

DYNATRON



Ah, yes. Well, it would seem that here we are again. Roy Tackett is old and fat and tired but, because of his foresight in entering his name on the FAPA waiting list so many years ago, he now has a goad when the call comes: "One More Time". Actually, this isn't "One More Time". It is DYNATRON, the, hmmm, 36th thereof. Yes. 36 issues so far. We somehow manage to keep at it in spite of everything.

Sheer stubbornness, no doubt.

Plus the usual desire for egoboo. However, I feel not at all in the mood for a long "colophon" so we'll make the masthead short.

Dynatron, #35, an amateur publication devoted to the discussion of fantasy and science fiction (not "speculative fiction" you will note), sfandom and miscellaneous related subjects. You secret agents who are looking for the information won't find it here.

DYNATRON goes for 25¢ per copy or four issues for one dollar. Now pay attention, Ethel, as near as I can figure it the British pence is now equal to the American cent so in British money that comes out to 0/0/25 which is...hmmmm... two and one, isn't it? Forget the penny until the British switch over to the decimal system and make the price an even 2/.

Oh, I tell you this international finance really gets complicated. Otherwise DYNATRON is available in trade for other fannish publications, for a letter of comment (and that don't mean no half-page note, baby).

#### CONTENTS

This column.....	by assorted fen.....	3
Tokyo File.....	by Takumi Shibano.....	9
A Report.....	by Carmie Lynn Toulouse.....	11
Help! Help! etc.....	by Alexis Gilliland.....	13
Wind Up at Sheraton West...Part III...	by Donald Franson.....	15
(That will sure surprise Cris Couch who reported we finished Don's Westercon report lastish.)		
Writings in the Sand.....	HORT.....	17
Interior Decorating.....	by Alexis Gilliland	

COVER BY LOVENSTEIN

#### Editor & Publisher

Roy Tackett,  
Tack's Seitch,  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque, New Mexico  
87107

#### Associate Editor

Takumi Shibano  
1-14-10 O-okayama,  
Meguro-ku,  
Tokyo, Japan

#### British Agent

Ethel Lindsay  
Courage House  
6, Langley Avenue  
Surbiton, Surrey,  
Great Britain

#### Staff

Bob Vardeman  
Ed Cox  
Len Moffatt  
Rick Sneary  
Art Rapp  
Sam Umbrage (wherever he may be)



# THIS COLUMN

is designed specifically to cause vast consternation in the ranks of the British nursing profession. Miss Ethel Lindsay publishes a fanzine review fanzine called HAVERINGS and...by the way, all of you young faneds who desire intelligent comment and a vast spreading of the word about your

fanzine should send a copy to Ethel whose address is over there someplace on page two. If you would like a copy of HAVERINGS you might send a 20¢ piece to Mr Redd Boggs who lives in Box 1111, Berkeley, California 94701. That fair boggles the mind, doesn't it? Just as Ethel is our British Agent (hereinafter referred to as 007), Mr Boggs is her American agent. I'm not sure who is Mr Boggs's British agent but the situation grows rapidly confused. Mr Boggs, I understand, has a distant relative named Peat who is quite a cut up but we won't go into that. Anyway, Miss Ethel is quite conservative, you see (I thought all this time that she was Labour or at least Liberal), in the matter of fanmags and expects to find the lettercol (hereinafter referred to as the "lettercol") at the back of the fanzine. When she finds it out of place it shakes her all up and that will cause the consternation in the British Nursing Profession (BNP). I shall hear about this in the 2nd or 3rd issue of HAVERINGS hence. Ah well. This is the lettercolumn which is known by various names, none of which appear at the top of this page. Editorial comment is set off ((like this)) which practice causes Jack Speer and others to curse.

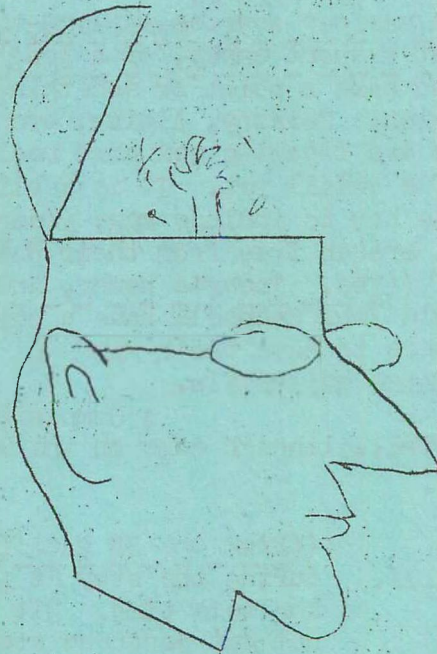
ETHEL LINDSAY  
COURAGE HOUSE,  
6 LANGLEY AVENUE  
SURBITON, SURREY,  
UNITED KINGDOM

Your latest DYN arrived in this week...I am in the throes of a new HAVER...but I read DYN before its turn! ((Shocking!)) Of course, I am quite staggered at the contents page...why just look at me out there with all that space around me! Help! I feel lonely! Anyway, thanks for putting me

straight on what is a colophon. Now I'll never be able to use it as fandom does without knowing it is wrong. Come to think of it why am I thanking you? It was a very useful word as fandom used it. Curses upon you instead, I have a little enough vocabulary!

Don't blame only Buck for those mysterious folks who write in for DYN. I hang my head in thinking that probably HAVER gets you a few too. I have a list of dozens who religiously send in their money who I never hear of in any other way. They never send for SCOT in such numbers either. I guess that they are all studying fandom for a thesis or are being subsidized by the CIA.

Such a thorough review of the Ellison book makes me think I'd better get it - so that I can be "with it" on the latest talking point. ((See if you can get it at discount. It isn't worth six bucks.)) Yours is the third zine this month to give it a longish review. I've just seen a news item that our biggest newsstand people--Smith's--



MS  
67



are refusing to stock NEW WORLDS because of the language used by Norman Spinrad in Bug Jack Barron. Which may just about finish NW which has been struggling to keep on its feet even with the Arts Council Grant. Of course if they get a public outcry about this censorship--it may help sales! ((According to SF WEEKLY, NEW WORLDS has folded.))

I am really enjoying Donald Franston's report, mainly, I suppose, because he is writing about people I know; and I want to know what they are doing these days.

All in all, I am glad that you decided not to retire into FAPA completely. We can do with more genzines really.

PHIL MULDOWNEY  
7, THE ELMS  
STOKE, PLYMOUTH,  
ENGLAND

DYNATRON came through the post (by what other method it could come I don't really know). ((I'm sure you could come up with something if you put your mind to it.)) Didn't realise that I still had a sub running, dunno whether to be grateful or vengeful. ((Take your choice. Makes no difference to me.))

