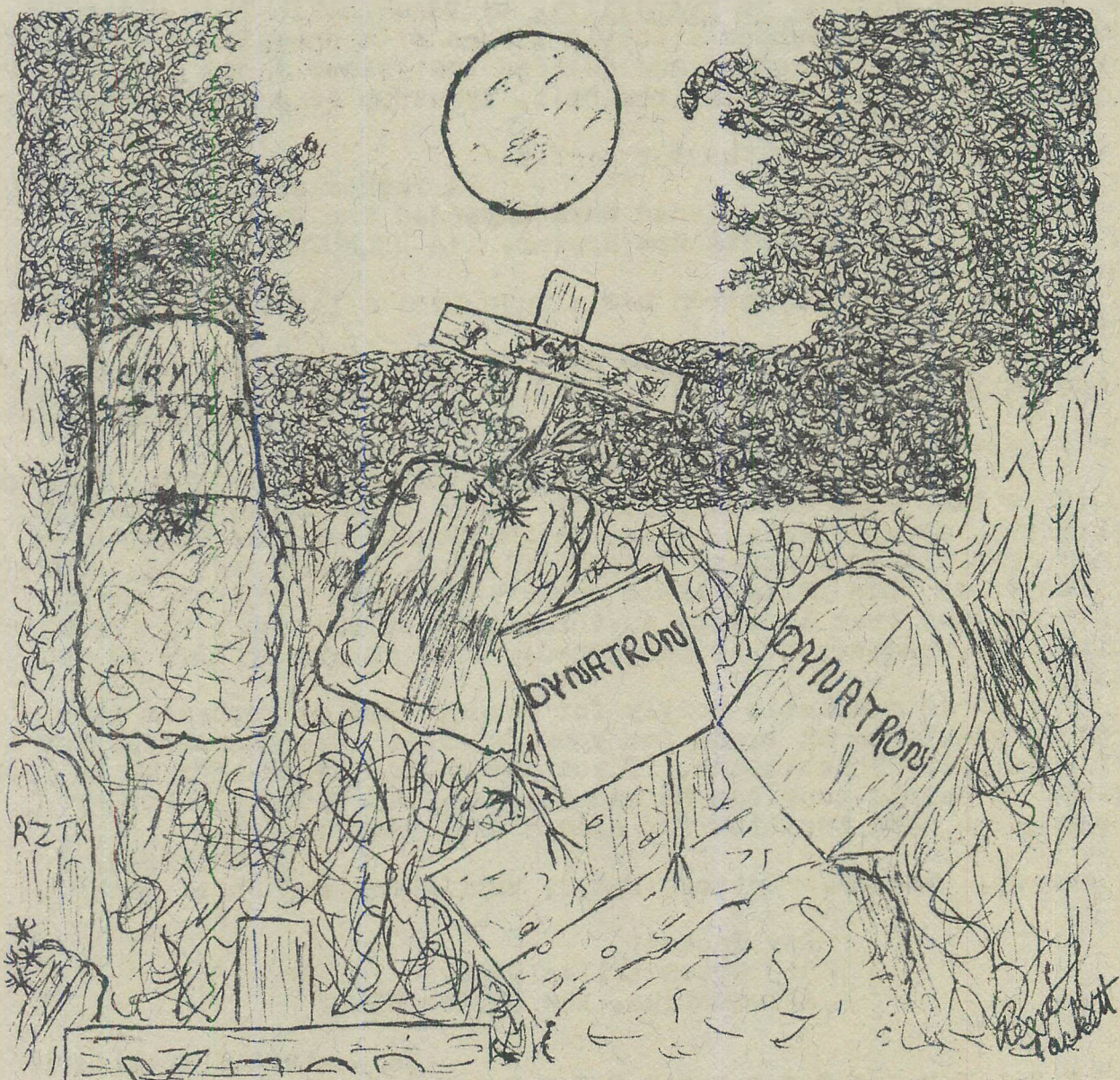


DYNATRON

IS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE



D Y N A T R O N

November 1970

Ah, yes. This is it.

I know. I know. I said in Number 42 that

I had grown weary of Dynatron and was discontinuing publication. I did that. An assortment of people who who (who who? There's an owl in here?) who should have more sense wrote in and said I shouldn't have done it. Ah, but I was adamant. (I'm sure you recognize the penname there. Remember Journey To Tranquility by Adam Ant in the July 1932 ASTOUNDING?) Anyway I pubbed a couple issues of a snapzine called HELMUTH which wasn't too satisfactory and decided that since I had to have something for FAPA I decided, what the hell, Dynatron is a good a title as any.

So this is Dynatron the 43rd. Yes.

