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This is the masthead:

DYNATRON, Number 57, January 1974. And a Happy Year of the Tiger to you. Dynatron is, as you well know, Ish, a fanzine of sorts (check with Dr Wertham for an explanation of what fanzines are) devoted to discussion of science fiction, fantasy, fandom, allied subjects and whatever else corsses (Corsses? Of corsses.) the editor's mind while he's at the typewriter.

Dynatron is published on no set schedule and may or may not appear on time. It is available to a small group of fans, friends and hangers-about in return for a show of interest in the form of letters, fanzines in trade or whatever. A sample copy can be had for 25¢ but subscriptions are not accepted. If you enjoy the sample let me know and you'll get the next issue--if not, that's your problem, not mine.

Dynatron is edited and published by Roy Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, USofA.

These are the contents:

I Feel Great So Today must be Friday by ART RAPP is on page 3.  
The Origins of Der Heapo by Alexis Gilliland starts on page 8.  
Nineteen Eighty-Faan by Darrell Schweitzer. See page 11.  
Shocking, Watt? by Pauline Palmer is on page 14.  
Letters..page 16.

This is the colophon:

DYNATRON is typed on a Sears Medalist Electric 12 typewriter on Sears mimeograph stencils and reproduced by a Tower hand-cranked mimeo. The paper is Twiltone Lime and the ink is Sears mimeograph ink. Yep, I do a lot of business with sears. Their stuff is, economical, as it were.

A MARINATED PUBLICATION

dated January 1974

m x p



I FEEL GREAT, SO TODAY MUST BE FRIDAY

or

When She Claimed to be a Mermaid,  
I Knew That Something Was Fishy

by

ARTHUR H. RAPP

Well, I was all set to regale you drooling DYNATRON readers with a saga of youthful Japanese businessmen risking their capital to launch a door-to-door sukiyaki and tempura service featuring mobile kitchens on motorized tricycles. The article would, naturally, have been titled, "Those Daring Young Men In Their Frying Machines."

Instead, I'll tear into a new book called Is This Your Day? by George S. Thommen (Crown, 1973), a dissertation on Biorhythm. If Martin Gardner ever updates Fads and Fallacies In the Name of Science he'd be well advised to drop the dead horse of Dianetics and instead beat around for a while on Biorhythm.

Biorhythm, according to Mr Thommen, is immensely popular in Europe, where circular-sliderule calculators are available to keep track of one's life cycles. (It's a scientific method of prediction, you note.) Biorhythm is also used in Japan, where (again according to Mr Thommen) large corporations predict days when their drivers are likely to have accidents, urging special care and defensive driving at those times. Anyone who has seen Japanese drivers in action knows defensive driving--or preferably an M-16 tank--is vital in facing Japanese traffic anytime.

But let us not be sidetracked. Researchers have discovered, says Mr Thommen, that our lives are controlled and influenced by three great biological periodicities: the Physical Cycle of 23 days; the Emotional Cycle of 28 days; and the Intellectual Cycle of 33 days.

I am reminded of the mermaid when I notice that these group neatly and symmetrically around the human female average cycle of 28 days.

Anyhow, charting the three cycles as sine waves on a time axis, followers of Biorhythm glee upon finding that great critical events in people's lives often fall on days when one or more of the cycles is at zero phase.

Cyclical theory seems a straightforward adaption from orthodox physiology. Carried to extremes, for instance, the E-Cycle would become manic-depressive psychosis. The P-Cycle is sometimes alluded to by us Male Chauvenis Porkers in order to provoke picturesque reactions from Womens Libbers. Several researchers in the field of educational psychology have reported evidence of cyclical fluctuations in intellectual ability, tho I fear no two of them would agree upon the length of such a postulated I-cycle.



Where the Biorhythm boys go clear off the track is through combining an inadequate knowledge of physiology with a superficial knowledge of mathematics, thus claiming to explain why Aunt Tillie unfortunately dropped dead on Wednesday instead of living at least until Saturday afternoon when she had an appointment for the purpose of changing her will to make you sole heir.

Let's tackle the mathematics first. A Biorhythm "critical day" is not, as one might reasonably expect, a day on which the cycle is at minimum. Instead (perhaps because it is simpler to indicate on a graph, to non-mathematicians) it is the point at which a cycle changes polarity --that is, where its graph intersects the x-axis. There seems no logical reason why this zero phase-angle should have any special significance except to neutralize that particular cycle, leaving the day to be governed only by the remaining two.

The physiological objections are something else again.

Biorhythm theory claims that all three cycles start at zero, going positive, the moment your mother's obstetrician smacks you on the bottom. An assertion that an individual's life cycles started at conception would be more intuitively acceptable, but of course a person's date of birth is normally on record: dates of conception aren't so easily available.

One would expect also, if the biorhythms which presumably exist in the fetal state are reset to zero by the birth trauma, that any subsequent severe trauma should have a similar effect. Not so, says Biorhythm theory--once you are born, those cycles keep sinusoiding away with uninterrupted regularity until the day you die. Am I the only one who detects an echo of astrological superstition in this emphasis on date of birth as determining one's destiny?

Now if there is one characteristic that distinguishes the organic from the inorganic world, it is that living organisms are not identical units. Any physiological measurement quoted as normal is only an average, often with a high coefficient of dispersion. We may say the average adult human is six feet tall, but there have been adult humans less than three feet tall, and others almost twelve feet tall. Most books state that the menstrual cycle of the human female is 28 days, yet it varies widely from one individual to another. How widely, you'll have to ask your friendly neighborhood gynecologist. I haven't been able to find that information in what I thought was my fairly extensive reference library.\*

\*Surprisingly, Kinsey's Sexual Behavior In The Human Female (Saunders, 1953) contains no information on the subject--apparently his interviewers did not even gather data regarding the length of the subject's menstrual cycles.

William F. Ganong's Medical Physiology (Lange, 1963) says, "The length of the cycle is notoriously variable in women, but an average figure is 28 days..." Ganong gives no information on the range of variability.

The Physician's Handbook (14th Ed., Lange, 1966) has nothing on the subject. Neither has Kenneth Walker's The Physiology of Sex (Penguin, 1942).