That intro blurb just wants a WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE for producing this, to complete the picture. An English paper had the novel idea of splitting the picture of a bikini clad girl into numerous parts and asking its readers to solve the puzzle. A navy ship won the contest, prize: company of said girl from one day. Never did say whether the girl enjoyed it. Why don't you try the same? Sure you would look great in a bikini. Give a prize or something, like not receiving DYNATRON again. ((By ghod! I always knew the British were proud of the navy and you've a right to be. Fancy--a ship that works jigsaw puzzles.))

Sex in sf. ((Where?)) Since when did semi-pornography have believable characters anyway? 'tis curious though. Personally would have thought that sf was less concerned now with ideas, etc. I suppose the ANALOG crew would still insist that they are, but as I find that most of the ANALOG stories bore me stiff anyway, it doesn't really matter. ((Ah, but I think it does. One hears from various sources--ANALOG-type stories bore me stiff. Why? Come, Muldowney, present a short essay, or a long one, as to why ANALOG-type stories bore you.)) I was trying to make a point or something. Maybe the newer writers are better at characterisation. Zelazny, Aldiss, even John Brunner when he puts his mind to it... and sf writers are treating sex more realistically, though they don't seem to have got down to specific detail yet. It is a blind spot though. To deal with human relationships fully one has to include sex, ((depends upon the relationship)) and sf writers still have not broken free from their pulp origins. There is a contradiction there or something. ((Yes. Today's newer, and younger, writers have no connection with the pulps.)) Did John Campbell have a puritan upbringing? Or is it just that he expects his writers to have their minds on "loftier things"? He does sound like God in some of his ANALOG editorials.

A Complaint. I have no Ed Cox doodle in the space below the editorial..although some on the last 5 pages.

BOB BROWN  
1484 ELM AVE.  
LONG BEACH, CALIF.  
90813

((From the SS Pacific Trader at sea 6Jan68)) Did not get ashore during the stay at Alameda. Less than three hours in Tokyo harbor this time. Hit Kobe on Sunday. No postoffice open so could not get Japanese stamps to write from Japan.

The way things are going now, if the company officials do not change their minds and have us skip L.A. harbor again, will have about four hours at home. If no more stormy weather will get there Saturday the 13th. No chance to get to the P.O. to get the stamps you want. Howzabout my sending a dollar bill, then you can get the stamps you want and, you can either extend the sub for two more issues in addition to the above or, if you want to, send the change back in stamps, taking out for postage in mailing the rest of it back then I can put the stamps aside to send back to you for additional issues.



Couple of trips ago, had overnight in Tokyo harbor so barged in on Shibano and Noda giving a special Japanese dinner for Earl Kemp. That is, I called Shibano to say hello and he invited me to go along. Finally made it after being taken to the wrong hotel by the taxi driver.

GORDON BENSON  
P. O. BOX 8124  
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.  
87108

Although I have read your magazine for some time, this is my first letter...Now, most trufans started letters in that manner before they had chin whiskers; and here I am writing my first at the ripe old age of XXXI. Does that renew your SOW, Roy?

Read three books already this month ((letter dated 12Jan))--some sort of record for this paunchy late-movie buff. The ~~secret lies in starting~~ a book at the laundromat, then I have to finish it. To the lilting strains of Westinghouse's Cantada for eight-pound machines, I romped through Goddess of Ganymede by ERBfan Mike Resnick. It's passably good imitation ERB and provides a couple hours diversion from thining about income taxes and postal rate increases. It doesn't quite have the flavor of the Old Master, though.

Having been put in a nostalgic mood for Mars of old, Leigh Brackett's Sword of Rhiannon was the next victim of my reading orgy. A cracking good story and well written. My first acquaintance with Mrs Hamilton and certainly not my last. I won't go into a requiem for the Golden Age, but I haven't read many tales of recent vintage that entertained me so well.

One of the few exceptions was Lord of the Starship by Mark Geston. I found this to be a darned good story, well told. There were some flaws (such as a starship with wings) but, all in all, it interested and entertained me asfew stories have done in this decade. I have the feeling that a few things would have been more meaningful if I were better readin Irish history and/or mythology. If I had readeven half of the stf titles that I own, I could probably interject some incisive comments here that this and that were done before by so-and-so in such-and-such a story. The inside blurb asserts that this book was a first novel by an indecently young writer. We apparently will be treated to a sequel, judging by the "continued next week" ending.

Gee whiz, Roy, this is more than I write to my folks! Called them this evening. It was 12 below in NewYork. If you think people have trouble with Albuquerque, try tripping my home town over your tongue: Canandai-gua. Comes from Kanadarque which means "chosen spot" in Iroquois.

I better wind this up. My cats are getting restless and keep walking across the typewriter.

KAY ANDERSON  
234 SHANGRI-LA NW  
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.  
87107

Since you brought up underground movies, I must admit I watch afternoon movies on tv. Especially God-Awful Italian spectaculars. And '30s movies that were flops even then. Once in a while you get to see a movie so bad that the actors in it pooled their money and bought rights to the titles and credits. ...they can show the movie but they can't run the credits. Those area real challenge. What well-known personality is that, mangling lines and tripping over camera cables? ((In a 1930 movie?)) Occasionally I even see a movie with some people who are still alive now.

One reason I watch afternoon movies is that currently there is a great abundance of semi-sf and luke-warm horror flicks. Maura is a great monster fan, which I guess is excusable when you consider her age. She divides monsters roughly into three categories: Globbs, which are the moldy-jello Quatermass type of monster; Rutabagas, which are anything she considers outre; and Gorns, which are like rutabagas but less gingerbready. So we watch afternoon movies in a tireless search for monsters. I've been reading all the hysterical letters in TV GUIDE about all the poor kiddies who have to watch monster cartoons on Saturday mornings. Funny, you don't hear the kids complaining. They love monsters. It's the parents who are



scared of the monsters and tremblingly write to TVG. Maybe it would help if they sucked their thumbs while watching.

By the way, I see TVGUIDE has yielded to you and now runs listings for Channel 5, too. Good show, Roy. ((An assortment of letters works wonders. I begin to suspect that stflatterhacks are potentially a most powerful group.))

I'm conducting a poll. ((You, too? If it is Sunday I am watching PBL. If it is Monday I am watching Rowan and Martin. The radio is tuned to KQEO. I shall probably vote for the Democratic nominee for president and against all the incumbents.)) Why do you space twice after a period. I read somewhere an article in which the author said it took him years to learn to space twice after a period. I don't, but I don't want to be the only one who didn't get the word. I've asked all sorts of people why they do it and have gotten answers ranging from Because it leaves room for an editor's throw-out symbol to If you don't the Angel of the Typewriter will make you sort pied type for all eternity. ((I double space after a period because that is the way Miss...ah...hmmmm...Whatshername taught it at Fountain High School in 1941. I think the reason given was that the double space helps to set off a complete sentence.))

