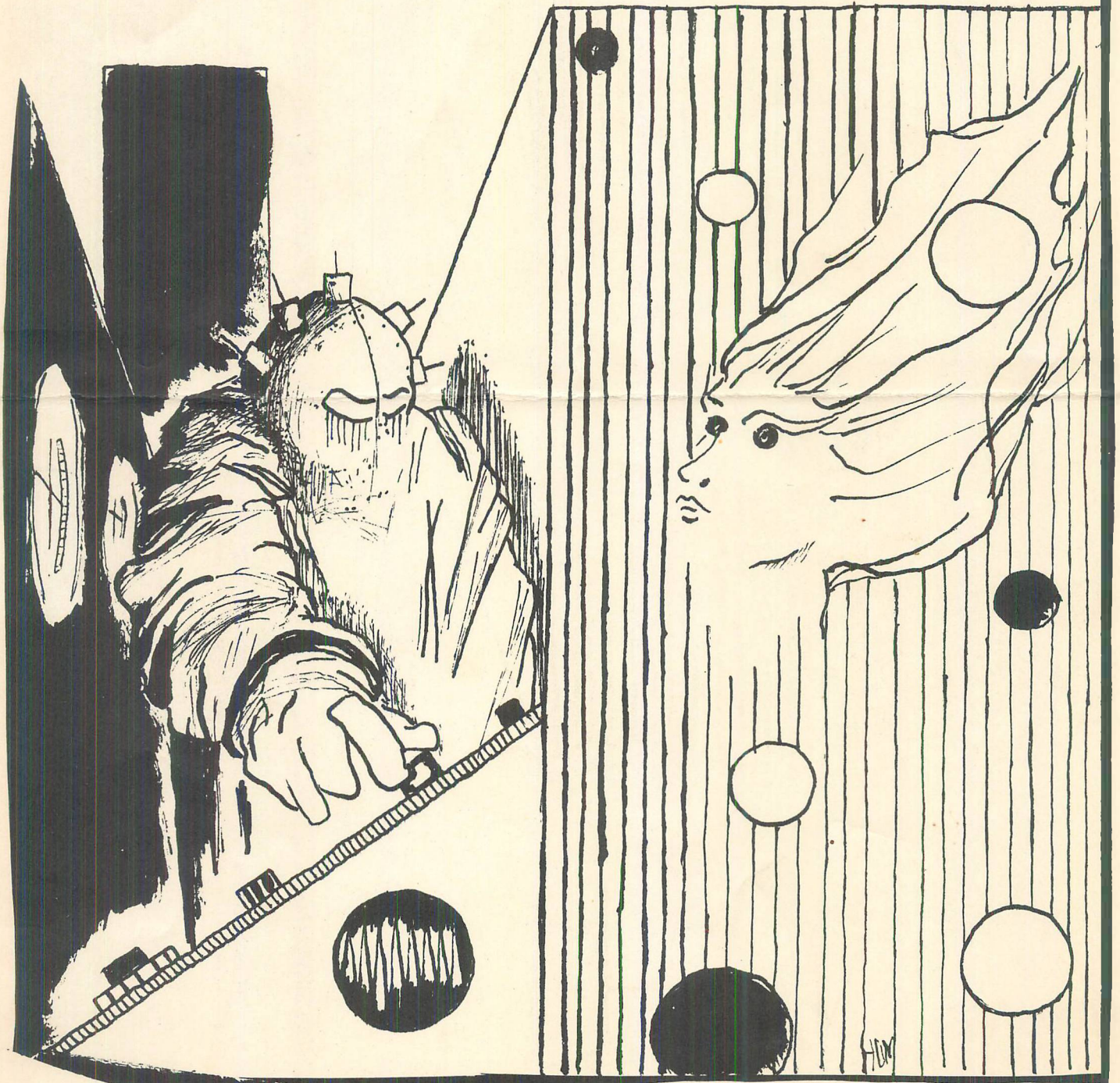


11-16-72

50

# DYNATRON







DYNATRON. Would you believe ~~the~~ 50th issue? Or, to put it the way the advertising people do, a full half-hundred. By this time I shouldn't have to list all this stuff but....DYNATRON is a fanzine (see Webster's 3rd) devoted mostly to fantasy, science fiction, and things more or less pertaining there to. Published quarterly by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107. Dynatron is available through the usual means including 25¢ in United States tokens.

### CONTENTS

What Am I Doing Here? by LEN MOFFATT.....	3
A Fan-Annish Carol by BOB VARDEMAN.....	9
Tokyo File by TAKUMI SHIBANO.....	11
Kinnison by RENE TACKETT.....	12
E. E. Smith's Literary Offenses by MIKE GLYER.....	13
The Arisian Connection by ALEXIS GILLILAND.....	19
Damn the Beanies! Full SpeedAhead! by ALJO SVOBCDA.....	21
<u>LETTERS:</u>	
Mike Montgomery (with Doug Lovenstein illos).....	23
Mike Glicksohn.....	26
Mike Shoemaker.....	26
Rose Hogue.....	27
Jack Speer.....	28
Harry Warner.....	29
Terry Hughes.....	30
Sheryl Birkhead.....	31
Jackie Franke.....	31
Dan Goodman.....	32
Writings in the Sand by Roy Tackett.....	33

Cover by HARRY MORRIS

DYNATRON #50  
12th Annish.

A Marinated Publication

dated September 1972



## WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

by

LEN MOFFATT

A couple of years ago at Westercon 23, the Fan Guest of Honor, my good friend Sir Richard Sneary, gave a speech that was entitled: "What Are You Doing Here?"

Rick's speech did not exactly plunge all of fandom into bloody war, but it was considered somewhat controversial by some segments of our local fannish population. Among other things, he gave his definition of the term "Trufan" and then proceeded to strongly imply that many of those in attendance were not really Trufans, in the old, truffannish sense of the word. Some took umbrage at this because they incorrectly assumed that Rick was denying them their right to join and attend Westercons--or Worldcons, for that matter. One might say that this was a myth-conception of what Rick really meant.

There were even some Trufans present who thought that Rick was criticising their being interested or involved in a variety of things. Not so. As a matter of fact in order for one to be a Trufan he or she must be interested in all sorts of things and should not be totally devoted to just one phase of crifanac.

Rick's whole thesis was based on the obvious fact that the regional conventions--especially the Wesercons in recent times, and Worldcons were becoming too big and unwieldy. What can or cannot be done about this--or, for that matter, what should or should not be done about this--will probably be discussed at one or more of the Westercon History panels at this convention, so I won't go into detail on that problem here.

I merely want to point out that Rick saw no reason why the various special interests groups should not have their own conventions. And that of course is exactly what they are doing. The Mythcon is being held in conjunction with the Westercon this year but I doubt if that will happen again in the foreseeable future. Of course as far as I am concerned the foreseeable future is about one minute from now--and I'm not too sure about that, so I'm not really setting myself up as a Prophet.

There have been comics conventions and no doubt there will be more, and this year will see the beginning of the fantasy film fans convention, and so on. I should insert a plug for the Bouchercon here. If you are a fan of mystery, detective or suspense fiction and are looking for a convention devoted to same, see Bruce Pelz or June and me, later.



Two years ago, shortly before I heard Rick's speech, I was asked to be the Fan Guest of Honor at this Westercon. After hearing Sir Richard's declamation I was at once inspired and frustrated. Inspired, because Rick proved that a fan guest of honor could be as witty and as charming and as controversial as a pro guest of honor, and frustrated because I knew that I'd never be able to produce a speech that was as good as his. Not better, mind you, just as good as. In a way, it was a challenge and one I did not like as I have never been on a competitive basis with my two best friends, Rick Sneary and Stan Woolston, except for an occasional exchange of friendly insults, and I really didn't want to compete with Rick. Or with anybody for that matter.

June and I were unable to attend last year's Westercon so we didn't get to hear Don Simpson's speech, so I didn't have to worry about that. All I had to worry about, really, was what in the world I should talk about. And I had two years to think about it.

Let me tell you something, friends. Two years is too damned long. And, paradoxically, the fastest two years in history. I thought about it a lot. I also thought about Rick's speech a lot. In the meanwhile, among other things, I was writing and re-writing my fannish memoirs for publication in FAPA. For those who are interested we may publish them as a one shot volume after the FAPA serialization. And I kept trying to come up with a speech for this convention, or at least a working title--something to get me started. And I kept going back to Rick's speech....

Hey, I said to myself one day, after devouring a peanut butter and pickle burrito and drinking a bottle of Dos Equis. What was the title of Rick's speech?

Oh yes. "What Are You Doing Here?" Immediately I was Inspired again. And not quite so Frustrated. I had a title! I had a springboard...a Jumping Off Place? Well, anyway, I had Something. And so, friends, the title of my speech is:

#### WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

Am I a Trufan? Should I use what I've written of my fannish memoirs to entertain you all? Would it really be entertaining? Of course, when you've been in fandom as long as I have it is natural to talk about the glories and the disappointments, the laughter and tears, of the past.

I'm I'm sure that even the younger fans present understand what I mean. After all, if they can produce phonograph records labeled Oldies but Goodies, and the songs listed on the jadet are from the Sixties, leave us not hear any carping about nostalgia from the young'uns. The Sixties? Hell, that was only yesterday.

Am I a Trufan? I have a one word answer for that: Dambetcha! Do I believe that fandom is a way of life? Negative! No! Never! For me fandom has always been a hobby, and as a hobby, a very important part of my life. I won't say that some of my best friends are fans, but I can say, and proudly, that almost all of my best friends are fans. Had I not discovered fandom to my own little world--back in 19-0-39--I would never have met these friends. And, more important, I would never have met June.



Trufan? Yes, I have done all the things that a Trufan is supposed to do. If there is something I've missed--well, I'll do that tomorrow. After all, fans are supposed to be forward-looking. We dream of a better future and try to make for a better today by simply being fannish.

I have helped organize and produce conventions, published fanzines, written articles, stories and verse for fanzines, done all kinds of club work, drank beer with an h in it, flirted with Mythopoeic girls, sat up all night to listen to Poul Anderson sing bawdy songs, and I think I even read one of Lloyd Biggle's stories.

What is fannishness anyway? I'll tell you what it is. That is, I'll tell you what it is in my book. In some books it is feuding and hassling and wheeling and dealing and one upmanship and clever insults and on into the night. But, friends, as far as I am concerned, that is so much bullshit. And that's one word. No space. No hyphen. If you don't believe me, ask John Dann MacDonald. He has a rubber stamp in Old English Letters. When he gets a crank letter (as many authors do), he stamps it and returns it to sender. Never hears from 'em again.

Fannishness is nothing more--and certainly nothing less--than human-ness. I have contended for years, and I will right up until the day of my funeral, and they cart my carcass off to the graveyard with a dixie band blowing "Saints"--both going to and coming from, I want no dirges at my planting--that fans are people. We aren't slans--though I have run into a few who could qualify as odd johns--and we aren't sub-human either. We are just people, some with brains, some without, some with brawn, some without. A goodly portion of us wear glasses because we tend to read a lot, but most of the people who work in my very mundane office wear glasses and Foo knows they aren't fans.

