

DYNATRON

Number 58

March 1974

That's what it says there, Soli, and if I say it is number fifty-eight then it is number fifty-eight. That is because the last one was number 57, wasn't it?

This is, indeed, DYNATRON, a fan-zine of sorts, dedicated to the proposition. DYNATRON is edited and published by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, USA, at intervals either frequent or infrequent, more or less. DYNATRON is available mostly for a show of interest. A sample copy costs one tugrik or its equivalent--

A Marinated Publication

I was going to start off here with the question "Who says crime doesn't pay?" and go on about how the LADIES HOME JOURNAL is paying Spiro Agnew \$100,000 for the serial rights to his novel. And then I noted an item saying that the novel, tentatively titled A Very Special Relationship is set in 1983-84. Which makes it borderline stf.

I do believe I shall vomit. Spiro Agnew a science fiction writer? I know the field is in bad shape but that's ridiculous.

Maybe he can give some of our budding young writers tips on how to avoid paying taxes on their royalties...and also how to avoid going to jail.

If you wonder what is wrong with the Postal Service--and don't we all?--consider this: the letter carrier who delivers the mail to Chrystal's mother is illiterate. He has been taught his route and how to match up the numbers on the letters with the numbers on the houses but if he runs into complications he takes the mail back to the post office. Someone who can read then straightens him out and the mail is delivered the next day...or the next.

Perhaps.

It's known as equal opportunity employment.

Back in the days of my youth, when I was a hard charging First Shirt in the Corps (people who meet me these days find it hard to believe that I was once equipped with fangs, claws, horns, etc.) I had behind my tent a hole roughly six feet square and six feet deep. Whenever one of the young troopers would mess up in a manner that wasn't bad enough to warrant official action (after all I was kind hearted--I did not want to louse up their future as taxpayers) but was something that I wasn't about to let him get away with, I would have him move my hole. ...Right.

That's what I've been doing these past couple of weeks: moving holes. Actually, it is a process of getting the garden area ready for planting. Revitalizing the soil, as it were. Dig out an area about five feet square and dig a hole about 18 inches deep. Inside that goes



a four-inch layer of horse manure (we have lots of that around here) then a couple of pounds of a good commercial fertilizer. The horse manure is a good soil conditioner but actually has little value as a fertilizer. Then one fills up the hole by digging another one next to it. This process gives the soil a complete turn over, aeration, and loosens it up for planting. And I figure we'd better plant all we can. The way the Nixon administration is playing fast and loose with the food supply home grown foods will at least help to keep the budget within bounds.

You'll notice that I was most careful to use "horse manure" in that last paragraph. I would have written "horseshit" but I have a lot of impressionable neo readers like Arnie Katz (no relation to David Katz). Too, I send a copy of this to Linda Bushyager and imagine the shock it would be to her if someone opens the zine and reads it to her.

You see how far I've come from the days when I had fangs and claws and horns?

About a year ago I took out a subscription to VERTEX. Now that is a handsome science fiction magazine. Large size, slick paper, an assortment of science fiction (more or less) stories, interviews, cartoons, fact articles, book reviews and whatever. Yes. Trade in the large size for "pulp" size and the slick paper for pulp paper and you have, egad!, a 1946 AMAZING. Except, I think, the 1946 AMAZINGS were somewhat superior to the 1974 VERTEX. Or at least more entertaining. My subscription is up for renewal but I doubt that I will renew. VERTEX, for all its flashiness, just isn't worth the price.

O'course what with Mr Nixon's inflation, hardly anything is.

And that's really not fair, is it? The Congress really must take its share of the blame. Right? Right! If the Congress was doing its part they'd get him out of office. Don't think I'm partisan. I'm not. I think after the Congress turns Nixon out of office the voters should turn all the incumbent congressmen out of office. Or even if they don't turn Nixon out the voters should turn all the incumbent congressmen out. Republicrat or Democan--each and every one. I told you I was non partisan. I'm not sexist either--throw the congressmen of the female gender out, too.

Get a whole new crew. If they don't shape up then throw them out.

That is, I'm told, a very poor attitude because some of those chaps are really working hard in the public interest. Name three, I challenge. Two. One.

