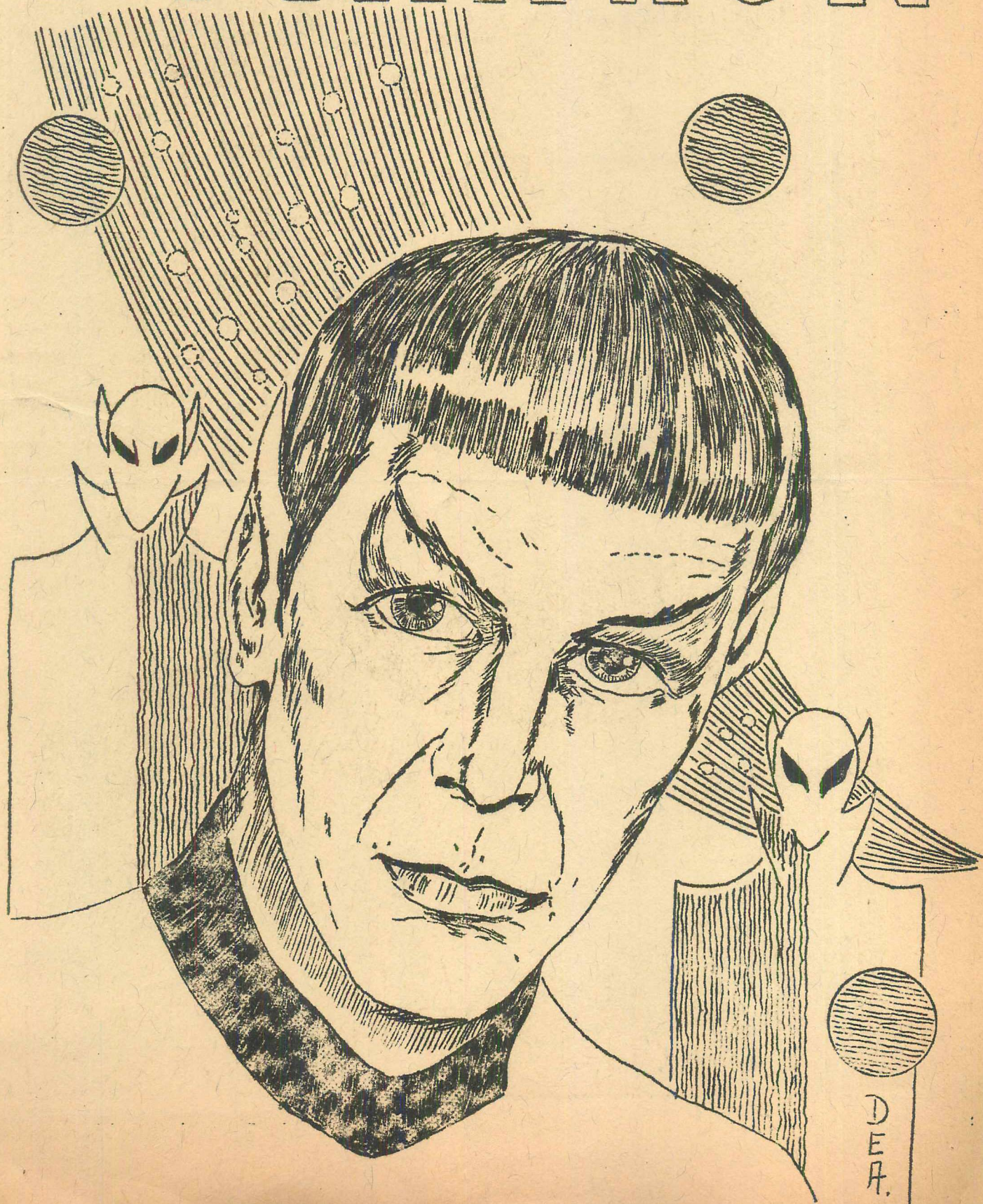


DYNATRON



Ah, me, it seems to be that time again. What time is that? I dunno. I think there was once a story called the 31st of February and, unless my memory fails me, which it frequently does, another called the 32nd of May, perhaps by NelsBond. I wonder how many of my readers have even heard of Nelson S. Bond? In any event I think that date is rapidly approaching. The 32nd of May, that is. This is supposed to be the May issue of this rag so to make it so we'll have to publish it on the 32nd of May. Yes.

Regardless of that this is Dynatron, the 32nd there of. One of the lesser issues, particularly when compared to #31.

Dynatrons are many things. In the beginning it was a peculiar electronic effect observed in tetrode tubes. It later became a form of oscillator. In Old Blighty it is a brand of high class radios and televisions and the like (497 Guineas? Egad!) And a lot more. But this particular Dynatron is a fanzine. It is a zine with which, when the weather is hot, you fan yourself. I guess. It is, officially, an amateur publication devoted to the discussion of fantasy, science-fiction and other forms of related fiction and non-fiction as well as that unhomogenized, albeit small, group known as, among other things, science-fiction fandom. Or fantasy fandom as the case may be. Dynatron is non-political, non-denominational and non-profitable. Boy is it ever non-profitable. Among the many things Dynatron is not concerned with is anything pertaining to the mundane world.

But to get back to it. This is Dyantron #32 which is published on a hopefully quarterly basis by Roy Tackett at Tack's Sietch, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, USA. The next issue will be out in two or three months depending.....

I note in the latest Fantasy Amateur that I am now the number one man on the FAPA waiting list which means that I shall probably become a member of that August organization in the relatively near future. It's been a long wait. At that time, old chums, Dynatron's existence as a general circulation fanzine will come to an end and circulation will be restricted to FAPA, CAPA, running out the long term subs, and a few cronies. So long term subscriptions will no longer be accepted. The next issue is available for five FOUR CENT stamps. Okay? OK.

Ye olde contents:

Cover by DEA. Many thanks, The stencilling was done by Juanita Coulson and many thanks to her, too.

Elsewhere we got Writings in the Sand which is Roy Tackett's way of filling up blank pages. Bob Vardeman, trufan, is back again with Once Upon A Midnight Dreary. There's a flock of letters and Diana Tackett has a thing back towards the back of the zine. And that's about all. Once again no Interior Decorating. Sorry about that.

Dynatron is, as always, a Marinated Publication. X

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May, 1967

WRITINGS

IN THE

SAND

The way it has
been blowing I
could almost call
this "Sky Writing"

WEATHER BUREAU: It gets stranger all the time. I'll leave it to other faneds to detail their woes with snow and tornados and floods and the like. We don't have any of that but what we have sets heads to shaking: like, it was warmer in the middle of February than at the first of May. The lawn turned green and in March we planted the garden with additional plantings in April. The fruit trees blossomed and budded and set about the business of making fruit. All in all it looked like a pretty good spring--if the water held out. For the past few years I've been wanting to put out a Raintree...lovely, they are. But expensive. So what with the warm spring and all I decided, what the hell, money is only money and the only thing it is good for is to spend so I spent ten bucks on a Raintree sapling which I carefully planted in the back yard to replace an Elm which I had chopped down. Came the first of May and COLD weather. The garden froze, the fruit froze and my ten dollar raintree also froze. I'm keeping a careful watch with hopes that it wasn't completely killed--maybe just slowed down a bit.

