's the N.S. Savannah. It's an atomic-powered "merchant" ship. Not that it carries any cargo or anything but there it is. Yes, sir, the wonders of the atomic age. We've got more big bangs now than we could use in a thousand years.

So what's the answer? There's damn little to show for the past 20 years. Nuclear-powered ships are proven feasible but Congress hesitates to authorize their construction--a tribute to the oil lobby, no? The government keeps setting up "pilot" desalting plants at great cost and little return. Couldn't it be done cheaper with atomic power?

Maybe I expect too much. Maybe I've been reading stf too long. It seems to me that we drag our feet. I think we're getting the run-around.

Ah, well, there's always ANALOG.

Buck Coulson remarks that R. C. Sherriff's THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT is lousy stf. It is. Another example of the inability of prominent mainstream writers to write speculative fiction--palatable speculative fiction. Sherriff seemed completely ignorant of basic science. The situation he postulates is completely impossible. Very bad stf. Pretty good character study, though. Edgar Hopkins comes through quite well and the story moves right along. The new Macmillan edition is worthwhile if you can pick it up cheap. Don't rush for it, though. You don't miss much if you miss it.

On the personal side--my daughter, Diana, spent two weeks at the Girl Scouts' camp in the Jemez Mountains. She had a wonderful time and got in lots of horseback riding which pleased her. Chrystal also got more than her share of riding. The Scout office called and asked her to help take a troop of older scouts on a 9 day trip into the Gila Wilderness in Southwestern New Mexico. 9 days on horseback. She had a great time and the girls and I batched for a while. With my mother's help, of course.

One of Diana's companions at camp was a Navajo girl from Window Rock, Ariz. After the session was over we put her on a bus for her home. Willis will be happy to hear that Greyhound still operates with it's usual efficiency--the bus was an hour late leaving the station.

A late note on Project 1970--it is no longer an issue. At the hearing on the case the judge granted a permanent injunction against it commenting that it was a rather ridiculous idea. The city will now have to go to work and sell the idea to valley residents. Which is as it should be.

Did I mention the Hugo nominees? Or is it nominations? No matter. Best novel--Dune World. No, I won't vote for half a story. Way Station? Not quite up there. Cat's Cradle? Oh, come now, let's not be ridiculous. That leaves Witch World and Glory Road. Andre Norton is a wonderful story teller. I like her work. I voted for Glory Road. (Watch the roof fall in on me now.)

Best Short Fiction: I went for NO TRUCE WITH KINGS. CODE 3 was good, SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR was out of the question. Best pro artist: say, who the hell is Frazetta anyway? Best prozine: What else? ANALOG. Best fanzine: what is ERBDO!? I've never seen a copy. My vote went, of course, to none other than, yes, you guessed it, the world's best second-rate fanzine: YANDRO. Best dramatic presentation: The Breen-Donaho affair. It's a gas. No, that won't be eligible till next year and will call for a new category: best comedy of the year.

Change of address for Lynn Hickman and THE PULP ERA (see page 3), 706 Scott Street, Napoleon, Ohio, 43543. Napoleon, Ohio? Owell.

Broadcasting. It's wonderful. I heard the following at 7:00 p.m., MST, on 29 July:
Male voice: This is NBC News. The Ranger 7 spacecraft is now more than halfway on its journey to the moon.
Female voice: So add a can of Wynn's todayyyy.

Maybe that's why it worked this time. There seems to be some remarkable pictures in the group sent back by Ranger 7 altho at this writing I haven't had much of a chance to look them over. Just a few glimpses on the telly. Mars is next, the JPL people say. This fall. Maybe one of these days they'll come up with a real spacecraft.

So what else? Shall I comment on the GOP convention? Harry Truman is right. On the riots in New York? A guy at work says he wants equal rights--he hasn't had the opportunity to loot any stores....I've turned First Fandom Magazine over to Lee Riddle whom a few of you will remember.... We're off for Los Angeles on 15 August so I suppose we'll have a report on Lasfs next issue...Chrystal still can't do close work so we have no interior illos and her column is still missing. We have hopes that all will be well with the next issue ...by the next issue, that is...and that she'll be able to resume her work on Dynatron....With the exception of the Rapps, the entire membership of CAPA will gather in Los Angeles in a few weeks to put out a super-special-on-the-spot issue of FIVE BY FIVE. The thought is croggling....Enough. Ed Cox can doodle in what space is left.

ROY TACKETT

Retro-Rip
by
Richie
Benyo

October 1953 is the date on the first issue of SCIENCE STORIES--a short-run SF and fantasy mag edited by the notorious duo of Bea Mahaffey and Ray Palmer, and published by Bell Publications, Inc., of Chicago.

The best place to start, I suppose, is the cover; while the best place to end is the COMING NEXT ISSUE column on the back cover, so here goes.

A scene depicting a prehistoric landscape wherein a girl clothed in a garland of blossoms sits upon an outcropping of rock feeding flowers to a fierce-looking Tyrannosaurus Rex as she smiles ever so sweetly. Hannes Bok's colors are striking, but he seems to be rather second-rate here in the matter of design and proportion. Alas!, no one is perfect.

Sneaking inside, we see a picture of Jack Williamson, plus a short but interesting self-profile of "Mr. Sinister", under a column heading of "The People Who Write Science Stories." This is a feature that should be carried on in present-day mags (other than Sam Moskowitz's SF PROFILE in AMAZING.) A sore-spot crops up at the bottom of the page with "(concluded on page 47)" but try as we may we can't find the conclusion on page 47. It finally shows up on page 77. Ah, well, hazards of the trade, I suppose.

Next in line is the contents page: concise, well-presented, and truly one of the better points of the magazine.

Page four starts a four page editorial by the editors as they theorize all over the place by trying to invent a SF story concerning the idea that a substance's boiling point would be lowered as its distance from the center of the earth increased. They theorize that if a spaceship travels a certain distance from the Earth's core it will boil away proving that the Creator is firmly against space travel. The editors must have goofed in planning the set-up of the magazine and used this editorial as a filler. It is rather sad.

The lead story is "Hocus-Focus Universe" by Jack Williamson. The illo is a piece of geometrical artwork by Bok and, if I'm not mistaken, had been used by the team of Mahaffey and Palmer in another of their mags. Williamson's story gives a wealth of prophecy in the form of back-ground descriptions--the use of atomic engines, anti-missile missiles, Communist propaganda, etc. Some good character sketches are used adding reality to non-reality--inclined-genius Eon Hunter, fact-and-figure Charley Guilborn, and triangle-completing Carol Wakeman. Although this story is more fantasy than s-f, it is given a favorable quality by Jack Williamson's style and by his presentation of theories. An enjoyable tale.