Aaa, you're just a sorehead, Tackett.

Methinks I took too long a break between issues. The thought of all these blank stencils gives me the shudders.

Lots of things give me shudders. Sure they do. Believe it. Every morning I get up, stagger into the bathroom, look in the mirror and groan, "Omighod! Richard Milhous Nixon is president of the United States." That's shuddery.

You realize, of course, that I'm simply trying to fill up a few more lines here because there's not enough space left on this stencil to really do anything.



The March meeting of the Albuquerque Science Fiction, Egotripping and Hot Air Society was devoted mostly to firming up plans for BUBONICON VI. As things now stand:

Bubonicon VI will be held August 23-25, 1974 at the Holiday Inn Midtown in Albuquerque (take the Menaul Avenue offramp from I-25). Registration will start at 12:00 noon on the 23rd. Guest of honor is old fan and young pro F. M. Busby who turned out one of the best novels of 1973, Cage A Man. Scheduled are movies, panels, a luncheon, a costume thing, and all the usual stuff that goes along with a science fiction conference (of course there will be parties). Membership is \$3. Get all the details from Mike Kring, PSC #1, Box 3147, KAFB East, N.M. 87115.

Unless some fresh blood is pumped into the club this may be the last Bubonicon for a while. The regulars have about had the course. Pat McCraw hasn't shown up at a meeting since the last con. Vardeman is gafia. Dick Patten, Sal de Maria, Mike Kring are tired. Roytac is...only marginally interested.

Anyway, ARNIE, DON MILLER, and who ever else--make notes in your things to come column about Bubonicon VI.

Harry Morris is drawing up a dancing rat as the official con illo. Appropriate.

The club book currently being passed around is Queen Victoria's Bomb by Ronald Clark (Morrow, 1968, \$4.95). I'm not sure how many of us will attempt to review the thing. Kring passed it to me and I suppose I'll pass it along at the next meeting--Speer seemed interested in it. Queen Victoria's Bomb is the story of one Franklin Huxtable, a student of the natural sciences, who invented the atomic bomb in 1830. He tested in successfully in India but, because of a variety of circumstances, the bomb was never used in any of Britain's innumerable wars. Eventually everyone connected with the project died and the secret was lost. Ah, me.

Not really a very good book. The first chapter dealing with Huxtable's discoveries and the thoughts that led to the development of the bomb, is, perhaps, the most interesting and the portrait of Victorian times is fair although certainly not as evocative as the Holmes tales.

Still, I've read much worse than this and Queen Victoria's Bomb is worth a couple hours of your time.

This is the time of the year when everyfan is making his Hugo recommendations. Why should I be different? One reason, perhaps, is that I've not read enough to make any valid judgements in shorter fiction. Three shorter pieces that I have enjoyed and think worthy of consideration are With Morning Comes Mistfall by George R.R. Martin, Lodestar by Poul Anderson, and Brothers by Gordon Dickson.

The novels are easier and I've read enough of those this past year to make some definite recommendations. First of all has to be Time Enough For Love by Heinlein. It is, among other things, a fun book and I'm sure that RAH had a ball writing it. Hard To Be a God by Arkadi and Boris Strugatski rates very high with me although I'm not really sure of its eligibility. The original edition was published in Moscow in 1964 but the first English translation was published in 1973. I'd think that would make the book eligible for Hugo consideration but I guess the com-



mittee. P. M. Busby's Cage A Man is Hugo quality and recommended and, of course (why "of course"?), Arthur Clarke's Rendezvous With Rama.

In the other categories--hmmm. Freas as best artist--who else is there? Best editor: Ben Bova, Don Wollheim, Roger Elwood. Best dramatic: Sleeper is the only thing that springs readily to mind although I'm sure Westworld will get some consideration. I didn't like Westworld. It was anti-science--another version of Frankenstein.

Best fanzine:

UCHUJIN, SCOTISHE, YANDRO, SF COMMENTARY, MOEBIUS TRIP.

Best fan writer:

Bob Vardeman. Best fan artist: Sheryl Birkhead.

