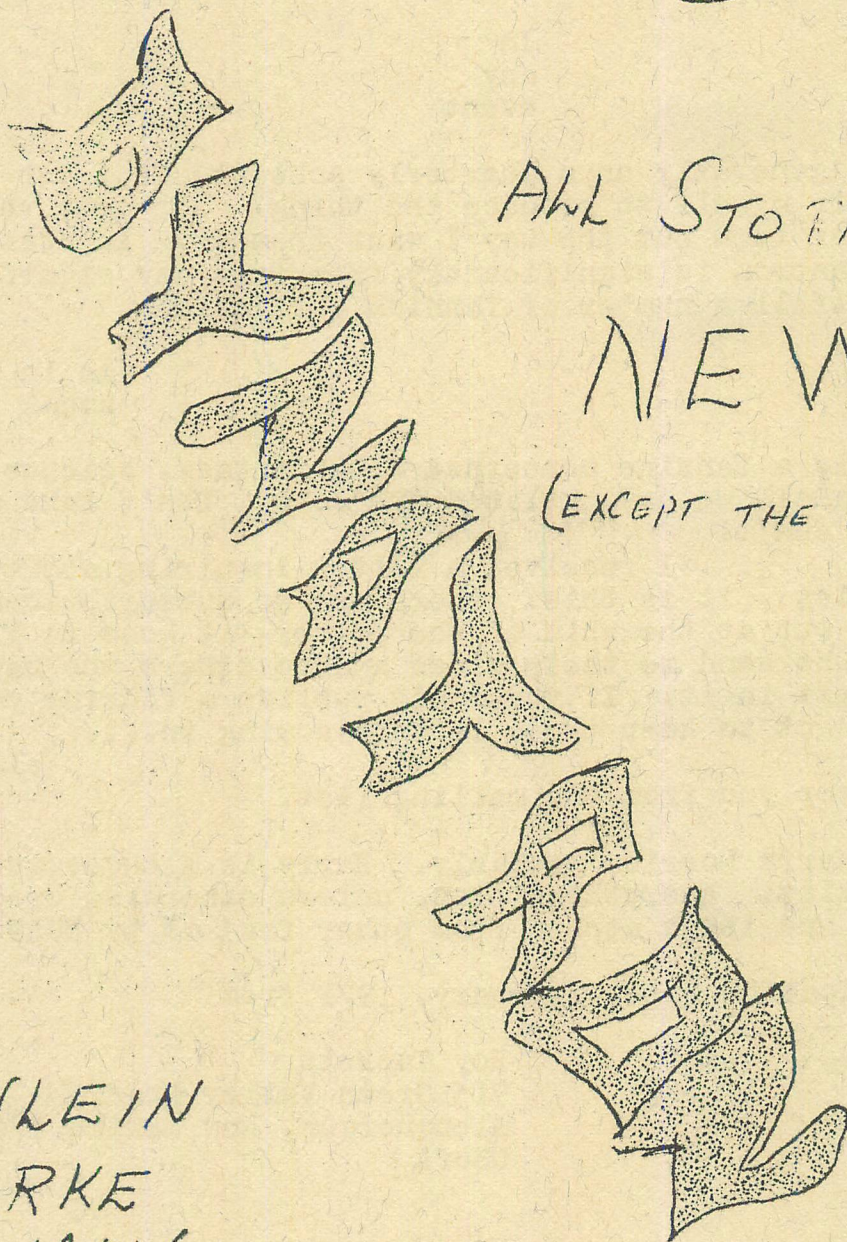


44  
NO. 43  
FEB. 1971

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ALL STORIES

NEW!!

(EXCEPT THE REPRINTS)

HEINLEIN  
CLARKE  
ASIMOV  
NIVEN

HAD NOTHING TO DO  
WITH THIS ISSUE

BRAND NEW

REPRINTS IN THIS  
ISSUE.



Would you believe?

This is, yes it actually is, the 44th (or thereabouts) issue of DYNATRON. I numbered this one 44 because I numbered the previous issue 43. It may very well be for all I know.

may not.

And then, again, it

In  
any  
event

DYNATRON appears generally on a quarterly schedule if I get enough ambition to bestir myself to produce the thing. For some reason these issues never turn out the way I want them to. Ah, well, it matters not. Dynatron is significantly free from any significance and serves to fulfill a number of fannish obligations.

As is  
usual

Dynatron is simply a fanzine concerned with fantasy, science fiction, fandom and, ah, shall we say, related subjects. Don't take any of it to heart....I don't.