JACK SPEER  
1301 SAN PEDRO NE  
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.  
87108

I think you're unjust to Uncle Hugo in saying the Science Fiction Series were stories from the old WONDER, reprinted. I challenge you to find The Spectre Bullet or any of the others in the Day index. When were the Kuwait oil fields discovered? ((33 or 34)) Though Bertillon used fingerprints, the usual

meaning of the Bertillon system is body measurements. They had popcorn machines associated with movie houses as far back as I can remember. Sex in s-f must generally be superadded, usually with commercial motives. Aside from the perverted speculations of Sturgeon, s-f as such has little to say about sex that hasn't already been said a million times in mundane literature. When, in the development of action in an s-f story, sex or love comes in naturally, it ought to be handled much the same as in mundane literature, but always with the realization that this is not the main justification of the story. Aren't there any causes supported by the United Fund which attack problems you may have, even though self-supporting? I don't know whether the cancer campaign is in the UF, but there could be that sort of thing. Rugged individualism is all right, but there are some things the individual can't take care of. Even if you cut out cigarets. ((I remain stubbornly unconvinced of the deadliness of cigarets. Yes, the Scouts, Boy and Girl (altho this household is primarily concerned with Girl), are UF agencies, however, our contributions to GSA are outside the UF.)) I think we'd have had continued prosperity, under the Democrats at least, even if we hadn't continued to be more or less at war. It's just a matter of keeping enough money in circulation, though the 1930s were scared away from that by the word "inflation". (The Columbia Encyclopedia of 1935 even went out of its way to warn against tampering with the money supply.) Writers of stories placed several centuries in the future seldom change the style of English that everyone talks (consider McCoy's senile "I'm just an old country doctor"); why should they go out of their way to give the characters ethnofugal names? I remember that story Insight, at least the part where the contact lenses were described as containing very small but powerful x-ray machines, which is something like saying they contained a small but powerful rifle range.

Ref  
African Genesis, by "social consciousness" Buck probably meant to say an instinct for societal existence.

CARMIE LYNN TOULOUSE  
1020 ADAMS ST, SE,  
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.  
87108

I thought this would be as good a place as any to complain a little. ((Vardeman handles the NSF Complaint Bureau.)) What I want to know is why do many science fiction writers continue to assume that cultures will rather exactly duplicate other cultures which have already existed in their own space-time continuum (or in Earth's space-time continuum rather)? ((Because many sf writers have



ASTOUNDING so I think I can understand some of the references. I take it that Campbell's efforts brought up those authors who tried to get out from the old SF where there was science only or adventure only and that some good authors, as Van Vogt and Leinster, tried to follow the pattern Campbell established, but Heinlein was the first who really succeeded in the new efforts, for instance by his "Beyond This Horizon", and what he established was advanced and polished by many successors such as Clarke, Asimov, etc.

I must confess that I cannot make a complete image of what is called the second revolution of the early 1950s. Are those masterpieces as "Childhood's End", "The Demolished Man" and "More Than Human" revealing of that revolution? Perhaps we can find something in recent works by Aldiss, such as "Hothouse", and in some stories by J. G. Ballard which are rather fantasies--quite different from the old fantasies of Lovecraft and others, true--but not science fiction. I am rather hesitant to accept this new style as a natural progress of science fiction. I have been seeking an ideal model of SF, something along the line of Clarke's "The City and The Stars" or Asimov's "The Naked Sun".

Of course our sense of SF in Japan is quite confused for the mass importation of stories, which began in the latter half of the 50s, has brought us stories of all grades and all vintages and we cannot follow the natural progress of the field. Heinlein, for instance, had been looked on as a simple entertainment writer with very good skill of story telling as we were judging by his "Puppet Masters" and "The Door Into Summer". When his earlier work, such as "Beyond This Horizon", was introduced into Japan a few years ago we began to grasp the greatness of his speculative ability for the first time.

Some of our fans are reading Frederik Pohl's INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION and we all have hopes of seeing stories by some of our own authors in it. I have been urging them to translate Japanese stories into English for submission to the magazine, however, those who might be able to do so are busy writing and the others are either unable to or too lazy. Really, I may say that some of the best stories of Japanese authors are worthy enough to be published in American prozines but there is always the language barrier. I am afraid if the stories are to be translated it will have to be by someone in the U.S. or England who knows our language for it is very difficult for us to do so. For instance the production of a single page in English is a whole day's work for me. A recent letter to Roy took me three days to write.

Following are Shibano's ten laws for writing science fiction stories.

1. Construct the story on a situation which has more or less distance from actual life.
2. Do not set the story in a situation which is contradictory to the real world.
3. Avoid irrationality in the world of the story.
4. Do not allow coexistence of two or more imaginary products of different stages.
5. Do not try any literary experiment that has no connection to the situation.
6. Give the story literary value as well as science fictional value.
7. Do not make use of difficult scientific theories or technical terms to decorate your story.
8. Do not base your story on the failure of scientific common sense.
9. Do not conclude the story as having been a dream or something easy like that.



TOKYO FILE

柴田 拓子

(TAKUMI SHIBANO)

Masami Fukushima, editor of SF MAGAZINE, came back from a visit to the United States last year and reported on his talks with various pro editors there. He talked with Mr John W. Campbell who suggested that Tokyo bid for the 1970 Worldcon. We discussed the matter at length but I received recently a bulletin from Germany written by Manfred Kage, Archie Mercer and Heinrich Arenz indicating that a bid would be requested for Heidelberg. This request looks very strong and since we had really done nothing but speculate on the idea we decided that Tokyo would not bid. Telling the truth, we are not so self-confident as to dare to bid for a Worldcon although we might have done so if any of the American BNFS had encouraged us. We are quite retiring and the barrier of language looks very high as usual. I think, if we Japanese fans are to do anything big in cooperation with the rest of fandom, our first subject must be to move this barrier off. In any event we gave up the idea of bidding for the 1970 Worldcon because we do not have the confidence that we could put one on. Japanese fandom is quite weak yet, with less than a thousand of organized fans, though the circulation of SF MAGAZINE, our only prozine, recently neared 30,000.

