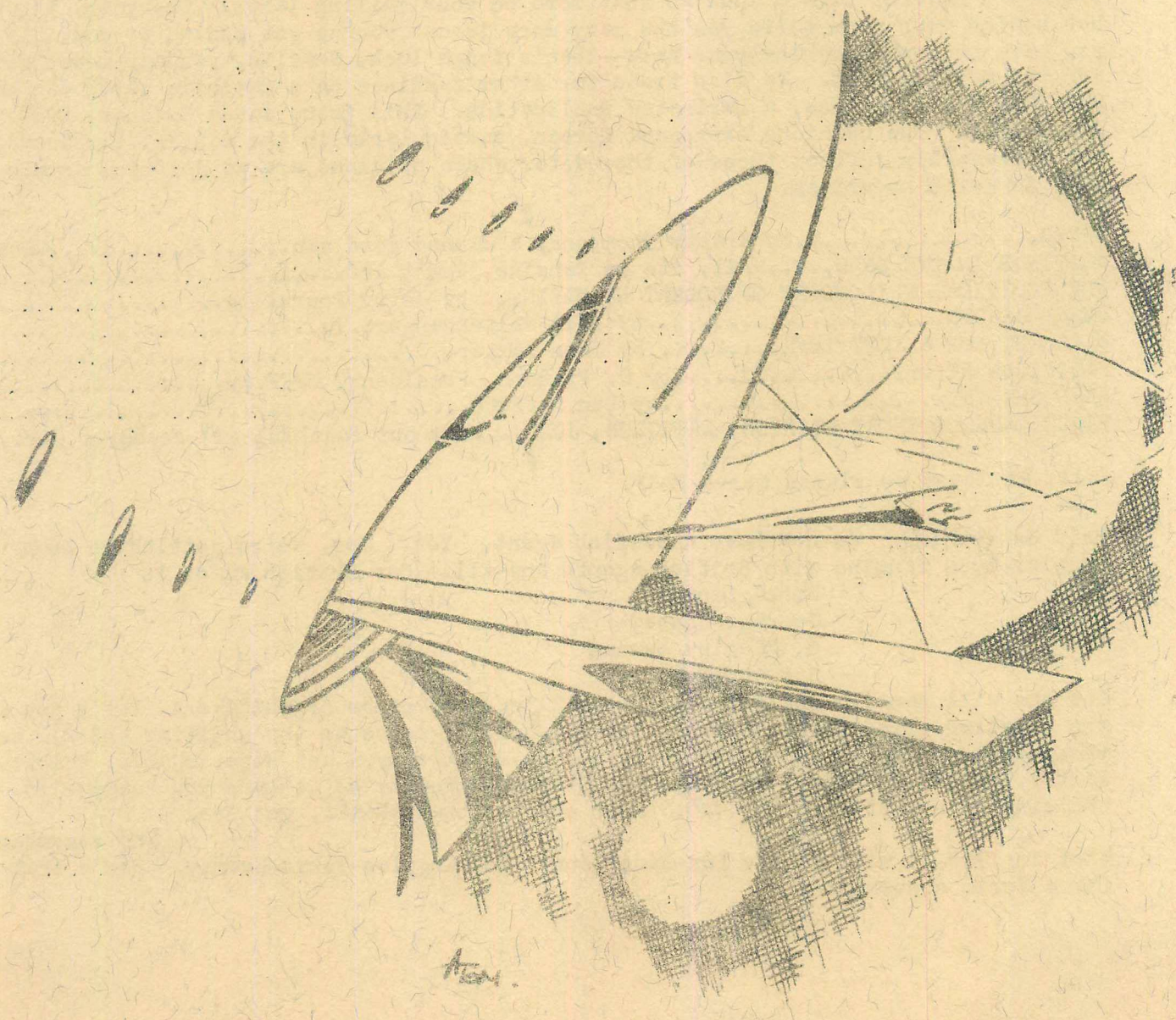


18 Nov 64

DYNATRON

23



By Klono's tantalum tentacles, Tackett, do you realize what you've gone and done? Do you realize that by getting the schedule all fouled up you've eliminated the blasted anniversary issue? Like September is supposed to be the annish month and how can you have an annish if you don't put out an issue in September? Do you realize there are literally tens of fans out there waiting for the grand and glorious annish? What are you going to do about it?

Let 'em wait.

This, dear hearts, is DYNATRON. The twenty-third DYNATRON, more or less. More, I suspect. It--DYNATRON, that is--is a sort of fanzine. (What's a fanzine, daddy?) That is to say it is an amateur publication loosely devoted to speculative fiction and loosely thrown together (no, by no means edited) by one Roy Tackett (and one is enough, is it not?) at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107, USofA. DYNATRON, the fanzine that placed.. er...ah...28th?...in last year's Fan Poll (Coulson's right, that damned poll is worthless), is published every other month--most of the time... (28th? Egad!) This mess of lime Twil-Tone and ink costs five 4¢ stamps per issue and if you freeloaders think I'm kidding take a look at that zero on your mailing label. Oh, yeah, the number behind your name tells you how many more issues you've got coming to you. If you have no number behind your name--that's tough luck, Charlie, you may never get off the mailing list. We also trade for other fanzines on a catch as catch can basis. DYNATRON is, of course, a Marinated publication. This issue dated October, 1964. Disclaimer: The opinions expressed herein, particularly in the editorial columns, do not necessarily reflect those of the editor whose opinions are as shifting as the sand in which he writes.

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Well, at least we placed above F&SF.

Hold everything. We now have a British agent. Yes. Gee, we're getting to be a regular-type fanzine with British agents and all. Our British agent is

Ethel Lindsay
Courage House,
6, Langley Avenue
Surrey, Surrey

and she will happily collect all the shillings and pence or whatever. Let's see now the sterling price for this thing is, er, ~~four~~, 12 pence to the shilling and 21/ to the guinea, carry 11 and multiply by 36, no, that's my waist size, mumble, mumble, Baxter, you're no help. Oh, yes, the Sterling area price is--are you ready--1/6 the single copy or five for 7/6. Much cheaper than ANALOG, you see.

And remember that in 1968 it will be the Pan-Pacificon: Los Angeles-Tokyo-Sydney. How's that for a World convention?

WRITINGS

IN THE

SAND



THE FEEL YOU SAY DEPT.

Bowers-Bill-Mallardi along with Mike Domina and another fan, whose name, I blush to say, entirely escapes me, stopped by for a brief chat after Pacificon II and among other things mentioned that the business session had, at the behest of Harlan Ellison, agreed to the formation of a "Hugo Nominating Committee."

According to the special (Harlan Ellison) issue of STARSPINKIE (dated 17 Sep 64) there is now in existence a "Study Committee" consisting of Anthony Boucher, Dick Lupoff, Harlan Ellison, Ethel Lindsay and Josef Nesvadba (who he?) which is empowered to study the Hugo nominations system and present a preliminary report at the London convention and a final report—for a vote—at the next American convention.

There seems to be dissatisfaction in certain quarters concerning the way the Hugo nominations are made and the awards, er, awarded. (Like maybe some writer's masterpiece didn't get the Hugo—or even nominated yet.) One assumes that there may be just a bit of feeling that fandom doesn't recognize a good thing when it sees it.

now, you clods, how about that?

Well,

Isn't it a wonderful thing to know that you and you and you (and even I) are not capable of recognizing a masterwork of speculative fiction? That from now on there will be a special committee to tell us all what is good and what isn't? Doesn't that grab you?

I get an impression that I have been insulted. And you. And you. Dear hearts, I plead guilty to being a semi-literate clod; a non-intellectual barbarian who doesn't appreciate the finer points of modern literature. But, man and boy, I've been reading speculative fiction for 30-odd years and the sheer mass of stories I've perused has pounded some distinction between good and bad stf into my thick skull. But at Pacificon it was decided that I (and you) need a committee to tell me what constitutes a good stf yarn.

would seem to fit very nicely here: EGGH!

An old fannish expression

Now that the emotionalism is out of the way a few points would seem worth considering. The argument is advanced that no one fan can possibly read all the stf that is printed these days so that some worthy yarn may well be overlooked. Compared with the boom years there is really very little stf being printed these days. Such a statement would have been justified when there were between 30 and 40 different magazines on the newsstands as well as a vast outpouring of both hardcover and paperback books but it doesn't hold much water now. The field certainly is not at an all-time low presently but it isn't overcrowded either.

We do find speculative fiction appearing in a wider variety of magazines these days. A certain amount is bound to be missed since even the most ardent reader can't read all the magazines that might possibly contain a stf yarn tucked away between the covers. It is extremely doubtful that even the proposed Nominating Committee will be able to track down all the speculative fiction that appears during the year. This spreading

of the field into non-stf zines is nothing new and really should not be a source of concern lest some masterwork be overlooked. It has generally proved out over the years--and still holds true--that only a very few of those stf yarns that appear outside the usual sources are worth considering anyway and those few are quickly called to the attention of those of us who missed them.

So who needs a committee?