And we'll finish up with a report on precipitation here on Arrakis: Total precipitation for the last half year: 0.07 inches.

THE RADICAL CENTER was the title of a yarn by Mack Reynolds which was pubbed in ASF a few months ago. Well, I'll tell you about Mack Reynolds. He is maybe not the best stf writer in the world but he is better than most of them. And I would bet that he is a pretty good prophet, too.

This idea of a radical center is appealing. Appealing to nuts like me that is who are not satisfied with the current socio-political state of affairs but find the philosophies of the Radical Left and the Radical Right equally distasteful.

The Radical Left with its concept that government should be Big Brother who knows what is best for everybody and therefore should control absolutely everything including one's private life isn't for me. No. Time was when I was pretty well charged up on theoretical socialism. It seemed the solution to most of what ails the world. But hither and yon over the years I've had the opportunity to take some good hard looks at socialism in action and it isn't what it's cracked up to be.

The Radical Right, it seems to me, is nothing more than fascism and it isn't even in a clever plastic disguise. I am remarkably intolerant of fascism.

And so the Radical Center? Why not? The Radical groups are action groups. They attempt to get things done. The great mass that occupies the Center in American politics grows increasingly apathetic. So long as there is television and the current equivalent of trunk the great central mass doesn't really care what goes on around it. This is reflected in our elections where the same tired mob of crooks gets returned to office again and again. (You'd think we could get some fresh crooks once in a while.) So the Radical Center, an action group that thinks both the Left and Right are squirrel bait, isn't satisfied with things as they are and wants to change them ---but not too much.

I had thought about listing some objectives for the Radical Center but whatever I would list would be the view of Radical Tackett not the Radical Center. Let me close this bit out with ol' Roy's advice to the newly enfranchised: always vote against the incumbent.

Among my birthday presents was a copy of The Search For Life On Other Worlds by Captain David C. Holmes, USN. Captain Holmes is described on the back cover as "a pioneer in government space planning and programming" and it occurs to me that can be said about almost anyone now connected with the space program. It doesn't go back very far. The good captain nearly turned me off in paragraph three of his book in which he says "Perhaps some day we can link hands across the vast reaches of intergalactic space...." I wondered why we had to go searching some other galaxy. What's wrong with the Milky Way? The captain, it would seem, is not too familiar with celestial terminology.

Be that as it may, and it is, Captain Holmes has written a fairly interesting book in which he touches on many things including dolphins, ESP, the possibility of radio communication with other civilizations and much else. He tosses in much information that one is likely to miss unless one reads the technical journals. Most everyone is aware, for example, of the well-publicized reports from Mariner II that the surface temperature of Venus was something over 700° F. Fewer are aware that shortly after the Mariner II flyby of Venus the instrument's findings were challenged by Dr. John Strong of Johns Hopkins who concluded from studying the results of some balloon-borne observations that Mariner II was in error and that the indications were that the clouds of Venus were water vapor. Fewer still, indeed this is the first I've read of it (I don't read the technical pubs), are aware that studies at the Millstone Hill radar center have confirmed Strong's findings. Venus once again seems a likely abode of life.

Jupiter is not to be discounted either says Captain Holmes since its vast atmosphere could likely produce a greenhouse effect.

All in all a fairly interesting volume with one large flaw: Captain Holmes tends to write down to his audience. He writes as if he were lecturing a bunch of Seamen Recruits which is most annoying and detracts from the pleasure of reading the book.

I tell you, chums, that I'm going to give up this birthday bit. I think they're beginning to show. Twice in a fortnight reference was made to my age--Coulson called me an "ancient" and Ted Pauls, being younger than Coulson, referred to me as an "old fogey". There is solace in the thought that I am younger than Tucker and besides it isn't the years that count, it's the miles. I've got them behind me by the hundreds of thousands and I've still got a long way to go.

Before I forget my appreciation goes to Stan Woolston, Woody Wolfe, Jeff Haverlah, Ray Fisher and Leigh Couch for their new subs. The proceeds have been donated to the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund. Double thanks to Leigh and the ODD one there. As for you, TOFF needs your support. A thousand bucks is a lot of cabbage. Send your contribution, donation, or subscription to MANEKI-NEKO to TOFF, c/o Pan-Pacificcon, P.O. Box 422, Tarzana, California 91356. Make checks payable to David G. Hulan.

I might point out that I have no official connection with TOFF other than acting as one of Takumi Shibano's most enthusiastic supporters. The campaign is being handled by the Pan-Pacificcon committee--a right good crew. LASFS, the Little Men, and the Nameless Ones are currently competing for the 1968 convention but all are pushing TOFF.

And, ah, er, yes, if you sent me a sub and I didn't list your name, which is entirely possible, I'd appreciate a reminder. Sometimes things get lost around here.

HUCKSTER DEPARTMENT: Now then, you've all heard about those grreat old time fanmags, right? And you'd like to have some, right? And you collectors are always looking for something old, right? Step right up and I'll tell ya what I'm gonna do. I just happen to have a few, very few, old fanzines gathering dust around here. I figure they'd be better off with some collector-type or someone more interested in accumulating this stuff than I. So we shall have an auction. Yes. Make your bids on the following items if you want them. Send your bids, NOT money, to reach me by 1 July. All bidders will be notified of the outcome of the auction. Yes. The proceeds from this auction will go to a worthy cause--the old Marine's home.

THE FANSCIENT, #8 (Sum49), #9 (Fall49), #13 (Sum51). Don Day's offset 1/4-sized fmz. Color illos, excellent articles, etc. #13 is the final issue.

FANTASY REVIEW #11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 (Nov48 to Spring50). Walter Gillings' excellent printed review and commentzine. Most of the material in these is still pertinent and good reading.

FANTASY ADVERTISER, V1#2 (May46), V3#2 (Jul48).

GLANTICLEER, V1#2, V1#6, V2#1. Liebscher's humorzine with material by Tucker, Bloch, and others. I can't find any dates on these but they're from 45 & 46.

EUSIFANSO, V2, #3, Jan51

RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, V2, #1, Aug50

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES. No number, no date. Late 1945. Material by Burbee, Laney, Kuttner.

DOIFLARE #25 Nov42. A 2 page MFFF "emergency publication". Tripoli vacated the office of President thereby saddling Tucker with the job. This is Tucker's note on his sneaking out of the job--he appointed Ashley. With the genuine signature (mimeoed) of Bob Tucker, Vice President, MFFF.

THE ACOLYTE, V3#4, Fall45. Edited by Francis Towner Laney

THE FANATIC #1. edited by Bobby Pope. I dunno the date on this one. It's a 6th Fandom zine which would make it ca 1950. Moosish but includes a story and illos by Lee Hoffman.

THE GORGON, V2#1. Stan Pullen's zine. This one from 1948 or 49. A JVC biblio, sidelights on Territt, photos of Denver fandom of the era.

NOVA #3. Winter43. Nuff said.

THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, V11#4, Oct52. This contains "The Ultimate Fanzine" by Harlan Ellison. The ish of THE GORGON listed above contains Astra Zimmer's article on the same subject with the same title. Astra Zimmer is Marion Zimmer Bradley for the benefit of neos.

SCIENTIFUNCTIONIST, V2#1. Jan47. A book review by 4sj. "Utopias Made To Order" by JoKe. Others.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR, V1#1 edited & pubbed by none other than J. Stanley Woolston.

What's the date on this, Stan? Early or mid 50s. Material by Sneary & Moffatt, plugs for Edco. Review by 4e. Sounds almost like any issue of 5X5.

THE VULCAN #5. Again no date but I find a mention of V-mail which would put this back during WWII.

Oops, here's another SCIENTIFUNCTIONIST. #8 from 1947. With an article by Jack Speer and one by Weaver Wright. Other stuff, too, of course.

ALOEBA, V1#2. Printed. Four pages. Fiction and the minutes of EuSciFanSo.

POLARIS, V2#1, Dec40. Editor Paul Freehafer. Stories by RAWLowndes & Duane Rimmel, Articles by Ted Carnell & 4sj. Poems by Harry Warner & Damon Knight.

FANDOM SPEAKS #2--Supplement. Oct47. Ackerman's and Rog Phillips' open letters to fandom during the Shaver War.

VARIATIONS #4, Feb53.

FANTASY NEWS, V2#3 (8Jan39), V2#4 (15Jan39) Eoish SF Times. The news of the day.

FANTASY TIMES, V1 #5 (Dec41) Same thing two years later.

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, #37, Aug47. Back page missing. Which contained, we weep, the rest of Laney's article.

VOH, #46 (Sep45), #47 (Oct45). Sort of skinny but still Voh.

Ol' Tac is still huckstering.

PROGRAM BOOKS, Torcon (5th WSFCon 1948); NOLACON (9th, 1951), PHILCON (11th, 1953.)

Other goodies:

THE ANTIQUARIAN BOOKMAN, VI:#26. Special SF issue pubbed in conjunction with Torcon. DIFFERENT, V6:#3, Aug50. This would be classified as "related". "Cultural" zine pubbed by fantasy poet Lilith Lorraine. Thish has an article by Stanton Coblents on the H-Bomb. Poems, etc.

A CROSS SECTION OF ART IN SCIENCE-FANTASY pubbed by the 1952 Sou'WesCon. A portfolio of art by Tom Gould, Neil Austin, Morris Scott Dollens, Virgil Finlay, Frank R. Paul, A. Leydenfrost, Chesley Bonestell, William F. Nolan, Henry Eichner.

Sherlockians, attention: THE BAKER STREET JOURNAL, Volume 1, #1, 1946.

Egad! Do you realize, my old, that much of the commentary in the huckster department is going to be incomprehensible to a large segment of Dynatron's readership? What is needed is a reissue of FANCYCLOPEDIA II or, better still, FANCYCLOPEDIA III. Or Harry Warner's history. When, if ever, will it be pubbed, Harry?

It now appears that, due to circumstances within our control, I won't be attending Westercon XX after all. Things change and I may give a report on it all next time. Well, now, it's probably just as well. Is there going to be a Westercon this year? I begin to have doubts. Like, I sent off membership application and dues in February and up to now have heard absolutely nothing from the Con Committee. No membership card, no reservation requests, no indication as to exactly when and where Westercon XX will be held.

Ted Johnstone is chairman of the Con Committee, I'm told. He's also a TAFF candidate. Quite frankly Ted's handling of the Westercon Committee hasn't done anything but detract from his image....

Someone is sure to complain that this issue is not very science-fictional. True. But we can't have a winner every time. However.....

Among the volumes I picked up at a used book sale recently (15 for \$1) was a paperback anthology titled SPACE, TIME & CRIME edited and with an introduction by Miriam Allen DeFord. Miss DeFord starts off her introduction by writing: "I believe it was Sam Moskowitz who praised CAVES OF STEEL by Frederik Pohl and the late Cyril Kornbluth...." at which point I closed the book and tossed it on a shelf. I figure that anyone who knows that little about sf couldn't possibly put together an anthology that would interest me.

A couple of readers have raised their eyebrows and accused me of planting the Jack Packard letter in last issue's lettercol. Nonsense. My views on the war are considerably different than Packard's. I feel that, true, the war in Viet Nam is a hell of a war....but it's better than no war at all.

The Hugo nominations are in—or out—or something. No particular comments to make on them—except I question the eligibility of The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress. It was eligible in 1966. Shouldn't be this year. Recommendations: Day of the Minotaur, Gray Morrow, Yandro.

Tsk. What to do with empty space. Plug. Ed Cox for TAFF. He's a good fan. And support the Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund. Bring Shibano over next year.

Our man with the bloodshot eye is back

ONCE UPON A MIDNIGHT DREARY

by

Bob Vardeman (amateur
medium - fortunes told
for a dime.)

For better or for worse, the new TV season is upon us once again. Last year was fair; it wasn't outstanding and it did show a trend toward sf that unfortunately continues. Three new shows purporting to be sf have impinged upon the boob tube to join the hangers-on from ycre. The following analysis is how this bleary-eyed (and disgusted) fan sees them.

LAND OF GIANTS: Irwin Allen strikes again! No Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea is this! No, Sir! It's worse, if that's humanly possible. Originally scheduled to star Mickey Rooney and the Jolly Green Giant (sorry about that -- let's try it again from the start). This is typical of the "monster that devoured Cleveland" school Allen so infamously represents as sf. Trying for Brodbingnagian heights, it falls miserably into Lilliputian depths. The setting is on another planet, a planet where the exploring Earthmen are dwarves. The special effects of the giant inhabitants of the planet were only so-so and could be improved but even competent camera work will not save this program. The giant menace theme is overdone in the first episode and leaves little for the rest of the season. This is aimed at the kiddies in much the same way Lost in Space is. **ADVICE:** If you get a large charge out of the rutabaga rutabagas menacing the poor explorers each week. A great comedy show--if only it had been meant that way. After being disgusted with the first show, why not do something constructive? Like stringing beads.

COLONY ONE: Batman strikes again! Or at least Lorenzo Semple does. Supposed to be goshwowoboy-authentic-science-just-like-it'll-be-done-on-the-moon, this is the story of the first moon colony. The special effects are pretty good but the actors simply don't have the fact that the moon has one-sixth earth gravity firmly implanted in their heads. The hissing of a "falling star" was a glaring error and the other promised dangers are old hat for most sf fans. For the general audience, it's not half bad (it's not half good either. **ADVICE:** In spite of the script, you won't be seeing Batman here. If this frustrates you, get something you can lick in life--like a postage stamp.