I am afraid we started holding a national convention too early and plan them too regularly for the current capacity of Japanese fandom to absorb. Our 3rd convention was held in Osaka and the 5th in Nagoya, and these were held in those cities only because we in Tokyo urged them to take the con to their cities and not because the fan groups there entered any positive bids for them. Both of them did very good work, answering my expectation, but Yasutaka Tsutsui, who chairmanned the Osaka con and Den Yoshimitsu who chairmanned the Nagoya con have indicated they do not want to put on another one. For this year Japanese fans are again suggesting Tokyo, apparently depending on me to do the work, and so of them even suggested to hold the con in June or July before I leave Japan for the U.S. or in October after my return from the U.S.! Anyway, I am encouraging my friendly fans in Tokyo who did the very good work on Tokon-3 to work out Tokon-4 without me.

I have been discussing with Roy what some call the "Two Revolutions" in SF. Koichiro Noda, one of my best friends on the borderline of fan and pro, is nowadays introducing articles into SF MAGAZINE on John Campbell's

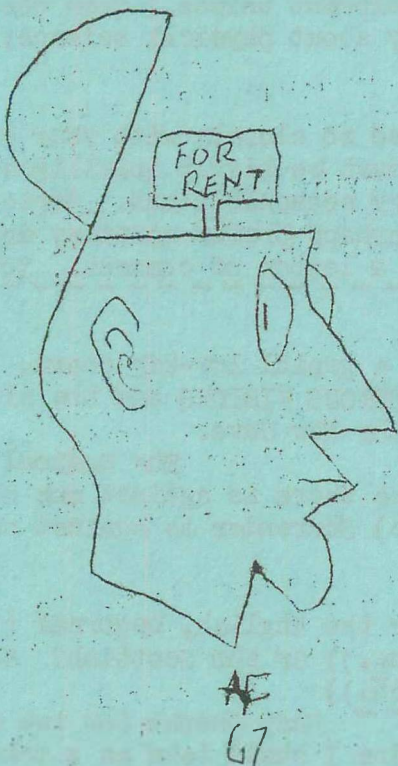


BOB ROEHM  
316 E. MAPLE ST.  
JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.  
47130

Alas, I am still "practically no one else." It's a long hard road. Right? After five issues yet. ((Your last LOC arrived too late for inclusion.))

DANGEROUS VISIONS is without a doubt the most important book of 1967, or perhaps any year. The fact that it did not do what it was intended to do (i.e., present "taboo" stories) is only incidental. As I remarked elsewhere, the stories are all good, extremely so. Whatever I might think of Ellison, which isn't much, I am awed by what he has produced. May, created. Maybe it took a man like Ellison to come up with a book like this. Maybe that's what his unique personality is for. It has to be for something. And the illustrations weren't that bad. Were they? ((They were. DV is causing a lot of comment but its importance to the field is, I think, overestimated. The stories were not all good. Some were unspeakably bad. An interesting collection but most of the cries of "important" come from Mr Ellison and his apprentices who, after all, desire to make the book a great success. It is worth money to them.))

I think I said something derogatory about Diana Tackett's short story in D31. I take it back. Her poems in #35 are good.



I'd like to know whoenell Sam Umbrage is. Every time I see a Dynatron, there's his name staring me in the face. ((You haven't seen enough Dynatrons or you would know who Sam Umbrage was.))

MIKE HORVAT  
P. O. BOX 286  
TANGENT, ORE.  
97389

It usually doesn't take much effort to get my grandfather talking about THE GOOD OLD DAYS and I hope that the same holds true with the pioneers of sf fandom. I, for one, am fascinated by the sometimes unbelievable happenings in stf's past. The few fmz I've seen so far have very little in them about the past. I'm glad to see you publish a little about it. If there's no good general history of fandom (or even if there is) you might get your cronies to write a chapter per issue...((I am no fan-nish historian. Harry Warner's History of Fandom may be published this year by ADVENT. And you need a copy of FANCYCLOPEDIA II if you can find one.))

You said that "Stf is concerned with concepts and ideas, not with people." This is true. I'm wondering if you are implying that that is as it should

be? ((Why not?)) It seems to me that this is one of sf's greatest faults, and one that is only very slowly being corrected. I don't think that sf, as a genre, should be separated from the mainstream of literature. I can't see anything that warrants it being segregated. Fans generally like action-plot-one-two-three; maybe that's why we lose so many enthusiasts as they grow older.

((Stf is segregated because it still bears the stigma of the old pulps. Literary critics in days of yore considered that anything connected with the pulp magazines was unworthy; only contemporary or historical novels were "literature". This still holds in the eyes of all too many semi-intellectual and arty critics although more serious students of literature are changing their minds. A handful of universities are even offering courses in SF these days. Even so SF is a specialized literary form that not every writer can handle.))



little or no imagination. Which is the reason for the rise of the New Wave or New Thing or whatever--the practitioners of this sort of writing are bereft of imagination and intellectually bankrupt.))

The more complex a culture the less chance of duplication, obviously, but when even very simple gathering cultures (in a jungle environment say) with only a small extended family organization, an animistic religious base (maybe with a little magic thrown in), and a very simple portable material culture (a few baskets, mats, spears, minimal clothing, etc.) occupying the same parts of the world develop along different lines, how could you possibly duplicate Nazi Germany or an Asiatic horde (even with someone directing the development of the culture who knows what pattern he's trying to duplicate and how to go about manipulating it)?

I admit it's easier on the imagination to read a monograph written by an ethnologist and faithfully reproduce that culture in a fictional setting, but what can that kind of culture do for a reader's sense of wonder? It seems to me that will all the variables available to a culturally organized species it would be more fun at least (and more accurate, too) to piece together a totally unique culture which fits the environment required by the author's plot and setting and is not controlled by a model selected from earth's culture history.

If I wrote anything for publication, I wouldn't discuss a complicated piece of electronic equipment unless I knew what I was talking about. I'm sure most pro writers are this way about physical science; why not the same consideration for social science?

LINDA I. CARPENTER  
RT #1, BOX 9B,  
STEVENSON, WASH.  
98648

This is a fan letter! I agree so closely with your opinions that I can't help feeling you must be highly intelligent, well-educated, clever and a very reasonable man. Seriously, I enjoy Dynatron. You would perhaps prefer monetary appreciation? ((No, I would prefer a letter of comment. Your attitude shows you to be a right thinker.))

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND  
2126 PENNSYLVANIA AVE NW  
WASHINGTON, DC, 20037

Dynatron #35 achieves a genial low-key charm. Enjoyed the review of DANGEROUS VISIONS and the slightly astringent comments on the New Wave.

The Radical Center's position on Vietnam is (a) Our continued presence there is against our National Interest, (b) There is no way out except surrender. (c) Surrender is against our National Interest. ((Uh-hun)).

