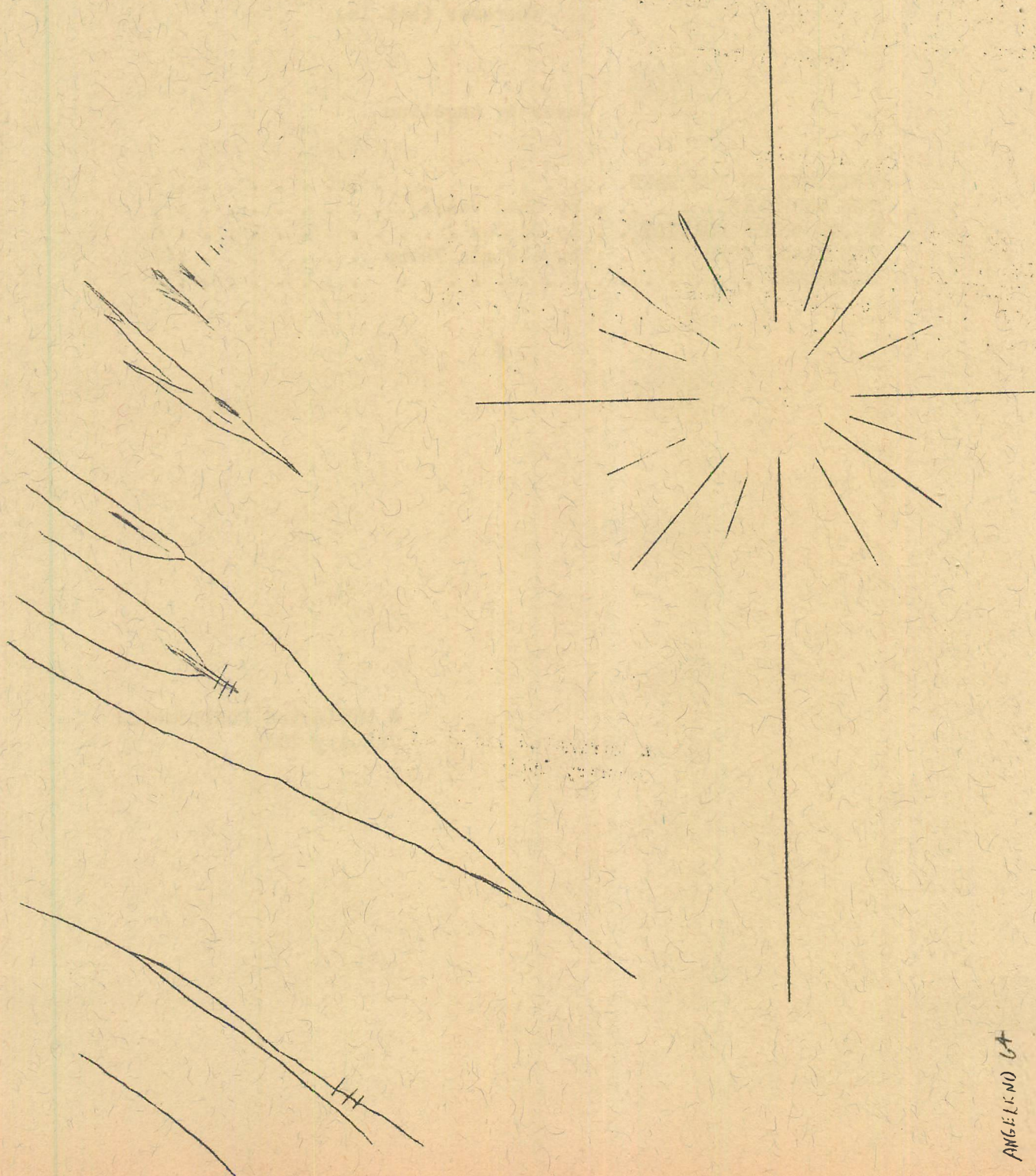


IDYNATRON

24



ANGELINO CA

We're sort of late so I won't fool around this time.
This is DYNATRON and this particular one is number 24. DYNA-
TRON is an amateur publication loosely devoted to speculative
literature--or most anything else that comes along--and is
issued every other month (most of the time) by Roy Tackett,
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The next issue will cost you five unused four cent stamps.

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Wherever that is.

Cover by Angeleno

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X

A Marinated Publication
January 1965

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

THE FLYING WASHINGTON MONUMENTS

It is told that when Man and Martian started to travel on each other's planets, two Martians for the first time were touring Washington, D. C. Upon observing the Washington Monument, one turned to the other and said, "It'll never get off the ground!"
Old Fennish Folktale, circa 1959

It has often been examined in the pages of the fan-press, a not too pretentious phrase, after all, that old question: Is Science Catching Up With Science Fiction?

As Ray Bradbury said right out loud in the presence of some one hundred witnesses one month (January 1964 at a LASFS meeting), that when the atom bomb was announced to the startled world in 1945, we (science fiction people) nodded and said to ourselves, Uh-hun. Yes. We knew. Or words to that effect.

Atomic submarines, not to mention atomic power, atomic piles, flying belts, spy rays, space flight, you name it, science-fiction had it first!

Even now, the eminent Jean Costeau announces that the conquest of the sea, its depth, denizens and potential, is on the threshold of reality. And he is using a real flying saucer type vehicle to do just that, somewhat analagous to the French designed and built bathyscape, the "Trieste". But has he read Arthur C. Clarke? And so on and on.

But there are large holes in this progression of science-catching-up-with-science-fiction.

That is, there are areas in which science fiction missed the boat completely. I'm not referring to the bit where Venus is turning out to be not the watery jungle world of PLANET STORIES fame or Mars turning out to have not even enough atmosphere or canals to support the sand-rats, Death Valley-like Earthling prospectors, etc., with breathers.

I'm talking about the backyard spaceship of early science-fiction. How many stories have you read, especially if you have delved back into science-fiction for any number of years, where the scientist, with the encouragement of his beautiful young daughter and the help of his handsome young assistant, who hankers after the beautiful young daughter, build a spaceship in a hidden and/or remote ~~garage~~ area to take off for _____ (fill in appropriate place in blank provided) so as to save the _____ (fill in appropriate thing in blank provided). There are numerous stories in which this type of thing happened. The promags were rife with them in the 30s and 40s with such notables as Murray Leinster and Polton Cross, for example, foremost among the authors.

Let's take a look into the reasons why these Washington Monuments would only sit there, thrusting their shiny steelness toward the stars in static futility.

It is all well and good to construct a shiplike ribbed framework and rivit or weld plates to it and work on a "drive" to lift Man from Earth to the Stars. Hydroponics have helped keep Man alive and breathing in the void. But other than that, and the Force Shields and Anti-gravity and destructive rays (lasers?), there are a few other small matters that always were not taken into consideration.

Guidance and control for one. The electronic system which controls the drive of the ship, the environmental system, the computers, the internal electric and hydraulic systems, and whathaveyou. ~~Despite Leinster's~~ ^{very}

simple methods of getting his heroes out into the void (see "The Wailing Asteroid", for example), there is a complexity lying beneath the simple, smooth metallic exterior of those spaceships that should bewilder the uninitiate and cause a great number of those backyard spaceships to crash in flaming ruin seconds after the blast-off button is pushed or the power-feed is advanced (as in "The Skylark of Space").

You have no doubt read in the newspapers, or seen on television, in films, or observed through other news media, the failures of various rockets, Rangers, etc., "Theirs" as well as "Ours" to function properly. You've very likely seen some of the films of the early German V-rockets at Peenemunde where they take off and dance crazily through the immediate sky and smash flaming into the nearby countryside. These days they have the Destruct System built-in to take care of just such occurrences--which still occur for pretty much the same reasons.

In the industry it's called Reliability.

Now this Reliability is said, by some experts in the field of aerospace industries, to be the Coming Thing to Get Into. Briefly, Reliability covers the quality of electronic and other type parts as to their properties, materials, workmanship and how long they will function under a variety of conditions. This has long been detailed for government and military use through a series of Standards usually the Military Specifications and Federal Specifications. These cover just about everything known to mankind! They are very specific and, too often, paradoxically ambiguous! But, in general, they set forth the requirements, and test methods, for such things as relays, capacitors, resistors, transistors, switches, delay lines, and a host of other items frequently used in the electronic and electro-mechanical equipment we would find in the innards of a spacecraft. Much of which would be necessary even in the backyard spaceship, unsophisticated as it is.

For the more sophisticated equipment, a high degree of reliability is required of each component part. That's why they must meet rigid requirements to pass tests in which their function is not altered or otherwise affected to their detriment by altitude, temperature, humidity, shock, vibration, fungus, thermal shock, etc. Or they can just meet tests that show that after so many hours of normal operation they won't lose efficiency and cease efficient functioning. Although the burning out of one transistor, as in "Fail Safe" is not likely to cause all the Great Trouble and Tension and Suspense that transpired, it is all too probable that just such things do cause rockets to go awry after checkout and countdown and liftoff from the pad. You have noticed those accounts of the Range Safety Officer and his Destruct Button...

For instance, a relay which in its function has opened, may close again if a certain temperature is encountered in the system, such as is generated by rapid transit through atmosphere. The ratings said it wouldn't but a defect in material or workmanship exists and was not detected in inspection. What happens if the switch does close again, completing a circuit that should be open? It could alter any number of things which could cause the rocket to malfunction. In just the propellant system, for example, it could alter fuel flow, mixture, cut-off valves, etc., etc.

Or, elsewhere, television cameras in a Ranger vehicle function hours before they are supposed to...

At this point, you may be thinking either "So What?" or beginning to see my eventual point.

Which is, the chances are fantastically high against the backyard rockets, the spaceships of yesteryear and not so yesteryear (a phrase borrowed from The Lone Ranger, who had no such worries) ever getting very far off the ground. Did our Dr. Seaton go and build all these numerous electronic parts himself? Or the fuel injector valves (which may or may not have held up under the possible corrosive properties of his fuel)((and let me add that this is only a conjectural example, remembering that Seaton did not use this sort of system exactly...but had to have some sort of guidance and control, if only rudimentary...))? Did our heroes go down to the local

electronic parts house and buy the resistors and capacitors and tubes (who heard of solid state stuff in those days?) and relays and transformers, etc.? And did he have any idea how they would function in an ambient temperature of many degrees below zero? Did he have laboratories with the equipment to test all these parts for their performance ratings in all the various environments, such as the Gs encountered in take-off or the constant vibration from the thundering rockets that shivered the deck plates? Or the possibility, not encountered in most science-fiction epics, of a technician or assembly-line worker dropping something on the floor before installing it? In the most delicate electronic parts, this would cause troubles like you never dreamed of. You guess how many Gs shock something encounters if you merely drop it on the floor. It lasts only milliseconds but that's long enough!

So it is somewhat more complicated than nailing the rocket together and getting that elusive rocket fuel and blasting off and steering the rocket, evidently with a tiller. The backyard scientist, even the Murray Leinster and Doc Smith kind (not that I mean to pick on them) would have encountered problems he never dreamed of!

Therefore, I submit that despite the acceptance of a premise for the sake of the story that is otherwise extrapolated logically for the import of the message, the majority of those science-fictional spaceships would never have gotten Our Hero off the ground.