A popularized sex book, A Happier Sex Life by Dr Sha Kokken (Dell, 1964) does not explicitly answer the question, but in a table of "safe days" for the rhythm method of contraception he covers length of cycle from 20 to 35 days, implying that such variability might be expected in a general population sample. (Dr Kokken, as you may have surmised, is Japanese. I wonder howcome Japan keeps cropping up in this article?)



The point is that any internally-generated biological cycle would vary from one individual to another, and probably in the same individual at different times, in the same way that our heartbeats and respiratory rates do. Only inorganic, mechanistic systems, electronic or astronomical, produce stable oscillations such as Biorhythm postulates.

On the other hand, if the cycles are generated or synchronized by some feature of the external environment--such as the alternation of day and night--then such human activities as traveling around the world should have a disruptive effect on them. Remember Verne's Phineas Fogg who circumnavigated the globe in 81 subjective days, but only 80 objective ones?

Perhaps all this is beside the point. Biorhythm could conceivably be a mistaken theory which nevertheless meets the empirical test of producing its claimed results. Let's see...

Mr. Thommen cites a good many examples, some of them quite impressive:

"Capt Virgil I. Grissom...launched for one orbit on July 1, 1961. On landing, his hatch blew open for unaccountable reasons. /He was/ near the critical point in his sensitivity cycle...physical and intellectual cycles low." (p.62)

"Capt M. Scott Carpenter...overshot his landing...by 250 miles... near critical point /which occurred 1 day later/ in his sensitivity cycle..." (p.64)

"John F. Kennedy drove through Dallas on November 21, 1963...His intellectual rhythm registered 'critical'. Could his have caused him /to ride in an open rather than a bulletproof car/?" (p.99)

"Senator Edward M. Kennedy...on July 18, 1969...scraped eight yards off the wooded guard of a narrow bridge and somersaulted into ten feet of tidewater...His Biorhythm curve reveals...critical in his physical and intellectual rhythms with a low emotional curve." (p.101)

"On August 5, 1962, Marilyn /Monroe/ was found dead...a critical day in her physical rhythm..." (p.103)

"Judy Garland...June 2, 1969...Her emotional rhythm was at a critical point." (p.103)

"Comdr. Lloyd M. Bucher...January 23, 1968...Why did the Commander get into this precarious position...negative position in all three biorhythms." (p.104)

"Clark Gable...first heart attack during a double critical period ...passed away during /a second critical day.7" (p.128)

"President Dwight D. Eisenhower...Heart attack during a critical day in his sensitivity rhythm...November 26, 1957." (p.129)

"Carl G. Jung...psychoanalyst...died during a double critical day, June 6, 1961." (p.132)

"Robert Frost...expired Jan 29, 1963; his physical rhythm was at a critical point." (p.134)

"Pope John XXIII...the physical rhythm...reached a critical point between June 2 and 3 /1963/, the day of the Pope's death." (p.134)

"J. Edgar Hoover...His death coincided with a critical day in his physical rhythm." (p.138)



My recalculation of several of the foregoing examples reassures me that Mr Thommen is not fudging the figures for the sake of his theory --his comments about the phases of the biorhythms are accurate. But let's try a few examples of our own.

Do you realize it takes a bit of digging to obtain most people's dates of birth and death? Most encyclopedias and similar works give only the years. In most cases a full-length biography must be consulted for more precise data. From one such, Houdini's Spirit World (Tower, 1968) I learned that the famous magician was born Apr 6, 1874, and died Oct 31, 1926. His biorhythms for this date were all negative, with a physical "critical day" on Oct 25, and an emotional one on Oct 27. According to his biography, he died as the result of a blow to the stomach. It does not say how long after the accident death occurred. We'll have to rate this one doubtful.

From an obituary in the Baltimore NEWS-AMERICAN, Oct 19, 1973, I learn that Dr Frank McClure, a scientist, was born Aug 21, 1916, and died of a heart attack, Oct 18, 1973. Calculation shows all his cycles negative, the last "critical days" being 12 and 13 October.

The WORLD ALMANAC and READER'S DIGEST ALMANAC provide birth and death dates of the U.S. presidents and some of their wives. I found these results:

Woodrow Wilson: Died 3 Feb 1924. Physical and Intellectual cycles negative at death; emotional cycle positive. Last "critical day" Jan 31 (P-cycle).

Warren G. Harding: Died 2 Aug 1923. A "critical day" in his P-cycle (Score one for Biorhythm!)

Calvin Coolidge: Died 5 Jan 1933. P and I cycles low. E-cycle high. No critical days since late December.

Franklin D. Roosevelt: Died 12 Apr 1945. P-cycle low; E-cycle high. It was a critical day in his I-cycle. (Score a doubtful point for Biorhythm. The Intellectual cycle critical days are supposed to be ones when judgement is subpar--see JFK quote above--but shouldn't greatly affect physical condition).

Eleanor Roosevelt: Died 7 Nov 1962. P cycle low. E and I cycles high. Last critical point was for P and I both, on 2 Nov.

Herbert Hoover: Died 20 Oct 1964. 18 or 19 Oct was a critical day in his E-cycle.

Mrs. Hoover: Died 7 Jan 1944. All cycles high. Last critical day was in P-cycle, 2 January.

William Howard Taft: Died 8 Mar 1930. 9 March (1 day later) was a P-cycle critical day, and 10 March an E-cycle critical day. (Biorhythm's positive assertions are hedged a bit, incidently, by the claim that if you are born just before or just after midnight, your cycles might be going through zero-phase  $\pm 1$  day from what would be calculated from your official date of birth.)

Harold Ross, the NEW YORKER editor, died 6 Dec 1951. P-cycle high, E and I low. Last "critical day" 2 December.



Norman Chandler, Los Angeles TIMES publisher, died 20 Oct 1973.  
P and E cycles low; I cycle high. Last critical day (E-cycle) was 18  
October.

What you conclude from the above examples is your business. I  
might point out that calculation of several two-year sequences lead me  
to estimate that approximately 50% of dates selected at random fall with-  
in  $\pm 1$  day of a Biorhythm critical day. You would probably have to  
chart several thousand cases to see if Biorhythm predictions actually  
occur oftener than would be expected by chance.

If not, it's all just a vast mechanized version of Jeane Dixon.  
I think I'll just stick to my yarrow stalks.

