









# DYNATRON

Number 84

You should know by now that screaming, hollering, and even threatening to get congressional action taken will do you no good whatsoever. No matter how you feel about it, this is another issue of the old greenzine. Yes. Brace yourselves, grit your teeth. Stiff upper lip and all that. Say it slowly. Oi! Another Dynatron yet already.

This is the 84th issue, if my memory is correct. If my memory isn't correct we'll call it the 84th issue anyway.

DYNATRON, done the old fashioned way without the assistance of computers, word-processors, or 128K memory by

Roy Tackett  
915 Green Valley Road NW  
Albuquerque, NM 87107 USA

A zine, of course, available for assorted reasons including 50¢. It is, as always,

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-----you were expecting, maybe, something fancy?-----

## FIRST OF ALL

My thanks and gratitude to Cliff Baird, Terry Gish, Doreen Webbert, and all the other nice people who were connected with Leprecon 11. For reasons I am unable to fathom they had me as their Fan Guest of Honor. They were nice. They were kind. They spoiled me rotten. It was almost enough to inflate my ego to the size of Isaac Asimov's. (Although I don't really think that could be done...it would violate some scientific principle or other.)

Leprecon, held annually in Phoenix, is a good convention and I ~~recommend~~ you attend when you can. It isn't overly large. The committee (sort of a semi-permanent floating group) is efficient and knowledgeable and are familiar with all phases of fantasy and science fiction. They've done this often enough that they can run a convention the way it should be run. Programming is varied and interesting...as are the fans who attend.

Good con. Good people. Enjoyable.

Make a note of it: Leprecon.

What made Leprecon even more enjoyable for Chrys and I was the appearance of old friends Len and June Moffatt from L.A. and the arrival of son-in-law and daughter, Danni and Rene MacCallum from San Diego. The six of us put a mighty dent in the Hyatt's Easter Sunday champagne brunch.

Heh. Security people are all the same. The security guard at the airport gate had to check one of my bags to make sure the bottle of Beam I was carrying was actually a bottle of Beam. It was. I was wearing a pendant, a painting of a glowering wolf, which Chrys had bought for me. The guard wanted to know if it had any significance. I struggled momentarily with a smartass answer, thought better of it, told him it was just a pretty. Felt that I was under surveillance all the way back to Albuquerque.



New Mexico's capital city, Santa Fe, will celebrate the 375th anniversary of its founding this autumn and the city officials have proudly announced that the king of Spain is coming over to join the party. They say that Ronnie baby will likely put in an appearance, too. As the late Jimmy Durante used to say: everybody wants to get into the act.

I really don't know why Ronnie Baby would want to visit Santa Fe. There is a veteran's cemetery at Santa Fe but I don't think any SS troops are buried there...

Having recently ignored my own birthday it occurred to me that Terry Carr must be pushing 50. It is startling (a prozine of yore) to realize that the kids are getting old. I mention this only because Terry (even if he is getting to be an Oldie Thart) is one of the best book editors in the SF field. And most of the people who read science fiction or fantasy these days read the books. Oh, the magazines are still there. All four (count 'em) of them struggling along with a few thousand readers while the paperbacks (and even some of the hardbacks) sell copies by the hundreds of thousands. That's fantastic! (FANTASTIC isn't published any more either.)

It was not always so, of course. My memory is long enough (verily, at times methinks it overly long) that I can recall when the magazines were the mainstay of Science Fiction and books were something of a rarity. There was some fantasy and science fiction published in book form, mostly fantasy to be sure (sort of like today? nah, it was better stuff), but it was by established writers such as Thorne Smith, Wells, Verne, ERB, and others who had achieved some literary recognition. Science fiction, our stories, were to be found mostly in the pages of the pulp magazines.

At the end of World War II some of the more ambitious fen formed a few specialty publishing houses such as Fantasy Press, Gnome, FPCI, and others and started reprinting some of those stories in hard cover. Circulation was rather limited. A couple of the major publishers sort of tested the water and brought out some anthologies of reprints, mostly from ASTOUNDING. (ASTOUNDING had, by the late 1940s achieved a certain measure of respectability and acceptance by university types.) These seem to have sold well enough that the paperback publishers began to smell money connected with science fiction and decided to try for a profit with science fiction and fantasy.

