

DYNATRON

the 38th (more or less) or abbreviated issue thereof, wearily published by Roy Tackett, who is an old fan and tired, at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, in hopes of getting back on schedule. There, yonder, is stacked Dynatron #37, yet to be posted so this will probably go out as a rider to it and, consequently, will cost the subscribers nothing. Getting easy in your old age, eh Tackett? For the record this is an amateur science fiction fan magazine, normally published quarterly, and is available in trade for similar publications, a show of interest, or 25¢ in Yankee money. Britishers may subscribe through the good offices of Miss Ethel Lindsay and I wish you would as I owe her some money. I forget what we charge for this in s&d. Maybe Ethel knows. The Shadow knows? All of you know who the Shadow was but how many know who Dynatron is also distributed through FAPA and CAPA and if I start right now I should be able to get the February issue out on time. Happy Holidays, whatever it is you celebrate at this time of the year and I will bloody well not be at the bonfire on the Winter Solstice. Too cold for prancing around in the altogether. A Marinated Publication dated November, 1968.

Continued from Page 8:

propaganda statements but that was all. That was their turf. The point is that the U.S. and the USSR out of fear, stupidity, stubbornness and plain cussedness, have insured that the UN is an ineffective organization. Nationalism, they say, is rampant. Nobody, particularly the newly independent countries, want to give up any of their sovereignty. That's newly independent countries like us and them. If the two superpowers were to say the UN is supreme, we acknowledge it and we guarantee it, we would have world government, I gay-ron-tee. The rest of the nations would be falling over each other to sign the agreement.

So, yes, I was there when the UN was born and I've watched it grow up and become useless and I'm a little bitter about it.

But this is what I mean about communicating. Can I get across the hope that was there in the spring of 1945 and the frustration I feel now about something like the UN? Frustration because one feels that there isn't a thing one can do about it.

That's all sort of abstract anyway.

Linda wonders can we ever really communicate with each other? She says that she and Suzanne are close but questions how much they really know about each other. Do even the closest people know each other? Husbands and wives certainly should know each other well but I suspect that what they know about each other is only superficial. Even in the closest of relationships it is difficult to really communicate either because of an inability to do so or a reluctance to do so. Have I communicated anything to you in these brief paragraphs? Not really. Did you, perhaps, catch a glimpse of Roytac there? You just think you did. Would you really want to know him? Nah! You wouldn't like him. I know him pretty well and there are times when I don't like him at all.

What, you ask, is the idea of having on page 1 a continuation of something that began on page 8? Poor journalism, Coulson will say. Miserable planning and layout, others will say. Well, I'll tell you... this was supposed to be a regular-type Dynatron complete with cover and masthead and contents page and all that. I started out with Sand Scribbling on Page 3 and figured I'd sort of let it meander along a bit and then toss in an article by Juffus and some reviews by Wollienbanger and something or other else. However, I procrastinate. Yes. And suddenly I found myself staring at November and the August issue isn't even sent out. If I keep up at this rate I'll end up a couple of years behind. Which isn't hard for me to do, you know. So I decided that I had better just finish up what I had on hand and get the blasted thing out of the way so I could start on the next issue. I had typed a few lines on page 8 and, really, that would have to be the limit on pages this time. But, you see, you do see, don't you?, I still hadn't done anything on pages 1 and 2 because I started on page 3. And since what I was writing on page 8 turned out to be more than a page and I didn't want to put in a page 9, because to do that I'd also have to have a page 10, I simply decided to go back to page 1. All of which is confusing because page 3 was written weeks ago and page 2 is now the last to be written and, yes, I'm doing it right off the top of my head and onto stencil which is difficult because the typewriter is heavy and tends to push my neck down into my shoulders.

The Albuquerque SF, Hot Air and Gourmand Group recently made arrangements, or so we thought, to see 2001. About 15 of us arrived at the theater on a Sunday afternoon only to find that our esteemed secretary, Gordon Benson, hadn't made the reservations. He didn't show up either which is just as well as we were in the mood to send him on a one-way trip to Luna. Or someplace else. Fortunately, the theater was something less than full so we were all able to get tickets. Vardeman and I had cheated a bit. We read the book version before taking in the flic so we were able to tie us some of the loose ends on our own. Quite a remarkable motion picture although full of flaws and unexplained details. I think I'll pass on doing a review as 400 other people already have done so and I don't think I could add anything. The ending was strange and will probably be talked about for quite some time.