In a very real sense all fandom is a Hugo nominating committee. At a rough guess there are maybe 100,000 regular readers of speculative fiction in the country. 99,500 of these take no part in the activities surrounding the awarding of the Annual SF Achievement Awards. This, in effect, leaves a committee of 500 more or less active fans who go about the yearly business of deciding the Hugo nominees and winners. That is a rather large committee and I can think of few award-making committees that are bigger.

I can see a definite need for study of the system in some areas. The audio-visual (or drama, if you will) award is one that has suffered in the last couple of years. Of a certainty much in the way of speculative drama is overlooked because it does not appear as a motion picture or on television. A special committee made up of fans in the larger metropolitan areas who have the chance to attend plays, opera, etc., would be able to give recognition to those audio-visual presentations which do not appear on the mass media.

There might also be a committee set up among those fans who are close to the publishing business to call fandom's attention to speculative fiction which appears outside the normal boundaries of the field.

However, the suggestion that a special committee is needed to make nominations in the regular categories is an affront to all of fandom.

I think we should appoint a special committee to study the system of organization and presentation of the annual convention.

The dynotron bomb. Note that critical middle vowel there, my old. The dynotron bomb is the foul evial weapon with which the foul evial Neptunians are going to wipe out the Jovian system. At one time the foul evial Neptunians were just a bunch of scattered foul evial natives but one of these foul evial creatures got hold of a foul evial book called MEIN KAMPF by a foul evial Earthling called A. Hitler and he set himself up as a foul evial dictator over the whole foul evial and he's going to use the foul evial dynotron bomb to blow the whole Jovian system all to hell and gone. (Not to be confused with the Hell-and-gone Club being talked up as a successor to the old Outlander Society. The H&G Club so named because the prospective members all live way to Hell and gone outside of L.A. proper.)

Anyway it's up to Ti Gordon and Johnny Damokles and Thurner to prevent the foul evial deed. Ti Gordon happens to have a ship that by some quirk manages to travel faster than light. Thurner is head pilot of the Jup-Cal line and holds a license to travel beyond Jupiter. He's got to pilot Ti Gordon's ship because Gordon doesn't have a license, you see. Johnny Damokles is a Greek and says things like: "A fellow finds it this planet. She ain't got a names and deesa fellows tink she's all watery. So they name her Mister Neptune. Dem times long ago...two t'ousand year...t'ree t'ousand. What the hells!"

So the three of them decide to sneak up on Neptune from the rear and flit out almost to Pluto and then sorta coast in towards Neptune. It looks as if it's going to be a cinch. Only Thurner turns out to be a foul evial Neptunian and Ti Gordon and Johnny Damokles are tossed into the clink where Johnny gets a job moving cargo and Ti goes to work in the photo lab. Johnny, like any good longshoreman, manages to steal a little impervium and Ti Gordon steals some photons from the photo lab and treats it which turns it into anti-grav which he manages to rig up to be controlled by this radio he builds and they hook it onto the foul evial dynotron bomb and suspend the

whole mess over the foul evil Neptunian capital. "Surrender!" says Ti Gordon, "or I'll blow us all to Hell and gone."

The foul evil Neptunians see the light--it is reflecting off the dynatron bomb hanging there in the sky like the sword of Damocles--and they surrender.

"The Greeks," Johnny Damokles said softly to nobody in particular, "have a word for it. Freedom!"

What the hells, Sport.

This little gem is by one Hugh Frazier Parker. It is called, of course, "The Sword of Johnny Damokles" and appeared originally in PLANET STORIES in 1943 and was reprinted 10 years later in the Fall, 1953, issue of TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION.

TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION, A Fiction House Magazine published by Love Romances Publishing Co., Inc. T. T. Scott, President. (How should I know of what?) Malcolm Reiss is listed as editor and Mary Berner as "Asso. Editor". That's what it says. Right there on the inside front cover. It says "Mary Berner Asso. Editor".

Say, Tucker, do you remember the issue of ASTOUNDING which listed "K. Tarrant, Ass. Editor"? Oh, I tell you the fans had a field day with that. Ah, the sophisticated fan humor of the early 40s when Harry Warner and Juffus were much younger.

This issue of TOPS also reprints the semi-classic "Lorelei of the Red Mist" by Brackett and Bradbury (or Bradbury and Brackett if you prefer) which is a fine sword and sorcery tale and one of the better stories to appear in PLANET. The Lorelei was Renn who is described thus (pay attention, Robin Wood): "She was tall and sleek and insolently curved. She wore a sort of tabard of pale grey spider-silk, held to her body by a jeweled girdle, but it was just a nice piece of ornamentation. Her face was narrow, finely cut, secret, faintly amused. Her lips, her eyes, her flowing silken hair were all the same pale cool shade of aquamarine.

"Her skin was white with no hint of rose. Her shoulders, her forearms, the long flat curve of her thighs, the pale green tips of her breasts, were dusted with tiny particles that glistened like powdered diamond."

get that, Robin? Green, by Ghu!

Green! Did you

Turns out she's a fish.

Also we find reprinted here three minor items: "And the Gods Laughed" by Frederic Brown, "Grifter's Asteroid" by Harold C. Fosse and "Saboteur of Space" by Robert Abernathy.

TOPS IN SCIENCE FICTION. Well, now, I dunno, chums, but it seems to me that with the exception of "Lorelei" they'd have been better off if they had reprinted THE VIZIGRAPH.

Dynatron, for the benefit of such youngsters as Hank Luttrell and Jack Speer, is an electronic term derived from such as the "dynatron oscillator" and the dynatron region of a tetrode vacuum tube. This is a region on the tube's voltage-current curve where it acts a bit backwards, as it were, and sometimes strange things happen. Otherwise there is the Dynatron Corporation of Great Britain which manufactures radios and televisions and the like--their slogan is "Probably the most expensive, certainly the best." And I read recently where some fellow is marketing an automotive device he calls the Dynatron which is supposed to increase fuel economy.

There is a certain ring to the word. I like it.

PAN-PACIFICON: LOS ANGELES-TOKYO IN 1968

(continued on page 12)

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY OF ROBERT HEINLEIN
discussed by
J. E. POURNELLE

The fundamental problem in understanding Robert Heinlein stems from a very bad model of American politics which is currently in vogue--the idea that there is a coherent Left and Right. Thus, because Heinlein is not of the Left and most certainly does not fit in the Center, he must be a Rightist; and that is identified with being Conservative. Here is where the rub is, for Heinlein is not a Conservative; in some ways he is a more dangerous enemy to Conservatism than ever were the Welfare Liberals who are presently the enemies of both Heinlein and the Conservatives. Some of his ideas do fit in with Conservative theory, and he has been moving slowly in their direction, but there remains a most basic disagreement.

While Heinlein has been becoming more conservative in his theory of government, he has not changed his views of Society. One major difference between Heinlein and the Conservatives is that he makes a sharp distinction between Government and Society, and believes that stable governments can be formed even though within them the structure of Society is transformed, undermined, and made fluid. The Conservatives--including myself--do not accept this. The greatest theorists of the Conservative philosophy have so interwoven Government and Society as to have allowed their enemies to accuse them of not knowing the difference between them.

Secondly, Bob Heinlein has accepted one tenet of Conservatism: that stable governments grow, and change slowly. They are not constructed out of whole cloth, and they are usually not very rational. Emotional attachments such as are generated by State symbols (flags, anthems, traditions) are more important than logic. Only when a government is really bad do people start to oppose it for rational reasons; most opposition to government is irrational. My own opinion is that history is most assuredly on Heinlein's side in this issue. Few revolutionary states have left the supporters of the revolution better off than they were under the ancien regime.

His third belief is that soldiers do not fight for the nation; they fight for the Regiment. I think he is wrong in this, but only partially. Professional soldiers do in fact fight for the Regiment; but we have done well with citizen-soldiers, conscripts in fact, whose allegiance is not to their officers, but to the Constitution or simply to America. Such citizen-soldiers are not optimum for legionary-type areas like Korea and Viet-Nam, but have done splendidly in all-out war. Whether in the future this is possible--whether amateur, part-time, citizen-soldiers will be sufficient in the next era can be sharply questioned. Heinlein's readers should also recall that he is unalterably opposed to conscription in any form, on moral grounds. Thus for him the alternative of the citizen-conscript-soldier is simply not open. Thus the volunteer army, the trained professional soldier (SPACE CADET, STARSHIP TROOPERS). Recognizing the danger to a state from this kind of army, it is trained to follow the orders of its officers, the officers (in TROOPER) are not active participants in the process of government. Only after retirement can they have a hand in the framing of policy.

His fourth belief is one very similar to a position I have been arguing in the political science journals for some time. It is a kind of Marxism, in the sense that it is a belief in a semi-determinism in social orders. The difference is that Marx believed in absolute determinism, and his was economic. The position is roughly this: only those who have a hand in the most important activities of the State will govern it. The indispensable men will run the country, and there is nothing you can do about it. If the important work of the state is production, and there are few or no external enemies, the men in charge will be managers and engineers, with a sprinkling of politicians. If the State is at war, and the war continues for any length of time, the fighting men will end up in charge. This is inevitable. In the past, (since the collapse of

feudalism) mass armies have been necessary, and thus Democracy was the preferred and inevitable form of government. When, however, the armed citizen, the conscript soldier is USELESS in the defense of the State, and contributes little to its survival (either economic or military), then the professionals will end up in charge. They have the real power; and after a while they will refuse to take orders from those they no longer respect. Note that this above is a theory of reality; it is not advocacy, and it implies no approval. It is not normative, it is descriptive. If it is true, this is the way the world is, and all the wishing in the world won't make it less true. It is Michels' Iron Law of Oligarchy translated into general terms.