A rather confused issue, I

fear. Some of the pages included were intended for the 3rd issue of HELMUTH wich, obviously, will not appear. (A HELMUTHwich, Jack, is made with baloney)

But Dynatron has always been a rather confused zine so that is nothing new.

I imagine that everything in this issue is by me except the cover which is by René.

However, to continue, as it

were, with the whys and whatzits.

This is Dynatron. Dynatron is a fanzine. (Does that come as a surprise?) It is an amateur, non-profit, non-political, non-sectarian, non-denominational, non-whatever thing concerned mostly with fantasy, science-fiction, fandom and, ah, associated subjects. Don Dailey asked what "associated subjects" means. We might consider that it means anything that appears herein. Dynatron is published...whenever it is published. With an eye on FAPA it may be quarterly.

It is available mostly for trade. Let me rephrase that. Dynatron is available in trade for your fanzine. Or, generally, for a show of interest. Which means, if you are a non-pubber, for an LoC now and again. A sample copy can be had for, oh, two bits. If you are crazy enough to send two-bits for a copy I'll take it.

almost forgot. Sheesh. Editor (Haw!), publisher, and chief hack writer is Oh, yeah, I

Roy Tackett
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A Marinated Publication

Inspired by the latest issue of BEABOHEMA I really must add

This fanzine was NOT nominated for a Hugo

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## WRITINGS IN THE SAND

The past several issues of Dynatron carried a series of articles on early American science-fantasy fiction by C. W. Wolfe. These were mostly studies of material and writers who appeared in the early issues of the Munsey magazines.

There will be, I am most sorry to say, no more.

Woody Wolfe was mostly a fantastic adventures fan. He read and appreciated modern SF and fantasy but his favorites were the old scientific romances and fantastic adventures. He had a real appreciation for the sort of stories that made FANTASTIC NOVELS and FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES so popular. He was a true fan and had complete runs of all the SF/fantasy magazines except for WEIRD TALES. He was also one of the mainstays of the Albuquerque SF Group and often drove great distances to make our monthly meetings.

In private life he was a theater engineer for RCA who serviced motion picture theaters all over New Mexico and in part of Texas. He was to have retired at the end of September and was looking forward to spending his time reading and re-searching his collection.

In late September he was making his last swing around the state. He died of a heart attack in Artesia.

He was a fan and a friend.

Ave, Woody. Sit tibi terra levis.

X



Ah, well, let's do some FAPA mailing comments on the 132nd mailing.

THE FANTASY AMATEUR: 155 pages. That's not too many. Sorry I missed the 132st mailing but it was just one of those things. Summers are rather rough on fanac. Too many other things to be done.

It was a pleasant year as President. Quiet. And I am happy to see that we had a full slate of candidates although it would be even better if there were a bit of competition. But, what with the majority of FAPA seemingly suffering from galloping apathy, I suppose we are fortunate to have even one candidate for each office.

A mailing or two ago I suggested that we might change the activity requirements to four pages semi-annually, rather than a straight eight pages per year. The only response was a note from Rosemary Hickey who said she didn't want the activity requirements increased. One suspects she speaks for most of FAPA.

Looking at the waiting list we may be changing into the Scandanavian Amateur Press Association.

Frankly, I wonder why all that magnificent deadwood that manages to stir itself to minac once a year even bothers to hang on. Certainly they have no interest in the apa.

✕  
CENTURY SCHOOLBOOK #1 (Andy Porter):

Hello there, Andy. Welcome aboard and all that crap.

So now we are dividing, even in FAPA?, into Good People and Bad People? Gee, and it wasn't all that long ago that we were worrying about division into sercon and fannish types. Oh, I tell you there is always something...

I suppose that the viewpoint from megalopolis is considerably different from the view from out here in the sparsley populated boondocks but we are not concerned with the throwing up or storming of barricades. Unless maybe it would be barricades to prevent those idiots in megalopolis from carrying out their proposed plan of shipping their garbage out here to dump it on that "useless desert land".

Ah, Andy, I cannot, I fear, claim to be a support-your-local-police type. Here in Los Ranchos we have no local police although a deputy sheriff drives through once or twice a day. I do believe in working through the system to change things, yes, because it can be done.

No, I don't believe that God is in his heaven and the President is in his White House (wherever it may be at any given time) and all is right with the world because there are too many things that are not right. But violent revolution isn't the answer. That will bring on only reaction and repression and I'm not keen on that either. Sure, I can sympathize with the kids, the new culture, the hippies, whatever, when they say the way it is now is rotten and it has got to change. These revolutionary types turn me off, tho, because they don't offer any change. The extreme left or the extreme right...hell, there's no difference between them. They both are out to eliminate freedom for the individual and that includes me.