"Wise Guy" by R. J. McGregor is next. The artwork, by Michael Becker, seems more like preliminary sketches than finished work and the story matches the art. The reader must grope for meanings and interpretations that should have been made evident by the author. Only the fact that there is a touch of amusement saves this short from the "dead heap".

"Flight To Utopia" by Jan Tournieu is a short story that manages to cop two Charles Hornstein illos. The first is on a par with good comic-book art--which makes it pretty good--and the second equals the artwork of ASTOUNDING in the 50s. The artwork is much better than the story. Utopia, it seems, is a huge spaceship--one of those big jobs that make the long many-lightyears trips. The plot is too simple and the suicide of the expedition's leader at the conclusion of the yarn provides a feeling of bleakness to the reader. This could have been avoided with some careful editing.

Continuing on we come to "Battle In the Sky" by Robert Moore Williams. The illos are by J. Allen

St. John. Need I say more about it? Williams' style is far from the best and the plot is not new and original but the way in which it is handled has its merits. Perhaps the most striking thing about the story is Hathor, a 20-foot long, intelligent, ESP-potential snake, a member of the race of Convers--a serpentine civilization that is slowly becoming extinct on Venus. The villains in the form of the Tethanni of Saturn are also well presented.

"Patiah" by Rog Phillips finishes up the magazine. It is sketchily illustrated by Hornstein. The story concerns the wanderings of two convalescents from the "Atomy Colony" (John and Mary) who manage, through their hypnotic powers, to pass themselves off as normal while they are actually the possessors of highly cancerous bodies--mutants of genetic malfunctions. This is the first of Mr. Phillips' stories that I've read and I find his style rather easy to follow.

On the whole SCIENCE STORIES was far from the best of the time but it seems to have been somewhat above the level of AMAZING. Overall the artwork is poor although the St. John's are worthwhile. "Hocus-Focus Universe" is the best in the issue but it seems to be one of Williamson's "low-level" writings. Next best is "Battle In The Sky". The whole magazine appears to be a conglomeration of left-overs from OTHER WORLDS. The back cover previews issue #2 which sounds interesting.....

RICHIE BENYO

THE NIGHTNESS

She saw him looking away at the window to the north. The north wind rushed at the window with unusual directness. He marveled at the directness of the wind tonight. All in all, he was staring outside while the room grew cold; and the warmth of the woman was dying away.

He was happy, she was sad, and her sadness deepened doubly while she looked at him.

She turned. Quietly she arose from the bed and walked for the kitchen; inside, she made a cup of quiet tea. Tea made her mind and body settle; it didn't make her sad. Before the sudden inspiration, that stronghold of personality she needed now, her will had all-at-once gone limp, her reality had been drifting into a quicksand. The man beyond had been lost, she had been undiscovered.

Her blue eyes came alive into grey. She had spent two days and nights with him, a man of hushed anger and throaty laughter. She tried thinking of that. That only. That only.....

They had met on a street, both lonely, both attracting suddenly as breath suddenly attracts the air, both always knowing...knowing now, then, always. She had never done anything like this before, she was thinking, and she knew this man's individual universe had been the same. Combining, one universe and one universe still made one. Now there was a touch of equality in it.

Suddenly there was a crashing...the window was smashed, its shining pieces littered about the rug. The man was standing as before, with the wind full in his face. The gush, as it came...(how can I tell you?)...the gush as it came with the springing chill, sounded like drowning whisperings.

His eyes sparkled. The woman saw his eyes sparkling. The woman....The woman...

Again suddenly, he fell to the floor.

"The wind in it--the Nightness, oh, the damned damned Nightness." His eyes closed.

She had left the room, the house, and soon she would even leave the city. Running and going, she thought and remembered. There had been something about the night before. Something after he held her, kissed her, moved with her on the bed. They were near a window, facing the north

night, few dead or living stars, if any, at all; naked, blameless branches in sun-
down October. There was a breeze, not a wind, heard against the window. Outside,
the night was dark. The quarter moon held high to the south, all ancient and sane.
Something about the night; and a pull and tug from the unseen, invisible and perhaps
non-existent places of the north.

Internally, she had vaguely wondered. Sometimes that night even the wonder was quite remote. But she had wondered. Something truly
different about him, a new universe of difference. That something that night, under
the hushed anger and throaty laughter, something that truly set him apart.

in a daze, something was calling him back.

And now,

BILL WOLFENBARGER

E. E. EVERS gives us

MORE NOTES TOWARDS A DEFINITION

John Baxter has the best idea I've heard yet towards defining science-fiction.
At least something sure seemed to click in my mind when he said it's an approach
rather than a subject or set of subjects.

The idea itself, even without the defini-
tion proper, explains a lot of things about the field.

It accounts for the very dif-
ficulty in arriving at a definition. Define a western, a true confession, a horror
story, an adventure story. All these have pretty explicit and widely accepted defi-
nitions. Now try to define poetry, or the novel, or comedy, or tragedy. Literary
approaches or methods always resist definitions.

It accounts for the lack of wide
acceptance. If SF were simply a branch of mundane prose fiction, anyone who enjoyed
other fiction would like SF. But this doesn't seem to be the case, no matter how much
some fans deny it. SF circulation figures prove it. It seems you have to have a
special inclination towards SF just as you must have one to really enjoy poetry.

It
accounts for the "SF" stories by mundane writers which are never accepted by fandom,
though widely enjoyed by mundania. "On The Beach" and "A Mirror For Observers" and
"By The Waters of Babylon" all treat with the same subjects a lot of SF uses, but
they lack the approach.

It accounts for "mundane" work by SF writers which reads like
SF. "The Trial of Callista Blake" and "The Bronze God of Rhodes" and a number of
mysteries by SF writers all show the approach, though the material is mundane.

It ac-
counts for SF which is printed in SF magazines and accepted by fandom, yet is entire-
ly mundane in content. Kornbluth's "Theory of Rocketry", most of Vance Aandahl's
stories, and a lot of psi and psychological SF.

It accounts for the fact that mundane
writers can't routinely crash the SF magazines the way SF writers venture into mun-
dania. And even when they do, not with true SF.

It accounts for fandom. Poetry has
its fandom, but, say, the western doesn't. A minor or little known field always has
its circle of devotees, a sub-branch of a widely known field doesn't.

There are many
other proofs that SF is a method of thought and writing rather than a group of themes.
You can say things in poetry you can't say in prose. You can present things on the
stage or screen you can't say in either prose or poetry. And you can say things in
SF you can't say anywhere else. Could the premise of "The Star" be presented in any
other field, even in a historical-type treatment of Christ's time?

I think the fact
that SF writers approach this material in a fashion unique to SF is obvious, but just
what this approach is comes harder. I'll leave it open to speculation, but will say
a couple of things about it.