We are people. People with a hobby. One of the worlds most interesting, entertaining, educational, and inspiring hobbies. And because we are people, we--just like all the other people in the world--are all too often guilty of yahooism. I could talk for the next several hours on the yahoos but I suspect I should be swift about this rather than Swiftian.

Yes, I am a Trufan and there are times when I suspect that I am almost as sercon as Moskowitz and as boyishly enthusiastic as Ackerman. Shucks, I still think of Forry as the Number One Face and Tucker as the Number one-and-a-half Face.

Those of you in the audience who aren't Trufans can become one. You have to be nutty enough and energetic enough to become involved--for instance, in three conventions, two fanzines, and writing commitments for other fanzines, as well as attending club meetings and so on--all within the year. Sometimes I think the nuttiness is more important than the energy. Somehow you always find the energy (never mind about the time; there never will be enough time to do everything ) and you get it all done, and swear, resolve, and otherwise pray that next year you will commit yourself to less, and thus have time to catch up on your reading, or your personal letter writing. After all, that is what started you in the hobby in the first place: reading and then communicating with others who liked to read the same kind of stories.



As I've said, I discovered fandom in the summer of 1939. I lived in Chewton, Pennsylvania, and was 15 years old. Chewton was--and is--a little village, just across the Beaver River (or Creek) from Wampum. You might find Wampum on the map because it is a railroad stop and has a post office. It also had a newsstand.

Now at this point I am going to do a Bradbury and read to you from a portion of my work. If Alan Hershey is present he is permitted to crawl under a table and take a nap. That's an old Outlander Society in joke, and if you want an explanation it will cost you two drinks later: one for me and one for Alan.

The following is taken from the last section of Part One of Partial Recall. FAPA members present who have read it are also permitted to crawl under their tables and take a nap....

I rarely visited the newsstand in Wampum except for the monthly trip to pick up the latest DOC, as I knew I couldn't afford to buy anything else that caught my eye. Why I hadn't discovered s-f mags earlier I don't know, but it wasn't until 1939 that I discovered AMAZING STORIES on one of those monthly visits. I happened to have some extra change, and bought a copy.

Soon I realized that there was a whole magazine field devoted to this type of fiction, and that the Wells, Verne and Swift that I had read were proud members of the category known as science fiction. And, the letter column revealed that there were many s-f readers (or "fans") like myself--and here was one offering a sample copy of his fanzine--some sort of amateur publication with the fascinating title of LE ZOMBIE. It was but the work of a moment to post him a card, requesting same.

The one boyhood friend with whom I was most simpatico at the time borrowed my copy of AMAZING and expressed equal enthusiasm. Lefty was an occasional rather than an avid reader. Much of his non-school reading was devoted to WILD WEST WEEKLY, a mag I also enjoyed by borrowing it from him.

Realizing that there were other s-f fans in the world and that some of them had clubs and magazines, my first impulse was to start a local s-f club. Surely among our friends we would find a few more boys who could be interested in stories of the future, time-travel, and wonder after wonder.

Lefty went along with the idea as much out of habit as out of enthusiasm. He and I were given to schemes that usually required more work or money than we could muster. Oddly enough, the more grandiose ideas were his, and as he did have more spending money than most of the kids in the neighborhood, I'd go along with him, waxing more and more enthusiastic, in the hopes that for once we would carry out the idea to its ultimate success. But our movie-making company, our radio station, to name a couple of his ideas, never got beyond the detailed planning stage. His interest would wane, and the project would be dropped in favor of something "more interesting."

But I was already planning the program for the first meeting of the Chewton Science Fiction Club. AMAZING featured a "science quiz" and



this would be our program. I would give the quiz, as I had already read it and had seen the answers. Lefty could be a contestant as he had read only the stories in the magazine and had ignored the departments. All we needed were a few more members--and perhaps they could contribute something interesting and entertaining to the meeting.

My initial inquiries around the village brought little response, but a couple of brothers, from the Italian family up the street, were willing to participate. They didn't mix much with the other kids, having strict, Old World, parents who kept them busy at home most of the time. But they took music lessons from Uncle John, and were able to obtain their parents' permission to visit with Lefty and me in my home.

Lefty, Joe, Jim and I sat around the kitchen table, and I called the meeting to order.

I held the science quiz as planned, and could see right away that Joe and Jim were not happy. They had developed no fondness for school or for reading of any kind. Having to attend school in the winter was bad enough without "playing school" in the summertime, for Crissakes! I gently overruled their objections, pointing out that we should all be interested in science--and consequently science fiction--for the discoveries and inventions of science would make our world a wondrous place in which to live, etc., etc.

My sermon seemed to have little or no effect on their attitude, but I continued with the quiz anyway, and they did attempt some half-hearted answers. Lefty won, of course, but I don't remember what the prize was, if any.

As only Lefty and I had read the stories in the magazine, there didn't seem to be much point in discussing them, especially with the lack of interest being shown by Joe and Jim. So I hurried on to the entertainment part of the meeting.

Joe and Jim were taking lessons on the guitar and mandolin, respectively, and at my request had brought along their instruments to serenade us with one or two duets. I introduced them as though I was addressing a room full of people, and must admit I felt kind of silly about it even then.

Joe and Jim sat back from the table, picked up their instruments, and spent several minutes twanging the strings and twisting the knobs in an effort to arrive at a similar key. Presently they decided that they were in tune (with each other, if not with the infinite) and proceeded to play a slow, dirge-like piece. At least, I assumed it was a dirge because of the pace, and I was a bit disappointed, for I had expected something livelier from Italians, having some familiarity with the dance-type music heard at Italian weddings. (It was probably a hymn that Uncle John had taught them.)

But then, they were only beginners, and perhaps that dirge-like piece was appropriate to that first and only meeting of the Chewton Science Fiction Club. I led the half-hearted applause, and neither Lefty nor I suggested an encore.



I can't recall exactly how the meeting ended; perhaps a mental block as it no doubt ended on an embarrassed and dismal note, in keeping with the musical rendition rather than with my hopes and dreams.

But my hopes and dreams were not dashed never to rise again. I knew that there were stfans hither and yon, and that it was possible that I'd find some kindred spirits somewhere within visiting distance.

And that ends the first part of my fannish memoirs. And of course I did find kindred spirits through letter-writing and fanzines and eventually in person.

I have generally enjoyed my 33 years of crifanac to date and I expect to continue to do so. I said "generally" because there have been times of unhappiness connected with the hobby. It's a hobby of friends, and when friends gafiate, or worse, die, there is just no one to replace them. For fans, after all, are people, and when the bell tolls for one it tolls for all of us.

And to list all of the specific times and ways that I have enjoyed fandom would take hundreds and hundreds of pages. I know that I'll never be able to get all of it into my written fam memoirs, let alone into a speech at a convention.

Now if I have sounded quite egotistical, I just want all of you to know that I have never thought of myself as a Big Name Fan.

But I am, by Foo, a Trufan, and proud of it.

What am I doing here?

Well, if I don't know now...I never will....

LEN MOFFATT  
6/29/72

\*\*\*\*\*

-----  
The above was, of course, the transcript of Len Moffatt's fan guest of honor speech, delivered at Westercon XXV. I am most happy to have it in these pages.

Shortly before we departed Albuquerque for Westercon I received a call from Marsha Elkin asking me if I would be a nominator for Len and June Moffatt. Certainly, I answered, and then asked what they were being nominated for. I will, unhesitatingly, back Len and June for anything. They are, it appears, standing for TAFF.

I can think of no better candidates for the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund than Len and June Moffatt. They are charming and witty people, trufans indeed, deeply involved in all phases of fan activity, and will make excellent TAFF representatives and administrators.

If I get the forms in time there will be TAFF ballots enclosed with this issue. Wholeheartedly and enthusiastically I solicit your support of

LEN AND JUNE MOFFATT FOR TAFF



A FAN-ANNISH CAROL (FILKSONG?)

by

BOB VARDEMAN

"Ebenezer Tackett! Ebenezer!"

"Eh? Whosit?" cried Roy Tackett, being awakened by the clanking of mimeos and the unearthly voice. "Who's there? Who dares to disturb my somnolent meditations? And me with a deadline to meet."

"Ebenezer, I am the ghost of faanish past. I am the first of three to visit you this night."

"I just wish you'd have called first. Bloody nuisance putting up fans on such short notice."

"You don't understand, do you Ebenezer Tackett? I and those who follow this midnight are here to show you the error of your ways. After 50 issues you still have not learned!"

"Learned? What do you mean? I can slipsheet--and speaking of sheets, your's are a little tacky, aren't they? No self-respecting ghost should have such dirty sheets..."

"Yes, I know. Many gallons of mimeo ink and corflu have been spilled on me in past visitations--not to mention bheer and other things. But it is you, you! whom I am to discuss."

"You who have published for 12 years. You who still do not see THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS!"

Tackett snorted a bit. "Error? Speer always tells me about my errors."

"No! I mean your attitude,

not your typos. You are not a trufan!"

"But I am! I am! I'm a member of First Fandom. I've been president of FAPA. I was GoH at Westercon. I voted for Vardeman as best fan writer. Why, I'm even a member of the N3F!"

"Ebenezer, Ebenezer--these things don't count. You still don't see, do you?"

Tackett sneezes from the dust, fixes himself a glass of water, then thoughtfully replies, "I think you mean that I'm not...faanish. Is that it?"

"Right on! Did you like LIGHTHOUSE?"

"Well, it was okay..."

"How about INNUENDO? QUIP?"

"Well, I'll have to take the fifth."

"You can't, Ebenezer--you already drank it!"

"But I did like BoSh and Tucker, of course, and..."

"Did you contribute to the BoSh fund? Have you ever looked at a staple and not paid homage to those who died during the Great Staple War?"

"But, but no one died..."

"Don't change the subject! You are not a faaaan."

"I did print some of Sam Umbrage's puns..."

"A small thing. But I must go. Prepare yourself for the ghost of faanish present." With a clanking of mimeos and the soft sounds of fanzines being collated, the ghost of faanish past was gone.



Tackett rubbed his weary eyes and exclaimed, "Ghod, no more mesca! for me. Certainly no more pulque either."

He had barely gotten the words out of his mouth when he heard a colossal crashing noise. Someone--or something was blundering through the house.

"Ebeneezer--I am the ghost of faanish present and I've come to show you the TRUE path to faanishness."

This ghost wore incredibly thick glasses and carried a frozen food magazine under his arm.

"Yes, Ebeneezer, look and you shall see trufaaanishness."

Before Tackett's eyes there appeared a weird and strangely horrifying vision. Mimeos running day and night, thousands of coolies collating, a demon master cackling and laughing and stapling tons of FOCAL POINTS and POTLATCHES, and EGOBOOS, and RATS. Tackett almost cried at the sight of 7,000 different Entropy Reprints.