If I do any barricade manning I suspect it will be the barricades in front of Tack's Seitch. And I wouldn't particularly care what cause those on the other side were espousing. The far right can wrap itself in the stars and stripes if it wants to--it doesn't hide the swastika of neo-nazism they really carry and the far left can wave their red and black banner of



revolution and anarchy...for me it's the rattlesnake flag: Don't tread on me!

X

A letter from KLAUS BOSCHEN of Neptune, New Jersey:

"CW John writes: 'Those fools who call themselves the New Left, not one in ten has the faintest idea what it is all about. All they do is parrot the Communist line.'

"Communist line? Which one?

"There is a great variety you know. There are DeLeconist Marxists (Socialist Labor Party), Trotskyites (Socialist Workers Party--Young Socialist Alliance), Stalinists (Communist Party), Maoists (Progressive Labor Party), just to mention a few.

"Nor is the Left/anti war movement completely dominated by communist/socialists. There are syndicalists (Industrial Workers of the World), anarchists, and people who would reject any kind of label. Groups like Mobe and the Student Mobe have people of all types of political inclination but who are controlled by none. And don't forget the yippies, who are, uhhh, yippies.

"I wouldn't judge what I know not of, if I were CW John."

X

A letter from CWJOHN, postmarked Darjeeling:

"The difference between the various schools of Communism is largely academic. A Red is a Red is a Red regardless of shade.

"I don't believe I condemned the anti-war movement as a whole. I am, God knows, as much against the war as any of them. What I did condemn is that group of New Left idiots who wander around waving VC flags and parroting the same idiot slogans I've heard for 30 years. And on the outskirts of the crowds pulling the strings are the same old faces I've seen for the past 30 years, too. Certainly there are a lot of sincere people in the anti-war movement. There are a lot of clowns, too.

"Yippies are shit. I can, albeit grudgingly, respect the Reds or the Panthers or even, for the love of God, the neo-Nazis, because they have a cause (which is not to say that I approve of them), but the yippies have nothing but an urge to destroy and for them I have nothing--they are not even worth contempt."

X

A note from Roy Tackett: The two letters above result from an item by CWJOHN in HELMUTH #1. True, many FAPAns didn't see HELMUTH #1...but an assortment of non-FAPAns will get this zine.

X

A letter from Ted Pauls:

"There appears to be a controversy brewing in fandom between 'sercon' and 'fannish' factions. This dispute has been rearing its ugly head periodically ever since I came into fandom and no doubt far longer, and we seem to be moving into another installment. I can vividly recall the last major eruption of this unfortunate argument, in the opening years of the 1960's, when a number of fans (including a younger and brasher yours truly) discovered the Real World and dared to suggest that nasty things like racism, HUAC and US foreign policy were in some ways nearly as important as the most recent antics of Terry Carr's cat or the new way that Gary Deindorfer found to take three pages to say nothing. The dispute became rather vicious after a time (I once referred to the writings of those on the opposing side as 'pointless little stories written by pointless little people') and was one of the factors that led to my five-year spate of gafia.



"I had hoped, since returning to fandom, that it had outgrown at least the more extreme manifestations of the attitudes that produced this bitter controversy. I believe that there is and should be plenty of room in fandom for all kinds of writing and all kinds of fanzines. However, there seem to be too many people in fandom today who are not content to let a thousand flowers bloom, and have see once again the familiar cycle of a period in which fanzine fandom has been oriented toward SF being followed by a somewhat hysterical over-reaction in favor of faaannishness.

"Thus, somebody or other comments recently in a fanzine that I appear to have misplaced that fandom today is "parasitical" and lacking in creativity, as if it were somehow unusual and dangerously wrongheaded for science fiction fanzines to be concerned with science fiction. Thus, we have Bob Vardeman, in the same vein, in HELMUTH #2, dismissing BEABOHEMA and SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW as obnoxious "hate sheets", surely an over-statement, to say the least, in the first case, and a grievous and wholly undeserved insult to one of the most brilliantly edited and erudite fanzines ever published in the second.

"Ah well, ol' RoyTac, you and I know the pendulum will swing the other way again in five or eight years, and what are five or eight years if you're a pyramid?"

Roy's comments: Please! I am, these days, far too rapidly assuming a pyramidal shape. I don't think there is currently any great, ah, polarization (to use a currently popular term) into fannish and sercon factions in fandom. And Vardeman belongs to neither/both groups. I agree with his assessment of BEABOHEMA and SFR. SFR is, yes, well edited and a handsome zine and the reviews are excellent. However, the sheer outpourings of insult and hate in the letter column and other non-review type columns in the zine do credit to neither the writers nor Geis. (I think I said all this a few pages back.)(Would you believe that "out-purings" should be "outpourings"? (Caught it before Speer did.))