For Heinlein, at least in several of his books, the question is: assuming that the above is a true statement (and there is powerful evidence for its truth) then what kind of organization will STILL preserve SOME freedom for the rest of the citizens? It is not a trivial question.

Attacks on Heinlein should take one of two forms: a criticism of his power theory of government--that is a real analysis from history of the observed fact that government is always oligarchical to some extent, with an argument that the future will be different; or, granting his power theory, an alternative social organization that will work which is preferable on ethical grounds. Mere attacks on the ethics of Heinlein's model societies are insufficient; it is necessary to show that in this world, where there ARE tigers, a more pleasing social order can be constructed and that it is STABLE. For an examination of factors making for political stability, I invite the reader to look at Vilfredo Pareto's studies of the circulation of elites. I doubt that anyone will enjoy it; I didn't; but it does clearly indicate some disturbing truths of history.

Those who attack Heinlein should also stop confusing Non-Democratic government with Totalitarian government. They are not necessarily the same thing. It is possible to have non-totalitarian, non-tyrannical government without democracy. See Aristotle's "Politics" for a start, and work up to the present.

They should also stop confusing potestas with jurisdictio. Heinlein, like the early monarchist theorists and many Conservatives today argues that WITHIN its legitimate sphere of action, government not only should possess all the power necessary to get its job done, but that it inevitably will do so. Bertrand de Jouvenel has argued the same thing in "Power". Therefore, the thing to do is to limit the sphere of operation of government. This, inevitably, means that many humane things we should like to have government accomplish simply cannot be made a government job, lest we give government power in areas we cannot control. Many welfare programs fall into this area. The argument is legitimate, but I should be the last to say that the Welfare Liberals are dead wrong in not accepting it. But they should understand the implications of what they advocate.

Thus, Heinlein is trying to reconcile his irrational belief in the dignity of man--a belief that I share with him--with political reality...with the realities of POWER. His social models all work toward that end. In GULF he showed the problem of letting it slip just a little, and produced the frightening picture of the superman who thought of the rest of humanity as dogs or cats--a picture which is all too possible. Heinlein does not believe that the gifted among us will continue indefinitely to take orders from men they do not respect, who cannot do without gifted people, and who think that they have all the power and the glory. He wants a world in which every man has a chance to live in dignity; but which recognizes that every man is not equal to every other in those skills which make some men powerful.

In STARSHIP TROOPER, Heinlein attempted to show a screening device which would select those with power potential and put them in charge of the State; but yet do so in such a manner that their incentive to misuse their power was minimal. There is a lot to think about in that book. The fact that one does not like the social order so generated means little. The problem is, with what do you replace it? The feudal age was similar to the modern one, in that most people were unnecessary

for the survival of the State. Warfare was the business of men trained to it from an early age. Feudalism fell, not with gunpowder, but at Morgarten when Swiss peasants rediscovered that discipline was a damn good weapon. Then came Swiss democracy. Historically, democracy has always been a concomitant of mass armies...not that there have not been undemocratic mass army states, but that there have been no states I think of, for any length of time, in which democracy was possible when technicians of war were supreme. The problem is real. Bob Heinlein tries to deal with it. I don't think that makes him a crackpot.

You may remember that in DOUBLE STAR there was no external enemy, no pressing problem of economics, and plenty of symbolic appeals to loyalty. He evidently thought it could be stable. But notice the conditions; and notice that he glossed over how you get there from here. Because that is problem number two: after you have described Utopia, you must show us how you get to it. I remind you that problem has been with us since Plato's three States: THE REPUBLIC, THE STATESMAN, and THE LAWS. Heinlein may not be a modern Plato but he addresses himself to the same problems as did Plato's student, Aristotle: what is the best we can do in this world? And in this world there are tigers.

JERRY POURNELLE

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PAN-PACIFICON: LOS ANGELES-TOKYO, 1968

DREAM GARDEN

by

BILL WOLFENBARGER

a fairytale

One day in a far-off and forgotten neverland, there was a king called King Winterproof, and a queen named Queen Flowertuff.

The land was soft and easy for farming.

The entire kingdom was quite happy.

On this particular day, one of soft rain, a maiden went tripping her way through the Dream Garden. And there, amid the dream flowers, her eyes caught to some strange and bewildering face. The pillowlillies beside the maiden moved uneasily.

To make a long story very, very short, he said his name was Captain Dreamer.

Long ago, he said, he had dreamed-up the kingdom and the King and the Queen and every 59 years or so he would come visit here to see that his dream was still in fine working order.

The maiden, after hearing this from this fantastic fiend, placed her puppy-like nose upon one of the rainbow-like flowers. And there, (as Captain Dreamer placed a spell on her) for the rest of her days and nights, she could not see or feel or guess of anything of the world she had lived in and loved in. To eternity her universe would consist of nothing but knowing the rainbow-like flower-thing stretching its perfect infinity, on and on, hoping, some day or some night, to reach her pot of gold before the World came to an End.

For Diana and Rene.

BILL WOLFENBARGER

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A LAMENT FOR A LOST LOVE

by

JOHN BAXTER

Mars is not what it was, that's true;
But nor is Venus. Do you recall
The endless deep liquescent blue
Of Venus' oceans in our day?
Those green-skinned maidens, beckoning
With siren hands that said "Come away
To depths of wondering
And joy lingering?"

Then Kuttner came and (in disguise
For sure he knew his subtle crime)
Destroyed the peace that in our eyes
Was Venus. 'neath those glooming seas.
He planted well the seeds of war
And in his Keeps did the disease
Of man take root, and claw
Its way to shore.

After that, the old progression
Of pioneer, settler, farmer.
Venus acquired discretion.
Our green seas and floating charmer
Were gone, and in their place were fields.
There are still storms, but they are calmer.
To the sword that science yields,
Fantasy yields.

We have no hate of quiet or peace,
But our quietness is not the same
As that of farmers. Let life cease
Its frantic pace. Dreamers, we are lame.
We do not cheer when progress parades.
We ask this, without fear or shame.
Leave us with the green shades
And the mermaids.

JOHN BAXTER

PACIFICON REPORT

by

DONALD FRANSON

We had a very interesting convention. Lots of people were there.

DONALD FRANSON

KEEP SMILING!

A Conventional Column by

LEN MOFFATT

Right now the Apartment 5 phonograph is playing some fine dixie type jazz by the Hot Club of Belgium. This is supposed to put me into the mood to write the convention report I more or less promised for DYNATRON but I don't think it will be a full length, comprehensive report. I took some sketch notes and shot about 40 color slides at Pacificon II but the convention ended about 11 days ago and some of it is rather hard to remember.

Oh, I can remember individual events but I'm not sure which day or which night each of them occurred. The Program Booklet doesn't help much, as some of the program items got switched around, as happens at conventions, and some I missed because I was busy having a good time elsewhere in the Leamington, or got up too late and was having brunch, or...well, you know how it is. I'm reasonably sure that there will be several reports written and published about Pacificon II. In fact, one of them I heard about was even written before the con.

I went to the con to meet people, to have a good time, to enjoy my vacation—and I did. Thanks to the Clintons I continued to enjoy myself for three days after the con by staying over in the Bay Area. But those three days could fill a column by themselves. The best I can do is to give some of the highlights, the items I liked best. And maybe a couple of things I didn't like.

For instance, three paintings were stolen from the Art Show. Thank Foo it wasn't any of the originals by St. John or by John Coleman Burroughs. These were on display courtesy of Hulbert Burroughs, who is manager of ERB, Inc. Hully Burroughs is a nice guy and this was his first stfcon and it would have been a helluva note if these priceless items had been marred or stolen.

The Art Show itself was obviously a highlight of the con. The Business Meeting was both a highlight and a bad scene. It was poorly conducted, the chair being quite tired at that stage and probably hung over, and the attendees were a noisy, hard to control bunch. The most important thing I did at the business meeting was to take a pic of Bill Rotsler and the Rotsler girl who had appeared at the Costume Party in what seemed to be the "altogether". The girl, that is, not Rotsler. I wanted something different—a pic of her with her clothes on.

There were proposals, amendments, riders to amendments, arguments, counter-arguments, counter amendments. It was wild. Read all about it elsewhere. Seriously, an effort was made to better the Hugo nomination situation. After much argufying a committee was establish to handle same for the next couple of years, same committee to also study a way to make the whole thing more practical and realistic. It's a good committee, representing both the pros and the fans, so let's give them a hand and wait for results.