ASHE:

Hoyle writes very good science-fiction! And more than most of us he's in a position to know what's out in space. He also is conversant with modern technology and is able to fit known facts into his fiction. This is what science-fiction should be! Baxter's and Coulson's articles were half-exceptions to the usual. But I'm hoping for more original thinking. ((Sigh. So am I.))

RICHARD C. FINCH
13119 E. CHESTNUT
WHITTIER, CALIF.
90602

I wish to take umbrage (whoever he is)((Sam Umbrage--little known fan from East North Southton, New York, who published 1 1/2 issues of a fmz titled ORDNAY, the ordinary fanzine. Umbrage was one of eight boys whose pappy took them west to East North Southton in the summer of eighteen-hundred-and-froze-to-death. Sam prospered, discovered stf, discovered fandom, spent \$5,000 on the first issue of ORDNAY which was dismissed by the reviewers as "another crudzine by another neo". ORDNAY #2, containing material by Tucker, Warner, H. G. Wells, Asimov, and Arnold (no relation to David) Katz, was half finished when Umbrage read the reviews of #1. He disappeared the following day without a trace. Only three copies of ORDNAY #2 are known to exist--one in the British Museum, one in the Library of Congress, and one at the bottom of a six-foot stack of comic books in Tucker's chicken house. The Tucker item is the fabulous sequel to his "The Princess of Detroit"; it is a 50,000 word short novel, written in 1907, entitled "The Queen of Berkeley".)) with the character who ran down the post office for not delivering his fanzine. Postal delivery is faulty in the U.S., but if you give the Post Office your correct, address, correct city, correct state, correct street name, and correct number, when you move and above all do the same thing with everyone from whom you wish to continue receiving mail, you will receive everything that you want to receive, and when the non-renewable change of address expires after two years you won't be disappointed because the post office no longer forwards your mail. ((Not even the stuff that was mailed more than two years previous and is just arriving--postage due because the rates went up in the meantime?)) I have been moved for one year now, and after 90 days, all magazines no longer had to be forwarded to me, but were coming directly. All fan publications began coming directly to me except those from Art Hayes, within less than a month. Perhaps because Art doesn't read the change of address notices Janie puts in TNFF.

Zip code. The zone number which one had previously is a thing of the past. Discard it. ((I never had one.)) Zone 1, Zip 00001, is the same as plain Zip 00001. Yet many people can't see it when it is right in front of their noses.

MARC CHRISTOPHER
BOX 132
BEVERLY SHORES, IND.
46301

The Dynatron effect has taken hold. I'm not sure just in what way it works but it appears that the way in which it has started on me is an incredible obsession to writ a Loc to your zine. I can't seem to get over it. ((Yes, you've got it all right. A bit more and you'll be one of us.))

As to the German war crimes. I view this from afar since I was born in 1948. I do not try to defend the Deutsch in their crimes, only I'm trying to point out that it could have happened to anybody and not just to the Germans because of their particular group. If it had not been for FDR it most likely would have happened here. A depression breeds such things.

I blame the Germans, true, but I also put the guilt upon everyone who let that madman take hold of Germany, the French, the British, the League of Nations, and even the USofA. Everyone who let this person get into power or who just remained mute (including the Pope) till it was too late is guilty or even more so than the man who gunned down hapless people or gassed them in some chamber of horrors. Roy, did you speak out in say...1938? I haven't the slightest idea how old you are, so if you were a bit young then you're forgiven. ((Thanx)) However, if you were over 16 you are not. You are as guilty as the German people themselves. Take this as a warped philosophy but I view it as an intelligent one. ((How could Britain or the League or the USofA have stopped Hitler from coming to power in Germany?))

The bravest man alive today

CHRISTOPHER:

(if he is still alive) is the young man who tried to break up that American National Socialist party rally back in '39. ((It was the German-American Bund)) He had guts enough to speak out while the rest of the world closed their ears. ((Sort of like Rockefeller at the '64 GOP convention)) Remember, hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil and harm shall never come to you. "No man is an island unto himself" it applies, it shall always apply. THE DEPUTY, a so called hate play is right...the Pope was as guilty as Hitler or Eichmann, but the worst are those who joined the Bund movements back in the '30s. He has gained a sort of respectability in this era of McCarthyism. It still exists, you know. Ask Al Andriuskevicius. Among them you'll find these ex-bund men. We are all guilty of these crimes. We let it happen...thus it was up to us to end it all.

Glaatal Calls The Turn was a fairly good piece of fan fiction. I've seen better on the same subject, but it gave me a chuckle here and there. And after all, that was the purpose, wasn't it?

I flunked Baxter's quiz. It wasn't fair at all. He based his quiz more on personal taste rather than on widely read books. You would have to choose more famous novels than "Hell's Pavement" or "Naked To The Stars." ((Not necessarily. You should be more widely read. "Naked To The Stars" for example, is fairly recent.))

Your definition of SF seems a bit too narrow for even (watch out for the lightening and smoke as I mention Jehovah's real name) Hugo Gernsback's taste. How would you classify Clement's "Mission of Gravity"? I classify it as great SF. I'd just like to see your definition. ((Good, hard science fiction.)) How about those Space Warps? ((The one put out by Art Rapp?)) Or other dimensions? Don't you believe in those too? Or Hyperspace? Not FTL but that passing through two sheets of paper bit. ((Spacewarps, due to something like an extremely high gravitational field, are not beyond the realm of possibility. Alternate universes are remote but vaguely possible. Hyperspace is an evasion.))

ROBIN WOOD
BOX 154
ALAMADOR CITY,
CALIF. 95601

Hey, thanks for Dynatron 21 more or less. I meant to comment on it much much earlier, but seems that a gang of Dirty Rotten Microbes had something to say on the subject, and proceeded to lay me low for a while. Naturally, after I had fought that business to a standstill ((I admire your fighting spirit)) I had to spend a couple of days making sure my new motor cycle was still in running condition, found that it was, and now am making some sort of attempt to catch up on fanish type correspondence, at least making a dent in it. ((I've given up. Correspondents hear from me through the pages of Dynatron.))

So. We shall start with the cover. ((Usually a good spot as any.)) I get the impression that McLean is probably a fairly good artist, but I think you lost something in transferring it to stencil.

You must get more of these takeoffs by Cox. Very very predictable, true, but I must admit getting several good chortles out of Glaatal and company.

As for the quiz--what is this? A fanzine devoted to stf? ((We try.)) Mighod. Ahwell. I'm afraid I'm not much on the quiz type thing. I'm the type of character who comes across a crossword puzzle, fills in the blanks without reading the questions and sees what happens. I have no respect for the things. Tho I must admit I did guess Ed Emsh for #V and how I missed figuring out who Ron Ellik is is beyond me. Ghod. Who else could it have possibly been? ((Sam Umbrage?))

