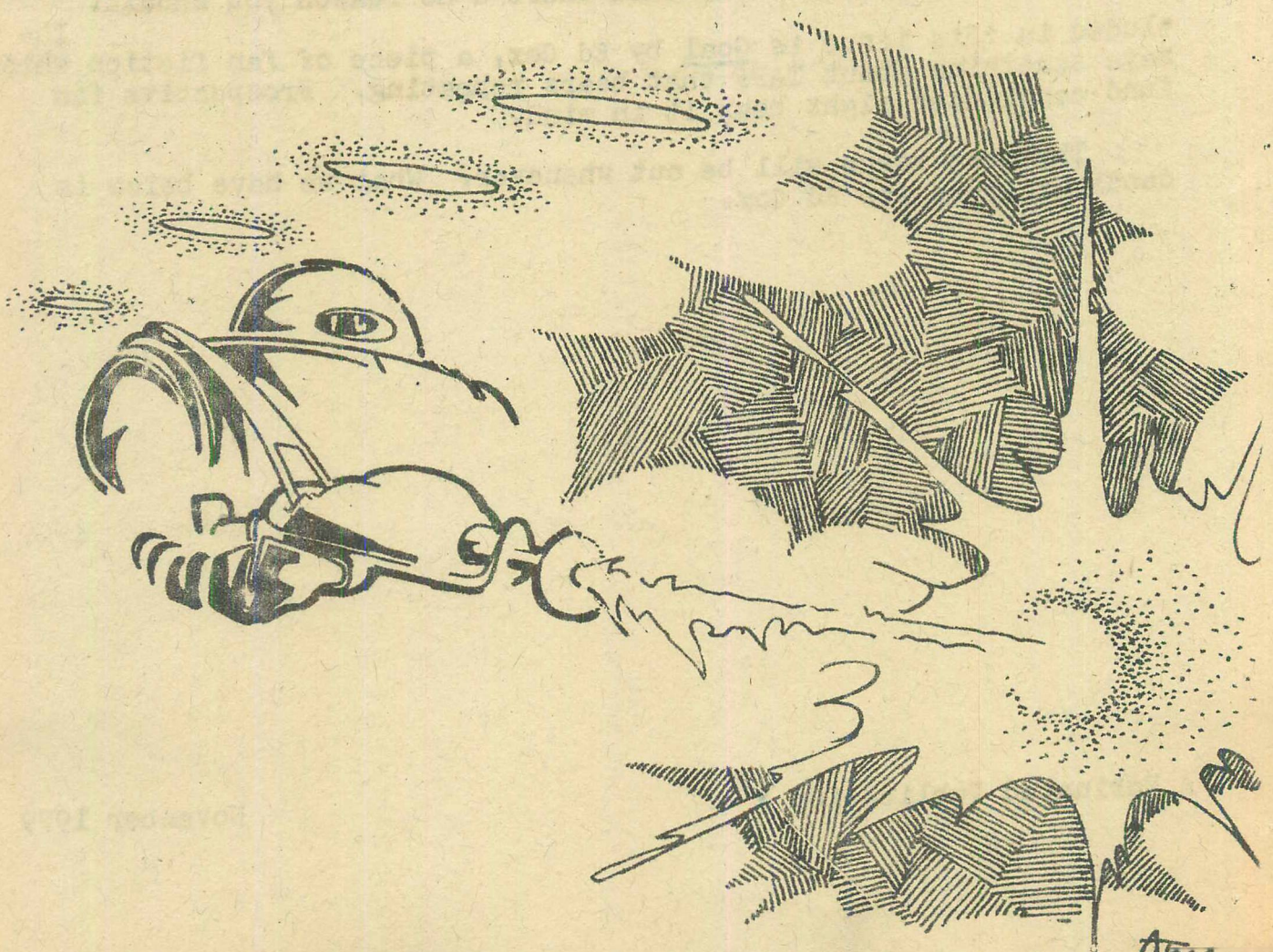


DYNATRON



Aha! Did that get your attention? No matter. Pay attention, this is the masthead. Some would call it the colophon but that is because they don't know the difference. Go look it up in your Webster's. I'll wait for you....Am I not ~~correct~~? I am. Always.

Therefore this must be DYNATRON #72. Another thinish but so it goes. When the files are empty one does what one can. If you would care to help fill the files and the pages I would be most happy to have you do so. I prefer material dealing with science fiction either seriously or humorously. I warn you that I am not keen on the literary criticism type thing so don't send me articles which, as Marc Ortlieb says, hunt for metaphors or fish for allegory.

