

Dynatron

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DYNATRON  
YNATRON  
NATRON  
ATRON  
TRON  
RON  
ON

INDEED!

#48

Now, by Klono, this is, indeed, the 48th issue of the old greenzeen. The last eight or so have been mostly for FAPA but with this issue we shift once again to a more or less genzine format. More or less.

Dynatron, as you well know, Ish, is a fanzine of sorts edited and published by Roy Tackett (who is usually out of sorts) at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107. The schedule is assumed to be quarterly, I presume. That's the price, too. A quarter each. Also available for letters of comment, contributions, trade, and et cetera.

In this issue:

Pat McCraw has an article starting on page 8. It is titled "Science-Fiction in the Hero Pattern." The "Pat" is for Patricia. She is one of the more attractive members of the Albuquerque SF Group, Chairman of Bubonicon II (or whatever it will be called) and one of Albuquerque's two female deejays.

The lettercol starts on page

11. Fandom's resident poet, Bill Wolfenbarger, who should need no introduction, has "The Bob Farnham Letters" starting on page 14.

"Fiction in Dynatron???" asked Judith Brownlee, aghast. Indeed, so. Richard Jay Ross, another recruit from the Albuquerque SF Group, has a story, "The Light" on page 17.

Somewhere herein are, ah, poems, I guess, by Bill Wolfenbarger, Diana Tackett, and Elarty. Poems in Dynatron? asked HORT aghast.

And all sorts of other miscellany scattered about are the result of Roytac getting near a typewriter.

And so.

faunched for. Contributions are desired.

Letters are

Dynatron is.....

A MARINATED PUBLICATION

February 1972

1



Back in the old days I used to do the sand by hand. Harry Warner will grumble about another personal touch being gone from fanzines.

## WRITINGS IN THE SAND

Ah yes, here I am once again faced with the prospect of filling vast quantities of empty stencils. Not as many this time, though, as there are a few others represented in DYNATRON for a change. After producing this thing mostly for FAPA for the last two or three years --and as a result losing readers and contributors--I've decided it is time to turn it into a genzine once again so contributions would be welcomed. DYNATRON has never been overly serious although I have published my share of strictly serious material and will continue to do so if I think the material warrants publication. Neither has it been faaaaaaanish although I've published that sort of thing, too, and will again if it suits. This is, after all, a SF fanzine and I prefer SF oriented material--lightly done. I have no objection, for example, to publishing an article on the symbolism contained in the works of Robert Moore Williams or the social significance of the writings of S. P. Meek but I prefer it to be done in a manner that will produce a smile, a chuckle and, once in a while, a guffaw might be permitted.

As for articles about society, politics, etc., I'll do my own, thank you. Buck Coulson says I am an opinionated bastard. He's correct.

Hey, Christmas was pretty good. Chrys gave me a new atlas, a copy of Gernsback's Ultimate World and Bibby's Four Thousand Years Ago. I highly recommend that last one if you have any interest in ancient history. Diana presented me with a new AM-FM portable. René gave me 30 books from her drawing account at a local paperback exchange. I think she still has around 60 or 70 books coming to her. I've picked up 14 SF pbs so far that I haven't read. Books. Wonderful.

And some not so, eh? At a recent meeting we were discussing cybernetics and someone recommended Caidin's The God Machine. I found it at the library and, despite an aversion to Caidin's fiction, decided to read it. The usual story of the computer that decides to take over the world. Jones did it much better in Colossus. Dutton's cover blurb says "Martin Caidin is America's top space and science novelist." Eech! Caidin writes second rate artificial imitation science fiction and does a poor job of it. He has, however, access to enough government records and project to give his stories a heavy overlay of reality. The most interesting thing I found in The God Machine was the locale. Bear Creek Canyon in Colorado. Used to go picnicing and on school outings there when I was a kid many long years ago and yes, it has indeed disappeared behind the fences of Fort Carson. Last time I was in that area I found that even after more than 30 years the people whose land was taken for the Fort are still fighting the government over compensation.

So it goes.



Once in a while I got a request from some misguided soul--a new reader, obviously--to increase the frequency of publication of Dynatron. I admit that the thought of, say, monthly publication is appealing and would probably help to build the mailing list but I have neither the time, the money, nor the ambition to do more than four issues a year. Just enough to let you know I'm still here. Of course I also get requests to cease publication altogether and go off somewhere and die but I'm too stubborn to do that. Besides, I've been bugging fandom and fans (and faaaans?) too long to give it up now.

CWJohn says if I've been around fandom so damned long how come he never finds me mentioned in such things as The Immortal Storm or All Our Yesterdays. SaM's history covers events that were before my time even and I was never really active enough to come to the attention of fannish historians during the 1940s.