"Yes, Ebeneezer, this is where it is at. This is faandom. There is still time--you can still get faanish material for Dynatron, don't let it go into its 13th year as--\*gasp\*--a science fiction fanzine!

"I must go but the ghost of faanish future will be here soon. Uh, could you be so kind as to point the way out of here for me?"

Barely had the ghost gone through the door when a horrible cry was heard, not unlike that torn from the throat of a Baskerville.

"Hope Trojan doesn't get gas," Tackett muttered.

But the ghost of faaan future had made the scene. A real swinger he was, too, in his zoot suit, dangling key chain, spats and raccoon coat.

"Like Ebeneezer, baby. Those other two ghosty ghoulies have already laid the scene on you. I don't have to bug you with what's to be if you don't change your wrong-o ways, do I?"

"Bah! Humbug!" Tackett stuttered for a minute, then yelled, "Dynatron will never change! Never, you hear, never! Show me the future but I won't change!"

"Oh, man, are you ever a hard one. All right, you asked for it. Take a gander and dread it all!"

Rapid flickering scenes raced in front of Tackett's eyes, like an old silent flic or Harlan Ellison Star Trek episode. Scenes of nothing but sercon fanzines, teeming thousands of comics fans, movies like Son of The Green Slime and Grandson of The Green Slime, and more much, much worse.

No puns, never a shaggy dog story, Tucker pining away because no one would print his humor. No cartoons from Rotsler. Only articles by Leland Sapiro and J. J. Pierce.



The ghost was on the verge of tears. "Ebenezer, old boy, don't let this happen. Change your ways. Be faanish. Pun. Write pointless anecdotes. Save yourself. Don't let such a horrible future happen!"

Tackett replied, "Horrible? I thought it looked pretty good."

The ghost fainted into a blob of ectoplasm down on a copy of Topper Takes a Trip on LSD. Tackett reached for the mescal.

BOB VARDEMAN

XXXXX

### TOKYO FILE

by

TAKUMI SHIBANO

The 4th Annual SF FESTIVAL was held in Kyoto April 29-30. It was sponsored by the cooperation of several university student fans in the district.

MEICON-2, the 11th annual Japanese SF Convention will be held in Nagoya on August 19-20. It is promoted by the Mutant's Club, one of the oldest fan groups in Japan.

Some of the new books published in Japan the past few months are The Day the Computer Died, a novel by Fujio Ishihara; H-Bomb in Africa, a collection of the stories of Yasutaka Tsutsui. New translations include World of the Starwolves and Calling Captain Future by Edmund Hamilton (translation by Masahiro Noda); Dark Carnival by Ray Bradbury (translation by Norio Itoh); The Lost Continent by E. R. Burroughs (translation by Jun Atsugi); and Shambleau and Other Stories by C. L. Moore (translation by Katsuo Jinga).

The Japanese SF field was bereaved of one of the most promising authors on 9th of March by the sudden death of Tadashi Hirose, who had been a long time member of Uchujin Club. He started as a full-time writer in 1961, with the the publication of three SF novels (MINUS ZERO, ZIS, and EROS in succession in 1970. He was ranked with the best SF authors in Japan. Tadashi Hirose suffered a sudden heart attack while walking in the streets of Tokyo. He was 47 years old. Three more of his books (two novels and a collection) will be published shortly.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

(Reprinted from UCHUJIN, #161, 162 and 163).

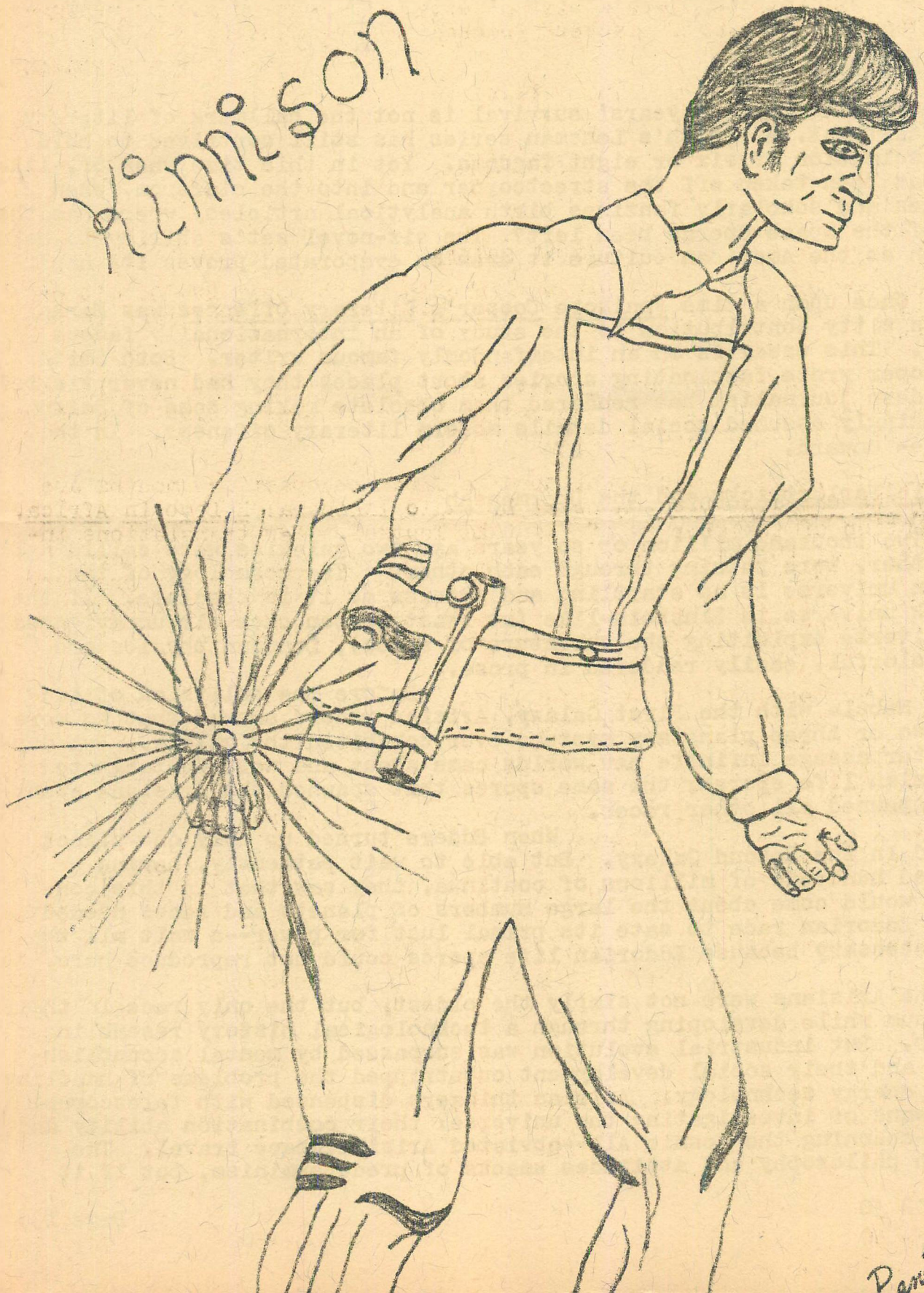
XXXXX

LEN AND JUNE MOFFATT

FOR TAFF



Kinnison



Dane



# E. E. SMITH'S LITERARY OFFENSES

by

MIKE GLYER

## Introduction

Admitting that 30 years' survival is not the hallmark of literary immortality, E. E. Smith's Lensman series has still contrived to hold the fascination of six or eight fandoms. Yet in this time when SF, like sex, has been taken off the streetcorner and into the classroom, when colleges and scholarly fanzines birth analytical articles, where has the King of the Space Operas been left? The six-novel set's ability to hold on even as the American culture it drew on evaporated proves its hardihood.

Once upon a time Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses was Mark Twain's witty contribution to the study of an internationally famous author. This essay is on an interfandomly famous writer. Both Smith and Cooper wrote fascinating stories about places they had never visited, but modern journalism has rendered them obsolete making some of Smith's unthinkingly assumed social details modern literary offenses. In that light -- onward.

## Galactic Parlortricks and the Ubermensch

"Two thousand million or so years ago two galaxies were colliding; or, rather, were passing through each other." The cosmology of the Lensman universe is as startling and precise as it is obsolete. If the Skylark universe is Einstein-like (at least Seaton once circumnavigated the universe exploiting the curvature of space), Lensman physics are more colorful, easily rendered in prose.

Before the collision of Ludmark's Nebula with the First Galaxy, Arisian record showed that no more than two or three planetary systems ever cohabited the galaxy. But during interpassage infinite new worlds came about and were contaminated by Arisian life spores; the same spores that spawned the Arisians eventually spawned all other races.

When Eddore turned up only one planet existed in the Second Galaxy. But able to wait patiently, having searched hundreds of millions of continua, they saw that in this continuum would come about the large numbers of planets and races needed by the Eddorian race to sate its primal lust for power--a wait all the more necessary because Eddorian life spores could not reproduce here.

The Arisians were not simply the oldest, but the only race in their continuum while developing through a technological history resembling Earth's. But industrial evolution was surpassed by mental accomplishments, and their social development outstripped the problems of handling a high energy technology. Arisian thinkers dispensed with telescopes as a means of investigating the universe; their combination ability and hobby--scanning the Cosmic All--obviated Arisian space travel. The Arisian philosophy and attitudes smacks of predeterminism, but if it



really were so the series could not take place. There is more of an origin to the Cosmic All in Lamarck's postulation of the Newtonian superman--a physisist, by virtue of knowing the direction, energy, etc., of every particle in the continuum, who could predict the history of the universe. If a person could have and handle such information--and maybe the Arisians can--there would be nothing to stop him from anticipating even the intimate details of individual lives years ahead, not to mention vast galaxies. Though one then has to take into account the principle which states that observing something changes it: unquestionably the Arisians benefitted from Eddore's inability to perceive a Cosmic All--but if only one side saw and could effect the future, the prophecies became rather self-fulfilling.

One gets to know the Eddorians far better than the Arisians. Smith forever made his villains superior characters to his protagonists. The protagonists were simply Good; everybody knows what Good is--isn't "Be Good!" commanded to us from childhood? That Smith's morals/ethics sometimes rebound off current liberal trends results from his wide assumptions. On the other hand, the definition of "bad" is frequently argued about and has to be detailed by Smith. Being the opposite of the ambiguous "good" requires the evildoers to be more thoroughly explained in their badness. To be prevented, it must be recognized, and "bad" is listed in all its denotations and connotations. To be liberal often means to declassify from "bad" something formerly considered so, be it topless dancing, prostitution, gambling, pornography, abortion or suicide. The evildoers seem to receive more written attention so that the reader is, at least, always aware of their reliable characters, while the heroes tend to fluctuate (as I shall cover later). Had Smith lived through this tempestuous time when arguments for morality are often based on appeals to nature, on the naked ape theory, he might never have legislated the universal truths and evils which permeated his generation.