Since there seems to be, these days, a number of...hmmm..."women's libbers" (for want of a better term) among Dynatron's readership, I thought I really should feature something for them. So from time to time I will run extracts from The Ladies' Complete Manual of Home Duties which was written in 1885 by Henry T. Williams and Daisy Eyebright. Consider: "How to Keep Meat in Summer. If you cover some putrid flesh with animal charcoal, such as is obtained by burning bones, you will utterly destroy all the bad odor, for it oxidizes the bad gases.

"Now to what use can this be applied? You know how often it happens, particularly in the Summer, that the meat sent home on Saturday night for Sunday's dinner will become tainted, if the weather is hot and damp; sometimes it is so spoiled you cannot eat it. Yet it is quite sure that the process of decomposition that has gone on during the night has not been sufficient to render the meat unhealthy. There has no great putrefaction taken place. If you cover the meat with animal charcoal, and leave it all night, there will be no odor from it. And if you do not like to blacken it, you can easily have a small box made, and line it with the charcoal, powdered. Or, you can wrap the meat while it is sweet in a towel and put it in a box and fill the spaces up with animal charcoal, covering it also over the top with it; and place it in the ice-house or refrigerator. All musty smells can also be removed by its use."

Dick Patten says he received a letter from Fred Goldstein (I think it was) wanting to know why, as Irving Koch reported in MAYBE, the minutes of the Denver Area Science Fiction Society were appearing in ZYMURGY instead of in DENFEN DROPPINGS. I think this is all part of a new plan for increased communication in fandom. The minutes of the ALBUQUERQUE SFG will henceforth appear in DE PROFUNDIS, the LASFS newsletter. LASFS news will appear exclusively in ISFA, edited by Bruce Coulson. Indiana fanews will appear in the Southern Fandom Newsletter and the doings of Southern Fandom will be published by Arnie Katz in FIAWOL.

lie to you, Fred?

Would I

Sal di Maria says the real question is would I tell Fred, or anyone else, the truth.

for Edco to doodle in.

The space below is



BOOK DEPARTMENT: CABU by John Robert Russell (Pocket Books, 95¢).

Woody Wolfe would have loved this book. It is an old time scientific romance. 50 years ago (egad! that long?) Cabu would have been serialized in ARGOSY.

George Piget, a professor of history at Cool River College (the end of the line, man, than which there is no lower), finds himself living also on the world of Cabu among people who can be best described as paleolithic Neandertals. Competition with Homo Saps for the game drives the Neandertals deep into the jungle where Piget uses his Earth knowledge to set them on the road to civilization. The civilization achieved is described by author Russell as "Egyptian" although I think Sumerian is more appropriate. Russell uses his book as a vehicle for some biting comment on modern education, civilization, and the greed for power--and there's a kicker at the end.

All in all, a delightful book. Yes, Woody Wolfe would have enjoyed it. I did.

Among the stuff that comes in the mail (Hi, Ned Brooks) was a note from a publication called AGAINST THE WALL offering to send me a copy of that zine if I would send a copy of DYNATRON. I'll trade for almost anything so I said sure and sent along a copy of D. AGAINST THE WALL is "A Libertarian Publication" published anonymously from P.O. Box 444, Westfield, New Jersey. I've never really cared for anonymous publications; always wonder why the editor is afraid to come out in the open.

Among the causes ATW is pushing is an end to the draft (somewhat outdated at the moment but this issue of ATW may be an old one--there is no date on it) and even though the draft law has been allowed to lapse I'm not at all sure that's a good idea. (A brief pause to let the initial screams die down.)

I am basically against the draft. I have never liked the idea of conscription although I can see times when it might be necessary. Maybe. But the idea of an armed force made up of 3,000,000 volunteers makes me somewhat uneasy. Before WWII we maintained an all volunteer army/navy which numbered only a couple hundred thousand and that wasn't so bad. It isn't difficult, in a country this size, to find 200,000 volunteers. But 3,000,000 is something else. To man a volunteer force of that size means that the armed forces must offer inducements and privileges way above the average to attract that many men to military life. I don't like it at all. We can end up with an elite state within the state subject only to the whim of the "Commander-in-Chief." Since they are all volunteer there is little pressure that can be exerted by the people.