ARTHUR H. RAPP

XXXXX

Art Rapp needs no introduction to many of DYNATRON's readers, how-  
ever, for newer fen: Art Rapp has been a fixture on the fannish scene  
for more than a quarter of a century. His fannish exploits are well-  
chronicled in All Our Yesterdays and the Fancyclopedia. These days he  
mostly confines himself to SAPS and CAPA. Not too long ago he published  
the 100th issue of SPACEWARP. Art and his fannish wife, Nancy, and two  
children live in Baltimore.

RT  
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Alexis Gilliland is well-known around fandom these days. He can  
be found knocking about at various conventions and his work has ap-  
peared hither and yon in most fanzines, including PLAYBOY. He sent  
along his item, which starts on the next page, with the following ex-  
planation:

"Enclosed is The Origins of Der Heapo. Der Heapo, supercreature  
extraordinaire, is the star of Der Heapo in the Golan Heights, Der  
Heapo Meets Dr Kissinger, Der Heapo Negotiates Omnilaterally (banned  
for excessive violence) and Der Heapo Impeaches Richard Nixon (praised  
for sensitivity to constitutional nuances)."

I queried Alexis about the format of his story, something I was  
not at all familiar with, and he replied:

"What I sent you is the conventional format for a comic strip.  
So the December DYNATRON will be DYNATRON COMICS."

I think he's trying to subvert my fanzine. Comics, indeed! Ah,  
well, if we must have comics then the way Alexis presents them is the  
way to go...by way of the written word.

Which, of course, leaves your  
conventional comics fan completely out of it since all he does is look  
at the pitchers anyway.

RT



## THE ORIGINS OF DER HEAPO

by

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND

### Verbal 1

"It is March 1918, on the Macedonian Front of the Central Powers, a bleak, cold, cheerless place due south of Transylvania."

Glutz: We have smashed the Italians so badly, the enemy high command brought in an English squadron to help the poor deleted out.

Vamp: Ah, lo vair, (clink) let us theenk only ov tonight! (guzzle, slurp)

Glutz: But I am a match for any Englischer! I have 15 confirmed kills and innumerable woundings, maimings and property damage! (pour, slosh, guzzle, smooch)

Vamp: Oh, lo vair. (sigh) (hic) (giggle)

Glutz: With my Pflalz I was supurbebe...supperb...unbeatable. But with my ~~MELOD~~ Fokker DR-1 I am invincible! (smooch, paw, grope) And tomorrow I shall shoot down the highly overrated Major Edward J. R. Proteus in (hic) shingle combat. If I can get him alone...shay, baby? (Next morning) Verdammt broad! She really gave me a hickey on the neck. I'll have to tell mein kapitan I cut myself shaving. But what a lay! She was worth everything!

Achtung! Du mechaniker schwinehund! Ist das mutter Fokker zu gegen bereiten?<sup>1</sup>

Jawohl, Her Count Sturmbannfuhrer Glutzgruber! Der Dawn Patrol ist aufwarten (und zo ist Major Proteus).<sup>2</sup>

1. Are we ready to go, Sergeant?

2. Into the air, Junior Birdman!

### Visual 1

Outdoor shot of a village near the Macedonian front in March 1918, it is night, and the muddy rutted road leads to the only light, a small tavern with an Austrian MP standing in front beside a motor-cycle.

Inside, handsome young Count Sturmbannfuhrer Glutzgruber is drinking champagne with a distinctly bra-less vamp-type female. The bar is crowded with soldiers in field uniforms (note: soft caps, no helmets except on MP's), the tables are small and close together, candles in bottles, a tag on the menu: "Entree du Jour: Filet du chat DM12." Blackout curtains on the windows, and overall an austere glitter like a polished sabre.

Glutz and his date finish their meal and wine, he leaves a few large bills to cover the check and they pass through a beaded curtain to her dingy room.

The next morning Glutz mounts his bike at first light in the sky and pputs off to the airdrome of Jagdstaffl 13 where Der Morgen Geschwader



is warming up. There are a variety of obsolescent fighters on the field, Albatross DIII, Pflalz DIII, Fokker DRI, all wearing standard octagon patterned camoflaue colors. They are marked with the German cross (rather than the Maltese Cross) blazoned with the double eagle of the Habsburgs.

Cut to Dawn Patrol, SE-5s done in brown and tan. Maj Ed J.R. Proteus' plane is marked with an Ace of Spades. The SE-5s have the edge in numbers and quality and the Austrians are not too good except for Glotz. Lots of dogfighting. Several shots of young Austrians going down in the flames of old crates.

### Verbal 2

Glotz: Aha, Major Proteus! I have you now! Takatakatakatakata!

Proteus: Gotta shake that Fokker off my tail!

Glotz: Your luck has (takatakataka) run out, Major!

Proteus: Ach, Sturmbanfuhrer Glotzgruber! You in canvas holes shot harmlessly and my turn now it is! Roll. Climb.

Glotz: Curses! I've lost him in the sun!

Proteus: Budabudabudabudabuda!!! HAWKAAAAAAA

Glotz: I'm hit! My eyese darken! Ahhhhh.....

Proteus: Auf wiederschon, Glotzgruber, you alleged ace. Too bad you couldn't shoot as pretty as you flew.

Vamp: My fey lovailr...you will not alive be after today. But you will not be dead also. Count thy blessings.

Oct 1, 1973

Roadbuilding to the new airport disturbs the water table, and as the swamp drains, something in repose that is neither dead nor alive is disturbed.

At last, as the waters recede, a giant shaggy thing, dripping swamp ooze, slowly rises up. It was once, in part, Sturbanfuhrer Glotzgruber!

Glosh (slurch) drip drip drip!

Deathly still it is. The yawp of the alligator and the cry of the nightbird alike are hushed at the horror that has arisen.

Der Heapo sees the machinery. Incoherent instincts struggle for dominance within the farago that was once the breast of an Austrian Ace.

Gish, dribble (poch!) glurgle.

Sniff, sniff (pet, pet, pet)

EEEEYYAAAAARGGGH!!

Slurp slurp slurp

The next morning

Hey! Deesa machine, she hadda da full tank of gas lasta night!

Luigi! Da fuel tank!

### VISUAL 2

Maj Proteus & Glotzy engage in single combat, apart from the others, high above the clouds. Glotzy flys beautifully, but doesn't shoot that well, and puts successive bursts harmlessly through Proteus' fuselage, empennage and wing tip. Close up of Glotz as beads of sweat form on his forehead and run over his goggles.