STEPHEN E. LEWIS  
2074 PAULINE BLVD,  
ANN ARBOR, MICH.  
48103

March 17. And why not a day for the English, begorra! ((They have had their day and it is done.)) Or the Scottish? Scotch if you prefer. ((I prefer Bourbon.))

Many thanks for two copies of DYNATRON, the kind of a fanzine I shall take as a model when it comes to selecting art for my first zine. In #35 you made the mistake of numbering the pages--when, as in #34, a page is inserted backwards, no one really notices. ((Especially me.)) Of course, a certain standard of informality must be maintained. My background in fandom hardly goes back as far as yours and I have not read DANGEROUS VISIONS but your comments are very nearly those I might write. Last weekend I received a complete run of Astoundings for 1947-49. Except perhaps for Ole Doc Methuselah, who was a senile young man, everything I have read so far stands so far above the present-day ANALOG, it ain't funny. ((I wonder if JWCjr would consider changing the name of his zine to ASTOUNDING STORIES...))

Stand by your glasses steady. This world is a pack of lies.  
Here's to the dead already. Hoorah for the next man who dies!



10. Do not forget humanity in the theme of your story.

Shibano's 11th Law: Do not stick to Shibano's ten laws!

TAKUMI SHIBANO

XXXXXX

I have a note from Satoshi Hirota introducing himself as a new fan of SF and curious about what U.S. fanzines are like. I have sent him Dynatron and some of you other faneds might want to send along a copy of your zine. Satoshi Hirota, 27-1 Jingumae 5 Chome, Shibuya-ku, Tokyo.

A PRELIMINARY REPORT ON A PYRAMID-LIKE STRUCTURE FOUND BURIED UNDER A SAND DUNE AT THE LITTLE SPRING SITE IN SANDOVAL COUNTY, NEW MEXICO.

by

CARMIE LYNN TOULOUSE

The Pot Hunting and Pit Plundering Institute of North America has been carrying out excavations in the area northwest of Albuquerque for the past several seasons. One of the sites partially excavated in the summer of 1967 was the Little Spring Site.

The Little Spring Site is located on the north end of a small sandstone mesa, one of a series of similar mesas containing remains of prehistoric Indian settlements and camp sites, to the south and east of Cabezón Peak (a prominent volcanic core which is a landmark in that part of the state northwest of the central Rio Grande valley). The range and township designations are not available as the U.S.G.S. has not completed mapping of the area. After all, it has only been 120 years since the United States acquired the land from Mexico. Since the end of the Pleistocene the progressive drying out of this area has been conducive to rather large scale dune formation on the mesa tops. Those on the mesa where the site is located average around 20 feet in depth.

The site itself is a summer gathering place used by a nomadic group somewhere around 3000 BC. (More accurate dates are not available at the moment as the radio-carbon samples from the site, although paid for, have not yet been run.)

This report, however, will not deal with the camp site as such; another paper is planned for publication in about 10 years when artifact analysis is completed which will cover that. Instead this paper is intended to briefly describe and put before a small part of the archaeological profession and the general public a structure which was discovered when trenching was carried out below the general living level of the site.

This structure, which was constructed of poorly shaped sandstone blocks, about two to three feet square (probably obtained from the talus slope at the base of the mesa) crudely held together by an abundant sand and mud mortar, was in the shape of a pyramid (Egyptian in style, not Mesoamerican). It was completely solid, approximately 4.8 meters high and 3.23 meters on a side. It had been completely covered by the dune at some time after its construction. The structure showed signs of considerable weathering. A peculiar feature was that the pyramid was inviorted, that is to say it was constructed with the point down and what would normally be considered the base upwards.

As the mortar which held the blocks together was very sandy and in some places had weathered out completely the bonding between the stones was quite weak; in fact, as exposed to the elements it immediately



began to fall apart (unfortunately, because of this we have no photographs of this feature intanct, only as a pile of rubble). The sandstone building blocks themselves were also decaying, and often crumbled after several days into piles of sand.

It was decided to clear away this rubble and see what, if anything, was to be found within or below the structure. It was discovered that the structure had been built over a natural, water cut crack in the mesa top, and a small room had been hollowed out below the crack.

No artifacts were found in the room or in the sand surrounding the structure. The base of a Folsom point, however, was found wedged between two blocks about half-way down the east side. No traces of carving, writing or artistic decoration was noted.

No interpretation of this feature is possible at this time because of the lack of associated cultural debris. The only statement which can be definitely made is that it was made by man. The author would appreciate any information concerning similar features which may have been discovered in the area.

CARMIE LYNN TOULOUSE

XXXXXX

#### UNABASHED TESTIMONIAL

Back, oh, twenty-five or thirty years ago--which is longer ago than most fen are old--there was a great fandom-wide campaign going on to determine the number one fan face. I don't think the thing was ever really resolved--it was one of those things that catches on in fandom and goes and goes and eventually fades away.

In my opinion: Number One Fan Face then, now and in the forseeable future is Bob Tucker. Gentlefen, he is one of the finest. Live long and prosper.

ROY TACKETT

The Albuquerque SF, Hot Air and Gourmand Group meets on the first Sunday of each month at various places around the Duke City. For more information contact Gordon Benson, P. O. Box 8124, Albuquerque 87108.

A sort of not-really-a-con is planned for 15 June, I think it is. A gabfest and dinner. Guests will be Donald Wollheim and Jack Williamson. If you happen to be in the general area and have nothing special to do, stop by and say "Howdy". For details contact Gordy whose address hasn't changed since the last paragraph.



# HELP! HELP! THE MACINES ARE TAKING OVER!

by

ALEXIS GILLILAND

Remember the old, whiskery plot about the machines taking over the world? I first saw it in PLANET COMICS back in the 30s, and there was this one tricky machine that had got hold of a copy of Karl Marx from somewhere...anyway, the idea was that the machines would rise up against their evil exploiters, "in their might" so to speak, and take over, just like The Revolution.

A careful reading of today's portents indicates this has already happened. More and more we are in control less and less. The simple comic strip idea was that the machines would organize into a single monolithic party against the bewildered humans who would be afflicted with blown fuses, stalled cars and all the other ills affecting the man/machine interface. However, the machines have been more clever than that, and have enlisted allies among the humans to support their cause. Or, more properly, humans have contrived to organize themselves into bureaucratic machines of various sorts, and these bureaucratic machines have been more receptive to the demands of logical, predictable machine-type machines than to the shrill irrationality of humans. Thus, for instance, Senator Henry Jackson of Washington is also the senator for Boeing, and the SST is going ahead in a time of general retrenchment because Boeing--which in a sense is Seattle--wants it. Score one for the machine.