"They were intolerant, domineering, rapacious, insatiable, cold, callous and brutal. They were keen, capable, persevering, analytical and efficient. They had no trace of any of the softer emotions or sensibilities possessed by the races adherent to Civilization." The Eddorians were sexless, thus were not heir to Civilization's Romanticism. They did meet Civilization in those qualities Civilization strove to maintain--keenness, capability, perseverance, efficiency, analysis. The Eddorians lacked a plurality of goals, internal peace, chivalry. They did have a morality of economy, frowning on wastefulness but permitting any degree and type of violence in pursuit of power--their single measure of individual and biological success. Either side can be tagged for practicing social Darwinism--but where the Eddorian civilizations are thoroughly interested in the rule of the elite from the bottom up, the only deliberately sought elite in Civilization is that of the Lensmen breeding lines. Where the Eddorians murder to achieve progress, Arisia and those in Civilization selected for it, originally in the Lensman lines of Rigel 4, Sol 3, Valantia 3 and Palain 7, later by meritocratic testing for the Patrols and corps of Lensmen. To gain time for their side's envisioned evolution, Arisia must let Terrestrial civilizations like Atlantis, Rome, and our American one, be felled.

The two races sometimes embody rival philosophies that have shaped American thought. The Eddorians lean towards single-minded concentration on utilitarianism, even if each of these incomprehensible aliens do so as a gambit to foster its private ego trip. Pragmatism, in a sloppy way, is adhered to--whoever can stay on top deserves to stay



there by whatever means, until toppled. The Arisians and Civilization (more in the latter) espouse ideas that are thoroughly Romantic, altruistic but freely bow to the dictates of necessity of a giant military establishment. The racial struggle can interestingly be compared to Thucydides Peloponnesian Wars -- the oligarchs (Eddorian civilization ruled from the top) versus the democrats (Civilization: planetary leaders elected; high military positions available to all with merit). Athens, leader of one group after the Persian Wars, was in constant conflict with Sparta (oligarchial), the eventual leaders of a dissatisfied faction. Athens, against the inclination of the people, established a huge war fleet and reserves of money to keep it operating and successfully outfought its opponents for years. In larger view it is a sound analogy, and E. E. Smith, whose epilogues usually refer to him as a historian, may have drawn some of his design from that basic history. As lofty as were the ideals of Civilization/Athens, they were worn by the wars until some of their opponent's brutality rubbed off.

This means, however, that the servant races of Eddore are trapped in a dilemma. Being the products of Arisian life spores they are corruptible, frail and short-lived. Being the tools of Eddore they must suffer ruthless exploitation, deadly darwinism, and alien power hunger. The Eddorians bypass the need to mate and produce offspring with cell fission and virtual immortality. Their servants cannot and suffer accordingly. Laumer, in Galactic Odyssey, pointed out that men probably rebel so hard against captivity because they are Propagators and are biologically drive to seek a situation where they may breed. This may be hogwash, but seems reasonable in the Lensman format, too. Kimball Kinnison may be our prime example: he must struggle against all odds (even though volunteering for many jobs that threaten death) so that eventually he can mate with Clarissa MacDougall. Presumably all Arisian life reflects this, making them biologically inimical to the Eddorians.

When the Arisians first encounter an Eddorian mind there comes a need to form a plan that can exterminate the Eddorian race, a revision of the Cosmic All, the creation of a power structure capable of stamping out Eddore. Arisia admits insufficient strength to reduce the aliens, and must keep their opponents in darkness until strength is increased to meet the job. Their situation is analogous to an exchange in Macbeth between Lady Macduff and her son:

S: Was my father a traitor, mother?  
LM: Ay, that he was.  
S: What is a traitor?  
LM: Why, one that swears and lies.  
S: And be all traitors who do so?  
LM: Everyone that does so is a traitor and must be hanged.  
S: And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?  
LM: Every one.  
S: Who must hang them?  
LM: The honest men.  
S: Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men and hang them up!

But the liars and swearers are not exactly fools. It is the curse of the honest men ever to be on the defensive against Boskone. The servicemen of Triplanetary, Costigan and his captain, have a technological edge on Gray Roger and Grapple to a standstill with the Nevians. That



a treaty of eternal friendship can be signed with the latter aliens suggests powerfully that Triplanetary is not thematically connected to the series except by virtue of the added chapters. Characters and details are shared, merging this novel into Galactic Patrol Space much like an extraneous Heinlein or Niven story could fit into Future History or Known Space. Triplanetary is a serviceable warm-up and provides usefully blatant examples of the Smith-style morality, his ideas, and his writing conventions. Later novels show the forces of the Lens constantly outstripped by seedings from Eddore's technology, slowly and precariously balanced by technical aid from Arisia. It is the repeated swinging of the war technology pendulum that finally proves Boskone is not a piratical network but an organized counter-Civilization.

{{Editor's note: Triplanetary was originally an independent story and not a part of the Lens saga. When book publication of the Lens was decided upon Smith re-wrote Triplanetary to make it the first book of the series and wrote First Lensman as a bridge to Galactic Patrol which was, originally, the first novel in the saga. RT}}

### Kimball Kinnison and Birth Control

Is THE Lensman a Nietzschean Ubermensch? He has the greatest mind of his age; his particular powers are cumulative inheritances from time immemorial; yet he lacks the final ingredient: ego. He has none. Kinnison is a true pulp hero. He is tongue-tied before women, as one might expect, though not as desperately laryngitic as Conway Costigan. Amid specious ham radio slang ("QX") one expects a slip like "Aw, shucks, t'warn't nuthin." (Fortunately for the integrity of the story, the slip does not come; unlike his dedicated readers, Smith is able to keep a straight face) He is a dedicated product of the system, not a "great-souled man", not one who shows his superiority out of the mere fact of his toleration for the existence of others his inferior. He takes orders, is subservient to the team, follows the stringent Victorian moral code which somehow has clung wholesale to a culture liberated in every other respect.

One cannot condemn Smith's inconsistency on this point; we realize the book never would have seen print in any other way. The question could have been avoided altogether, or it could have been slipped tacitly past. That would not have been E. E. Smith's way. He steadfastly insisted on a romantic angle to his stories (he had to get a collaborator to write this in Skylark of Space) even if this meant compromising with reality on the question of sex. Mind you now, it is made clear in Kinnison's case and that of Stevens in Spacehounds of the IPC that either could bed his woman at will. In the latter instance while stranded on a planet, the prospect, should pregnancy result, would have been gruesome in the extreme. In the former, Kinnison simply is too busy. The wedding planned at the end of Gray Lensman is cancelled by Mentor of Arisia in Second Stage Lensman. In neither case does the civilization capable of traversing galaxies and moving worlds seem competent to develop a birth control device. But there is always a final catch; Smith might have opposed such artificial methods on religious or philosophic grounds.

While the gripping issue of sex may be rationalized out of the debate, the tightest self-censorship adorns Smith's prose style. "Hell's...Jingling....Bells" oathed Port Admiral Haynes. Heroes shout things that are "sizzingly sulphurous" and "luridly profane." But Smith may still be on the right track for the wrong reasons. There is really no aesthetic value, not even realism, in the constant repetition of trite



limited obscenity. In Huckleberry Finn Huck's father is reported to speak every swear word he knows and then repeat the list just to make sure he didn't forget any. Doubtless it took him less than a minute to do. There aren't that many possibilities. It is more pleasing after the brief thrill of having uttered the words has worn off to try original translations. Smith's character Van Buskirk discussed with Kinnison the merits of swearing by different space gods, either Klono or Nosh-kabeming. Anthony Burgess reaped a similar dividend when his Russified Nadsat saw Alex calling people "grazny brachies" instead of just "terrible bastards."

However, if Smith was a creative epithetist, he tended to get stuck on the word "full" like no author has been stuck on any other word except possibly Ian Fleming on "perfunctory." DeLameters had a "full charge"; spaceships went "full out"; at the beginning of Skylark of Valeron the alien adjusts the engines of DuQuesne's vessel a "full two percent" above their tremendous normal speed/acceleration. And so on.

Smith is truly a paradox of creativity, originality, set against triteness. Such is the judgement when one seriously analyzes the Lensman Series. "'We'll do something,' Costigan declared grimly. 'If he makes a pass at her I'll get him if I have to blow this whole sphere out of space, with us in it!'" One might question Costigan's judgement of the value of Clio Marsden's "honor" balanced against the worth of their lives. But this trite, illogical, emotional statement has a reverse side, being part of Smith's subtle ability to cause the reader to empathize with Costigan and company against Gray Roger in his planetoid even as both sides are doing the same thing; one is not even completely reassured that Costigan's intentions are "good." For an example of this insinuating propaganda: "All unsuspecting, the two pirates came into view, and as they appeared the two officers struck. Costigan, on the inside, drove a short, hard right low into the pirate's abdomen. The fiercely-driven fist sank to the wrist into the soft tissues and the stricken man collapsed...Upon that heap Costigan hurled himself, feeling for the pirate's throat. But the fellow...countered with a gouging thrust that would have torn the eyes out of a slower man, following up with a savage kick to the groin...(He was) a lithe, strong man in hard training fighting with every foul trick known to his murderous ilk." Costigan simply strikes low in the abdomen but the pirate is a foul-trick-using man who kicks at the genitalia.

Smith, while frequently showing signs of his skill, must also have been an incredibly lazy thinker. The same agents of Civilization who are portrayed at length as reveling in their liberty, teamwork, cultural morality, do tremendously shocking things later in the series. "What followed the battle was infinitely worse. The Delgonians, as has been said, were cold, hard, merciless, even among themselves; the pitiless and unyielding and refractory in the extreme. It need scarcely be emphasized that they did not yield to persuasion either easily or graciously; that their own apparatus and equipment had to be put to its fullest grisly use before those stubborn minds gave up the secrets so grimly and implacably sought. Worsel, the raging Velantian, used the torture-tools with a vengeful savagery at least partially understandable; but Nadreck employed them with a calm capability, a coldly, emotionlessly efficient callousness of which made icy shivers chase each other up and down Kinnison's spine." Midway through Second Stage Lensman comes an encounter "In the Cavern" against a surviving nest of Delgonian overlords. The raid is not only made for purposes of extermination, but to take a few captives who then were



tortured for their information.

The passage is quite startling, not only for its grim content, but for its mere existence. Reading through the first time one roots for the home team to rip them goods good. But analytically, one sees that E. E. Smith has inserted a section wherein the Lensmen, who previously had gone to incredible lengths of stealth and cunning (and will again) to obtain information about the enemy, settle fortorturing to death a passel of thoroughly evile alien critturs. It is the quickest and surest route. It is the easiest and safest route. It is necessary to wipe out the overlords anyway. And through-out it all Kimball Kinnison, man of determination and vigor, spends a great deal of time being sick to his tummy. Which makes this section entirely out of character for the book. Even when Kinnison himself was ripped apart in Gray Lensman he did not suffer from nausea; or so the code of pulp heroes demands. While the cruelties of the Delgonians and the desperate fighting of Boskone and Patrol troops is natural and/or reasonable, this scene goes against the grain of Civilization. If both sides can freely do the same things, committing atrocities with equal fervor and naturalness, what separates Civilization from Boskone? The fact that one Lensman, Kimball Kinnison, puked?