A draft at least makes the country's leadership somewhat responsive to the concern of Mom and Dad for their Little Boy who has been snatched to serve his country. The war in Vietnam was of little concern until the military machine began grabbing the sons of the affluent middle-class. When that happened the pressure to end the war began to mount.

Three million volunteers subject only to the whim of the President. He can send them anywhere without worrying about the cries of good old Mom and Dad. Uh-uh. I don't like the idea of the draft but I think I like this set up even less. If we were to cut back our armed forces to, say, 300,000 men then I wouldn't worry. But as long as that is not at all likely and we're going to maintain a military machine of 3,000,000--I think we had better bring back the draft.



BOOK DEPARTMENT: ASTOUNDING, edited by Harry Harrison.

Whether this is the best anthology of 1973 may be debated (altho there are a couple of powerful yarns here) but it certainly is the most nostalgic. Here are 13 stories/items inspired by ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION and intended as a memorial to John W. Campbell. Some are suitable, some are not.

Lodestar by Poul Anderson is probably the final tale in the Trader Team/van Rijn series; it is a good story and a fitting finale to those two excellent series. Gordon R. Dickson's Brothers is a Dorsai story (or, more properly, as Dickson calls it, a story in the "Childe Cycle") which starts with the assassination of Kensie Graeme (Soldier Ask Not) and chronicles Ian Graeme's vengeance on the assassins. A tremendous story. Should be a Hugo nominee. Hal Clement's Lecture Demonstration is a good Mesklin tale. Epilog by Clifford Simak is the final tale in the City Series. Bittersweet. L. Sprague de Camp's The Emperor's Fan is not for ASTOUNDING but for UNKNOWN. And the Venus Equilateral crew is back in G. O. Smith's Interlude. The other stories included are Thiotimoline To The Stars by Asimov, Something Up There Likes Me by Alfred Bester, Early Bird by Theodore Cogswell and Theodore Thomas, The Mothballed Spaceship (a "Deathworld" tale) by Harry Harrison, Black Sheep Astray by Mack Reynolds, Helix The Cat by Theodore Sturgeon, and Probability Zero! The Population Implosion by Theodore Cogswell.

ASTOUNDING is worth putting on your shelves although the books stated purpose make the omissions even more noticeable. It is a good anthology. It could have been much better.

Ah, me, I get these strange communications from Europe. Letters from Italia and Spain requesting copies of DYNATRON. The enclosures that come with the requests are sometimes startling and I get a vague impression that the requests come from some people whose politics are best described as radical. Could it be that they are under the impression that Dynatron is some sort of American underground radical publication? Can you picture the disappointment when they find that all they are getting is a science fiction fanzine? No politics. Absolutely. Should C. W. John ever return from wandering around darkest India he might make political comments but not I. C. W. John might declare his firm conviction, for example, that Nixon and his gang had in mind the destruction of the elective process in this country and the full seizure of the government. But I would never say a thing like that. The most I might do--just might, mind you--is speculate about the possible significance of the vast number of Germans in the Nixon administration. But not seriously. I mean nobody in his right mind would seriously believe that strings run from Washington to Bonn. There might be a philosophical connection but...

No, you won't find that sort of thing in Dynatron. This is strictly a non-political science fiction fanzine. And besides, I figure they are just a bunch of common crooks; no foreign entanglement, just homegrown American gangsters...no more sinister motives than just to steal everything that wasn't nailed down.

is non-political.

See, that



The New Mexico Civil Liberties Union conducted a campaign in March to try to awaken the people of the danger to privacy inherent in the indiscriminate use of computer data banks by both government and the private sector. The theme was "1984: Ten more years and counting." Some of the ads were rather esoteric: a billboard with a single giant eye; pictures of children, mug shots with their Social Security Number across their chests; computer cards. TV spots: a single eye that looked out at the viewer and blinked and each time it blinked one heard a camera shutter click; a rocket blasting into space to launch a satellite and then a zoom from the satellite to the window of a house: Click!