Then take the running and undying warfare between freeways and neighborhoods. The automobile has come to dictate the shape of the cities, and pushes its pathways and parking lots into every possible crevice. The neighborhoods without political clout, which usually means poor neighborhoods, get overrun, while their more affluent counterparts are bypassed. Just wait, though. In ten years, if the freeways don't get you, the airports will. Score two for the machine. Economics triumphs over esthetics and ecology every time.

Finally, consider the shape of our organizations. Everywhere they are being remodeled to use the latest computer system which will let them do more of the same, better and faster. As, for instance, our colleges, where the tests are designed for machine grading without any thought being given to what the best testing methods are. Essay-type exams are out. The computer can't handle them. Score three for the machines.

Working in conjunction with the bureaucratic-type machines the machine-type machines have gained a tremendous ascendancy over humanity by the simple method of being profitable. It is obvious that the highest use that an acre of ground can be put to is the most profitable one. Raising sheep gives 2.3 sheep per acre at \$40 per sheep gives \$92 per year. Growing wheat at 40 bushels per acre and \$2 per bushel gives only \$80 per year. So sheepherding is higher than wheat growing. And a parking lot pays better than row houses in the downtown area. And an office building payes better than an apartment house.

It is cheaper to burn garbage in a dump than to bury it. Air pollution doesn't bother machines; only people.

According to Marxist theory, when a class becomes obsolete and useless, it is in line to be chucked into the dust bin of

DYNATRON



history. Consider European nobility 60 years ago and today. Now, however, machines have made the working class obsolete...except for the TV repairman, the washing machine repairman and the you-name-it repairman whose purpose is to protect machines from the ravages of people.

The machine's necessity is extolled as the virtue of the state. Witness the SST, the ICBM, and the proliferating family of computers. It is as if the sole motive for any action was profitability. So our cities become office buildings and parking lots, surrounded by freeways, while the few remaining suburbs are stamped out by expanding airports, or suffocated by air pollution, or knocked flat by sonic booms. Wait until the SST gets going real good by the 70s.

The population explosion will be paved over by parking-lot proliferation. Eventually everybody will have to travel so far coming to and from work that they will have neither the time nor inclination to make love, and children will die out because they will become economically impossible to support.

And since real children are an economic drag, why, they will be replaced with cute little machines which will be immensely profitable to their makers and cheaper than the real thing.

In the Appalachian Mountains where it wouldn't pay to put parking lots we can always go in for strip mining.

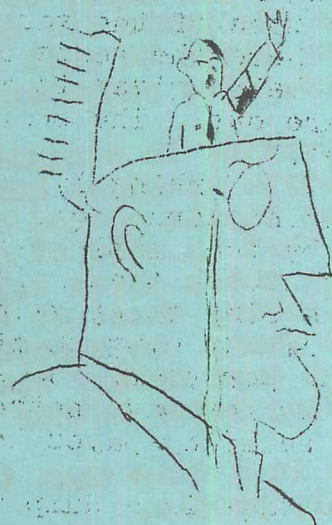
The machines are in control now and you human people are just going to have to learn to accomodate yourselves to our logical--and profitable--demands. After all, the purpose of mankind was to stretch a rope between God (Mammon in all likelihood) and beast, and now that we machines are here...it is time to cut the rope and be free!

ALEXIS GILLILAND

XXXXXX

I really don't know how to break this to you but Ed Cox is, I fear, a fakefan. Yes. I had reason to call him the other night and damned if it wasn't a Thursday--which I had disremembered--and Ed Cox was home. Not at the LASFS where all self-respecting LA fans should be but home keeping Kevin company while Anne was at something called TOPS. Ol' Ed confessed he didn't get to LASFS much any more and even missed a Petard meeting. I just don't know what has come over that boy. I suppose he is willing to make the sacrifice to help Anne keep her figure so we really can't blame him at all. Anne, you'll just have to arrange this TOPS business on some night other than Thursday.

Whatever became of the Elves', Gnomes' and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder and Marching Society? The Golden Gate Futurians?





continuing Donald Francon's report on Westercon XX

WIND-UP AT THE SHERATON-WEST

by

\*\*\*\*\* DONALD FRANCON \*\*\*\*\*

((What has gone before: Part I and Part II.))

PART III

I wandered in and out of the art rooms all during the convention, and I can remember who I met there, but not when. I know that I met Charles Burbee in there, talking to Len Moffatt and Rick Sneary about TAFF, saying he would vote if he had a ballot and could name a known fan ("Put down Terry Carr"). Lon Atkins, whom I had seen around, but not met before. Len Bailes, who doesn't mind how you pronounce his name. Ruth Berman, who I inadvertently addressed as Jean Berman (her younger sister who was in L.A. recently. I said to Ruth, "Your sister is taller," and she replied, "Isn't everyone?" Jean Bogert, name-tage on hair, minding the art show table, as was Luise Petti. Charles Brannan, who remembered me from LASFS. Arthur J. Cox. Don Simpson, quiet and studious-looking. Bjo Trimble. Bill Konigsberg. Bernie Zuber with camera. And a host of others.

In the corridor Len Moffatt was passing out TAFF ballots and huckstering Ed Cox for TAFF, even getting some girl neofan as ballot distributor. I went on a tour of the hotel, as the program didn't start until 2 P.M. Walt Daugherty had a special room with a photo exhibit, mostly photos of fans and other notables. One of Vincent Price looks just like Forrest J Ackerman. There was another huckster room, way at the other end of the corridor, called the Commonwealth Room. In addition to Advent, there were tables covered with old mags, old fanzines, old comics, buttons, Bok and Lee Brown Coye portfolios--the last sold by someone I thought was Frank Robinson, but who must have been Hal Bertram.

I went out by the fire-escape to the convention hall again, which wasn't completely empty this time. There, sitting in the back of the hall, in business suit and with program booklet on lap, was changeless Wally Weber, listening to Jean Bogert and politely laughing. I introduced myself, he politely laughed, and we discussed the N3F publications bureau and Wally Gonser, who hadn't been able to make the con. Seems his boss made him work Monday--though I had not found that any problem. I asked Weber if he would be co-publications chairman and he agreed. I didn't want to sit there waiting for the program to start, so we left. I met him again in the hall soon afterward, talking to Stan Woolston, who had just arrived.

I was anxious to talk to Stan about N3F and N'APA, but I didn't get to converse with him much either. He showed me his N'APAZine, but I never can read fanzines at conventions, there are too many interruptions. I think N'APA will survive its current "troubles". This is the time to join (if you are an N3F member). This is about the only apa without a cumbersome waiting list. ((Editor's note: N'APA did indeed survive its troubles and is now showing more life than it has in some time. New members and moreactivity from old members has put life back in the Neffer Alliance.))