SECOND HUNDRED YEARS: In spite of sounding like an afternoon soap opera, this is a sf plot in aclever disguise. Atomic destruction stories are a dime a dozen and this one is no different. Taking place a hundred years after the bomb was dropped and two hundred years after atomic energy was discovered (let's see, by intricate mental computation that would make WWII taking place in 2045 and this weebegotten show in 2145), this is the story of a valiant heroic hero and his buxom female-type companion and their attempts to recreate the lost civilization now blown into teeny bits of fallout. Mutated monsters (it seems to be a great season for monsters), diabolical half-crazed maniacs lusting after the heroine (nothing like a little lust to pad the script), and a "nature gone wild" are the elements of the script for the remainder of the year. Hero's quest looks hopeless to me--he's slightly stupid like all Hollywood crusaders. I think he would be better off shacking up with the heroine and trying to start the human race from scratch. But no, we'll be tortured all season by his attempts at wit (and with him only half succeeding). **ADVICE:** Girl watchers can ogle the heroine but as far as I can see, this is the only interesting portion of the program. So why not watch her and then go out and chase a car--it'll relieve the tension from watching such a lousy show.

STAR TREK: But all is not lost! The Hugo winning science-fiction show returns for its second season full of ambition to cop another Emmy nomination. And it looks as if Roddenberry might just make it. All the old characters are back with a few new ones added. The sometime nurse of McCoy's last year is back as a regular. I hope (emphatically!) that Kirk's new "yeoman" is permanent, and how about Spock's female counterpart? Star Trek might come to be known as the Alien Hour! While Sulu and Scotty aren't in the first show too much it is obvious that they'll be playing bigger roles than they did last year. The dialog between Spock and Kirk is as snappy as ever, although it sounded like Kirk didn't have his heart in it. The plot was exceptionally good and if Roddenberry keeps this up, sf will truly have come to TV in a Big Way. ADVICE: Fight off those little green men and BEHs if you have to, but don't miss this one.

BATMAN: Yeah, it's back. I wouldn't have thought it possible but it's even campier than before. With a new, added attraction in Batgirl. Holy Nielsen Rating! ADVICE: You know if you like this slcp or not--follow your own instincts (of self preservation).

LOST IN SPACE: In spite of internal strife among the crew (off stage, that is) this little gem is back again disgracing the good name of sf. It's no different than it was last year. ADVICE: Why bother?

VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA: After the astronomical expense of replacing all those burned out instrument panels, they had enough money to return once again. ADVICE: Go get some LSD and see if you can't hallucinate better monsters.

TWILIGHT ZONE: Back as a later afternoon filler--ever popular and pretty good fantasy with a touch of sf at times. TZ is still better than all of those above with the exception of STAR TREK. Rod Serling whereare you?

And that about wraps up this season's efforts on the idiot eye. Most were feeble efforts with only Star Trek coming through in a big way. Now the hassle starts again as to which episode of Star Trek should be given the Hugo...who says history doesn't repeat itself?

BOB VARDEMAN
October 1967

XXXX

ED COX: Doodle in this space:

LoCed Up

This is the letter column with its ever changing title. Bob Vardeman suggested this issue's and was dutifully sentenced to hang from the coiling and drip green. I didn't have the heart to tell him that the word is pronounced "ell oh see" not "lock". As a matter of fact there is at least one medical doctor floating around these United States somewhere who will take an oath that I quite literally do not have a heart. But that is another story. This story is the lettercol wherein you get in your licks at us and I answer ((like this)). RT

STAN WOOLSTON
12832 WESTLAKE ST.
GARDEN GROVE, CALIF.
92640

Glorious Green paper meets my eyes, so I am sure this is the real Dynatron and not an imitation. (Accept no substitutes...none genuine without this signature and all that. The paper is Lime green not glorious.)

Takumi Shibano's story: yes, sir, I liked it. Mitsuaki Shimamoto's pre-Gernsback SF article: I liked it better; even good fiction to me is a bit less good than something informative and fanslanted. (Do you infer that fans would ever slant things?)

Besides SF, I imagine Japan has many mythos and other magic-oriented material that would interest fantasy enthusiasts. While I like both--maybe SF is better as a steady fare than fantasy of the magic and myth sort--I'd like to see an article on Japanese fantasy fiction. (I would, too, but the problem is to get one. Takumi is the only Japanese fan who seems inclined to write for foreign publication and he is strictly an SF fan.)

The Vardeman revelations of things TV-ish interested me, because I've succeeded in avoiding many of the current and ancient SF items on the boob tube. My method is simple: read when it's on or go to sleep during a boring commercial and read SF later, when I have sense enough to get up and go to bed. Hmmm. Page 2 of the Vardeman article is blank--like TV sometimes is. This seems fitting.

Ed Cox and his revelations as to what the April '33 WEIRD TALES contains reminds me I really didn't discover WT till the early forties--and by then it was in a zombie-like state, almost. I'd seen a few copies--read one or two stories I liked, including one in which a scientific chap invents a machine that "materializes" thoughts. I remember he makes a tree using his machine--a small one with fruit on it, I believe. And then one evening, while watching the late, late movie or something (I don't remember so well) he has a nightmare and by chance he has his temple-plate on and....well, I don't remember the name of this. Do you? (No.) (Maybe Ed would.) (I hope he keeps it to himself if he does.)

cwJohn's review reminds me that there are two kinds of fiction that seem related: the religious and the utopian. Both are not in the limelight now--or so I'd say at first. THE TIME BEFORE THIS and some of the things by Huxley may fit this class. Stories can be shallowly told--or told from the subconscious--and they can be a combination of both. I think many such works fail because they are too superficial--they aren't rounded or thought out. A story can be more than cliché-ridden and still be less than satisfying--and I'm glad to read reviews like John's for its service to such as me--keeping me from long hours of wasted reading. And I like the speculation element, hits at the left out elements that archaeologists and others ignore...

Les Sample hits at something but...well, that is just about what many people know about UFOs--second and third hand info that is probably speculation first, reportage third. And second....tongue in cheek?

Criticism is not just "critics"--it's an attribute of fans, and pros, who engage their imaginations to criticise as naturally as they breathe. The pressure-points the editors can apply will, of course, be more apt to influence the pros because they're possibly interested in being paid for what they write more than anything else. Possibly? Probably. The pro may like one thing more than another and yet he'll want to sell everything he writes. If he thinks of him-

self as eternally learning, he may listen more openly than the person who seems to be a tower of strength--but then some pros may be unable to learn anything from criticism or realize that they are doing their best when they do things their own way. I've noted some prose disregard criticism from readers, but they're published anyway. The author is the final critic, unless the editor applies pressure...and then the author can say yes or no...((No, J. Stanley, the guy who plunks down his four bits for the book or mag is the final critic; if he doesn't like the work of H. E. Hack he won't buy it and that is the reader's prime message to the author.))

Jack Packard does allow some discussion hooks, but mostly what anyone says is opinion not fact. So we're in Viet Nam because the military-industrial combine now in power must have a war, he says... "...When you are prepared for war you have to have one," he says. The opposite: if you aren't prepared for war you won't have one seems to follow. ((Generally true. If you're not prepared for war you won't start one.)) If the military-financial combine Packard says exists, it must be because the Big Lie and the Big Army people (from Hitler to Stalin and beyond) are there to show the world that we are part of the world. ((Eh?)) If this is true, though, it would mean that our government wouldn't really want to win--just to continue the war. Logically or otherwise we're told from Washington that we don't want to win, just keep the North Vietnamese from winning. It is things like that that can convince people that the Packard-eye view might be more real than not. And I'd suggest that as we seem unable to get out of Vietnam until the war is over, the logical thing would be to win it and scram. ((Politics are never logical.))