His Fokker DR-1 (marked with a devil's head, laughing, with cigar) is hit, Glotzy is hit, blood pours from his nose over his mustache, and the DR-1 goes down, without burning, to a crash landing in a swamp.

Maj Proteus salutes his fallen foeman and heads for home.



Cut to vamp's room. She is brushing her long black hair, holding a comb in her teeth before a mirror which shows only the comb. A flash of pubic hair is optional.

Cut to October 1, 1973.

Earth moving machinery bearing markings "Fiat, Lux., & Co." are building a road near an airport. The swamp is seen draining, and as it drains (a series of at least three panels) a shaggy manure heap becomes visible, strange, ominous and foreboding. At last it rises out of the semi-solid muck of the swamp, and one notes for the first time the propellor on top of its head (the obereusal 90 hp rotary engine may be indicated at the discretion of the artist). A full moon shines as DER HEAPO slowly approaches a backhoe and dump truck that have been parked for one night. It carefully inspects the machinery, smells them, pats the hood of the dump truck and a shaggy pseudopod, then, suddenly

### VERBAL 3

Mamma Mia! Look at da fuel tank! (gasp!)  
Itsa da Monstro! Da Monstrissimo!  
Look at da tracks! (gasp, cringe)  
QUICK MEN! GETTA DA TORCHES!  
Luigi...itsa 7:30 A.M. in da morning, for what do we needa da torches, ha?  
In one word: Tradition!  
Ay de mi! Hesa taken da little Fiat!  
And that poor little Masserati!  
(shudder) Poor Volksawagen.  
YAWP! (gasp) Look at the size of it!  
(Squish) plod, sklutch, lumber.  
Cough, hack.  
After heem men! Don't leta heem get away!  
Cough (lurch) sputter  
lumber lumber roar!  
Sonovabeetch! Thata pile a sheet took off lika da beeg bird!  
Look! Hesa heading East-Mid-East!  
Hah! Them Ayrabs better look out for their ferschligginer pipelines.

### VISUAL 3

bites the truck on the fuel tank. Der Heapo's propellor trembles as it ingests the life-giving fluid.

The next morning the Italian workers try to start the truck and the backhoe with no luck, then discover the savage bites on the fuel tank and the easy-to-follow trail of Der Heapo!

Gathering together in a compact group against the fear of the unknown, and follow the obvious trail left by Our Hero. Signs show they are on the airport road, and here and there are cars with savagely bitten fuel tanks, lying drained and empty by the roadside.

Near the airport they see Der Heapo, and they give chase as Der Heapo flees, in terror of the torches, towards the runway. A transport plane is taking off, slowly taxiing down the field, and Der Heapo, with his horde of ~~pppppzzzz~~ Italians in pursuit, shambles after it. Too late. The transport lifts off without him and the mob is about to put him to the torch, when suddenly the slovenly, gas guzzling compost heap turns into a neat Fokker DR-1, painted kelly green with yellow trim and gold-plated metal, and that beautiful bird takes off into the wild blue yonder.

XXXXX

ALEXIS GILLILAND



Just to prove that Arnie Katz (no relation to David Katz) doesn't have faaaanishness completely cornered in his little corner of the universe...

## NINETEEN EIGHTY-FAAN

by

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

The atmosphere of the convention was beginning to get tense, the panel discussion on the aerodynamics of the propeller beanie drifting dangerously close to serconism, when he told her of his perversion. But they didn't dare discuss it there, not with all those fen around. If someone overheard, the results might not be pleasant.

Wordlessly she followed him out into the hall where a brigade of neos was chanting "Hail To The BNF." As the familiar lines resounded from the walls, doubt entered his mind. Just who was The BNF this time. It was always said in the apazines that there was only one supreme BNF, but it seemed that he could remember another, before this particular face beamed from the covers of so many fanzines. There was another before him, he was sure. And another before that, too, even if he couldn't find references to them in any of the fanzines. They were nothing but a procession of blurred faces, each one more vague than the last as they stretched back into the past.

Breathing a prayer to the ghods he put these thoughts from his awareness. What did it matter? This was 874,567th Fandom, and yesterday was gone.

They left the hotel and walked out into the clean, well lighted street. They should have felt safe, knowing that this place was most certainly free of any slithering mundanes, and that the eyes of St Katz, whose visage gazed benevolently down at them from every wall and telephone pole, was there to reassure them. But the burden of their guilt made that blessed image menacing, for now they were outsiders in their own society, traitors, hurrying to conceal themselves from his omnipresent view.

At last they came to his apartment building the Hascienda Hulvey, named, no doubt, after some great fan of yore, and ascended the elevator alone. The place was nearly deserted, since everybody was at the convention. She did not think of turning back as they walked along the fifth floor corridor to his cubicle. She was fascinated. Besides, the GoH was something of a long-winded bore.

His room was a narrow and dingy cubbyhole. Three of its walls were lined solid with shelves of fanzines, the fourth featuring a window, a mirror in which to straighten his beanie each morning, and, of course, his picture of St Katz. In the center of the floor stood a rickety table on which rested his mimeo, typewriter, and a pile of uncollated pages from the latest issue of his zine. Also there was a large filing cabinet for his manuscripts and correspondence, and a tiny cot nestled precariously in the little remaining space.

They sat down side by side on the cot and he began to tell her all about his perversion.

"I haven't been satisfied with what I've been printing in my fanzine lately, or even what I've



been reading in other peoples'," he began falteringly. "It doesn't seem to excite me like it used to."

"But I thought that article on corflu cocktails was good. And the description of how you get up every morning and write three LoCs while on the toilet was in the finest faanish tradition. I especially liked the one where you let out that loud noise and..."

"It's beginning to bore me. The magic of faanishness is gone."

"What?" She couldn't believe what she was hearing. "Your faanish reviews are really tops, and that piece on singing mimeos was fabulous."

"You have such a conventional mind," he moaned. "I want to do something different. I mean really different."

"Like what?"

"Like this." He went to the nearest shelf. Removing a row of fanzines he drew out something reverently. Exactly what it was, she wasn't sure. She'd never seen anything like it in her life, but vague ancestral memories stirred within her.

He handed it to her. Her eyes bugged out. "But--but this isn't a fanzine!"

