

# D Y N A T R O N

A fanzine of sorts dedicated to the proposition that things are not always what they seem. DYNATRON, of which, my old and rare, this is the 53rd issue, is published by Roy Tackett, who has been out of sorts, at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. Available in trade for your fanzine or for 25¢ in genuine U.S. slugs. Does anybody out there remember money??

A Marinated Publication

dated July 1973

PUBLICATION EXPLANATION DEPARTMENT: Those of you who are, more or less, regulars on the mailing list and who keep track of such things may note that this issue is numbered 53 while the last issue you received was numbered 50. Where, you may ask, are issues 51 and 52?

THE ALBUQUERQUE Science Fiction Club, Society, Group, whatever (as founder I proclaimed it a group since there is no way it can be considered a club and even less a society) continues to stumble along from month to month. Speer and Vardeman and Tackett make up the old guard who have been there since the beginning. Dick Patten, Pat (double by-line) McCraw, Harry Morris, and Sal DiMaria are the other veterans who have been around for more than a year. There are a number of new faces (well, if you must have accuracy, some of them are pretty old...) who have joined the group since last Bubonicon. I'm beginning to get them sorted out. Vardebob turned the secretarial duties over to Larry Fontaine and it took me six months to figure out who he was. Meetings are still held on a monthly basis in the home of whoever gets the short straw. Generally on the first Sunday of the month. The July meeting concerned the progress of plans for the ~~upcoming~~ upcoming Bubonicon.

BUBONICON #\_\_\_\_\_ (fill in your own number, I've lost track) will be held at Howard Johnson's Midtown in Albuquerque (Yes, under the Orange Roof) on August 17, 18 and 19. Guest of honor is the august Bob Silverberg (good thing the conference isn't being held the following month--the september Bob Silverberg just doesn't sound right). A membership will cost you \$5.00 which includes a buffet lunch at which you may well be buffeted about. Send your dough to Pat McCraw, 7508 Belrose Ave NE, Albuquerque 87110 or to Bob Vardeman, P. O. Box 11325, Albuquerque 87112.

Vardeman is the evial genius behind the scenes and Pat (both on the front page) McCraw is the Chairman.

We had a discussion about that at the last meeting. Pat insists that she should be designated the Chairperson while I maintained there ain't no such animal. Speer, showing his judicial wisdom as well as a desire for brevity, suggested we could save a syllable by calling Pat the chairgirl but she didn't go for that either. She's sure getting uppity since her byline appears regularly on the front page of the TRIBUNE. Two on one day even.

I think we finally got the program thrashed out and I'll put it down as best I remember on the next page.



The program. Ah, yes, the program. As near as I can figure out this is, more or less, what it will be:

17 August:

12:00 Registration opens. Dick Patten volunteered to be the registrar and we spent two hours trying to figure out why.

7:00 p.m. A panel discussion consisting of Silverbob and Vardebob talking about a subject to be selected at the spur of the moment.

8:00 p.m. or thereabouts. A movie. How should I know what movie? Black Sunday was mentioned but I'm not sure if that's firm or not.

18 August:

11:00 a.m. Jack Speer will speak on fandom. He wanted to do something else on fandom but we insisted that it wouldn't be proper.

12:00 The buffet luncheon.

3:00 p.m. An auction of this and that.

7:00 p.m. A speech by GoH Bob Silverberg.

And after that another movie.

19 August:

12:00 A tournament by the Society of Creative Anachronism-- whatever that may be.

And a good time will be had by all. Me, I'm going to Canada. I may be around a bit on Friday the 17th but early the 18th we shove off for the north and Torcon.

#### BOOK DEPARTMENT:

ARTERY OF FIRE by Thomas N. Scortia, Doubleday, 1972, \$4.95

This is, one might say, olde-tyme science fiction which is to say that it is based on physics instead of sociology. And so much the better for it. The artery is a beam of uranium plasma transmitted from Pluto to energy short Earth. The artery is the brainchild of physicist Norman Bayerd, crippled and able to survive only in the null-g of a space station. An accident threatens to destroy the artery, a circumstance greeted with mixed feelings for there are those who believe that the artery has actually frozen progress and its destruction is necessary. Add to this the problem of how to divert a thousand meter long beam of uranium plasma, a time slip caused by the tachyon flux generated by the artery, and an assortment of interesting characters and ARTERY OF FIRE turns out to be an exciting book.

A HORSE IS A HORSE, OF COURSE....and the latest addition to the Tackett collection of useless livestock is an eight-year old Morgan gelding. Weeelllll....Golden Dream, that's Diana's Palomino mare was lonesome. I'm doing my bit for the farmer? Somebody splain to me why selling wheat to Russia drove the price of oats up two dollars a hundred. You gotta splain it to me cause I can't figure it out. Unless, of course, you want me to splain it to you and if you are a firm believer in the capitalist system you won't like my splaination.

All right, if you must know, it is tradition, heritage, snobbery. One must, after all, have a horse. Otherwise one is on a level with the commoners.

I interest you in a truckload of horse manure?

Could



BOOK DEPARTMENT:

THE DRACULA ARCHIVES by Raymond Rudorff, Pocket Book #77678, 95¢, 208 pp.

Author Rudorff explains his fascination with Bram Stoker's DRACULA and the tantalizing hints of the Count's past that were given in the book. He sets out to trace Dracula's history during the time before Jonathan Harker was summoned to Transylvania. Told much in the style of the original--letters, extracts from journals, etc.--and drawing from Stoker's source, Vlad Dracul who was a historical character, Rudorff has done an excellent job of tying together the loose ends. Not quite as scary as DRACULA, of course, but what is? Enjoy, enjoy.

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EROS IN ORBIT, edited by Joseph Elder, Trident Press, \$6.95, 189 pp.

Put it this way: Joseph Elder will not get my vote as Best Editor of the Year. In putting together an anthology of science fiction stories about sex Elder had the opportunity to produce a worthwhile volume. He didn't. Only two of the ten stories in this anthology are really readable: Robert Silverberg's In The Group, about one man's rejection of electronic group sex is neat and professional. Pamela Sargent's Clone Sister is a good picture of the natural attraction to each other of clones. Unfortunately, Ursula LeGuinn's Nine Lives springs immediately to mind; same theme and better done. The other eight stories aren't worth bothering with.

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Inasmuch as DYNATRON is not a newszine and the frequency of publication is such that attempted comment on current events would be ridiculous, and since this is all, of course, strictly non-political, it would hardly behoove me to say anything about the Watergate hearings. Besides which I think they are all guilty anyway, from Milhouse on down. Having followed the career of Richard the Unresignable for more than a quarter of a century I have learned to trust him not.

My only comment is that the whole thing is simply a big show. If you will recall there was a deal made in the Senate last year to do nothing about investigating Watergate until after the election.

The old Romans had circuses to distract the people from the issues of the day. We have Congressional hearings.

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Glorious! Glorious! One keg of beer for the four of us! Glory be to

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The April, 1973, issue of TODAY'S HEALTH contains an article by Frank M. Robinson, For Those Who Never Believed In Science Fiction... "Reconsider. So much of what was written as scientific fantasy has today become scientific fact--from artificial organs to men on the moon to sex-change operations." Mostly concerned with stf's medical predictions and illustrated with photos of old AMAZING covers and the like.

Ghod! And to think we, hiding our stfzines, used to dream of the days when the literature would be respectable. We used to say "it is a proud and lonely thing to be a fan;" nowadays--overcrowding.

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Oh, give me the beat, boys, and free my soul; I want to get lost in

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Getting back to DRACULA for a moment, the setting for the tale is an ideal one, of course. Transylvania is what one might call an ethnic backwater where small enclaves of dozens of different peoples came to rest as they reached the end of the girdle of the world, the vast sea of grass that reaches from the Khingan Mountains across half the world to the Hungarian plain. For thousands of years the Steppe peoples came westwards, the Pengques in their oscillations between Asia and Europe were among the first. Neolithic farmers of what has come to be called the "Danubian" culture passed this way. Later came the Indo-Europeans followed by their descendants, Scythians, Sarmatians, Cimmerians, and others. The Kelts came this way going East. The Goths came going East and West. Slavs and Alans arrived and departed. Later came the Huns, the Bulgars, the Mongols and the Turks. One must not forget the Romany. All these and more and they all brought with them their customs and their gods.

The triumph of the Cross spread only the thinnest veneer of Christianity across this area. Beneath the thin overlay of this most artificial of religions the old gods still held their sway even though the priest did their utmost to adapt them to the Christian pantheon; the old gods became Christian demons and their worship became superstition. Almost nowhere else in the world is there such a fruitful area for legend and myth.

It still is. The peoples of Transylvania are ancient and so are their beliefs. And I imagine they will still be there when we go out to the stars. It is, in a way, comforting to know that the old ones still exist.

Certainly it is my deep interest in man's past that causes me to reject such books as GODS FROM OUTER SPACE and CHARIOTS OF THE GODS. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of man's history can do nothing else. Man's accomplishments with modern technology border on the miraculous. Man's past accomplishments without modern technology almost stagger the imagination. To say that man's works required the help of some ancient spacemen is to insult the species. Man doesn't need help from anybody.

Gods from outer space? If there are such beings I have a message for them: Make way! The men of Earth are coming!

And that explains, I suppose, why I dislike so much of today's science fiction. It is downbeat and defeatist. Perhaps it reflects a downbeat and defeatist attitude in the U.S. at large, a weariness and growing feeling of inferiority. There is no real reason for such an attitude but it seems to be there. But the U.S. is only a small part of man's society and if we go into decline, well, others are rising. Societies rise and fall. Man goes ever upward.

#### BOOK DEPARTMENT:

THE EDGE OF NEVER edited by Robert Hoskins. Fawcett M590, 95¢, 287 pages.

Blurbed as Classic and Contemporary Tales of the Supernatural, this anthology of 17 fantasy tales is worth more than the price asked for it. Some of them are quite familiar, true, such as Sturgeon's Shuttle Bop but that one is always a pleasure to re-read. Stories range from Sheridan Le Fanu's An Account of Some Strange Disturbances in Aungier Street through Chamber's The Yellow Sign to Malzberg's Elephants. All very good and very readable.



{We hear much these days about changing attitudes towards science fiction. Indeed, indeed. Perhaps some of the most remarkable changes have taken place abroad. Consider, for example, the Soviet attitude towards stf today as compared to what it was in the following article which originally appeared in LITERATURNAYA GAZYETA in 1948.}}

## THE WORLD OF NIGHTMARE FANTASIES

by

V. Bolkhovitinov and V. Zakhartchenko

The American Raymond F. Jones, experienced writer of "scientific" fantasies, attempts to lift the curtain of the future for the reader. He uses all his flaming imagination in describing a machine which analyses the inclinations, talents, character and other potentialities of a new-born infant. If it finds the child normal, it returns it to the arms of the waiting mother. If it finds a future "superman", the mother will never see him again; he will be sent to a world "parallel" to ours where he will be raised without the help of parents. But woe to the baby the machine finds defective--it will be immediately destroyed. According to the "scientific" forecast of author Jones, a network of such machines will cover the world of the future.

This tale, monstrous in its openly fascistic tendency, appears in the American magazine ASTOUNDING, under the optimistic title of "Renaissance." Jones' fascist revelations are not an isolated instance in American science fiction literature. There are numerous such examples under the brightly colorful covers which enterprising publishers throw on the market in millions of copies. From their pages glares a fearful world, apparently conceived in the sick mind of an insane, a world of nightmare fantasies. Miasma, mental decay, fear of today and horror of the future: all these innumerable ills of capitalism are clearly reflected.