The real highlight of the business session was the bid for the Virgin Islands (St John's to be specific) for 1965. It was a gag bid, of course, presented by Silverberg (who did a better Robert Benchly bit than I could ever do) and seconded by Ellison. ATOM, indeed a jolly good fellow, bid for London, seconded by Wally Weber who begged us to vote for London "or Ella will kill me...!"

Naturally London won, but St John's pulled about one-third of the votes! The pros who sponsored the Johncon bid were somewhat dismayed when so many hands went up for their site. Apparently they hadn't learned that some fans will vote for damned near anything if it sounds wacky enough. Later I heard that these same pros may put in a serious bid for the Virgin Islands as a con site at some future date.

The Westercon went to Long Beach in '65. The LASFS bidders withdrew in favor of the Long Beach committee and San Diego didn't have a chance. But if the same fans stay in San Diego for the next couple of years there's no reason why they shouldn't cop the bid for the '66 Westercon.

The Costume Party was a highlight and the costumes were cleverer and more beautiful than ever. I was unhappy that Lauren Exter's Double Star (from Heinlein's novel) double costume didn't get a prize. It was so designed that he was both the actor and (by quickly removing part of it) the politician the actor doubled for in the story. If you don't know what I'm talking about go read the story. Chief Red Feather and his Indian troupe performed various dances and some expert bow and arrow marksmanship. The first part of the Chief's show was somewhat interrupted by the nearly naked Rotsler girl, which just goes to show that some science fiction fans are more interested in sex than they are in Indians.

The Banquet featured entertaining, informative, interesting, and warm-friendly talks from Forry Ackerman, Leigh Brackett and Ed Hamilton, aided by that great toastmaster, Tony Boucher. Sam Moskowitz, presenting the First Fandom Hall of Fame Award, talked—too long—about Hugo Gernsback, the award's recipient this year. Uncle Hugo wasn't there but we sure learned a lot about him from Sam. I'm not objecting to being informed, but Sam's talk was just too lengthy for the purposes of presenting an award at a banquet that already had a long slate of speakers. Tony was much more concise in handing out the Hugos, each of whom got a standing ovation, started by the ovation for Cliff Simak who was happily there to receive his Hugo in person. The guests of honor all spoke at reasonable lengths—in fact I could have stood to hear more from them. Forry told things about his life in the fan and sf field that I doubt he had ever told to a public audience before, touching on his troubles as well as the happier parts of his life. Leigh's theme dealt with wondering how her life might have been had she not tried to write sf and thus never meet her kind of people, including her husband. Ed told of his early struggles as an author, offering both sound and humor-filled advice to young would-be writers.

Before I forget I'd just like to let Bob Tucker know that I spent five bucks at one of the auctions to get copies of old LE ZOMBIES, circa World War II. I'd had these at one time but my copies got lost or strayed, and I nostalgically jumped the bidding to get the things. I'm not really a fanzine collector, but LeZ is an all time favorite fanzine as far as I'm concerned.

There were 525 persons present at the con and the fear that the teen-age monster-fans would take over was unfounded. There were a number of them there, but actually the teenagers were in the minority. Quantity-wise, that is—no pun intended. And well behaved.

I attended one of the meetings conducted by Forry and found it fun and hope-giving (meaning some of these kids will probably become adult sfans). Walt Daugherty auctioned off a few items (books, mags, movie posters) to show the kids how it was done and then they had a contest to pick the best teenage auctioneer. Walt sat in the audience to judge and to choose the winner. It was fun watching these kids trying to make like auctioneers. Some were shy and forcing themselves, some were corny (if I may use a swing era term) and a couple were pretty good. The winner was Bill Glanville, age 16, of Oakland, Calif. Like, local boy makes good. I forget what the prize was, but obviously something they felt was a valuable addition to one's monster fandom collection. Then Walt auctioned off Forry, and Bill Glanville won by making the top bid. I think it was around five bucks. What he got, of course, was an hour of Forry's time and lunch with the great Ackermmonster.

The winetasting was fun, too. What you do at a winetasting, see, is...well, taste wine. I found it all very tasty, yes...

Fritz Leiber's talk on monsters we know and love was possibly the all round best talk of the con. Not only because of Fritz's wonderful voice and delivery, but his analysis of the subject matter was both spellbinding and informative. His voice was also put to good use on a tape-recorded, slide-illustrated program on HPL, put together (and nicely) by Ackerman,

Daugherty, Sam Russell and Fritz. The slides were mostly various artist's conceptions of HIL's stories and poems, with Fritz reading the appropriate lines or paragraphs from Lovecraft's writings. I'm not an HPL buff, but recommend the program to anyone interested in fantastic literature, artwork, and dramatic readings. Forry, Walt, and Sam did a good job of putting the introductory parts on the tape, and whoever did the editing (prob'ly Walt) must be especially commended.

Harlan Ellison gave a humorous diatribe against the TV/Hollywood attitude towards "adapting stf to a visual medium". Ellison is always "on" and most always amusing.

Although the con was well attended (with the hotel full-up and some having to get rooms in other hotels) there were a number of people I missed, who couldn't make the con for one reason or another. Among those were our dynatronish editor and wife, and, of course, Ed and Anne Cox, the Trimbles, the Clintons, the Goldstones, Mike Hinge, the Nevilles, Tucker, and others. Even with 525 present, plus the number of non-members who visited the lobby and mezzanine, there were a number of friendly faces missing. 'Tis thus at every con, I reckon. There were people I knew wouldn't be there because they live too far away, such as Ella and Ethel. But I devised a method to send kisses to them via Arthur Thompson without having to kiss the ATom mug meself. Ummm...best to let Arthur tell about that in his report. Of course, if he chickens out and doesn't tell, I will.... Keep smiling.

LEN MOFFATT

MORE WRITINGS IN THE SAND

A note about things to come. In #25, scheduled for February, we'll have Jack Speer's FANTASY FICTION DECIMAL CLASSIFICATION. This work, brought out by Speer several years ago, is of great importance to the serious student of the fantasy field. I understand there are still a few of them around. It is also useful to such as collectors. I highly recommend it.

Those on the regular mailing list will get the Decimal Classification as a matter of course. However, if you know of anyone who might be interested in it I'd appreciate it if you'd pass the word along. A simple request—accompanied, of course, by five 4¢ stamps—will reserve a copy.

As for DYNATRON 24—it'll be out in December.

Damn. Somehow I managed to change the schedule. December put us in the Christmas rush. Owell, maybe the mail service will be better during that month than ordinarily.

Sometimes even the best slip a bit. Most of you know by now that I place Ed Hamilton up on top of the list of my favorite stf authors. Damn fine story teller. So it was with pleasure that I picked up BATTLE FOR THE STARS at the newsstand the other day. According to the credits this was originally published in 1961 but the original place of publication isn't given.

I managed to get through the first four chapters before I gave it up. Ed goofed.

Jay Birrell and some of his bunch are scouting into the ~~xxxx/xx/xx/xx/xx~~ star cluster N-356-44 chasing down a rumor that the ~~xxxx/xx/xx~~ Orion space navy has a base there. There's only one way into the cluster, ya see, and that's through this great rift. Birrell's bunch go zooming in there "between the huge cliffs of stars" ever on the alert for ambush. The ~~pass~~ rift is narrow and there are all sorts of ~~xxxx~~ stars for the baddies to hide behind.

They make it through and finally arrive at this ~~xxxx/xx/xx/xx~~ planet and sure enough the baddies are there. The baddies take Birrell prisoner but the Chief (I think his name was Sitting Bull) claims the white-eyes have thereby broken the treaty and chases everybody out. Birrell gets back to his ~~xxxx~~ spaceship and they head out

but the baddies try to cut them off at the pass. So Birrell goes up over the ~~rift~~ rift and into the nebula.

That's where I got off. One line summary of BATTLE FOR THE STARS by Edmond Hamilton: Hi-yo Silver, Awaay.

The local television guide, which I scan daily just in case there might be something worth viewing, told me that Ray Bradbury would be the guest of Steve Allen a few nights back. So at nine-thirty of the p.m. I tuned in. Mr. Allen came on and things were pretty hokey for a half-hour or so. Then he introduced Bradbury: "the king of the science-fiction writers, a man who has written more science-fiction...etc.". Bradbury looked pained. Allen plugged some of Bradbury's books, Ray explained to him the idea behind FAHRENHEIT 451, and they yakked a bit between commercials. Ray said that what he was trying to show in his stf yarns that the definition of a human being must be broadened; that if we get out to Mars and find 12 feet tall intelligent spiders we'll have to consider that they are human beings.

Bradbury came off much better than Rod Serling did on a similar program some time back. Ray at least knows his stfish basics.

Another Harlan Ellison special edition of STARSPINKLE arrived in time to call my attention to THE OUTER LIMITS and Ellison's "The Glass Hand". Ellison says, in STARSPINKLE, "The Glass Hand starts twenty thousand years in the future when the Kyben conquer Earth in nineteen days. Humans have no defense but a radioactive plague with a half-life of 99 years—but it kills all intelligent life. The aliens are astounded when, overnight, the seventy billion Earthmen vanish, down to the last man, woman and child—leaving only a strange man named Mr. Trent, who has in place of his left hand a surgically-grafted transparent computer, the fingers of which are the computer's brainlobes."