I concede that what I ask is a rather current question, ripped off from the Viet Nam debate. But if a satisfactory answer cannot be gotten for it, there is still the comparison to the Peloponnesian wars which I raised earlier. Early in the wars, isolated Athens, relying on its allies to market food for their survival and raise tribute, found that Mytilene was in revolt. A meeting of the Assembly moved that the colony be razed, its people slaughtered. The next day it reconsidered and sent out a vessel to remand the order. But later in the conflict Melos also elected to revolt and there the order was executed. The intervening years had brutalized the community. Would such a thing happen in the Lensman universe? Smith does not prepare the way for such a theory, but neither does he justify this scene. "War is hell"? What are the ethics of genocide? I do not so much pity the overlords as wonder what this incident reveals of the "Number One man of his time" that he can order the interrogation.

"All I do is follow orders, mein herr."

MIKE GLYER

XXXXXX

ED COX, doodle in this space:



## THE ARISIAN CONNECTION

by

ALEXIS GILLILAND

It may well be that E. E. Smith, PhD., is no Clausewitz, in that he treated war for its entertainment value. However, he was a child of his age and of his country, and the epochal struggles between Arisia and Boskone have a singularly contemporary flavor.

Thus, we may begin by noting the perfect heroism of the good guys. This is equally applicable to the counter-culture, by the way; they simply have a different set of good guys.

The bad guys are unrelievedly bad, without redeeming feature, save only courage and a cold intellect. Their system of government, as set forth in Kinnison's conquest of Thrane, is simply so unbelievable and inefficient as to lead one to deduce the existence of an Arisian Information Officer.

Moreover, it is worth noting the premise of the Eddorian Galactic-wide, eons-old conspiracy for the Suppression of Sex. Anything bad that happened at any time since the creation of the human race was due to the wicked Eddorians practicing sabotage.

As a theological side-light, the Holy Spirit, the third member of the Holy Trinity, is uncharacterized except by being (a) masculine and (b) consubstantial.

Clearly the original Holy Trinity was Father, Mother and Son, but the mono-sexual chauvinist attitude of Eddore has left its unmistakable pseudopodprint for all to see.

Coming back to wars, we also note Smith's conception of the zwilnik as the Boskonian shock trooper. Drugs are perceived to be the bane of civilization, and the chosen tool of the enemy. In this, the late Dr. Smith sounds not unlike the late J. Edgar Hoover. Kinnison, the super FBI agent, infiltrates the Boskonian organization like a dose of salts, and --given the recent implication of the French CIA in drug trafficking-- perhaps he is justified in calling in the B-52s.

Anyway, the enemy is clearly inhumane and anti-human, and Kinnison bombs them back to the stone age at every opportunity.

It is also interesting to note that the Patrol and the Patrol-supported candidates invariably win the meticulously fair elections supervised by the Patrol. In this connection, at least, Dr. Smith is clearly uneasy, for the Patrol is not supported by taxes(!) but by an endowment(!!) so that the question of voting against a needed battlefleet never arises.

On the one hand, who wouldn't like to see the feet of DOD out of the public trough? On the other hand, if they aren't susceptible to tax cuts, how can you control them? Especi-



ally when they are supervising the elections?

What is the Ford Foundation or Harvard doing running the Galactic Patrol anyway? And if they aren't collecting taxes, shouldn't they be paying taxes?

To ring in Heinlein is perhaps cheating a bit, but Heinlein at least has no illusions about our side's superior virtue. One basic point which he makes is that the citizen owes a duty to the state, and that this duty is to stand in its defense even if it kills you. Our contemporary feeling is that "defense" ought to be more clearly defined, but there is undoubtedly a connection between citizen and state. It is this connection, the reciprocity between duty and right, authority and responsibility, which distinguishes the citizen from the subject.

The Galactic Patrol, by contrast, is a sort of hypertrophied UN security force. There is no Galactic Nation, only a vague entity called "Civilization", which embraces a whole menagerie of species having in common only bisexual reproduction and which is held together only by the implausible threat of an Eddorian conquest of the Universe which will impose fission or budding or some such tedious method of propagation on its subject peoples.

Remove Eddore and Civilization collapses.

And the Galactic Patrol turns its attention inward, to ensure fair elections which they win, and to liquidate vice, pot-smokers and evil-doers.

I wonder what the Galactic Patrol's stand on school bussing is? Or the 18th Amendment?

Anyway, the ethics of Kinnison are of the highest. This is clearly exemplified in his courtship of Nurse Clarissa. He blushes and stammers, and wants to wait until the war is over, and without a push from his Arisian breeder, he likely would have let the whole thing slide in favor of hanging out with the boys. If the adage that says that in a war we become like our enemies is true, Kimball Kinnison has absorbed much of the Eddorian asexuality. In point of fact, Dr. Smith is quite clear about the diffusion of technology across the battle planes. Only the ideologies are fixed and unmoving.

And the only difference between them and us are the causes for which we are fighting.

Once having deduced the existence of the Arisian Information Officer, we may now see that our only knowledge of what they are fighting for is what he tells us.

Actually, Eddore was an Arisian-controlled operation aimed at ensuring Arisian domination of the Universe.

And if the Arisians lied about Eddore, do you really think they are just going to efface themselves from this plane of existence now that the Super-Kinnison kids have come into being? For that matter, do you believe there are Kinnison super-kids? More likely each one is an Arisian fusion of many minds: personality by committee.

They are the new facade behind which Arisia has concealed itself.

Arisia, Secret Master of the Sevagram!

ALEXIS GILLILAND

XXXXXX



## DAMN THE BEANIES! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

by

ALJO SVOBODA

"Write about your experiences in elevator fandom," said Roy Tackett at the Westercon. At that point, I knew he had to be desperate. I must admit, though, that he asked for it by being patently evil all over the place. After all, a demented grin and leering eyes do still count for something, don't they? I kept wondering if the femmefan with Roy, besides his wife, was really their daughter, or whether those rumors about his being a white slaver were true...

Ah, but this piece (of a "light nature") is not an accusation of Roy Tackett. It deals with elevators, famed demi-god of fandom since the earliest days. Ask any fan if he's ridden in an elevator before and if he says "no" you know this is no fan you are talking too, it's either a fakefan or Claude Degler. After all, would you want to be alone in an elevator with a super-being? After looking through DYNATRON once more, I've just realized that this piece is not of a "light nature." It is in a "light vein" and thus moves swiftly to the heart of the matter. Inaccuracy is my hallmark, not poor puns.

Up to Westercon my experience with elevators consisted entirely of the obligatory journey up and down the Empire State Building and a few trips down into the toy basement of the local Sears and Roebuck. Perhaps I have a little more experience than the average neo with the same background, since the Empire State Building elevator did stop on the 53rd floor and refuse to go any further and we were forced to move to another elevator to complete the journey, wondering whether we'd be isolated in a corridor on the 53rd floor of the Empire State Building for years on end or maybe even overnight...still, you could hardly call me a veteran just because I made it out alive. Basically, I was a wide-eyed, barefaced greenhorn (New Mexico is where they say things like that, isn't it?) when I stepped through the doors and into the Westercon XXsomething last July.

Alas, I was not to remain innocent for long. I wish I could say my downfall was due entirely to Evil Roy Tackett and make this into a really libelous proceedings, but I must admit that George Senda contributed to my demise at least slightly. As a matter of fact, you might say he started me on the road to ruin, as a matter of fact. You see, I was just standing in front of the elevator and had almost made up my mind not to push the button, when the doors slid open and there was this, this person wearing George Senda's nametag and a little kid who was apparently just along for the ride.

I gasped.

"Gasp," I said, "you're George Senda?" I gasped again.

"Yes," he said as he pulled me into the elevator. "Yes, I am George Senda." Then he started pummeling me. I wondered why he was pummeling me for no reason but I didn't ask. Instead I grunted. This was because he was pummeling



me. Otherwise, I would have screamed. At that point we were about half-way up. Suddenly, George Senda turned the lights off. "Yes, I'm George Senda."

"You turned the lights off," I said dully. I was sure all hope was lost. George gave a blood-curdling yell but just as he was about to finish me off, or so it seemed, the elevator stopped at the second floor. Hurriedly he switched the light back on and tried to look nonchalant. Unfortunately, there was no one outside when the doors opened and the little kid, not missing his chance, also left the elevator. George Senda gave a devilish laugh but I, not missing my chance, lunged for the lights and held them on. Then, nobly, I suggested that the kid might be better prey. "Mightn't the kid be better prey?" I suggested. George drooled and began running after the kid, pulling me, dragging me with him. When I finally got away from him I was again by the elevator on the second floor. I'm sure the little kid came to a dire end...

Is it any wonder that I viewed the elevator with awe after that? When I was actually swept into a game of elevator tag, I began becoming even more bold. Ten minutes later, after I'd ascertained that the elevator had emptied, I began the fearful odyssey that would take me where no fan had gone before. Actually, I only went up and down in the elevator a few times while I improved the interior decor of the elevator and the hotel by moving a beer bottle (or it might have been a bheer bottle, I don't remember) to the outside of the elevator. And when the doors opened again, there was Horrible Old Roy Tackett, standing outside the elevator looking evil. Just so you won't think that this whole thing is just a slightly toned down slight on HORT's character, I hasten to make one thing clear: Roytac was not drunk when I saw him, and I never saw him put shackles on anyone.

Of course I didn't see him later on in the evening.

I think it was then that Tom Digby suggested that I see how fast the elevator travelled by seeing if I could get downstairs and be by the elevator before its doors opened. Of course, I did so easily several times, informing HORT and whoever was around to listen to my progress, and exhausting myself in the meantime. Dropping to the floor before the elevator, I cried "Mercy!" to all who would listen. Tackett cackled. I went downstairs (via elevator, of course) to the Meet-the-Authors party. What does bellydancing have to do with science fiction? Later on I met Roy again at a room party. He still wasn't drunk. Still no shackles.

See, whenever I try to be properly slanderous, it all dissolves into another boring Westercon report. I did this, I saw that. I asked questions. "You read that Buck Rogers stuff?" was what I asked mainly. They ignored me.

Perhaps I should change the locale of this conreport a little. A few hundred feet here or there, what's the difference? It was a big shock to find a hotel restaurant in the middle of a freeway. The next morning when I got back to the hotel (the locale now moves back to its original site) I did my exercises by going up and down in the elevator a few times. Whoever said fans aren't superior to mundanes never went up and down (or down and up) five times in an elevator in a two-story building.

But gradually, through all this, I learned a cosmic truth. I rushed to the Masquerade where I located Roytac and said "Roytac, I have learned a cosmic truth. Life (and fandom) does, indeed, have its ups and downs."

I got out of the shackles eventually.



## LETTERS

### LoCs

#### Comments

Wherein, dear hearts, you get your chance to talk back to me, if I let you. I have been accused, at times, of doing a Campbell and planting letters in the lettercol. Now, I ask you, would I do a thing like that?