Book review was wild. I'll have to be sure to miss that book. It sounds like a movie plot. In fact it'd be perfect for a movie, with all those various bloodthirsty types running around. And what with the current glut of Roman Legion movies, plus the ever popular Westerns, one should be able to clean up in the movie business by combining them.

WOOD:

So on to the lettercol, to see if I can find something to ramble on a bit about. A bit about? Weird little phrase, come to think of it. Wonder if I'm still thinking in Southern? I thot I'd lost all of that. I actually came home with a Georgia accent, found all the people on the West Coast talked sort of funny, etc., man, what a horrible fate. ((That's 'cause most of them are from Iowa or some other odd-ball place--like New York.))

As for the Beat Generation, which seems to have evaporated into thin air, I suppose I was supposed to have been a part of it. I mean, here I was a college freshman at the time of their peak. Not much seemed to come out of them though. Just seemed to sit around and bitch about everything and not really accomplish much much, except a little good poetry and Kerouac did manage to write THE SUBTERRANEANS or however you spell it. The were sort of associated with jazz, but I can't see what they did for it. Jazz was around before them, during them, and after them. A good audience, the Beat Generation. Little else. Actually, the entire concept is a falsehood. There was no such thing. Just a bunch of people who everybody else lumped together and gave a name. Sort of hazy who was Beat and who was not. To some people, anybody with a beard was beat. A ridiculous idea. To some everybody on an old motorcycle was a beatnik. Defining the Beat Generation is like defining stf. Everybody knows exactly what it is, it's just that everyone else disagrees.

There I said something about stf.

Who can't ppalate the idea of oogling brown barebreasted belles? Why not? Any brown barebreasted belles who want to test my oogling powers are perfectly welcome to drop in here. Green, for all I care. ((That I'd like to see....green, that is.))

A stf writer thinks primarily in terms of mechanics? I don't think so, not primarily. People are the main thing. Anybody who wants writers who think primarily in terms of mechanics has a choice of several good electronics, automotive, motorcycle, etc., magazines. And they certainly are not stf in any sense of the word. And why Sturgeon sticks with writing mainly stf is beyond me, when a writer of his talent should be cleaning up with mainstream stuff. ((What has Sturgeon written recently?)) All writing is fantasy in my opinion, with stf being just a specialized branch of fantasy.. The best fantasy I've read in a long while is CATCH 22, and if you don't believe this is fantasy, I urge you to read it. Then argue. ((I have and I won't.))

Well, Dave Hulan, isn't the main purpose of the military to kill people? Don't more effective defense and weapon delivery systems kill people more efficiently. If groups of people were not bent on wiping each other out, there would be no military. True, there are useful byproducts. While I was in MATS we flew supplies into disaster areas but our main purpose was flying military supplies and participating in military games, like dropping paratroopers. Anybody who thinks a paratrooper is a peaceful, well-mannered animal is out of his mind. Mainly, they are trained to kill people.

DENNIS LIEN
LAKE PARK,
MINN. 56554

The cover somehow didn't fit the Dynatron Image, whatever the hell that is. ((If you find out, let me know.)) Or maybe it was Dynatron that didn't fit the MacLean cover image.

Before I go any further, I would like to assure you that, Snarr Hall or no Snarr Hall, I am not a hoax. I am not even an exaggeration. I live, I breathe, I eat, I read, I--hmmmm--er--I guess that's about all I do. But isn't it enough? I am a male Caucasoid, 18 3/4 years of age, 6'3" tall and I wear thick glasses and smoke and drink and read Dynatron. ((The last is a horrible vice. I never read Dynatron.)) Could a hoax do this? I am not a hoax. Hath a hoax eyes? If ye prick him, doth he bleed? I am real. If you wrong me, shall I not have revenge? (So much for paraphrasing from a feeble memory, the MERCHANT was never among my favorites anyway.)

LIEN:

And now CRY has folded, albeit with no scandal behind it. ((You mean you didn't hear about Weber? The supermarket incident finally caught up with him.)) "Turning and turning in the widening gyre, the Falcon can not hear the Falconer, Things fall apart..." In other ~~words~~ (Freudian slip there...or Palmerian)...In other words, my little corner of fandom seems to be going to hell in a handbasket. I feel like the Fan Without A Country. It is a proud...etc. ((Cheer up, old thing, you're welcome in Dynatron.))

Cover lettering by Dave Locke, Juanita Coulson and Chrystal Tackett? It takes three? At eight letters on the cover that means each accounted for 2 2/3 letters, which is ego featherbedding if I've ever heard of it (and I haven't). ((Well, inasmuch as I stole the lettering from YANDRO I thought the least I could do was give them credit.))

Ed Cox's teen-ager says he'd probably like the Galactic Federation better than the NSF. I'm not sure just which got the raw end of that comparison. ((Didn't you read the last CRY wherein Weber revealed ALL?))

though two of those points were on a pure and simple guess. I got 13 on the SF Quiz and the fan biog hardest--in fact I didn't even Make The Effort (stiff upper lip. (Glaatal would get a kick out of that one--he doesn't have lips. Get a kick? Maybe he doesn't have a, er, hindquarter section either.)) ((See, Juffus, I closed both of them.))

Now the Coulson review I liked muchly--especially since I'm about as likely to get all four required 1939 WEIRD TALES as I am to major in Underwater Basket Weaving and hence can get the old sense of wonder without having to ever actually read the damn thing. Kidding aside, I did like it. ((Strange that you should mention underwater basketweaving. Pete Singleton does that, you know. Very soothing he says))

Ethel Lindsay: ADVICE & CONSENT and A SHADE OF DIFFERENCE, I'd call sf if pressed, but I'm not about to do anything rash like putting my pb of ADVICE in with my sf collection. 1984, LOOKING BACKWARD, BRAVE NEW WORLD and THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING are also out of it--not that they wouldn't be a credit to my sf library, but they look more at home in in my general or "show" library, used to impress folks at college with the fact that I'm an English Major ((at the age of 18 3/4? Amazing. Most aren't even lieutenants by then.)) and hence have ALL Those Famous Books.

mailman is a sadist. They mostly are. ((Careful, Finch may be reading this.)) Charles Smith's

vs. ethics, you might say morals are what your parents have brain-washed into you and ethics are such decencies (don't ask me to define "decencies") as you've more-or-less logically decided upon yourself. Then again you might not say it. ((I think you oversimplify.))