Jay Kinney says he doesn't know who Ed Cox is. I knew him when he had a period after his first name. I knew him when he typed 16 page letters.

Criswell came from Owensville, Indiana, where I was born. A showman. Sort of a loud-mouthed Liberace....Didn't know the MRA kids were space enthusiasts (Up with people). ((Ow!))

E-D-C-O-X. Edco makes the very best....Taffman.

CARMIE LYNN TOULOUSE
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I've been saying that I'll get around to writing this Real Soon Now, and finally decided I better do it before I take off for the Society of American Archaeology meetings in Ann Arbor as I may not return. (I'm presenting my own ideas on southwestern prehistory for the first time professionally and I may not live through it!) ((Tsk, I thought archaeologists were mild-mannered.))

This all leads nicely into what I want to bring up and that's C. W. John's article in the last DYNATRON. About those "unusual finds buried in those old filing cabinets", just where are those filing cabinets? If John will tell me where they are I'll be glad to find those artifacts, etc., and bring them out into the light of day.

I hate to say it ((Why?)), but archaeologists aren't really the conservative, unchangeable stick-in-the-muds they were pictured as. As a group we are capable of accepting new ideas on the antiquity and development of "man". For example, when I was a freshman at UNM I was told in my introductory class that man has been man for at most one million years. By the following September Dr. L.S.B. Leakey's finds had been authenticated at at least 1,750,000 years and man's antiquity had been pushed back 750,000 years in one jump. Just recently Peabody Museum of Harvard has announced finds which probably push this date back much farther.

As another example the advent of man in the "new world" had been dated at only 12,500 years old (no radio-carbon dates for any sites so far found have exceeded that in North America proper, excluding Mexico), on April 27 it was announced that Dr. Cynthia Irwin-Williams of Eastern New Mexico University had obtained radio-carbon dates on associations of extinct Pleistocene fauna and man-made tools of at least 40,000 years ago.

Archaeologists are willing to accept any find which can be sufficiently authenticated. Try us sometime. Many of us are science fiction fans, and most of us are intelligent enough to realize that our planet is probably not unique in having produced intelligent

life.

One of the first things knocked out of fledgling anthropologists after the ethnocentrism, is their anthropocentrism. Anyone who feels that man is the end product of evolution and can't possibly be changed significantly or improved or is unique is not emotionally or mentally fit to do anthropological research.

If there were beings of a sort cruising around in the backwoods area of the galaxy, they may have conceivably landed here and dropped a few artifacts. That I can accept. What I can't accept is that man evolved, produced civilizations and regressed, then evolved again and produced us.

((Speak for yourself about the open-mindedness of archaeologists and anthropologists. Some of those old fuggheads in your field wouldn't accept a new discovery if they made it themselves...I think you're trying to throw me a curve with your emphasis on "dated" and "North America proper" because my rusty memory tells me that the Folsom finds were, well, not dated by radio carbon, perhaps, established as being on the order of 20,000 years old and those at Sandia somewhat older than that. CWJohn mentioned artifacts on one of the islands off California that have an antiquity of 30,000 years. Weren't Dr Irwin hyphen Williams's 40,000 year old artifacts found in Mexico?...John comments also that Dr Leakey's discoveries are quite important in their contribution to the antiquity of man but feels that Leaky errs in classifying his discoveries as ancestors of Homo Sapiens. "More likely," he says, "the ancestors of the Neanderthals since the evi- points to an African origin for that race. The vastbulk of evidence still indicates that Homo Sapiens originated somewhere in Asia." You can argue the point with him if you want to; I won't....Would you buy cultural regression?))

If you can find a better bourbon buy it! Get loaded and vote Ed Cox for TAFF.

PHIL MULDOONEY
7, THE ELMS
STOKE, PLYMOUTH,
GREAT BRITAIN

Obviously you are not one of those who believe in crowding the zine with artwork. ((It just takes up space that could be used for words. Trouble with most fanart is that it doesn't say anything.)) Front cover was not very good, maybe I like more shading and darkness and shadows in a drawing.

Once Upon A Midnight Dreary, not bad I suppose. I never seem to like TV and film sf much, probably a conditioning caused by viewing endless corny scripts, moronically plotted sf films and TV shows. ((A "Great Science Fiction Double Bill" just opened here: The Giant Bees and The Vulture. I don't think I'll bother.)) Star Trek has caused quite a fuss. Swedish TV has bought Star Trek to show in the summer, but British TV is still showing American shows like Voyage To the Bottom of the Sea. One bright spot on British TV has been the Out of the Unknown series that BBC has shown. The BBC produced two series, scripted by their writers from sf stories, some of them have been very good. ((Too bad se won't see them here. US TV is generally against anthologies. There has to be a continuing idiot character for the continuing idiot viewer to identify with.))

If Ed Cox produces any more reviews like that of WEIRD TALES I will gladly pay to keep him out of England! T'was funny in places but it was also irritating. I dislike reading reviews of things I will never get a chance to read, even more so when they are only half reviews.

I read The Time Before This a few years ago and I agree with C. W. John. It is not a very good Monsarrat book. Really it is amazing on what flimsy evidence archaeology bases some of its wildest theories on. It would be well nigh impossible to tell if a civilisation did exist millions of years ago because archaeology is not that good. ((It would be buried very deep. US archaeologists excavating American sites which have been buried only two hundred years or so find themselves having to dig ten feet or more.))

The marvel of the printed word! I can now proudly boast that I read an article by someone who

who knew someone who knows someone who nearly saw a flying saucer. One stands in awe. ((Is that nr. Plymouth?))

The Carr anthology does not sound particularly good from John Boston's review. Most of the stories look too old, and rather staid. Any collection that misses Out Sturgeon (especially when aimed for the general audience is a disappointment. ((Also a rarity.))

I was disappointed with the Coulson piece. It looked interesting but said nothing that has not been said before. I rather dislike the critical article that advances widespread generalisations with little supporting proof. "The more sweeping changes...can be credited to authors editors and publishers" SURELY this is a misconception of the whole job of the critic, his job is not to write and publish the stuff, but to point out the flaws. After all the editors and authors etc are influenced by someone. ((Yeah, by the reader who plonks down his cash for the book or zine. (How's the plonk in Plymouth? Or is plonk strictly Aussie slang?) A critic, generally speaking, has no job--that's why he's a critic. Usually doesn't have any talent either.))

Stewrth for weather like yours. Typical English comments usually are Summer, what is that? Usually a few days in the middle of June. We always seem able to pick our national holidays during the worst weather.

TAFF to beat the others cold....Edco pours it on.

YUKIKO YASUOKA
666 YODOBASHI,
SHINJUKU-KU
TOKYO, JAPAN

Please excuse me for neglecting to comment on Dynatron for so long. I got married last fall and the changes of surroundings and all unavoidable drove me away from s-f. I'm stiff a s-f reader, but it is also certain that it requires an ironwill to correspond in English, especially for one whose knowledge of that language needs to be brushed up. ((Oh, I don't know...you don't seem to have any problems with English.))