STAR BEGOTTEN (Stiles):

You query as to why the chicanos of northern New Mexico should feel threatened by the hippies to the extent that they react with violence. History lesson. The "chicanos" of northern New Mexico would probably fight if they heard themselves referred to like that.

The Spanish people of northern New Mexico are just that. They are not late immigrants from Mexico but descendants of the original Spanish colonists who settled there long before the English planted their colonies on the Atlantic coast.

Northern New Mexico is probably the only place in the country where the Spanish minority is in the majority. They are the power structure--the establishment there. This is their land. It was given to them by His Most Gracious Majesty, the King of Spain, and they intend to keep it.

When New Mexico became part of the United States a number of slick Anglos took advantage of the Spanish people and swindled them out of a great deal of land. (Land records in New Mexico are an impossible jumble.) Naturally there was a great deal of resentment over this and there still is. There is a long history of violence in the north. Burnings, snipings, all that have been common for years. Nothing ever comes of it because the law officers aren't about to take any action against their Spanish compatriots.



The hippies are just another group of outsiders moving in. And no outsider is welcome. The resentment against them, that has led to violence against them (as it has against other Anglos who have moved into the north) is not because they are hippies but because they are outsiders...another group trying to take away the land...more Anglos to weaken the Spanish power structure.

In late July a commune near the village of Guadelupita was attacked. One of the residents was killed. The others fled. Five men, Spanish surnames, were arrested in connection with the incident but.....

In DALLASCON BULLETIN #7, Tom Reamy says: "So, the Official Notarized Dallascon Attitude Towards Comics Fans is this: Dallascon will be a science fiction convention--not a comiccon--and any comic fan who wants to attend a science fiction convention is welcome to come. Period." DALLASCON BULLETIN #7 also contains 20 or so pages of ads from comics hucksters and comics fanzine editors.

So, don't knock the ads, right?

They help to pay the bill.

Except that DALLASCON BULLETIN has always been loaded with comics ads and has contained little of anything of interest to the straight science fiction fan. (Or even those that aren't straight.) Is it Reamy's fault if SF fans are a bunch of non-advertising cheapskates?

Nevertheless, all that advertising is bound to attract comics fans (if you can call them that) like flies, or leeches, or other verminous life. I imagine that if Dallas gets the bid the con will be overrun with strange little creatures trying to sell copies of UNCLE SCROOGE for \$12.50 each. Or a lifetime subscription to their 10 page hectographed fanzine (but with offset covers) at only a dollar a copy.

If you think I have no use for comics fans...you're right.

DALLASCON BULLETIN #7 also contains an ad for "Dcon" to be held 8-11Jul71, presumably as a warm-up for the big one: "Free Bheer Party Every Night...Folk Music Concert...Rock Band...All Night Movies...Art Show...Old Radio Listening Room...Speakers, Banquet...AMA-Film festival".

One would think that if they were practicing for a world SF convention, they'd do it with a SF convention.

The classifieds from DCB7 provide some chuckles. Milton Moore of Dallas wants to contact other Steve Reeves fans. You mean there are more?

Chris Gubelman of Robinson, Illinois says: "Artists, Amateurs or Pros! Please send me your best work for a new fanzine which I am associated with." I'm sure they will.

"Join Oklahoma Alliance of Fandom. Write Bart Bush, 713 Sugar Maple in Ponca City OK...\$2.50 for 8 issues." Is that for eight issues of the Oklahoma Alliance of Fandom or for eight issues of Bart Bush?

Dwight Decker of Bowling Green, Ohio, is selling TRUE FAN ADVENTURE THEATER. But not to me. Irvin Koch is selling MAYBE, WORLDS OF FANFICTION. But not to me.

Godfrey Daniel.



Somebody tell that damned bird to shut up.

@@@@@

As you all know, I'm sure, the Official USGovernment Commission on Pornography (or whatever it was) recently made its report to the President (I understand he refused to read it) and to the Congress (which took time out from its important debate on the number of angels that could dance on the head of a pin to reject the report). The contents of the report have caused all sorts of comment including this one from a Doctor Victor B. Cline, clinical psychologist, professor at the University of Utah, and chairman of the Salt Lake Area Youth Protection Committee: "It is in fact a gross mixture of truth and error, part science fiction and certainly a travesty as a scientific document."

Must be some of that New Wave stuff.

X

Back to mailing comments.

CHUCK HANSEN: Is all of Louisiana fandom moving to Denver?

I enjoyed Greenleaf's plea for a monarchy and, tongue-in-cheek though it may have been, he makes some good points.

I question, however, that the "popular" democracy of Athens would have delighted the New Left inasmuch as that democracy was pretty well restricted with such lesser creatures as barbarians, slaves, and women being denied the franchise.

On the other hand the New Left, being an elitist organization, might go for that sort of thing....