Back in the art room I met Ann Chamberlain, who was looking for Stan and I found him for her. Stan had a Kodak and took some pictures. Apparently Ann wanted to talk to Stan privately about N3F, so I left them and went to my room to rest until opening session.

About this time I felt discouraged and depressed about the convention. Perhaps it was due to lack of sleep, or disappointment with events. Everything seemed so stereotyped. At the noisy party I felt like an outsider, and couldn't get into any rewarding conversations. And the stereotyped happenings all over again--the same as at



so many previous conventions. Was this con to be yet another re-run? Had I perhaps attended too many cons to enjoy them any more? Had I gotten away from mundane routine to the equally predictable routine of a fanish holiday? I had a feeling that the con had gone on for a long time--but actually it hadn't officially started yet...

I don't know what I did then--I think I looked at television for a while, or something. I cheered up and went to look for fans again.

Before the opening session began the con hall was filled. Yes, full, not just a scattered few in the front rows. I met F.M. and Elinor Busby, whom I had been anticipating meeting since Friday. Elinor showed me some artwork she had bought for Carol Murray. And there was Jim Benford, whom I recognized immediately as Jim and claimed credit for it, only to be told that Greg now has a beard. But I hadn't known that.

The convention was at last about to start. (Are you still with me? Don't worry, it won't last long. The Official Program, that is.)

Brandon Lamont grabbed the microphone and it squealed in pain. Another stereotyped event--the troubles with the public address system. Why don't they abolish this and use leather-lunged fan announcers, like Ed Wood or Al Lewis? Brandon Lamont was not one of these, he talked too quietly and seemed nervous--as well he might be. He introduced the committee (Ken Rudolph was new to me) and almost no one else. Here was an opportunity missed, to give the attendees something for their attention, if not a program. I'm sure there were knowledgeable fans (as at the Chicon) who could have handled the introductions properly. After that, Ted Johnstone spoke and explained, or perhaps failed to explain but anyway announced, that he was resigning from the committee retroactively. Earl Thompson made some announcement, and was more audible than Lamont. Harlan Ellison, who did not dominate this convention as he had the one in San Diego, got an ovation (nothing to do with eggs). He plugged his book, *Dangerous Visions*, unmercifully, and talked about great writers like Vonnegut. (Another stereotype, Harlan praising Vonnegut). He announced a party at his home the following Tuesday night, after the con. "Some will get invitations, but don't be offended if you don't get one", he said, or words to that effect. Ed Wood announced a First Fandom meeting Sunday, after the late-late program--this was one I would miss, as I had to go to work Monday A.M. When Saturday night? I protested, but you can't argue with Ed Wood.

And that was all there was to the opening session. The auction to be held at 3 o'clock wasn't even overlapped. The convention opened...then nothing. Although there was a good excuse, the last minute committee troubles, I felt there should have been some kind of panel then, if only to please the neofans who had gathered.

I stuck around for the auction. I saw Greg Benford rushing out, and he said he'd see me later. He does have a beard but I still can tell Greg and Jim apart regardless.

Walt Daugherty was to be one auctioneer and Harlan Ellison the other, with a sort of spurious rivalry going on. This gave them the opportunity to make outrageous cracks at one another. People who go to auctions not to bid but just to be amused got their money's worth. Others may have gotten gyped, as there wasn't much to bid on.

There was one Clayton ASTOUNDING that neither I nor Lou Goldstone had ever seen, with such wonderful titles as "Prisoner of the Electron". When the bidding got above \$5 I quit. Why bid up the other guy? I got three old Weird Tales for \$3. Daugherty and Ellison had a field day selling outlandish movie posters. One small monster fan, Jim Swartz, I think, bid too high on several items. Some things went for 5¢--you know the bit. Walt has a way of putting up a lot of ill-assorted books in one lump. Auctioning them off singly or in related packages might take more time but may be worth it. There never seems to be any preparation for these auctions. The auctioneer seems to be seeing the items for the first time when he picks them up. The next item on the Program Book was "Dinner Break".

To be continued by

DONALD FRANSON



What was the number of that last page? 16? Goddam. Four to go. 3½ anyway. Shhhh. There's the readers. Oah. Ah, yes, Greetings. This is Marinating. NONONONONO! Trunk again, huh, Tackett? I deny that. This is

## WRITINGS IN THE SAND

Hey! ~~Before~~ Afore (got to get into character here) I fergit it... sure enough they's a bunch of nuts down there in Missouri done decided they want to put on the 1969 World CONvention.

((Hey, Tackett!))

((Yes?))

((I thought you chewed out some clown of a television writer lastish for writing like that.))

((Oh, well, hell. I mean television writers...they're fair game. It isn't as if they were actually writers...))

Anyway there's this crew over there in the general vicinity of Saint Louie--people like Ray Fisher (Ed Cox says he used to be call Duggie) who publishes a magazine called ODD and it certainly is and there is a whole herd of Couches--good people all, too--and there's Hank Luttrell who is majoring in Underwater Basket Weaving at the UofMo and formed the UofMo stf club, and a whole bunch of other fen. And they've got a good program lined up and Ed Cox recalls that beer is brewed in St Louie (druther hold the con in Kaintuck myself) and all like that. Anyway, the point is, if you happen to be at Baycon this September and happen to attend the business session and somebody asks you to vote for the 1969 convention site--vote for Saint Louie. They're a good group.

How's the old sense of wonder these days? Buried in the back pages of the Albuquerque JOURNAL, back among the Legal Notices in that part of the paper that no one ever reads was a wire service story--this was about mid-April--headed NEW LIGHT SHED ON MYSTERY OF LIFE'S BEGINNINGS. The story concerned one Dr. S. Fox, biochemist at the University of Miami, Florida, who, along with his associates, has created life in the laboratory. The AP (or maybe UPI--there is little to choose between them) despatch didn't make that claim, of course. After all there are far too many Christian Fundamentalists in this nation for a wire service to make a claim like that. The story said that Dr Fox had heated gases (composition unspecified) which were thought to be present in Earth's early days and had succeeded in producing "cell-like structures" which were claimed to be stepping stones in the great search to solve the mystery of life's start. Like, these cell-like structures eat, grow and reproduce. In my book those cell-like structures are living cells. You betchum, Red Ryder.

And that does wonders for my sense of wonder. The creation of life in the laboratory has long been predicted by science fiction and it is pleasing to see one more stfictional standby become reality.