It wasn't. It was much smaller than the prescribed faanish fanzine format of 8½ by 11 and it was held together with glue rather than holy staples. The cover was faded, but still she could tell that the repro had been extremely good - and expensive, almost more expensive than was allowed.

"Read the blurbs," he said, enticingly.

She did, and was even more shocked, her suspicions confirmed. It was exactly what she thought it was. She hadn't thought this kind of thing still existed in the world. The great purges were so long in the past, as were the cleanups. The world was safe and free and trufaanish. There was no room for things like this.

But there it was, right before her eyes, and she was holding it. Surely an incriminating action right there.

"Why this is a-a-a-a-" She couldn't say it.

"A science fiction book," he finished for her.

She flinched at the word. When she was little her mother used to wash her mouth out with duplicene for such language.

"Where did you get it?"

"In the basement of an old house down by the park. It was in a box under the ruins. All these..."

"These?"

"Yes, there's more. Lots more!" He knocked aside a row of fanzines, ignoring them as they fell in a heap on the floor. There, revealed on his shelf in all their forbidden glory, were fully a dozen old science fiction paperbacks!

"But these are forbidden things! If the Faan Police ever caught you..."

"To Hell with the FP. I've begun to read these things, and now I can't get along without them. Life won't be worth living if I can't read the next Andy Offutt novel. Look, I need your help. Will you help me?"



"What do you want me to do?" she asked, repelled by the unfaanish vileness of it all, yet at the same time somehow drawn to the objects on the shelf.

"I want you to collaborate with me on a special ish of my zine. It's going to be something like fandom hasn't seen in centuries. We're going to do all the old things, all the forbidden and shunned things. Then fans will see that our brand of fandom is clearly superior, and rally to our cause. It'll be a revolution. We'll liberate the masses from the straightjacket of faanishness. BNFs and Secret Masters will topple by the dozens. Breat Bloch, we'll be the new secret masters! Maybe we'll even win a Hugo!"

"This all sounds so fantastic! How are you going to...?"

"Easy. I'm going to publish all sorts of unheard of things. Critical articles, sercon columns, book reviews, maybe even some amateur SF. Anything but another dull piece on the faanish glories of inkstains!"

"I'll help you! I will! I will! This is wonderful! I'll do anything you want!" she exclaimed, gingerly taking his copy of Evil Is Live Spelled Backwards down from the shelf. "I'll read this and write a rave review and..."

"AHA!" said the iron voice from behind the mirror. "Gotchya! You've gone just a bit too far this time!"

"We're bugged!" he screamed. "They've been listening in all along!"

Just then a ladder smashed through the window and a policeman entered, his black propeller beanie spinning menacingly.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER

XXXXX

I don't, ordinarily, publish fiction. My prejudices against amateur fiction are well known. Far too much professionally written fiction is bad without encouraging untalented amateurs. But the two items in this issue amused me. The Gilliland piece was different. I'd not run across that format before. I'm sure that comics fans among the readers (a contradiction of terms) will understand it. If there are any. I can't quite picture dyed-in-the-wool comics fans being on Dynatron's mailing list. I don't print any "pitchers". If I do have any on the mailing list and they feel that I have insulted them--Good!

Schweitzer's item is a horse of another color. (You knew I'd get some mention of horses in here somewhere, didn't you?) I enjoy faan fiction (fiction about fans, that is). In moderation, of course. There has been some good stuff written in this line and the only possible place it can be printed is in the fanzines. Faan fiction is too ingroupish and far out to find a market outside fandom. Still, I'd like to see someone knowledgeable enough, Terry Carr comes to mind, put the best of it between hardcovers. It might sell a couple of thousand copies. It would strictly be a risk on the part of the editor but I wonder if this might be a case where one of the vanity presses could be used advantageously. Pay to have it pubbed and then take a chance on making the investment back. No, I don't want any amateur SF.

ROYTAC

X



## SHOCKING, WATT?

by

PAULINE PALMER

As I look out the window at the drizzle which will probably continue in one form or another (rain/sleet/snow) until next July, I wonder about the meteorologist I heard on the radio the other day. He examined all the statistics very carefully and had come to the conclusion that our drought was over. Basically, he was spouting some theory about the improbability of "back-to-back" droughts occurring in the Pacific Northwest. All very neat and scientific, I suppose, but I still can't help but wonder if he didn't cheat a little. For instance, did he by any chance happen to glance out his window?

Anyway, I remind myself not to think of it as rain, but to think of it as liquid electricity.

The worrisome thing about this coming winter is that we've always had power problems at our house, even before the energy crisis was fashionable. For instance, we have oil heat, with an old-fashioned oil drum outside the house. Every winter, in spite of heating tape and other assorted precautions, the cold weather will eventually turn the oil into a sludge that refuses to move through the pipe into the furnace, and then we'll be heatless until the cold spell breaks.

Fortunately we have a fireplace. (One unlucky winter, incidentally, we actually were burning coal in it because there was no other fuel available.)

And additionally, in the last three years there have been two winters during which trees have fallen across the road \*crunch\* into our power lines. This summer the power company, finally having learned the obvious lesson, installed underground cables. Now, if only there's enough electricity to make all that effort worthwhile...

In the meantime, all state agencies here have been ordered to cut ten per cent on their electrical consumption. The hallowed institution at which I'm employed has taken this to heart and I don't think the temperature in my office has exceeded 65° F yet. Furthermore, would you believe that someone did a quick survey and came up with the fact that all our coffee pots combined consume a total of 120,800 watts? Fantastic. And it's probably increased since they turned off the heat. I know that I, for one, keep refilling my coffee cup just to keep my hands warm.

But I'm not complaining, really. I even turn my lights out at noon and eat my lunnnh in the dark.

What with all this going on, you can see why I was so fascinated when I found The Energy Crisis by Lawrence Rocks and Richard P. Runyon (Crown Publishers, 1972)--a worthy addition to the long line of "scare literature" that has appeared in the last few years. It contains all sorts of fascinating, well-documented information. For instance, from the Committee on Resources and Man, National Academy of Sciences, National Research Council, comes the table of "Probable Lifespan of U.S. Energy Resources." Oil? "20 years at the 1970 consumption rate, and less than 15 years at the present growth rate."



Electricity? "Theoretically, in the United States, cars, homes, factories, and every need could be run by electric power. To do so would require about 2 trillion watts of power generation. Our hydro-electric power potential is only about five percent of this figure."