Barbarella is in town and we'll probably see it this weekend. It is, I am informed, a gasser.

The first issue of WORLDS OF FANTASY is on hand and read. It offered nothing really remarkable. Some sword and sorcery, a vampire tale, and a couple of others. I note that this, like the late INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, is a newsstand only deal which means that it is experimental. I hope the sales go well enough to insure future issues. If it can go on a regular schedule I'm sure there will be some excellent tales show up. There is a need for a good fantasy magazine. The question is, is there a market?

Is that the question? Yes. What's the answer? What answer? The answer to the question. What was the question?

Fantasy. Now this is fantastic. This is the end of Writings In The Sand which begins on the next page. Strange, I tell you. Also dumb.

ROY TACKETT

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WRITINGS IN THE SAND

Fascinating. You just hold the key down and it makes all those little dots.

The sun is over the yard arm. Splice the mainbrace. (Haw. The sun is always over the yardarm around here.)

The initial episode of ABC's JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN (not to be confused with JOURNEY TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA...oops, VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, that is...which is called LAND OF GIANTS this year) was titled "Eve" and was about poor Albert Baker and his problems. Albert's problem was that his girl wanted to neck and he wanted to watch the movie. So Albert ditches her in a soda shop and as he goes by this department store he sees this mannequin and...bingo...it is love at first sight. So he gets a job in the window dressing department of the store just so he can be near the dummy. Eve, he calls her, and in his imagination she turns into Carol Lynley. There are complications. The store is laying in a supply of all new fiberglass dummies. The old ones are going to be melted down. This shakes Albert who sneaks in at night to steal Eve and a mink coat to keep her warm and also kills his boss who came in to investigate. Albert takes Eve and heads for the country where he is accosted by two young savages who put a shiv into him.

I was under the impression that this was going to be a fantasy series but it seems that it will be "psychological" thrillers instead. Not very good psychological thrillers either.

Elsewhere on the schedule there is, as noted above, LAND OF GIANTS in which the Sea View's flying sub goes off on its own. There is much use of oversized sets and rear screen projection and those instrument panels are still blowing up and spitting fire and smoke and all like that.

JEANIE is still climbing in and out of the bottle and Samantha is still on the BEWITCHED set. THE GHOST AND MRS MUIR is a new entry which promises to be one of those cute situation things--there are kids and a dog and a housekeeper. The USS Enterprise is back for which we can give some small measure of thanks. STAR TREK isn't the best but it is the best there is on television.

Romantic ghosts, twitchy-nosed witches, sexy scatter-brained djinns, kids, dogs...Ghod! I don't know about the rest of you but I'm for Ning's gate and Lankhmar.

The main difference between cowboy boots and engineers boots is that with cowboy boots the shit is on the outside.

THE TACKETTS BOARD THE ENTERPRISE

Gene Roddenberry, in his address at Baycon, once again pointed up the tremendous costs involved in producing what is, essentially 26 one-hour movies for each television season. Each episode of STAR TREK costs about \$250,000 to make. And I think this points up one of the things wrong, not only with STAR TREK, but with most television stories--they are motion pictures.

Movies are tremendous. You can do all sorts of things in a motion picture that can't be done on the stage. But the television medium itself is even more tremendous, much more flexible and adaptable to special effects than movies can ever hope to be. Cheaper, too. But for the most part the entertainment end of tv, the continuing series shows, are still tied to motion picture techniques instead of taking advantage of the electronics magic of television.

Take Star Trek....

Last spring I promised my Star Trek-struck daughters that if we got to Los Angeles this year and the timing was right I would take them to visit the Star Trek set and maybe watch some of the filming. (This may seem rather rash to some of you but you must remember that all young daughters believe that their father can do anything. Well, mine do...)