I received a letter inquiring about the subscription policy: it is this: there are no subscriptions. Dynatron is sent out at the whim of the editor--it goes to FAPA, to other faneds who send me their zines and to others who have expressed an interest in it. If you don't publish a fanzine yourself then you've got to keep those letters coming in.....

else I  
will gleefully drop you from the mailing list.

The cover is by Harry Morris,\* probably. Harry is Albuquerque fandom's captive artist. Everything else, unless otherwise credited (such as letters and items stolen from other fmz), is by HORT.

A Marinated Publication dated February, 1971 from

\*Sorry, Harry. Next time, I  
hope.

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

XXXXX

This fanzine was NOT nominated for the Hugo.

worth something.

Which ought to be



\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* ROY'S WRITINGS \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Hey, Tackett!

Whaaa...?

Is it not that this is supposed to be a science fiction fanzine?

Yeah. Yeah.

So how come it is that you don't write anything about science fiction?

Well....

You do still read science fiction, do you not?

Yeah. Yeah.

So?

Yeah. So I just finished FIVE FATES

by Keith Laumer, Paul Anderson,  
Frank Herbert, Gordon Dickson and Harlan Ellison.

The idea originated, I guess, with Keith Laumer as he is the one who copyrighted the book. Take a common beginning and have five different authors write stories based on that beginning.

Prologue: William Bailey, for whatever reason may be, goes to the Euthanasia Center where his life is (supposedly) ended in an efficient, painless and businesslike manner by the bored clerk on duty.

Go from there or Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?

The First Fate: The Fatal Fulfillment by Poul Anderson

"Death was a stormwind" and God, in the form of a computer which counts one, two, three in binary, recreates Bailey a number of times only to kill him again as Mr Anderson considers some of the possibilities inherent in Lewis Carroll's thoughts about what it will be like when the insane outnumber the sane.

Given: Insanity--or mental illness if you prefer--in the United States has reached epidemic proportions. The federal government passes an assortment of laws and sets up an assortment of commissions, bureaus, agencies, departments, etc., to try to get the situation under control.

Possibility. The Department of Hygiene is essentially a totalitarian organization and the solution to the nut problem (your pardon, gentles, the problem of the mentall ill) involves all of the trappings of the total state: slogans (THINK CLEAN! THINK STRAIGHT! THINK HAPPY!), secret police, spies, rewards for turning in suspected aberrants (rather like the current practices of the Internal Revenue Service), spot checks on the street (Your papers, please...), and all the rest of the trappings so dear to heart of the nuts on the Radical Left and the Radical Right. William Bailey was an aberrant, of course, he was a secret painter and he was found out. When an aberrant is seized he is required to fill out Form 1066 and all that which is a voluntary application for treatment. Failure to fill out the form proves one is incapable and commitment is automatic. "Treatment" consists of those techniques developed over the years by an army of sadists masquerading as psychiatrists and doctors: insulin shock, electric shock, prefrontal lobotomy, cold water baths, deprivation of sleep, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, ringing bells, castration and finally rebuilding of the personality by memory erasure and implantation.

Bailey dies and death was a stormwind....



Possibility. Mental illness is caused by lack of love and rejection in childhood. You gotta love everybody...Bailey awakens in a nursery where a lovely nurse lovingly takes care of him, loves him, makes love to him, teaches love to him, tells him he must love until he can stand no more and takes a knife to her. Lovingly. Final discovery is that the nurse is a robot and the knife cuts through some insulation and short circuits the power supply.

Bailey dies and death was a stormwind....

Possibility. Insanity is an unfortunate situation and those who have been certified as "Unfortunates" are really not responsible therefore it is up to the government to take care of them, to provide food, shelter, clothing and whatever they desire. The Unfortunates are allowed absolute freedom to do whatever they want and non-certified citizens are liable for arrest if they say or do anything to traumatize them. It's a good deal, man, and all sorts of people manage to get themselves certified. Only those who are too stupid, too proud, too four-dimensionally square to climb on the bandwagon, continue to work and pay taxes.

Boy, do they pay taxes. Almost all government revenue is directed towards the welfare of the certified--so much so that to pay the bills for national defense (such as it is--the government backs down at a military threat from Venezuela) the Air Force carries paying passengers and the Navy uses its aircraft carriers as gambling ships (a real floating crapgame).

A beautiful scene here: "A gaggle of men and women, dressed in artistic paint designs and nothing else, posing for the camers of a foreign looking couple: 'I believe those tourists are Russian. We get a great many Russians these days. They laugh and laugh...'"

Bailey attends a party, put on by Unfortunates, and in the ensuing melee the building collapses.

