

DYNATRON

This, my old and rare, is the 46th unspectacular issue of what now and again passes for a science-fantasy fanzine titled, for reasons too obscure to go into here, DYNATRON. It is published quarterly with the anticipation that it will be distributed to, through, and by the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Unless otherwise credited all material herein is by the editor/publisher. The editor/publisher is an old and tired fan name of Roy Tackett who lives at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, N.M. 87107 and who accepts absolutely no responsibility for the contents of these pages.

A Marinated Publication.

August 1971

One of FAPA's top 10? Fantastic! I blush.

X

Calkins wanted to know what was that "particularly ugly strike-over" with which I separate paragraphs.

X

It is simply a particularly ugly strikeover with which I separate paragraphs.

X

HEADLINE: "'Get Down to Earth,' Congress Tells NASA"

Those hot air balloons in the Capitol don't want any competition in the upper atmosphere.

X

HEADLINE: "Survey Finds Interest in Life After Death"

HEADLINE: "Showers Turn Students Green"

HEADLINE: Diana Tackett Graduates From High School

GROK

said the bullfrong.

If you take anything in these pages seriously, then the more fool you.

Whatinhellsa bullfrong?

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

On days like this one, when the wind comes out of the southwest at 40 to 50 miles per hour, I think back to the deep freeze in January. That great public utility, Southern Union Gas Company, ran out of gas. SUG came under a lot of criticism from the public and from the Fourth Estate and presumably felt that some sort of excuse should be put forward so the 4th Assistant Vice President In Charge Of Making Excuses held a press conference. Well, who, he said, would ever have expected it to get that cold in New Mexico? It is, he said, a matter of perspective. After all, he said, would you build a house in Albuquerque to withstand a hurricane?

A most unfortunate simile.

When spring comes to Albuquerque it blows in with many days like today and hurricane force winds (75 mph) are not unknown. When a company is so incompetent that it can't even make competent excuses for its incompetence then one can hardly expect it to fulfill its duties to the public.

If you want the job done right, do it with what?

The Albuquerque branch of the May Day Tribe--what there was of it --managed to get itself together the first week of May to join their fellow tribesmen across the country in a mass protest against the war in Viet Nam. The Albuquerque mass was made up of about 30 people. On Monday they stood around passing out leaflets and Tuesday night an all night peace vigil outside the west gate of Sandia Base. Albuquerque's famous spring wind (see above) refused to cooperate and kept blowing out the candles. On Wednesday morning some 20 of the tribespeople attempted to block traffic going into the base. They spread out across the intersection and sat down. Unfortunately they sat down on the federal side of the intersection instead of the city side and a platoon of military police picked them all up and hauled them away to the base stockade. After a couple of hours those tribesmen who identified themselves were given letters which banned them from Sandia Base for all eternity and the three or four others were turned over to federal marshalls and charged with trespass.

The whole show was gleefully broadcast by local radio and filmed for showing on television. When the tribesmen sat down in the intersection the Officer in Charge of the MPs gave them one minute to clear out and said: "Please, let's not have any embarrassing incident here." Questioned by the press, the very young lieutenant had only one thing to say: "I cannot answer any questions." A lieutenant from the Sandia Base Public Information Office held a news conference and read the charge: violation of Sandia Base order number something or other which prohibited any group from coming on the base for the purpose of holding anti-war demonstrations.

It appears that a good time was had by all. No one was hurt, no property was damaged and the tv newspeople had a "really big story" to show all the viewers out there in teeveeland.

What is disturbing, though, is the grumbling of the great silent majority--you remember that, don't you?--generally to the effect that those "filthy animals" ought to be dragged behind a truck through the Rio Grande. I think the tribesmen are beginning to get to them.

The paper I did some months ago on the antiquity of man was controversial enough to shake up several old fossils and start a most satisfactory number of arguments. The main trouble with paleo-anthropology is that the brains of far too many of those who study the field are more fossilized than the rocks and bones they study. It is obvious that many of them, while professing to accept evolution, really do not and tend to classify all early men as being off the main line of human descent. They keep looking for Adam.

The picture of man's evolution that I've put together over the years--although I readily admit that a great many pieces of the jigsaw puzzle are still missing--satisfies me and I really don't give a damn whether anyone else accepts it or not. I do my research to satisfy my own curiosity.

Generally, it seems to me that the creature that became Homo Sap (well, sure, the official designation is Homo Sapiens but, considering the mess man has made of the world I think Sap is more appropriate) made his appearance on the scene around 70 megayears ago, probably as a mutation of an earlier species. In this connection the recently advanced theory that Earth was bathed in the radiation of a super-nova about 70,000,000 years ago is most attractive as it does provide a possible answer for the demise of the giant reptiles and the beginning of mammals. Such a massive dose of radiation could well have been lethal to many forms of life and have caused all sorts of strange mutations in those that survived.

And one of those strange mutations was a small, vaguely squirrel-like creature, that would eat absolutely anything and was almost as adaptable as it was omnivorous.

For about 50,000,000 years thereafter the picture is pretty much a blank. I can assume that this adaptable little creature was extending his range, growing, adapting, changing, getting smarter, becoming a more proficient hunter.

Around 20,000,000 years ago we find Ramapithecus roaming the forests of Asia and Africa. He is a smallish ape (about the size of a half-grown chimpanzee) and he is the first creature we can put our finger on and say, This is man's ancestor. It is a matter of jaw. The human jaw is in the shape of an arch and when that shows up in a fossil ape, he is man's ancestor--direct line. All other apes have their teeth arranged in a rectangular pattern.

Was Ramapithecus a toolmaker? Not likely. A tool user, yes, much in the manner that chimpanzees today use tools. Sticks, stones, grass, or whatever seems useful for the job at hand. (Chimps, by the way, have been observed chasing an enemy away with a club and that is food for thought.)

Around four and a half megayears ago Ramapithecus is evolved into Australopithecus who is, unfortunately, inappropriately named. Australanthropus would be more appropriate for the Australopithecus is unquestionably man. Below the neck one would be hard pressed to detect differences between Australopithecus and any other man. The skull is another matter--brutish but still recognizeably different from the apes.