Ellison says that he intended to write a chase yarn within a stf framework. He was partially successful. "The Glass Hand" is a fair-to-middling chase with a moderate amount of suspense. The stf element is something else again. Ellison did use a little bit of everything: alien invasion, time-travel, computers and robots, etc. But I quibble with the speculation that the time-travel involved would be only a one-way affair and about the effectiveness of a gold medallion worn loosely around the neck on a fragile chain acting as a focus to keep the visitor from the future in the present. If the medallion were a necessary part of the time-travel device then surely it would have been more securely worn. One wonders also about a radioactive plague that is able to differentiate between all life and all intelligent life.

Ellison has been publicizing his stories for THE OUTER LIMITS in hopes of getting the Hugo for Best Dramatic Presentation. The Glass Hand was better than Soldier but neither is, in my opinion, of Hugo caliber. Ellison writes well, but he is not a Wells or a Welles, and his science-fiction leaves much to be desired.

Perhaps it is that the proper medium for stf is the printed word which allows the reader to exercise his own imagination. Stf movies, stage and teleplays just don't seem to come off. There are, I think, too many limitations. It will take an outstanding writer to overcome the limitations imposed by the visual media and present a stf yarn that really comes over. It has been done—"Things To Come" and "Metropolis" come to mind—but not recently. I'll give Ellison an E for Effort but unless something comes along to change my mind in the next couple of months I still intend to vote "No Award" for Best Dramatic Presentation.

Heh. One notes that the limitations of TV did cut into "The Glass Hand". Ellison says it started 20,000 years in the future but it came out as only 1,000 years. That's the way it goes in TV—you've got to cut corners wherever possible and if you can save a thousand years here and a thousand years there there may be enough left over to use on next week's show.

ROY TACKETT

CURRENTTE CALAMO

This is the lettercol. You were expecting maybe fancy layouts and headings? Be happy with the typed ones. "Currentte Calamo" was the original title of the editorial column which later became "Parinating" and then "Writings In The Sand". It means "with running pen" or "offhand" and seems appropriate for this issue's locol since most letters of comment are written rather offhandedly. Is it not? It is.

A certain Scots lassie complains that the way I set off my editorial insertions in the letters ((like this)) is hard on the eyes. Ethel, dear, so get some glasses from the National Health Service. Meantimes, here's the letterhacks.

THE FALLEN MIGHTY by Wally Weber, Box 632, Huntsville, Alabama 35804
Dear Dy,

13Sep64

Stripped of my super-powers, I now come to you humbly as a common letterhack, hoping you will have mercy I failed to show. Of course I'm sorry now for the way I once treated letterhacks, but no doubt it's too late to help.

DYNATRON 22 surprised me yesterday and, having better things to do, I read it through at once. (Never do a better thing when there are worse to be done. Remember that.)(Exactly!) Twelve pages of letters? That's terrible! ((True.)) Using all that space up with mindless drivel when you could be publishing John Berry stories instead, or articles by Asimov. How come you don't have any material by those two anyway? ((I never asked.)) And how about better layout--more illustrations--more pages? ((Didn't you once write this same letter to PLANET STORIES?)) You sure are cheap. ((As cheap as possible.)) I once though I would send you some money for a subscription, but now I don't know. Keep sending them to me free--I like it better that way.

Humbly, I go on to the issue at hand. You must be one of those idealistic fans who think science fiction fanzines should have something to do with science fiction. If so, then perhaps you will want to join Harlan Ellison's secret organization dedicated to awarding Hugos to authors who deserve them instead of awarding them to authors fans are fond of. I missed the part of the Pacificon II business meeting where this problem of awarding Hugos was mentioned, but I understand a committee is being formed to study the situation. If so, perhaps DYNATRON can participate in the project by making it a subject of discussion.

So go out now and discuss. How can fandom award Hugos in a scientific manner so that the most deserving story (or whatever) wins? Many Hugo voters have not even read all the stories on the ballot, according to current rumors.

I believe the trend at the Pacificon II business meeting was to have the awards decided by a committee of competent deciders. There are some objections to this, one of them being that this would be a step toward separating the authority governing the awards from the group responsible for doing the work. We would have this committee deciding what awards should be give and to whom they should be presented, and then we would have the current convention committee left with the details of financing the trophies and doing the slave work. ((It seems to me that we're getting too damned many organized committees in fandom. It's getting to be like mundane clubs.))

But on to DYNATRON. I particularly liked the ATom cover, your comment on the lack of peaceful use of nuclear power, Ed Cox's attempt to better his mark in the Baxter quiz by revising the method of scoring, and the concern expressed by the readers over the previous issue's over-abundance of page nine. The item I liked least was Bill Wolfenbarger's "The Nightness," mainly because the mood it struck was not the sort of mood I enjoy feeling.

Enclosed please find some stamps, you cheapskate.

Wally.

A QUARTER-INCH OF LINT-FUZZ by Phil Harrell, 2632 Vincent Ave., Norfolk 9, Virginia

My you really must be getting desperate, printing one of my letters. ((We're broadminded. All are welcome here.)) Whatta ya think you are anyway? CRY? Anyway the Egoboo is nice so I'll rejoice in it. You have a nice wacky sense of humor and I enjoy DYNATRON even if you don't check any of my boxes or comment on the fake CRY I sent (or has your turn popped up yet? Yes it has so it shows you were on the top of the list, so shame on you for not commenting. I've written you letter on letter but I've only gotten one delightful letter from Roy. I guess I don't live right. Does anyone know where I can buy a bottle of Essence of Weber?) ((That wouldn't do any good—I don't write to Weber either.))

I seem destined to burble on in my Umfish way here for a page. I might mention the Collector's Bulletin that I put out for the NSF with the stout help of the NEDITOR, C. V. "Ned" Brooks, Jr., but when I ran out of Blank back cover, I couldn't resist leaving Ed Cox a place to scribble and I doubt tha you are a collector but I couldn't resist the chance to ~~write you letter~~ send you one so you'd join the Collector's Bureau just for want of anything better to do. I'd save it if I were you--there were only 50 copies so that makes it a collector's item or something. ((What? Whatwhatwhatwhat? I got no ColBuzine. Got the CRY which you labeled fake but it seemed the same as any other CRY. Got SIGH OF THE BLAMELESS. But got no ColBuzine. Someone must have already collected it.)) You'll probably hear a large type explosion from Calif. Seems Bruce Pelz forgot to send in a file card or listing and I forgot about him until I got a copy of STARSPINKLE today. Probably the first zine Bruce ever missed getting a copy of. ((No.)) Teach him not to send me the first seven issues of STARSPINKLE. Anyway 50 copies was the limit and now I'm thinking of all the people I missed like Pelz, Harry Warner, Rae Surtees Strelkov, all the big names of fandom, you know. Maybe it's the sadist in me that likes to make people suffer. I must have been taking Weber lessons. Come to think of it I missed him, too. ((I would prefer to think that you were showing mercy.))

Everyone is using Lime Twil-tone these days. It seems to be most popular. Now if only someone can find a way to keep it from causing a bundle of lintfuzz about a quarter of an inch deep inside my mimeoworks I'd be more than intrigued to hear it. And don't tell me to use a static tensil on my mimeo. It hates coper and the last time I tried a static tensil I ended up with enough confetti to supply New Year's Even in Times Square or asuitable parade for John Glenn. That is when it wasn't shooting the pages into orgit. My mimeo hates coper. Or is it copper? If that isn't bad enough I use it for stationary also. More excellent stationary you couldn't wish for. Erases like a dream. But once a month I have to take my duper apart and clean out a large deposit of green fuzzy lint. I wonder if I'm the only one with this problem or does everyone suffer it? ((We don't)) Keep happy.

THE THING ON TOTTERHAM COURT ROAD by Lang Jones, 36 Winscombe Crescert, Ealing, London W. 5, Great Britain.

Many thanks for that sickly green fanzine-thing you sent me. I am now once more out of work ((fortunate fellow)) and I find myself in the happy position of being able to expand my fanac so far as to actually include the writing of LoCs. Mind you, now I find that fanac is taking up most of my time, and I am wondering what is going to happen when I finally start work again. It's a pit that fans have to work, isn't it? What's that about a hobby? ((I know what you mean. Whilst in the service I had many hours available for fanac. Now very little.))

Your editorial rambling was, as usual, entertaining, in particular the LIFELINE item. Tackett you have got a dirty mind.

I wonder just how many fans would like to think of themselves as astronauts of the future. I know damn well I wouldn't. In fact to get me on a luxury Martian liner they would probably have to drag me screaming. I don't

somehow think that many fans are interested in going Up There. Trouble is we've all been reading too much science-fiction. ((I imagine we all like to think about being able to dash about Out There but the doing is something else again. Damn few of us have the physical or mental make-up to really go. If spacefaring were as easy as flying I'd give it a go but I don't expect a field drive to be developed for a while yet (although we should have one by the end of the century at which time I'll be too old to care). I no longer have the physical stamina necessary to take the effects of a rocket launch nor do I have the mental attitude to impose upon myself the self-discipline necessary to get back in shape. In other words I am grown soft and lazy and will do my space travelling via the printed word.))