Since I made some comments about fanart some fan have sent me suggestions on the use of same. Pay attention...I have artwork in the files. If I wanted to use it I would. I did use art in Dynatron years ago but I have since grown too lazy to do so.

DYNATRON is a fanzine devoted to such strange things as science fiction, fandom, fantasy, whatever else crosses my mind. It is published on no sort of schedule whatsoever by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107. It is mostly available in trade for your fanzine. Otherwise a copy will cost you 50¢.

The cover is by Arthur Thomson and, yes, I have used it before. If I can't remember exactly when there's no reason you should.

Included in this issue is Goal by Ed Cox, a piece of fan fiction which says something about TAFF that bears repeating. Prospective fan fund candidates might bear it in mind.

The next issue will be out whenever. What we have below is doodling space for Ed Cox.

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

SS MONTANA Another Bubonicon, the 11th (more or less), has come and gone and with its going the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society once again had cause for celebration; after meeting expenses we found that we had made five bucks. There's nothing like a successful con and, as you well know, that is one where the committee breaks even.

Attendance was down a bit this time. Around 85 showed up to witness and/or participate in the proceedings. Most of them were locals this time around which may indicate a trend. Usually we have more from out of the area than from Albuquerque itself. For the first time in years we found ourselves without an Australian contingent which we must attribute to the fact that the Worldcon was held in Albion this year. Perfidious Albion. Stole our Aussies.

Bob Vardeman conducted a Delphi panel. We had thrown the subject around at club meeting and came up with four subjects on which the conference attendees were asked to make predictions covering the coming year.

What will be the effect of the apparently continuing trend towards conservatism?

Will there be any changes in the "energy" situation?

What will happen to the prozines?

Will there be a breakthrough in science?

Questionnaires were passed out to the audience and emphasis was placed on the fact that these predictions were for the coming year only--no long range predictions, please. The following morning Bob held another session, gathered in the completed sheets and, together with the audience, went over them to arrive at some sort of consensus. Generally it was felt

That the trend towards conservatism would continue throughout the coming year and that we would see increasing calls for censorship, a tightening up of people-oriented political programs and the like. (My own answer was that since it was an election year we would see an increase in right-wing politicians including many who were formerly classified as "liberal". Indeed, indeed. And isn't that Teddy

Kennedy the fair-haired boy the liberals expect to restore Camelot who is beginning to make noises about fiscal responsibility and other right-wing catchphrases?)

The consensus expected no change in the energy situation except for a continuous creep upwards of prices. (And, in some cases no doubt, a great leap forward in prices. Yes)

As for the prozines they are expected to continue much the same as now although some of the flashy new ones may fold. Some concern was expressed that AMAZING would fold but it was generally pointed out that AMAZING has continued for more than 50 years through a succession of bumbling publishers and editors and that there is no real reason to expect the magazine to go under. Story content was expected (in all the zines) to drift further away from hard technological science fiction in the direction of fantasy.

On the question of a major breakthrough in science there was much debate. A narrow consensus finally agreed that there would probably be some major breakthrough in genetics or other biological field.

There were also a series of individual predictions, mostly silly, and they were all sealed in an envelope and entrusted to Jack Speer for safekeeping. We will open them all at the next Bubonicon to check on success as predictors.

I predict that Victoria Vayne will OD on chocolate syrup.

I predict that open warfare will breakout between the LAfen and Doug Wright's people and that the LASFS will hire tracer gun mercenaries trained in the tracer gun wars at Bubonicon.

The panel on religion in science fiction (Stephen Donaldson, Orson Scott Card, Mike Kring, a couple who escape me) generated some flack (there's too much religion in science fiction). A statement that revalation and the supernatural were as legitimate a basis for science fiction as so-called natural law brought a variety of snarls.

Another panel, with about the same panelists, was to discuss how the current wave of anti-technological nonsense was affecting SF and turned into a general argument between the antis and the pros. On the whole, I would say, the pros won. One thing the very humanistic anti-technologists never seem to take into account is that it is utterly impossible for this planet to provide for 4,000,000,000+ people without technology. Without it a large percentage of those people are going to die.

Which, of course, might not be so bad at that.

Bubonicon's other noted feature is its showing of incredibly bad movies which is done semi-deliberately. Because we don't have the finances to rent anything really worthwhile we try to choose a couple that are capable of providing at least unintend laughter. This time around we had "The Mysterians" for one and the other was so bad I even forgot the title of it.

Needless to say the screen was repeatedly attacked by the tracer gun soldiers. I think we will take steps to outlaw tracer guns at future Bubonicons.