And from Australopithecus to Homo Sap the picture is complete and unbroken: Australopithecus, Homo Erectus, Homo Neanderthalis, Homo Sap.

Sure, there are differences in skull structure between the types we recognize as representative of each of those listed but

one should not assume that they are really separate species. If one starts with Australopithecus, for example, and moves forward in time, a point is reached where the individual resembles Erectus more than he does Australopithecus for evolution is a continuing process and still goes on. Our skulls are different from those of our even fairly recent ancestors. The switch from a meat diet in the hunting stage to our current diet that is mostly grain has resulted in a decrease in size of the lower jaw. You probably have an overbite but your ancestors, even as recently as four or five thousand years ago didn't.

So I see man stretching in one unbroken line from now until 70,000,000 years ago. No missing links between man and ape or anything like that. Just man evolving and changing until he has reached here and goes from here to where?

Speer says such a view classified me as a "special creationist" but the semantics of that particular term involve religious, meta-physical and philosophical connotations that I don't accept and don't want to get involved in.

I'll leave that sort of speculation to mystics like Rotsler who spends the day contemplating the navels of nudie cuties and pondering "can the world be saved?".

Say something in Canadian, Clarke

Some of the public service spots on the telly are getting quite interesting--and a little grim--which is good. I just saw one: Mis-
sile launch, follow the flame trail as it vanishes into the blue, pull
back to reveal the blue Earth, voice over: We wonder just how much
time man has left to hold it all together.

Talking to Vardeman on the telephone is always fun. What with all
the clicks, hums, and buzzes on the line we are trying to decide if his
phone is bugged, or mine, or, quite probably, both.

CURRENT BOOKS

SEVEN STEPS TO THE SUN by Fred & Geoffrey Hoyle, Harper & Row, \$5.95

Aargh! I hate stories like this one. At the same time I find them very interesting. Here is the story of Mike Jerome, "a likable, young TV writer" who somehow or other gets on to the old time wheel and every few pages winds up ten years further up the time line than he was in the last chapter. All sorts of improbable things happen to him and there is no explanation for any of it. The book ends with all questions unanswered and all mysteries unexplained. Infuriating! But interesting, nevertheless.

Actually all is explained early in the book: Seven Steps To The Sun is the window dressing for a theory by the Hoyles on how the breakdown and end of civilization may come about. There is a story within the story. The writing is crisp and the story holds the interest even if the ending does leave the reader wondering what happened.

HELL'S PAVEMENT by Damon Knight. Fawcett Gold Medal #T2416, 75¢.

I think this is a reissue for I have vague memories of having read it on a train some years ago. This is Knight's tale of people controlled by "The Analogues", a sort of mental "no-no" that induces them NOT to do certain things such as committing violent acts, committing suicide, or buying the competition's products. In these days of advanced experiments with mind control Hell's Pavement is more appropriate--and frightening--than it was when first published. Recommended.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES by Michael and Mollie Hardwick. Bantam Books, S5877, 75¢.

A novelization of the screenplay by Billy Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond. I didn't see the movie and I'm sorry I read the book. Unless you are a complet Holmesian save your money.

THE CURRENTS OF SPACE by Isaac Asimov, Fawcett Crest #T1541, 75¢

Another edition of Asimov's classic tale of the man who knows his planet is going to die but can remember nothing else about it. Set in the Foundation universe. Recommended.

THE AFFAIRE MOSKOWITZ, having, apparently, been settled, albeit, I venture to say, not entirely to everyone's satisfaction, it would seem best, perhaps, to let the matter lie, however, I grow a bit weary of the sniping directed this way from coasts both East and West.

Greg

Benford maintains that Grennell and I committed procedural errors which is, of course, entirely possible. However, if there were procedural errors involved, they were initiated by Greg who addressed his inquiry to the President of FAPA and not to the Secretary. Inasmuch as Greg sent what I considered to be an informal inquiry, rather than a formal challenge, I treated the matter informally. Please note that despite all the sound and fury from Greg and Ted White, the only formal challenge to SaM's renewal credentials came from Bob Pavlat and was properly made to the Secretary. When that challenge was presented a formal ruling was made. As to whether there was an error in judgement, that also is a judgement.

Ted White also stands on shaky ground. For all his protestations about reprint material (and certainly no one should challenge Ted as an authority on reprint material) Ted did not issue any formal challenge to Sam's credentials either. Ted complains that I did not answer his letter. As memory serves I judged that it required no answer on my part since there were no questions directed at me that required replies.

Ah, well, the matter is settled, I presume, although I can't help but wonder if all this fuss would have been raised had there been anyone other than SaM involved.....

One

would almost think that the matters were actually important.

But how can one overlook 119 copies?

OTHERWISE:

VANDY (Buck): I'm sorry to hear that you may just say to hell with it and let your membership lapse. I recall Art Rapp did that a few years back. He explained in CAPA that he looked at the roster and saw he had both dues and activity due and decided it wasn't worth it.

Must

admit that a number of fans who were FAPAns when I got on the list and with whom I looked forward to communicating are no longer here but still it's a good bunch.

It isn't the old deadwood I gripe so much about--it is the new deadwood who join FAPA and then just publish enough to hold their place on the roster. Likely that we can excuse people like Elmer who is 197 years old but does manage to crank out a couple of dozen pages a year but how can we excuse the Jon Whites who join and then immediately fall into a pattern of producing only 8 pages when the A appears after their name on the roster?

That's a New

Wave type sentence if I ever wrote one.

If I write more like that I can string it all together and sell it to Damon Knight for ORBIT. Apa-ac? I'm down to two now, FAPA and CAPA. And I think I'll let it stay that way. I was in SLANAPA for a while which had a minacreq of 1 page and a maxacreq of two and, dammit, nothing was ever said or done. (That dammit sneaked in there because I rested my finger too heavily on the d key and was too lazy to reach for the corflu.)

BUZ: I am not really enthused about the results of the voting on the Waiting List Amendment or whateverthehell it was and voted against it myself. It passed but, in view of the closeness, I'd sure like to see a repeal proposal put up to the membership.