Nevertheless the magazines continued to flourish in the 1950s. At one time more than 20 different titles could be found on the stands. It was a fan's paradise. There were almost more sfzines around than one could keep up with. Of course it didn't last. Probably due mostly to the spread of television pulp fiction went into a decline and, except for a few sfzines, all but disappeared.

And now only four remain. AMAZING, the granddaddy of them all, struggles along, as does ANALOG, FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, and ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE.

ANALOG and ASIMOV'S are published 13 times per year which makes for some peculiar dating now and then. F&SF is monthly and AMAZING is bi-monthly. They all print some excellent short fiction. How one rates them depends on personal preference. I prefer the stories in ANALOG; they are more in line with my idea of what SF yarns should be. I don't care much for the stories in ASIMOV'S although I readily admit they are well written and all that. But the yarns are not to my particular taste although other people, I am sure, prefer them to what ANALOG prints. F&SF is an excellent blend of good science fiction and fantasy as are the stories in AMAZING. Besides the fiction they all run various articles, columns, and features of interest to the field. (Well, some of the stuff isn't of much interest. I can do without columns on gaming.)

So why am I telling you all this? YOU know about it, you say. Well, sure, YOU do. But there are a surprising number of science fiction readers who seldom or never read the magazines. They read SF books



by the tens, or even the hundreds, but never pick up one of the SF magazines. The reasons I have heard given range from a dislike for short fiction to an apparent consideration that periodicals are trash and not worth bothering with. (Look, I'm literary. I read books, not that magazine junk....Hoohah. Sounds like the 1930s.) No matter, though, for whatever reason those who skip the magazines are missing some excellent science fiction and fantasy.

So if you are not reading the prozines, give them a try. You'll find many of your favorite writers between those covers and I think you'll be pleasantly surprised at the stories.

You'll note that Dynatron has a cover this time. The first one in ages. A pencil sketch by Rene MacCallum. She says it really isn't one of the animals in the San Diego zoo.

*For in that sleep who knows what dreams may come....*

Over the millenia we have dreamed. Sweet dreams. Pleasant dreams. Incoherent or even disturbing dreams. They all come to us in our sleep. Most, apparently, are forgotten but some are remembered upon awakening leaving us wondering what they mean. Surely, we say, these vivid, bothersome, confusing night visions must have a meaning.

Stretching back to the beginnings of civilization, and undoubtedly before, folk, both ordinary and kingly, have gone to the shamans, telling of their dreams and beseeching some logical interpretation. "I dreamed my dead father came to me in the form of a dish of Crab Louie and he said to me, 'Suffer the little armadillos to put the eight ball in the side pocket.' What does it all mean?" Shamans have risen to great heights and accumulated great wealth giving interpretations of dreams. In modern times dream interpretation has become a veritable industry with everyone from Freudian psychologists (putting the eightball in the side pocket has great sexual significance) to fundamentalist preachers (the armadillo and the eight-ball mean you should guard against dropping into HELL) making money off the confused suckers.

Probably more than 90% of the people in the world (including the minute group who reads Dynatron) believe in the significance of dreams as foretellers of the future or messages from beyond or whatever. Mostly whatever.

Sleep research at the Harvard Medical School and other places indicates that dreams are nothing more than random noise: haphazard electrical discharges of the neurons of the brain. During the time we are awake the brain takes in vast amounts of stimuli, much of which is of an inconsequential nature. During sleep it sorts the input, keeps what it deems important, throws out the rest as garbage. Processes originating in the brain stem apparently start the sorting process. The neurons discharge in no particular order. The electrical pulses released by the neurons are checked by the forebrain, the official brainish interpreter of stimuli. The forebrain, being able to make no sense of these random bursts of electricity, throws them out as garbage.

*Such is the stuff that dreams are made of....*



*Whitings in the sand....*

Dynatron started out as a general circulation, general interest fanzine but as the years went along my ability to maintain any sort of regular schedule declined and so did the number of contributors to the zine. In later years I tried to maintain some sort of general circulation but did most of the writing myself which led to the classification of Dynatron, by some, as a "personalzine"....