And John F. O'Leary, former director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, is quoted as saying (in January, 1970): "We can anticipate that before the end of this century energy supplies will become so restricted as to halt economic developments around the world."

The book traces a domino theory of economic collapse for the country brought on by the power crisis: "As our physical systems that produce goods and services become paralyzed we will be forced to take steps to sustain our life-support systems...Survival will supersede due legal process...We will be constantly and overwhelmingly preoccupied with survival...In other words, we will experience creeping dictatorship, although perhaps no single figure will symbolize the centralization of authority. We will have industrial martial law."

("Creeping dictatorship"...industrial martial law"... So what else is new these days?)

Anyway, forthwith, and furthermore, the book goes on: "The brain trusts can't save us--when we're out of energy, we're out of heartbeat, not just breath." (Or "When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer!")

No, I really don't mean to be knocking the energy crisis or to say that it won't have far-reaching effects, because I do believe it will. But this book is a highly prejudiced presentation, in favor of developing methods by which we can maintain high, and create even higher, levels of energy consumption so that we won't have to forfeit any of the commensurate "advantages" intrinsic to that consumption. In fact, it even states: "Recycling beer cans and old newspapers and conserving the Everglades should not be belittled, for they reveal the greatness of human concern and feeling, but they are not great issues; power procurement is an issue that can rescue or doom millions of people, and, indeed, our future." (!?! Ecology and conservation--or their lack--won't?)

Also, because "our entire financial world is linked to the stock market" which in turn "is linked to the phenomenon of growth," it is postulated that "if the energy shortage of the 1970s and 1980s doesn't cripple the stock market by wiping out stock prices, then ZPG (zero population growth) will."

Indeed, as the book itself admits, the "have-not" nations "would probably fare better under a collapsing power base...An agrarian economy would still derive power from plows drawn by horses and oxen."

So perhaps the real question boils down to asking if the energy crisis might not turn out to be the Great Leveler of international politics and economics. And isn't it possible that many of our national problems (from consumer demands to morality in economics and politics) might actually stem from our overdevelopment?

As of 1970, the book says, "the United States (population) growth rate was 1.1 percent per year, while its energy growth rate was 7 percent per year." A bit unbalanced, isn't it? Maybe--just maybe--zpg should stand for zero POWER growth!



Incidentally, the book tells us that "the energy output of all 200 million Americans as biochemical energy is equal to the (industrial) energy now employed on the farm." I'm not going to argue that possibility, but if it is true it certainly does turn the "back to the earth" movement into what would be, at best, a very bad joke.

The calculation of biochemical energy, by the way, is based on the contention that the average human operates at 100 watts (the brain at 20 and the body at 80). There's no footnote to indicate where this figure comes from, and therefore I'm not too certain of its accuracy.

...wait a minute, what's this?...a notification that I've just been replaced by a 100 watt light bulb?...

PAULINE PALMER

XXXXXX

HORT SEZ: I can't argue that there isn't an energy "crisis" because, obviously, there is. What I can do, though, is question how real it is. How much of it is contrived? If we are truly short of oil why, then, are American oil companies still permitted to sell some 10% of their domestic production overseas? Why has practically nothing been done to process the hundreds of billions of barrels of oil in the Green River Shale? Why hasn't any real work been done on the development of energy sources other than oil?

My own opinion, for whatever it is worth, is that this crisis results from (deliberate?) shortsightedness on the part of government and an attempt by the oil companies to achieve various ends of their own such as the Alaska pipeline (which they got), higher prices, and an end to the agitation of the environmentalists. The action of the Arabs is an unforeseen complication that puts the burden even more heavily on the "consumer" but will work for the oil companies. They will get all they want. Prices are going up and you can bet that the issues of environment and ecology will be buried--in the strip mines, no doubt.

In the final analysis, of course, there is only one real solution for the problems we face: population reduction.

RT

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LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS DEPARTMENT OF LETTERS LETTERS  
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F. M. BUSBY  
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Thanks for the kind words re CAGE A MAN. Yeh, the skinniness of the book shocked me, too, at first. But truly it is out of the novella class, being slightly under the 60,000 words the contract specifies. What happened is thin paper,

closely-set type and much narrower margins than the Book Club provided formerly. Anything to save a tree is fine with me.

CAGE began a little over 3 years ago with the idea of "what happens to a man if you put him in a cage and treat him like an experimental animal. And what does he do when he gets loose?" My first intention was to do 3 or 4 novelettes that I could put together into one book, later. That didn't work; the first two stories ended up as the book you have seen, and the rest of the overall story turned into a 78,000 word sequel, THE PROUD ENEMY, that is currently hanging at one magazine and one paperback house, while I hang by my thumbs and drip green, waiting for The Word.



Unless you're totally fed-up with the subject of CLARION-type Work-shops I'd like to add some personal statistics. I attended "CLARION-West" in 71 & 72. Previously, over much years, I'd sent out 7 stories a total of 25 times and racked up exactly two sales. Since the 71 shop I've fired off 23 SF items for a total of about 60 submissions and have sold 21 of them. The other two are the above-mentioned book and a story I know needs much revision.

As to the CLARION anthologies--well, to paraphrase a current dumb TV commercial: "All editors are not alike. Busby conducted a survey of editors and found that some have far stronger pain-relieving ingredients than others." In modern times I've sold to 9 editors and have bombed with 8, at this writing.

With Robin Scott Wilson, editor of the 3 CLARION anthologies, I'm batting about one for three--and vice versa, about the same. We each like/dislike stuff the other does not. That's what makes horse racing. Certainly you're free to disagree with any editor's taste. Personally, I thought John Campbell was mostly buying utter crap in his last few years with ANALOG. Ben Bova is making the zine interesting, again.

The immediate imminence of Maude on the teevy prompts me to spur you and maybe your readership to a "What do you watch this season?" comparison. Here it's the ArchieB/M\*A\*S\*H/MTMoore marathon on Saturday, Diana Rigg on Mondays, Maude on Tuesdays, and Kung Fu optional on Thursdays. Plus, at this time of the year, a game or two of Pro Feetsball each weekend, depending. And you?