LEN J: I've never been a great sports enthusiast, particularly the great American team sports. Baseball is generally boring although I do enjoy going out to the local ball park now and again in the summer and sitting there in the cool of the evening, relaxing. It's a chance to do nothing and get away with it.

I do very much enjoy track and field and can get enthusiastic as all hell over the runners and jumpers and throwers.

Jargon and theyoung: I don't really use much of it and most of the young people I know use very little. Oh, sure, I'll pick up an occasional catch-phrase, I guess everyone does, like the "faaaan-tastic" bit or, one that comes from a strange and amusing Datsun ad: "Well, that's cool." I know this latter has been around a while but I never used it until this silly commercial hit the tube (it's a combination of animation and live action with characters disappearing into nowhere). All in all I suppose it depends a great deal on who I'm talking to.

And I really don't have that much contact with the young. But when I do we seem to have no trouble communicating.

I don't think I'll spend \$6.95 on The Exorcist or even a buck-twenty-five when it comes out in paperback. I read Twinkle, Twinkle, Killer Kane! a while back and wasn't impressed. The humor fell flat. I'll give Blatty credit for having the imagination to think up highly improable situations but he isn't a good enough writer to do anything with them.

SIR RICHARD SNEARY, SIR: Chrystal's mother who lives in LA's Hyde Park section says the Feb quake felt fairly strong in her neighborhood but the only noteable result of it was that a cabinet which she had not been able to really close for years now closes and opens as if were new. "...a world quite near, that we will never see." Yes. A couple of Englishers complaining on a TV news program a few nights ago about how old London is being torn down to be replaced by modern steel and glass. Necessary, I suppose, but I hope some of the old remains.

In my mind Governments exist solely for securing the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness...and an oft-repeated Heinleinesque phrase: I can conceive of no circumstance under which the welfare of the state is of more importance than the rights of the individual.

J. STANLEY WOOLSTON: Well, J. Stanley, I've always thought of you as J. Stanley. I've never thought of you as John or Jack. J. Stanley seems to suit.

Petard is playing book games, eh? Something I'll have to remember for ASFG. If the ship's library has all the required technical books then I would take along a volume on pre-history of man and one on history, a volume on world religions, past and present, an anthology of SF, although I'm not sure which one--it would be one of the earlier books, and, perhaps, The Rubaiyat.

BOB SILVERBERG: It's a pity the Europeans didn't realize what they were creating when they started moving people around the world. There is something really strange in the thought of Africans and Asians fighting for control of an American country (Guyana) while the native Americans are consigned to remote villages in the bush. Once in a while my wee drop of Indian blood sizzles just a little (but it is so thin and mixed with all the other that it doesn't cause much commotion. Boggel sounds like a veritable prince among guides.

DICK ELLINGTON: I first saw 2001 on the Cinerama screen and found it somewhat overwhelming. Later saw it again--a couple of times--on flat screen and was able to be more objective about it. It is, I think, something of a masterwork of a motion picture as well as being superior science fiction.

OL' BRUCE PELZ: Well, certainly, I can see your point of view as regards to Worldcons in particular and cons in general. Experience would indicate, though, that the majority of the people wandering around the hallways at cons really don't know what the hell they're doing there anyway so why cater to them? You say, for example, that without movies there would be hordes of "neofans" shambling around crashing parties or making trouble. Or, perhaps, they'd just go away? I've met any number of people at cons, duly paid members they were, who hadn't the foggiest idea of what it was all about and were there simply because the con was going on and things were happening. If we'd quit catering to them maybe they'd just all go away.....? Cons cost more because they are getting bigger. So why not reverse that and strive for smaller cons?

JIM CUAGHRAN: OK, a legitimate objection to gun registration: it will turn into just another goddam tax that will probably increase every year. The first point will be that there has to be a fee to defray the expenses of the registration program and that'll bring in so much money that the fee will be raised and raised and raised. Other than that I really have no objection to gun registration. I wouldn't register my guns anyway.

JUFFUS: What did I say about the garbage men? Sitting where I do I am finding the whole situation vastly amusing...I don't have any problem with dirt and rocks; I use the dirt to fill in gopher holes and throw the rocks at kids walking down the street...all of my garbage/trash disposal is do it yourself.

Imagine shaving with a flint razor.

Is Juan Carlos truly the last Bourbon? I sometimes wonder what became of other royal lines.

Godfrey Daniel is a Fieldsian oath of horrendous effectiveness. One Hayes office man put it something like this: I read the script and it says Godfrey Daniel. I watch the filming and he says Godfrey Daniel. I sit down and watch the film and somehow it comes out God Damn!

Creeping elitism? Never! Galloping!

Wouldn't the start of the Korean War mark a natural division of the later 40s from the 50s? It seems to me that a shift in national outlook and policy was involved.

JUFFUS: Ah, but an acre of alfalfa will feed more horses than an acre of pasture and these days, unlike days of yore, far more horses are lot fed than are pastured.

If Clod Almighty is alive in Indiana maybe Coulson could send him YANDRO and start a whole new circle. Cosmic thought, what?

You finished reading the 34th mailing, eh? You'll be getting caught up any century now.

I always thought "head" was derived from the old term "hophead". As such it applied to any drug addict.

I seldom read newspapers either although I read the Albq. JOURNAL every day. (Sorry about that, FAPAns. Local joke.)

HARRY WARNER: Twice daily Monday through Friday and once on Saturday morning is the way I remember mail delivery from better days....I seem to recall vaguely that mail was delivered at 221B Baker Street several times a day...The fact that you get mail for fans in the Washington area but not for non-fans arouses my Sense of Wonder.

MIKE DECKINGER: Is it possible for a poor Jack Gaughan imitation to be any worse than an actual Jack Gaughan illo?

In retrospect the Wylie episode on NAME OF THE GAME really wasn't all that good. I suppose I was in shock from actually seeing something like that on television. I saw only two or three parts of NIGHT GALLERY and was not impressed. Are there still any Trekkies around?

I shouldn't read Speer's fanzine. I always end up doing his style of mailing comments.

ETHEL: Not enough Ethel in ASTRONEER.

DAG: Ah, you are too old and grouchy to be so old and grouchy.