Japanese fandom is very much grateful for American fandom's generosity to invite Mr. Shibano to your country. It will certainly build a great monument to link up both s-f fandoms over Pacific area. Sorry to say the activity of s-f fandom here has been rather stagnant lately. Pan-Pacificcon might be a chance to recall our fervor of the early days like a phoenix.

Like dark bourbon TAFF isn't one you learn on...it takes experience. Vote Ed Cox.

JACK SPEER
1301 SAN PEDRO NE
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.
87110

When I wrote last month, we were back in the mists of the past, September 1966. ((You're almost as far behind with our Dynatron reading as you are with your ASF reading.)) To continue, dealing with the hell you say: -----

Vardeman might not have found my "forked-tongue lawyer talk about a priori and a posteriori" quite so hard to follow had you not turned a verb from the posterior to the present tense in "And if it holds a posteriori (about which there is/was some doubt at the time of the steady-state theory)". ((Being uneducated in that forked-tongue lawyer talk it doesn't make any sense to me no matter how you spell it.)) -----

Dr H Bruce Franklin's compression "SF the fiction of possibility and fantasy the fiction of impossibility" is okay if the universe of discourse is fantasy in the broader sense, and "fantasy" in his definition means pure fantasy. Mundane fiction is also possible, you know. ((Humpf. Will you go along with all fiction being fantasy?))

After reading your "our generation making such a miserable mess of things", I mentally composed an extended defense of the way this generation is running the world, but Harry Warner stole my best points.

"Almost anything palatable is made more so by the addition of a bit of garlic." How about chocolate-covered cabbage? ((I said "palatable".))

Was it Boucher who said all knowledge can be found in fanzines? ((Probably.))

I suspect that Buck Coulson's poem is a plagairism. ((The full truth will never be known.))

One of your readers refers to my activity as lint picking. It isn't lint, it's nits. A nit is a small insect. ((From which we get the term "nitwit".))

Apropos of which, another reader catches me using the wrong preposition with "finding flaws" (it's a good thing i never claimed to be infallible), and implies that criticism of other people's grammar should come only from an impeccable person. Somehow i doubt that those who object to this activity would take it from infallibility even more willingly, but i'll make a deal with you: For every fault found in what i write, I'll abstain from mentioning ten faults in others. ((Are you making this deal with me, old and tired Roy Tackett, or with Harry? Why should you want to make a deal with me on Harry's nit-picking?)) If it were true that only one free from sin may cast stones, Harry wouldn't have had the right to heave one my way, because in the Quish he says "a temporary hold was occurred."

((I have the thought that Dynatron is being used as a battleground for one of FAPA's minor skirmishes. If this keeps up I'll turn up the voltage and zap them both.))

The new, improved Ed Cox for TAFT comes in regular, king-size, filter, menthol, and the new 100 millimeter lengths.

Kay Anderson
234 Shangri-La NW
Albuquerque, N.M.
87107

A desk cleaning unearths your marinated zine. Have you tried thyme in red wine? I do believe that this issue is Jack Daniels, hmmm? ((Jim Beam.))

Let's have more Vardeman. ((That's pretty shuddery.)) I see by my faithful infored source in Hollywood, TV GUIDE, that we are promised oodles of noodle-brained "science-fiction" next year. There are "Land of Giants" and "The Second Hundred Years", both of which, I believe, are to appear on our beloved network ABC, last refuge of good drama and all that. Yes. And today I see that we also are to have a series called "Colony One", about the first Moonbase. Goody, hmmm? Well, the produces is Bill Dozier of "Batman". Oh, well...."The Avengers" is gone again. I'm no longer sure whether There Will Always Be an England or not. ((It was, I suspect, too sophisticated for the US TV... not audience but network execs and pitchment. They never understood it.)) "Tarzan" seems to be back. ((Has he been away?)) "I Spy" the Secret Stf Show abides, I guess. I always thought it was a nightclub act. ((We not only get slopover from FAPA but also from YANDRO.)) "Star Trek is around there somewhere." I'm sure the "Invaders" will be lurking around. It's been that sort of a year. And I'm happy to say good ol' Voyage will still be in the clutches of the rutabaga.

Speaking of Voyage, I've got my nomination for next year's dramatic Hugo all set. It was the last original episode of the season on Voyage. The rutabaga had possessed Admiral Nelson (it was his turn), and the stunning climax came after Nelson had pulled out the "dampening rods" of the atomic pile again, and it was going supercritical (insert the standard plot at this point). Nelson recovered from some sort of seizure with a wild-eyed look like "Was that my cue?", leaped to his feet and charged into the reactor room and--used his stun pistol on the fulminating reactor! It was glorious! What presence of mind! No wonder the man is an admiral and the rutabaga wants to take him over and rule the world! Sheer animal cunning. Yes, fans, he stunned the reactor and all the pretty lights slowed down and went back to their customary blue and the world wassaved again. Boy was that damned rutabaga surprised, too. Truly an award winning episode.

Gary would like to return the compliment and nominate Carmie for the Irwin Allen Appreciation of Stf Award this month.

One of the old syndicated "Fugitive" episodes that is on next week features Andrew Duggan? You know him? He played the President of the US in "In Like Flint"--he's about 6'9" or 10". Maybe 9'8". He's a monster. Anyhow in this Fugitive episode he plays a character named Harlan. Maybe "Fugitive" is also Secret Stf.

Ed Cox is out to win you over this year.

TAKUMI SHIBANO
1-14-10 O-okayama,
Meguro-ku,
Tokyo, Japan

I meant to write you earlier but I have been quite busy writing a novel for juveniles, which is to be my first "book" if the publisher who requested me to write it does not refuse it saying that it is too terrible. Moreover Japanese school began in April and all teachers are rather busy in that

month.

I have only one objection to your editorial tinkering with my "Brave Drama Machine" and that was assigning a name to the scientist. I don't put any names on characters in my short-short stories to emphasize that the hero of the story is not any certain man but human civilization itself. ((Gomenasai.)) Anyway, it's little matter. I use this personality-denying system only in short-short stories but not in longer works.

We're now preparing for the 6th Japanese Science Fiction Convention (Tokon III). It will be held on 19 and 20 August. Lodging for the night of the 19th will be at Nippon-Gakusei-Kaikan, which is a sort of low-cost hotel for parties of students. In the past we've had open meetings which accepted everybody without registration and had more than 300 attended at Tokon I and II, but this time we are going to make it registered members only.

The program so far includes a discussion of fandom, scheduled for the 19th, and of SF stories of the 50s on the 20th. Also on the 19th there will be an auction of old books and zines by Mitsuo Takimura and Norio Itoh of the Etain Book Shop and on the 20th we'll have our annual awards ceremony.

Total Electric Living includes supporting TOFF, the Shibano fund.

Ens. Milton F. Stevens
USS Coral Sea (CVA-43)
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.
96601

As you may recall in yesterday's letter, I mentioned that I had not received a copy of Dynatron recently. Today, I received #31 and am therefor in good shape commentwise. ((It's nice to know that you're in good shape. One of the guys at work told me I was getting

as fat as an old bear. I growled at him.))