And so it came to pass--which is a fine phrase I read somewhere--that we eventually drove The Big Green Machine into Smogtown on a Sunday in the latter half of August. I made a couple of telephone calls to check on things and on Monday afternoon rang Gene Roddenberry's office at Paramount Studios. Anita, secretary in charge of answering strange requests from visiting fans (and also James Doohan's lovely wife) explained that the crew was on location but if I would call back later on she would see what could be done. I called back on Thursday and was told that if we could come in on Friday at 1100 we could visit the set and watch a bit of the filming. Fine.

Diana didn't sleep at all Thursday night and she and René were both up at the crack of dawn Friday. (This is the time in L.A. when the smog cover cracks enough to let a bit of light through.) A little before 1100 we arrived at Paramount where we were greeted by Anita who escorted us to the Star Trek stage. One of the first things you notice is that as soon as you enter the sound stage you are on the Enterprise for the hallways are used for the ship's corridors. The second thing you notice is that it is bloody crowded in there.

There was around 50 people on the set: the actors, camera crew, electricians, director, sound men, standins, make-up men, and a host of others who seemed to be doing nothing other than occupying space. (OK, OK, I've been around the entertainment business enough to know that, theoretically anyway, each of these people fill some sort of function even if some of them are just lackeys and hangers-on. It is not essential, however, for them to be on the set during filming.) A scene from the 11th episode was being filmed and I was struck once more at the difference between motion picture production and televisio production.

Here was a scene on the bridge involving McCoy, Spock, Kirk and Uhura. McCoy delivers an impassioned speech about the evil Klingons, Spock and Kirk give one line replies in turn and Uhura tells McCoy he is wanted in sick bay.

When we arrived on the set DeForest Kelley was on stage saying his lines. William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy stood back by the camera while Nichelle Nichols sat most decoratively to one side. After Kelley had said his lines lighting and background were changed and Nimoy took the stage to deliver his line. After which everything was rearranged for Shatner and then again for Miss Nichols. All in all over an hour expended for a scene that will last, at the most, one minute.

I thought of how it would be done in a tv studio: all of the performers in place, lighting prearranged and at least three cameras operating.

Otherwise, the girls collected autographs and chatted with James Doohan who wasn't in the scene being filmed. Anita came back with several advance copies of "The Making of Star Trek" which everyone began scanning looking for egoboo. After an hour or so the Assistant Director decided to clear the set. It was interesting.

Diana and René marked the visit as the highlight of the trip and Diana decided she could never be nervous again. It was their first backstage look at movie making and they'll have something to talk about to schoolmates for months.

X

THE MAKING OF STAR TREK by Stephen E. Whitfield (Ballentine 95¢) is, of course, a must for Star Trekkies. (No, Vera, I am not turning Dynatron into a Star Trek zine but ST is stf so rates an occasional mention.) 414 pages all about the show--with pictures and sketches--and how it was conceived, the struggle to sell it, production, et cetera. Included is the story outline for "The Cage", the pilot film that was finally shown as the Hugo-winning segment "The Menagerie" (and much mention is made of the Hugo in the book). There is a "biography" of the ship, its mission, and the principle characters and all sorts of bits and pieces.

I have a few quibbles with the official biography material. Under mission and men we are told that the galaxy, at the time of ST is 90% unexplored and that the Enterprise-class ships have been in existence for about 40 years and are capable of exploring the uncharted portions of the galaxy. In the chapter on the Enterprise we are told that the maximum safe cruising speed of the Enterprise is Warp Factor 6: 216 times the speed of light. (The ship's velocity is the cube of the Warp Factor and WF1 is the speed of light; WF2 is 9C, etc.) It is stated that the speed of light is something which the audience has difficulty relating to. It would seem that the size of the galaxy--the distances between the stars is something that the Star Trek people have difficulty relating to. Starting from the vicinity of Earth at WF6 it would take the Enterprise about 150 years to reach the galactic hub or about 100 years to reach the rim. Owell. Recommended for completists and Star Trek addicts.

X

One more item and I'll shift the subject. This one is just for Shirley Meech (and other collectors of ST trivia). Among the many paintings, sketches, etc., on exhibit in the artist's section of the 1968 New Mexico State Fair was a portrait of William Shatner by a Mrs. Michael Peck.