I was amused to read your reaction to the small progress made in nuclear power. When you sit right down and think about it, the average Mundane has about ten times as much Sense of Wonder as the fan the fan. My father, for example, has a minor attack of hysteria any time the approach of a satellite is forecast, and disappears into the garden, calling us all out to see it. (It invariably turns out to be Venus or Saturn.) The blasé attitude of fans is downright sickening at times. The other day I was out with Charlie Smith and Mike Moorcock. We were walking up Tottenham Court Road, when, in the window of an electrical shop, I saw a thing that stopped me in my tracks. You've probably had them in America for quite a while; they are glass bulbs, in which, in vacuum, is a little paddle arrangement that is driven round and round by light.

"Look at that!" I screamed, knocking over a few pedestrians and rushing to the window, "Gosh wow boy o boy!" Mike turned round to Charlie and shrugged.

"Funny lad," he murmured.

"But, hell, look," I spluttered, "Can't you see? The little paddles are driven by the pressure of light!"

Charlie yawned.

"Astounding, 1952," he said.

These are obviously the guys to have around when the bems finally get here. ((Blase, because we expect so much more. What's to get excited over such as the Echo Balloon when we're waiting for the space station? I get pretty so-wish over Syncom 3, though. How about that trans-Pacific television from Japan? Maybe they'll bring us the Pink Food Show.)) "I didn't see the point of 'The Nightness'. Is it my fault or Wolfenbargers?"

I have always maintained that the difference between sf and fantasy was quite sharply defined, at least as far as the individual is concerned, purely by atmosphere. I guess this alone could be what makes one story sf and another mainstream. The only snag is that one person's boundaries might not agree with another's; in fact it's very unlikely that they would. But everybody seems agreed that--say--"On The Beach" is not sf, but that--umm--Sheckley's "Journey Beyond Tomorrow" is. Even though the actual science-fictional elements of the stories are probably equivalent. And this is not accounted for by the fact that only Sheckley is an sf writer. "The Circus of Dr. Lao" belongs obviously to "our" fantasy genre; but as far as I know Finney hasn't written anything remotely sfinal at all, or at least if he has then there's not much of it.

I was rather croggled by James Ashe's statement that "Fred Hoyle writes very good science-fiction!" Fred Hoyle can't write ANYTHING very well. And please let's for once forget this business about whether we want the science or the fiction. One must be able to write to express anything. One might not have to be capable of such a high standard to describe a steam-hammer, or a twenty-williwatt Googlotron, as to picture some subtle human emotion, but one must have some sort of competence before one writes a successful book. Fred Hoyle, I think, has nearly reached that level of competence, but he's not there yet. One day he might write fair-to-middling science-fiction.

I want to join the Friends of Yossarian. Will you please send me my two free crab apples and my piece of chocolate-covered cotton. ((How about some duck feathers?))

Les Sample staggered me somewhat when he casually threw in a few references to voting machines and little levers and suchlike. Ghod, all we have over here is a cubicle, a ledge, a ballot sheet and a pencil. Crumbs. Les' letter was rather twee. ((You and Charlie Smith. Oh, yes, voting machines are very, er, progressive. Like you go in and pull a lever which closes the curtain of the booth and enables the machine. Then you can push down the little levers over the candidates of your choice or, if you're lazy, there's a larger lever which enables you to vote a straight ticket without bothering with all the little ones. Pulling the first lever again supposedly records your vote and opens the curtains. Not all states use them, however, since the machines are limited on the amount of information they can hold.))

We've had "Twilight Zone" and "My Favorite Martian" on TV over here, and so I can put forward my own sought-after opinion. Personally, I enjoyed TWILIGHT ZONE much more. It was much funnier.

I'll be kind, and ignore the blasphemy against Bradbury; obviously your peculiar green publication attracts others of similar rustic minds. ((Welcome))

Incidentally, after reading Harry Warner's letter, I cut DYNATRON into strips and loaded it into my camera. The pictures came out fine after fixing in Gestetner ink at 68°. I would rate DYNATRON at about 25 ASA. Will you please bring out the next issue in 35mm strips?

THE BABY LIMA BEAN MENACE by Mike Deckinger, Apt 10-K, 25 Manor Drive, Newark, New Jersey, 07106.

We, too, receive LIFELINE in this area and sometimes when I'm up early in the morning and it's too early to leave for work yet, I'll switch it on. The subject matter is usually delivered in sincere (and occasionally pleading) tones but the content rarely varies from the ultra-conservative line of thought. Oddly enough, the station carrying it is perhaps the only decent radio station in Newark. ((Ah, you have indecent radio stations in Newark?)) From dawn to dusk it features nothing but superior musical albums, usually one to the hour. LIFELINE is the only deviation to the schedule. I certainly hope that it makes H. L. Hunt happy to sell his lil ole baby lima beans while he warns us of the communist menace when we eat them. Hunt refuses to sell red cabbage as a matter of policy.

By now you must have seen the results of the Hugo balloting and discovered where your predictions were accurate and where you erred. ((I made no predictions, merely listed my own votes.)) The most encouraging segment was the failure of GLORY ROAD to win a Hugo this year. It's good to know that Heinlein is finally beginning to be judged for quality rather than name.

SCIENCE STORIES lasted four issues and succeeding copies were in most respects superior to the first issue which Richie Benyo reviews. I could be wrong; he may have intended "Retro-Rip" to concentrate exclusively on one issue alone, without taking into consideration the strides attained by future issues which upped the quality greatly. The final summary in the last paragraph is uncertain; does he base his judgement on just the one issue reviewed or all following issues? ((Just the first issue I would say.)) Frank Robinson's "The Oceans Are Wide" was among the best of the year, and Bloodstone's "The Last Days of Thronas" was a better than average sword-and-raygun epic. Probably the most irritating item was the title. These were NOT science stories. Science fiction and science fantasy perhaps, but certainly not simply science stories, as the title claimed and the cover inevitably refuted.

I hardly think it likely that the events and acts perpetrated by Nazi Germany during the Hitler years could have been duplicated in this country. Injustice, intolerance and deprivation were present in both countries but barbarism and animal brutality

have never dominated so many persons for so long as they did in Germany. Of course we still have our Ku Klux Klans, our fiery rightists, unconcerned and uneducated drunks and all the other undesirables. But we haven't been mesmerized by strident speeches or sharp commands, we don't commit irrational and detestable crimes, excusing ourselves curtly with the thought that, after all, they're orders, and one doesn't disobey orders.

There are certain mechanics that the good sf writer (or mystery, or western, or contemporary writer) must take into account. The story flow itself should be free from mechanics and too obvious manipulation but certain basics should be present, subdued to just the proper degree so they don't intrude into the story. A good writer can provide the correct pitch within the framework of his story going from beginning to more complex plot entanglements, a skillful denouement, an acceptable climax, an ending, etc. Shapeless fragments are only permissible if the fragmentary form creates the effect embodied within the vague framework.

Not only did Indians scalp whites but whites scalp whites. Try finding a reasonably priced hotel room in New York City during World's Fair time. You'll see scalping that Sitting Bull never dreamed of. ((Albuquerque, being somewhat desperate for revenue, is considering imposing a special tax on all hotel/motel rooms. Truckers' protests that it will hurt business, particularly convention business, seem to be falling on deaf ears. Fascinating city, Albuquerque. Collects more taxes and has less to show for them than any city I know.))

EVEN BEETHOVEN WAS BEAT by Bill Wolfenbarger, 602 West Hill St., Neosho, Mo., 64850
ATOM has another fine cover, needless to tell you. Gad, man, no interior illos! What is the Fannish Institution of America coming to?? Has some underhanded mundane bum been trying to undermine your doing what is Right? ((Yeah, the medico who can't seem to clear up Chrystal's eye troubles.))

My choice for best novel went to "Cat's Cradle." I dig that book. Having been a WW2 war baby has something to do with it all, too. I feel strangely "closer" to this novel--and, indeed, it is a novel--than any of the others under nomination. ((It was NOT a novel. It could have been. By someone else it could have been a great novel. As it was "Cat's Cradle" was a gimmick.)) For best short story, "Cade Three". For best artist, Lee Brown Coye. Damn it, Coye deserves much more recognition. Best fanzine, DYNATRON. I mean it. ((Ha!)) Best prozine, what else? ANALOG.

Richie Benyo's "Retro-Rip" was of special interest because a couple or three years ago I found a copy of the first ish of SCIENCE STORIES. Richie's story preferences followed mine to a tea.

I know now of the strange feeling writers get when they see and read their work in print a year or years after a submission and acceptance. This is no guff, Roy, tis is an awe and a thank you. I was 18 when "The Nightness" was composed and now I'm 21.

I'm always interested in the way Earl Evers speaks with words, and I believe his "Fore Notes Toward a Definition" is the best description of what science fiction really "is" that has appeared yet in print. But trying to define that "feeling" would seem well-nigh impossible. If I didn't have that certain special feeling for the literature, I might be trying to write mystery stories for a living. Gad, man, I cringe even thinking of that.