This all caused me to think of a man named Goddard who wrote several books expounding a form of Christianity called Imaginism. He maintained that imagining creates reality and that if you think something is going to happen, it will happen. ((I think I'm going to acquire a million bucks.....Nah, it don't work, tilt.)) So two hours after posting a letter requesting a copy of Dynatron, I received a copy of Dynatron. ((Speedy service, eh?)) It would seem that Goddard's work is just the sort of thing that should have caught on in fandom at one time or another. Maybe that should be my next major project. ((Well, Hubbard made a million bucks with scientology.....))

On my last trip to Japan I succeeded in picking up about thirty science fiction paperbacks in Japanese. The clerk in the bookstore had a little trouble understanding exactly why I wanted to buy these books if I couldn't read Japanese. Fortunately, the original English titles were included on the next to the back (or next to the front, depending on how you look at it) page.

Ed Cox is a fine fellow and an excellent writer, but I'm afraid I could never support him for TAFF. Anyone who can drink beer night and day and never gain a pound, as Cox does, has had enough good fortune for one lifetime. To give him any more would upset the order of the universe. ((So go ahead. The universe could use a little shaking.))

In regard to science surpassing science fiction, I recall an article that was published in ASF about 1950 that maintained that science fiction had always been too conservative. To document his case, the writer prepared a number of charts which indicated that by the end of this century every man would be immortal, be able to travel at infinite speed and have infinite power at his disposal. In dealing with age, his error in reasoning was that he was graphing actual increase in average life span, but ignoring the fact that potential life span hasn't increased at all in recorded history. He also ignored the speed of light as a limiting factor. I imagine that he did something similar in regard to power, but I don't know enough science to be sure.

I think that science fiction has reached a point of having something analogous to a periodic table of future developments, or at least those that could be used in literature. Items such as Quasars and low temperature hyper-conductivity are outside this structure, but they don't have much in the way of story possibilities.

((That last statement leaves you wide open, ol' Ens., as I can think of two or three story ideas involving Quasars and/or hyper-conductivity without even straining. As to your other points...show me something that puts a limit on man's potential life-span. There are, according to good and reliable reports, some people alive today who were born 150 or 160 years ago. With the vast increases in medical knowledge being made I really don't see any potential limit. It has yet to be proven that the speed of light is a limiting factor.))((Almost forgot...Imaginism is back in a new package. Parade Magazine, a Sunday supplement, has a full page ad for "Psychopictography" a book by one Vernon Howard, which promises to reveal how you can fulfill your dreams by concentration on the pictographs. "How to get something for nothing." "How to Bring People To You." How to Dissolve Evil." How To Mentally Influence Others." The book is being huckstered at \$5.95. How to get something for nothing. Yes.))

Edcox house is full of owls and pussycats. Send him to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat. Or even a silver airplane. Ed Cox for TAFF.

((I received a letter bearing the return address of Chester A. Polk. Gee, whiz, I said. Good ol' Chester A. Polk. Turned out it wasn't him at all. It was:))

Bob Tucker,
Box 506,
Heyworth, Illinois
61745

I think the 31st was a splendid issue of Dynatron and I don't care a fig what color of paper it was printed on: the contents count, and you seem to have saved up your winter's supply of goodies for this issue. ((I don't have any fig-colored paper.))

Bob Vardeman and C.W. John caught my fancy with two subjects dear to my evil old heart: archeology and talking pictures. Vardeman was much kinder to the makers of that scientifically accurate horror, "Robinson Crusoe in Mars" that I was a few years ago in my FAPA magazine. I raved on and on for most of three pages pointing out such "scientifically accurate" scenes as these:

1) a huge, fiery, thundering meteor crashing down through the Martian atmosphere on a collision course with an orbiting spaceship carrying our two heroes.

2) the decision of those heroes to abandon ship because they were out of fuel, although the ship was still in orbit and, as later events showed, stayed in orbit until one feller shot it down.

3) floating globules of fire which attack the hero on the surface, and weird wind noises which howl around him.

4) a fire burning merrily in his cave shelter, while he writhes on the floor, damned near dead of oxygen starvation. In a short while he discovers that Martian "rocks" will burn, giving off oxygen in the process, so thereafter he carries a bucket of hot rocks with him to sniff each time his lungs feel a bit empty.

5) a Martian sky, which is crawling with things variously described as fireballs, meteors, planetoids, and meteorites; they sound like rushing subway trains, and the usually explode directly overhead, showering the hero with hot ashes.

6) an abandoned space ship (see number 2, above) which orbits endlessly in the blue Martian sky, low enough to be clearly seen and distinctly heard at each pass—it sounded like a jet going over.

7) laser beams shooting from the bellies of the enemy spaceships, beams which are pure white in color and ear-splitting in decibels.

Oh, it was great, I tell you. Vardeman only gave you a hint: snowstorms, blizzards, handy pools, and the buried skeleton of another hapless slave. Somebody buried the poor fellow, but don't ask who—I doubt if the scriptwriter could tell you. It certainly wasn't the aliens. They preferred a more costly and more spectacular method of dealing with runaway slaves; they sent three or four interstellar (?) ships after him, firing at him with massive banks of laser beams. The beams were ablinding white in color, thundering loud in decibels, and sheared off mountain tops, but they never did pick off that little slave. He hid behind a rock. ((Hell, they should have used bloodhounds chasing across the iceflows. That's the only sensible way to chase runaway slaves.)) I nominated the picture for a Hugo that year, but the spoil-sport committee ignored me.

((I recommember a Mars story from the 50s, written by Jerry Bixby or Kendall Foster Crossen or one of those other, uh, writers from that era. This guy discovered the 3rd moon of Mars. It was about the size of a baseball and orbited Mars at a distance of four feet. Yes.))

I was also much pleased with C. W. John and his subject. I am doing my homework, sir, even tho my story may never see print, or be ignored if it is printed—the last usually happens to me where fandom is concerned. I have 18 books published, but few fans know it; I think Ted White, in his 1967 worldcon progress report, gave me credit for five or six. I shook my head sadly, and determined to cut him down to size the next time I make a speech. ((Well, you know how these neos are.)) Well, anyway, my homework—I'm researching Palestine Man (circa 150,000 BC) so that my time-machine opera will be as scientifically accurate as that there movie. I ran across a real sense-of-wonder "fact" too that will fit in nicely with a time machine story.

In a cave above the Sea of Galilee, and in other caves near Haifa, bones and skulls and skeletons have been discovered clearly establishing the existence of a Palestine Man. Only trouble is, some of those skulls are Neanderthal, and some are a distinctly modern type; they were discovered in such a way as to suggest they may have existed side by side. The hack writer would immediately leap to the obvious: the time traveler met death in a Neanderthal cave, died with his assailant. I don't want to be a hack writer so I must devise a fiendishly clever twist to account for the fact.

I haven't devised it yet. I may call upon Alexander Blade for help.