{{Urk! Very little, actually. I've sampled most of what is on the tube and found that I enjoy some of the commercials. I make note of the specials and see what they have. MASH is becoming too moralistic for my taste--any day now I expect Alda to wrap himself in the flag while giving a peace sign. Archie Bunker is not in my family. Diana Rigg is a doll but her show is a drag. I watched a couple episodes of The Starlost but gave up--I've seen better acting in highschool plays...good basic idea but the production is baaad, dad. Public Broadcasting manages to have an oasis or two but this season the wasteland is vaster than ever.//Tsk, Buz, call CAGE a novella, frghodsake! I want to see it on the Hugo ballot but competition in the novel category is too rough: Heinlein & Clarke.//}}

ED CAGLE  
ROUTE #1,  
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Genetic engineering: My greatest reservation is the identity of those who will decide what is desirable and what is undesirable. Were the process perfected at this particular moment, I shudder to imagine what some of our Big Wheels might decide to create. Nixon would either opt for sturdy types with a vague resemblance to the Washington Redskin linebackers, or ordinary-looking types of vast intelligence who were extraordinarily adept at entering and exiting secure structures without being detected. {{Yeah, and all equiped with forked tongues.}}

Gloria Steinem's ideal creation might look like Rafer Johnson. About the only effect this would have would be that the US would sweep the next Olympic Games.

Senator Sam Ervin would go for roly-poly white-haired individuals with a hereditary facial tic above the eyes and a kindly demeanor. This might very well cause a rash of investigating committees to break out all over the land. An obscure speechwriter bearing certain resemblances to Pat Buchanan would appear and disrupt the hearings at every turn.



If Euell Gibbons were given a choice, we might be infested with a spate of men whose hair looked like pine needles, and who could subsist entirely on a diet of marsh grass.

You get the picture? Good, let's switch to fans. Rather than imagining appearances let us deal in terms of patterns of behavior which might appear if certain fans were to determine the "ideal" for a genetic experiment.

Mike Glicksohn: Type would be meticulous but irregular, competent but selfish with his labors.

Grant Canfield: Would have one leg, protruding eyes, seventeen arms and would habitually give everyone the finger.

Rotsler: (Your turn, Roy){{Rotsler as genetic engineer, eh? Females, legless since there would be no need for them to stand. Males, a giant phallus with a pencil on the end.}}

Bill Bowers:

etc....

Pros

Poul Anderson:

Ellison:

Zelazny,

etc. Geis?

This has been my meager contrib to making DYNATRON look like a rejected civil service exam.

MIKE RESNICK  
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I'll agree that worldcons are fast reaching their elastic limit and that something must be done to keep the size down, or at least constant. I'll further agree that the easiest way to do it is to eliminate programming for some of the special interest groups. However, I said some; not all. The two groups I have in mind for non-elimination are the ERBites and the Hyboreans. Reason? Simply look at the membership and the programs these two groups put on. The mainstays of the Hyboreans are Lin Carter, Sprague de Camp, George Sciters, et al; surely they cannot be said to be on the outer fringes of fandom. As for the Burroughs folk, they're well-behaved compared to the run-of-the-con type fan, spend a lot more money than most fans, number a pretty large percentage of First Fandom members, and - as one example - had Philip José Farmer and Buster Crabbe as their guest speakers at Torcon. Again, hardly a fringe group. Furthermore, in the case of the Burroughs group, they hold an annual banquet off by themselves so as not to bother the main con programs, usually charge about \$6 a head, and always sell out. Anyway, it just strikes me that a little selectivity must be shown in ridding the cons of special interest groups. Perhaps the comix folk and the trekkies ought to be the first to go, but if their interests overlap and spread into the sf "mainstream", I really don't see how this can be done.

I do have one suggestion, which will doubtless leave some people disgruntled, but which has been pretty effective at dog shows where the size of the show building allows for only a limited number of contestants. If, for example, the show site can accomodate only 2000 dogs, entries close on the day the 2000th dog is entered. Mightn't this be the fairest way to hold down the size of a worldcon? If, say, Washington wants 3,000 members, close the con as soon as the membership list hits 2950 and save those 50 extra for VIPS who simply cannot be refused membership due to tardiness.



JACKIE FRANKIE  
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The question is not whether you're mad or not; but just who you're mad at! Obviously it must be fandom, since you keep showering us with these oddly-hued sheets of paper. But it will do no good. We're a hard lot to insult, and all we do is return your bilious pages with white leaves of peace. Ain't it grand? Ain't it frustrating? ((Yeah, but I'm just idling. If I was to put my mind to it I could reduce the ranks of fen by 50%.))

What else are women good for rather than sex objects or baby factories? Anything you are, you old desert rat. Care to list your qualities of worth? ((None, so there.))

Wolfenbarger should stick to his poetry. Schweitzer should stick to his letterhacking. Rytac should stick to his...well...

I agree somewhat with your statement about there being no shortage of food, but it also depends on just what sort of food you're talking about. Contrary to what Alexis said, the wet spring and river floods didn't harm the corn harvest very much; granaries are bulging all over the place. But there is a shortage of railroad cars to pick up the blasted stuff and a reluctance on the part of some farmers to miss a possible rise in market prices. In any case, corn alone won't feed our nation, and some other crops were harmed by the weather this year. Soybeans, for instance, were affected by rot and mildew, though in sheer numbers we supposedly had a bumper crop. Not only was planting affected, but harvesting as well. It was a wet spring and a wet fall; though still not as bad as last year. Our salvation lies on the fact that the continent is so diverse that an entire crop can't be wiped out. If one area is harmed by weather, another benefits by it. Farmers out here were in a pinch last year, and many had to plant two and three times this year before they actually could grow anything, but still and all, they're paying off mortgages at a record rate, buying new equipment and enjoying one of the best years they've experienced.

I wonder how fans will cooperating in reducing the drain on our nation's power supplies. Can you imagine the relief on our resources if all those plugs are pulled from the electric mimeos? You can't? Neither can I.

((I intend to cooperate with the government in the same way the government has been cooperating with me.))

ELAINE WOJIECHOWSKI  
4755 N. KEYSTONE AVE  
CHICAGO, ILL. 60630

Just noticed you seem to agree with Heinlein that women are only good as sex objects and baby factories. Don't make trouble, Roy!

Running a household properly requires enormous flexibility, not to mention energy strength, talent and a sense of humor. If we applied these qualities in the business world, you men would really be in trouble.

((Agree with your listing of what it takes to run a household properly but I know of damned few American households that are run properly.))