Robin Wood: Your comments on the Beat Generation are interesting. I'm going to try to clear up a few mis-conceptions presented in your letter. Far from evaporating, the Beat Generation is traveling to Mexico City, Tangier, Athens, Paris, London, Tokyo, etc. ((Good.)) ((Hoy, Takumi Shibano, like, you got beats in Tokyo, man?)) Strange as it may sound, L.A. is or was no real "focal point" for the Beats. ((Well, they have all other sorts of weirdos out there--saucer nuts, flat earthers, health food nuts, yoga nuts, Elmer Perdue, ultra-liberal nuts, Birchers, Minutemen--all sorts of nuts.)) The focal points in America being New York, Denver and San Francisco.

It seems the Beats were never really new; like, even Beethoven was beat. He was always weird and wild and beautiful in his own dark way, and his gigs were one with eternity. There are two kinds of real Beats; one is those who do goof around and attract attention like a dead fly in abombed-out cellar; the other kind who madly rush from bar to pad, pad to bar, city to city, eager to talk and to do everything all at once. I'm afraid the public has the Beat stereotyped; a Beat can never really be dropped off and away, being lazy bums wanting to join a popular band-wagon. But being beat for the Beat is just a measure of his existence. Of his being. The Beat Generation has not done so much for jazz as jazz has done for the Beats. There are, however, beat jazz musicians, and being beat is just as natural and essential to them as picking up a horn to blow. Rollins is beat, Monk is beat, Miles is not. Poetry readings (and prose readings to a lesser extent) began to be recited and even improvised with a jazz background. What soon developed was "bop writing". And much of bop poetry and prose is fantastic.

((Yeah, it's that all right. I gather you distinguish between those who actually consider being beat--whatever the hell that is--a way of life and those--the majority?--who just went along for the ride. Beat stereotypes? I an, it's easy. Like that's one conforming bunch of characters.))

DESERTION OF THE CRANKS AND VISIONARIES by John Boston, 816 S. First St., Mayfield, Ky., 42066

Your paging in DYNATRON 22 is beyond me...from cover to page VII, then from 1 to 16. ((I see. And just where did we leave you behind? Did we go beyond you at page 11? If so you missed some fine letters.))

Comments on the "Atomic Age" were especially interesting to me, as I've just been reading Kornbluth's "Takeoff" which takes off most effectively on the workings and misworkings of the AEC. ((Now cut that out, Boston, that's the way I write.)) I think the main problem is that no one really wants atomic power very badly...it doesn't have the immediacy of other issues, and it's been around long enough to have lost the stamp of novelty. Not to mention the fact that all the cranks and visionaries have deserted it for space travel, which helps that institution not at all. On the debit side there are a lot of people who would be hurt badly by any extensive use of nuclear power. ((Like Standard Oil and the private power companies? Gee, that'd be rough.)) If the chemical lobbyists were locked up for a couple of years, I don't doubt that a feasible atomic space drive would at least be started. ((An atomic reactor for space-drive use is in the experimental stage. Some sort of nuclear rocket, I think. Hmmm. How many remember "The Stars Look Down" from ASF back in the 40s? Don? Len? Norm? I'm too lazy to look it up.)) As for supplying cheap power through atomic energy, lobbyists would flock to Washington in such quantities that you couldn't get more in with a shoehorn at the first mention of any extensive development. I have no doubt that if all the power companies and related concerns emitted their "Burn before reading" files the utilization of nuclear power would jump forward like a scared jackrabbit.

I am slightly puzzled ((I knew it)) by the review of the October 1953 SCIENCE STORIES. What's it for? ((Entertainment)) Certainly not to call the reader's attention to some outstanding piece of fiction buried in the trashpile of cheap boomtime magazines. "King of the World's Edge" may have been no classic, but it certainly was unusual enough to justify Coulson's review. This review is nothing but a synopsis of the mag's contents, which would be superfluous if the magazine were current. When the subject is eleven years old, reviewing it appears to be pointless. ((Not so. It gave us Benyo's reaction to the 11-year-old zine, which was of interest.))

Yes, the U.S. should have kept Hitler from coming to power, all right, and any Russian or West German agent who assassinates Goldwater will be perfectly within his rights according to Marc Christopher's reasoning.

All right, I'll ask Al Andriuskevicius whether McCarthyism still exists. What's his cell number? And did he get thrown in for belonging to the NSF?

The trouble with Baxter's quiz in #21 is that failure to recognize the opening paragraphs of science-fiction novels doesn't necessarily denote ignorance. (To allay dark suspicions, I guessed them all, no mean feat in view of the fact that at the time I hadn't even read "The Long Loud Silence". ((I had but missed it anyway.)) I would gladly forget the opening paragraphs of all the science-fiction novels I've ever read if I could, in return, never forget such things as the date of Magellan's excursion around the globe, the order of English kings, and the difference between a solution and a mixture. ((Why the concern over the order of English kings? They were a pretty disorderly lot. -- Ask Ethel about the first couple of Edwards.))

Of course, some of the truly classic science fiction stories are practically unavailable to us late starters, except at outrageous prices. Take Hubbard's "Final Blackout". Not only is it hard to find, but usually costs five or six dollars. ((I don't find it hard to find. It's not more than 18" from where I'm sitting.)) No paperback, no nothing except a small hardcover edition from Hadley in 1948. Many of the worthy volumes put out by the specialty publishers in the days before the big-volume publishers pushed them out ((and the boom went bust)) have never seen the light of a paperback. The advertisements in a 1949-50 ASF read like a rare-book catalog. For instance, there have never, to my knowledge, been paperback editions of the following: Wright's THE THRONE OF SATURN; Keller's LIFE EVERLASTING, THE HOMOCULUS, THE DEVIL AND THE DOCTOR, THE ABYSS; THE SOLITARY HUNTERS; Leinster's SIDEWISE IN TIME; G. O. Smith's VENUS EQUILATERAL, NOMAD; Campbell's WHO GOES THERE?; HUBBARD'S SLAVES OF SLEEP or DEATH'S DEPUTY; most of Stapledon, Weinbaum, Taine, etc. What do we get from the paperback publishers? Last year's serials, Burroughs, and J. Hunter Holly. ((Over to you Brother Wollheim.))

A decimal classification system for science-fiction sounds to me like a damn fool idea, with the little information I have about it. The idea of the Dewey system is so that books on a certain subject may be shelved together. Would you put Slan next to The Demolished Man or Children of the Atom? What about anthologies? SF is so much a short story form that they would throw the whole thing out of whack. ((That one is for you, Brother Speer.))

Since stencilling the above I've received Jack Speer's decimal classification system. Your questions will all be answered in the February issue, John Boston.

A MULTI-SYLLABLED NOISE by Robin Wood, 375 Day St., San Francisco, California.

I have moved to Frisco. ((San Francisco, ghoddamit!!)) Going to Frisco State here, taking a bunch of courses I don't want, but you know how these things work out. ((Only vaguely. Sometime I'll tell you of my tussle with the University of Denver.)) Did go to the Big Bad Con, and I wasn't too impressed, to tell the truth. Dunno if you were there, I didn't see you if you were. ((I wasn't.)) Amazingly enough, fans turn out not to be the new super race. In spite of what they claim. ((Heresy!))

But

I will bypass the con, not wanting to go entirely negative, and set to hacking at this green Dynatron on my desk (which has just traveled some 200 miles on the front seat of my car, in the full sun, and did not turn brown.)' (Ah, now that is interesting. Perhaps there is some difference in the sunlight as it is filtered through the atmosphere in Maryland compared to that of California. Some peculiar bleaching element. Yes.)

I note your plea for material. Dammit, why does it have to pertain to stf? What kind of science fiction fanzine is this, anyhow?

Well, onward. This time we will begin, as before, with the cover, which is, as you mentioned, a good a spot as any. I see that in this issue you have put the cover right in front, which really does make it a good spot to begin. ((novel effect, isn't it?))

I liked it and it was by ATom. Now what the hell else do you expect me to say about it? ((You could go on at some length if you really tried.))

Dipping into neffer-neffer-dom for a moment, I might mention, that put them down as one might, one has to admit that their little open room at the con was a Good Thing. I believe I drank my dues worth of free coffee in the neff room. So three big cheers for the neff. Maybe the neff isn't such a bad thing after all.

Darned right you'd be burned in Effigy. Especially if the Effiginians found out you spelled their town starting with a small e. I'd bypass the place altogether on my next trip through the area, if I were you.

We catch these right wing broadcasts around here, too. In fact according to the last one I heard, there was this plot, see, by the bankers in England to overthrow the US government, and then it got sort of confusing. They tried to explain how this plot worked. Anyhow, the moral of the whole thing seemed to be to watch out for them foreign English bastards. ((Ghu, I knew those cats was living in the past but I didn't think they were still fighting the Revolution.))

Why, Roy—you wonder where all the wonders of our modern age are? Take a look around you. Why, there's ...uh...well, Honda 50s and...hmmm...rum flavored toothpaste is the only other thing I can think of.