I suppose my most active period in fandom was during the 1960s although I go back longer than that. I've been reading stf and fantasy since the early 1930s, for instance. The old man was a stf reader and bought the magazines and I'd read them after he finished. Around 1937 Pablo Evans, John Jackson and myself formed a stf club in school and we got together regularly to discuss the latest magazines (which are the credentials that qualified me for First Fandom). It was 1940 when I made my first contacts with fandom to the extent of writing a few letters to the prozines and subscribing to a few fanzines (LeZ, VoM, and SPACEWAYS, notably.) but I never ventured too far in from the fringes. In 1945 I attended my first fannish event--the first SF Fanquet which was held in L.A. in February of that year. After that I drifted back to Asia and the fringes.

In 1949 I was back in San Francisco so I looked up the Golden Gate Futurians and joined that club and also the Little Men in Berkeley but still never got very active in fannish affairs. Starting in the early 50s I was busy in Asia once again so pretty well lost contact with fandom until 1960. At that time I once again subscribed to a few fanzines, found myself caught up in the fannish whirl, so to speak, and started pubbing Dynatron.

In the following ten years I got caught up in more fanactivity than ever before. Let's see: twice Chairman of the N3F Directorate, OE of N'APA, President of FAPA, made contact with Japanese fandom, in 1965 received the first award handed out by the combined Japanese fan clubs, was Fan Guest of Honor at Westercon 22 in 1969 and all like that.

All the activity takes place after I got old and fat. I guess that's because I had nothing better to do.

But Kipling was right you know...once you've heard the East a'calling.....

✕  
Lots of stf-type stuff on the telly these days, particularly in the made for TV movies (most of which are comparable with the B pictures of yesteryear). Very big on witches and vampires and devils and the like. Saw Something Evil with Sandy Dennis. Ghod, she's awful. And just finished watching the adaption of Zenna Henderson's The People. Welllll..... It was, ah, OK, I guess. I've never really been a big fan of the People stories. They're a touch too womanish for me.



Mentioning the telly reminds me... Dr Gilbert Holloway was on one of the local programs on New Year's Eve. Dr Holloway is not a fortune teller, oh dear, no. He is one of those who has "the Biblical gift of truth and prophecy." Leviticus something or other, I believe. Yes. Sort of a male Jeane Dixon one might say. This guy has a place over at Deming where he holds forth and baptizes the multitudes in the swimming pool and stuff like that. It being New Year's Eve he was being asked to offer a few predictions for 1972. Dr Holloway felt very strongly that Richard Nixon would be the Republican nominee for President of the U.S. The Democrats, he felt, would probably nominate Sen. Muskie unless, of course, they came up with someone else. As for the outcome of the election, well, President Nixon will probably be re-elected, however, he is by no means a shoo-in and could be defeated. Dr Holloway then made the startling prediction that we would have a cold snap within the next 30 to 60 days and that, alas, we were in for more smog (Albuquerque was under a heavy smog cover for the 10 days prior to Christmas).

Fantastic.

Vardebob said he could do as well and predicted a heat wave within the next six months.

And speaking of Crazy Bob Vardeman...he and his fawning acolytes in the Albuquerque SF Group have decided to do it again....another convention in Albuquerque this year. Bubonicon II or somesuch. 25,26 & 27 August so if you are going to LACon plan on stopping in Albuquerque on your way. For information write to Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, NM 87112.

No. No. Don't write to me. I mentioned the thing and now wash my hands of it.

I wonder if Speer is aware of what they are up to.

If you stop in Albuquerque you can take a ride on the Sandia Peak Tram. It takes you about 4,000 feet up the mountain in 15 minutes or so. Good ride but overpriced. Whatever you do, though, do not, repeat, not visit the Summit House Restaurant for dinner. Terrible place. We made the mistake of going up there a while back. The service was practically non-existent and the food, when it finally arrived, after a two hour wait, was not fit to eat. Practically had to beg to get a glass of water. Never did get coffee. Most definitely NOT RECOMMENDED.

I do recommend, however, ULTIMATE WORLD by Hugo Gernsback (Walker & Co. \$5.95). Not because it is any great shakes as a story but because it is a perfect example of Gernsbackian scientific fiction full of predicted scientific wonders complete with coined words to name them. According to Moskowitz's introduction (SaM edited the mss for publication), ULTIMATE WORLD was written in 1958. It would have been quite at home in a 1926 issue of AMAZING STORIES. ULTIMATE WORLD is the story of Earth's reaction to an invasion from space and is told in (obviously) typical Gernsbackian style. For all his faults as a writer, Uncle Hugo did have a touch and a way with names and there is some fine humor here, both intentional and unintentional. "New Wave" types, if any remain, won't care for ULTIMATE WORLD at all but it is well worth having on your shelves. SaM's introduction contains some rather interesting biographical material on "the father of science fiction."



THE SAD STORY OF THE STFZINES is well reported in Tony Lewis's annual survey which was published in LOCUS 103. With one exception the average sales for the year are down. Even ANALOG suffered a slight decline (about 1100) although Tony reports that the latest figures show the top zine's sales are climbing again; presumably there was some uncertainty after Campbell's death. The exception is IF which increased average sales from 35,230 in 1970 to 42,357 in 1971. ANALOG led the field, of course, with average yearly sales of 109,240. In second place was THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION with average yearly sales of less than half of ANALOG's: 46,185. GALAXY is in third place, IF is 4th, AMAZING is 5th and FANTASTIC is a very poor 6th with sales of only 24,376.