My own experiences with non-fiction writing are not, I fear, as profitable as yours, having been done not for myself but for Uncle or some other employer. There are, tucked away in some obscure government archive, whole files of useless bulletins and worthless memoranda that I have authored. There are modification orders and technical manuals. There is a thick book describing in minute detail the workings of a complicated electronic switch. But, alas, no royalties. Most of what I write these days shows up in this residue of a fanzine. No more news releases, no more radio scripts (remember radio). Ah, well.

Say Howdy to Tina.

Which seems to be all of the mailing comments there are and there is nothing left to do except note that Ed Cox should doodle in this space:

~~QUAZZZA~~ NAX SUMMER FUN IN ALBUQUERQUE

As elder daughter says, that's one way to get nationwide publicity but it is a hell of a way to do it. A better way, perhaps, was when Al Unser won the Indianapolis 500 for the second straight year.

(Pause for insertion of joke: Hey, what do you think about the Indianapolis 500? Man, they are all innocent.)

13 June 1971. The first I heard about it was a bulletin at the start of the early evening newscast: "There's been an incident at Roosevelt Park. We'll have a report." About 15 minutes later the newsreader said something to the effect that there was rioting at Roosevelt Park and three or four police cars were burning. Hmmm, I hmmmmed, turned off the television set, which is rather useless for on the spot news, and turned on a radio and my police monitor. Most of the local radio stations were fulfilling their normal function of being juke boxes, however, KGGM had their news team out and was giving running reports. The mob had left the park and was marching towards the downtown area with the avowed intention of taking over the police building. (Albuquerque's new police building was completed about the first of May. It is a fort complete with gunports all around the building.) The police monitor was announcing that all units should report to the police building immediately. The mob was now marching down Central Avenue. The mob was now turning up 4th Street. The mob was now in front of the police building. They were throwing stones at the police building and at city hall. Actual quote in a very Bob Newhartish voice: They are chanting something. Let me see if I can hear what they are saying. They're saying We Want Pigs.

Lots of guns in evidence but not being used. A radio reporter has his transmitter taken away by a man with a machete. Another radio reporter is bashed with a rock while phoning in his story. Hurried conferences in the police building. One Richard Moore, so-called Defense Minister for the Black Berets (a Castro-ite organization) emerges from the Police Building and exhorts the mob to go home. The mob swirls around. Window breaking and looting begins. The mob swells as sightseers (Look, Junior, it's a riot. Get a good look now.) and looters begin pouring into the area. The police finally emerge from their fort and begin to break things up. Moore announces a rally in Roosevelt Park for Monday. More window breaking. Fire bombs are thrown into stores. The mob starts back to the park smashing as it goes. Around two a.m. the police finally have the whole area, including the park, cleared.

Around one p.m. on Monday the rally in the park is held. The Lieutenant-Governor is there. The Attorney-General is there. The National Guard is standing by. (That's all they did do) Speeches. The Black Berets pleading with the mob to cool it. They're scared. The LtGov and the AG acknowledging police brutality in Albuquerque and promising an investigation. Suddenly the mob surges out of the park and back to Central Avenue and instead of going downtown turns uptown towards the university. The medians on Central are covered with stones--they don't require maintenance, you know--. A car from a local automobile dealer drives through the mob. The mob drives through the local automobile dealer's lot. Every store along central is hit. No police in sight (Were they all back in the fort?) Finally the National Guard moves in and disperses the mob.

Monday night the police and National Guard patrolled the city. There was sporadic firebombing, some of it effective, some of it not. The fire bombing was scattered throughout the four quadrants of the city as the tactics of hit and run were used. Tuesday night the city was uneasy but peaceful and after that things began to settle back to normal. At this writing (19 June) the National Guard is still on duty in the city (they're on their two weeks summer training duty anyway) and things are settling back to normal and the soul -searching and finger-pointing is going good.

And what's it all about, Alfie? Who knows? Summer fun, babe, that's it.

As near as anyone can figure it started on the 8th or 9th or thereabouts when the city police made one of thier regular sweeps through Yale Park. Yale Park is a narrow strip of green between Central Avenue and the University of New Mexico. It is a hang-out, presumably because of its location on US66 in the University area, for what the great silent majority terms "those damned hippies"; an assortment of young people, local and those passing through. The Albuquerque police probably spend more manhours patrolling Yale Park than anywhere else in the city. The cops constantly go through Yale Park looking for drugs, drunks, vagrants, girls without pants. So on the 8th or 9th or thereabouts they made one of their sweeps through Yale Park and picked up three or four people and, according to reports, used a little too much muscle which set off some arguing and rock throwing and resulted in a dozen or so extra people being arrested.

The word gets around and somebody scheduled a rock concert in Roosevelt Park on Sunday, 13 June, as a benefit to pay the fines and the like for those arrested. Several hundred people showed up for the rock concert in Roosevelt Park but the band didn't.

According to the reports a patrolman attempted to make an arrest for drinking beer in the park, fer gawdsake, (his patrol report has been classified secret by the police) and several people moved in to protest/prevent it. The patrolman radioed for help. More units came. The crowd grew. Tear gas and rocks began to fly although no one knows in which order. The cops ran out of tear gas and whipped out there pistols. Six or seven people were shot. The mob surged out of the park and the police retreated to the fort and this is where we came in.

Throughout the evening Sunday a dozen or so people were shot (none fatally) by police and by security guards. Several cops were bashed by flying rocks.

And so. Semi-final accounting is about a dozen people shott, numerous others injured by rocks, about 600 arrested, property damage, as they say, "in the millions".

One of the first questions asked, because of Albuquerque's Spanish surnamed population, is "was it racial?". Answer: No. Despite the efforts of a number of people who should know better (like public officials and a NBC network reporter (on Monday NBC took a local feed and on Tuesday flew in their own team which tried its best to read racial overtones into the riot)) to make it so. The only blanket statement that can be made is that the mob was young. A look at the faces and at the names of those arrested reveals it to be a thoroughly mixed bunch. Chicanos, yes, street people, yes, and no small proportion of all-American boys and girls. Those arrested for disturbing the peace and curfew violations were mostly in their teens. Those arrested for looting were somewhat older.