Like the Washington Monument, it might well have better stayed right where it was.

XXXXX

PAN-PACIFICON

LOS ANGELES-TOKYO-SYDNEY

1968

By CHAD VANIS

Fiction

THE NIGHTMARE!

I still couldn't believe it! The world was in chaos, most of the population decimated by a strange plague...or what was it? It had ravaged the land, the people dying in millions, no atomic warfare...no disease germs...no warning but all the world hit a sickening belly-blow, reeling in death and destruction!

It happened so rapidly that most people got only scattered reports on their news shows before falling before the deadly wave. Governments had no chance to blame each other for a devastating new mode of warfare. Before retaliatory weapons could be launched at an unknown enemy, there weren't enough people left to do the job...or to suffer, had it been done.

Actually, I couldn't remember too much about what happened. It seemed to have been a nightmare and my memory of what had happened to me wasn't clear. I do remember a day or so back, but no further. And for these last two days, I'd been wandering around the middle of town...what town?...trying to find somebody...friendly. I'd also been trying to gather a store of food. The supermarkets were plentiful and as a grim reminder of how many people hadn't escaped, they were brimming with stock. Only the dry and canned goods were of any value, of course. Most of the fresh fruits and vegetables were deteriorating in a manner that I'd never before seen. Great blotches appeared and they melted into slimy piles of tissue. I avoided those parts of the markets in my raids on the canned goods and the frozen stuff that remained in the freezers. I didn't know how long electric power would be available so I existed fairly sumptuously on frozen fruits and vegetables supplementing the great variety of prepared dinners. I ate well but I was troubled by so many questions.

Why were the buildings falling into ruin? Just slightly, panes gone here, loose bricks and mortar there, paint scaling, discoloration from water leakage, nothing immediate, violent and disastrous, just that the city seemed to be fraying at the edges. And what happened to the birds? I heard nothing from them and only once did

I see any and those didn't look right. They were huge-headed, weirdly shaped and flopped clumsily through the sky. They reminded me of something I couldn't quite place but I was otherwise occupied a moment later.

I guess I didn't hear it as much as I felt it when cement powder and chips sprayed around my head. It was a shot—fired at me but missed and went into the wall. I dropped to the ground and scuttled behind a fence as the realization sunk in. Somebody was shooting at me!

I scrambled across the cement, warm in the afternoon sun, dusty and rough on my hands and knees. No more shots came and I made off down an alley, rapidly heading for the sporting-goods shop I'd noticed in the center of town. If what few people remained intended to fight among themselves, then I was going to be well-armed! I gathered ammunition for the Winchester 30-30 carbine and the .38 revolver I'd chosen from stock. The store looked untouched. There weren't even any corpses stinking there as in most of the larger stores, such as the supermarkets which remained open later hours. The catastrophe, or whatever you choose to call it, must have come about close to midnight.

I headed for the front door of the store noting that nobody seemed to have looted the place prior to my arrival. It would be a good place to return for outdoor equipment. I was sure that I'd sooner or later head into open country away from the deteriorating city and the madmen it harbored. I pushed open the plate-glass door and froze. I was vaguely aware of my heart thudding in my ears, my breathing heavy and labored. I was sure, then, that I must soon wake up, for this could be nothing else but a nightmare!

Across the wide street, in front of the magazine and book shop, a thing from a terror-laden earlier age of this planet hulked on its huge hind legs, balancing on its long tail, its tiny claws brushing experimentally against the building.

Tyrannosaurus! My God! And it was real! It's huge head, saber-lined mouth gaping, swung about, great strings of saliva audibly plopping onto the pavement in slimy spatters! It was hungry...and it had seen, or smelled, me! A huge, scraping lumbering heave and it was nearly across the street! I turned, horror-stricken, and raced back into the store. The carbine wasn't even loaded and I was sure it would prove useless against the creature. My best bet would be to flee out through the rear of the building. I was sure it had no way to plow through a solid block of buildings.

But there might be others!

I ran to the back of the store and wrenched at a doornob. It was locked. I smashed it off with the butt of the carbine and kicked the door open. A hall. I ran down it as the plate glass at the front of the store crashed in. Another door. The lock was inside and I released it. It opened into an alley which led to a rear-block parking lot. I raced across the lot, breathing heavily. I'd have to get into shape! Or wake up from this terrible nightmare.

As I reached the street at the rear of the parking lot, a great flapping commotion caused me to look up. I screamed and dove for the nearest doorway, losing the carbine as I did so. A nightmare on leathery wings, red eyes blazing, had swooped down out of the sky and nearly caught me in the clawed talons at its wingjoints! A pterodactyl! I scrambled back in the entrance-way of a Woolworth store as the thing lumbered back up into the sky. Looking up and down the street as well as up into the sky, I dashed out and retrieved the Winchester. Loading it, I realized that what I had seen flying before were pterodactyls.

What had happened to the world? These creatures had become extinct millions of

of years ago! The tyrannosaurus had flourished during the Cretaceous period and the pterodactyls had lasted from the Jurassic until about the same time. Had the world, in hours, leaped back across eons in its evolution? A vortex in space? Or what? What horrible dragon's teeth had been sown and grown in furious fecund ferocity? Something even more horrible and real than any science-fiction writer had dreamed of had happened!

Wondering whether or not my plan of leaving the city was any longer feasible, I cautiously made my way down the street toward the largest hotel. It would be safer to stay in there, on an upper floor, than in any smaller building more easily crushed through by some heretofore prehistoric monster!

To wander out in the country would probably be fatal. I didn't know what conglomerate of prehistoric types there might be about. Other than sabretooth tigers, there were a number of other four-footed forbearers that roamed singly or in packs that no modern man would want to meet, especially in the open. The best protection lay in hiding from both land and air attack in the larger buildings of the city. Until accidental fire leveled them...I shook that thought from my mind and started down the avenue toward the hotel. The noise of it coming warned me.

I turned quickly and it was indeed thundering down the street, heedless of small inconveniences such as automobiles parked here and there. I didn't know they could move so fast! I ran. I didn't know whether it was the same one or not, but pickings must have been slim and it was after me! I turned for another look and MY GOD! it was nearly on me, the ground quaking as the asphalt flew in chunks from its mighty strides. I ran down a flight of steps to a basement business place, lucky that the door was glass, smashing it with the butt of the carbine and crashing through frantically as the iron railing was ripped away like spaghetti as it took a swipe at me.

It was a bar. I ran through the gloom and slowed down, aware of a warm, soaking trickle in my left arm. I was cut, but still alive! I turned and looked back. Through the broken door I could see a small claw groping at the entrance. How it got down that far I didn't know, but the monstrous tail probably counterbalanced it nicely enough. Distractedly, I realized how I'd always wondered how a beast built like that could get things from ground-level.

I lay the carbine on the bar and tore at my shirt. It couldn't get in and before I tried to get out, I'd better tie up my arm. It must've been slashed when I came through the glass, but in my mortal haste, I'd not noticed when I'd gotten cut. How the hell does one bind one's own arm, I thought. I glanced toward the door and saw from the gloom that my friend had settled down. The noise I'd heard in the last few minutes was its tail rumbling irritably back and forth across the street.

I bound up my arm with what was obviously a bar-rag, clean and ready for business. I'd found it in a cabinet under the bar. Then I explored the rear and found, besides "Gents" and "Ladies", that somebody had had a friend. No way out. Ordinarily the fire department, at least, would have nixed a one-entrance/exit public place like a bar. But such multitudinous little inequities no longer mattered. Except for this one.

How did I get out?

I sat down at the bar and looked at the front door. It had to leave sometime. It would get hungrier than I, sooner. I had, at least, pretzels, pickled eggs, and pigsfeet, while it had nothing. I had plenty to drink, of course, but that might be dangerous.

I opened a beer anyway. They were still cold in the bar compartments so that meant electricity was still on. I turned on a light, then all of them. I'd have a

ball. The whole bar to myself. But no bar-maid...

I ate some of the eggs and dried stuff in little packages behind the bar, having given up on trying to work the infra-red thing they had back there. Then, although I never cared for them before, I ate some pickled pigsfeet. Then some more beer.

Things got hazy after that. I remembered my fit of bravery when I went to the door and enraged, or maybe just annoyed, the tyrannosaurus by pumping several slugs from the Winchester at it. It made a commotion but couldn't get at me. I gave up after one wild shot ricocheted off the cement and whirred back past my ear into the bar. I fired a few shots into the mirror behind the bar but, disappointed by mere spider-cracked bullet holes rather than wholesale destruction like Hollywood westerns presented, gave it up. Then I sat down in a booth with a Budweiser...

.....the sun shone in through the window into my eyes. I opened one but shut it. My head ached and I lay there breathing quietly lest I disturb my head. What a hang-over! I'd never make it to work today. No wonder I'd had nightmares. I dimly remembered monsters, but mostly the pigsfeet and gallons of beer! No wonder. What a relief that was...but now the disagreeable task of coming to life and going to work. Or just opening my eyes.

I opened them.

The lights shown down on the disshevled barroom, glinting on the carbine on the bar...and, under the blood-soaked rag, my arm ached and throbbed.

CHAD VANIS

XXXXX

PAN-PACIFICON

LOS ANGELES-TOKYO-SIDNEY

1968

ED COX

An occasional column

HEAVILY
TWICE

DECEMBER SONG, So another year has about rolled through its twelvemonth cycle and,
DEPARTMENT OF: as well as things portentous and important throughout the world,
politically, economically, socially, and otherwise with Khrushchev's
fall, Goldwater's rout, and Viet Nameese slaughter, Wilson's rise, Johnson's sweep,
and Congo slaughter, fandom has also lasted another 52 weeks, one way or another.
In broad, seeping generalities, there are a few things that are most likely to affect
all fandom. One of these is the threat that reared its ugly head lately, and prob-
ably will crash sickeningly into fandom's pocketbook in 1965, is the very likely
postal rate increase where fanzines fear most. There was a postal strike in England
which didn't help things there for a while and one in Argentina which discomforted
the tiny fannish population there. There was a threatened rail strike in the US
which would've hampered fanzine delivery for a time. On a smaller scale, all fandom
was in turmoil over the Breen affair until the forces of verbosity and idealism
gained a triumph which in turn may be replaced by an even wider scale battle over the
impending regimentation in fandom, i.e., the fixing of Hugo nominations by a small
committee that will usurp a basic fannish right: thinking for one's self. This has
always been one of the precepts of that ultra-futuristic facet of our culture, fandom
in the present living in the future, or something like that. Basic to all this is
understood to be an ability to think, evaluate, and decide, sort of a democratic
process. Inroads on this have been made, but not in Great Britain!

But in an area

which is yet vital to fandom, or at least in certain quarters, there is trouble brew-
ing. The professional science-fiction magazines which, despite the inward spiraling
interest of fandom which more and more sits narcissus-like in front of its fanzine-

mirror, still form a part of the Big Picture, have had to up their prices along with those of just about everything else necessary and un-necessary, but vital, to our culture. AMAZING and FANTASTIC started it some time ago when they jumped up to 50¢ a copy with no increase at all in pages or product given. The subscription rates became almost attractive, offering a considerable saving over the newsstand price. Little by little other magazines upped their price until the 35-centers disappeared with the wind...and the 35¢ paperback. Now FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION has gone up to 50¢ and GALAXY to 60¢! With no apparent increase in anything but the price.