(continued on page 11)

GOAL

by

ED COX

I had not indulged in my once very subjective hobby, fandom, for a number of years. Keeping my FAPA membership, I was content to maintain requirements in that organization and settle back comfortably reading fiction, letting the hue and tumult of general fandom cease to be a part of my life.

I did, however, keep constant watch on current FAPA doings which, to a degree, reflected concurrent trends in general fandom. From time to time, a new name, up from the depths of the Waiting List, would flare briefly, fade and die out, leaving the membership much as it had been. Then came the pograom in which the membership slashed the waiting list to the bone and set up rigidly extreme requirements. Soon what names were left moved up and into FAPA with a rapidity that came from and increased requirement pace within the organization itself. Again, from the parade of new names, some would flare, flicker and fade. But the case of Melvin Putney was another matter.

I was reading the Autumn 1983 mailing when a publication figuratively leapt out of the stack at me. It was masterfully written; a grammatically correct interesting and stimulating piece, the style of which was new to me. I glanced at the Fantasy Amateur and, as I had suspected, it was a new fan. This in itself was not unusual. But the address, in conjunction with the other laudatory aspects of this fan displayed, caused me a brief twinge of excess interest. He lived in the same town in which I had kept residence all of my life. In fact, I judged the address to be not more than a half mile from my own!

At first this caused me some alarm. It was well known in fandom that I did practice, and was the last to deny, being more or less the fan-hermit. For a time this caused me to react not unlike somebody who discovered that they lived in an area of excessive fall-out. But after a few weeks it occured to me that had this Putney desired to impinge on my sphere of solitude, he would have taken some sort of action before this. Another thing that gave me solace was that he wrote exceedingly well, covering such subjects as "Five Color Lithography", "The Pierce-Arrow", and "Do-It-Yourself-Bookbinding" with as much insight, knowledge, and comprehensiveness as he did "Ghost Stories, An Evaluation", "The First Phase - Amazing Stories, April 1926 - April 1929", and "Captain S. P. Meek, Pioneer Science-Fictionist".

It was for these reasons that I found myself following his FAPA publication with a little more interest than I did most other newcomers. It also caused me to write a mailing review of his publication, NUALET, commending him for one of the above-named articles.

When his postcard arrived in the mail, thanking me for the kind words, as he phrased it, shortly after that bundle arrived, I thought it was the beginning of the end of my solitude.

But such was not the case. Instead, a few weeks later, there arrived in my mail a fanzine. This was not uncommon, I must say, since many of the newer FAPA members, once within the organization, send copies of their non-apa publications to me until they are discouraged by lack of comment. But his, much the same as his FAPAZine, was scintillating in editorial brilliance. He had a stable of fine writers, some of whom I recognized from the FAPA roster, and put together a very erudite, interest-worthy, readable fanzine. The editorial was sparkling and he handled the letter-column with a deft, sure touch. The lithography was superb and the five-color covers denoted not only a patience and craft, but a definite income to cover the cost of such an endeavor.

I was so impressed that I wrote a letter of comment!

It would have been as easy to phone him, I later realized, but that, of course, would have lost the distance, the impersonality of the letter which I considered a safe venture, hermit-wise. A note arrived shortly, thanking me for the comment and promising the next issue in return.

As the months went by the fanzine, CTHULHU, arrived with an amazing regularity and I, just as regularly, wrote letters. At first I was slightly apprehensive when he published them, and as a result other fanzines did come. But it was not a bad circumstance, I reflected after a few months, for they helped to fill in a pattern that had been taking shape in my mind.

There was, I noted early, a drive, a forceful push, in Putney's activities. He seemed to be striving for something: some goal that transcended those of the others in fandom. He was certainly one of the top fan-editors. His expression of the English language in print was not a printed cacophony such as could be found with deadening monotony in many other fan publications. His NUALET soon gained top places with the old guard in the annual FAPA polls. In a newszine called FANAC that soon came to my mailbox his CTHULHU took honors along with the best of them in a publication called the FANNISH. He accepted such honors with a gentlemanly demeanor, in print as it were, a modesty and savoir faire that increased his stature with all concerned. Yet he redoubled his efforts.

In the other fanzines that I received, there were articles and fiction, letters and reviews, all with an excitement, a burning drive that added a zest to their competent handling. His reviews were sharp, yet penetrating in analysis. The fiction and articles showed a white-heat creativity that would soon transcend what fandom had to offer. Yet he continued. I had known of him for a little over a year, observing his top-flight activity in all levels of fandom when he received what many would consider the top honors. He was, only a few months before, awarded a double Hugo as best fan editor and best fan writer. He had also been a member of many of the panels at the worldconvention. This I learned from reading the convention reports

that appeared in many of the fanzines I was receiving as a result of my letters in CTHULHU and, later, I must admit, in other fanzines. Then an even greater honor was bestowed upon him.