Wolfenbarger: I rate Kerouac's "On The Road" as one of the three or four books that have made the profoundest impression on me--others being "The Once and Future King", "Catch 22", and "Candide". (is there some mystical underlying theme to all four books that causes me to group them together? I seem to catch traces of one, but can't quite express it. "Don't let the fuggheads of the world screw you up" is about as close as I can come. Comment?) ((Welcome to the Friends of Yossarian.))

Singleton: I'd like the address of where to write for the Nebula & British SFA indexes; maybe the ASTOUNDING also. Pete

I once wrote a term paper (35 pages) on the history of sf, covering the Boom & Bust in about four paragraphs. (It was getting late and I was getting tired of writing...). Does this qualify? ((It might. Expand it a bit and send it along and I'll run it. The four paragraphs on boom & bust, do it, not the whole blasted thing.))

Your green ribbon on the address label was pretty even if it did spell my name wrong.

ROBERT E. GILBERT
509 W. MAIN ST.,
JONESBORO, TENN.
37659

Thanks for sending DYNATRON 21 which I read all the way through. ((Poor chap.)) What's the matter, don't you like fan art any more? There weren't any pictures in #21 and the only thing in #20 was an optical illusion. Don't you think a fanzine looks better if it contains something besides pages and pages of pages and pages? ((Sometimes. My chief wielder of the stylus still has eye trouble and until it clears up interior art will be scarce. Maybe in the next issue.))

Let's see, what else have I done for excitement lately besides read Dynatron? How are you fixed for cactuses? ((I'm over stocked with cacti.)) My sister, Helen, brought home a package of cactus seed which cost all of 50¢. ((A good price. Did you ever try to collect cactus seed?)) I planted the seed in a pot, but so far only one thing has come up that may be a cactus. We have prickly pears and yucca lillies growing in the yard. I thought they were desert plants.

To keep in practice, I've recently read LLANA OF GATHOL by Edgar Rice Burroughs, THE HAUNTED STARS by Edmond Hamilton, LORD OF THUNDER by Andre Norton, THE PRODIGAL SUN by Philip E. High, and MARTIAN TIME SLIP by Philip K. Dick. This means that I've read all ten of the books in Burroughs' Martian series. I used to think this would be a wonderful thing to do, but now I wonder if it would have been better if he had written only five.

Saturday night I saw THE OUTER LIMITS. A bunch of characters were supposed to be on the Moon. When they were outside on the surface, they wore weights on their feet and moved in slow motion. They didn't have space suits, just coveralls and helmets. When they were inside the base, they moved in a normal earthly manner. No explanation was given for this strange behavior.

Television commercials have gone too far. The Mennen After Shave ad shows a woman rushing into a man's room while the announcer announces, "It draws women like a magnet." This is an outright lie. I've used Mennen After Shave off and on for years and it never did draw any women. I got even with them. I bought Palmolive lotion. I don't know what Palmolive advertises.

Hoping this brief note keeps you fully informed. ((Oh, it does. Thanx for the artwork. That cover is a thing of beauty.))

DON FITCH
3908 FRIJO,
COVINA, CALIF.

Now that DYNATRON has gone apazine/tradezine/&cet (everything but sub-type genzine, it seems), perhaps some acknowledgement will be required in order to remain on the mailing list. ((Yes, indeed, see page 2.)) LoC it won't be--that would require both work (or w_rk, as Avram Davidson would say) and the Proper Mood--but it will, maybe, be a note telling you something you already know. I like DYNATRON. ((Shall we have buttons made up?)) DYNATRON bears the strong impress of your own particular personality ((ah, so that's what's wrong.)) but it shares many of the qualities of CRY--that of being ingroupish, for one--ingroupish in a good way, welcoming congenial people, with some good natured insulting back and forth, a lot of stubbornness and self-certainty (of the this-is-the-way-I-feel variety) without zealous crusading, and a well-developed ability to laugh at yourself. ((Gad!)) Gee, if I keep on like this, I'll convince myself that DYNATRON should be nominated for the HUGO next year, and that wouldn't be right at all,--not that it doesn't deserve a Hugo, but rather that it wouldn't feel comfortable with one, and that kind of a fanzine I like. ((Go ahead, convince yourself. Convince others, too. I don't mind a bit. We'd be real comfortable.))

JOHN BOSTON
816 S. 1ST ST.,
MAYFIELD, KY.
42066

Greetings and salutations: ((Oh, you're back again, eh?))

If 1984 had appeared in ASF or some other prozine, of course everyone would consider it sf. However, being by a writer from Outside, and published in hardcover first, it qualifies for the Mainstream in the minds of all the ignorant Philistines. Of course it is science fiction. ((Here, now, watch that! Ain't Philistines got equal rights?))

BOSTON:

Why, certainly, I always say "better late than never", that is except when I try "Waste not, want not", "Nothing ventured, nothing gained", or "Yngvi is a louse" just for variety. ((Well, I suppose so.))

Oh ghod! I look forward to being burned at the stake by Dennis Knuth and his henchmen. Please, Superman, forgive me! ((I hope we didn't get Knuth mad at us. We haven't heard from him this time around. Where are you Dennis? Honest, we won't tell anyone you read comic books.))

I see that Western movies end with the cowboy and his horse riding off into the sunset. What does the horse ride on? Or do they take turns? ((They both have their own Imperials))

The "boost--don't knock" attitude cited by Les Sample is familiar around here, too. Right after President Kennedy's assassination my English teacher informed us that "Hate killed President Kennedy" and that we shouldn't criticize the government, y'see, because it drums up all this here hate and we can't have that.

ED COX
14933¹/₂ DICKENS ST
SHERMAN OAKS, CALIF.

DYNATRON the 21st-20.5-20¹/₂th arrivelated today and somehow I found myself reading it...ALL of it...right away this evening. Maybe it is the psychologically soothing green color of it what lulls us readers into reading it right away. ((Maybe it's the search for egoboo.))

Gad, I was surprised that my SFF-X held up as well as it did after all this time. Not that it was that well.

Okay, okay, John Baxter and his furschluginer quizees! Quizes or whatever! So I should spend less time at the movies. I've only been to only three or four so far this year. But I've watched lots of them on teevee! I scored a resounding total of 8. Yeah, eight! ((Don't complain, you beat me.)) The author to Ia was obvious. b, was easy. But the other three sections of I were a total loss. ((Howzatagain?)) It turned out that I'd never read any of them! I ought to be given a handicap. That is the Total Possible Score (TPS) is 20 if you've read all the stuff! So, for me, the ATPS (Approved Total Possible Score) ought to be 14. Eight points out of 14 isn't too bad. I got II right off. Missed III a and b but got the balance. Goofed on IV (thought it was ODD JOHN) and missed V even though I changed my answer from Mel Hunter to Emsh before I checked the answer. Gad, subtracting two more points from my ATPS, I scored 8 out of an ATPS of 12. I hadn't read THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING either. What say to that, John Baxter? Roy? ((I don't know what John says but I think you are trying to pull a fast one.))