My

only conclusion to all this is that the magazines are at a crossroads, one way to ruin and the other to solvency. Either they go under when people stop buying at the newsstand price, in droves, or continue, at least out of the red, when people turn to subscriptions, in droves, at the considerable savings. Only a survey of the circulation figures over a period of two or three years will show whether or not this will be true...if they last that long.

LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS DEPT: Of course this theme is familiar to all who have read science-fiction since Uncle Gernsback decided that there was some venture into which he could sink money made from all the technical publications he produced. And still does. One day in 1939 a magazine called PLANET STORIES was born and it contained mostly stories of high action taking place on, strangely enough, other planets. PS, as it was called among the intelligentsia, is still recalled with many a sigh for The Good Old Days Of Thud And Blunder Through The Spacelanes.

I have

long shed a public tear when all those stories about the action on Venus, the Wet Planet, went up in hot, dry dust when the reports came back from the Venus Probe. But we still had Mars. Yes, that is the hot, dusty, dry planet we all knew and loved. Many a Planet Story, and others, took place amid the stark shards jutting up into the thin cold air that sweeps over the bleak rust sands. Northwest Smith had his adventures in the cold polar cities. Even George O. Smith's stories took place on Mars! But it was always a sparsely watered, sandy planet whether it was a C. L. Moore yarn, Stanley Weinbaum's classic, Leigh Brackett or you name them.

But 1964 saw this announcement from that bastion of all original scientific thought and invention: a Professor Vasili Kesarev, in Moscow (said bastion), announces that the planet Mars is mostly inhabited by ocean creatures and the type of life to be found on the higher mountain peaks of Earth where the air is thin. Where does he link up the type of creature living in the higher mountain regions with oceanic life? Is this some more of that science catching up with science-fiction that fandom is often conjecturing about?

Does he mean to imply that Mars is an oceanous planet, the kind we used to think Venus was? And Neptune obviously still is? I say obviously because nobody's gotten there yet and I remember a CAPTAIN FUTURE story (The Face of the Deep, Winter 1943, I believe) which took place there. All water.

The Professor seems to indicate that he means "now", not hundreds, thousands, or millions of years ago. Up till now, we knew Mars had had great seas. Didn't Leigh Brackett write the classic example, almost definitive story on this theme, back in 1949 called The Sea Kings of Mars? That was in THRILLING WONDER STORIES for June 1949 with an appropriate cover. Even recently she had a story which, while not as great as Sea Kings, brought back some of the old glory that was Mars. The Road To Sinharat in the May 1963 AMAZING. (No, it does not star Hope and Crosby.) All of these revealed that Mars was once a great maritime planet, but the seas dried away and the canals ran through the sea bottoms carrying the remaining moisture to the race that receded from its former greatness to a subordinate status to the fresh vigor of the space-conquering earthman.

Right?

Now Professor Kesarev wants to take all this away from us! It's getting so a stf reader can't tell whether he's reading science-fiction or fantasy.

ROCKET THUNDER IN THE AFTERNOON : It was in 1964 that I first came to experience something that happens every so often, now, and I never get over it. It's a lot like flight. I'll always have that same, evernew thrill of being air-borne. Only this is somewhat different.

I was walking outside one of the buildings at RCA (Aerospace Systems Division, not Victor, in Van Nuys) where I slave over a hot desk for a living. It was early afternoon and very warm. It gets rather warm in the San ~~Diego~~ Fernando Valley, which was why the rain-birds were sloshing great spumes of water over the green lawns...barely keeping them that way. I walked along the cement walks, keeping in the shade of the building, anxious to get inside where the air-conditioning is, nothing that there's nobody else in sight. Very little traffic noise comes from the other side of the wall parallel to Balboa Boulevard. A hazy, sleep-warm afternoon, insects droning in the flower-beds bordering the walk.

The noise intrudes into the dozing afternoon.

It first reminded me of those old south sea epics which had volcanic pyrotechnics in the finale. We always knew this would be so since there were earthquake tremblors earlier in the plot. Or, like a real earthquake, a distant grumbling thunder, a faint vibration stirring underfoot. That's the sound and sensation penetrating the quiet afternoon. It split through the calm, a quiet thunder far away, gently jarring underfoot. It could be felt, like the mighty thud of airplane engines high above, before jets came to replace them. Even in the building the thunder penetrated, a quiet roaring undertone to the noise of people talking and working.

And this noise thrilled me as only a science-fiction fan could be, I guess. How many stories had I read about the thunder of mighty rocket engines? And this was what I heard. The pulsing power of rocket engines, miles away among the Santa Suzanna mountains at Rocketdyne. Those which you have no doubt seen in photos; those Ray Bradbury (Rocket Summer came a long time before...) saw in the Wolper production of The Story of a Writer.

It used to be one could notice a sudden spurt of black cloud gush up over the mountains as some rocket engine strained in a test stand. But the big ones need no telltale smoke cloud. You know it without seeing. That sound unlike any other...at least to an Old Fan. Rocket thunder in the afternoon.

NAMES IN THE 1964 NEWS: Looking backward, there were a number of familiar names here and about. Not only in STARSPIKLE, that scintillating blaze in the fanish firmament, but in other, less inspiring, longer lasting news media such as THE LOS ANGELES TIMES, LIFE, NEWSWEEK and others which may have rudely intruded through the curtain of soddenly falling mimeosheets in your mailbox. A lot of the names weren't in the news, but commented on it in the letter columns (letter-hacks all...) with people like Roy Tackett, Dick Eney and a lot of others writing on a variety of topics. Then a fanzine, RADIOHERO came in for a big plug in LIFE with a subsequent letter from Jim Harmon informing them that he published it, in case anybody wanted to know. And they did....

But in the news, as you've noticed in STARSPIKLE if you paid attention, there were a number of names involved in newstories. Foremost of which were old friend Sam Merwin and old fan Dick Geis in court action in Southern California versus pornography. They were only two among a number of people who wrote, published, and distributed the stuff. A lot of adverse comment has come from major literary folk in the area concerning the prosecution of a lot of these people. Not constitutional and I agree. But did anybody notice the name of Milton Luros mentioned as "King of the Girlie Publications"? I believe it is the same Milton Luros who used to do covers for the Double-Action stf and other zines back in the 40s. I was happy to not notice in the newstory, the names of Dean Walter Boggs and James Harmon.....

Then there was another name that leapt out at me one day. Complete with a cut showing the man who, at the Wilshire Ebell Theater,

no dump by any means, would tell one and all (with the necessary \$5.40) how to make ESP work for you, author of a book by the same name. He was, I'm nearly sure, also the author of "The Green Man" and other epics in the Ziff-Davis magazines in the late forties. He produced children's books before that...and maybe since. L. Ron Hubbard made a go of it in the money-gathering field, why not others?

And finally, rounding out the year, a fan made the news in more or less significant fashion. In a UPI story out of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, site of the University of A, the students protested the University President's nix on Louis Armstrong's appearance next Feb at the "Festival of Arts" ball. A petition had been dropped but the student paper, THE CRIMSON AND WHITE, disputed the president's denial that the cancellation was on account of race. In the editorial, he was urged to change his decision. Editor, Bill Plott, if you memorize your STARS-PINKLES carefully, broke the story in the C&W which caused all sorts of ruckus. The upshoot of the whole thing, if you're interested, is that this is a one-time ban only. It remains to be seen, however, if future scheduled performances by Negro stars are also somehow averted...

FILMDOM'S OFFERINGS, STF 1964:

Ever since the first blush of science-fiction films in the first part of the 50s, Hollywood has continued to grind out a number of "science-fiction" thrillers, and a couple of half decent ones, every year. Other countries, notably Japan and a few out of Italy, have gotten into the act. Any one year's output might come in for Hugo consideration but seldom is there much worth considering. 1964 went out with two major offerings to amuse, thrill, shock, and, for some, disgust, the viewer. "The Time Travelers" (from veteran Ib Melchior) and "The First Men in the Moon" (from granddaddy Wells.) The former, from American-International, an outfit that's probably made as many as any other two or three in Hollywood, got fair reviews here. The latter, partly a product from veteran Ray Harryhausen, had none other than Colonel John "Shorty" Powers' signed endorsement. Goshwowboyoboy. But these deserve as much consideration for the Hugo in 1964 as any other audio-visual product with a science-fiction theme. And I doubt if even the publicity departments of A-I and Columbia could care less.....

Next year may see, for probably the first time in ages, a film which really will merit nomination, if not award, of the Hugo. And I don't mean Fantastic Voyage or any of the others now before the cameras but The Martian Chronicles. With a star like Gregory Peck, giving a sincere performance, at ease in his role, and no messing around with the story, which Bradbury doesn't tolerate, we ought to have something worthwhile.

MISCELLANY, DEPT OF:

The preceding somehow reminds me of an aspect of science-fiction fandom that has become popular in late years, that of the imaginary world. I don't see what the rage is all about. It isn't anything new. Asylums and sanitariums are full of people who have developed imaginary worlds and believe in them more, much more, sincerely than Coventry and them others..... But seriously, it still isn't new. Hundreds of writers have been making money or a living, some of them, with their imaginary worlds for years. In a field called fantasy and science-fiction.

Which reminds me of the Game of Fandom copyrighted and for sale by Dian Pelz (address known to all, I'm sure). If one wants an exposure to many an allusion to Things Fannish and Fan History both local (LA area) and national, this for them. But remember, it isn't fair to read through all the cards! Only read 'em when they turn up during the game; that way they'll last for years and you can always look forward to new goodies. Anybody who'd read the cards first thing probably reads the Sunday funnies on Saturday. Or watches football before the baseball season is over.

There was a strange thing that penetrated my outer defenses. Green. Like DYNATRON. Called ARNIEKATZ. I may read it someday to find out why such a thing would be called such a way out title. It must be outre and weird and fantastic. So what do you hear from the Shadow King, Arnie?

ED COX

XXXXX

DYNATRON

Page 11

the glass womb

by

Alvoris Theop

Comes now the night

Bringing with it,

Cooling breezes

Laden with the scent

Of quiet.

Yet this nat'rul wonder

Goes untasted

By the many

Who are ridden

By their troubles

Most, unbidden.

Having rushed away

Their day,

The new night's spent

The hours whiled,

Their spirits pent

Up inside the

Great glass tube.

In it, there!, they see

Themselves...

Afflicted and constricted

Unsightly and beknighted

With bad breath, arm-pits sweating,

In great danger of permitting

Poly-saturates do blood-letting,

This danger, oh so great,
Protect us, O White Knight!

They sit there,
Smoking the right cigarettes,
(The cancer is much milder!)
Knowing their hair is in place
And that carnal love will
Surely come this night...
The deodorant is right...

Beset with the artificiality
Of their neurotic world,
They cluster in the night
In front of their glass savior,
And let the cool, night breeze
Sweep away without
Ever having laid its kiss
Upon the fevered foreheads
Of the self-damned, tortured souls,
Who lock themselves
Within the
Flickering
Glass womb.

ALVORIS THEOP

XXXXX

[illegible]

let's get on with it. My comments will, as usual, be set off ((like this)). RT

"Asso. Editor" be as it may. I have a teacher with the unforgettable name of Gerry Aso. It's pronounced just the way you might expect. ((Ah, so?))