It's a matter of definition, I suppose. I've never thought of Dynatron as a personalzine. To me a personalzine is one of those things wherein the editor/publisher bares his, ah, soul, so to speak, and tells the readers of his lovelife, or lack thereof, his long addiction to Nestles Quik, his struggle against the ravages of Twonk's Disease and other miscellaneous personal revelations that sometimes leads to his classification as a Type Fifteen fan.

I don't believe I have done that in Dynatron. You've gotten an impression, more or less, of my opinions on almost everything (and if you've read closely you know that in many cases the opinions expressed by the editor are not necessarily those of the editor, a circumstance which has led some to tell me that I am not honest; I never said I was...) but, on the whole, I have written little about my personal life.

Still in all, I have passed another milestone (or perhaps it is millstone) this year in that I celebrated (or bemoaned, as the case may be) my sixtyth (that's not right...try sixtieth) birthday and am here on what the lying propagandists call the edge of the golden years. That means if you've got any gold left they're going to work extra hard to get it away from you before you die and the kids get it. This is the stage of life when all the years and all the miles (particularly the miles) begin to catch up with you. Golden years, my ass. As it now goes I plan to retire in the spring of 1986 at which time I may begin to subject you to some autobiographical ramblings in these pages. Or I may not. Half of it would probably be lies anyway.

So I started reading stf some 50+ years ago when I was eight or nine or thereabouts and I've been reading it ever since. Looking back at all the wordage I've left eyetracks on is enough to make strong men shudder. I made first contact with fans outside the local school group (and we didn't consider ourselves fans...we had never heard of fans) somewhere around 1939 or 1940, wrote a few tentative letters to some prozines, bought some fanzines, found myself in this strange and murky microcosm we call fandom. Terrible thing to happen to a young lad. I was within that much of sinking all the way into the fannish muck and mire when World War II came along and rescued me. In 1942 I donned Marine green and went off to do my bit for Corps and Country. (The Corps always comes first.) In 1945 the war ended with a couple of big bangs and all of us smug sciencefictioneers sat around and said "We could have told you so." I and 12 million others were demobilized from the services and hit the campuses (or is that campusii?) but after a few weeks I found t that an inquiring mind was no match for wandering feet so I reuped and spent the next 16 years or so sticking my nose into odd corners of the Pacific and Asia at government expense. Rather enjoyed that. Kept looking for stf and fantasy and the like and usually found it. Since I'm not really a collector, though, I seldom managed to hang on to it.

Chrystal and I were married in 1951. Diana was born in July of 1953 and Rene in July, 1957.

After an eight year gaffiation I started publishing Dynatron in 1960. Response was good, particularly from overseas.

I became a retired sergeant of marines in 1962, worked in private industry for five years before joining the federal civil service in 1967.

We settled in Albuquerque because my mother was here and have been here since. I don't like Albuquerque but really



didn't have much choice but to stay here. Despite the laws, etc., against it, age discrimination is still a large factor in the U.S. If one has a job when he reaches 50, hang on to it because the chances of getting another one are practically non-existent.

Dynatron sort of struggled along until postage rates forced it into a mostly apan existence. It isn't what it used to be and I'm not pleased with that but then neither am I and I'm not particularly pleased with that either.

This is the 84th issue of this rag and I've got my sights set on 100. Myabe. Maybe after retirement there'll be more time. (Don't bet on it.)

At 60 I find the hair is thinning and the body is thickening. My interest in stf is also thinning. I have read too much of it and find much of today's science fiction repitive and shallow. Fanzines have always been shallow and most today don't seem worth bothering with. But maybe that is because I have lost my youthful enthusiasm along with my youth.

So the question is what have I accomplished in my 60 years. I have no illusions about being a writer and have no real desire to write the Great American Science Fiction Novel. Most of what I turn out these days is composed directly on stencil and shows it.

Ummmm. Well, I've stuck my nose in more odd corners of the world than most people ever get a chance to. I've been shot at and shot back and generally had a hell of a good hell-raising time. As a kid I watched a lot of old adventure movies and dreamed of visiting all of those strange places. And I did.