It's possible.

Editorial comments are set off  
{like this}.

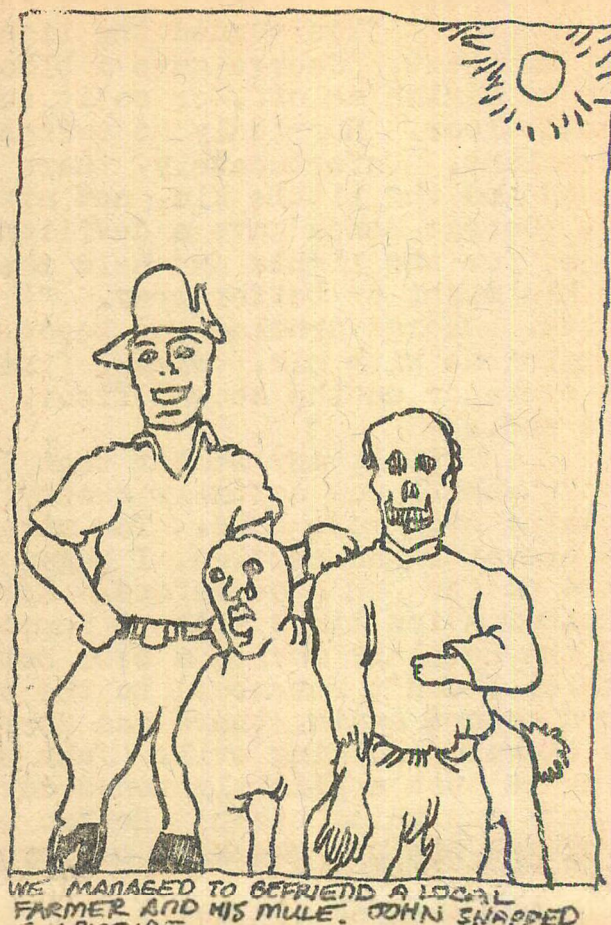
Starting off with a letter from Mike Montgomery which, somehow, seems to have been illustrated by Doug Lovenstein.

MIKE MONTGOMERY  
310½ CORNELL SE  
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.  
87106

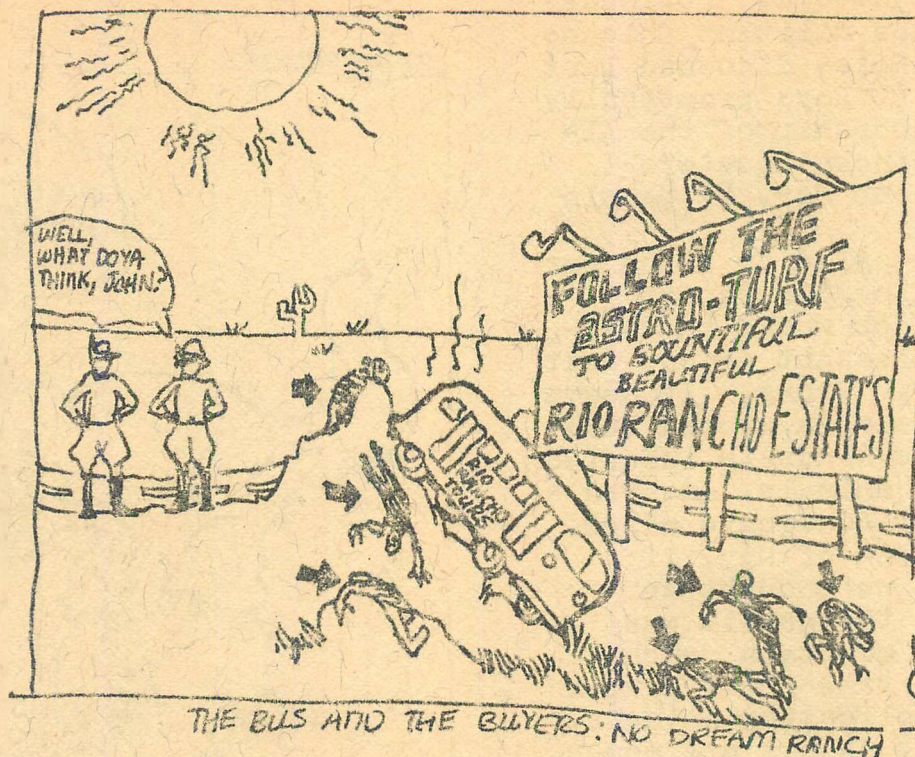
Well, I thought I'd better write you and fill you in a little more on what I told you on the phone. Things down here are pretty hectic. "down here" this time happens to be Las Cruces, and we've had an overdue day's rest while we wait for a couple of truckloads of soldiers from Ft. Bliss in El Paso. They should arrive some time tonight, and John expects that by tomorrow evening with their help we'll have gotten the last of the wetbacks out of the Mimbres Mountains.

As I write this it's ten p.m. and it's 97 degrees by the outside thermometer, not much cooler inside the hotel here. Hot, but a relief from the 135 degree days we've seen in the last week. But I'm sure you don't have much sympathy since Albuquerque is just about as hot.

The wetbacks are armed now, Roy. Or these are, anyway. We guess that there are a couple hundred hiding in the Mimbres, and they're the same ones who sacked Columbus, as I guess. Columbus is a town--was a town--of about 400 people, just this side of the Mexican border. We thought it was incredible enough when entire Mexican families hiked 30 or 40 miles of desert to get across the border, but this business with Columbus is unreal. I thought it was an exaggeration when we were sent there to look at "an almost totally destroyed town," but it was only a slight exaggeration. I'd say at least 75% of the buildings are burnt, and all guns and food were taken. Apparently this is where this band of wetbacks got their weapons. All this seems to indicate some sort of organization, John thinks, but I believe it's more indica-







tive of desperation than organization...after all, where can you go after destroying a town? It's like stealing a fire engine. Those stolen cars that I told you about, by the way, were abandoned at the base of the Mimbres.

An aside: some individual wetbacks have been buying their way in with bricks of marijuana. Excellent quality, too, quite good.

Let's see: after I saw you in Albuquerque 3 weeks ago John and I went to look over the Rio

Rancho disaster. If you thought Volcano Cliffs was bad, you should have seen this (I've enclosed a few pictures). The people who lived in Volcano Cliffs never suspected that it would live up to its name with the landslide and then the eruption, but I'm sure the Rio Rancho investors from out of state who bought their land sight unseen expected anything but the desert they found. The ones who actually made it, that is. Worse than that one bracketish well for the entire development were the 3 bus massacres. We thought at first that Edward Whitecloud, the radical Indian leader, was responsible for all

P.L. WIREPHOTO



MIDDLE-AGED USED-CAR DEALERS ARE CONCERNED FOR THEIR CHILDREN.



of them, but there were no scalpings at the last one. Obviously the work of the militant Chicano faction that Reies disowned last year. Imagine, Roy: practically the whole membership of the Albuquerque Business Boosters wiped out in one day, 87 people dead.

We were glad to be on our way after making our report thinking our job would be easier and more pleasant at our next assigned stop. Wrong. It seems that the whole area around Tularosa and White Sands is infested with diseased animals, an area of maybe 50 or 60 square miles. At the beginning of May, if you remember, we thought we could control things--it was just that one mountain ranch. We spent this time about a week in Tularosa collecting animals, and found that things are now completely out of hand which is why we had to quarantine the place. We saw more dead animals than live ones, and all the dead tested positive for bubonic plague. Luckily that area north of Albuquerque isn't as bad--yet. But I fully expect it to be. You can quarantine Tularosa, but you can't stop the movement of animals. About every other live one that John and I tested was positive. We were attacked, by the way, by a mad squirrel the last day in Tularosa. The affected people there just get

more lethargic as the plague progresses, but the animals become fearless. No one can quite figure out how this thing is spreading like it is, either, in the absence of open sewers and water. The Albuquerque tests indicate this is probably some new strain, but they haven't given us any other details. This is frustrating to John, as you can appreciate since you know him. He has some ideas on control but can't do anything without either better information or access to better equipment that we can carry around in the van.

Supposedly bubonic plague has shown up in a couple of people in Albuquerque, but we haven't had that confirmed. We know that many animals have it, though.

This problem is uppermost in my mind now, Roy. The wetbacks are a hassle, sure, but nothing like this. The fact that most of the state hasn't had any moisture since the last part of January is major, but nothing compared to this. Oh--I



ATTACKED BY A RAVENOUS DELIRIOUS SQUIRREL!



suppose you heard that the Cibola forest fire finally burt itself out after 60,000 acres. Anyway, when we asked the Governor why he didn't let people know what's going on, he said he didn't want a panic. When we asked why he didn't get federal assistance, he just wiped some dust off his boot and said New Mexico could handle New Mexico's problems and the federal government could handle Vietnam's. I gather we'll keep the lid on this until at least the end of September.

That brings you about up to date. I'd appreciate your suggestions and comments. All this shouldn't affect Nex Mexico IV...by pulling a string or two I've arranged for sanitary shuttles from the airport and an extra electricity allowance for the air conditioning at Howard Johnson's for the 2½ days we'll be there. Vardeman is running off sheets for newcomers with full precautions on avoiding the rats, too.

Almost forgot--he called the other night, said he was off to Westercon to campaign for the Hugo. But I wasn't sure if he said "campaign flight" or "champagne flight."

Guess that's it. Tell Chrystal, René and Diana hello. And Trojan, give him my regards. He'd never forgive me otherwise. Hope you've got running water again. See you in a couple weeks.

MIKE

XXXXXX

MIKE GLICKSOHN  
32 MAYNARD AVE., APT 205,  
TORONTO 156, ONTARIO,  
CANADA

Much as it sorely grieves me to have to say it, but I'm really not going to be fan GoH at Bubonicon; it was all a rumor started by Vardebob, I'm afraid. I'd love to be there but finances just won't allow it. Besides

which, if I had been going, I wouldn't wast time translating my speech from Canadian into English; I'd translate it directly into American. {{Nonsense. It is impossible to translate anything directly into American. Can't make up your mind, can you? Last I heard, you were on again.}}

I don't know why I'm bothering to write this really; I locced the last issue and didn't even make the WAHFs..not that you had any, but that's beside the point... {{We don't fool around on this part of the continent--if you don't make the deadline, that's it.}}

You didn't fool me for a minute in your colophon either. I caught that dropped parenthesis immediately after you'd bragged about never forgetting to close them all.

All in all, I'm not sure if I'm really missing anything by not going to Albuquerque after all. From your descriptions of the city and the state that surrounds it, I'm surprised you get any tourists at all. How many of those who attended last year's Bubonicon have ever been heard of again, eh?

Hey, how nice to see someone else who thought Lathe of Heaven was a ~~wak~~ book. Nice to know I'm not the only maverick around. {{Shows you're in good company.}}

MIKE SHOEMAKER  
2123 N. EARLY ST.  
ALEXANDRIA, VA.  
22302

Yes indeed, the "People" series is very popular. Let me point out that it placed third in my ANALOG short story poll with 39.8% of the vote. I too feel that the stories are too sentimental although the movie was well done.