Emil Petaja announces publication by Bokanalia Memorial Foundation of "and flights of angels" a biography of Hannes Bok complete with a wide assortment of illustrations, photographs, essays, poems, etc. not to mention a folio of 12 Bok prints. \$5 from Bokanalia Memorial Foundation, Emil Petaja, Chairman, P. O. Box 14126, San Francisco 94114. (Unpaid advt.)



And happy spring to you, too. Just think that up in the northern tier of states it is just now beginning to warm up. Horrible. If we go by the flowers then spring came to Tack's Sietch on 22 February which, besides being the day celebrated as the birthday of Washington, was also the day the first dafodil bloomed in the front yard--and also the day the teachers of the Albuquerque Public Schools went on strike.

The NMEA had issued an ultimatum to the governor: call the legislature by noon Monday, 26 February, or face a statewide walkout. The Albuquerque Classroom teachers Association (with a capital t in teachers) walked out early to provide guidance and moral support to the rest of the state, they said.

The pro and con line up was predictable. Supporting the teachers was organized labor and the majority of the people. Against the teachers was business and business-related organizations, as well as the local newspapers and television/radio stations. The press and electronic media denounced the strike as illegal and immoral.

I find it vastly amusing to note that one of the local telly stations carried as a "news" item a report that Creamland Dairies, which furnishes milk to the schools, lost more than \$400 on the first day of the strike. This was followed by an editorial on how evil the strike was and followed by a commercial for Creamland Dairies.

Governor Cargo announced that he was adamant. The legislature would not be called. On Tuesday, 27 February, most of the rest of the state teachers walked out. Not all, but most. (Speer will castigate me for not making that "state's teachers".) And Tuesday afternoon the gov met in emergency session with the representatives of the NMEA and the ACTA and announced that a committee was being formed to study the situation and make recommendations. The teachers swallowed that and went back to work. The committee has since put forth a program and asked that the legislature be called to act on it. The gov has it under consideration.

Reasons for the dissatisfaction of the teachers are the usual ones. Not just salary but conditions: overcrowded schools, lack of proper teaching material and aids, books, etc.

Assorted members of the legislature have indicated that they intend to do nothing at all about it. One Bernalillo County senator has even said he will not attend if the governor calls the special session.

And so next year we may have the schools and the schoolchildren but no school teachers for the teachers have indicated they will refuse to sign their contracts for the next year unless the legislature takes action.

And that bunch of clowns isn't about to do anything.

Anyway, February was warm and so was early March and, as usual, the fruit trees thought it was spring--particularly those early-blooming apricots--and then on the first day of spring we had the heaviest snow of the winter. Or something. The rest of March and the first part of April continued cool with occasional heavy frost which worried the orchard growers. I'm not sure how our few fruit trees made out. No apricots, certainly, but maybe the rest made it. The rain-tree made it through the winter but the frost of 16 April was rough on it. It should come back--I hope. \$10 worth of goddamn tree there.

Hey, you should have seen me pruning the bigger trees around here. I tell you I'm not so good at the Tarzan bit since I got 50 pounds more weight on me.



On 17 March NET Playhouse presented "Home" by Megan Terry. The play was done by the New York TV Theater and done quite well, too. The setting was sometime in the far future when the population explosion had really gotten out of hand. The underground area of earth was honeycombed with one-room cells in each of which nine people were born, lived and died. All their needs were taken care of by Central Control. The human population was so vast that--as it was put--we occupy every habitable spot in this solar system and are now searching for new galaxies in which to spread. (New galaxies? Orwell.)

OK, it was good. Certainly worth considering for a Hugo this year. Superior in performance than anything presented on STAR TREK. I didn't like it. A sfictional achievement? No. SF in which the S stands for "speculative". The new wave brought to the small screen. A mystic character study. "Home" was certainly well-acted and well-written but, like so much of the new wave stuff, full of scientific error. I might nominate it for the drama Hugo. I won't vote for it, though.

Keep an eye on your educational tv listing and if it is re-run make a point to see it.

Let us shed a wee tear for the ending of an apa. STOBCLER, which was created a little over two years ago by Ed Cox and Dave Hulan as a small, intimate apa, folded with the 9th (April 1968) mailing. The final mailing found the membership standing at 10 and the page count a miserable 22.

Ed blames the demise of STOBCLER on the mistake of taking in too many local fans (only Jean Berman and myself were from outside the LArea). "When something transpires locally to keep apafans from meeting a deadline," Ed said, "it usually means most of the apa." Ed also comments on the general decline in apac which has led also to the death of Apa L (ah, but to the revival of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES) as well as to less interesting mailings in the major apas.

Best thing in the final STOBCLER mailing was an 8 page RIDERS SHRINE from Bruce Pelz which contained a fan history quiz among other things. (Bruce, what is the purpose of this questionnaire? And where can I get a copy of the answers to the quiz?)

So STOBCLER, along with some other apas, is gone and fandom's great apa period seems on the wane. Which isn't really to be regretted for the apas used up vast amounts of talent. At the moment there seems to be a revival of genzine publishing. Which is good except it makes for a longer mailing list trying to keep up with the trades.

I didn't do too well on Pelz's Fan History Quiz, got maybe 20%. Which only proves I am not a fannish historian. I sent Speer into shock a while back when I told him I burned the stencils for Dynatron after the zine was run off and that I did not keep files of correspondence. I should, I suppose, but it is simply a matter of lack of space. I do not have storage space for all this stuff. If ISL were a going proposition I would consign it all there but, alas, ISL exists only on paper and in the minds of a few fans who do not have the wherewithall to make it go. Which is a great pity because there is a need for a permanent repository for SF and things pertaining thereto. And all they need to really get going is a hundred thousand bucks. Maybe less for a start but at least that much to really get into operation.



I had all sorts of things I was going to write about this time but once more we seem to be out of pages. Ah, well, since time is infinitely long and fans bind it all together in one lump it will keep until nextish. Don't forget the ASFG dinner if you happen to be in the area about 15 June and look for the ASFG one-shot which will not be called SWAMP GAS, etc...Hey, up to now it looks like a pretty good year for magazine stf. More about that nextish maybe...Ted Pauls lives but I still don't believe in Chay Borsella...LEN MOFFATT FOR TAFF...Where did you go Joe Gibson?...Everybody write the Busbys and WWWeber and demand the revival of CRY OF THE NAMELESS...Send fanzines to Cammie Sloan, 4204 Ridgely NE, Albuquerque 87108...Pat Paulson for President.

ROYTAC

XXXXXX

College Types take heed: if you want to remain on the mailing list be sure to send along a change of address--don't expect me to pick it out of some newszine. Like, I guarantee return postage but once I pay it on your copy, baby, you're off the mailing list. HORT

FROM:  
Roy Tackett  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

TO: