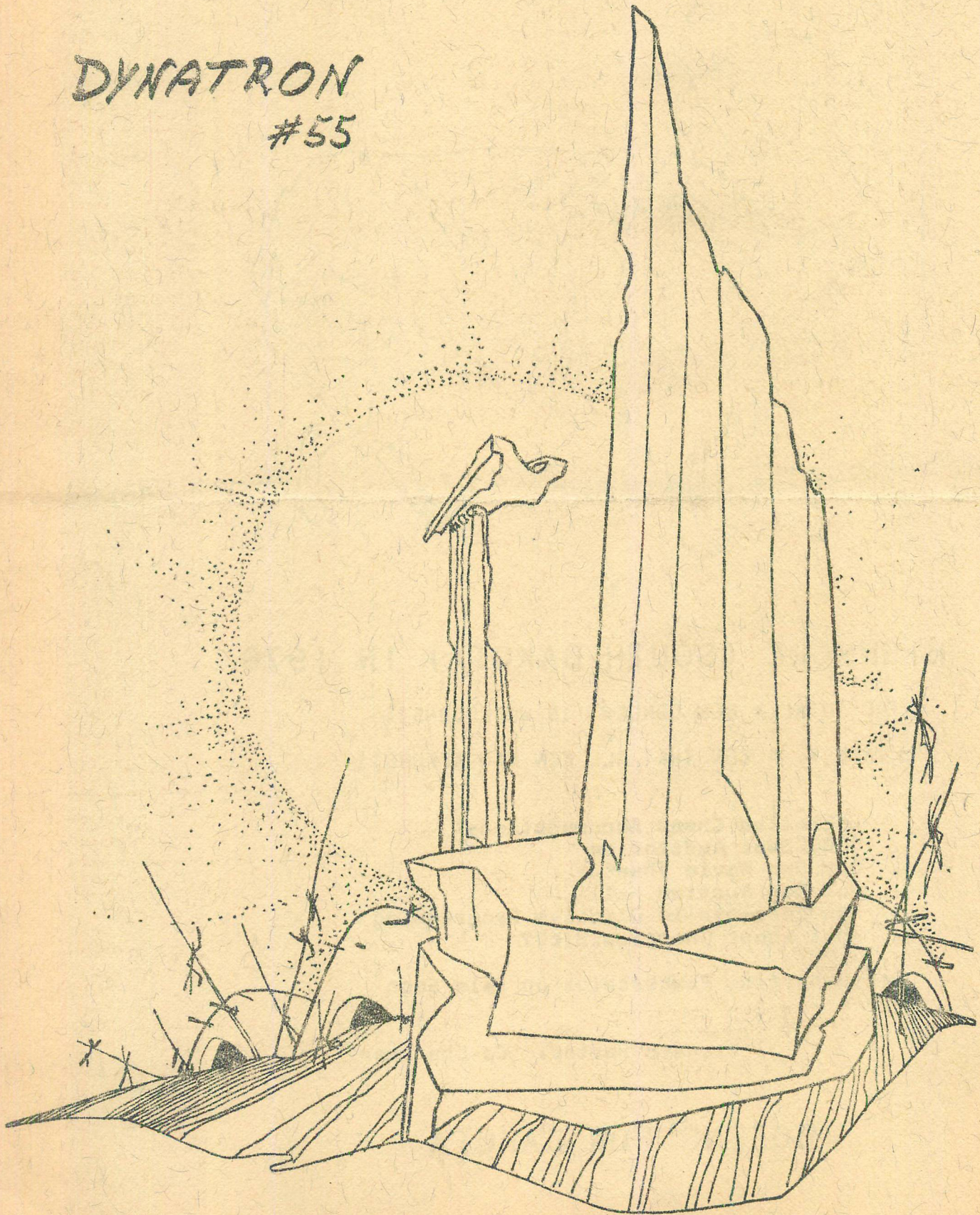
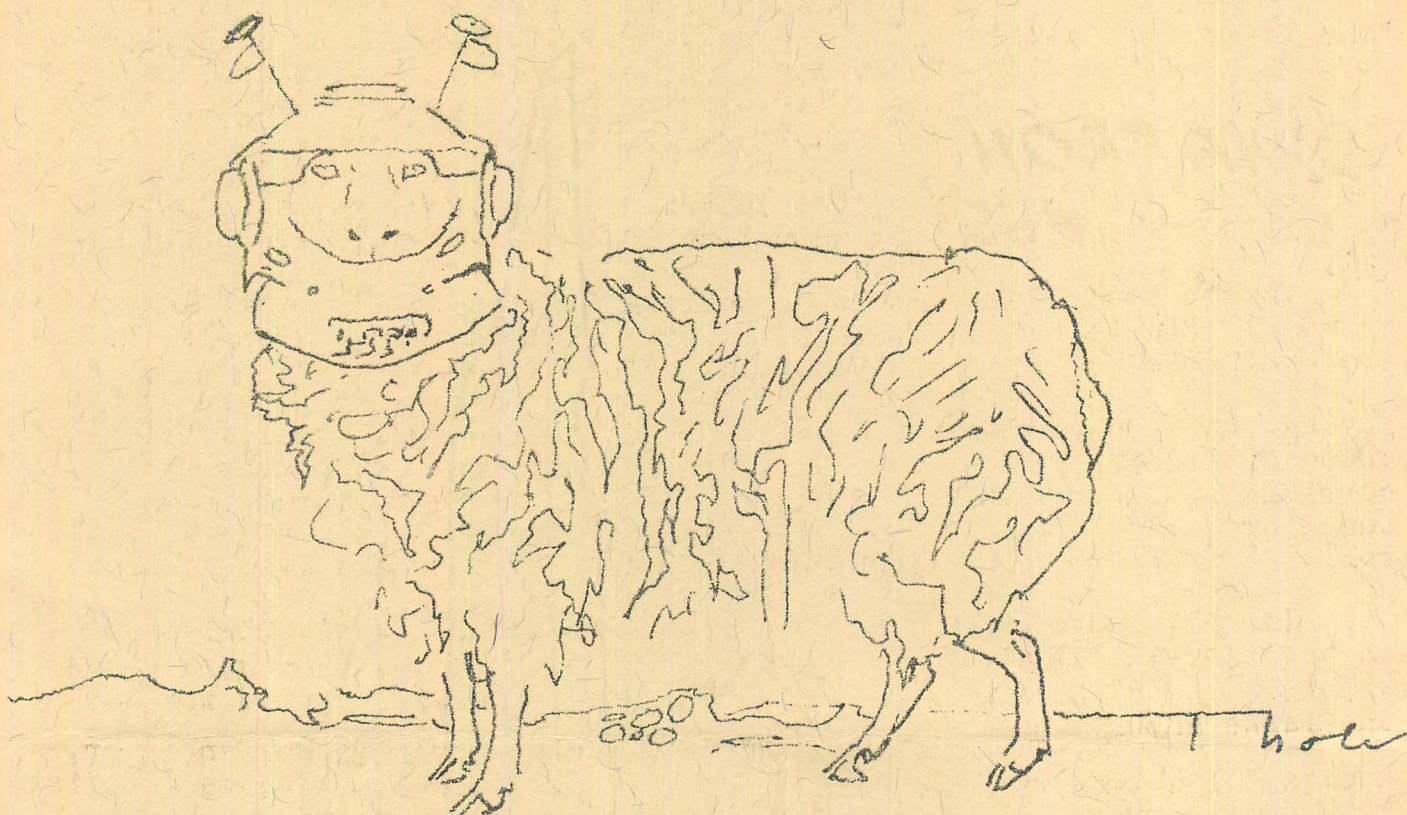


ack 11-14-73

DYNATRON #55





HIGHMORE (SOUTH DAKOTA) IN 1976

THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN WORLDCONS!!

FINALLY, A CON THAT ALL FEN CAN AFFORD!!

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Richard Harter: Co-Chairman

DOZENS FOR DAKOTA

Ah, there you are. And here we are. We, being DYNATRON and Roytac. This makes four issues (of sorts) in four months. I must be mad.

Be that as it may and it may well be, this is the fifty-fifth issue of DYNATRON.

I go through this every time and you should all know it by now, however, for the newcomers....Dynatron is a fanzine devoted to discussion of science fiction, fantasy, fandom and, now and then, other things. It is my attempt to, as they say, communicate. Just what I am trying to communicate is not communicable.

Anything else you need to know? Oh, yes, the editor and publisher and all that. All that is Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107 USA.

The best way to stay on the mailing list is to show some interest by means of a letter of comment, or your zine in trade. Sample copies are available for 25¢ in either U.S. coins or money.

(Hey, you are saying, no? You thought I'd raised the price to 40¢. Well...being a ghod citizen I feel that we should all do our part to combat this horrible inflation imposed upon us by the Nixon administration and therefore, as a good fan and true, I am rolling back the price. Roll, roll. A little rock, too, maestro.)(How about rock and rye? Yeah..)

In this issue we have: a genuine ATom cover. Well, that's not in the issue, that's on the issue. Or it may not have anything to do with the issue? I wish you wouldn't bring these things up...what is the issue anyway?

To continue: there's a story by Bill Wolfenbarger, a page of, ah, a page of, well, poems, unless you happen to be a purist. And a whole bunch of letters. And not much else. The not much else was written by the editor.

You'll also find a TAFF ballot knocking about. I suppose I should endorse one of the chaps. Vote for Pete and you can't go wrong. Pete Weston, of course. I'm going to vote for Ethel Lindsay myself. Always do. Hey, that's a thought. Everybody write in Ethel Lindsay.

Where was I? Oh, on line 39. I gather that the latest thing in fanzine fandom is to dedicate one's fanzine to somebody. This issue of DYNATRON is dedicated to Bert and Mary Frazier. They rent my other house which provides the money to publish this thing.

The next issue will be out, I'm sure. How should I know when? When it is done. Maybe next month? Are you mad?

X

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

Sigh. It didn't take long for mundac to replace the euphoria of worldcon attendance. When we walked through the door we ran into the first of Diana's notes: Welcome home. The drain system is clogged up so be careful using water. Yep, we were home. And once that chore was done I decided it was time to paint the house--if I was going to get it painted this year. And there was the garden to water and grass to cut and a host of other things. And the job to get back to, of course. I told the lab supervisor that three weeks vacation set so well with me this year that I was going to take four weeks next year.

Still I did get out a six-page DYNATRON on the day after we returned home. That was just to blow Vardeman's mind. "Tackett," he said, "you are crazy." The club passed a motion to that effect.

Don Miller reviewed D54 in SOWJ #100. "Book review, short fiction and a con report." Short fiction, Don? Where?

What with a gaggle of new members (our annual gaggle) it was decided that the Albuquerque SF Club really should get organized, elect officers, hold a program and all like that. Vardeman and Tackett were aghast! There was some discussion but nobody could remember when the last election was held or who was elected at that time. Vardeman and I finally decided that the last elected Moderator was Jack Speer. I urged Juffus to rap the meeting to order but he said he'd left his gavel on his Bench at court. Nevertheless we did manage to get a small bit of quiet.

Speer: Nominations are open for the position of Moderator.

Tackett: I nominate Jack Speer.

Vardeman: Second the nomination.

Tackett: I move the nominations close.

Vardeman: Second the motion.

Speer: Wait a minute...

Tackett: Mr Moderator, there is a motion on the floor.

Speer: Very well, it has been moved the nominations be closed. All in favor....

All: Aye.

Tackett: Stuck ya again, Juffus.

Dick Patten: We need an Alternate Moderator in case Jack can't make it. I nominate Tackett.

Speer: All in favor...

All: Aye.

Speer: Hoist by your own petard, Tackett.

Tackett: I don't think my election was legal.

In any event, as such events go, the new officers of the Albuquerque Science Fiction Club are: Jack Speer, Moderator; Roy Tackett, Alternate Moderator; Mike Kring, Secretary-Treasurer; and Dick Patten, Sergeant-at-arms.

Further discussion concerned Bubonicon V, including the fact that there had been genuine cases of Plague about this year, which was deemed successful since the club didn't lose any money. Did we want to try it again next year? Why not? The Bubonicon VI committee is Larry Fontane, Chairman; Mike Kring, Secretary-Treasurer; Bob Vardeman, Publicity Agent; and Dick Patten, Sergeant-At-arms.

More details will be forthcoming from Vardebob, I suppose, as things develop. I'll keep you informed in Dynatron, of course. Dates and hotel and the like are still to be decided.

Now if Fontane can just get the bottle opener away from Pat McCraw.....

Among the books this time are three of note: CAGE A MAN by F. M. Busby, THE MAN WHO LIKED WOMEN by Marc Brandel, and DYING INSIDE by Robert Silverberg.

Two or three years ago the government did us a favor when it abolished F. M. Busby's job and forced him into retirement. I am not too sure how Buzz felt about it but I gather he enjoys the life of a full time writer. And he writes well. Indeed he does.

CAGE A MAN is Buzz's first long story, so far as I know, and while I wouldn't quite call it a novel, more a novella, I suppose, it is, I hope, a foretaste of things to come from his typewriter. The story is, in a way, good olde tyme stf that should warm the cockles of First Fandom's heart: an Earthman is captured and held prisoner by aliens. He escapes and, against long odds, triumphs. Does that sound old hat? Ha! Don't you believe it. Buzz has added all sorts of new twists and fillips that really keep the story moving and the reader reading. The characters are interesting and believable. The writing is good.

Bravo, Buzz! Delightful! Keep it up. The rest of you go out and buy copies.

I seem to have, as Dick Patten suggests, a positive talent for finding off trail books that others pass by. I don't know what it is... books are stacked on the shelves, spine out, and I let my eyes wander over the titles. My hand will suddenly shoot out and grab a volume. It generally turns out to be some form of fantasy or science fiction. Which was the case of Marc Brandel's THE MAN WHO LIKED WOMEN. Here we have the return to earth of Venus. She springs full-blown from the head of Bascombe Fletcher, an American working in London, and at first she is all of 1½ inches tall. She grows of course. Mostly THE MAN WHO LIKED WOMEN is comment on today's world and problems (and what novel isn't?) and Brandel is on target more often than not. But the problem with Venus is, since she is immortal, she has to continue to grow and near the end she is nine feet tall...and the square-cube law applies. Interesting. And, dealing with Venus, of course, the book is erotic. Recommended.

Do you know David Selig? Do I know David Selig? Mighod, do I know David Selig. I know him to the depths of his bleak, dark, lonesome soul. Bob Silverberg told me all about David Selig in a book called DYING INSIDE which I'm sure you all read before I did. I have always admired Silverberg's writing but this--Silverbob, what a book! What a tremendous fantastic book.

Selig is a telepath, no, a mindreader. He can't transmit but he can enter into minds, yours, ine, a boe's a fish's. Ah, that

that's beautiful--to know what it is like to be a bee, to be a fish. Silverberg's prose is convincing. But Selig has a problem, his power is fading (hence the title, DYING INSIDE) a situation he views with both anticipation and regret. Poor Duv.

Do I know David Selig? Like the back of my hand. But I don't like him very well. He's a loser.

DYING INSIDE is Silverberg at his best and that is very very good. It has been a long time since a novel gripped me like this one. This is an example of stf as it should be.

And what else? TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, of course. Which everybody in the field is going to review--except me. A new Heinlein is always a major event and this one is no exception and is my choice for this year's (or next year's, depending on how you look at it) Hugo. Nuff sed.

I doubt that TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE will achieve much popularity among femmefans, though, considering that Heinlein seems to portray women mostly as sex objects and baby factories.

But what else are they good for?

....Of course I am.

A story in the UNM LOBO says that in Urbana, Ohio, Sharon Boldman, a senior at Urbana High School was taken off the ballot for Homecoming Queen by the school's principal, Fred Walters, because she is, as they put it, an unwed mother. Mr Walters is said to have told Sharon that "only virgins can run for homecoming queen."

There wasn't any mention of how Walters certified the virginity of those who remained on the ballot.

NORM HOCHBERG notes that I failed to mention the awards in my brief conrep lasttime and wonders if I was disappointed in them. Yes and no. The main reason I didn't mention them was I assumed that would be adequately covered elsewhere and that everyone knew what (or who) won. I had not read/seen everything that was on the ballot so I attempted to be objective. I think that Silverberg's DYING INSIDE was superior to anything else in the novel category. I didn't vote in the other fiction--written fiction, that is--categories as I hadn't read enough of the nominees to make an intelligent choice.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE V, which won the Hugo for best dramatic presentation, was the only one of those nominees I had not seen. I wasn't at all impressed with Vonnegut's book but, as we well know, movies are vastly different from the books on which they are based. Of the other three, my personal choice was SILENT RUNNING which really was full of flaws but I liked it.

Ben Bova was my choice for best proed so I have no argument with that award at all.

ENERGUMEN was a good choice for best fmz although I voted for SF Commentary. ALGOL might have won if it appeared more frequently. LOCUS made the ballot on sheer size of circulation, I imagine, and the presence of GRANFALLOON must have been a jest.

I think Sandra Miesel should have taken best fan writer. Terry Carr is good, of course, but I can't think of much he did last year except the intros to "Entropy Reprints" and they weren't much.

BROOD OF BABISS

by

BILL WOLFENBARGER

We were all sitting around in my apartment, waiting for Babiss to show up. My face was as white as silk. I saw this from the bathroom mirror. You can go through all kinds of revelation in private bathroom mirrors.

There was Julian, my pool player friend, born in Middle France, with twenty years education in regions of Southern India and Dallas, Texas, U.S.A. A bright guy with short, ragged hair, mild blue seaweed eyes. He was leaning in a chair, facing my apartment door.

There was Carol, whose face was a complete mixture of William Blake, Betty Crocker and Joan Baez. Carol was from thundering Chicago, an airline hostess. She sat near the booze at the kitchen bar. She was getting drunk fast.

And I was there, after all it's my place, and I have every right to be here. My name is Howard. I was in my fluffy white bathrobe, my hand around a cold bottle of pop. Somewhere in the distance of my head, I kept hearing a rather macabre whirr as of gigantic engines. I was beginning to feel very glad I postponed my latest tripping deadline. And I especially wanted to feel free about the whole thing. For only a moment, I thought we were in Black Country. And later I kept spanning histories of my lives. I went over and put my hands about Carol.

Each of us knew the coming of this Babiss by receiving, by mail, on a plain white card in bold black inkings, "BABISS IS COMING. APARTMENT G-7 AT 7663 WEST ADAMS STREET, NEOSHO, MISSOURI 64850. CONTACT HOWARD BONES. AT 9 P.M." The postmark was from Albuquerque, New Mexico. Now, none of us knew who Babiss was, or is.

Carol and Julian arrived at 7 and 7:15 that Saturday. We enjoyed a dinner of hot split pea soup, a crisp combination salad, and a bottle of Tokay. I was staying off liquor this night and stuck with pop.

Along about a quarter till, everyone started getting nervous. Julian began crossing and uncrossing his long legs and his fingers twitched and sweated like they do while he's waiting for a combination shot on the velvet green. Carol kept running for the bathroom; she'd come back from the bathroom and sit on the bar stool, looking at her bleary face in her pocket mirror, and brush her hair out again, over and over. I sat in half lotus on the floor between them, and I soon noticed I kept staring at my hands.

A sound from Carol. "This is the creepiest thing I ever heard of," We all turned. "This Babiss character must be some kind of nut. Some kind of original nut!" she added with verve.

To this we all agreed.

Until Julian penetrated the silence. "This is crazy, man. But it's almost time. Look. We got five minutes left."

We turned to read the grandfather clock in the middle of the room. To this we all agreed.

But suddenly the time passed. Nine o'clock was here before we really realized it. I moved over a little closer to Carol. And waited.

It was just after the clock struck. The only other sound we heard was a soft, gentle rapping at the door. As if I was in a dream, I said, "Come on in!"

The door opened. We didn't have to wait for weird Babiss any longer. He was big, with dark, soft looking fur all over. His head and neck was like that of a turtle. The rest of his body was like an ape, and he was dressed in gigantic-size blue jeans and a tattered T-shirt. His greenish eyes kept roving about the apartment to us and by this time we were all huddling in a corner. Babiss strode into the room, and closed the door.

Without another word from anyone we huddled there in the corner, our arms suddenly entwined about one another, and it was Julian who first screamed. Babiss stode over awkwardly, reached out, grabbing Julian by the neck. We heard it pop. We saw the blood.

Flesh dangled from Julian's upper torso before we realized exactly what was happening. The monster stuffed flesh in his ugly, hungry mouth.

I must have passed out, for the next thing I knew Babiss was eating Carol. Her clothes lay near me in a crimson heap. As I looked up I saw and heard a low, moaning cry, with Babiss's mouth poised carefully over Carol's head. Then there was a terrible snap.

Three minutes were devoted to the dining of Carol. I think I must have passed out again. The apartment stank.

When I awoke again, I felt the most suffering pain I had ever thought possible. A moment or so later I heard the clock strike midnight. Through pain-cringing eyes I saw Babiss sitting on the sofa eyeing me intently. He sucked on a toothpick.

My left arm was gone, up to the elbow. I did not care to think what a devil in Hell would be like. Babiss looked at me. I tried to move but found I couldn't. My head swam in tormented circles.

Babiss spoke, and his voice was from long-forgotten deeps. "You're lucky," he said. "You just don't know just how lucky you are. I've had my fill. I'll let you go now. I need rest. It's time for me to go home. But I'll return next year, Howard Bones, and I promise you, I'll eat you up."

I could make him out clearly in the darkness of pain.

"See you next Halloween!" he roared, leaping to my apartment door, opened it and left.

I sat there, wishing I had the strength to get to a phone and call the hospital. I got as far as the window, and I looked out and saw a full October moon. I watched little skeletons and ghosts pass along the sidewalk.

BILL WOLFENBARGER

XXXXX

POEM PAGE

TO AUGUST W. DERLETH

Necropoli-fed from yawning gulfs,
The black universe spins and grinds
Where no whippoorwills call;
You sleep, the prolific being of macabre letters;
And now, in some strange dreaming,
The peal of yawning night
Engulfs us to the Fold.

Bill Wolfenbarger
August 28, 1972

A BRIEF
AND UNIMAGINATIVELY UNTITLED POEM
ABOUT ASPIRATIONS FOR THE FUTURE
LOVE, HAPPINESS, BEAUTY, TRUTH,
AND THE FRUSTRATION OF THE ABOVE

I had a dream
it took root
and grew into a tree
and bore fruit
and seeded
and became a forest
and now I've forgotten what the dream was.

Darrell Schweitzer

Old material that comes this way
Never does get thrown away.
Today, tomorrow, or anon,
It gets printed in Dynatron.

Roytac

LETTERS

BEN INDICK thinks we are optimistic.

I ask, where are issues 51 and 52?

Thank you for DYNATRON, and, yes

Then again. I never saw 1-50 incl., so they may also be legend, so far as I know! {{You may well be right. Don't ask me about them.}}

Anyway, I enjoyed the modest style of your mag, and its mildly-mannered iconoclasm. It may be, apparently, that the Albuquerque area is in for the same sort of sfan-renaissance as ST Louis has been having. There could be worse things.

Since your con will have the wonderful Harry Morris present, I am truly sorry I cannot be there. I have been privileged to be receiving Harry's magazines for a long time; anyone who enjoys weird lit, and especially HPL, has to be indebted to him. We have seen NYCTALOPS grow from a slim mimeographed hopeful into a professional journal, very self-assured. There is a lesson here, that something which is worthwhile can draw a group of good contributors and thoughtful readers.

The old Soviet blast at sf is amusing. Today, I believe, there is a fair amount of general lit and sf as well coming out of Russia which is relatively free of propaganda; however, a generation ago, it would have been impossible. Consider Eisenstein's IVAN films, as well as his ALEXANDR NEVSKY, with their asinine epilogue scenes of barely-veiled propaganda; and THE NEW GULLIVER, a puppetoon type film, wherein the Lilliputians were a down-trodden proletariat urged to successful rebellion by Gulliver; and Prokofieff's STONE FLOWER, a fairy tale ballet wherein the villain is a landlord. Sigh, the pictures were easy to understand in them thar days, when a villain was a plain unvarnished meanie, not someone who is jes' plain shucks lahk you and me, pardner, but burdened with compulsions.

Meanwhile, you seem to maintain a rather optimistic attitude, in spite of all the contemporary horrors you catalog. "Man goes ever upward." Sigh; he well may - in smoke. I happen to have some of that same foolish hope myself; however, only a generation ago men proved themselves unbelievably barbaric. And last week, for whatever goal, several deluded people (see? I give my villains the grace of doubt as well) killed people who were quite innocent of causing any of the grievances their murderers felt. And...Southeast Asia...etc., It is TOO easy to list terrors; we KNOW they exist, but if one is to live, it must be with hope. Keep plugging.

{{Who do you want plugged?}}

428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, N.J. 07666

X

ALEXIS GILLILAND tells all (about anchovies)

I find myself--a blessing on your head--in possession of the 53 DYNATRON. I remember money: in my watch pocket I carry a 1921 silver dollar, and in my jewelry box I have 4-5 silver dimes and a silver quarter. Gresham was right.

The word on grain prices is as follows: The Preuvian anchovy is subject

to periodic wipeouts due to winds shifting the coastal currents. In 1971, massive overfishing was followed by just such a (season long) wind drift. The result, in 1972, was a shortfall of 7×10^8 tons of anchovy meal, and the probable destruction--permanently--of the Peruvian anchovy fishery. Anchovy meal is prime cattle, hog and poultry feed. The other prime feed is soybean meal. With the massive shortfall of anchovy meal, meat producers scrambled fiercely for soybean meal--which shot up, and corn and lesser grains, just as--a miracle of timing--Nixon sold the Russians all that wheat.

After, of course, devaluing the dollar so more foreigners could buy more American goods.

Today
{{7Aug}} wheat hit \$4.04/bu in Chicago--up the limit--and the market closed in 10 minutes because there were no sellers. (1) Because all those overseas dollars are coming home to the commodity market and (2) because the imbecile USDA forecast 1.73×10^9 bu wheat production based on the acreage planted. Bad weather has cut into that figure severely but we have sold the prediction rather than the production, and there is a suspicion that we may have seriously oversold this year's wheat crop. With no reserves.

The cold, wet spring in the midwest, and the Mississippi flood have severely cut the corn and cotton crops, also. God's judgement on Richard Nixon?

On the United States?

We now hear the forecast of a 20% rise in food prices in 1973.

I agree: Nixon is guilty as hell. If he didn't know, why was he taping everything and covering his tracks. Impeach him to encourage the others.

{{Crop failures also throughout the rest of the world.

Asimov predicted serious famine in the mid-1970s. I think a 20% rise in food cost is a low estimate. We are going to feel the pinch.}}

2126 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C. 20037.

ROGER SWEEN says we ramble

Received DYNATRON #53; I found it a bit rambling. We seem to have some similarities and some differences. Evidently you make no bones about expressing your opinions, coloring D with your personality. {{Green.}}

I shouldn't comment on Watergate either, but I couldn't resist, and I'll be putting in my bit in the next ECCE. I agree that it is a diversion from our real problems, but doubt that it is deliberate. Our august representatives in Congress don't know any better: My father keeps saying that only a fool goes into politics anyway so that's what we're stuck with.

{{Oh, they know better. It's just that circuses such as the Watergate hearings take the heat off the real problems which Congress hasn't the guts to do anything about. Might cost them a vote or two. Or, more likely, a dollar or two.}}

My understanding of food and fuel shortages is limited. I can't pay much attention to problems such as these because I remain confident that we will soon solve them. I can't imagine that grain sales to Russia have much to do with it either since the amount of grain sold is marginal compared to the total production. Anyone who raises

this issue is drawing a red herring across the path. But I do know that there has been an increased demand for food and fuel, and that production has not kept up with it. For years production has been so strong that we have failed to recognize how cheaply we have lived or what we have got for our money. Now that population and changed eating habits, e.g. among the Japanese and Italian middle classes, have increased demand beyond production, prices have gone up. Certainly the government has done nothing but worsen the situation. I am radical for capitalism; apparently you are not, but the government has no right to interfere in these matters. That they do is the result of our petty conniving; each special interest has tried for so long to get something out of Washington, that we send only stooges there.

My recent tour through the farm belt convinced me there is no shortage of food. As my cousin's husband put it, "If the American food companies want the grain, let them bid on it." Which means, of course, that we'll have to pay more. No, I'm not exactly radical about capitalism (I'm not radical about anything--except maybe redheads). Oh, I agree that we send only stooges to Washington. Our new Senator Doménici is conceded to be one of the senators from oil.

P. O. Box 351, Platteville, Wisconsin, 53818

MIKE SHOEMAKER IS GOING TO GET IT

I don't get it. You never did explain why it was we got #53 before #52 and why did you send me #52 (dated Feb.) so late? Nonsense! I explained all in #54. Or was it 45? 55? No, that's this issue, isn't it? Besides, I don't explain 'em, I just tell 'em.

If the barbaric philosophy is pure-Heinlein (and I agree with you that it is) then Mr Cleveland is emphatically wrong about the "counterculture" being the representatives of this philosophy. Aside from Stranger... Heinlein is very much out with the predominately liberal counterculture. Look at the popular opinion regarding the most typical of Heinlein's works, Starship Troopers. Most hostile. Why do you consider ST to be "the most typical" of Heinlein's works?

The number of non-voters last election is no surprise when you look at the choice they had: a pinhead or a crook. About that symposium, I can't tell you what it means, but I know one thing, SF said it all first.

I, like Darrell Schweitzer, read E. E. Smith in the 8th grade. At first the Sense of Wonder was there, but in the end I found myself struggling to get through Second Stage Lensman, Children of the Lens and Skylark Duquesne. My reaction to them was the same as my present feeling towards Sword & Sorcery, I was bored stiff. The reason was, as Darrell pointed out, Smith's inability to bring about any meaningful conflict. To my mind, Smith's two worthwhile works are Spacehounds of IPC and The Skylark of Space. For my money Campbell was the king of space opera, with Williamson and Hamilton princes, all of whom were parsecs ahead of Smith.

((If you read all Smith's works during the 8th grade how can you be sure that your reaction is not simply a result of too much at once? As you recall I recently re-read the entire Telzey series at one sitting and after that I couldn't bear the thought of super-psi. But I'd be happy to see another adventure now. There is more in the Telzey stories than a superficial reading reveals.))

Pat McCraw's article is amusing but pointless. There is too much SF that could qualify as the worst. No doubt most readers will pick on some hopelessly cliched, inane, wooden story from 40 some years ago, as Darrell Schweitzer did in a similar article in RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY a while back, but I would just as soon nominate some equally worthless piece of pretentious nonsense that has appeared recently such as: Lamas Mutable by M. John Harrison, or Totenbuch by A. Parra. Stories like these are so much worse because the authors should know better, unlike the pioneers of yesteryear. {{You seem to have as much talent for finding obscure stories as I do. I've never heard of either of those.}}

Yes, Transylvania is a very spooky looking countryside. I refer you to p. 810 in the June 1969 NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC for a great two page photo.

That reprint of The World of Nightmare Fantasies is one of the funniest fanzine items I've read this year. Unfortunately, I rather doubt that the authors intended it this way. The whole thing is so grossly exaggerated and hopelessly inaccurate that a refutation of it is a waste of time. {{As I pointed out in my notes on that article, one must consider the time frame during which it was written.}}

I can't say I rightly understand what's going on with our economy, but I do know that things are a lot worse than most people realize. About six years ago a teacher told me a depression like 1929 was impossible because we now have good government controls on the economy. I don't know what's going to happen but people have been known to be wrong in the past. Long after Watergate is over and forgotten, Nixon will be remembered for the worst mismanagement of the national economy since 1929.

Would you please announce that Don Miller and I are working on a fan project which will be an annual continuation of Terry Carr's FANTHOLOGY. We hope to produce an offset collection of the previous year's best fanwriting. At the moment we are soliciting nominations for what to include in the first volume. We want two lists for the best fanwriting that appeared in any fanzine in the world in 1972. The first list is a general list of your five favorite items regardless of category. On the second list we want your two favorites in each of these categories: serious article (including any single installment of a regular column), fannish article (including any single installment of a regular column), review (book, film, etc.,) letter, poem, fiction. Deadline is mid-November. Send me your lists.

{{You just announced it. My favorites are anything written by me. That better go for the rest of the readership, too.}}

213 North Early St., Alexandria, Va. 22302

X

DARRELL SCHWETZER maintains I don't know what I'm talking about.

Street of the Horny Phoenix,

House of Unfilial Pieties

Chang-an

69th Year of Era of Perpetual Orgasm

The Son of Heaven, the august, serene, benevolent, wise, generous, vernerable and all around likeable D'rel Schuai-tzr, whose reign is called Hack hack scribble scribble, and whose power extends from the above address to the every ends of the Great Celestial Slush pile, sends these words to his subject, Roytac, Tremble and heed them: {{Pardon me for interrupting in your face, great one, but we people of the spear are no man's subject. Continue--on the next page, of course.}}

I read DYNATRON 52 about a week after coming back from the Clarion workshop, so you can bet I have some interesting things to say about your comments concerning aforesaid workshoppe. {{Tsk. Allow me, oh mitey one, to cut the ground out from under you before you start. My comments were about the book CLARION II. I never mentioned the workshop. Bearing that in mind you may now continue...}}

You're right. {{Naturally.}} You're a natural gambler, it seems. I agree with some things, but think that most of what you say should be taken back simply because you don't know what you're talking about, not having been there.

Firstly, the CLARION anthologies have been cancelled. Wilson quit as editor and NAL dropped the series because it wasn't selling. Kate Wilhelm is interested in resuming it, and has sent queries to 12 publishers, and got 7 rejections last I heard. I don't think the whole idea of the anthologies was commercially feasible, which is why the books didn't sell. This doesn't have anything to do with the workshop itself. You simply don't put together a book of stories by unknowns and advertise all over the cover that they're all beginners. The readers won't buy it. (In every sense of the word.) I admit that I'd like to see the books revived, simply because I could stand to make a little money from them, since only Clarion grads may sell to them and this cuts out most of the competition one would face at an ordinary market. (The editor then has to take the best of what he gets, and has to somehow fill a book with stories from less than a hundred people). However, the anthologies are not the crowning glory of the workshop, and aren't even a proper testing place for the graduates. What does stand to Clarion's credit and will always do so is the utterly fantastic percentage of people who sell stories elsewhere. The July AMAZING had three stories from Clarion people. The current VERTEX has two (Geo Effinger and Alan Brennert). ORBIT 11 has seven (that I know of. There are some people in there I never heard of who might be for all I know.) Quite a few Clarion grads have gone on to be full time writers, George Alec Effinger being probably the most prominent of these. (Two novels, lots of stories, comic script writing, a shortlived editorial position at HAUNT OF HORROR) Compared to the percentage of other writing workshops this sort of thing is fantastic. It just doesn't happen anywhere at Clarion. (Figures were kept for a while. I believe from the first few years 57% sold stories, 20% became full time writers. Most workshops run about 3 sales per hundred if they're lucky.)

The test of a Clarion grad is what he does afterwards. (I simply haven't had time to be tested. Wait and see.)

Another point I'd like to bring up is the myth that has been floating around fandom to the effect that Clarion is a place where they teach people to write that vile new wave, avant-gard, literary bubblebath stuff. Not so. There were some students there with attitudes like that, including a couple who were ignorant of the field and held it in contempt, but the strong emphasis, and hammered into us by everyone from Harlan Ellison to Ben Bova, was on the conventional, linear plotted story with real live characters in it. A couple people got stomped on rather hard for doing all that freako stuff without first learning to do conventional writing. It's the difference between an abstract artist and somebody who can't paint. Picasso could paint like Norman Rockwell if he wanted to, but some amateur who tries that sort of thing is more likely than not just slapping paint on canvas to hide the fact that he has neither talent nor ability.

The kind of story that most people seemed to want to do and wanted the rest of the group to do is the very personal, very Meaningful, semi-autobiographical sort of thing. The drawback was that quite a few people there seemed to be opposed to the very concept of fantasy, and also had no sense of fun. HOWEVER, none of the instructors really let his prejudices get in his way. No one went around insisting that everybody write Speculative Fiction and all that. I handed a ghost story set in 3rd Century (AD) China to Ellison, and he defended the thing in class. (It didn't go over very well with the class, being written in a Lafcadio Hearn type fable form and lacking clear Relevance) The story was about as diagonally opposed to the Evil New Wave Thing as you can get. I mailed it along with two other stories I wrote at the workshop off to WEIRD TALES, which shows in what sordid, ghastly and depraved direction I am heading. This is not typical Clarion fare. I don't think there is such a thing as typical Clarion fare, really, or a typical Clarion writer. They go off in all sorts of odd ways. Yes, and we even had a few who were aiming for ANALOG.

Thine esteem'd ancestor

113 Deepdale Road, Strafford, Pa., 19087

X

MURRAY MOORE is led to an exposé.

I don't know the particular reason for your sending me DYNATRON 53, but I'm sure it was a good one. Getting an unsolicited fanzine is especially nice, particularly if it is a good one.

You got me hooked with the first paragraph. I'm obviously not one of your regular readers but I can admire a man who would pose such an obviously pointed and important question and then wander away to other topics without the least explanation. The urge to refer to it later, to make it into a small running joke or tagline throughout the issue must have been there. But you resisted. Which leads me into an expose of your most terrible fannish secret.

{{You got D53 because I'm always looking for new letterhacks.

You don't know the way my mind works. I had no urge at all

to refer back to the first paragraph. It was self-explanatory.}}

Box 400, Norwich, Ontario, Canada NOJ 1P0.

X

SANDRA MIESEL suggests I raise my blood pressure.

I haven't read CHARIOT OF THE GODS, just glanced at the chapter headings. If the author thinks the Iron Pillar of Delhi is ET work, he's out of his gourd. Remember de Camp's article on same in ANALOG last year? The monument is entirely within the grasp of Indian technology. I agree that books like this are a profound insult to human capabilities. There's a refutation out, CRASH GO THE CHARIOTS, but I don't know how worthwhile it is.

Such books would annoy me even if they weren't so popular. My training in science and history, my long-time interests in mythology and archeology cry out against them. But the frightening thing is the warm reception they are getting in scientific publications. INDUSTRIAL RESEARCH has become a bastion of Velikovsky support. (In the most recent issue their columnist tries to find evidence in Egyptian mythology that Earth was once a satellite of Jupiter--in historic times yet--because after all Saturn and Set are really the same figure since their names start with the same letter. {{?!}} Yes, and Loki and Lao-Tze are likewise identical, I suppose?) When CHEMICAL & ENGINEERING NEWS called for a re-examination of

Velikovsky, they drew lots of approving mail from professional chemists who were eager for Velikovsky to disprove current scientific theories. Is there no rationality left?

But if you really want your blood pressure raised, try THE FIRST SEX by Elizabeth Gould Davis which purports to be a history of women's place in society but is in fact a farrago of the most unutterable nonsense it has been my misfortune to read in many, many years.

Books such as CHARIOTS OF THE GODS? are popular, it would seem to me, because they appeal to some sort of basic need to believe in something superior. von Daniken is trying to play shaman. There is a close connection here with Fundamentalist religious beliefs. von Daniken is saying, of course the Bible is right but, since we cannot accept, in this modern age, those old superstitions, we must gloss them over with super-beings from outer space. Which leaves room, of course, for the Fundamentalist to say, Right. Angels. The whole thing is a rip-off, of course, the shaman peddling spirits to the ignorant. And a scientific degree is no guarantee against ignorance. I know a couple of PhDs who take von Daniken as gospel. And that brings us back to Fundamentalists, doesn't it??

8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46240

JACKIE FRANKE succumbs to temptation

I liked your publication explanation department, with one minor reservation. As accustomed as I've become to 250 pp statements which say nothing in a far more verbose manner than your 3½ line avoidance of the issue, these paltry few lines are woefully lacking in a certain--shall we say--elan?

If permission has been granted, who am I to refuse the boon? Where the hell are issues 51 & 52? I wouldn't think of questioning where the rest of the pages went--19, 17, then 35. Now 7 3/4 (sounds like a hat size for a swelled head)...so I won't.

Bubonic cons sound like fun, from what I've heard (and are spies really trustworthy when you get right down to it?) but soooo blasted far away! When I get rich and famous, mainly rich, from selling artwork, perhaps our family will make the trip. Then again, by then we may have risen above such frivolous activities. In any case, RIGHT NOW, it sounds exciting, but, alas, in the wrong direction from Toronto.

Also, more pressing I fear, a baby-shower-cum-fan-party is being held at the Stopas in Wisconsin that weekend--the mother-to-be (not Joni, I hasten to add!) controls the finishing of a suede pants suit, ordered, lo, these many weeks ago, and I'll be darned if I endanger that! (Also, you wrote Mean and Nasty things about my first (and only) fan article in AWRY and I bear grudges--)

Who? Me? I? Why Jackie, you know I'm just a sweet old guy who wouldn't think of writing Mean and Nasty things about fanzine articles.}}

I like your attitude--as expressed roughly three-quarters down on p. 4. Man will endure, regardless of what we do (including nuclear war). Modern man tends to inflate his own importance, much as his ancestors did throughout the ages. Our "civilization" is not, will not, has never been the only civilization

humanity has created. Why pretend otherwise? Talk about inflated egos. Even Harlan isn't that megalomaniac--

⌞⌞For "modern man" read "American" because it is national gospel that our particular brand of civilization is the only one. Having spent many years knocking about in odd and obscure corners of the world I find that our particular version of civilization leaves much to be desired.⌟⌟

Except for the Marxist dogma, which was still compulsory in writing about Western works even a few years ago but may have changed a bit for all I know, the Russian put-down of SF sounds not unlike US variations from that period. Nobody likes SF but the readers--alas, alack.

Well, enuff drivels for now. It's late and Wally is tempting me with a slice of banana bread. At times like this succumbing to such temptations is a snap.

Box 51-A, RR2, Beecher, Ill., 60401

DENNY LIEN wants to be excused for awkward script.

(Excuse awkward script; writing this on way to Torcon. No, not while I'm driving.)

Thanks for DYNATRON #53. I'll send you copies of my apazine, ELECTRIC BUMBLEBEE SANDWICHES, as I get them sorted out.

Re "chairperson" bit: Tom Digby once postulated a multi-sexual alien race which would elect a chairman one year, a chairglurch the next, etc. Perhaps Pat McCraw could be designated as "chairfan"?

"Could I interest you in a truckload of horse manure?" I don't know; climb in and try it.

The Soviet SF piece was mildly interesting but apart from its other obvious shortcomings suffered from the neo-ish technique of analyzing 15 or 20 stories in two pages. But then good Soviet critics presumably don't get paid by the word. Well, by the time you read this, I either will or will not have seen you at Torcon, so I'll be-having-seen you or seeing you.

⌞⌞Denny had this one stuck in my mailbox at the Royal York. Silly message light kept flashing and flashing. I called the guest information operator and asked her if she had the information. Do you have the information? I asked in my best Peter Lorre voice. She said a weird looking character had left me a letter.⌟⌟

2408 Dupont Avenue South, Apt 1, Minneapolis, Minn. 55404

REDD BOGGS finds that memory attenuates as the years lengthen

Though written (in part) in November, dated February, and circulated (at least in FAPA) in August, DYNATRON 52 was a pleasant reading experience for the most part. Much of this impression comes directly from your brief but pointed--not to say barbed--review of Clarion II on page 3. Indeed, it comes more specifically from one nonstop paragraphed sentence: "It's too bad they never learned to communicate." I only glanced through Clarion II at the corner drugstore, and I check you to the usual number of decimals (how many is that? My memory ain't so good anymore, sonny.) Gee, I thought Thorne Smith had been forgotten. I always thought Passionate Witch the feeblest of the bunch, but I haven't read any of them for about 25 years.

⌞⌞You should. It is good for the soul.⌟⌟
P.O.Box 1111, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

LOAY HALL is an unfortunate

Well, I see you were one of the fortunates who attended TORCON (I hate you already!). I wanted to make it--even tried to persuade my brother-in-law to fly his plane up--but nothing seemed to work. Hence I missed it. {{I think you were the only one that did.}} But from your minute con-report I see that you had a ball--er, I mean, a good time. {{Right on both counts.}} I noticed, tho, that you missed two Big Name Pro's who attended in your report....George H. Scithers and L. Sprague de Camp...but maybe they just slipped by you in the crowd. (Sprague, in a letter I got from him today, called it one of the best con's he's attended in a long time.) The more I talk to people who attended TORCON and those writing about it, the more I feel like a complete fool; everybody, it seems, has attended a con but me! Shhesh! It's like I'm being left out of something vital! {{A lot of people slipped by me in the crowd but not those two. I jawed with Scithers for a couple of hours and talked briefly with de Camp at the First Fandom meeting.}}

I'm gonna have to try and get a copy of PANDEMIC. I almost laughed myself silly at your quote from the book. I'd say Asimov had better watch his step; {{and that ain't all...}} Orsovin sounds fiendishly serious.

Speaking of de Camp, my tribute to him, PUSAD REVISITED, is coming along beautifully! Thus far I have material by Poul Anderson, John Jakes, Lin Carter, Robert Bloch, George H. Scithers, Terry Lee Dale, Tim C. Marion, three poems by Sprague, a cover portrait of de Camp by Jim Garrison, and a back cover by Brent Purdom and an article by Sandra Miesel and I'm trying to get more. PUSAD REVISITED will be 40 pages and cost 50¢.

Well, if being without a horse makes me a commoner, then I'm content with being one. I loathe horses--a loathing which stems from a natural fear of the creatures--and kept as much distance between them and me as possible. (I'll make a complete confession for you, Padre; when I was a lad I was won to pull the tails of two blind roans..and got soundly kicked each time I was so wont.) {{What else did you expect? Hmmm. Since I am an ordained minister I guess you could call me "Padre" but I'm not too enthused about hearing confessions.}}

I'd like to shoot that nitwit fanned, whose initials are Roy Tackett--who got me interested in CHARIOTS OF THE GODS! Why? Because I can't read the blasted book, that's why. It loses me before I can finish the first chapter--too much scientific mesh-mash. {{Consider yourself fortunate, chum, and it isn't science--pseudo-science, at best. Garbage.}}

210 W. Florence, Blackwell, Oklahoma 74631

SHERYL BIRKHEAD has problems with her horse.

In my last letter I mentioned the new horse...well, the Snapper has added at least one more trick to her repertoire (aw rats, you know what I mean)...I tied her to a fencepost and went to chase the hinnies back down so I could close the gate and feed Snappy in peace. She got miffed about being tied and I suppose she also didn't like the idea of being alone in the eard--even if it WAS to eat and...CRACK! I turned around to see her standing there with the fencepost coming along in tow at the end of the leadrope. I hastily shut the gate and caught her before she could panic and really hurt herself by tripping on that post, undid the rope and led her to an apple tree. Then I proceeded to tie her hp again.

Mistake number two was to tie her with a knot which can be jerked loose fast if necessary. She found the proper end and undid it herself. That meant I had to catch her again and tie her up once more. This time I used a plain square knot and hoped she wouldn't get into any trouble which necessitated getting that rope loose in a hurry. About all she did then was to pace a circle around the base of the tree, paw all the grass and bark off the tree close to the ground, and do a lot of hollering about how cruel I was.

I get the slight indication that you didn't exactly care for the CLARION books? I get them and read them (if I can) but only from an academic point of view--NOT for purely interest and enjoyment (which would be impossible for some of the pieces). I've been surprised at the acclaim AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS has been getting when I couldn't slog my way through some of the stories (and some of what H.E. apparently considered the best of the group, too) in that book--but I bought it anyway--again, more for academic interest than enjoyment. I'm curious to know if it's just my taste which is wacky, or is there an awful lot of brain washing going on--so that one is supposed to think one likes the book whether one actually does or not?

←Two things. One, the DV books were heavily propagandized to stir up interest so that people would want to buy them. I can't really complain about that. If it was me, I'd do the same thing. Second, we seem to be becoming infested with the sort of idiots who go to art galleries and issue meaningless phrases...pseudo-intellectual dilletantes who think stf is "in" and the farther out the more in.→

I had never seen or worked with a mimeo before, I never reaalized the (hopefully, potential) mess involved, whew. Ned Brooks brought the mimeo the Coulson's had picked up from Billy Petit for me. It didn't make me feel more confident to see the ink ooze around the stencil while I kept one eye on the white-and-pale-yellow wallpaper. But not all is lost--I've found my own portable won't cut a decent stencil, but my Mother's almost antique Remington will. I even gave my typer a fair chance, too--had it cleaned (\$27 worth) and it still doesn't do such a hot job. BUT, while mine was in the shop I got desperate to type some letters and dragged the old portable out, only to find (after some coaxing) that it does indeed cut a nice stencil. So when mine came out of the shop, the old one went in for cleaning and miscellaneous fixings--THEN I can play with the mimeo and see how much mess I can make. Which is all leading up to saying that I now have much more respect for anything even halfway decently run on a mimeograph. Next on my list is figuring out hand tracing and then electrostencils and on to colored inks! ←Gad, girl, I think you're hooked.→

You're right (naturally) about Torcon--it was huge. ←Why "naturally"?→

In the Awards category--I wish they'd give the tag-alongs first (probably more rapidly than is currently done) then the Hugos. This would cut down (I think) on any discourtesy to speakers as the galloping horde tries to disperse after the last Hugo.

23629 Woodfield Road, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20760

WAHF: all sorts of nice people like Mike Deckinger, Bruce Arthur, Mike Glicksohn and more letters from Chester Cuthbert, Jackie Franke, Sheryl, Alexis Gilliland. But I don't think I want to try to publish comments on the three past issues in this one. Thanks one and all and keep those cards and letters coming in, folks....otherwise I drop you off the mailing list.

And so. We have arrived, it seems, at the final page of Dynatron #55. Thank ghu for that. If you don't like what you've read, presuming, of course, that you've read it, send in something of your own.

The files are distressingly empty and I am faunching for material for future issues. Essays, articles, reviews, poems, even fiction. Concerned, of course, with fantasy and/or science fiction and/or fandom. And with a light touch. This zine was noted at one time for humor but, alas, ye ol' editor seems to have run somewhat dry in the humor department.

Contributions don't have to be humorous, of course. Serious material is equally welcome.

Until nextish, whenever it may be.....

Peace
or if that doesn't satisfy you
then War

Horrible Ol' Roy Tackett

X



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