Otherwise: everybody has the reason for it all. The Great Silent Majority (not a religious organization) declared that THEY (also not a religious organization) were behind it. The Castroite organization called The Black Berets wanted everybody to know that they were not behind it. Impassioned speeches in Spanish and English telling thier people to stay home. The Alianza declared that it all resulted from the fact that the United States has failed to live up to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. The Chriamen of the Young Republicans (or somebody equally ridiculous) declared it was all the fault of the Democratic state administration which should resign. ((Juffus, do you realize I have a double transposition there?)) The Central Street Merchants are very unhappy with the police for not providing police protection when the mob was smashing and looting (but that would have meant they would have left the police building (aka Chicken Coop) undefended). Several residents of the North East Hieghts informed the public they had "ten thousand guns" ready to come to the aid of the police (provided, I presume, they could do it on the commercials...). The Albuquerque City Commission Chairman called the LtGov a racist but later apologized. He thinks the riot was orgainized (why else would it happen on a Sunday afternoon when a minimum of police were on duty?). (Albuquerque has forgotten Pearl Harbor.) Consensus is that, well, really, Nobody ever expected that sort of thing in Albuquerque. A local preacher says it is all because people have stopped believing in the existence of Hell and if they come to his church he'll tell them about it. It is the fault of the schools, the churches, the parents, the government, and almost anything else you can think of. The Governor has appointed a commission to look into it. The National Guard, still having a week to go on its summer training, is still on duty. Amazing: one of the NG units flown to Albuquerque to meet the crisis was the 136th Public Information Detachment.

Me? All I know is what I read in the papers. Like the temperature has been in the 90s for weeks. There hasn't been any rain for months. When school let out for the summer there were 17,000 young people competing for 1300 summer jobs.

The monotony was broken even if the drought wasn't.

Sure glad I don't live in Albuquerque.

X

Mayhap de judge will have something more coherent to add. He can discuss such technicalities as why Sunday's curfew proclamation was legal but Monday's wasn't. Or why the sea is boiling hot. And whether pigs have wings. Do rotor blades count?

Please be advised that the APD is (are) not pigs. Chickens, perhaps.

Everybody wants to now howcome it took two riots and hours to get the guard out in Albuquerque but only one fire bmb to get it out in Santa Fe.

That's not really a typo. It is the Semetic way of writing. You furnish your own vowels.

Or I'll sell you a supply cheap.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BOOK OF PENGQUE

One of the most interesting, although lesser known, peoples of the ancient world are the Mitanni who had a great influence on the Middle East for six or seven hundred years during the Second Millenium B.C. The position of the Mitanni is rather peculiar in that they were not a distinct nation in themselves but were the rulers of the Hurrians. The situation was similar to that which existed in England some 3000 years later after the Norman Conquest. At that time a Norman aristocracy was imposed on a large Saxon population. So it was with the Hurrians who found themselves with a foreign aristocracy of a different race, culture, and language.

The Hurrians were the native people of the mountains north of Syria and Mesopotamia. They were a rather peaceful people who furnished a great deal of the metal (silver, copper, lead, tin) to the civilized peoples of the Land Between the Rivers and elsewhere in the Second and Third Milleniums B.C.

The Mitanni were something else. They were Aryans from the Caucasus.

Hitler and the Nazis with their peculiar master race theories have made the term "Aryan" rather unfashionable and even at this late date historians and archaeologists are still using the cumbersome "Indo-European" as a substitute, which seems to me to be rather foolish. Aryan is a perfectly legitimate historical name and is, indeed, what these people called themselves as is evidenced in the records of India, Persia, Mitanni and elsewhere.

In any event, sometime around 2000 B.C. the Mitanni moved south from the Caucasus into the mountains of what is now called Armenia to become the rulers of the Hurrians.

According to the book of Mitani Pengque (who seems to have had a rare sense of history):

There were seven great tribes of Aryans on the steppes north of the Caucasian Mountains and thanks to their use of horse chariots ("which were given to us by the Sun-God") they were expanding rapidly to the west, north and east.

((Like all primitive people the Aryans were originally hunter-gatherers. When the idea of domestication reached them they became herders of cattle and horses and, because of their geographic location on the vast, lush grasslands of southern Russia the herds increased rapidly and so did the human population. When the idea of wheeled vehicles reached them, presumably from Mesopotamia, they discovered that a team of horses harnessed to a light chariot enabled them to cover vast distances at remarkable speeds and there was no holding them after that.

It was at this time, too, that the horse became too valuable an animal to eat--a tradition which carries forward to this day in a modern reluctance to eat horsemeat altho it is actually quite delicious.))

In any event it seems that the tribes were accustomed--at least some of them were--to gather each summer at the Sea Gate on the Caspian side of the Caucasus Mountains to trade hides and leather and whatever else they had for weapons (particularly bronze axes), metal and trinkets with men from the south. And one summer Mitani Pengque had a brilliant idea.

Mitan, according to his description of himself, was the youngest son of one of the tribal chieftans, a young man of average height with red hair and "the dark green eyes often distinctive to our family" who could see that there wasn't much future for the ambitious younger son if he stayed with the tribe. His brilliant idea was that instead of trading for the precious metals they should just go south and take it. There was a lot of discussion about this for, after all, there were rumors of great kings with vast armies in the south. Mitan declared that if they were anything like the traders they were nothing to worry about and, besides, they didn't have horses. That last argument seemed to be the clincher. Anybody who didn't have horses wasn't anybody to worry about. Mitan took a force of about a hundred chariots, which gave him 200 warriors, and wheeled into the mountains of the south. It was a bronze-age cinch. The Hurrians lived mostly in rude villages scratching in the soil for their bread and for their metal and were generally defenseless against the tribesmen. Before they knew what was happening the Hurrians had themselves a whole new set of kings, princes, chiefs, knights, etc., as other tribesmen--and women--followed the original strike force.

Mitan, himself, pressed westward to Kanesh, the prime source of silver in the mountains as well as a major supplier of other metals, and established himself as King of Kanesh and Primary Chief of the "Mitanni" (as the invading tribesmen came to be called). Not bad for a cowboy.