How come? ((I didn't have any?)) Hey, I didn't get any doodling -space this issue.

I really enjoyed Coulson Robert S., of course's ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'. I like to read older stuff, like that, too and equally enjoy dissecting what I liked or didn't like about it. Seems I've done this somewhere with STRANGE TALES (one issue) and a couple issues of WEIRD TALES, no serials yet, tho. ((You did the WT here, dunderhead. Sheesh, these forgetful writers.)) Gee, maybe I could review "Jetta of the Lowlands" by Ray Cummings from the 1930 issues of ASTOUNDING STORIES OF SUPER SCIENCE for you when (and if) I ever get my collection out here? ((Promises, promises.))

Lots and lots of letters. Do the editors of NEWSWEEK answer letters, too, Roy? ((Yes, and send tear sheets.))

Re Wolfenbanger's comments about Ed Hamilton and Sense of Wonder: I believe Hamilton writes SoW so well because he really has a strong Sense of Wonder himself. His stories are timeless in this vital element (I think SoW is a vital element in a good stf yarn whereas a good mystery yarn would not need it as much as action and suspense). I remember one time, an evening when the first Echo satellite was overhead and visible; we stood outside (of Burbee's) looking at that gleam moving overhead, and going back nostalgically into Science Fiction stories that somehow predicted that moment. A great moment fraught with the Sense of Wonder that is the basic appeal of Science Fiction as an entertainment over other types of fiction. Then I felt that Ed Hamilton is able to project this into his

ED AX, cont'd

stories because he feels it. Even in CAPTAIN FUTURE stories which I dearly loved. Yes. ((Spoken like a true 5th Fandomer. Cap Future was space opera but, yes, it did have the old Sense of Wonder. Ah, remember the arguments about the way the characters were portrayed in the interior illos?))

Peter Singleton: You might be surprised at how well ERB stuff stands up to a re-reading. Just don't read a John D. MacDonald Mystery or something prior to re-reading it all.

BETTY KUJAWA

2819 CAROLINE ST.,
SOUTH BEND, IND.

Roy, you bastard...I flatly refuse to comment on DYNATRON 21 till you send me the Missing Page...page 9 of letter section ...at bottom Richard Man, down thar in Puerto Rico is sayin'...

"My dand, being an old Arizonan, cant break the habit of..." the next page is also page 9...and it starts with a letter from Dave Hulan....((confusing, isn't it?))

First, for christsakes, Tackett, what IS it that Richard's Pop can't break the habit of???? ((I'll never tell.)) Second, have I discovered ALL??? Did you trip up and reveal inadvertently that you actually make two versions of DYNATRON??? Naturally, being a fan and having the usual amount of vanity and ego I am convinced that the missing page contains a loc from me on it...one you've done something naaasty-tricky to and you don't want me to see what you've done. ((Keep guessing.)) Oh, you can't fool old Betsy, mate, you'd better just stop trying.

I got all shook up...Bill Wolfenbarger lives in Neosho, Missouri, and here I thought that was just a Government aviation OMNI beacon there. Hell, we fly over the Neosho beacon from 4 to 8 times a year and I never noticed a town....((There isn't one. Wolfenbarger lives in the beacon. He makes all those funny noises you hear in your radio.))

LES SAMPLE

4213 WILLINGHAM DRIVE
COLUMBIA, S.C. 29206

I suppose you read about the fellow out in Hollywood who was kicked out of his house by the Los Angeles County Courts so that a privately financed Hollywood Museum could be built on his property? Aside from the fact that he got a rotten deal, I can think of few things that we need less than a Hollywood Museum.

Democracy
In Action Department: A few days ago we had the county Democratic primaries to nominate candidates for the State Legislature. In my ward, the ballots of 240 people were not counted because of "malfunction of one of the voting machines." I don't really trust those machines, anyway...I mean, when you pull down those little levers, how do you know that a vote is being registered for the candidate of your choice? In an adjacent county, which does not use the machines, the whole damned election was a farce. ((Most of them are.)) Over 3,400 votes (nearly 1/3 of the total) were thrown out because they were marked incorrectly. ((Like, they were marked for the wrong candidate?)) This allegedly came about because of sloppy printing on the ballots which confused hell out of everybody. ((Wasn't that the idea?))

I'll tell you what I scored on Baxter's quiz if you'll tell me what you scored. Want to make any side bets on who scored lowest?

If Charles Smith ever lets you know what in hell "twee" is, how about passing the word along?

You don't like "My Favorite Martian?" Ghod! Don't you know that the ratings have it as being one of the most popular programs in the country? Just because a program is trite, dull, uninteresting and inane is no reason to dislike it, Roy. At the other end of the scale "Twilight Zone" and "The Outer Limits" are frequently ranked among least popular programs. I quit watching "Twilight Zone" when TW3 came on the air so I can't comment about it. Some of the programs on "Outer Limits" have been fairly good, although most of the plots should be familiar to anyone who has read a great deal of stf. One of the things about the show that irritates me, though, is the goody-goody brotherhood of man sermon that concludes every program. The narrator always sounds as if he's reading a statement

SAMPLE:

specifically drafted for the program by Bertrand Russell. ((I read in the paper that Outer Limits, among others, is under attack by the Senate for too much violence. I haven't looked at TV for the last four or five months--working nights takes care of that.))

I used to read most of Bradbury's stories, and enjoy them, before he became a regular contributor to PLAYBOY. About that time it seems Bradbury became more interested in writing stories to which he could point and say "See there, I can write modern, intellectual, little nothings just as good as anyone else", than in writing good, entertaining stories. Unfortunately, Sturgeon seems to be following his lead if "Noon Gun" (PLAYBOY, Sep63) is an indication of things to come. ((Buck had some pointed comments on modern sf authors in TIGHTBEAM 26--about why our newer authors are so bad at sf--they're not storytellers. But, upon thought, this shouldn't apply to such as Bradbury or Sturgeon who got started in the pulps. I guess they are going literary on us.))

I finally figured out what in hell you are trying to do by introducing a new issue halfway through the zine: you're trying to become the first fanned to simultaneously publish fewer times a year, but to publish more issues than has been your custom. ((Taurasi's been doing that for years with SF TIMES.))

JACK SPEER

2034 KIVA

SANTA FE, N.M.

I thought I had all the uncommented-upon Dynatrons here at the office, but have only the latest.

I did only middling on Baxter's quiz. I recognized most of the opening paragraphs, and with the help of the suggested dates, believe I got the dates right on all five stories in III. Are you sure about the statement in II that Ellik played the Musquite Kid? ((Fairly sure. Ronel didn't correct me when I quoted the question to him.)) Then what part did Ted Johnstone play? ((Unfortunately, I've never gotten to see the movie, but I saw Kodachrome slides taken during the shooting.))