Bailey dies and death was a stormwind....

Possibility. The epidemic of insanity is caused by the pressures of modern, urban, technological civilization. The solution is a return to the simpler life of nature, desert the cities and let technology go... but not completely because robots are needed to plow the fields and fix the fences and take care of the roofs. When a maintenance robot breaks down one sends for an Engineer, a religious functionary, to set things right. Engineering has to be a religious function for only the dedicated will do the work of keeping things going while the rest play at being noble nature boys and girls. However, there were some who, when urban life and technology were whisked away, reverted completely to savagry and a gang of these raid Bailey's community, killing and eating the men, raping the women (dead or alive) and one of them bashes Bailey's head in.

Bailey dies and death was a stormwind....

And then he wakes up.

HE WAKES UP????!!!

FOUL! UNFAIR!

It was all a machine-induced dream as Bailey searches for a solution to the epidemic of insanity.

Violation of Author's Cardinal Rule Number 3.5 which sayeth: Thou shall not get thy stupid hero out of his troubles by making it all a dream.

POUL ANDERSON  
IS UNFAIR

POUL ANDERSON  
IS UNFAIR

PROTEST



The Second Fate: Murder Will In by Frank Herbert

"As the body died, the Tegas/Bacit awoke."

The dual entity of the Tegas/Bacit is central in Murder Will In. It is actually two separate beings which function as one with the Tegas acting as the positive half and the Bacit as the negative half of the partnership and is a mind/emotional parasite which has been using William Bailey as a host. (This concept of two symbiotic beings acting as a parasite on a third is quite interesting.)

With the death of Bailey the Tegas/Bacit is in trouble. As long as it can occupy a host it is effectively immortal but if the host dies without the Tegas/Bacit being able to transfer to a new one it also dies. An emotional parasite, the Tegas/Bacit needs the hook of a strong emotional reaction in order to seize its new host and usually accomplishes the transfer by inciting the new host to murder the old one thus insuring an emotional peak. There is no emotion involved in the death of Bailey in the Euthanasia Center but, with effort, the parasite manages to transfer to the body of one of the attendants, Joe Carmichael. (Interesting item is that the Tegas/Bacit must know the name of its host in order to assume control. Herbert says: "Even on this world, the Tegas recalled early fights, near things that had resulted in rumors, customs, myths and racial fears. All primitives knew the code: 'Never reveal your true name!'" (A code to which I wholeheartedly subscribe which shows you how primitive I am.))

The seizure of Carmichael is done in the presence of Chadrick Vicentelli, Commissioner of Crime Prevention, who had followed Bailey to the Euthanasia Center. He suspects the existence of the Tegas/Bacit. The body of Carmichael is taken to Investigation Central where the Inquisition begins. Again the Tegas shows concern for Vicentelli is a type it normally avoids--cold and unemotional. Eventually, of course, the Tegas manages to arouse emotion in Vicentelli and seizes him and sets off to upset the governmental applecart and make the world safer for the Tegas.

Rather a disappointing story and one that reads as if it were written in a hurry. Herbert employs most of the standard sciencefictional gimmicks: androids, nullgravity lifts, aircars, etc. (The ducted fan aircar has become a favorite cliché of SF but seems likely to join many other standard SF props in never really coming off.) The biggest flaw, however, is that the ending leaves the impression that the Tegas/Bacit is fully aware and in full command of its host. The first line of the story (see above) gives an entirely different impression.

Ah well.....

The Third Fate: Maverick by Gordon R. Dickson

Bailey, non-conformist, anti-social, misfit, maverick ("Who was the tall dark stranger there?") is hired to enter the Euthenasia Center to discover why bodies are disappearing. As soon as the poison enters his body he takes an antidote and his identity is snatched through a Portal where it is installed in the body of a being on a world of bird-people many light years distant from Earth. There Bailey has an assortment of violent adventures and discovers that he can travel through the dimensions by mind power.

Into the air, Junior Birdman.



The Fourth Fate: The Region Between by Harlan Ellison

This one involves some of the wildest typographical gimmicks the field has seen since Bester's The Demolished Man. Ellison tells the story up the page, down the page, across the page and in spirals even.

As Bailey dies his soul is stolen by The Succubus who is in the business of renting souls to his universe-wide clientele.

Wait a minute. WAIT A MINUTE!  
What?  
The Succubus... HIS business??  
That's what it says.  
But the Succubus is female.  
I know that.  
Well, you know that and I know  
that, but doesn't Ellison know  
that?  
I should think it strange if he  
didn't know that.  
So why a male Succubus?  
Who knows?

no something is wrong.  
one day the Succubus catches on  
that something is wrong.  
However, Bailey insists on  
displaying his individuality and  
keeps fouling up the deals until  
that something is wrong.