PETER SINGLETON,
WARD TWO,
WHITTINGHAM HOSPITAL
NEAR PRESTON, LANCs.,
ENGLAND

The version of BATTLE FOR THE STARS you read was first published by Dodd, Mead & Company. How-
rly magazine publication in the June, 1956, issue of IMAGINA-
"Alexander Blade" is listed as author.

So you require a European Agent, then?
 ((Then, yes. Now, no.)) If you hapren to be still searching around for some stupid
 sucker to land himself with this post, look no further ((You lined up Chas Smith?))
 --I hereby offer my humble services. I'm a damn good bookkeeper if I say so myself.
 ((You did.)) I can tell you at a glance how many fmz I've received so far this year
 (225 including one-shots and bi-weekly newsfmz); how many items I've borrowed from
 the BSFA Library Service since first availing myself of this useful amenity on March
 23rd (98); how many obs and mags I've actually bought this year (45) and myriad other
 fascinating (?) statistics. Yes, I keep careful records of everything and I enjoy
 doing it. So do take me on if I'm not too late. ((You just scared me off.))

I hope the plans for Village of Los Ranchos de Albuquerque (a lovely name) finally develop to the satisfaction of the majority of your community. The political ramifications are entirely beyond my comprehension mainly because at school I was never taught politics of any kind and I've developed an irreversible apolitical disposition as a result. This can be frustrating, particularly when intense political issues are at stake. Your delineation of rural development in your area reminds me of a jovial Irish nurse who once gasped in amazement when I handed him a letter addressed to you. I asked him what was tickling and he kindly consented to enlighten me. It transpired that he had spent two years in the States and he said something about New Mexico being a vast wilderness and firmly stated that you must live in a tin shack or a similar jury-rigged abode amidst a huge endless desert with nary another landmark to blot the clear, unbroken expanse. He wanted to know if you were a hermit! ((A tempting thought. N.M. does have vast wilderness areas and a large hunk of desert. Pretty desolate in lots of places. Lack of water, you know.))

He has this strange idea of fandom being a bunch of nuts ((he is quite perceptive)) but I firmly disagreed with him. Until I received the Breen reports, anyway. Now I know he was right all along. Very disillusioning. I've thrown away all my "Fans are Slans" slogans in despair.

Question: Would fandom feel the loss if everybody stopped trying to define SF? ((Answer: No.)) This sort of twaddle has been going on ever since a Certain Individual who shall remain nameless invented the term Stf and it smacks of running around in circles frantically doing just about nothing and wasting a good deal of misdirected energy in the process. ((But, Pete, that can be applied to ALL aspects of fandom.)) Obviously the N3F hasn't got a monopoly in this department. (Don't mind me, I'm just trying to be subtle in my own little way—I really love Nefferdom, honest I do—but this ingroup within an ingroup does have its drawbacks at times.) Maybe its just my premature old age or the lateness of the hour or a combination of both that's affecting my views. Sometimes my views on any given subject can change back and forth overnight or even from hour to hour. What does that make me? Hmmm...on second thought maybe you'd better not answer this burning question. ((It sounds like you'd be a likely candidate for a policy-level government position))

I dig reviews of old prozines, yes indeed. Only complaint I have with Richie Benyo's article is that it should have been extended to cover several issues for comparison. A one-ish review seems ineffectual somehow. ((Most everything in this fmz suffers from that.))

I have no complaints about Notes Towards You Know What but my interest can perhaps be best described as being of a morbid nature.

You know what?

((Charlie What, LKF of the early 50s. Joined up with Sam Umbrage to publish a typical 6th Fandom zine. Charlie and the zine, as with most of 6th Fandom, was of small import to the microcosm as a whole. FANCYCLOPEDIA XI, Vol 7, PP 1292.)) Your layout is real kinky! Like it's really swinging, as they say in the best circles over here. ((For a minute I thought you were going to say it was twee.))

THE NIGHTNESS is well written and Wolfenbanger deserves a pat on the back for this smooth job of fan fiction. (See? I'm not afraid to admit I can enjoy some fan SF once in a while!)

Hey!

I've just spotted something amiss with EEEvers' views—what the hell does he mean by stating that A Mirror For Observers is one of several books not "accepted by fandom." A meaningless expression as far as Mirror is concerned, which is one of Pangborn's best SF and certainly among my firm favourites. And I declare that our nasty Mr. Evers should be shot for lumping this novel with On The Beach. If I had a gun, a gun license, etc., etc.

DWAIN KAISER
5321 MOUNTAIN VIEW DR.,
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

This is sort of a LoC on DYNATRON 22. You can blame it on Bob Davenport; I'm LoCing his copy. There are advantages to having a fan live up the street from you. ((Yeah, well Davenport can LoC your copy this time. He won't get a copy of this. Or will he? Egad, where's the blasted trade list?))

Like the old letterhacks write, I think I'll start at the cover and work in. ((What old letterhack wrote that??))

Atom draws as good a cover as you expect from him. He's a great artist, and also a great fan, too. It is a shame that he won TAFF, otherwise I could put "Atom for TAFF" in this letter, but he won, so I can't do that. ((Ah, go ahead.)) He made a great TAFFman, that's for sure, both during his cross-country trip (and his stop off at my house here in Vegas) and also at the con. His wit and humor doesn't only exist in his cartoons, that anyone who has met him knows.

You must be kidding about CAPA? Isn't that one of the really old apas? ((Only if you consider the ages of the members. Moffatt, for instance, must be an eon older than Tucker.))

TV and idiots go together, there is something called THE ADDAMS FAMILY on right now. A so-called bunch of semi-humorous monsters with everyday problems tossed in, in a humorous way. There isn't anything wrong with humore, but when it drives off the air some of the few good serious shows then I draw the line. If it was up to the tv stations which show would go on: THE DEFENDERS, say, or some crud like THE ADDAMS FAMILY, the show that would stay would be the one with the highest rating, you can be sure of that. ((Did I tell you, speaking of ratings, that the season's first Nielsen indicated that most of the prime time televiewing was done by pre-teens? Fair has the network execs chewing the carpets.))

Richie can write the kind of article that brings a long dead mag back to life. Quite interesting.

I liked THE NIGHTNESS.

DR. ANTONIO DUPLA Not as fast as I would like, had I that scarce commodity called
Po. Ma. AGUSTIN 9, time, but not so delayed as to arouse once more your definite
ZARAGOZA, SPAIN and justified wrath, here goes my thanks first place as having
some value, and my comments in second as being doubtful they
have none. ((All comments are valuable.))

On issue 21. You must specify how many parts of that rare gem written by E. M. Cox have run before. To know how many times must I weep for my losses. ((Not too many. I've run two or three episodes of SF FOREVER and Ed's numbering system is weird. Today's segment may be #25 and tomorrow's #14.)) Are you sure that CRY PLAGUE/THE JUDAS GOAT are SF? ((I'm not sure of any-thing.))

Roy, you lose page 2 in transit and you pass from page 9 to page 9 letting beheaded the letter of Richard Mann. Weren't you citing some pages back another time track? Are you sure, too, that in Los Angeles the girls pass by Redd Boggs exhibiting their navals? ((You and Jack Speer. Navels.)) I can believe it but I like best not to.

Going to issue 22. Wolfenbarger's fiction has left me colder than nightness in the north wind. And, as far as my poor English allows me, I find some rather surprising things: walked for the kitchen can pass but what is the recipe for quiet tea?

I must be in a negative mood because I get the impression that EEEvers catches the examples and procustizes them to his own ideas. As when he says that a true confession story has explicit definition while poetry or tragedy does not. As when he says that those enjoying mundane prose fiction do so with all its branches. As when he says that "A Mirror For Observers" was never accepted by fandom, and lacks the approach. As when he assimilates poetry to a minor little known field and westerns to a sub-branch of a widely known field. And if the premise of "The Star" could only be presented in SF (a rather doubtful thing, see Jardiel Poncela's "God's tournee"), the same happens with "Pride and Prejudice" or with "Narciss and Goldmund". And as for the characteristics of the common approach: stressing of ideas? Consider "In Search of Swann". The stress of an imaginative viewpoint? Consider fantasy just round the corner. The purpose other than entertainment? Consider all the compromised literature.

Not wishing to go on record as against everybody I don't comment on James Ashe's dubious affirmations 1) that the Breen dispute has had some good effects and 2) that Hoyle writes very good science fiction.

Marc Christopher: you speak hard and loud. But remember that Hitler became Chancellor of the Reich by legal and democratic ways. And before charging guilt or forgiving it (which is even more pretencious), what have you done about the occupation of half of Viet Nam by no softer a boss than Hitler? Sophrosine must never be lost of view.

Oh yes, in No. 23 I have one of those zeroes on my mailing label and as this lamentable condition of being on the verge of not getting more Dynatrons is cracking hard on my nerves I am going to suggest four ways of solving it (in order of quality of less to more or of more to less): 1) Sending you vile money through the kind intermediate Buck Coulson; 2) to send you some astrophilatelic stamp more valuable than 4¢ Spanish or US; 3) to send you four or more 4¢ Spanish stamps, and 4) to be placed in the category of never being put off

the mailing list. Your choosing. But you keep on sending Dynatron and without doubt Speer's Classification, an item long desired though never obtained. ((If you sent money through Coulson he'd probably deduct 10% from each end. I'm not a stamp collector so that eliminates that. I'll make it easy, Antonio, all you have to do to stay on the mailing list is send me a letter on at least every other issue. My main concern with Dynatron is making sure that it goes to people who are interested.))

I agree with you about the Hugo nominations. I have voted two years and this year my nomination for novel got one vote: mine. But if the committee had taken my place such a fine piece of fiction—for me—would surely not even have been mentioned. No, I don't relinquish my rights.

Jerry Pournelle as always runs deep, runs smooth. But I would like to see how he integrates the repellant ideas of "Farnham's Freehold" with those that, up to "Starship Troopers", he has so skillfully dissected and more or less justified.

Fine, the verses of John Baxter. Very fine indeed.

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

Migod—I didn't get a number after my name on the address label of the last DYNATRON. You mean you're going to keep sending me this thing? ((I show no mercy.)) Egad. What is happening to DYNATRON? It seems to be changing. Why, #23 had a gaggle of grey pages in it...no doubt they were green

to begin with and turned grey when some postal inspector exposed them to the harsh light that inhabits postoffices. You know the type—a bare bulb hanging under a metal shade; it's almost bad enough to turn people grey. I can't quite picture DYNATRON starting out with grey pages. They must have changed on the way to me.

Well, the committee thing. Who knows? ((The Shadow knows!)) Perhaps it is a response to some things like SAVAGE PELICUDAR (or however it's spelled)((for sure not that way)) getting nominated for Hugos. (Don't tell me if it actually got one—I'd rather not know if such is the case.) ((No, the idea is to get more things like SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR nominated--or somebody else's favorite bit of nothing. Anything to help sales.)) Still, I don't exactly dig the idea of this arbitrary committee. How did this all come about? ((That's the question. I gather it was an under-the-table deal and the idea is that fandom as a whole, exclusive of the ruling clique, doesn't need to know)) I didn't wander into any business meetings at the con, could give a rip less. Which, I suppose, when you come right down to it, is why these committees and whatnot pop up. ((Precisely.)) If everyone did give a rip about what was happening, nobody would be doing such things. Whatever they did. Oh, the hell with it. Who gives a rip? I'd sort of like to see the best yarns chosen by the authors and editors and the like myself. Don't the Mystery Writers of America have something on that order going?