It's new to me that the Indians learned scalping from the whites. What's Buck's authority for this statement? ((I dunno. I've heard it before but my reference books don't make any definite statement about it altho they say that the whites encouraged the practice.))

I notice Red Alert mentioned a couple times in the list of Ace SF. I have the edition entitled Dr Strangelove, and the title-page says that it is based on the screenplay. Which came first, the movie or the book? ((1. Book: Red Alert. 2. Movie: Dr. Strangelove. 3. Book: Dr Strangelove.)) ((Man, I've got to use a new film sheet on the next stencil. Can't see a thing through this one.))

Drury was writing in a parallel universe from the very beginning. A close reading of Advise and Consent will show that while most of the life stories were so referred to events as to place the time of Advise and Consent somewhere in the near future, the biography of Seab contains some irreconcilable time references, some of which place the time of the book in the 1950s.

I'm puzzled by your comment that Terry Carr is not qualified to write of present day fandom. He's at least as active as Tucker. ((Maybe so. Tucker's material keeps showing up in various fmz, though, and I haven't seen anything by Terry since he stopped doing "Fandom Harvest" for ORV.))

I take it R de Tac is you. ((Yeah, but I won't admit it.)) I didn't see Ebert's letter in Newsweek, and offhand can't remember who Professor Oliver is or what he said. ((Ebert was mentioned in Newsweek--no letter. Oliver blasted Jack Kennedy for being a communist or some such.))

Futurian Commentator sounds like one of Degler's titles. ((I have a cosmic mind.))

I hadn't seen Bloch's suggestion about expense of sfilms, but it seems plausible. The Grade B. movies on Science Fiction Theater are remarkable for their sameness, their use of

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standard military and police sets and props, and the unconvincingness of their monsters. ((Bloch's comments were made in a "guest editorial" in AIZ a couple of years ago.))

Excuse my ignorance and tell me what is the most inactive metal. Gold and silver were called the noble metals because of their indisposition to mix with the common herd of gases, though I realize that "inert" is not properly applied to any metal. ((I think the Flash Gordon writers got their chemistry and physics mixed up. Chemically, gold is indeed "inert" but it is a good electrical conductor.))

Maybe I'd better hold off commenting on comments on the article on defining s-f till I dig out the previous issue and see whether I read the article and made notes on it. But I will say at this point that cave-men are traditionally s-f material because so little is known about them that any cave-man story (omitting those such as the--ugh--Flint-stones) must use quite a bit of imagination extrapolating from what is known, to establish the milieu for the story. Some people may say quite a bit is known about cave-men, but it is little compared to historical cultures.

Man, you really got mixed up on your page numbering. I have two page 9s, and something seems to be missing between them. ((Uh-huh. About half of Mann's letter.))

What is Redd Boggs doing these days, other than watching the Waves (I suppose this is what "the navals of the girls" means?)(Urkl)) Is he writing, or editing, or what? ((I don't know. He has this Gafia Duplicating Service but I doubt that pays him enough to eat on.))

Such subtleties as whether the "central focal point of interest" is the idea or the protagonist may help to understand s-f intensionally, but they are of little use in classification or definition, which are extensional exercises and call for more objective criteria. ((Care to contribute to "Notes toward a definition?")) ((Oh, yes, it is done like so: ()?/X))

PHIL HARRELL
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23509

I'm starting a "Bombs for Boeing" campaign to get all loyal CRYhacks to send Bombs to Boeing" to get even with them for sending OUR Wally to the wilds and desolation of Huntsville, Ala. I'm not so much worried about what will happen to CRY as what will happen to my letters. I mean they aren't all THAT good, but Wally kept publishing them month after month anyway. Now what will happen to them. I'm afraid to ask. Besides CRY just isn't the same without Wally. ((Yeah.)) Bombs to Boeing gang. ((Are you looking for the Crygang here?))

Besides I never read any stories by Brett Sterling and in '42 I was only as old as I've been in fandom, 8 years old. (Gad what a tender age) and I didn't start reading Stf for 3 more yearsI really thought you and I were the same age. ((I'll be 11 next May.)) You might say I'm a depression baby and I've been depressed ever since. ((I might say that but the thought of it is too depressing.))

JERRY POURNELLE
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SAN BERNADINO, CALIF.

I particularly enjoyed Coulson's review article, and it makes me very sad that I don't have any way to read the book. Can you suggest a way that I could borrow a copy of King of the World's Edge? ((Buck??))

I hate to tell Buck Coulson this but my histories of war show that the Welsh invented the "famed English longbow" not the Saxons (I am dead sure that Edward I used Welsh archers when the English were not yet skilled with that weapon) and after the success of the Welsh in the campaigns against the Scots, the English who held less than a four-penny land holding were required to keep a bow and practice with it--thus were developed the archers. Also, you may remember that it was the Norman's at Hastings who were archers, not Harold's Saxons. ((I wasn't at Hastings. I was in Constantinople in 1066.))

SGT ROBERT F. SMITH
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Science Fiction Forever was entertaining. It got a chuckle out of me, and I guess that's the main thing..like, if we enjoy it, etc., eh? ((That's the general idea.))

I surprised myself and did alright in Baxter's quiz; only ones that squelched me were: Ia, BNF biography (guess I'm not really a fan) and IV, and the strange thing is I do spend a lot of time at the movies...heh. ((I should think you do. You should get together with Tucker and swap experiences.))

Buck's article enjoyed for his style of writing more than the subject. And I agree with his plea for more "vision" in science fiction writing.

Oh, that little expedition that Ron and Cindy and I made in search of aboriginal rock carvings wasn't that fascinating. I was "having you on" as my English brothers might say. We did have to almost crawl through pretty heavy scrub, only to come across vague outlines in the flat rock bed that some earlier investigator had obligingly accentuated with chalk. Fish shapes, kangaroo shapes, but nothing to write home about. To sit on a cold rock surrounded by thick shrub, on the coast 20 odd miles from Sydney, calmly discussing early issues of INSIDE with the editor, is, however, an exceedingly fannish thing to do. ((And would make an interesting article and I'm not 'having you on.))

I can add a couple of indexes to Peter Singleton's list of wants: Roger Dard's FANTASTIC NOVELS CHECKLIST, 1953 CHECKINDEX pubbed by the editor of the old PEON and what about the index--Don Day's great effort?

Agreed that something like "The Trouble With Telestar" is science fiction, with its solid, plausible science; few of its characters were, it seemed to me, in the realm of fantasy, almost.