He was nominated for TAFF.

And nobody else would stand!

What more could a fan want, I thought. Yet there was, despite his modest and almost reluctant acceptance of the TAFF honor, something he still desired. It was evident, at least to me, in his writing, his attitude as a whole. Probably because I had made what came to be a special study of his fan-career, it was apparent to me with a startling clarity.

In the course of my observations, I learned that he was quite happy in his non-fan life. He was doing fine as an undergraduate at the university near our town, had a delightful girl-friend who adored him, was brilliant in his chosen studies and had everything pointing towards a successful future. It came to me, then, that it was something in fandom that he desired that he had not yet received. And was not in any position to influence the achievement, directly at any rate, of that goal.

So it was I, after all this time, who bestirred myself and walked one evening over to the address at which he lived. I had followed this theory of mine as far as I could and, convinced that I was right, was damned by a maddening curiosity to find out exactly what it was and whether or not I was correct.

At my ring, steps sounded within. The door opened and Melvin Putney stood there. I recognized him from photos published with convention reports.

"Good evening," I said. "I'm Knickerbocker." His face brightened and he stepped back.

"Come in! I'm very glad to see you!" I entered and he shut the door. "Come along to the living room. This is a pleasure!"

"I hope I'm not intruding, arriving - unexpectedly like this," I said, taking the seat he indicated.

"Not at all, not at all," he said. "The rest of the family is out to a movie and this is a reare pleasure indeed. Care for a drink?"

"No, thanks," I said. "I have been reading your publications for some time, as you're well aware, and thought since we lived so close, I'd drop in and be neighborly for a change." I smiled, feeling sure that the transparency was immediately obvious.

"I'm very glad you did. I've always respected the 'unwritten law'..." here he smiled... "which I'd heard of for a long time before my family moved here a couple of years ago."

"Oh?"

"Oh, yes, we've been here only a short time, comparatively. Actually, it is mostly due to the fact that we moved here that I became interested in fandom at all and that only indirectly."

Immediately I heard that I realized that I would very possibly learn what I had come to find out without actually broaching the subject myself.

"How did that happen?"

"Due to the fact that my Dad got transferred to this branch of his company...we had lived in Florida previously...the whole family had to move. I had just graduated from high school. We arrived here, bought this house and settled in." He smiled. "I knew nobody and it was summer. I had a lot of spare time. I always liked to read, so I did a lot of that. Mostly mystery fiction but I also stumbled onto science fiction. And from there to fandom."

"That is the course many a fan has followed," I said. "I became interested in fandom after reading science-fiction for a time, but that was many years ago when I was very young and there was a different relationship between science-fiction and fandom." I smiled. "But let's not discuss me. It is your fan-career that is now at white heat."

He laughed modestly. "Oh, it is fun. I meet and am in contact with many interesting people."

"But from reading your fanzine it would appear that you are not really enjoying yourself all that much." I had to get him back to the subject.

"Oh, I am enjoying myself immensely," he answered.

"You are also, in a very short time, one of the most successful fans." The word "successful" might do the trick.

"Oh, you could say that," he replied, still modest. "I've been lucky and have had wonderful cooperation from a lot of swell people."

"Well, I do say," I pursued, "that your fanzines have been voted in the high, if not top, categories in all the polls. You must admit that that is successful."

"It is," he said, "if popularity is all you want."

"Isn't that what all fans desire in their headlong drive through the fannish maelstrom?"

"It is in most cases, I guess," he replied.

"Then what is your case? After all, you have made TAFF history and that is a double honor! Or isn't that what you want?"

Here he seemed to come to life. That spark appeared in his demeanor and I now witnessed in his person the white-heat of ambition that I had long observed in his fanactivities.

"Yes," he said, a new timbre to his tone of voice. "I'll admit that I wanted to publish the top fanzine. I worked at it and put time and money into it, with an interest that must exist if one is to be successful in fan-publishing." Here he got up and, unbeknownst to himself, I'm sure, began to pace about the room. "I wanted to become popular! I wrote to the fanzines and took part in almost all the activities with the exception of the NFFF and some of the smaller apas."

"Then what more could you ask?" I asked. He whirled and faced me.

"But that isn't what I wanted," he said, an intense look upon his face. "I wanted these things as only means toward an end!" He seemed to be quite upset.

"TAFF!" I said. "The object of fan-popularity is, it would seem, to be able to compete for the TAFF."

"Oh, yes, for the others. But that, also, is only a part of it."

"Then, pray tell, what is it? You are using fandom as a proving ground for pro-authorship later? It has happened often and I'm sure you are well on the way toward achieving this goal."