The Succubus puts Bailey's soul on his lens and looks it over. Bailey looks over the Succubus, drains him of his knowledge and becomes

YWHV?



Who  
else?

DESTROYS

BOOM

THE  
UNIVERSE

Why?  
Why not?



The Fifth Fate: Of Death What Dreams by Keith Laumer

Bailey awakens in a girl's apartment. Which, he muses, is rather strange as he was supposed to be dead in the Euthanasia Center. Well, hell, Bailey decides, if he can't leave the world he might as well go out and conquer it. So he ducks into the underworld, gets a stake and an education and bluffs his way to the top. He makes the climb by gambling and, of course, he is unbeatable.

It is a compulsion, you see. At the very top he charges in on Micael Drans, the grand high doolfroon of the world and pulls a gun.

"No, William Bailey!" cries the girl from the apartment. "Drans mustn't die!"

It seems that Drans, a hundred years or so in the future, reached back through time with his mind to get Bailey out of the Euthanasia Center (after he had taken the shot?) and send him off to make it big so that he could kill Drans in the present because Drans had ordered the destruction of a first contact ship of Eetees and a hundred years later he changed his mind and didn't want to do it so he got Bailey to stop him. Bailey says, well, dammit, Drans, just don't give the order. Drans considers and decided that's the way to do it and Bailey and the girl from the apartment go off hand in hand to welcome the aliens.

FIVE FATES. Really a disappointing book and not one for your "must read" list.

The Anderson is a straight "if this goes on" type of thing and any of the extrapolations are valid...it all depends on which particular school would happen to predominate at the time. The business of making it all a dream is quite amateurish and something one does not expect of an old pro like Anderson. Fie.

Frank Herbert's contribution is likewise disappointing. Routine cliché stf.

Gordon Dickson's story is one that would have been appreciated by Woody Wolfe. It is straight fantastic adventure of the old school--the type that once appeared in ARGOSY. Full of inconsistencies.

The Ellison is typical Ellison: full of sound and fury signifying nothing.

And Laumer's own tale is also typical cliché stf.

Ah, well.....

The Sixth Fate: Wherein it is revealed what really happened to William Bailey when the thin man gave him the shot in the Euthanasia Center

THE END

-----  
YOBBER TO THE VERY END!  
-----

A bit of useless information for Earl Evers:

The County Commission of Skamania County, Washington, have passed a law decreeing five years in jail and a \$10,000 fine for anyone found guilty of killing a Sasquatch in Skamania County...the first time in history an animal has been saved before it was found.



A communication has been received from on high.

Which is to say that we, er, I, that is, have been in touch with the Sainted Tucker.

He expresses his concern with the current state of fandom.

"Whither," he asks, "Wollheim?"

Indeed.

Tucker has, I consider, presented the most significant question to be raised in fandom in, yes, more than a decade. Perhaps two even.

Consider it, o my fellow fen, consider it most carefully:

Whither Wollheim?

There are ramifications, deep ramifications I may say, here. A whole host of significant, yes, most significant, pertinent, I say, to the very basic structure of fandom, points are laid open to consideration by this one, seemingly simple but, in truth, highly complex, indeed, I may say, of Van Vogtian complexity, interrogatory statement.

Whither Wollheim?

We may well ask, for example, is the Futurian philosophy and movement buried and forgotten? Do we, o my fellow fen, in this complex and uncertain time, no longer recall the words and works of Wollheim? Of Lowndes? Of Pohl? Of Michel?

Indeed we may ask if Wollheim himself has become so enmeshed in middle aged middle class middlingness that he himself no longer recalls those things now fading into the mists of the past?

Whither Wollheim?

Indeed!

There is much talk these days of resurgence in fandom.

Yes.

It is time for resurgence I say. It is time, I say, to raise once again the glorious Futurian banner, to rally to the cause and to set forth, I say, to save humanity with science and sanity.

And again it is time, I say, for all trufen to embark on a quest, a veritable quest, to wrest the Gholy Ghrail from the vile clutches of the misled and deluded followers of that pretender, FooFoo, and to bring the TRUTH of the Gholy Ghibble to the neos among us.

GhuGhu lives!

-----  
Klaatu Borada Nikto  
-----

ED COX...doodle in this space



With some reluctance  
and under pressure from the

ALBUQUERQUE  
SCIENCE FICTION, GOURMAND AND BUNNY WATCHING SOCIETY

I am forced to announce that

NEW MEXICON III

"The Bubonicon"

is scheduled for the Ramada Inn East in Albuquerque on

27 and 28 August 1971

As with all ASFG events this conference will be a model of informality. Uneventful even.