Amorites from the great northern trading center of Harran some 200 miles to the southeast (not a contradiction; Harran was in northern Mesopotamia but was southeast of Kanesh) as well as their second cousins, the Assyrians, came to Kanesh to trade for metal. From these Mitan learned that those funny marks they made on clay tablets actually had a meaning so he learned to write although he declares it was quite difficult adapting cuneiform to his own language. It is to his credit as a scholar (and probably his greed as a trader) that he managed it and left the beginnings of a very long record.

The relationship of the Assyrians to the Mitanni grew to be quite peculiar and the Assyrians proved to be, for many many years, some of history's biggest suckers as the Mitanni time and again got their warlike neighbors to do their dirty work. The Mitanni, it seems, were among the world's greatest coat holders (Let's you and him fight) and would take the field themselves only if there was no way to accomplish their aims by indirect methods.

It was Mitan's younger sons, however, who really put the Mitanni in the trading business and established the pattern that made the Mitanni a power in the ancient Middle East: the trade came first; kings could come and go and cities could change hands and empires rise and fall but under no circumstances should the trade be disturbed.

Mitan's oldest son, Tashar, was the heir apparent and eventually the king and need no longer concern this study. The younger sons, however, when not performing the sacred duty of training horses or practicing chariot warfare or repulsing raiders into Hurrian territory, oversaw the mining and the trade. Three of these, Kar, Rolef and Walclaw, after talking to the slaves and servants of the traders from Harran decided to deal directly with that city and took their first caravan of metal out. At Harran they discovered that much of the goods

for which they traded came from the great port city of Ur on the Lower Sea (Persian Gulf) or from the cities along the way so their next caravan took the road along the Buranum River (Euphrates) to Ur itself. Here they dealt directly with the traders from Dilmun and whoever else was available. Another expedition took them to Ugarit on the Upper Sea (Mediterranean) where they dealt with the Cretan and Egyptian Sea Traders. Thus they established their Pengque trading empire with permanent concessions at Harra, Ur, Ugarit and points in between.

It is interesting to note that Kar Pengque records that on one of their expeditions they were attacked by a sirrush which slew three asses and four Hurrians before the Brothers Pengque were able to kill it. Kar describes it as a scaly hided beast about the size of a horse with long neck and tail and a fearsome array of teeth and claws. It was, he says, extremely difficult to kill. He also mentions various encounters with lions and elephants and other beasts that are now extinct in the Middle East.

Some years later, around 1875 B.C. or thereabouts, trouble developed with the Assyrians in the Kanesh karum. They apparently had the gall to slay one of the Mitanni aristocrats. Retribution was speedy. The Mitanni chariots swept through the karum burning and killing and then headed eastwards for Assyria growing in number as they went. (There are hints that the Assyrians were really getting to be of too much competition in the trade.) Mittani chariots and Hurrian infantry came down from the mountains upon Assyria and when they circled Ashur the Assyrian king saw the light. It was the glare of his burning cities and villages reflecting in the bronze battle axes of the Mittani/Hurrian army. He admitted the error of his ways, agreed that he needed Mittani advisors to teach him the proper way and swore that Assyrians would never never set foot in the mountains again without invitation. Assyria became a Mitanni vassal and remained so for hundreds of years.

Perhaps a prime example of Mitanni strategy is illustrated by two events which took place about 1812 B.C. Martin Pengque, who headed up the trading "company" at that time, records that the king of Mari, an Amorite nation on the upper Euphrates through which the trading caravans had to pass, had raised taxes to an almost confiscatory level and was generally harassing the traders. Around the same time Ila-kabkabu, king of Assyria, died and was succeeded by his older son, Aminu. Aminu seems to have let this go to his head. He flexed his muscles, threw out his Mitanni advisors, and declared free Assyria would never..etc...etc. The Mitanni got hold of Samsi-Adad, Aminu's younger brother, propagandized him, helped him recruit an army, presented him with a company of chariots and pointed him at Assur. Samsi-Adad deposed his brother, declared himself king, and was so grateful to the Mitanni that he marched west and buried the king of Mari. Twenty years later, after Hammurabi, the great law-giver, came to the throne of Babylon, he marched an army up the Euphrates, chased out the Assyrians and put the Mari pretender, Zimri-lim, on his throne. Samsi-Adad hollered for help. The Mitanni, always more concerned with keeping the caravans moving than anything else, promptly sent envoys to Mari, presented Zimri-lim with a few horses, and concluded a favorable treaty.

Hammurabi spent 20 years consolidating his position in Babylon and turning the Babylonian confederacy into the Babylonian kingdom. He replaced numerous minor kings and princes with governors and united a conglomeration of cities and villages into a single country. The significance of this was not lost upon the Mitanni and the

Hurrian infantry and Mitanni chariots came down out of the hills onto the plains of northern Syria. They came through Harran, of course, and that ancient city became part of the expanded Mitanni kingdom. For the first time the legendary horse chariots were south of the mountains in force for all to see and the sight was enough to give even an ambitious man like Hammurabi pause. The Babylonians had chariots, too, it is true, but theirs were pulled by asses and Hammurabi decided that he really didn't want to bet his ass against the Mitanni horse. When he moved a couple of years later it was up the Tigris instead of the Euphrates. Hammurabi added Eshunna to the Babylonian kingdom then turned southeast and raided Elam. Elam was the nominal ruler of ancient Sumer in southern Mesopotamia which was what Hammurabi was really after. The next year when he marched his army south to the Persian Gulf the Elamites objected not at all and the empire of Babylon stretched from the Lower Sea to the borders of Mari and Assyria.

Hammurabi spent a few years digesting what he had swallowed. He published his famous Code, one of the first bodies of law ever collected. (Which, undoubtedly, led to the first collection of lawyers. Not everything that came out of Mesopotamia was good.)

Around 1757 B.C. Hammurabi moved north again. He conquered his old ally, Mari, which he had helped re-establish some years previous and then invaded Assyria and added that country to his empire. And there he stopped. Perhaps, like the legendary Sargon, he had hoped to rule from the Lower Sea to the Upper Sea but the Mitanni horse blocked the path along the upper Euphrates and that was a challenge he did not want to accept. He died around 1750 B.C. without ever achieving that goal.