There was also a series of newspaper ads, a lengthy special supplement, and a number of television programs explaining just what was going on, pointing out that there were now in existence dossiers on almost every person in the country, that the data banks were being abused by credit bureaus, state, local, and even the federal government, insurance companies, and various other private corporations.

But the most frightening thing was the reaction of some of the people around the state. They objected to the campaign, to the ads and tv spots as being a subversive attempt to rock the boat. One woman said, "Why should decent American citizens be concerned about things that concern the Civil Liberties Union?" A letter in the TRIB: "The Civil Liberties Union, that's the outfit that came out against censorship and allowed all these pornographic movies to be shown."

The New Mexico campaign is supposed to be the pilot of a nationwide campaign to be put on later in the year.

But I like that...

#### 1984: TEN MORE YEARS AND COUNTING

Hooboy, the SF Book Club is offering six prints of "science fiction artwork" for \$4.95. Prints of the bookcovers for Cities In Flight, Alph and Time of Changes as rendered (and I use the term advisedly) by Brad Holland, from Forerunner Foray by Charles Mikocaycak, from Cage A Man by Gary Viskupic and Larry Kresek's illo of The Time Masters. No, thanx. The illos by Brad Holland have to be the ugliest things I've seen in ages and the others aren't much better. Guaranteed, this crew will never get any Hugo nominations. Brrrr.

There I was with my 95¢ clutched in my hot hand staring at the available paperbacks. There was 2020 edited by Jerry Pournelle which contained new stories by a lot of people I know. There was Beyond Control edited by Silverberg which contained a lot of old yarns reprinted from ASF and GALAXY. I'd read most of them before. Hell, I'd read all of them before. So I did a quick skim on a couple of the stories in 2020 and bought Beyond Control. Those yarns may be old but they are, at least, worth reading.

One of the tales in BEYOND CONTROL is The Dead Past by I. Asimov and that one invites comparison with T. L. Sherred's E For Effort since both deal with the subject of what can happen if a time viewer becomes generally available. Sherred and Asimov both reached the same conclusion: the results would be bad. The past is, after all, an immediate thing and while we may think of it as way back



yonder but the past is also just an instant ago. I'd like to have a time viewer, naturally, but then so would everyone else and it would be as the agent in The Dead Past puts it: "Happy goldfish bowl to you, to me, to everyone, and may each of you fry in hell forever."

viewer would be good for me--not for you, Charlie. A time

Steady readers of Dynatron will know that I picked up the news item about the ancient song that was performed at UC Berkeley last week (current date 16Mar74) mostly because the song is Hurrian. My interest is not so much with the Hurrians themselves as with their overlords, the Mitanni. (See Dynatron 46) The song was inscribed on clay tablets that were found about 15 years ago at Ugarit (now called Ras Shamra) which was the main Hurrio-Mitanni port on the Mediterranean Sea. According to the popular news reports the origins of western music are now "planted firmly in the Assyro-Babylonian civilization," which is nonsense no matter which way you read it. The Mitanni were Indo-Europeans and the Hurrians are also a non-semetic people, quite possibly ancestral to the Sumerians.

Also ancestral, is it not?, to the Kurds of today. Kurds: Khurrians: Hurrians. Definitely not a product of the "Assyro-Babylonian civilization".

Ha! According to a news report of recent date the Iraqis have managed to get their country's Kurdish population mad, again, and the Kurds are running the Arabs out of the hills--also again. Idiot Arabs never learn--stay out of the Kurdish hills. For four thousand years the Arabs (Amorites, Akkadians) have been pushing into the hills north of Mesopotamia and for four thousand years the hill people have been chasing them out. The Arabs are persistent. Dumb but persistent. The hill people have chased them clear to the sea a couple of times and are liable to do it again.

Which would make for an interesting situation in the Mideast, yes?

Ah, well, I think that about winds it up for this issue. Support all the various fannish charities of your own choice. Attend the convention of your choice. Vote for the awards of your choice. And remember the words of Tricia Nixon Cox: "My father is going to fulfill the mandate he was given to rule this country."

Trici?

Sure, Tric. Hmmm.

With a hard "c"?

Peace, old things.

way.

If your mind bends that

And if it does...well, that's your problem.

\*\*\*\*\*

ROY TACKETT