Come to Bubonicon.

See the dancing rats.

Not to mention rabbits,  
squirrels and prairie  
dogs.

SERCON FANS!

FANNISH FANS!

A plague on both your houses.

For information on ~~rats~~ rates, details, et cetera, write to

Bob Vardeman  
P. O. Box 11352  
Albuquerque, New Mexico  
87112

~~~~~  
Ted Pauls has a sensitive fannish face.

But he walks funny.

Like a rubber ~~duck~~ Baltimore Oriole.

~~~~~  
The first Sunday of the year 1971 (by the Christian reckoning) was marked in Albuquerque by three unusual events: a snowfall, a meeting and an earthquake.

The snowfall, the first of the winter, was light (only two or three inches) by most standards, however it was accompanied by plummeting temperatures. The snowfall started about two a.m. Sunday morning. Since it was Sunday the city government of Albuquerque presumably decided to save the taxpayers some money...after all, if the road crews are called out on Sunday then overtime has to be paid...so no effort was made to do anything about the streets and, what the hell, it'll melt in a couple of days anyway. Of course I don't live in the city so I really can't bitch but Vardeman does and he did.



The city fathers, and everybody else, got fooled. True, it melted slightly Monday, just enough to insure that the snow turned to ice. Tuesday was the coldest day ever recorded in Albuquerque. So was Wednesday. So was Thursday. Temperatures dropped to -20°F. Which may not seem bad to people in Dakota or Minnesota or Don Dailey in Alaska but that is around 40 degrees below our normal nighttime temperatures this time of the year and Albuquerque just wasn't prepared for that sort of cold. Results were <sup>assured</sup> predictable. All except for one--Southern Union Gas Company, which had New Mexicans that sufficient natural gas was available to meet any need (this was earlier in the season when there were reports of fuel shortages in the east) ran out of gas; even though the military bases, the power generating stations and other large consumers switched to standby fuels and a number of stores voluntarily curtailed their hours, SUG was unable to meet the greatly increased demand and a number of communities were without heat. The State Public Service Commission has announced it will investigate.... Haw!

Actually it wasn't too bad around Tack's Seitch--I ran short of sleep for a while making sure that all continued to function properly during the night. The only major loss was the irrigation pump but it was old anyway and in need of replacing. (I had mentioned to Bill Danner a while back that maintenance of plumbing was the most expensive thing around here. He put forth the question of taxes; taxes are not too bad here in the village although if I lived in the city it would be something else...but if I lived in the city I would have the plumbing expenses either.)

I seem to have wandered a bit.

The second major event of the first Sunday of the year was the first meeting of 1971 of the Albuquerque Science Fiction Group--or what is left of it. In the last couple of years the club has slowly dwindled until there are only about six of us left. When Star Trek left the air we lost our Trekkies and various others have moved or developed other interests. This past meeting was held at the home of Hizzoner Jack Speer and besides Hizzoner the only attendees were Bob Vardeman, Mike Montgomery, Harry Morris and HORT. Topics of discussion centered around Arthur Clarke's appearance on CAMERA THREE and the general low state of the SF field at the present time. Speer said he was sorry to hear that as it meant that by the time he caught up with 1970, around 1990 or thereabouts, he was in for some poor reading. A vigorous discussion of air pollution followed Hizzoner's attempt to dispose of his Christmas tree in his fireplace without opening the chimney.

The meeting broke up when Vardeman attempted to get me to make some decisions in matters pertaining to Bubonicon. I grabbed my coat, mutter "See you nexttime" and dashed out the door.

The third event of the Sunday of note (that's not what I intended to write, you realize, but it requires too much effort to make a correction) was the earth "tremor" as the newsmedia put it. (I'm cheating a bit. It actually happened a few minutes past midnight so was technically on Monday.) On 29 November a slight rocking tremor hit the Albuquerque area. Nothing to get excited about. Sunday night's (well, Monday morning, if you insist) tremor was a bit more emphatic, rather a sharp shifting motion. The local TV stations immediately rushed "expert" opinion and analysis onto the air and various pundits showed up with graphs and charts--none of which



local front.

Bubonicon seems to be definite but make your inquiries of Vardeman not of me.

None of the officer's knew

it for three years.

Not that it mattered because they didn't know they were officers of the NFFF anyway.

From Earth Abides:

"It has never happened!" cannot be construed to mean, 'It can never happen!'—as well say, 'Because I've never broken my leg, my leg is unbreakable,' or 'Because I've never died, I am immortal.' One thinks first of some great plague of insects—locusts or grasshoppers—when the species suddenly increases out of all proportion, and then just as dramatically sinks to a tiny fraction of what it has recently been. The higher animals also fluctuate. The lemmings work upon their cycle. The snowshoe-rabbits build up through a period of years until they reach a climax when they seem to be everywhere; then with dramatic suddenness their pestilence falls upon them. Some zoologists have even suggested a biological law: that the number of individuals in a species never remains constant, but always rises and falls—the higher the animal and the slower its breeding-rate, the longer its period of fluctuation.

"During most of the nineteenth century the African buffalo was a common creature on the veldt. It was a powerful beast with few natural enemies, and if its census could have been taken by decades, it would have proved to be increasing steadily. Then toward the century's end it reached its climax, and was suddenly struck by a plague of rinderpest. Afterwards the buffalo was almost a curiosity, extinct in many parts of its range. In the last fifty years it has again slowly built up its numbers.

"As for man, there is little reason to think that he can in the long run escape the fate of other creatures, and if there is a biological law of flux and reflux, his situation is now a highly perilous one. During ten thousand years his numbers have been on the upgrade in spite of wars, pestilences, and famines. This increase in population has become more and more rapid. Biologically, man has for too long a time been rolling an uninterrupted run of sevens."

George R. Stewart

Snake-eyes!

The Moon's north node in Leo and south node in Aquarius.

2.12 The name and design shall not be extended to any other award whatsoever.

Handy order form on Reverse Side.

Sincerely yours, (Miss) Susan Petty, Secretary, R.S. Enterprises.

In composing this thing and running it off I am assuming Bill Marsh knows what he is talking about...

As Janus Quadrifrons he presided over crossroads.

## Does Death Release You?



As you will recall, Ish,

in our last we printed a communication from C. W. John declaring that he had no respect for "Yippies"(whatever they may be) as they had no purpose.

Klaus Boschen (who has a new address: LPO 11346, Livingston College, New Brunswick, NJ 08903) replied that Yippies did, indeed, have a purpose and sent along a copy of "part of the YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY MANIFESTO". I have forwarded same to CWJ but the only thing I've heard from him recently was a postcard postmarked Rawalpajahor and containing some nonsense about the race that will rule the sevagram. Om. Be that as it may, or what it may (I once knew a girl named May) all of you fine readers out there in readerland may be interested in this so here is "part of the YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY MANIFESTO":

### WE ARE A PEOPLE

We are a new nation  
We believe in life  
And we want to live now  
We want to alive 24 hours a day  
Nine to five Amerika doesn't even live on weekends

Amerika is a death machine. It is run  
on and for money whose power  
determines a society based on war  
racism, sexism, and the destruction  
of the planet. Our life-energy is the  
greatest threat to the machine

So they're out to stop us  
They have to make us like them  
They cut our hair, ban our music  
festivals, put cops and narcs in the  
schools, put 200,000 of us in jail  
for smoking flowers, induct us,  
house-wife us, Easy-Murder us.

Amerika has declared war on our  
New Nation!

....."We will continue to seize control of our minds and bodies. We can't do it in their schools, so we'll take them over or create our own. We can't do it in their Army, so we'll keep them from taking our brothers. We can't make it in their jobs, so we'll work only to survive. We can't relate to each other like they do--our nation is based on cooperation not competition.

We will provide for all that we need to build and defend our nation. We will teach each other the true history of Amerika so that we may learn for the past to survive in the present. We will teach each other tactics of self-defense. We will provide free health services: birth control and abortions, drug information, medical care, that this society is not providing us with.

We will begin to take control of drug manufacture and distribution, and stop the flow of bad shit. We will make sure everyone has a decent place to live: we will fight landlords, renovate buildings, live communally, have places for sisters and brothers from out-of-town, and for runaways and freed prisoners. We will set up national and international



transportation and communication so that we can be together with our sisters and brothers from different parts of the country and the world. We will fight the unnatural division between cities and country by facilitating travel and communication".....

So endeth the "part of, et cetera". There would seem to be more but, alas, that is all that Klaus Boschen sent me. I am tempted to comment even though I know I should leave it to C. W. John.

However...