The Mitanni, of course, were busy looking for a cats-paw and found it in the distant cousins the Kassites, an Aryan tribe inhabiting the Persian mountains east of Mesopotamia. Communication between the various Aryan tribes in the hills was evidently quite good--a carry over, no doubt, from the old days when they lived north of the Caucasus. In any event a few years after Hammurabi's son, Samsu-iluna, assumed the throne of Babylon the Mitanni persuaded Gandash, chief of the Kassites, that the time was ripe and that tribe poured down out of the hills onto the eastern plains and crossed the Tigris aiming at Babylon. The battle was bloody but Samsu-iluna and his army succeeded in driving Gandash back across the Tigris although no farther; the Kassites kept Eshnunna and the eastern plains. The Hurrian/Mitanni army, meanwhile, "liberated" Assyria.

For the next 50 or 60 years the situation was what the Mitanni considered normal. Silver, a little tinstone, lead, copper and other metals were sent down out of the hills to Harran and from there they were sent to the cities along the river or to Ur. The tin deposits in the Mitanni mountains were small to begin with and were about played out, however, Cretan ships were bringing tin and other materials (furs, jet, amber, etc.) to the ports of the eastern Mediterranean. Much of that which came to Ugarit was consigned to the warehouses of the Upper To Lower Sea Trading Company, Various Pengques, Prop. and transshipped to the Mitanni hills or the Mesopotamian cities or to Ur for further shipment east, by the Harran and Southeastern Caravan Train. (Welll...maybe they weren't really called that.) Business was good. True, there was intercity warfare in Sumer but there had been intercity warfare in Sumer for 2000 years and nobody lets that interfere with business. Larsa fights Isin, Isin fights Uruk, Uruk fights Lagash, Lagash fights Ur, and who cares? So long as the caravans go

through and the minas turn into shekels and the shekels into talents, who cares who rules which or what god is worshipped where? The Egyptian Pharaoh is in Palestine and Syria seeking mercenaries to help put down an usurper in southern Egypt and maybe we should lend him a few horse and some Hurrian infantry, hmmm? Might be a chance to crack the Egyptian trade. Right. Kisten, if we can get established in one of the Egyptian ports we might have a chance to break the Cretan monopoly on the sea trade. Right. Let's go talk to the king. Speaking of kings, did you hear there is a new king in Kussara? Labarnas is his name and he is showing signs of ambition? So? The Hatti are cousins so there is nothing to worry about.

Labarnas was something to worry about. In an ancient version of the blitzkrieg he conquered all of central Asia Minor including, Great Mithra!, Kanesh and a large hunk of western Hurria.

The Pengque dynasty came to an end and, if there had been an ancient Middle Eastern stock exchange, Pengque mining stocks wouldn't have been worth the clay they were written in.

The Mitanni were shaken. They called a council, selected a new king--not a Pengque--and established a new capital at Wassukkana which was located on the Khabur River where it flows out of the hills onto the north Syrian plain. The war council tightened the defenses, made plans for a counter-attack, and looked for a sucker. The Assyrians, unfortunately, were in the wrong direction. The traders made plans for dealing with the Hatti. There was intermittent border warfare for a while but it died out as Labarnas passed into history and his son, who called himself Hattusilis, busied himself with building a new capital of Hattusas.

In his old age, however, around 1604 B.C., Hattusilis decided it was time to emulate his father and sent his army south into Yamkhad, an Amorite kingdom which had its capital at Aleppo and straddled the caravan route to Ugarit. The Yamkhad king fled down the Euphrates to his Amorite cousins in Babylon. The Mitanni nose for suckers began to twitch. A few years later Hattusilis died and was succeeded by Mursilis who suddenly found himself very busy with an uprising on his northern frontier. While he and his army were in the north putting down the uprising the former king of Yamkhad, backed by an army from Babylon, marched back up the Euphrates to reclaim Aleppo and his throne. The Mitanni cast their eyes to the sky, shrugged, and swore they knew nothing about it. Mursulis polished off the rebels in the north, marched south across Asia Minor and stormed Aleppo. The king of Yamkhad once more fled to Babylon but Mursulis wasn't going to take any chances. He forced marched his army down the Euphrates and sacked Babylon then cut his way through the Mitanni/Hurrian army back to Aleppo. The Mitanni were, to say the least, dismayed.

Mursulis returned to his capital of Hattusas the next year (1594 BC) and was promptly assassinated. The following year the rebuilt Mitanni/Hurrian forces liberated Yamkhad.

An uneasy peace existed between the Hatti and the Mitanni for several years although neither side really considered the matter settled. Other things kept them busy and concerned. It had been found, for instance, that the horse, with proper training, could actually be ridden and this fascinating discovery led to vast new concepts. An Aryan migration sacked the ancient Indus valley civilization of Meluha with disastrous results on the sea trade out of Ur.

(Laer Pengque records in the Book of Pengque that receipts are down. Meluha had been both a major market and a major supplier of gold and jewels and other valuable items. Still, with Yamkhad back in safe hands, the Upper Sea trade is good.)

And in Egypt....

For a hundred years or more Egypt had been ruled by the Hiku-Khashut, the Semitic tribesmen who had been hired as mercenaries and settled down to rule. Around 1570 BC Ahmose organized the resistance and chased the Hyskos out of Egypt into Canaan and these Princes of the Desert decided that it would be better to swear allegiance to Pharaoh than to have him bury them. Ahmose and his successor Amenhotep re-established Egypt as a mighty power.

Meanwhile back in Wassukkana...The Mitanni, having crossed the Euphrates to liberate Yamkhad, stayed there and began to push south. By about 1530 BC they were raiding into northern Canaan, into areas that were considered Egyptian territory. The Pharaoh, Thothmes, marched the Egyptian army north and chased the Hurrians back across the Euphrates. Thothmes placed his boundary stone on the south bank of the Euphrates and sent word to the Mitanni to stay out of Egyptian territory. King Ludiwanna grinned and soon after Thothmes retired to Egypt Mitanni agents were making the rounds of the Syrian and Canaanite cities telling the local princes how delicious the chestnuts were. One thing can be said for sure about the Mitanni--when it came to agitating their neighbors, they never gave up. As Khitan Pengque wrote: "You let these clowns get too strong and they'll start trying to enforce the taxes on the caravans and that's bad for business."