Best article of the issue: Franson's Con Report. Concise, to the point, and covered everything.

But, Roy, this Rann chick is not green. Only her nipples are green, her skin is pure white. "....with no hint of rose..." it says. Now, I have mentioned I wouldn't mind oogling at a bare-breasted green chick, but somehow this albino with the green nipples seems to be a little far out. Especially as she turns out to be a fish. She sounds like a real stinker. ((Well, you know how it is with fish)) Tho it might be something handy to keep in your bait box. ((What would you catch?))

Don't think I'd go over to big on being an astronaut. Seems like an elaborate and expensive method of suicide to me, to sit on a rocket and let it shoot you off into space. Will have to wait until somebody comes across with anti-grav before they get me into one of those things. I had enough troubles boarding airplanes after I learned all the multitude of things that can go wrong with them, and even if something doesn't go wrong, you can always end up with a drunk pilot or run into some CAT. Spaceships must be even worse. Count me out.

Actually, I must confess, I would like to become a fake-friend of Yossarian. So I could kill him before everyone else beats me to it. Anybody who sits naked in trees can't be all right. Or suppose he is

right? Makes it even worse. Seriously, tho, perhaps there is hope. In my desk, in one of my duller classes at State, somebody has carved the words: YOSSARIAN LIVES. ((What's wrong with sitting naked in trees? According to the anthropology chaps man sat naked in trees for thousands of years. Ask Yossarian.))

Up in Amador City, where I voted, we still use the old primitive system. You get a ballot and a rubber stamp and an ink pad and have at it. No machine to get in the way there. Am I to understand that with a machine, you never actually see your ballot? ((True.)) You just pull a few levers and leave? ((Yep)) I always thought it just marked your ballot for you in some special ink. But if you don't get to see your own ballot--hell, somebody could easily tamper with the machine so that it could count out anything it wanted to, no matter what levers were pulled. ((Yep...))

Injustice, intolerance, deprivation, barbarism and animal brutality don't dominate a mess of people in the U.S.? Come now, Deckinger. Read your newspapers. Take a trip to Mississippi.

And even in California, proposition 14 passed by a 3 to 2 margin, thus writing discrimination into the state constitution, proof that there are a good deal of people living in this supposedly progressive state who would just rather not have any niggers living around them. So they abolished the fair housing act and worded their proposition so that no other fair housing acts may be written. And if that can happen in California, what's the next step? Good buddy, it can happen here.

((Almost anything can happen in California, my old. Out here in the hinterlands we've heard much about that Proposition 14 but just precisely what did it do? I understand that it repealed a law that placed certain restrictions on property owners. And then I've heard other things about it, too. Does anybody know for sure the story on Proposition 14?))

OK,

Wolfenbarger, define the Beat Generation. Think your definition will match up with anybody elses? If I have any misconceptions about the Beat Generation, it is in that I think the term is next to useless, so much has it been misused. I prefer the term Bohemian, which to me means something. And it eliminates beachbums, Hells Angels, ordinary teenage punks and the like, which are often called Beat. I dunno if Monk is beat or not. He definitely does have some cool, but the important thing about him is his music. And why do you consider Miles unbeat? Because he wears fancy suits, or what? Miles was involved in the bop school, if I remember correctly. Didn't he play with Dizzy for a while? And Yardbird? ((Pardon, my old, but what in the HELL are you talking about? You have lost me.))

Jack Speer: Well, no argument about being tiresomely talkative in my fanzine letters. I'll be the first to admit that. So? However, getting back to the military, I still say it wouldn't exist unless it was there to kill or capture the enemy. And the only reason you want to keep your own troops alive is so that they may be able to carry out this mission. Dead soldiers might make one hell of a stink but they don't put up much of a fight. Technological fallout--sure, lots of it. But it's purely secondary. ((Agreed.)) Perhaps you don't think technology is possible without the military? And if so, why?

((Dunno what Juffus thinks about it but but our technology has grown so complex that without the Stimulus of the military little that is new would be developed. American industry is much too busy turning out junk to do anything without governmental pressure.))

ANDY ZERBE
3154 DUPONT STREET,
MONTGOMERY 6, ALA. You mean to tell me you didn't know what archaeologists look for here in Alabama? That's going to be a blow to some people. Here we are having been written up in the National Geographic and various other learned journals as an excellent state in which to look for Indian remains, and you come saying just what do we look for here. ((Yes. I still do. I figured you were looking for Indian remains but I wondered what specifically.)) The week before I went on the trip an Indian had been found buried upside down. The trip I went on had been to try to find out why he had been buried that way.

We never did find the answer. All that we got out of a hard day's work was a lot of broken pottery and the skeleton of a dog. ((What kind of a dog was it?))

Since there is at present no overseas director in the N3F and since you were a former overseas director ((I didn't work very hard at it)) I'm writing to you. I would like very much to get some Aussie SF material but do not know how to go about it. Would you happen to know of any Aussie zines in which I could advertise for their SF publications? ((No, but we've a couple of those down-under types on the mailing list. Foyater, Baxter, can you help him?))

It's nice to see that people are taking an interest in "The Fools of Time", but weren't you a bit late with your review? I read it when it came out in the hardcover edition and I know that reviews appeared in AMAZING and ANALOG. ((Depends on what you consider "late". The paperback edition, which I called attention to, hasn't been out too long.))

Les Sample on local politics. Here the local people still point with pride to the fact that this state really went for Al Smith. The reason it doesn't read that way in your history book is because the local politicians managed to count the vote wrong. This year Alabama went overwhelmingly Republican. It's hard to see how it could have gone any other way as Johnson's name wasn't even on the ballot. Even so the victory was so unexpected that the local republicans are now holding a caucus just to decide what their policies are.

HARRY WARNER, JR.
423 SUMMIT AVENUE
HAGERSTOWN,
MD., 21740

¶
About six months from now, someone could produce the biggest fanzine of the year by reprinting all the suggestions and opinions that the Hugo committee proposal has produced. A new one has just occurred even to me. If the professionals are so determined to have a share in the Hugos, maybe we could use

them. Go out and hit the major prozines and paperback publishers for cash donations then set the pro-inspired committee to reading the current output of sf as soon as it appears, and invest the money in bi-monthly reports to fandom on outstanding items found by the committee. This might help some of us to find the more important stuff before it vanishes from the newsstands—at some newsstands, a paperback can be bought during a shorter period than the current issue of a prozine—and it would have some influence on fan voting on the Hugo nominees the next year, without creating actual dominance of the nominations. Of course, there's not as much science fiction to read these days, but the proportion of good science fiction is so minute that more of us are likely to go for months without buying a prozine or paperback than was the case during the boom years when we tried to keep up with the better publishers and prozines.

((I think the trouble with our professionals now is that they do too much reading and not enough writing. A useful committee would be one to boot the pros in the butt and get them to typing or scribbling or whatever. The thing I can't figure is how this Hugo committee thing got pushed through the business session of the Pacificon. I have yet to hear anyone except Ellison say anything in its favor. It would appear that fannish politics have fallen into the same situation as ordinary-type politics: the majority of the fan don't care enough to bother attending the business session so consequently a well-organized clique can put anything over.))

Some deep-buried memory cell shrilled a violent protest when you made that mention of K. Tarrant as an unspeakable kind of editor of Astounding. I believe that the cell complained because the name looked wrong. Without looking it up, I'm pretty sure that she spelled it Catherine.

((Perhaps. I didn't look it up either.))

One possible reason that science fiction seems ineffective on the stage or screen: it usually requires trick effects to represent the faraway places or times, and the viewer is distracted from the story by trying to determine how they produced those illusions. When you read science-fiction, where everything that

occurs to the imagination can be described by the printed word as easily as something real, you can concentrate on the atmosphere and events. And this might be the factor behind the success of Walt Disney's animated cartoons. It's no more difficult to create a miracle than to depict normal activities when the pictures are drawn by hand, the viewer realizes this, and the fantastic elements can be enjoyed without distraction. Another argument for the theory can be found in the success of continuing series with fantasy themes on television during the past couple of years. If the special effects recur regularly, they soon stop arousing the curiosity and the ratings go up for My Favorite Martian or Bewitched. ((You mean those are special effects? Gee, Harry, and all the time I thought Samantha was really magicking.)) ((Hey, I'd like to see her leaping over the bonfires on May eve.))

Pacificon reports

have been quite scarce up to now, so even a brief one like Len's provides much information that hadn't reached me yet. ((Doesn't it seem that con reports are now much rarer than a couple of years ago?)) In view of the unpleasantness arising in several con committees, actual and potential, in recent years, the Virgin Islands con might start a gratifying new trend in worldcons. I'd be willing to vote for a worldcon there if I had a guarantee that there would be no con committee: that someone or other would simply handle hotel arrangements for the most necessary things, and that there wouldn't even be a formal program set up in advance. Look over the fans and pros who show up on the first morning, persuade several of them to talk on some topic that interests them each day, and you'd probably get better attendance at the formal talks than ever, because fans wouldn't be able to brag about staying away from a talk on this or that topic without sitting through at least part of the talk in order to know what they were missing. ((Eh? If the speakers were completely free in their choice of subjects the audience would get quite tired of hearing the first person singular. Hmmm. Wasn't that Woolston's fanzine?))

Lang Jones makes me wonder

if England really is far behind the United States in science. One of my early memories is that of going for walks through downtown Hagerstown with my father, and enjoying a sense of expectancy, wondering if there might be enough light on this particular day to cause the little vanes in the glass bottle to go around in a pawnshop window. That must have been before 1930, because I was losing my sense of wonder by the time I entered the first grade. Hagerstown has turned from a small town into a small city since then, the business section has become unrecognizable through failures of old local firms and new outposts of national chain stores, and I now reserve my expectancy on walks downtown for specific samples of protoplasm on the sidewalk, not thin bits of metal behind a show window. But improbably enough, the pawn shop has survived all these years and that little bottle with the sun-powered gadget still sits in the window, not one inch away from the position it held when I first began to watch it. ((My sense of wonder is aroused by speculation on how it came to be hocked))

John Boston could get a lot of good reading at not too extreme an investment by purchasing runs of prozines of perhaps a year's length. I imagine that you could pick up a dozen Astoundings from the finest years for \$20 or less, and you'd get at least four fine novels and a score of superb shorter stories.

I'm tired of reading Heinlein's fiction, and I'm even less interested in reading yet another article about Heinlein's fiction. So I imagine that in the next Dynatron I'll find letters of comment about the article about the fiction. Please remind me to build myself a new structural differential as soon as possible, to cope with this disaster.

((I will

if you will tell me what a structural differential is.))

WESTERCON 18. 3, 4, 5 July 1965 at the Edgewater Inn, Longbeach, California. Advance memberships \$1 from Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California. See you there, chaps. Really and truly I will.