There are some points in this short document that are pertinent although there is a whining tone of self-pity running through it that detracts from whatever pronouncements may be worth considering. I am amused by the semantic implications of the use of the "k" in the spelling of America. It is intended, no doubt, to represent harshness, to conjure up visions of the totalitarian state. These people have never seen a totalitarian state. There are, certainly, some disturbing trends in the continuing infiltration of military influence into all phases of society and in the, fortunately, still tenuous call for repression from the so-called silent majority although this is more of a protest against boat-rocking than any real desire for stern measures. "It's a quiet town..." and people want to keep it that way. The point is that startling social changes can be brought about as long as they are imposed lawfully on the apathetic majority. There is more than a grain of truth in the statement quoted above that "Nine to five America doesn't even live on weekends." Most of it simply exists.

For my own part I cannot argue with the second paragraph of the "Manifesto". There is too much truth in it. Let me add, however, that this observation is not original with the YIP. There is no solution, however, in music festivals or smoking flowers of themselves.

The fatal weakness of the YIP philosophy is revealed in the 4th paragraph quoted above: the admission "We can't make it." We can't make it in the schools, in the Army, in jobs...no matter what they attempt they won't make it for what we have here, it seems to me, is a group that finds the going too tough and that expects to have the world handed to them. No. Don't tell me you can't make it and expect any sympathy from me.

"We will provide for all that we need...free health services: birth control and abortions, drug information, medical care, that this society is not providing us with. Overlooking the point that all these "health services" are presently available, I would ask "how?". We can't make it in the schools or in the jobs...uneducated and untrained, how does the YIP intend to provide these things? With shamans and medicine men?

I think the funniest thing in this manifesto is this: "We will begin to take control of drug manufacture and distribution, and stop the flow of bad shit." Is that one of your greatest concerns? Can you imagine what would happen to this bunch of amateurs should they tangle with the professionals of the Syndicate?

So I'll tell you...I am fed up with Yippies and Hippies and freaks and other useless types who bitch about how sick society is and how things have to change and when one asks them what they are doing to make things better they pop another pill and say "I'm dropping out" and what the hell good does that do? I'm beginning to suspect that the whole movement for social change--which looked as if it might have had a chance not too long ago--is being deliberately sidetracked with utter nonsense and dope. When you are deep in a dream you don't worry about what's happening in the real world.



## SELECTED COMMUNICATIONS

MIKE KRING, P. O. Box 626, Sabinal, Texas 78881

Why is everybody knocking Dallas? DCon is also gonna be Southwestercon something-or-other, so that might be the reason for the all night movies, the AMA film festival, art show, etc. I guess you'd like to see a con with no neo-fans, movies, art, music, just hour after hour of discussions of the literary merits of using a super z-ray in the modern stf novel and other such stuff. Fat chance. What's wrong with showing old films like "Things to Come" or an old Capt. America serial for fans (like me) who weren't even born when the films released? What's wrong with an art show? A music concert? If you'll read the ad closely, it'll show that DCon isn't to be strictly a stf-con. I'm not sure about the fans who inhabit the Texas-Oklahoma-Kansas area (which throws the Southwestercon) but I don't think they'll throw fits if a few old movies are shown or a few old radio programs broadcast.

Your last line was hilarious. May you live in interesting times indeed! We're threatened with death and extinction by pollution, starvation by over-population, the ever-happy prospect of nuclear war, a government that threatens to revert to McCarthyism, outright revolution, and other cheerful things. Nope, I guess I couldn't be living in a duller age since life began on our planet.

Robert Snider, 553 South F, Tulare, Calif., 93274

You say change is possible within the system. I agree. But total change isn't and that's what we need.

Also you seem to be concerned about overpopulation and pollution. Both of problems could be solved by temporarily quitting using machines. Say for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years. This would probably kill off about  $\frac{1}{2}$  the population by starvation. Then maintaining this amount by enforced birth control and again using machines. This is the logical thing to do. Of course because human beings are illogical it will never be done.

Kenneth Scher, 3119 Mott Ave., Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691

I can't help feeling that Ted Pauls is contradicting himself in his letter. He says that he was trying to introduce politics to fandom (or rather, fandom to mundane politics). Then he says that there should be room for all sorts in fandom. Make up your mind, Ted..if there is room for everyone in fandom, there is room for those who just don't give a damn about politics. The idea is not to scream about it but to get people convinced...which KIPPLE (RIP) was doing quite well.

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Ill. 61745

Hello, Risen From the Grave;

And you look a bit moldy, too. I think I see a few strings of sphagnum moss hanging from the shortarm.