By about 1480 BC the Mitanni were south of the Euphrates again as far as Kadesh. Thothmes III came out of Egypt and the Mitanni withdrew north of the river. Thothmes III went back to Egypt and the Mitanni went back to Kadesh. Thothmes came back to Kadesh. The Mitanni went back across the river. Pharaoh said: "Gahdammit, I tol' you people to stay nawth of the river." The Mitanni pled they were just simple traders trying to make an honest shekel. Thothmes roared, "Bring out your army." "We don't have no army, boss, we keep telling you we're just simple traders." "Ha!", said Pharaoh, "I'm coming across the river." "Don't do that, boss," said the Mitanni, "cause if you do we damn well will bring out the army."

This game went on for almost 20 years. Thothmes charged into Syria 16 times. The Mitanni withdrew 16 times. The game might still be going on except another player decided to get into the game: while the Mitanni were playing with the Egyptians the Hatti had been rebuilding and in 1459BC they once more conquered Yamkhad. The Mitanni immediately shifted their emphasis to the west. "With the Egyptians we play games," they said, "but when it comes to the Hatti, we settle down to serious fighting. Remember Kanesh!"

The renewed hostilities between the Hatti and the Mitanni went on for years without any real advantage going to either side, but without any let up. Both sides were determined that one or the other had to go. In 1421 BC Thothmes IV marched to the Euphrates and the Mitanni paid him off with a princess for his harem and a treaty of eternal friendship. Nine years later Amenhotep III got the same deal when he set up his boundary stone on the Euphrates.

Meantime Babylon finally fell to the Kassites and the Achaeoi sacked Crete. The first of these events severely damaged the trade with Sumer and the second ruined the sea trade with western Europe. The House of Pengque saw profits dwindle and what with the war and all times were getting tough.

By 1380 BC the Hatti were in firm control of all Syria between Kadesh and the Euphrates. The following year Suppiluliumas crossed the river and invaded the Mitanni kingdom. The Mitanni retreated and pulled back into the hills. Suppiluliumas sacked Wassukkanna and then retired to Hattusas.

Tushratta, king of Mitanni, returned to his ruined city but he was a broken man--too beat to even object when Assur-uballit, king of Assyria, declared that he was no longer a Mitanni vassal.

Tushratta was shortly assassinated by his younger son, Artatemu, who took the throne with the approval of Assur-uballit. After several hundred years the roles were finally reversed and the Assyrians were overlords of the Mitanni. The overlordship was short-lived, however, for a few years later Suppiluliumas decided to end the Mitanni problem for all time. He crossed the Euphrates once more, encountered little opposition from the shattered Mitanni/Hurrian forces, and the Mittani kingdom, some 650 years after its founding by Mitani Pengque, passed into history.

Not so, however, with the family Pengque. Martin Pengque records in the Book of Pengque how, when news that the Hatti had crossed the Euphrates reached Wassukkanna, he made up one last great caravan, loaded with his wealth and possessions, and fled south and then west to the port city of Gubal in Egyptian territory. As to the fortunes of the family Pengque after that....they thrived and, mayhap, we'll look at them in the future.

The Second Millenium B.C. is a most interesting period in history. The Bronze Age was in full swing in the Middle East and slowly spreading throughout the rest of Europe and Asia. Travel and trade were extensive and certainly helped the spread of civilization...despite the unconscious efforts of the migrating Aryans to hold it back. For the most part they were cattle herders and cattle don't mix well with urban living. Their migrations in Europe set many peoples on the march just as did the migrations of the Huns and Mongols many hundreds of years later. The results were much the same, too. As the years counted down towards 1000 BC a Dark Age settled in. Trade came almost to a standstill and great empires were destroyed. For many years the flame of civilization flickered but it finally revived...and led to the mess we have today.

Dates given in the history of the Mitanni are approximate but, I think, fairly close. Say plus or minus five years. Dates of events that far back, when there was no standard to work from, are quite difficult. This happened when so and so was king. One must make reference to events in neighboring kingdoms and work backwards and forwards arriving, finally, at a date that seems to be correct because it fits 90% of the people and events anyway. The repetition of names among kings also helps to cloud the issue. When there is a reference to Labarnas or Zimri-lim or Rim-Sin or Tushratta one must try to figure which Labarnas, Zimri-lim, Rim-Sin or Tushratta is meant. The Book of Pengque is a great help but there are gaps in it and some events are obscure or seemingly contradictory.

But it is fun.

XXXXX

Ted White wonders, doesn't anybody in FAPA read stf any more? I still do, obviously, although certainly not with the great lack of selectivity I once did. My time available for relaxing-type reading seems to diminish as the years go by so when I do settle down with a stfyarn I'm pretty particular about it. The only magazines I read with any regularity are ANALOG and F&SF, neither of which measures up to what it was in the Golden Age but both of which seem to be consistently more readable than the rest. I still check the rest and now and then when there seems to be something particularly interesting will even buy a copy but more often than not I simply put them back on the news-rack. And, prices being what they are, much of the stf I read comes out of the public library--particularly since the public library now has a paperback section. I would buy more, I suppose, if the stories were better, not only in concept but also in treatment and writing. I know that many of the younger authors declare these days that they write primarily for themselves and to hell with the readers and editors of magazines and paperbacks (or hardcovers for that matter) seem to select their stories because they push some particular point of view or because of style or whatever. But in the end it comes down to me and I will not pay out my money for something I don't enjoy. Maybe I'm getting too long in the tooth and the field is leaving me behind... and maybe not because there still seems to be a large market for reprints of the stories of 20 and 30 years ago and it is the younger readers, not us old mossbacks--we've already got them, who are buying. And that, I should think, should tell the editors something. Yep, I still read science fiction and fantasy and weird--when I find something that is readable.

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