X

"I feel cheated. Here I am able to vote for the first time this year and there is nobody to vote for." ---Bob Vardeman

By the time you read this the elections will be over and we all will know who is the...ah...hmmmm...the people's choice. The people's choice? Oh, well. That's what they tell us anyhow.

This is being written in late September so the people's choice is still anybody's guess despite all the polls. Wouldn't it be funny if the people just stayed home?

The New Mexico ballot will list five parties this time. There is, of course, the Demicans and their candidates, and the Republicrats and their candidates. In addition there is the American Independence Party and its candidate (singular, of course). We also have the Socialist Worker's Party and the People's Constitutional Party. Two other parties were ruled off the ballot this time: the Prohibition Party could not find four registered Prohibitionists in the state to list as presidential electors and the presidential candidate of the Peace and Freedom Party (not to be confused with the Freedom and Peace Party) was ruled constitutionally ineligible since he is not 35 years of age.

The People's Constitutional Party is a local thing. Reies Lopez Tijerina, of whom you may have heard, didn't like any of the candidates for governor on either the Republicrat or Demican tickets so he formed his own. Tijerina is the head of the Federal Alliance of Free City States which was formerly called the Federal Alliance of Land Grants. There is some question as to whether or not Tijerina will actually appear on the ballot as he is a convicted felon. The state Attorney General is expected to issue a ruling any day now.

New Mexico politics are even more weird than politics elsewhere. This is due to our Anglo/Spanish culture. For the benefit of non-New Mexicans let me explain that we boast here of our three cultures and the state is officially bi-lingual. All official proclamations, etc., must be issued in both English and Spanish. The three cultures are, of course, Anglo, Spanish and Indian. Anyone, regardless of background, not Spanish or Indian is an Anglo. In New Mexico Elliot Shorter is an Anglo.

As I said this leads to some rather peculiar things in politics. For instance our incumbent Republicrat governor (and candidate for reelection) David Cargo boasts of his Spanish wife. Fabian Chavez, the Demican candidate for governor, has, of course, an Anglo wife. (Dave offered to debate Fabian in English and let their wives debate in Spanish...) (Nobody wants to debate Tijerina.)

Of course, there are a host of other offices to fill. On the state level there is the Land Commissioner and the Corporation Commissioner and the Treasurer and the Secretary of State and a double handful of judges and the Auditor. Ah, yes, the State Auditor. About four years ago the legislature abolished the job but not the office. The State Auditor draws \$7,000 per year for holding the office, too. Even if he doesn't have anything to do.

The county level has the usual assortment of offices to fill. County commissioners, sheriff, clerks, judges and et cetera. There is also the elective post of Superintendent of the Bernalillo County Schools. There are no Bernalillo County Schools and they are well supervised. Fortunately the job pays nothing.

I feel rather like Vandeman does. There's nobody to vote for. So I shall probably, as usual, vote against the incumbent. In the national race I can see only one choice. Pat Paulsen, of course. We can't stand pat, you know.

Seriously, I can see no difference between Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Nixon. Neither has anything new to offer but promise only more of the same tired policies that have us on the road to nowhere. As for the other "major" candidate, George Wallace...eech.

Pat

Paulsen it is.

Last issue I expressed the wish that some enterprising editor and publisher would gather the adventures of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser into book form. No sooner said than done it seems. Ace, blessings upon them, have so far published three volumes compiled from the Scrolls of Srith and I recommend them most enthusiastically.

The first of these is "The Swords of Lankhmar" (Ace H-38, 60¢) in which our heroes take on a task for the Overlord Glipkerio Kistomercos of Lankhmar and get involved with sea monsters and intelligent rats and, of course, some delectable ladies.

While the first book is a novel the other two are actually story collections with the addition of some new material. SWORDS AGAINST WIZARDRY contains "In the Witch's Tent", the classic "Stardock", "The Two Best Thieves in Lankhmar" and the delightful "Lords of Quarmall" in which Fafhrd and the Mouser, unknown to each other, hire out to rival princes and end up fighting each other.