I appreciate receiving your Sterling Fanzines, in or out of Fapa, and usually read them the Very Same Day They Arrive. That's how much I value the word from old New Mexico. Did Speer tell you that he and Ruth stopped in here on day late last summer, and spent a few hours resting while his tank was being patched? His gas tank. Other small towns have speed traps but



Heyworth has service traps. The proprietors of our garages and service stations cunningly place nuts, bolts, bottles and scrap iron on the highways round and about the village, at a calculated distance which allows the wounded motorist to just barely reach a station and gratefully purchase repairs and/or assistance. Jack fell victim to a piece of scrap iron which ruptured the gas tank, and limped into the drive way of the Tucker homestead spewing high octane fuel all over the place. The noxious liquid killed all my prize dandelions but a local station owner made a small fortune off him.

Ruth gave me a nice picture of our meeting, though: Jack is on his knee paying homage to The Master.

X  
Leon Tawher, Box 89, Seymour, Ind. 47274

I did not know C. W. Wolfe either personally or through correspondence, but I was indeed an admiring observer. He was--on paper at least, and doubtlessly in the flesh as well--a pleasant and compassionate man who had polished his erudition to an attractive degree. I regret his tragic loss.

X  
Bob Vardeman, P. O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M. 87112

Pass it along. Albuquerque is throwing a con in '71.

XXX

As mentioned above, Arthur C. Clarke recently appeared on Camera Three with assorted comments about 2001, A Space Odyssey. He mentioned that it would probably be the last major space film that was not filmed on location.

Must not be any planned for a long, long time.

X

LIFE MAGAZINE recently carried an article on the first true thinking machine--a robot that could actually reason and make decisions on its own although of a very simple nature at present. The developers declared that 15 years would really show the development of sophisticated robots (on a par, perhaps, with HAL?). The gentleman in charge of the robot then gave it an order to go out on the dock and load a crate. The robot mulled the thing over and went out through the door to load the crate, proceeding on its own of course.

Which prompted on reader to wonder what would have happened if Dr. Whozit had been standing in the doorway....

Perhaps someone should send our budding robotic engineers a copy of Asmov's three laws of robotics....

Letter here from Dave Piper (New address for him, too: 7 Cranley Drive, Ruislip, Middlesex, HA4 6BZ, U.K. (Egad, and we think our ZIP codes are bad...)). Appears to have come across the Atlantic on the bottom of someone's shoe. Did I mention that I received the May issue of SCOTTISHE in late November? Even the Pilgrims made better time than that. Did you know that Thanksgiving is a discriminatory holiday...it was declared by A. Lincoln during the Civil War, you know, and, since the first colony (English, that is) was in Virginia, which was, as you all know, a part of the Confederacy (save your money...) old Abe just naturally recognized Plymouth as first. I seem to be veering. Anyway, I have this letter from Dave Piper and....and I seem to be at the bottom of the page. Sorry about that, Dave. Better luck next time.







Civilization, says Mr Webster, is a state of social culture characterized by relative progress in the arts, science, and statecraft; social organization of a high order. To civilize is to bring out of savagry or barbarism, to instruct in the ways of an advanced society, to better the habits or manners, to refine.

Indeed.

Mr Webster also notes that the word is used to connote specific cultures such as Western or European civilization and uses as an example that contact with civilization is often fatal to savage peoples.

Or, as one old timer put it in discussing the American adventure in the Philippines early in this century, "We civilized 'em with Krag's."

We are, perhaps, advanced (relatively, that is) in the arts and science although certainly "statecraft" is no more advanced now than it was in the paleolithic.

Social organization of a high order...like ants? The cities these days are little more than massive anthills.

Civilization. An artist paints a landscape on canvas while the real thing is buried under asphalt and concrete. We can travel thousands of miles in a few hours and make the air unbreathable by doing it. New methods of agriculture and insect control produce food in fantastic abundance and poison the ground and the water and the very ocean. Coyotes are predators that now and then take a chicken or a lamb so the farmer poisons the coyote and then has to poison the rabbits the coyotes kept under control and the poison washes into the land and the water.

Laney spoke of the approaching collapse of civilization.

Civilization...man reaching for the stars and burying himself--and the world--in garbage.

Civilization, it appears, is killing us...and the world.

Back in those days, when Laney wrote his piece and before, I used to think of how I wanted to live to see the 21st Century because the world would surely be such a wonderful place. Now I figure that if I live to see the 21st Century I'll be one of the few that does. And the world won't be very wonderful.

I wonder if Laney would now view the prospect of the collapse of civilization with such alarm? If civilization is destroying the world--and it is--what is the alternative? The destruction of civilization? Is that unthinkable? If the car of Jagannath goes on unswerving, out of control, no way to change its course, is there an alternative to stopping it? And if there is no way to stop it other than to destroy it?

Unthinkable?



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