In their science fiction delerium, the authors reveal the innermost secret of capitalism. With shameless boldness they bring to the surface what serious literature still tries to present in a veiled form. The lackey of Wall Street, in the livery of a science fiction writer, first of all carries out the main order of his bosses; to persuade the reader of the invulnerability of the capitalist system. The wolf-pack laws, the so-called American Way of Life, are represented as inevitable for all people of Earth, now and in the future.

No matter to what planet the author carries his heroes, he describes worlds constructed according to the American system. In "The Mysterious World," by Fando Binder, the bandit Yorin, following the trade of his Chicago colleagues, steals an interplanetary taxi, kidnaps the scientist Tom and the beautiful Della, and takes them to an unknown planet to look for hidden pirate treasure. In a story by Eric Frank Russell, "The Secret of Mr. Wiesel," there is an ecstatic description of the adventures of a spy from Mars.

The American science-fantasy in its unbridled racial propaganda, reaches heights which might have made Goebbels envious. The author of "Lilies of Life," Malcolm Jameson, tries to impress on the reader that there is inequality on Venus and that there are inferior and superior races. With the revolting cynicism



of a coloniser and a slave owner, he writes: "The natives of Venus are lazy, vicious and shameless. The native is a born liar and thief; he shuns work, is indifferent to physical pain and completely incapable of thought."

The dollar, the gun and the fist function equally well on the most distant planets, even those in the dust of the galaxy. Obeying the order of the Wall Street owners, the writers glorify war as the basis of life and as the natural condition of the planet. In "Destiny Times Three," Fritz Leiber Jr. describes a cruel, unending war between two nations who have swallowed all the rest. They are constantly goaded on by the thought that the war must be continued or all previous sacrifices will have been in vain. In "The Lights of Mars," the author foresees war not only on Earth but also on Mars.

To fortify the propaganda of the imperialists' war machine, the "science" fantasists of America unrestrainedly threaten with the atomic bomb monster. Robert Moore Williams, in "The Incredible Pebbles," describes a future atom bomb factory into which, having made a mysterious leap through time, there wanders a moronic little boy with a slingshot. The little boy shoots atom bombs from his slingshot like pebbles. A hooligan with an atomic slingshot--isn't this the true symbol of modern imperialism?

To distract the mind of the reader from "harmful" thoughts on the origin of social evils, American publishers release a flood of horrifying tales with "other side" themes such as telepathy, reincarnation, and failure of memory. The authors of these "scientific-fantastic" works do everything to pervert and stultify their readers. They foretell the total destruction of matter, which is replaced by a concentration of thought-energy. Throwing in a few mathematical theories, the ignoramuses of these American magazines arrive at a belief in the existence of other worlds in the fourth dimension. Thus, in a story by John and Dorothy de Courcy, there appears an immortal corpse out of a grave! In Joseph J. Millard's "The Crystal Invaders," the protagonists are bodiless creatures of "concentrated pure energy" which by feeding on the nervous energy of people arouse in them emotions of fear and hatred.

In huge quantities appears the writing of literary fiends like Richard S. Shaver, consisting of a mixture of mysticism and sadism in the fascist style. In his novels Shaver constantly avers that all the troubles on Earth are caused by an incredibly ancient and learned super-race of Lemurians who once owned the Earth but who have been driven into deep underground caves with all their machines. They operate from these caves with special rays which inspire anti-social thoughts and actions and invite man to suicidal war.

The authors of this arch-reactionary and screamingly shameless mess cannot, however, hide their fear of the future which has seized the entire capitalist world. Capitalism, which enslaves and exploits men, would much prefer that its factories were worked by uncomplaining automatons. So, to please their bosses, the writers bring forth a whole army of robots who push live workers out of the factories. Characteristic is a story by Eando Binder, "Adam Link Saves the World." Adam Link is a robot with a platinum sponge brain superior to a human's. In a war with monsters from Sirius, he leads herds of bestial and merciless people. In Lester del Rey's "Though Dreamers Die," all humans die out, while on a faraway planet the robots survive and multiply.