BOB TUCKER
BOX 478
HEYWORTH, ILL.
61745

Indeed I do remember the Ass Editor, bless her blue nose, and I also remember the ball-bearing mousetrap that once slipped past her editorial pencil. I don't suppose she ever lived that down. I once had the pleasure of meeting the woman in the long, long ago, but she didn't impress me nearly as much as did a pretty, young receptionist in the outer office. The girl pulled an old trick on me, and I was so enchanted I let myself fall for it: she dropped a pencil under her desk and let me look at her legs while I picked it up. Alas, she may be somebody's grandmother by now, and the legs are but props to keep her body off the ground.

All this is to inform you that I've finally read Dynatron 23. Sure, I'm late, but so were you. ((And this issue is so late I changed the date on it.))

Your mention of Speer's Fantasy Fiction Decimal Classification brought me up short. You said the work was brought out several years ago, and my first reaction was to credit you with the prize understatement of the year; but then I went hunting for it in the Evans-Pavlat Fanzine Index, and realized you were right for it couldn't be found there. Not under that title. In December 1943, Speer issued a one-page flyer under the title Decimal Classification for Fantasy Fiction, and the following year he published a three-page something called Decimal Classification for Stef. I suppose both were forerunners of the present work.

Sam Russell also published a one-page something under the same title, at the same time: December 1943. Perhaps he and Speer were working together. But do you recall that at least two other wartime fans also published their own classification systems. A fan named Pederson, from some Colorado city, issued a thick fanzine about fifteen or twenty years ago containing his system; and another chap named Cameron (I think) from somewhere in Canada came out later with his. I don't remember the titles, and have had no luck searching for them in the Index. ((The fleeting fame of fandom. I can't recall either.))

Perhaps you can coax Speer into reprinting his 1939 opus, Up to Now, A History of Fandom as Jack Speer Sees It. He did it in one of his "Full Length Articles" series. Let's put him up against Warner and see which historian is the more fun. ((Can we include SAM, too?))

Finally, I was croggled to note that Moffatt paid five dollars for some old copies of LeZ at the convention. Dollar-hungry huckster that I am, I'd almost part with my set for five bucks. To think that I peddled those fanzines at a nickle a copy in the bad old days!

SGT ROBERT F. SMITH
c/- SGTS MESS, 1 COD,
BANDIANA, VICTORIA,
AUSTRALIA

I thought it was about time another DYNATRON made an appearance on this side of the pond, and by golly there it are! It's 22 I'm talking about, of course, in case your activities with that notoriously frustrating organisation, the N3F, have left you slightly addled about what time of the year it is, etc., ((22! Egad, but the mail is slow. No, I don't let the N3F bother me. The ol' Neff is sort of fun if one doesn't take it seriously.))

Yes, I do think its about time that you scrounged some new cover illos, old mate; can't Atom send you some original stuff for ol' DYNATRON? ('Course I know he has been otherwise engaged with that trip across the Pond, etc., but....) I like 'em, though, I like 'em (no fan who is worthy of bearing the title of fan dislikes Atom, of course....)((I'm not sure I follow you, Bob, the cover on #22 was new as have been all of Arthur's work that HAS been run here. We've done no cover reprints.))

Pleased to see that DYNATRON has reverted to its normal frivolous nature and is no longer a vague mixture of you and N3F material. I din't particularly like, you know. ((I find this strange. Various fen have commented on the difference between the "usual" Dynatron and the N'APA Dynatron but there was no essential change in the zine. I ran N'APA mailing comments but did not give the zine any special N'APA slant. Interesting, yes?))

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I guess I agreed with your Hugo choice: "Glory Road"; it might not pass some definitions of "science fiction" but I enjoyed it. ((Let's not start defining SF again.)) But why do you consider "Way Station" -- "not quite up there?" Isn't it the kind of science fiction we used to like and long for? It certainly seemed to kindle that much looked for sense of wonder in me, and there appeared to be warmth and characterisation in it that is--so everyone says--missing in most stf. I found it tickling my usually dull emotional responses. It must have something; now, what did it lack for you? ((How long is a piece of string? How does one explain a feeling?))

Hmmm. For some reason Richie Benyo's line about "the notorious duo of Bea Mahaffey and Ray Palmer" irritated me. An unfortunate choice of words possibly, I dunno. Back in '53 I was reading RAP's magazines and most of 'em were pretty terrible, and I recall with affection his long gutsy letters over sales figures in FANTASY TIMES, but "notorious"?

I'll go along with you (and Heinlein): "speculative fiction" is much closer to what we mean by "science fiction", what we feel about it and it also gives the definition more freedom; too many definitions tend to be restrictive and cannot comfortably be used for our favourite literature. But...just who are we breaking our necks to define science fiction for? Ourselves? Nah, haven't we more or less agreed that we, the enthusiasts and fans, have that feeling for stf and we don't really need to paint a picture and wrap it up neat and tidy in some fancy paper that yells out: "put me in this pigeon hole, this category, etc." Who then? ((How about Baxter--he seems a likely candidate.)) That ignorant mob out in Mundania who pretty well classified science fiction years ago in their individual and collective minds? ((Do they have minds?)) They couldn't care less and we know it. Good luck to 'em. The man in the street who loves and grows roses isn't going to try and get his feelings across to ignorant, space fiction mad, me, ((If he's growing roses in the street he arouses my sense of wonder.)). The man who has had a classical or literary background considers me an odd creature ((uh-huh)) not with the effort of communicating with just because we both read--he's read some stf, of course, but found it lacking in the finer things that make good, memorable literature. He would, if he ever saw it, agree with James Blish when he writes: "The ethical, the moral, the philosophical horizons remain, and those are infinite; and it is there, I believe, that the realms of good science fiction must lie." (WARHOON 20) And here I must almost agree with our well-read gentlemen and Blish, and disagree with Evers; all SF doesn't have something to say! Hell, if that were so I think I'd drop stf like the good old hot brick! Imagination and ideas, yes, but when stf authors (not that the majority of 'em could) go in for the "horizons" that Blish mentions then it is no longer stf, speculative fiction, what if, or whathaveyou. Stf authors are--as we say out here --just not in the race; at least most of them are not. I am inclined to go along with Kingsley Amis and agree that "one is grateful that we have a form of writing which is interested in the future, which is ready...to treat as variables what are usually take to be constants, which is set on tackling those large, general, speculative questions that ordinary fiction so often ignores." (I also disagree with him on other aspects of speculative or science fiction, but then--who doesn't?) I think that science fiction should broaden, examine, its own "speculative horizons", and I do not mean that it should follow J. G. Ballard's advice and go mad like Wm. Burroughs or imitate Joyce, etc., but at times I think the science fiction fan isn't maturing quite as fast as his favourite literature.

What has all that guff got to do with a definition of science fiction? Well, nothing, except that I feel that in this form of discussion we are becoming side-tracked. I don't care what sort of labels are slapped on stf, but I do get concerned with the field's apparent inability to speculate these days, combined with good writing.

Let us now peer shortsightedly at the letter column in an effort to glean new jewels of knowledge, grin at Tackett's humor, and generally make a nuisance of ourselves....((Yes, let's do that. Let's have a go at the letter column. But, let us, first of all, finish up this line, and, if we can, this one also, which will, of course, bring us to the bottom of the page.))

James Ashe: Hoyle writes good science fiction. Right, and that's precisely what he does write; scientific, because he knows what he's talking about, and fiction, pure and simple; but it's a far cry from being what we interpret as science fiction or speculative fiction, and I find that, like most scientists who fictionalise their fields, his work is insipid and dull. To me, that is. And James...fans don't write science fiction--science fiction writers do. ((Ah, yes, and that is a fine point.))

Robin Wood: I think it's a trifle unfair of you to dismiss what you term the "Beat Generation" with "just seemed to sit around and bitch about everything...not really accomplish much, except a little good poetry...Kerouac did manage to write The Subterraneans..." Kerouac wrote a trifle more than that, and you can't brush aside as insignificant and forgotten people like Anatole Broyard, R. V. Cassill, George Mandel, Clellon Holmes, Chandler Brossard, Carl Solomon, Allan Ginsberg, Norman Mailer, Vance Bourjaily, Nelson Algren, Herbert Gold, John Wain, Kingsley Amis, Colin Wilson, John Brain, John Osborne, etc. Tak. ((Tak, yourself. Why can't we? This bunch belongs to that mob out there in Mundania. To me they are insignificant.))

Hey, you two old 5th Fandomers sobbing nostalgically there in the corner of DYNATRON, did you ever read the lovely scalpel job that Perelman did on Captain Future after dipping his eagle eye into "Captain Future, Wizard of Science"? In its caustic fashion it is a little gem. Read it--THE BEST OF S. J. PERELMAN, Heineman, 1959. ((Maybe we shouldn't. Have to protect our illusions, you know.))

Curiosity prompts me to ask just what you were doing in Constantinople in 1066? ((Hiding.)) Pournelle is right, it was the Welsh who taught Edward I what the longbow could do, and actually it wasn't until the 14th Century that it could really be called the English national weapon. A decidedly nasty weapon, and I'm glad that I wasn't a French knight at Crecy.

ART HAYES
540 BRIDGE STREET
BATHURST, N.B.
CANADA

Sorry I did not acknowledge Dynatron 23 earlier, but I'm here at last. ((Good even--ing.)) Started this letter on the 26th when hoards of holidaying guys barged in, and hours later, noisy hours later, they departed, with me completely drained of anything of an alcoholic nature. ((Ah, is it that of an alcoholic nature on hand to comment on Dynatron? I know it helps to get it published.))

I've never voted in the Hugo elections, largely because I've never felt that I could vote by memory, and never had the time to re-read or to read the nominees for the first time. So I never felt qualified to vote, and so influence, even by one vote. However, I cannot say I like the idea of a committee doing the choosing. No matter how inefficient our methods are, it is the Hugo method, and part of Fandom's customs.

Just as I got jaded with s.f., so have I become in regards to fandom itself. Conventions got to be too much of the same thing so it will be some time before I attend another. But that does not mean that I'm getting out of fandom. I'm of the tired, retired type, who will get by, he thinks, on minac for a while. ((Drink up and become a letterhack for Dynatron.))

TOM PERRY
4018 LAUREL AVENUE
OMAHA 11, NEBR.

It seems only a couple of weeks ago I put aside Dynatron 22 thinking I'd have to write real soon and tell you how much I enjoyed it. Lest that happen again I'm writing on receiving this issue--and I'm still late, for it's already a month old. (I sometimes wonder why the people who urge dating of fanzines for the sake of fanhistorians they never name worry so; the dates are never accurate anyway. Fanzines are dated late just as pro mags are dated early.)((We all have good intentions but time is a fleeting thing. Thish was due in December. I didn't make it. If I'm lucky--and work at it--I'll get it out in January.))