I think I'd object to offering the throne to any of the European royalty. That's a pretty washed out lot in all respects. Inbreeding has taken its toll and the great royal families are all in bad shape both physically and mentally.

No, rather than import royalty we should choose something homegrown. Suppose the initial choice was to be open to all who wanted a crack at it. We could put all the contestants together in some large arena and whichever one remained alive at the end would be crowned king...with the stipulation that he would have to continue to meet all challengers in single combat.

That sort of arrangement would, I'm sure, eliminate most of those fuggheads, both old and young, who run the country today.

I suppose, now that I am out of office, I should say a few words about the affaire Moskowitz. My part in it anyway.

Shortly after that mailing appeared I received an inquiry about the legitimacy of SaM's contribution to the mailing. Not really a challenge, you understand, but an inquiry. At least that was the way it was worded. (And, of course, the FAPAPres is not responsible for passing on renewal credentials...see section 6.) My own reaction was that SaM's zine was at least as legitimate as some of the other stuff in that mailing. It at least represented SaM's own work. Another member who also needed his renewal credentials in that mailing had merely stuck a cover on a long article by a non-FAPAN and sent it in as his fanzine. I recommended approval of SaM's zine. After all, Section 3.1 does say that all that is required is one issue of a fanzine of which the member is editor or publisher which makes almost anything acceptable.

X



DAVE HULAN: I spelled it with two ells because that is the way the constitution does.... (Now that is the sort of mailing comment that drives non-Fapan readers out of their minds.)

In re camping out (and other) crowding. That was one of the factors that moved us out of California. The fact that no matter what one wanted to go to there were always thousands of other people there. You mention mobility as being more of a factor in this than the population explosion but you fail to take into account the "westward tilt" of the population. My own childhood would have been ten years (heh heh) before yours but we'll use your dates. 1940 OK? OK.

The country as a whole had a population of about 132 million in 1940 and we have at least 90 million more than that now (and that's a bunch). But consider that California had a population of only about seven million in 1940 and (although I don't have the census figures for 1970) more than 20 million now. With the exception of Wyoming all of the western states now have populations that are double what they were in 1940. At least.

Mobility, yeah. One of the big items in automotive sales around here is the camper in its various forms. And because more people are using the mountain roads the state continues to improve those roads which means that more people will use them. And on and on. I think a few years hence we'll see automobiles banned from the national parks. If we can keep the national parks out of the hands of the developers.

A few weeks ago I had occasion to go to Colorado Springs. I spent my childhood in that area. I remember beautiful mountains and clear blue skies. On a good day (and most of them were) you could see almost to Kansas. The population of the whole Pike's Peak region was 50,000 at the most. Now it is close to 250,000. The mountains are dotted with houses and, indeed, one whole mountain is being torn down to furnish building material. The sky is more gray than blue and on a good day you can see almost to the city limits.

Some of the people I talked to told me that was progress....

I think the smog is the most disturbing thing there. Colorado Springs has no heavy, smoke-producing industry. The nearest is Pueblo, 35 miles away.

BUZZZZZZZZZZ: Well, yeah, if the kids want to try getting away from the urban mess and getting back to the land...more power to them say I. But, egad! must they be so incredibly stupid about it?

So many of them go to the communes and grub in the dirt with shovel and hoe. They bust their collective asses and do not raise enough to subsist on. The sensible thing would be to use the available technology. I don't say they should go all out on mechanized farming but the use of a small tractor or even a roto-tiller would make one hell of a difference.

I grant that it is the mis-use of technology that has caused many of our problems but those problems cannot be solved by a reversion to the neolithic. It is going to take a massive technological application to clean up the mess.

Oh, I tell you, Buz, we older types haven't done right by the younger generation. Now I admit I'm pleased to see that they are taking concern about the environment and society and social and economic injustice and all that sort of stuff. But, Godfrey Daniel, they are stupid.



For instance, according to what I read in the papers--and some FAPAZines--we have this bunch of revolutionaries...one would think that in this ultra-modern year of nineteen hundred and seventy they would have all sorts of ultra-modern innovations but, hell, all they do is sneak around with dynamite like a bunch of 1920 comic-strip anarchists blowing up school buildings and themselves. No imagination. No imagination at all. Buncha gawdamned amateurs.

I seem to have veered a bit.

EARL EVERS: In re: unknown animals. It would be foolish, of course, for anyone to say that all animals have been found although I would think it unlikely that there are any undiscovered large land animals. Ape-like creatures in the Himalayas and the Rockies? Yeti? Bigfoot? I am unconvinced. As has been pointed out by others the mountains fairly swarm with people these days and nobody has yet to bring out a Bigfoot. Yeah, I know that a couple of years ago ARGOSY (Pause a moment in memory of the old ARGOSY) ran some fuzzy pictures of what was supposed to be a Bigfoot photographed in northern California. They also announced a well-equipped expedition was going in to find the beggar. Nothing has been heard since. It would seem to me that if there were any real evidence for the existence of Bigfoot some organization like the National Geographic Society would mount an expedition to find him.