You owe me a letter, you know. ((Yep, and also owe letters and tapes to a vast multitude of other fen. I reckon you, and they, will have to consider Dynatrons as letters for a while longer. Being on night shift has cut into my fanac time (time?) so what is left goes into the zine which reaches the most people with the least effort. Hi, Baxter.))

IAE SURTEES STRELKOV
LAS BARRANCAS,
ASCOCHINGA, CORDOBA,
ARGENTINA

Betty Kujawa suggests I get in touch with you. ((Betty is fiendish in her own way.)) So here goes, though I can't think of what to say as I still haven't a clear picture of you in my head. There are things about you that puzzle me. At any rate, Betty swears by you! ((Usually,

she swears AT me.))

She was so kind as to answer my question about the NBF as someone had written in suggesting I join them, and she says you know about this outfit, too, somewhat. ((You might say that. I have fun with the NBF. Most of them are so serious about it.)) As a matter of fact, what I did in response to that original suggestion was to write to their secretary or someone, not very enthusiastically, confessing that I had no yearning to acquire pen pals, unless they happened to be interested in the subjects I care about, that I would like more information. No answer yet arrived, so I guess my letter wasn't what it should have been. My sin is outspokenness, I guess. ((And the sin of the NBF is procrastination and confusion.))

I keep after my research, and am discovering so many astonishing things about Latin America's strange past. As good old Father Bartolome de las Casas (of the 16th century) said:

"...the things that have happened in the Indies have been so admirable and so unbelievable that it seems to have clouded and been placed in silence, quantas por hazenosas que fuesen en les siglos pasados se vieron y oyeron en el mundo..." I simply darent try to translate that last bit, because it would be only guess work, but a word-for-word rendition would be: "not only for dangerous-risky-or so to speak 'deeds of derring-do' that were in the centuries gone by, have been seen or heard in the world."

MAE S.S.

I suppose he simply meant there, that the occurrences ~~were~~ so extraordinary and exciting, in centuries gone-by, you never heard such things anywhere else on earth.

I can say is, it's true that what I keep digging up, begins to fit into a pattern so astonishing I am simply at a loss to tell you the conclusions I have reached! All I can—and am—doing is record legend after legend, trying at the same time to fit the story into a pattern, which would make any reader jump to conclusions himself. ((Don't keep us in suspense, Mae, give us a hint or two anyway.))

ANDY ZERBE

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MONTGOMERY, ALA.

I think we can be thankful that they don't write novels like "King of the World's Edge" any more. What with all those inconsistencies I would probably throw it away before I was half way through with it. I can sometimes take them when the writer knows better, but its hard to forgive him when he should know better, but continues to make the same mistakes. If you think so much of it, why don't you recommend it to Ace books? ((Who, me? Let Coulson do it, he wrote the review.))

I've been on an archaeology field trip since the last issue and I'm not so enthusiastic about it as I once was. Working out under a hot sun all day with bugs flying all around is not my idea of enjoying myself. There must be people who like that thing though, as every weekend the local museum has plenty of volunteers for its expeditions. Also there are several fueds going on between the interested people. The most important of which is between the professional archaeologist who recently arrived to take over the museum's efforts in that field and the local man who used to be in charge of such things. Seems the local is jealous of the professional's reputation and success with his former followers. ((So what are they looking for in Alabama? Hell of a note, Zerbe, to tell us you went on a field expedition without telling us what you were looking for.))

HARRY WARNER, JR.

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Did you know that Dynatrons turn brown when they are exposed to light. I left one on the seat of the car a few days among a pile of fanzines that I thought I might find time to read while waiting for traffic jams to clear, and all the green ((all right, so ya don't hyphenate one syllable words.)) has gone where the other fanzines didn't shelter that delicate and fugitive hue. ((I wonder if maybe that effect couldn't be used for duplication? Set a sheet, covered by a stencil, out in the sun and thereby save the trouble of mineoing. What kind of traffic do you have that you find time to read fanzines while waiting for it to clear?))

Ed Cox does a pretty good job of putting all the fictional cliches into Science Fiction Forever this time, although these cliches do not produce the same unstudied and natural effect on the reader that they do when you find them in any prozine story you happen to start reading in these decadent days.

I did fairly well on the parts of Baxter's quiz that I should have done well on, thouse that concerned science fiction that I had read. I really believe that such quizzes should be scored two ways, because the amount of classic science fiction has grown so large that only a few extra-avid fans are apt to have read all the frequently anthologized, praised, and discussed stories, unless there are a few fans so conformist that they hunt out and read only the science fiction that gets talked about the most. My main disgrace in this instance is my failure to recognize the White excerpt. ((You should get together with Cox on scoring. I suspect there are more than a few fans who conform to the type you mention.))

Buck Coulson's article might serve as a starter for a survey of the particular breed of fantasy he discusses here. ((May we have your contribution for the next issue?)) I don't think there is any special name for the type of story that this represents, the story that explains practically everything through

WARNER:

its happenings. The most elaborate example of the type in space opera that occurs to me is Leslie Stone's "The Rape of the Solar System", which must have appeared around 1935 in Amazing Stories. It accounted for almost every physical feature in the planets and satellites of the solar system through the events that it described.

Maybe it's a commentary on the less scholarly and less serious fandom that prevails today, the fact that nobody in this discussion of definitions and types of fantasy has proposed drawing up an exhaustive list of types and assigning decimal numbers to each type so that indexing could be simplified. That sort of suggestion came up many years ago when both of us were considerably younger than we are now, and maybe you remember how it resulted in Speer's decimal classification by which any fantasy story could be given a fictional equivalent of the Dewey system of cataloging non-fiction. ((Maybe you and Juffus were considerably younger then but I haven't aged a bit. Jack, if you'd care to resurrect the Speer decimal classification system for this generation of fandom I'll publish it here.))

I'd almost forgotten about Japanese fandom, until I ran across this letter from Takumi. I'm sure I don't know what he means by the "progress" that he thinks Japanese fandom is not making. Lack of fanzines and feuds, perhaps? ((Lack of prozines, I imagine.)) It sounds as if Japanese fandom has progressed more rapidly than fandom in any other country in the world, except perhaps in those two respects, and it's done so under handicaps that no other fan civilization has encountered, the combination of extreme language divergence, geographical isolation, and scarcity of raw materials in the form of long established prozines and world famous authors of science fiction. Australia has the geographical problem, Germany some of the language problems, but I can't think of any country where fans have so many things working against them. So Japanese fandom has made remarkable achievements and it will probably be better off if it doesn't get too close to the influence of English-language fandom. ((Perhaps, so, but I would like to see more contact between Japanese fandom and the rest of us.))

All of which seems to wrap it up for this issue. I don't know what we'll have next time but I'm sure something will come in. See you in October.

DYNATRON

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