In the contemporary bourgeois world, the fruits of the creative-ness of inventors and scientists are turned into objects for speculation and robbery or the means of slavery and exploitation. Capitalism has chained inventors to its chariot by its patent laws, and forces scientists to do things against humanity. The hero of the modern science fiction story is usually not a scientist but a business man or a gangster who utilises the fruits of other people's labors. Science, in the opinion of the American business man, is above all else, a means of enrichment, crime and tyranny.

Capitalism has no future. Time is working against it. Pessimism shows through all science fiction literature, in spite of a show of bravado on the part of its authors. The reader is presented with scenes of a world reverting to a wilderness and of the destruction of civilization. The revelations appearing in this delirium of unbridled fantasy, poorly concealed by the label of "science," vividly betray the incurable disease of the capitalistic system. The hacks, supplying the fantastic drivel feel this, and try to present the doom of capitalism as that of the world. But all their endeavours are in vain; their nauseating, evil ravings cannot fool the peoples of the world who believe in progress and the bright future of humanity.

V. BOLKHOVITINOV &  
V. ZAKHARTCHENKO

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Ah, yes, science fiction criticism from the days of the Cold War. The authors of the above were no slouches themselves when it came to dripping purple prose. Discounting the propaganda there is some valid criticism of 1940's stf in the article: racism, mysticism and sadism, the glorification of war and the ignoring of social problems can be found in the stories of those days. In the stories of these days, too.

Criticism based on ideological/political propaganda, such as this is double-edged, however, for the many faults herein attributed to the capitalist system are equally applicable to the Soviet system.

Blech on 'em both.

Considering the comments about end-of-the-world stf, I wonder what the Soviet critic's reaction to the current wave of science fiction is? Most of the stories these days seem to be concerned with the doom of the world.

Which is not surprising since that is more of a possibility now than it was in the 1940s. And not because of moronic little boys flipping atom bombs with their slingshots either.

But the inability of the current generation of stf writers to come up with stories which reflect an optimistic solution to today's problems is, I think, a reflection of their intellectual poverty and lack of imagination.

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At Baycon, you will recall, Philip José Farmer presented a program he called REAP, a call for a whole new socio-economic system which would make full use of our technology to produce an abundance for the people of the world. Farmer said we currently operate under a program of contrived scarcity which benefits a few at the expense of many.

I would also call your attention to Mack Reynolds' Looking Backward from the Year 2000, which is more of a political tract than a novel and which offers some impractical sociological ideas but, nevertheless, presents a clear picture of what can be done by the proper application of technology.

Perhaps at no time in the history of the United States has the program of deliberately contrived scarcity been practiced as openly as it is at the present time. The most obvious, of course, is the "shortage" of petroleum products. This is a squeeze by the major oil companies by which they hope to accomplish a number of things: drive out the independent operators, raise prices, silence the environmentalists, get the Alaska pipeline built, and assortment of other things. Some Congressmen are calling for repeal of the oil-depletion allowance, for example; the oil companies want it raised. Inasmuch as the Congress appears ready to knuckle under on the Alaska pipeline issue it would appear that the oil companies will probably win most of their major points--the only foreseeable set back for them may be the survival of the independents.

Another openly contrived scarcity is that of food. The grain companies have used the excuse of the sale of wheat to the Soviet Union to proclaim a shortage of grain. Why the sale of wheat should cause a shortage of maize, soybeans, oats, etc., is something of a mystery. Fact is there is plenty of grain in storage but it is being deliberately withheld from the market to drive up prices. Artificial shortages of meat, fish, poultry and dairy products are also being used to raise prices.

Oil and food are the two most obvious of the contrived shortages. They are not the only ones. A check with local merchants will reveal any number of products which are in short supply. Ah, but wait until the price freeze is lifted. There will be plenty of everything--at prices that make today's look cheap.

An economy based on clearly contrived scarcity is intolerable. We have the technology, the knowledge to develop the techniques required to do a 180° turn and develop an economy based on abundance. All that is lacking is the desire and the will to do it. And that, too, can be developed.

Reap.

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