There is even less real evidence to support the psychic world than there is for Bigfoot.

No producer would touch LORD OF THE RINGS. It is much too complicated for the televiewing public. The closest they might come would be a sitcom called The Beverley Hobbits.

REDD BOGGS: I still can't decide if you are putting us on with "Spokesman for Boskone" or not. I relish obscure humor and, indeed, have been known to include in these pages references that provoke chuckles only from myself and Ethel Lindsay and David Piper.

The tone of your essay is serious but I can't believe that you really mean for us to take it seriously. To think that there is a great conspiracy publishing ASF for the purpose of propagandizing something on the order of 1/20th of one percent of the population is laughable. You seem to discount any economic motive for the publication of ASF but even a rough computation arrives at a minimum gross of \$500,000 per year and a net in excess of \$100,000 per year which is reason enough for any publishing house to keep issuing a magazine.

I'm afraid that all your carefully thought out theories fall apart when confronted with the solid fact that ANALOG is published because it makes money.

"We are intellectuals, we write and communicate a great deal, and we are critical of things. We have a small, but measurable, effect on public opinion, or at least have the possibility of attaining this power."

Really, Redd, do I detect the taint of elitism creeping in?

How about a motion at the Noreastcon business meeting to fix worldcon membership fees at a maximum of five dollars?



\* \* \* \* \*  
\* Written and produced by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, \*  
\* Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, this is issue number three of \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

HELMUTH

\* a fanzine of sorts. Mostly it is out of sorts. This issue, which, \*  
\* as mentioned above, is Number Three, is being produced simultaneously\*  
\* with Issue Number Two and there is some question as to which one will\*  
\* be finished first. I don't suppose it really matters--such things \*  
\* are relative anyway. At least that is what Vardeman tells me. Des-\*  
\* pite the border this is not an Asterisked Publication because those \*  
\* are put out by Ed Cox. This is a Marinated Publication and if you \*  
\* know why you received it write and let me know. \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

This particular page is being produced on 20 July 1970, the first anniversary of the day when man first set foot on a world other than his own. Mighod it was a glorious day. It seems appropriate, therefore, to say a few words about a book:

FIRST ON THE MOON, A Voyage with Neil Armstrong, Michael Collins, Edwin E. Aldrin Jr. written with Gene Farmer and Dora Jane Hamblin. Epilogue by Arthur C. Clarke. (Published by Little, Brown and Company)

This is supposed to be the Apollo 11 crew's own story of their voyage to the Moon, however, it is primarily the work of Farmer and Hamblin, the two LIFE magazine staffers who put the book together. The material "by" the three astronauts is mostly transcriptions of their radio conversations with Mission Control in Houston plus some quotes from interviews both before and after the voyage. In addition there is a bit of background on the space program and on the astronauts themselves and page after page of that so-called "human interest" crap so dear to the heart of the average reader. There is really very little in the way of new information included although it is valuable, I suppose, for bringing together a lot that has been published separately.

It is absolutely astounding that two supposedly competent journalists such as Farmer and Hamblin could take one of the most thrilling and exciting events in the history of mankind and turn it into a very dull book.

But that is, perhaps, because the way the space program has been handled has not been overly exciting in itself. The moments of climax, yes, there is excitement there--unbearable suspense--but the rest of it is the ponderous and redundant routine of any government program. (Would you believe a 1700 page check off list? Would you believe three separate conferences with different groups of people to get permission for a technician to tighten a nut on a helium tank?) The picture of the space program that emerges is certainly far removed from the way science fictioners (an old Campbellian term, that) envisioned it would be. And the astronauts themselves--not dashing, glamorous heroes straight out of the pages of the pulps but simply three of the millions of precision machined interchangeable parts in the Apollo 11. Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin were first on the moon simply because they were the three that happened to be plugged into the machine at the time. (It is this great depersonalization into being a part of the machine that has caused many of the astronauts, including Armstrong and Collins, to leave the program.)



Machine parts or no, the fact remains that Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin were the first men to walk on the Moon and all honor to them for that.

Clarke's epilogue is a 58 page attempt to sell the reader of the book on the necessity for continuation of the space program. He points out the numerous benefits directly and indirectly received from the program in the past and those that are to be expected in the future. He also attempts to instill something of a sense of destiny in the reader. We will go on because we must. We can only hope that Clarke is a good salesman.