I'm with you on the Hugo committee business. I don't know if you're being kept up to date on this thing, but it seems as if the London committee decided to take the course I'd recommended in ROX before they ever saw that onesheet, to ignore the "Hugo nominating committee" nonsense, and also to

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drop the drama Hugo. This of course had, and perhaps has, Harlan in an uproar. He phoned Ella Parker in the middle of the night to complain, and she hung up on him. (In a newszine I dreamed of but never produced I would have given that story this headline: ELLISON PHONES ELLA ON HUGOS: HARPY HANGS UP ON HOTLINE HARLAN.)) ("And she said: 'Well, we don't see them over 'ere so we're not 'avin' 'em...'") Now, I understand from Rick Sneary, Harlan wants to keep the Jugo statuettes from being shipped to Britain so the London committee won't have them to give out. Harlan phoned me longdistance, too, getting me out of bed atll a.m. (he probably didn't remember I work a niteshift at the paper)((On the contrary, he probably did.)) and one of the things I recall him saying was "I want to win a Hugo more than I want to win a goddam Oscar baby!" This is a worthy ambition, I suppose, but I think he's going about it wrong. ((He called me at midnight....just before I went to bed...and carried on at some length. Rather amusing.))

What Harlan was sore at me about was the implication he read in ROX that there might be something wrong in touting one's own work for a Hugo. I don't really think there is; ((Really? Good. Hey, out there: Vote for Dynatron.)) I suggested it because Dick Eney seems to think campaigning for fanpoll votes is morally wrong somehow, and I think it would be better all around if it were decided whether pros should campaign to win a hugo. ((28th in the fan poll, mumble, mumble.)) Even if it's determined that they can, there are some who would find it a bit embarrassing to do so, but I think they should know that, if they want to, the ground rules permit, for instance, a special fanzine to puff their stuff.

As for the committee, I think it's okay to have one to add a nominee to the Hugo ballot if something worthwhile seems to have been passed over because people didn't know about it; I don't think the committee should be empowered to ignore a work the fans have voted for. Nor do I see any reason to change the system till the study committee makes its report.

I liked your comments on Harlan's THE GLASS HAND and especially the quip about the millenia saved here and there. ((Harlan didn't.))

(By the way, someone really ought to print the information about how this Hugo hassle is unfolding. Reason I mention it is that fandom's one remaining newszine seems to have folded, plus the fact that certain people have been debating the whole business furiously DNQ or DNP, apparently under the impression fandom needs a secret master or at least an oligarchy. That's largely what grotched me in the first place—that various persons apparently decided to ram this through a hot business session at the con without first discussing it in fanzines. Ignoring such a freewheeling forum as fanzines in favor of one governed by Robert's Rules seems to me the act of someone who doesn't think fandom in general would approve of what he wants to do.)) (Or someone who thinks its none of fandom's goddam business, baby.))

I'm glad to see Pournelle finally converted that letter into an article, as I advised him to when I returned it about a year ago. Despite the Latin and the learned allusions, though, he hasn't convinced me that Heinlein is undeserving of the criticism fandom has flung at him. His critics have been arguing morality; Jerry's thesis seems to be that since Heinlein was discussing power—excuse me, POWER—the moral criticisms don't count. Nevertheless there's a moral question involved in sugarcoating cynicism and peddling it to kids as sciencefiction, as Heinlein has done, and I think Heinlein's on the wrong side of it. Adult SF discussing honestly his views on POWER would be a different thing. As for this "Descriptive not normative" jazz, can Jerry honestly contend that STARSHIP TROOPERS merely describes and does not approve? ((As STARSHIP TROOPERS aimed at the younger readers? Perhaps. But the three for which RAH has been most roundly condemned: STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, GLORY ROAD, and FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD, are not aimed at the kids. How come every time an unpopular or opposing theme comes up, we broadminded, intellectual stf fans immediately begin yelling about morality?)) If Jerry believes in this jurisdictio concept—the soundest thing I think he's advocated here—perhaps he ought to show more concern than he has about the tendency of government to abridge personal freedoms? Somehow the "conservatives" seem most selective about the parts of the Constitution they want to preserve untrammelled.

But I've gone and forgot that Jerry doesn't like to be lectured to like an undergraduate, especially by people not qualified to lecture to undergraduates. ((Ah, now that is interesting. What are the qualifications for lecturing to undergraduates? Most undergraduates I've known haven't required much in the way of qualifications on the part of the instructor. Isn't that true, undergraduates? Hey, Tom, what do you think of the hoo-haw at Cal?)) Walt Willis received two abusive airmail letters last time he offended Jerry like this, and was ordered not to quote them. "I'm scared to mention his name again," he wrote, "for fear he'll hop in one of his Boeings and come and overkill me."

I agree with Ethel Lindsay that your underlinings in the letter-col are eyestraining—why not be satisfied with double brackets? ((Why not get specs?)) What the hell is the Fannish Establishment? Bill Donaho mentioned it offhandedly and when I was suggested that he was cribbing from Bill Buckley I was told you'd delineated it in an editorial. That must have been in one of those Dynatrons I missed somewhere along the line. ((It must have been in one of those I missed, too. Hey, there, Bill Donaho, who gets a copy of this issue as a trade for some fanzines, what's your definition of the Fannish Establishment?))

I can't sympathize much with your fear of being annexed or surrounded by the bigger city. I'm rather tired of living in a primary city and supporting with my taxes the facilities used by residents of the parasitic little towns all around it. They use our roads, our police, etc., and none of them can truly claim to be "communities" since most of the jobs that support them are in Omaha or wouldn't exist if Omaha didn't. Fortunately Omaha has a modern annexation law that makes it possible to annex without the residents' permission. ((Weren't you grotching about the loss of individual liberties a few paragraphs back?)) My biggest grotch is Iowa residents who cross the border to buy here, driving and parking on our streets, paid for by us and already too crowded, and simultaneously cheating their own state of its sales tax. I'll be happy when cities are recognized as the independent political and economic units they obviously are rather than as political subdivisions of states. ((Well, let's see how much of that I can refute, Tom. I'm a resident of what you then consider a parasitic little town. The only one around Albuquerque and we're not a town—just a village. Now whenever I go into Albuquerque to shop or whatever I use the city streets—I also feed the city parking meters and pay the extra 1% city sales tax which I wouldn't have to do if I shopped outside the city. That should pretty well take care of the beef about the wear and tear I cause on the city streets. Police and fire protection? The village has its own volunteer fire department and a volunteer marshall. If additional police assistance is required we call on the county sheriff—not the city police. I'll grant the truth of your arguments in general—but not in specifics.))

ERIC BLAKE
P. O. BOX 26,
JAMAICA 31, N.Y.

Thank you for the latest issue of "Dynatron". I was particularly interested by J. E. Pournelle's article on Robert Heinlein. I find Heinlein a difficult writer to evaluate. On the one hand, he seems to appreciate as do few writers of the present the nature of man as an individual. His heroes, such as Gordon in "Glory Road" and Farnham in "Farnham's Freehold", are proud individualists who make no apologies for their individuality.

But I am very disturbed by a streak of anti-religious cynicism that exists in some of his novels. ((Isn't it his right as an individual to be cynical about religion if he so desires?)) Worst in "Stranger in a Strange Land" which is a vicious parody of the Passion of Our Lord. The adventures of Valentine Smith at every turn are a mockery of the earthly ministry of Jesus Christ. His early works, "Sixth Column" and one whose title I forget, which deals with the overthrow of a theocracy by armed revolt ((IF THIS GOES ON?)) seem to agree with the communist view that religion can only be an instrument of oppression, or fraud. ((History makes a pretty good case for that viewpoint.)) I would like to see how Mr. Pournelle would evaluate this aspect of Heinlein. It is futile to uphold the worth and dignity of the individual, and at the same time to assault with a satirical pen the divine Source of that worth and dignity.

With regard to Jack Speer's letter, I would recommend that all your readers read "A Texan Looks at Lyndon". It gives an interesting picture of just what kind of a man we now have as President of the United States.

JAMES WRIGHT
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99352

What the hell, I got DYNATRON ((how?)), so, what the hell, I might as well comment on it, what the hell. ((You got nothing better to do?))

Tackett, you're the type that would pronounce Leif Erickson's first name like "leaf". ((I always called him "Red" and spelled his last name correctly.))

The ATom cover was goshwow good. Why can't I get covers by ATom? ((For what?)) (Because I never ask...) But tis the type of cover that really makes one want to grok and cherish a zine. One thing. Being somewhat of an artless artist, I sympathize with artful artists when their work is mauled, ruined, and otherwise maimed by stupid, blind, ignorant editors. (I'll never forgive Patten for what he did to one of my illos) ((What did he do--print it?)) Well, you, stupid, blind, ignorant Roy Tackett, mauled, ruined, and otherwise maimed the beautiful ATom cover that makes you want to grok and cherish a zine. How id you, stupid, blind, etc., do so? ((Tell me how, oh, enlightened one.)) By using one of the most horrid logos I've seen. ((How many have you seen?)) (It was traced from DYNATRON 'for last quite poorly). ((Rather rapidly, too.)) An editor can really hurt a piece of art by using lousy logos. With a precise ATom illo, the loose, sloppy way DYNATRON was written simply looks Bad. ((So DYNATRON is a loose, sloppy zine. Cut the title off if you don't like it.)) And you don't want to look Bad, Tackett, it would ruin your image. ((Which is?)) I understand you don't have a lettering guide, or can't use one, ((You understand wrong.)) but almost anything would have been an improvement, even the title being typewritten, like this: D Y N A T R O N 23 or something. Hell, Tackett, if you really need it I'll do logos for you. Being an artless Artist, I can copy and use lettering guides brilliantly. ((I don't think we're quite that desperate.))

I always comment a lot on the covers because I hate to open them because they always shut on me by the typewriter. Unless I maul them to death, and with that beautiful ATom cover I can't bare to do it. I can't dare to bear? (Dare to Bare? Sounds sexy.) ((Sounds silly.))

Your Writhings in the Sand left some pretty distinguished marks. (Get up off yer back, Tackett, it wasn't that bad.) Seriously, though, I agree with you. I mean, this Hugo committee is ridiculous. And from the reactions I've seen by most other fen, they tend to agree. At first I thought it was a joke, but it being real...it's almost like having a nightmare and waking up in Communist China. I sincerely hope this idiocy is extremely short-lived. I see nothing wrong with the way the Hugo noms are carried out now, and the only item I was disappointed not seeing making the ballot was Leiber's excellent piece, "Success" in the July 63 F&SF. I did not expect it to make it, however, as it was too short, really, to win. But it was definitely the best piece of short writing in 1963. I doubt if the Nominations Committee would have put it on anyway. One thing. I don't think Boucher, Ellison and Co. are qualified to judge what is good and what isn't. Who says they are? I want to pick my own style of crud, not someone else's. ((How's that again?))

I don't know Tackett. ((Obviously)) By all rights I should hate your guts. But everytime I start reading one of your zines I end up rolling on the floor in histerics. ((Your letters have the same effect on me.)) Dynatron is really funny, and that bit on "The Sword of Johnny Damokles" was hilarious, expecially if you have the added benefit of mis-pronunciation like me. I was calling it "duh-mo-kuls" before I got the pun. But sometimes you can go back, read those prozines, and laugh yourself mad. The attempts at dramatics, etc., are really funny.

Bill Wolfenbarger knocks out a mean fairytale. Sometime when I feel like I'm going to puke, I think I'll write a Hilarious Humorous Fairytale and send it to DYNATRON. Maybe it will get rejected. ((Probably.)) Hold it, it's coming on...I can't stop...Tackett, it's your fault. ((The things I get blamed for.))