XXXXX

And We Also Heard From: A whole herd of people. Jay MacNeal Kinney, for instance, wrote a letter of comment on Dynatron #26. He's even further behind than Speer.... John Kusske thinks John Boston is an excellent and literate book reviewer, and that "C. W. John" is none other than Roytack doing his Campbell trick. Fie on you, Kusske... Dick Labonte wanted to know why I printed Trottier's letter if I disliked it. Why not? 'Twas amusing in a way.... Dennis Lien sent along the April calendar of events for Moorhead State College.... Tucker sent along a clipping from BOXOFFICE on a flic

called The Girl With the Hungry Eyes. It was directed by William Rotsler...Steve Johnson asks just what is a liberal. Who knows? Who cares?...Lloyd Hull says he's a liberal. OK, Steve, a liberal is a Lloyd Hull....Paul Shingleton refuses to believe in a town called Bury Your Dead, Arizona. Would you believe Up the Creek, Colorado?...Now about High Lonesome, New Mexico? Or Hellandgone, California? There was a place in Wyoming called "Nigger Hill". On the latest U.S. Government map it is shown as "Negro Hill"....Bob Vardeman wants to know if the new Pong award is shaped like a Ping Pong Ball or like Tucker's head....And that's how it goes. Juanita Coulson accuses me of nominating Fantastic Voyage for the Hugo. I didn't. I nominated Marzan rescues Dr. Freenbean....Harry Warner sent along a whole year's supply of HORIZONS all at once. An extremely literate zine that and one of the things that makes the long climb up the FAPA waiting list worthwhile...Art Rapp, musing over CW John's column sends along a quote from Bill Reynolds's After Hours column in Psychotic #9, March 54, in which Reynolds declares that man's greatest invention is the orange box and tells of its great worth to fandom. Will print that next time, Art...Ray Fisher sends comments on the Albuquerque SF Club. A whole herd of people sent money and stamps and stuff like that. I hope I can remember who they were....Mrs Norton Sobell didn't send any money. She wants me to send her some. Dear Friend, she says. And sends the letter third class. She says she wants to get her husband out of jail. I was thinking of sending her a box of cakemix. She could bake him a cake with a saw in it....Kay Anderson sent along an ad for an Air Freshener. It's called Edco Fragrance....Dick Eney sends airmail fanzines from Viet Nam. Why aren't you out looking for Vietnamese fandom, Dick?...Ethel Lindsay rushed an airletter report of a remarkable event: the sun shone in England during April....What's a "Crossed postal order," Ethel. Postal order I understand but "crossed" escapes me.

XXXXX

THE STRAW HORSE

by

Diana Tackett

Out in the badlands of New Mexico there lived a small, unknown herd. Except to a few people it was unknown. Like all herds it had a leader. With a name, of course. This herd was quite unusual because the leader was a mare. You heard me right. A mare.

I guess I'd better introduce myself. I'm Scotty. Well, that's what they call me. Not the horses but the people. I live in Gallup. Population 75. That includes me. Almost forgot, a baby was born yesterday which makes it 76. I think. Year of 1877. Month of July. I guess I'd better...boy it's hot...Where was I?

Oh, I guess I'd better tell you I come from Scotland. But I've lived in the U.S. for two years now. I think. This is New Mexico. A territory of the U.S. and I've lived here for six months. I think...Boy it's hot...Here I'm telling you all about myself when it should be about the Horses. Well, here I go....Boy it's hot.

I was riding along a ridge exercising my mare, Seed, and her colt, Good Times...Boy it's hot...when I saw this herd. Namely the questionmark and the misterns. I don't know why they call the herd that but the mare has her own special...boy it's hot...where was I? Oh, the mare has her own special name; Paul Revere and the Raiders. They're the older mares and they race around the countryside like mad horses. And take care of the younger horses. I think. Boy it's hot. The mare's name was...Oh, did I tell you I'm 24? I didn't? OK, I'm 24. I think. The mare's name was Davey. I think. Well, we were riding along the ridge when the Monkees...that's my dogs. Four of them. They're really dogs. I just call them that because they look like overgrown muskrats. They started...boy it's hot...barking. I looked and there was the pretties sight you ever saw. The raiders were running down the canyon like blue murder...He's a race horse....after the Brass ring which is the name Daniel Boone gave to a herd back in Kaintuck. That herd was in the Derby. Boy it's hot. Now it's starting to rain. Boy it's wet. And hot. I think.

DIANATACKETT

LORE SAND SCRIBBLINGS

Of interest is a report from Grants, New Mexico, since it reflects on the atomic age and also on the good old subject of free capitalism and enterprise and all like that. That's a subject dear to the hearts of many fans who would almost rather argue economics than politics.

It seems that the U.S. Public Health Service contends that the incidence of lung cancer among uranium miners is some ten times the nation-average, caused, says the USPHS, by breathing radon gas in the mines. So for the first time the US government is stepping in with regulations on the amount of radon permitted in the mines. Up to now the only controls have been those imposed by the state and they are more lenient than those of the federal government. The U.S. regulations would limit the gas to ".3 working level of radon". State regulations current allow "5.0 working level of radon".

Don't stand there staring and asking what a "working level of radon" is because I don't have the faintest idea and nothing in the article gave a clue.

60% of the U.S. uranium output comes from the Grants area and most of it comes from the mines run by the "big four"--whoever they may be--Homestake, Anaconda, United Nuclear and Kerr-McGee, I think. Needless to say this "big four" is united in their opposition to the new federal regulations. No proven lung cancer, they say. Working level of radon is always below 3.0 they say. Unrealistic, they say. Will cost money, they say. (Ah so!) The unions say they think it's a good thing and all like that. The state says it'll go along with the federal government.

I think it rather interesting that only now are federal regulations being placed on the amount of radiation allowable in the mines.

Maybe they could put up a notice at the entrance to each mine: Caution, uranium mining may be hazardous to your health.

I'd almost bet that cigarettes will be outlawed within the next few years. Then we'll have speakeasies where everybody goes to get a smoke. Psst. Hey, Pal. I've got some Craven A's right off the boat from England. You a menthol smoker? Right. Got some Midoris just in from Japan. For a price I can get you the real thing. Genuine Lucky Strikes.

Dynatron's cover this time features one of the most mysterious and fascinating science-fictional characters to appear in quite some time; Mr. Spock. Spock is, according to his official Star Trek biography, First Mate and Science Officer of the Starship Enterprise. He is supposedly the offspring of a Vulcanian father and an Earth mother. You can believe that if you want to. All things considered a Vulcan-Earth mating could not possibly produce an offspring. Earth humans are much closer to the Tellurian fish than to the beings of Vulcan. Consider Spock. It has been frequently pointed out that his blood is green and is of a radically different chemical composition than that of Earthmen (The Man Trap). He has no blood pressure (The Naked Time). Medical examination and Spock's own statements bear out that he is not even remotely human. His strength is enormous (he has at least once shown that he can treat the bullheads of the Enterprise as if they were simply aluminum foil.). He is to some degree telepathic and also has the ability, like The Hulk, to control emotions. Over the years the crew of the Enterprise has changed as personnel have been lost or rotated and replaced. But not Spock; he has, apparently, been with the ship since the beginning. One suspects that Spock may have been built when the Enterprise was. Spock is, at any rate, completely alien. He may possibly be a robot...or an Arisian....or something else. He is not, of a certainty, what is claimed in his official biography.

XXXXX

Tack's Sietch
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Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

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