Armstrong and Aldrin were the first men on the Moon, put there by the work and dedication of those who were determined to fulfill John F. Kennedy's pledge. It is going to take the same work and dedication to insure that Conrad and Bean were not the last.

It would appear that emphasis is now shifting to the development of an orbital station and a space shuttle which is quite sensible. The old rocket range at White Sands, N.M. is being mentioned as a possible testing location. White Sands does have many advantages for that sort of thing and I should think that there is a good chance of the program being located there. Having our senior senator, Clinton Anderson, as Chairman of the Senate Space Committee is one of the big advantages....

Now mind you that I haven't made up my mind about the site of the 1973--or whenever it is--Worldcon and I'm not about to endorse any particular city or group but I was looking through a Dallas newspaper a while back and there was a big ad for a department store called Titcher's. They were featuring "Filly Billys". A Filly Billy is a police nightstick all painted up and decorated for the girls to carry. The price is \$9.00 each.

I'm not sure I'd feel at all at ease in a city where the women carry clubs.

The Hugo nominees have been announced and, much to everyone's surprise, the predicted predominance of Perry Rhodan did not appear. What is even more surprising is the almost total lack of non-American representation at all. There are only four non-US nominees on the list (5 if one counts RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY which is a transplant), none of which appear in the fiction section. One would think that an European based worldcon would certainly come up with some European nominations. Or is it that the Heicon people have come up with something separate for European SF and have actually decided to let the Hugo become a strictly English language award? Rather a revolting thought, that.

I'm sure you all know what the nominations are but I intend to list them anyway with a few comments.

The nominees for best novel of 1969:

Macroscopic by Piers Anthony

The Left Hand of Darkness by Ursula K. LeGuin

Up The Line by Robert Silverberg

Bug Jack Barron by Norman Spinrad

Slaughterhouse Five by Kurt Vonnegut



DYNAVIEWS: (Dynaviews????) (I tell you that Dynatron is dead. Yes. Everybody who really believes that signify by standing on your index finger.....)

JOURNEY TO TRANQUILITY by Hugo Young, Bryan Silcock and Peter Dunn.  
(Doubleday, 1970, \$7.95, 296 pages.)

Ah, yes. This book is meant to be the great debunker of the United States space program. The authors, three, ah, reporters, as it were, for the London SUNDAY TIMES, have discovered a great TRUTH. Yes. The mad rush to make a success of the Apollo program, to put men on the Moon before 1970 was motivated not by any great humanitarian (perish that thought) or scientific considerations but by plain dirty old politics. Yes, I said politics. On all levels. Local politics, national politics, international politics.

You see it was like this say Messers Young, Silcock and Dunn:

When Sputnik I was launched on 4 October 1957 it gave the Soviet Union a vast advantage over the United States in the international political arena. Such an achievement gave them prestige. However, the Eisenhower administration, under the leadership of that wise old President and acting on the advice of his wise old advisors (all, no doubt, born prior to 1900) wisely refused to panic as they wisely didn't consider that "little bauble in the sky" as representing any threat at all and were not concerned about this business of prestige. This was wise, say the authors. (What else could they say? After all, England's prestige has gone downhill since World War II and is now almost non-existent. Naturally, the English are going to try to play down such things as prestige.)

The military leaders and that bunch of Germans at Huntsville thought they saw their opportunity, however, and immediately began pressing for a shot at the moon. The wise old President acting on the advice of his wise old advisors naturally rejected such an impossible enterprise. He did, however, to show that he was progressive, change the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics into the National Aeronautics and Space Agency and put it in charge of the exploration of space for peaceful and scientific purposes. He didn't allocate the Agency any money, though.

Eisenhower was not a politician and didn't want to get involved on any level.

On the other hand John Kennedy was a politician and when he took office in 1961 he was well aware of the politics involved in space. He knew that Russian prestige was high while America's was dropping. He was aware that on the national level his political pledge to get the country going again called for action and he was also aware that the defense industry was having rocky going which made for rocky politics on the local level. The generals, the Huntsville Germans, and that shrewd politician and space fanatic Lyndon Johnson, sold Kennedy the space program. When Yuri Gagarin orbited Earth on 12 April 1961, the authors report that Kennedy panicked (at one point say Messers Young, Silcock and Dunn, JFK was almost hysterically seeking advice on how to catch up with the Russians from anybody--even the janitor) and they sold him the moon.

JOURNEY TO TRANQUILITY goes on to show the politics, high and low (mostly low), involved in awarding the Apollo contracts and all the rest of what went into the Moon program.



The landing of those two "bureaucrat heroes", Armstrong and Aldrin, on the Moon represents the empty triumph of a defective society, say these three observers from the heights of the White Cliffs of Dover. All that work and all that money resulted in only a meager harvest of a few rocks and such "esoteric items as more protective fire-fighting suits and filament-wound brassiere supports."