Am so glad to find a fellow ANALOG supporter. You'll never see anti-ANALOG or anti-



Campbell material in my fanzine either. I think there is a clear-cut reason why Campbell no longer got the "choicest items." Prejudice against Campbell's beliefs, political or otherwise, interfered with the professionalism of the authors and caused them to submit elsewhere. As for the low rate of reprints and anthologizations, I could argue that this is because ANALOG produced a steady stream of good material, but with few outstanding items. This, coupled with prejudice, could apply to the question of awards also. We have, however, had stories like: The World Menders by Lloyd Biggle, The Missing Man by Katherine Maclean, the "Telzey" series, the Gordy Dickson stories, Brillo by Ben Bova and Harlan Ellison, Gottlos by Colin Kapp, a number of Christopher Anvil and Bul Anderson stories (including Strangers to Paradise, A Sun Invisible, The Ancient Gods), Dramatic Mission, Weyr Search and Dragonrider by Anne MacCaffrey, etc., etc., in the past few years. Need I name more? I can. I do agree that Bova is doing excellent at the helm.

The only way to beat the paperback prices is to buy second hand or get review copies, which is just about all I do.

The early Telzey stories were much better and I think the series has been long played out. The last one I read completely was Compulsion (June 1970) and it was excellent. Since then I only skim them, however.

I think you are a little harsh on The Lathe of Heaven. See my review in T.W.J. soon.

I cannot understand your vote of No Award in the Dramatic Presentation category. Is it that you have not seen any of the nominees? THX 1138 really is a classic.

I remember reading about a year ago about a tribe of chimps (or somesuch) who live on the plains and strip branches for use as clubs, and that their use of weapons has been instrumental in their survival. Is this "tool-making"? A theory was also advanced that they could have evolved into men, but that at some point in their development they degenerated.

⌞I read the entire Telzey series at one sitting and, as I pointed out, there was a thread of continuity in the early stories that was lacking in the later ones. // None of the drama nominees met my standards.//Yes, that is tool-making. They also do other things. I don't think the chimps are degenerated or at an evolutionary dead end but, rather, that they are pre-men occupying a place on the evolutionary ladder held by men, say, perhaps 8 to 10 million years ago.⌟

ROSE M. HOGUE  
1067 W. 26TH ST.  
SAN PEDRO, CALIF.  
90731

I enjoyed Sheryl Birkhead's cover--it came out very well and Sheryl mentions in a letter to me she was surprised at how nice it did turn out. Also enjoyed her loc. When and if I get to LACon will be most happy to introduce Sheryl to you. I do assume you're coming out for the con?? ⌞Nope. Spent all my dough at Westercon. Am saving for Toronto.⌟

Bob Vardeman was most correct when he said DYNATRON would come as a complete surprise to me. It did. Didn't look a thing like I thought it might..or even read like I expected it to. How do you project such a different image in person than you do in print? You must have a split personality--to say the least. ⌞I freely admit to putting on a different character each time I attend a con. Helps keep people off balance.⌟



I do enjoy your reviews of books scattered here, there and everywhere--see I do read other fanzines--I'm not wholly illiterate or uninitiated. You know something weird--you read better in other people's fanzines than you do in your own, or is this issue one big put on?

Between you and the voice of doom, Vardeman, I get the impression Albuquerque is absolutely no place to live. {{That's the general idea.}}

Agree 100% with you The Lathe of Heaven was a pity! I voted for Dragonquest which at least has people and is a well-structured novel.

JACK SPEER  
2416 CUTLER NE  
ALBUQUERQUE, NM  
87106

I thought by this time to have SYNAPSE run off, ready to exploit slave labor in a collation party in connection with the club meeting this afternoon. But alas, these are my first and not my last comments on the spring mailing.

You refer to the women's lib types as nuts, but neither that nor--um--spheres seems to be appropriate.

How did the mounds patently affect America's cultural history? Mormonism? {{Yep, although there is more. Ask Agberg, he wrote the book.}}

And what is the Butlerian Jihad? Something to do with Erewhon, I suppose. {{Vardebob will explain.}}

I didn't know the plaza of Albuquerque was elsewhere than in front of the church of San Felipe de Neri. Besides gewgaws and gimcracks, one can find in a shop on the plaza baskets from Mexico which are useful for many purposes. Such as providing a ventilating stack for my compost heap. And perhaps even other useful things. How say you Mexico was once occupied by France? So far as I remember, it was never occupied by France any more than South Vietnam is occupied by America. {{1860s. France claimed Mexico because of unpaid debts. Louis Napoleon put Maximillian on the "throne" of Mexico backed up by French troops. But you know that.}}

I think the point of your doom interlineation is the same as that of the following Dorothy Parker poem, but I've never been sure about the poem:  
Eat, drink, lie, and be merry;

Dance and laugh the whirling midnight through.

For on the morrow we must die.

But, alas, we never do.

I like the idea of Mongrel power. We mongrels are being given an inferiority complex by all these minorities who can identify with rich ethnic backgrounds. Give us our rights! {{Right on!}}

70 is a big turnout for a ward caucus. No doubt it failed to be a cross-section of the registered Democrats, but there is something to say anyway for the ward caucus as maintaining an open system. Others have done what you suggested the young might do; both this year and four years ago the McCarthy-McGovern forces took control of several wards this way, just by turning out their enthusiasts. The system does promote government by enthusiastic minorities. The alternative would be control by politicians more concerned with choosing candidates who can win majorities in November. "Letting just anybody run for office isn't a good system unless it's coupled with a series of runoffs. Otherwise (and even when there is a filing fee) you get the common situation of Anglos splitting up the vote so that a Chicano gets the plurality, as when Fabian got the nomination for governor, and this year, when an unknown with a Spanish



name beat out Justice Compton, Finis Heidel, and Peter McAtee for a supreme court slot.

I haven't read The Greening of America, but I am reading the book of criticism about it, The Con III Controversy. A pleasanter way, I'm sure, to get the drift of what Reich was saying.

I see that you prefer chance, not choice, in dying.

I can't find a copy of the SYNAPSE that's going into the coming FAPA mailing. If I therein failed to list you among the potentially deadly guerrillas of fandom, it was an oversight. You're still able to sight a gun and squeeze a trigger, aren't you? And probably could carry it from Albuquerque to Santa Fe in easy stages. ~~[[The stages wouldn't have to be too easy. After clambering around Nambe and the Sandias I find the legs are still pretty good. Did you know that Sandia Cave, after 25,000 years, is still inhabited?]]~~

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

The post of fizzle is up to its old tricks again. The new DYNATRON, postmarked June 22, arrived on July 17. If it was in a FAPA mailing, it dumped the rest of the fanzines somewhere between there and here. I think it brought its own weather

along, too. The day it arrived, what I imagine to be typical Arizona weather suddenly hit Hagerstown: afternoon temperatures in the 90s, nighttime lows in the seventies, no breeze, no rain, and we're not used to this. I still feel awfully embarrassed for having sat around the house without a shirt today. Nobody saw me doing it, but my conscience tells me that it's the beginning of the final plunge into total degradation of morals and ethics.

Anyway, I enjoyed the issue, even though it got off to a bad start when your remarks about always closing parentheses caused me to suspect temporarily that you'd swiped one of my invention ideas. I have always dreamed of creating typewriters just for fans, with improvements suited to fannish customs and problems. The parenthesis situation is one that I would help through my invention. The new breed of typewriters would emit a high-pitched tone as soon as the (key was depressed, as a reminder to the user, and the tone wouldn't stop until he punched the ). You can guess at some of the other innovations. There would be a special auxiliary key for uppercase typing which would release as soon as the typist paused for an instant. This would simplify life for those who type magazine titles and such things in capital letters. The key containing the exclamation mark would be equipped with a miniaturized hypodermic, which would inject into the tip of the finger a dedative every time the exclamation mark was used, on the theory that it's rarely needed and the fan needs calming down if he is resorting frequently to that punctuation device. The capital I key would be manufactured of extra-sturdy components and would be much easier to push than anything else on the keyboard. As soon as a period was typed to end a sentence, a trickle of electricity would begin to charge all the keys on the typewriter. It would start to tingle the fingers about twenty words later, a line or two further on it would really start to hurt, and the only way the increasing voltage could be shut off would be by using this period key again. The intensity and buildup rate could be adjusted for the individual fan, of course; I wouldn't last through the first loc on the new typewriter, if I used my normal sentences.

Maybe someone in the British Isles can tell you if my impression of the filing fee system over there is correct. From



books I've read, I believe each candidate posts a deposit when he files for office, and gets it back only if he receives more than a specified percentage of the vote. This sounds like a good system, provided the percentage is set low enough.

I read only one part of The Lathe of Heaven in its prozine incarnation. From this I'm inclined to agree with your disappointment over it. It's beautifully written and constructed but I just can't get sympathetic because of the basic premise. My reaction is something similar to how I feel about the Travis McGee stories: the hand of the master is there but the main character annoys me and spoils everything.

Somewhere I read that volcanoes do the most damage when the pressure builds faster than the gas can escape. Why don't you and your family go back to that cave and stuff old fanzines or something into the crevices so the steam can't get out and test this theory?   
{{I've got enough old fanzines around here to do it, too.}}

Full agreement over the Mars probe neglect in the media. I've been receiving many of the Jet Propulsion Laboratories releases on progress, and they contain things that should be headline material. Locally, the morning newspaper ran on page 18 $\frac{1}{4}$  or thereabouts a tiny section of the picture which shows what is almost certainly the remains of a river and creeks system. This is the best evidence yet that Mars could have had our type of life in the past, if it doesn't exist today. Another release tells how gravitation over various parts of Mars varies even more than it was found to vary on the Moon, and I've not seen a word about that in any general circulation publication or over the air waves. As soon as the duststorm died down and it was no longer possible to write and speak snide remarks about the failure of the Mars experiment, the media seemed to lose interest.

{{Harry, do you think there is a deliberate attempt on the part of the news services to play down the space program?}}

Kim Darby and the all-star baseball game are scheduled simultaneously Tuesday night. If the strain of trying to decide which to watch does me in, goodbye forever.

TERRY HUGHES  
1109 PACQUIN,  
COLUMBIA, MO.  
65201

A blue paper letter for a green paper fanzine seems only fair. Thank you for DYNATRON #49. Ah, I see by Sheryl's cover what you take to prevent typos, or at least to make you stop caring about them. DYNATRON, the fanzine with more parentheses per square inch than any other geeenzine.

You and Vardeman have convinced me never ever to establish residence in New Mexico, and never to get arrested there (but it is a standard conviction of mine never to get a conviction)(ahahaha). {{Humph.}} It would seem that the crooks in government there would at least be subtle enough by now after all this practice, but no, they just blunder along. You ought to write a filksong called "I'm Proud to be a Trufan from New Mexico."