"Oh, no, no, it's not that at all. I hadn't even considred it," he said. "It would, of course, be interesting to try. I never though of it and I'll have to try that, too!" He was abstracted and seemed, for a moment, to forget that I was there.

"Then tell me, if you will, what is it that you want from fandom?" There it was. Would I finally get the answer? What could it be that had him in such a state?

"Oh, yes, you couldn't know, really. Forgive me." He turned and stood facing me. "If you'll remember, I mentioned that I became interested in fandom through reading science fiction and in reading science fiction through reading mystery fiction." He smiled. "It was on the dust-jacket of a book by Bob, Wilson to me then, Tucker that I saw the science fiction titles, read them, became interested and discovered more science fiction."

"But what has all that to do with your fan career?"

"It was only after I had been in fandom for a while and got into FAPA after the waiting list blitz that I got to know a lot of the older names in fandom, such as yourself."

"So?"

A feverish light burned in his eyes as he continued. "It was then that so many of the people in the Tucker novels took on a new significance! Names bloomed out in my memory like Fourth of July fireworks! They were people in fandom!"

"So you want to write a book and do the same thing? Chad Oliver has done it on a limited scale as have a few others." I smiled. "What has that got to do with your fan-career?"

"No," he said, his voice tense as if he were under great strain. "I do not want to write a book and it has everything to do with my fan-career! The reason for my whole effort!

"And what is that?"

"I want, more than anything else in fandom, for Bob Tucker to use my name as a character in one of his novels!"

ED COX

XXXXXX

FANDOM

My name is Degler,
Fan of Fans.
Look on my work, you neos,
And despair.

RT

SAND SCRIBBLING, continued from page 4

If I may get back for a few lines to the conservative wave (and the closeness of "conservative" and "conservation" is ironical) one need only read the daily papers to get a strong indication of what it means for the world. An article published on 7 October, for example, gleefully reports the comeback, after almost a decade of shrinking, of the fur industry. Fur coats are again an in thing. This indicates a massive assault on the remaining wild animals for about 75% of the furs come from them and I imagine that by the year 2000 they will be rare indeed. It also indicates that the conservation movement which came on strong from about the mid-sixties to the mid-seventies has lost interest. Concern for the Earth and its creatures, including ourselves, has lost out to concern for the dollar. And that is an indication of the conservative trend. One must be radical to get worked up about such things as the fur industry.*

And I'll bet the conservatives (and what liberals are left) will do all sorts of screaming when the Red flag is planted on the Red Planet. But guess who is responsible for the demise of our space program. The most recent crew of Soviet cosmonauts spent six months in space in the Salyut 6 station. Good practice for a Mars trip.

Jack Williamson is receiving some deserved recognition. He was given the annual Governor's Award for excellence and achievement in the arts recently. For his work in science fiction.

Heh. I note that Anne McCaffrey's The White Dragon not only won the Gandalf award for best book-length fantasy but that it was also runner up for the Hugo as best science fiction novel. It appears that the current crop of readers can no longer tell the difference between the two categories. Comment? I note also that more people voted in the Best Dramatic Presentation category than in any of the others and that, I suspect, is an indication of things to come.

Sigh. I keep saying I've sworn off Worldcons. They have grown too big, too crowded, there are too many trendies and other non-fan types in attendance these days. And now comes Denvention 2. Sigh. Yep, we'll be there. Attending membership will cost you \$15 until 1 January 1980. After that it begins to go up rapidly--like inflation. Send your check to Denvention 2

Box 11545
Denver, Colorado 80211

See you at that one.

*It is interesting to note that the good old U.S. Chamber of Commerce is leading an all-out attack on the Endangered Species Act.

So endeth another issue except for some final words about TAFF
(and, by extension, DUFF and other funds):

As Edco correctly points out in his story TAFF is not a charity nor is it something a fan runs for. TAFF is a recognition, a reward. One does not announce that he or she is a candidate for TAFF. If a fan is worthy of it that fan will be nominated by his peers. Is there a European fan you particularly think deserves to be brought over? Then it is up to you to do the nominating...get together with some others who think the same way and when you have the necessary five nominators then ask the fan of your choice to stand. Same with sending someone from this side to that side. For details contact Terry Hughes, 606 N. Jefferson Street, Arlington, Va. 22205 or Peter Roberts, 38 Oakland Drive, Dawlish, Devon, U.K.

RT

XXXXXX

FROM:

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107



PRINTED MATTER ONLY
3RD CLASS MAIL

TO:

DAVE LOCKE
3650 NEWTON, #15
TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA
90505