"Will the intense excitement of the journey to Tranquility in July 1969 be more than a transient, empty, virtuoso performance?" they ask. They answer themselves:

"A comparison more insistently made is between men landing on the moon and the first fish which flopped on to land and struggled to become an amphibian.

"All that can be said of this is that it will take decades, very possibly centuries, to substantiate. The omens, so far as they can now be perceived, are not very encouraging."

(Translation: since it wasn't done by the English it isn't worth considering.)

JOURNEY TO TRANQUILITY is, as I mentioned above, the big debunking attempt. Throughout the book the authors attempt to belittle all aspects of the Moon program.

It couldn't have been done, they say, without Von Braun and his Germans (whom the Americans illegally stole from England) and they devote some space to discussing the morality of the German team. These men were interested only in going into space and really didn't care who they worked for, the Nazis or the Americans, so long as they were able to continue towards that goal.

I am, I suppose, as amoral as the Germans in that respect. As an American I am pleased that Neil Armstrong, the All-American Boy, was first on the Moon. I would have been equally happy, however, to have watched Ivan Ivanov put down the first footsteps in the Lunar dust. I really don't give a damn what motives were involved in the journey to Tranquility. Maybe it wasn't done for humanitarian or scientific reasons. Maybe it was just dirty old politics. Does it matter? It was done.

In all of history there is very little in the way of any accomplishment that wasn't done for political reasons. Scientists and humanitarians may have the dreams, true, but it is the dirty, despised politicians who can see the advantages and make those dreams come true. (So maybe they line their pockets a bit....)

The journey to Tranquility, Young, Silcock and Dunn conclude, really wasn't so much. After all, any technically advanced nation could have done it.

The English could have done it if they had wanted to.

They didn't want to.

They had more important things to do. (Like passing laws, maybe, that essentially makes serfs out of dark-skinned immigrants from the Commonwealth?)

Besides the grapes were probably sour anyway.

XXXXXX

ROY TACKETT



Have a couple of postmailed FAPAZINES to comment on.

FIRST is TUESDAY

AFTER LUNCH from Len Bailes. Nice to have you pubbing again, Len, evn though thish doesn't say much to me and your cover artist is a dum-dum who doesn't know how to spell. Bill Glass has a good question in "What can replace the dear old sense of wonder now that it is taken for granted as filthy reality?" Lots of things. Lots of things. Sense of wonder does not stop at footprints on the moon. That's only the start, There are still the planets and the stars. There is still the job of doing something about the future to insure that there is one.

It should be obvious that I think the "conquest of space" is something that has a high priority. But equally high is the need to do something about Earth...to get population under control, to pound environment and ecology into the thick skulls of not only the so-called leaders of men but the average dum-dum, to do something about eliminating political-ideological stupidities...and on and on. That's sense of wonderish.

DAVE VAN ARNAM: It is to be hoped that you can find a supply of mimeograph paper. Mimeography on slick bond just doesn't make it.

Well, OK,

I read GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER with the hope that you might tell me something but you didn't. The disappointing, but not unexpected, thing about all this New Culture rhetoric is that it doesn't say anything. Generalities. Let us have peace. Let us all love one another. Give me specifics. You say the New Culture has positive solutions. What are they? "Everyone has the right to do as he/she pleases, if he/she doesn't stop someone else from doing what he/she/they want to do." That's convoluted, isn't it? EFRussell put it this way 25 years ago: Every man has the right to go to hell in his own way. All right, that is a good idea. You leave me alone and I'll leave you alone. But what are we going to do about Joe who won't leave either one of us alone? Are you going to turn the other cheek? He'll clobber you on that one, too. My solution is more direct--if Joe won't leave me alone I'll remove him from the scene. That's Old Culture? But what is your solution? For Joe will always be with us.

Specifics. What are your plans for agriculture? For the 50,000,000 people in the eastern megalopolis? For getting more water into the west? For settling things or facing up to China or Russia? Peace? Love? Ha!

You say the Old Culture hasn't been transmitted to the young? Young people from all over the world met at the UN this past summer and didn't offer anything different from their elders.

Violence isn't life? Go read history. A killer unsuspected is still a prisoner of himself? Bullsh!

Looke, I agree that we cannot continue with society as it is now constituted. But I have yet to see any specific alternatives offered. Some of the New Left nuts preach Maoism or Castroism. That's an alternative?

I suspect all the future--more or less near future that is--really holds is a return to the Dark Ages.



Final page. This issue is a mess. And small. Next issue, out in February, will, I hope, be somewhat more coherent. And somewhat more than editorial drivel.

Meantime, Happy Holidays. Have a good New Year. Live long. Good eating.

And may you live in interesting times.

ROYTAC

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