Later we settled down here in Albuquerque, bought a house, raised kids, gardens, animals, and generally behaved like more or less normal middle-class Americans. More or less. We still run off to odd places around the world when the opportunity presents itself.

Fannishly, I had a bit to do with introducing Japanese fandom to the world. I was TAFF in 1976 and have been a fan GoF three times. No record that, but it isn't bad for a boring old phart. Vardeman reminded me that he and I established the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society 20 years ago this year. And we've had a bit to do with Bubonicon over the years.

So there you have it. The full and complete rundown on my 60 years. Yes. By Ghu, maybe thish is a personalzine.

I do get an occasional letter. Here's one from Peter Rabbit, late of the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society and current whereabouts unknown as he explains.

*Gloom and doom in green in my mailbox. Could it be (gasp) Dynatron. Or a communication from a better time and place? Yes, it is. To what do I owe...? Must be a whimsical editor. Since I don't want to send fourbits I'll send this instead. You can use some of it as a letter of comment. You'll have to edit out the dull parts, punch it up some, polish it up a bit. Throw in something profound, add something funny. Fix the spelling and punctuation. You know, edit it. Make it look as though it were written by someone of taste, wit and intelligence. Put my name back on it. Then you'll have to send me the next Dynatron.*

Not, however, at this address. Having sort of flunked out again, (in a modified, limited kind of way) I am soon evacuating this wet world for drier climes. I'll give someone my address when I have one. Not Vardeman, though. If he hadn't given this one to the credit card people, I wouldn't have to move.

Moving again. What a pain. To make matters worse, you can't move to or through California from Oregon anymore, because you might have Gypsy Moths in your stuff. Of course, we don't have Gypsy Moths. We know that because they sprayed the entire county. Three times. The stuff they



sprayed us with is supposed to be safe if you aren't a Gypsy Moth, except you can never get it off your car if you don't wash it off within three days. There are very few car washes here, because nobody ever washes their cars, because it always rains. Too bad the Gypsy moth spray doesn't work when it rains either. That isn't the worst part, though. The worst part is being awakened at dawn by the sound of helicopters screaming overhead at treetop level. Reminds me of Nam. Oh, all right, reminds me of movies about Nam, since the closest I've actually been to Vietnam is a Chinese restaurant. Or my 11:30 accounting class. I have four students named Wong. Plus a Tong, a Tan, two Lohs, two Lees, a Lai, an Ikeda ((How did he get in there?)), a Ho, a Chang, a Choo and two Chans. I can't understand their questions. They can't understand my answers. Then again, neither can the other students. They don't actually shoot at me, though, so it's not like Nam. Actually, the closest I've been to Nam is a barbecue place I was once at in Lubbock, Texas.

Speaking of which, I read the Semi-history of Bubonicon. Well, that ain't how I remember it. The parts I remember, at least. Which doesn't cover much. Maybe I've actually been going somewhere else all these years, if it is all these years. That would actually explain quite a lot. Maybe I've been going to that place in the Mars photos. That place in the Mars photos that looks a lot like downtown Detroit. Say, you don't think or suppose it could actually...Naw, never mind.

((Couple of minor points on the Bubonicon history. Vardeman and Kring both say that Kiring's first appearance at Bubonicon was at #3. Bob also notes that Pat McCraw (I had forgotten all about her!) was chairman of #4 originally and resigned for reasons we can't remember so Vardeman took over and ran that one. It is all confusing to say the least. Or the most. Or anything at all.((= ((If you actually get a copy of this you'll know that ASFS has managed to figure out which hole you are hiding in and that your past will catch up with you.))

And this is a rather short DYNATRON--shorter than usual even--but time presses and I have to get it off to various apas. Chrys and I have just returned from what proved to be a lengthy and tiring trip to California and I may have more to say about that nexttime.

Meantimes...hang in there lest we all end up being hanged.

ROYTAC

ADDENDA: My apologies for the incredibly bad mimeography this time. This is the first item I have attempted on my newly acquired Rex Rotary and, obviously, I have yet to master the machine. I should have done some practice runs, I know, but various deadlines press in on me.