SWORDS IN THE MIST contains "The Cloud of Hate", "Lean Times in Lankhmar", "Their Mistress, the Sea", "When the Sea-King's Away", "The Wrong Branch" and the great "Adept's Gambit". "Their Mistress, the Sea" and "The Wrong Branch" are new, written to tie the other tales together.

What can be said about Fafhrd and the Mouser? Fritz Leiber has created two of the greatest fantasy heroes and done so with a twinkle in his eye and his tongue in his cheek. Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser are larger than life but they are very much human.

I've previously recommended THE SWORDS OF LANKHMAR for this year's Hugo. By the gods of Lankhmar, I second my own nomination.

I commend to your attention two books recently issued by Fawcett Gold Medal: Wine of the Dreamers and Ballroom of the Skies both by John D. MacDonald. These are both fairly early John D. Wine of the Dreamers was written in 1950 and Ballroom of the Skies in 1951 and both appeared originally in (I think) STARTLING STORIES. Both are similar in story idea. John D. MacDonald seems to have been a rather idealistic type in earlier days and a believer in the essential goodness of man. In these two books he offers two explanations of why mankind keeps messing things up: we're being interfered with--unconsciously in Wine and deliberately in Ballroom.

All in all the stories have held up well. Considering some of the references in the two books I assumed that MacDonald had updated them but in his Afterword he says he hasn't, that they are presented as written. MacDonald has a good eye for spotting the future.

Ballroom of the Skies is the better of the two but both are

good examples of MacDonald's terse, realistic style. I enjoyed re-reading them and I'm sure you will find them worth while. (In his Afterword MacDonald says these are the only two science fiction novels he has ever published. Far be it from me to disagree with the author but I'd be willing to bet The Girl, The Gold Watch and Everything that he's mistaken....)

What we have here is a failure to communicate. Or at least that is the complaint from Linda Eyster & Suzanne Tompkins in a fanzine called THE DESPARATE NUH. It was spirit duplicated. (I'll wait for you.) And, of course, they are right. Even in fandom, where we pride ourselves on our communicative ability, we have problems getting through. I betimes wonder at the impression people get of Roy Tackett from reading Dynatron or other writings. How do I come across to you? Want to bet you're wrong?

I have been pubbing Dynatron for over eight years and it has a reputation for being a personality zine. Which means, I suppose, that when one reads Dynatron one says yessir, that's Roytac all right. Or is it? The opinions in the editorial column do not, necessarily, reflect the opinions of the editor. Would I put you on about some supposedly serious subject? Would I make light of something about which I am deadly serious?

The question is do I get across to you? Or do I even try? I don't think I even try, really. Most of what I write herein is light and of no consequence. Take this for instance. There are a couple of books reviews, some jabberabout television, and some top of the head remarks about New Mexico politics. Not much there, really.

I have to agree with Linda and Suzanne. We have one hell of a job trying to communicate with each other. There is much that I would like to write about that never appears simply, I suppose, because I don't think I can get it across.

Like tomorrow is United Nations Day (and if you are observant that will tell you when this is being written) and I weep. I was in San Francisco in the spring of 1945 when 46 nations gathered to form the United Nations Organization. Ah, what hopes were there. How our spirits soared. Here were gathered the allies of World War II to form an international organization to insure future peace. This was to be no ineffective League of Nations but a truly functioning compact that, we hoped, would be the first step towards world government.

"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes--or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two--is gone."

So said Omar or perhaps it was Fitzgerald. It makes no difference, really. The UN was a dream, you see. It could have been. What are there now? 125 members? More? United only in their bickering, jealousies and hatred for each other. And you can put the blame on the politicians in Moscow and in Washington.

The USA and the USSR are called the super powers and, by ghod, they are. Nobody, baby, makes a move in this world without considering what the reaction will be in Washington and Moscow. The Americans and the Russians run the world and don't you forget it. A while back we occupied the Dominican Republic. Moscow glowered and issued propaganda statements but that was all. The DR is our turf. Recently the Soviet occupied Czechoslovakia. We glowered and issued

(continued on page 1)