THE NIGHTNESS. Well, man, just as soon as I got interested in it, it quit. Had a sort of touch and mood to it that I like, but it was too short and vague.

What is science fiction? A multi-syllabled noise.

At least you seem to consider yourself a Friend of Yossarian. ((Yossarian has no friends. Everybody is out to kill him.)) As good a thing as any to be. And what about Sam Umbrage? ((He's going to stand for TAFF.))

I dunno, do Philistines have equal rights. I don't really remember. Come to think of it, I don't even remember if they're in the American League or the National League. ((Pacific Coast League.))

For the first time in many months, I scanned the TV tube while I was staying with a friend while looking for a pad in Frisco. ((I see. Did you scan it vertically or horizontally? Makes a big difference, you know.)) Two nights in a row I watched TV. Then I decided the hell with it and went back to more productive activities, such as mumbling, scratching and skipping rocks across ponds.

You were in Constantinople in 1066? Son of a gun, I missed you there, too. Overrun with Turks as I recall. ((Well, I didn't spend the whole year there. Basil the Bulgar-Killer was recruiting at the time and I found it convenient to visit India.))

A GERMAN THOROUGHNESS by Jack Speer, 2034 Kiva, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Latest Dynatron is at hand, also #16 which I didn't get to in my last letter. I go at this commenting with a German thoroughness.

The latest first. I don't believe I feel nostalgic about ragged-edged magazines in general. I am rather oppressed at the thought of all the Western, detective, fiction that has been cranked out, among which is doubtless some stuff worth reading. I feel somewhat the same way about Planet Stories. I would never want to emulate Evans—at least at my reading speed—and read every one of those space operas in order to classify them.

Those people with the bumper stickers that say "Don't worry—They're still 90 miles away" are missing a bet. Territory of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic is within 35 miles of the United States, at Bering Strait. ((Actually it's a lot closer than that. It is only about a mile from Little Diomed Island (US) to Big Diomed Island (USSR).))

As a public letter writer, you'd get a kick out of a mimeographed letter of which I received a copy last week. It was sent from Woolworth headquarters in New York to all stores, and says in part: "We have just received a very very critical letter from a lawyer in a city where we have a large store with reference to the book 'A TEXAN LOOKS AT LYNDON'. # This is a very objectionable book which is very critical and unfair to Mr. Johnson who is the President of the United States. # This book was never approved and we do not know how it was ordered by the store in question. We must insist that every store be notified that this book is not to be handled." Can't you just see the pansy wringing his manicured hands as he says "very very critical"? ((He probably said "wery wery".)) Actually, it wasn't all that critical. I just said: "I had lunch in your downtown Albuquerque store the other day, and saw beside the cash register a stack of paperback copies of A Texan Looks at Lyndon. It was the only book being offered for sale that way, so it was apparently being pushed. # I understand that this book is a one-sided collection of material about Lyndon Johnson, who is the Democratic candidate for President of the United States. Pushing it seems to involve your store on the Republican side of the campaign. # I think this book should be on the paperback racks with other books, as should any other partisan publication." This week I looked again, and TLL was gone from beside the cash register, but (one copy in each slot) occupied most of a paperback rack, in which there were also a few books on politics from the other viewpoints. Since the books could have been rearranged by a vigilante not employed by the store (like those who insert "Communist made" tags in goods from eastern Europe), I decided not to protest further. ((Shame on you, Jack, scaring the rabbits that way.))

What's Glory

Road about? The Civil War? ((Swords and sorcery and other dimensions and killing dragons.))

Who are the JPL people? ((Hmmm. Without going back to look it up I'll hazard a guess that the reference is to the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pomona. Has something to do with rocket shoots.))

Evers is using the wrong terminology. He's not trying to define s-f. He's trying to describe its essence. This is a worthwhile endeavor, but it ought not to be confused with definition. FooFoo forbid that s-f should be limited to what lies within a circle as vague as that which divides "poetry from attempted poetry". Hard-headed G & C Merriam don't even try to limit "poetry" by such a definition; they say the word is used to mean metrical composition or verse, and so it is. So "science-fiction" is used to mean everything involving extrapolations, and it should be. Of course "On the Beach" is s-f. Maybe it's not written by an author who breathes the pure essence of stef. There are fen, also, who aren't really the stefnistic type, but if they engage in fanac, they're fen. Let people try to isolate the meaning of true "stefnistic type", but may they not imply that anyone failing to embody it is no fan. And let Evers and the others try to distill the essence of scientifiction, but not under the name of definition.

James Ashe says two different and somewhat inconsistent things about the advance of science in reference to science-fiction. He says it has "left fannish knowledge and comprehension far behind"; and he says space "is becoming quite well known, leaving no room for fantasy".

"you are as guilty as the German people themselves" is an example of a fairly common misuse of quantitative for qualitative language. Assuming that it is proper to distinguish degrees of guilt, Marc Christopher surely means "You are as truly guilty as the German people", a qualitative thing (i.e., yes or no), but not that you are guilty to the same degree (not you, Roy; say me).

I guess I could believe in Robin Wood filling in crossword puzzles without looking at the definitions, but unless he looked at one at least, I'd think it unlikely he'd come up with the same solution the puzzlemaker had in mind. ' ' He is tiresomely talkative in his letter. ' ' No, I'd say an indispensable object of the military is to keep as many as feasible of its own soldiers alive. To that end, research may be done that has much valuable technological fallout. Seeking how to disarm enemy military satellites, we could learn a lot about astronautics, for instance.

Kujawa: Heck no, Neosho was practically the Confederate capital of Missouri. (Put that in the present tense; Sterling Price is back in Missouri with a strong force, heading for a showdown at Westport later this month.)

Terry Carr is active in FAPA, and there was an indication recently that he is preparing a fanthology of 1963.

I imagine archeology field trips in the US are generally for similar purposes; in Andy Zerbe's case, they're probably looking for my ancestors the Choctawa. ((Did you read about the discovery of a 10,000 year old well in the Portales area?))

The breed of fantasy that purports to explain many apparently unrelated things might be called the Donnelly type. Ignatius used that technique in building Atlantis. ((It is rather effective, too.))

Well, maybe i'll go out and look at the stars now. Ruth got me a three-inch refractor for my birthday, and this has stimulated my interest in astronomy in several ways. I'm even on the trail of an 18-inch reflector i might be able to buy cheap. It's quite a sense-of-wonderish thing to split double stars, and see Saturn with his ears sticking out, and--gosh wow--Jove with the Medicean planets changing places around him. The commercial name for a certain reflector scope expresses the feeling: "Space Conqueror".

XXXXX

AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM: LYNN HICKMAN who likes towns like Due West, South Carolina, Possum Run, North Carolina, and Odd, West Virginia. And, of course, Napoleon, Ohio. ...ROSEMARY HICKEY whose communication was completely untranslatable. Use a typer, please, next time, Rosemary....DENNIS KNUTH, who sent enough stamps for two issues but who seems to have given up his steadfast defense of comix.....DWAINE KAISER, who commented on BOB DAVENPORT's copy since I forgot to send one to Kaiser. And him a paid subscriber, too...PROFESSOR ALBERTO LAZZARINI who says that the American language, as distinguished from English English, seems to have been invented by some stf writer... and who else? Guess that's about all.

JOHN BAXTER: don't give up hope. I'll get a tape to you Real Soon Now. Just as soon as I get my recorder back. Same for you, SMIT, old thing.

ED COX: Doodle in this space:

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BRIEFLY: I've been off the night shift for the last couple of months and a relief it is, too. However, it looks as if I'll have another go at it again next month. The boss has decided to rotate it around between us all--bless him....Chrystal has some new glasses and most of her eye trouble seems to be clearing up. I think we can resume interior artwork with the next issue. If we have any, that is. She says that straight lines still look a little bit wavy but seem to be straightening out...Trans-Pacific television. That's real sense-of-wonderish. As usual I end up with ten spaces left on the stencil and nothing to put in them. I could put in a plug for a TAFF candidate, I suppose. Guess it will have to be Terry Carr. Gad. Terry Carr standing for TAFF. That little kid, Terry Carr. Doesn't seem possible. Well, he was a little kid when I knew him. Imagine Terry Carr all grown up and standing for TAFF. It certainly is a wonderful thing...I wonder if I've insulted anybody in this issue? If not I must be slipping. The very idea of Len Bailes saying I'm grouchier than Coulson. Humph. I wonder if we could draft Coulson for President of the N3F? Ghod, I gotta do something for the N'APA mailing. I wonder if I'm still in N'APA. Like I don't think I insulted all 45 of them last time. 25 maybe but not all 45. Heh. Who did I miss? Tim Eklund, how the hell did you get a copy of Dynatron 20? Do you suppose anyone will ever revive ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION?.....Rvont.

PAN PACIFIC CON- LOS AN GELES TOKYO SYDNEY 1968

I just realized some of you are city slickers and don't have a post office come to your door every day. In that case the old sub price of 20¢ per issue is acceptable. Gad, a full-fledged gon-zine again.

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