Some of the Gaskin people here that I know are working on having a Missouri version of the Farm not far from here. They've almost got it payed off now. They've got houses and teepees and a dome and other such living quarters. Nice people. {{Yes. I admire people like that. The reports Lichtman has given me give me a picture of a people who are a hope of the future.}}



CHERYL BIRKHEAD  
25629 WOODFIELD RD  
GAITHERBURG, MD.  
20760

It never ceases to amaze me how much a printed piece of my doodling looks like someone else had done it (I'm in the "Winetox" syndrome like so many other people).

Right now it looks as if I'm going to be broke PLUS (hmmm, should that be MINUS?) by the time I get to L.A. I'm planning to go to San Francisco and take a tour down to LA --going to be a mite expensive but this may be my only trip to the West Coast and I don't want to come back babbling about everything I didn't get to see.

My brother cannibalized a copy of PLAYBOY to send me A Meeting With Medusa and I wasn't all that taken with the story. Must admit I did not care for Lathe of Heaven at all--wonder why so many other people went nuts over it (perhaps a carry over from Left Hand...?) Then again, I'd heard about it before I read it and may have been expecting too much.

X

JACKIE FRANKE  
BOX 51-A, RR 2,  
BEECHER, ILL.  
60401

I enjoyed your little vignettes on New Mexico's messed up politicians, but what makes you think your state has such things unique unto itself? Heavens! Scan the papers from any state, all assemblies are screwed up.

In order to appeal to the widest possible audience, TV shows are aimed for the twelve-year old mind...I personally think that that is an overly optimistic judgement...and those in political office appealed to the widest possible segment of voters, who also watch TV. The corollary is clear. Twelve-year-old mentalities rule the country and you know how dense seventh graders can be...{Yes. I do not think N.Mex is unique in the idiocy of its politicians. I print those little vignettes just to show the rest of the country they are not alone. A couple of years ago, for example, the Georgia House of Representatives passed a resolution to go over and say "Nyxaa" to the state senate. Which they did.} }

We visited your neck of the woods last year and in scanning the various tourist blurbs, you can spot occasional references to the dormant state of the Southwest's volcanic areas...but you have to wade through a lot of dry stuff for the briefest mention of that little fact and I don't feel most tourists would bother...or land investors either for that matter. (They should, but they don't.)

I enjoyed The Lathe of Heaven but I agree, it's not dyed-in-the-wool SF. Fantasy perhaps. I did like fairy tales as a kid, which should make S&S stuff appealing as well, but I can't stand that sort of fiction except for extremely rare cases. In fact, there's very little fantasy that meets my nebulous standards for "good" reading. But Lathe was an allegory of sorts, and as such, quite well done. I think that LeGuin was trying to point out the futility of communication...messages always get distorted by passing through varying personal "filters" and wind up imparting a different message than intended. Haber would give a perfectly explicit direction to Orr...or so he thought...and then Orr would perceive that order in an entirely different manner. It also points out the fact that curing an evil sometimes causes more distress than the original condition. Something that those who offer all these simple, instant solutions to world problems can't seem to recognize. From a liberal standpoint, most of what Haber requested as alterations in reality were "good" but the results were disastrous! But...when all is said and done, it still isn't SCIENCE fiction...unless you include the hazy field of behaviorism or other social sciences.



←(On chimps:→)

I've talked with a caretaker of chimps at Lincoln Park Zoo, where the youngsters are put through some fairly exhaustive tests and training periods before turned into the cages for older chimps. (A brief fling at freedom of sorts...) and she, a biology student at Chicago Circle campus of the University of Illinois, felt that these were not mere animals. She seemed quite emotionally involved with the subject which doubtless colored her remarks but her judgement was that we are virtually committing a crime by keeping these creatures in zoos. I gather from reading and listening to Goodall's remarks that she agrees. Chimpanzees are primitive human (or at the very least, man-like) creatures whose status as beasts is in error. Leakey is right. We either recognize them as equals, or change the definition. It would be assumed that it will be the latter course of action that will be pursued.

←(Agree on all points. I have recently read Jane Goodall's complete reports and certainly the chimpanzee's are more than just animals. Pre-men is somewhat appropriate. (Which raises the question of whether they are new or are survivors?) Vercours discussed this problem thoroughly in his novel You Shall Know Them (also titled The Murder of the Missing Link) in which various tests of the "humanness" of the ape-like creatures around which the story revolved were brought up. Tool-making was judged not enough and many abstract ideas, such as religion, were brought in. The solution arrived at in the novel--and the one test which all accepted (although I would hesitate to accept it as final negative proof) was the ability of Homo Sap to interbreed with the others. It would be an interesting experiment--could be done by artificial insemination, of course.→)

DAN GOODMAN  
626 S. ALVARADO, #231,  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.  
90057

Lighter Than a Feather would seem to be alternate-timetrack fiction, which is usually classed as SF. Whether it deserves to be so called is another question. If you stretch a point or two, and call history a science,

then an account of history turning out differently is science fiction. The LA police chief has a nice scheme for preventing court interference with the workings of Things As They Are. He wants the US Supreme Court to be elective, with nonlawyers serving on it along with lawyers.

Notice you discuss the pro Hugos but not the fan categories. Just as well; everyone else seems to be discussing the latter.

Sandra  
Miesel: No, I wouldn't say that Man in the High Castle anticipated the craze for camp. Remember, the people searching out Mickey Mouse watches and such were members of the Japanese occupation forces. I thought Phil Dick was drawing a fairly obvious parallel with American enthusiasm for things Japanese--including things the Japanese didn't consider particularly valuable. ←(Monetarily or artistically.→) Other analogies would be the way some protestants proudly display their scraps of Yiddish; the French drugstores (expensive, modelled after the authentic American product).

Biggle's Tunesmith I found annoying. The hero has discovered a form of live music which would seem to be vastly superior not only to the canned music of his time but to classical music--and after it sweeps the world, and drives out the musicmaking machines, everyone goes back to classical music and lives happily ever after.



Jack Speer: What's this about Cro-Magnon man having brainpower he couldn't use? Seems to me that staying alive might've taken all the brainpower he had. If you don't have the techniques of thought, the training, thinking can take more brainpower than if you know the easier methods of arriving at results. I believe the average highschool dropout now knows more math than the average medieval scholar, for example. (Hmmm. We're getting into sort of a gray area here, Dan. Paleolithic man--late paleolithic, that is--had the potential but it was undeveloped. Staying alive didn't take all his brainpower but the search for food in a hunter-gatherer culture is so time consuming that there simply isn't time for anything else. Witness the ages during the early paleolithic where there was hardly any change in the basic hand axe. During the late paleolithic when game was abundant and didn't take every waking hour to find new tools came comparatively rapidly. It was only after the start of agriculture, however, that man really had time enough to sit down and think about things.)

Roy, I doubt that Albuquerque is all that much less sane than the rest of us. Every area of the country seems to have its own peculiar problems. I've lived in Ulster County, N.Y. (where the Woodstock festival was held--one of the things a rural area only a hundred miles from NYC must put up with, along with inept deer hunters in season) NYC, San Francisco, and Los Angeles; each place has seemed at times like the problem center of America.

Which seems to be all the letters. All I can locate anyway. If you wrote and I left you out--sorry about that.

I announced a poll last time. Send in your list, in no particular order, of your choice of the ten best artists of all time in the SF field. A few results have come in but not enough to publish at this time so I'll hold it over until next issue. Get those lists in. Well, not necessarily the ten best but your ten favorites.

XXXXX

Roytac's pages:

#### WRITINGS IN THE SAND

This issue has gotten completely out of hand. I do not want you to get the idea that DYNATRON is turning into another fat fanzine but this being the 50th issue and also the 12th anniversary issue I felt that I should come up with something other than the usual 20 pages. The zine will be back to normal next issue.

Twelve years is by no means a record in fanzine publishing but it does make DYNATRON one of the longer-lived fanzines on the scene these days. Besides general circulation the zine has appeared in N'APA and FAPA and I suppose it is FAPA that really keeps it going these days. I've got to have something in those mailings. Anyway the old greenzine has been around for 12 years (although it hasn't always been green) and I suppose it will be around a while longer.

Just out of curiosity--does anyone besides myself have a complete set?



ORSON WELLES by Maurice Bessy (Crown Publishers, 1971, \$3.50) "An investigation into his films and philosophy." An interesting study of one of the giants marginally associated with the field. Translation of a French edition.

THE END OF THE DREAM by Philip Wylie (Doubleday, 1972, \$5.95) This is, presumably, Wylie's last novel although one can never be sure of what manuscripts turn up in a dead author's desk. It is, typically, a fiery indictment of the follies of Homo Sap. This time Wylie teed off on pollution and polluters. His main target is industry which he accuses, rightly, of raping the world. He also has at governments for permitting it and covering up the results and the populace in general for its laziness and selfishness which results in a permissive attitude towards pollution. The common man, says Wylie, is all for cleaning up pollution provided it doesn't cost him any money or inconvenience.

The End of the Dream is the story of the oncoming environmental disaster as man's continuing unthinking destruction of that environment catches up with him. It is typical Wylie, at times knife-edged and at times a bludgeon. Personally, I think he over stretched a bit when he drug in the "vibes", a man-eating worm, to finally rub out most of mankind but the point he was after is made: that the effects of an act had best be well studied before that act is performed.

The book is full of horror scenes dealing with massive power failures, air and water pollution (the explosion of the Cuyahoga River in Cleveland is not so far-fetched...it did catch fire and burn a few years ago), plant blight and all the rest.

Books such as this are meant to scare people but, what the hell, those who need to be scared do not read anyway. Maybe if it was shown on TV.... 1975 is listed in this book as the year when environmental destruction passed the point of no return. I'm not so sure that it wasn't 1965.

CYBERNIA by Lou Cameron (Fawcett Gold Medal, 1972, 75¢) is billed as a "science fiction suspense novel". Might as well get all the readers. Another computer gone berserk story complete with a mad scientist. Yes, a genuine mad scientist. Interesting for the local color of rural New Jersey and because Cameron is well acquainted with the works of Henry Kuttner.

WONDERMAKERS: An Anthology of Classic Science Fiction, edited by Robert Hoskins (Fawcett Premier, 1972, 95¢). 12 familiar tales ranging from Poe and Bierce to Sturgeon and Blish. Good anthology and worth the money although most of us already have these stories in other editions.

THE VIEW FROM CHIVO by H. Allen Smith (Pocket Books, 1972, 95¢) The 3rd in Smith's series about Rhubarb the cat with more dough than the mint. Quite amusing in spots although some of Smith's humor is in questionable taste. I found this of interest because the setting is west Texas (Smith lives in Alpine) and it really isn't too exaggerated. Marginal fantasy.

And that, he said, about does it. Next issue in November--maybe.

ROY TACKETT



FROM:

ROY TACKETT  
915 GREEN VALLEY ROAD NW  
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. 87107



TO:

PRINTED MATTER ONLY  
THIRD CLASS  
RETURN REQUESTED

JACKIE FRANKE  
BOX 51A, RR 2  
BEECHER, ILLINOIS  
60401