ED COX, DOODLE IN THIS SPACE:



BILL MARSH  
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I didn't get to Torcon. Most of the feedback I get from those who did, including yourself, doesn't make me regret my decision to pass it up. Big cons are not where it's at for this cat. I even get nervous at a room party that expands beyond a dozen or so attendees. It requires a certain amount of furtiveness to get me through a Westercon even. I heartily agree that cons are becoming too massive and are trying to accomodate too many interests and groups merely tangential to SF and trufandom. Whatever in hell the latter is.

Torcon would have been a good excuse to visit Canada for me. I've never been north of the border and pictures I've seen of some of the landscape and reports of friends who have made the journey makes the prospects of such a journey very enticing. Someday, possibly, I'll make it.

Probably not in the near future. Not with the energy crisis and the impending rationing of gas. This is another blow to those of us who are engaged in the highway design and building business. Less gas means less gas tax means less of the revenue we depend upon to keep those ribbons of concrete and asphalt unrolling across all those yet unpaved millions upon millions of acres. It's sad.

++We'd planned to go to Westercon next year by way of Saskatchewan, Alberta, B.C., Washington and Oregon. If Mr Nixon's energy crisis continues unabated we'll get as far as the backyard.++

Nevada, being a tourist oriented state economically, will be particularly hard hit by the energy crunch. Already the casinos are having to black out some of the neon. Glitter Gulch may become Glimmer Gulch. I just heard on the radio that Nevada's super-pimp, one Joe Conforte who has appeared a couple times on national TV arguing the merits of legalizing the "oldest profession", has announced that he and his girls at the Mustang Ranch east of Reno are doing their part to cope with the emergency. The girls have abandoned the bikinis in which they formerly greeted their clientele and have now donned pajamas and nightgowns. Joe reports that this has allowed him to reduce thermostat settings several degrees with only minimal disruption to business. If I were Vardeman I'd undoubtedly be able to wring at least one grand pun out of reporting such an incident; but, alas...

It would appear you don't much cotton to von Daniken's notions as to extra-terrestrial influences upon man's evolutionary course. (Which is probably an oversimplification of what his books try to tout.) I'm no true believer in von Daniken's theories. The material in his books alone fails by a country mile to establish the validity of his conjectures. But there are a plentitude of paradoxes, enigmas--too many archaeological freaks being publicized in these days to make placid acceptance of the classical view of pre-history possible for me. I'm certainly not prepared to take the stand that it couldn't have happened pretty much as von Daniken imagines. Big Brothers from outer space aside, though, why couldn't mankind have reached past peaks technologically and lapsed back into more primitive modes of living. We've come along in pretty fair shape gadget-wise over the past couple of hundred years, but all present indications are we have all the perversæ talents, the social and political maladroitness to blow it all and be back in the caves and trees in the span of a few generations. History isn't one of my strongpoints, admittedly, but any story of mankind that gets beyond a couple of thousand years in the past becomes a bit speculative and mythlike to my way of thinking.



You diehard old devil! You're still reading lots of SF. And talking about it in your fanzine. Very commendable. Reactionary, but commendable. I've become a little detoured in recent months in my reading. I haven't read a heck of a lot of SF. Of the books you discuss in #55, Silverbob's noble effort is the only one I've read. And I agree: it is one of the author's finest efforts. A most excellent and mature SF novel. I didn't read as widely in the field of last year's efforts as is normal for me. I read so minimally of the output, in fact, that I didn't bother to submit a Hugo ballot. Had I read more widely of the novels in contention, I still suspect I would have held to my gut-feeling that Dying Inside was the best of the crop.

++I don't read as much stf as I once did either but still manage two or three novels plus a couple of magazines per month. Most of my reading these days is non-fiction.

Von Danniken is just the latest of a long line of people who have taken a few still unexplained items and weaved a fantasy that gullible suckers will throw away their money on. (Speer is going to spear me for that miserable example of sentence structure.) No question that man has reached technological peaks in the past that were superior to following eras. Rome, for example, reached heights of technology that western Europe failed to reach for almost a thousand years after the dissolution of the Empire. There are a number of other examples. But I doubt that there were any civilizations before this. (I choose not, in this instance, to divide civilization into classical, medieval, etc. We have a continuity that goes all the way back to Sumer.) There just isn't any evidence.

We have found the mines from which the Hurrians extracted silver and copper 4,000 years ago. We have found the flint and tin mines of ancient Britain and the gold mines of ancient Peru. We have even found the coal mines, in the Carpathians, of the "Gravittian" culture of 15,000 years ago. But we have found no evidence of the massive exploitation of mineral resources which any previous high civilization would have needed. If somebody comes up with proof that ore deposits, coal, oil, etc., are self-renewing I'll change my thinking on the subject.++

There are more letters here that I would like to publish but I am just running out of space. MIKE GLICKSOHN reports a change of address: 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6P2S3. Canadian zip codes are even more weird than ours. LOREN MACGREGOR challenges SHOEMAKER's statement that Starship Troopers is the most typical of Heinlein's stories saying ST does not have a Jubal Harshaw type character. WARREN JOHNSON says that's the first time anyone has panned his fmz and made him laugh. CHESTER D. CUTHBERT holds that books such as Chariots of the Gods are valuable for "publicizing the failure of scientists to show willingness to examine so-called facts if they contradict orthodox belief." I'll go along with that. ROSE HOGUE suggests Orange, Calif for the 1976 Worldcon. Orange? BETTY KUJAWA wants to know how I could have spent 20 years in the Marines and not learned to swim..."and DONT tell me you walked on the water instead!? That's close to the key, Betty. "On the land and on the sea." Nothing was said about getting in it so I kept a pair of Jesus Shoes handy. (Quick, anybody, what's the reference?)...All sorts of people liked Bill Wolfenbarger's story even though some found it a bit rough. And no more space.



And this winds up the 57th issue of Dynatron without even any room left over for editorial ramblings. An eight-pager will surely follow. Thanks to all who wrote or went material or whatever. The new year came to Albuquerque along with the first precipitation in six or seven months--an unheard of foot of snow in the Village of Los Ranchos de Albuquerque. We spent the Holidays in Los Angeles and I may have more about that nexttime. The celestial show of the century, comet Kohoutek, turned out to be the celestial flop of the century...never was visible in these parts. Hoping you are the same.....

HORT  
6Jan74

FROM:

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