THE GREAT SAGISTIC FABLE OF HENRY or EDDIE STRIKES PAYDIRT

Once upon a time there was a boy named Henry. He was also called Eddie. But that is another story. This boy named Henry had an interesting gadget. He called it a "dy nate run" for no reason. The neighbors called it a "Thingumabob" for even less reason. Henry loved his dy nate run. He took it to bed every night, and his dy nate run would play with Henry's robot Teddy Bear named Ozgood. Ozgood was pretty daring considering his bare bearings. He played wildly with the dy nate run. Henry fell asleep and didn't see what Ozgood did with the dy nate run.

The world

went boom. There was nothing left, not even the dy nate run.

Some damn fool had

gone and stepped on the anthill.

I won't apologize for it. The bombs will undoubtedly be in the mailbox tomorrow. ((The last line shows promise.))

I saw the GLASS HAND and didn't know what it was. (Generally I avoid the OUTER LIMITS, but I had plenty of time so I whathehelled and watched it.) It was one of the most putrid sickening things I have ever seen. And you criticize CAT'S CRADEE because it had gimmiks. This had every two-bit thing ever used in sf. Gah. It was really sick. Anybody who would seriously writ this trash is supposed to tell us what good literature is?

All in all, DYNATRON is for the birds. Please send the next issue. ((What sort of bird are you?))

STEPHEN BARR
BOX 305
NOCONA, TEXAS

I received that beautiful green (I like green! 'Tis my favorite color) fanzine today. 'twas very nice. ((I like green, too, particularly the shade called "long".))

One thing I liked about it was the fact that it is loosely devoted to science-fiction. That is really something because I received several fanzines today and yours was the only one closely related to sf. ((We try to keep pointed in the general direction of speculative fiction although we're not too serious about it. Stfish with a light touch is what we try to achieve.)) Your editorial expressed my opinions concerning the Hugo nomination system. Anyhow, I got a flyer from the now defunct STARSPINKLE saying that I could vote on the first round of the nominations for the London Con. This is a fine thing.

"Lorelei of the Red Mist" was substandard Bradbury & Brackett fantasy---although the parts you quoted would win anybody over to it. ((Sex will sell it every time.))

The article entitled "The Political Philosophy of Robert Heinlein" by Fournelle was okay I guess. I really haven't had time to think about it and it confused this young neo so would you please explain. ((Not me, chum, I'm not about to mix into that. I don't explain 'em--just run 'em.))

"Pacificon Report" by Don Franson was very good. Pacificon Report by Moffatt was crummy.

"Soldier" on the OUTER LIMITS impressed my Dad more than "The Glass Hand" did. I liked Hand best because of the better plot and the gimmick ending. The only thing that kept Soldier from falling on its face was the superior acting. Like a good fan I wrote fan letters to Ellison and Ben Brady. Mr. Brady, who is the producer of THE OUTER LIMITS, wrote me a short note thanking me for my letter. He referred to the show as "The Demon Of The Glass Hand." Everywhere else I've seen it mentioned it has been referred to as "The Glass Hand." Anyhow, I liked it under either title.

Egad! Dear readers you will, I hope, forgive any sudden flurry of typographical errors but I have just made the distressing discovery that the corflu is all gone. I wonder if Ed Meskys has been around? Ah, well, we shall struggle along and try not to goof up too much. And maybe get to the store this weekend for more correction fluid. Hmmm. Wonder if stencil cement will do as a substitute? Let's find out.

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MAE SURTEES STRELKOV
LAS BARRANCAS,
ASCOCHINGA, CORDOBA,
ARGENTINA

Virtuous and invulnerable, I sat in my ivory tower (5000 ft nearer heaven than you are—or how high is Albuquerque above sea-level?), and vowed, I'm through with fandom since CRY is no more. I've had my CRY and desire no other! ((Albuquerque is also at 5000 feet.))

A long-drawn out postal strike helped me keep that resolve. Also a temporary illness (strong and spiritualizing) due to food poisoning at a restaurant. ((Always said it was best to stick to strong spirits.)) From August till this minute, I felt adrift from mankind. Honest! So would you if the U.S. post office went in for strikes Argentine-style! Month after month, dragging along, with from 13,000,000 letters (official cipher) and up, undelivered in all our post offices.

However: Your August Dynatron just arrived, and my sales resistance melted away. Why, hello! All the old Cryers there too? Hello, y'all indeed! Marvelous. Here we meet again.

An earlier Dynatron did come through (I remember it, with names and all I already remember from CRY), but where in heck did I put it? This strike! (Or can't I blame the post office for that? ((I don't see why not.)))

But anyway, be informed, friends abroad who read this—if I didn't answer a letter it's because the letter never reached me. I insist upon blaming those to whom blame is due: the P.O.

I promise not to say P.O. again...

It's going to be fun (when I find the missing Dynatron) browsing over these two issues you've sent me so far, and trying to weave the different "themes" together to decide what sort of a "Hive" your group is like, in a gestalt way of speaking. Forgive me, Roy, but I'll have to—that is precisely what interested me in fandom at the start. So? Individualists? Be on your toes, for I plan to assess y'all gestaltly, till Roy in disgust stops sending me Dynatron. I think you could shape up. But would you be a "bee-hive" or a "Disturbed ant hill?") ((Well, some of these characters are pretty disturbed, Mae. Others are disturbing.)))

You, Roy, assure me (and it is reassuring) that you have a "cosmic mind". At least you reassure Jack Speer of that, but it's delightful to learn it, indeed. Cosmic minded people are just what I'm looking for of late. Nicer still than mere Galactics. ((Having a cosmic mind is a bit better than having no mind at all and I've been accused of that, too.)))

In commenting on my letter, you say, "Don't keep us in suspense, give us a hint". Now look here, Brother! Your answer to my first note to you ran: "Do remember, though, that it is extremely difficult to sift the facts from the fancies in legend. Legends tend to be embroidered in each retelling until they are blown up out of all proportion and it takes real research to track down the facts."

Which puts you in the category of a non "True-Believer". And I'm supposed, still, to feel inspired talking to you? Me, a True Believer that I am? Roy, show a little, er, faith before I talk about UFOs in Latin America with you. Otherwise we shall stick, believe me, to FACTS! And facts, being a dime a dozen, are boring. But you don't get a "golden, enchanted" city every day even if they did dig up one such (formerly called a chimera)—Bolivian Paititi. Hans Ertse found it a decade or so back, proving all our sneering historians were wrong again. ((A not unusual occurrence. Historians, like astronomers, operate in a field in which the "known" is extremely small and the "unknown" exceedingly vast. There is, for instance, as much—if not more—actual "evidence" for the existence of Atlantis as there is against it. Up until last year any respectable historian would tell you that there was no real evidence that the Northmen had ever visited North America and that it wasn't at all likely. Then somebody dug up the ruins of a Viking town in Newfoundland and the "no contact before Columbus" line went out the window. I suspect the Northmen were not the only Old World types to visit America before it entered European history.)))

But till the archaeologists dig up Linlin, do you expect me to tell you another fairy-tale? That I believe in its objective "magical" existence in some co-existent "dimension" would mean nothing to a hard-headed yanqui, I rather fear... Though perhaps there may be true-believers somewhere. Could you give me their addresses, perhaps? Neffers? But they didn't answer. They've got their own "faiths" and don't need mine.

Betty K worries a bit about my present rash of "faith" too, I rather suspect. ((I worry about BettyK. Haven't heard from her in ages. Are you still there, Betty?)) But then, you don't meet a UFO every day, or even see one. And when you do, you're never quite the same again.... The world (read "universe" sort of opens up and one develops a new multi-dimensional view. Next thing you know, one gets accused of mysticism, and we don't want that. God forbid! ((UFOs seem to have deserted the USofA. Tell you what, Mae, the next time one comes your way give him my address; I've a big yard and if a UFO lands in it I'll join you in being a true believer.))

So

I shall lay off the subject for the "sanity's sake". Otherwise my enthusiasm might run away with me. I never did like thinking of "man alone in the Universe". Nor did I like those s-f novels where (when we break into Space), all we meet are non-sentient creatures or at best, monsters.

One thing I will add, for the sake of reassuring you. I still haven't marshalled proofs on anything. But the clues pile up tantalizingly, and all I've got to do next is finally add two and two in a way that will be 22--not four.

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AND WE ALSO HEARD FROM: DENNIS LIEN and JOHN BOSTON whose letters just plain got growded out of this issue. This is page 29 and I think it is time to call it to a half. JACK SPEER who sent along an advertisement for a new-type electric torch. It is called a Dynatron--what else?....TAKUMI SHIBANO whose address was changed. It is now: 1-14-10 Ookayama, Meguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan...ROB WILLIAMS also moved. He's joined the mob in California: 131½ So. Whittier Avenue, Whittier, California, 90601. ...BILL DONAHO sent along various tear sheets with comments on the Hugo hoo-haa.... DICK LUPOFF sent along a copy of his open letter to the Hugo study committee with a request for comments. He got them...Let's see, who else?....DICK ELLINGTON. In my book his stock just went up. A certain proposal has been introduced in FAPA and since I am number something-or-other on the FAPA waiting list I wanted to know more about it. It's that sort of a proposal. So I wrote to all those listed as sponsors of the proposal requesting information. Ellington was the only one good enough to answer. The rest, I suppose, are too busy playing the role of BNF to bother to answer. Thanx, Dick Ellington, you are a good fan and true....

Next issue. We'll have the Speer Decimal Classification, as promised. And JOHN BERRY. and ART RAPP. And I don't know what all else.

ARTHUR THOMSON sent along some more artwork, bless him, and so we'll try to break up some of the wordage a bit.

HARLAN ELLISON phoned. He hates me. But so do a lot of other people.

Westercon. Leave your guns at home.

Barring the unforeseen we'll see you at RT

Ooops. Late communication from CREATH THORNE which may get in next issue, too. And BUCK COULSON says he'll do another review for me if he ever reads another book. ANN CHAMBERLAIN changed her address to 4442 Florizel, Apt 99, Los Angeles, California, 90032. TIM EKLUND wants to know how come I wouldn't have assassinated Hitler if I'd have had the chance. Gee, I dunno. Did I say that? Maybe because I was sort of young at the time....Take a look at the address label. The number after your name tells you how many more issues you've got coming. Or a C for a contributor. Or a T for a trade. Or an S for a sample. And if there's nothing there--who knows? Down with the Hugo nominating committee.



And here we are with part of a page to go. I've got to do an address page (who asked "why?") and the thought of having a whole half-page blank just goes against the grain, you know...Ethel says we've got a real, live British type subscriber. Gee, our first one. Ivor Latto from Glasgow. Ivor Latto? Hey, Ivor, Highland or Lowland?...The word is Los Angeles and Tokyo and Sydney in 1967 or 1968 depending on who gets the con in 1966...PAN-PACIFICON. Remember it... Doggone it, Buck, that's five four cent stamps, not four five cent stamps.... CBS-TV ran a good documentary on "The Mystery of Stonehenge" on Monday, 1 Feb. (All right, so we're late again.) in which it is speculated that Stonehenge was built as an observatory and computer, The ancient Britons supposedly set it up to compute lunar eclipses and experiments performed last year seem to bear out the theory. Quite interesting....I hope you all nominated ATom as the best artist. Sure he's eligible for the Hugo... Write already.

ROY



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