If there is any conclusion to be drawn from the figures it is that the vocal segments of fandom are, as usual, off on the wrong track. In almost any fanzine, except this one, you'll find columns and articles telling how bad ANALOG is and how the stories in that zine are so far out of touch with realities. Sales figures seem to prove otherwise, ne?

The continuing decline of AMAZING and FANTASTIC is rather sad because Ted White has done a great deal in improving the quality of the stories in the two zines. If there is any reason behind it, it could be that Ted has made the magazines too fan oriented. It has long been proven that the general reader is not the least interested in fanzine reviews and fan-oriented columns--he wants stories.

The increase in IF is hopeful and sales of both IF and GALAXY might improve if the two were on a monthly schedule. F&SF, like the Universal zines, continues a downward trend although the slope is not nearly as steep as for the latter two.

Ah, well, maybe 1972 will be better.

better that is.

If the stories get

**BOOSTING NEW MEXICO.** Life in the Land of Enchantment continues its merry pace. Subdividers are continuing to sell the state off to unsuspecting tenderfeet from the east in  $\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{1}{4}$  acre plots. The ~~annual~~ legislature is now in session and there is informal talk as to whether something should be done to control the land promoters. One legislator suggested that maybe there should be a law requiring the land barons to insure a water supply to their subdivisions but he was told that there was no need for anything that drastic...Justice follows its usual pattern: the three men arrested in connection with the raid on the hippie commune at Guadalupita (reported here last year) were charged with kidnapping, murder and rape. They were convicted of aggravated assault, a misdemeanor, and were sentenced to almost six months in jail... Our new automobile tags read "New Mexico, U.S.A." for the benefit of those who keep asking about passport regulations, import charges and the like...During the 10 day Christmas smog alert, which came within a few particles of reaching "Smog Emergency" status the city's air pollution control director--or something--was asked what would happen if the emergency level was reached. In the event air pollution reaches the emergency level, he said, we would call for an emergency session of the city and county commissions and ask them to take emergency measures for the emergency. Fantastic..."Militant" chicano groups keep talking about the Hispano-Indian heritage which prompted one Indian spokesman to inquire as to who gave those white men authority to speak for the Indians.

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I really must finish this issue. I tend to procrastinate. Yes. Signed up for a course in "Literature: Science Fiction" in UNM's Dept of Continuing Education but, alas, it was cancelled for lack of interest...Letter from Lapidus just before he departed for Amsterdam says: "The best thing about your book reports is to see the same cruddy non-sf books--things like Beth Brown's crud, etc--being sent to every fanzine crazy enough to review them." Yeah. One takes the bad with the good in this game. Face it, I don't read that crap by Beth Brown and Hans Holzer and all the other pseudo-mystics but I'm willing to give them a mention--after all, there are sfans who take that stuff seriously--in return for getting copies of science-fiction. Do the publishers sell copies of that stuff? Jerry asks. You better believe it. That's a big market. If it wasn't, the publishers wouldn't touch it. Jerry also mentions writers' workshops (such as Clarion) in comments on my comments on the Clarion book.

I am dubious about writers' workshops. Mostly they seem to be mutual admiration societies or places where the artsy-fartsy set gathers to display their pseudo-intellectual ignorance. Writers write. They do not attend sessions on how to write--except, perhaps, if they are paid to lecture.

Number One daughter, Diana, cast her first vote last November and that election was fairly simple as there were no candidates involved. It was strictly a matter of some amendments to the state constitution. This year, of course, is a different matter what with all sorts of offices up for grabs. Being a new voter Diana is taking a rather hard look at some of the candidates. Looking back over the records she has discovered that politicians seem to have a habit of saying one thing and doing the opposite.

"Father," she said, "how can you tell if a politician is lying?"

There are, I allowed, certain signs by which the veracity of political candidates may be tested. Generally it shows in the face. One must observe the politician's eyes--if they are a bit squinty then he might be lying. The nose is another possible indicator--if it twitches a bit then he might be lying. The surest indication, however, is the mouth--if his mouth is moving then he is lying.

At the AlbqSFG a while back the discussion centered around sf writers as prophets. Vardebob nominated Pohl & Kornbluth for The Space Merchants which, he felt was a good indication of the way things were going. Six or seven people picked Asimov citing various references. Speer discussed Stapledon at short length but dismissed him as a prophet. His choice was Heinlein and he quoted some of RAH's background passages which do, indeed, read like today's newspapers. A couple of people quoted writers whose names didn't ring a bell at all--obscure mainstream types who have begun to dabble in sf. When the question reached me I said that I would like to say George R. Stewart for Earth Abides but that was just wishful thinking. Vardeman almost became violent at that. My serious nomination, however, was Mack Reynolds for his view of the cashless, computerized, cradle-to-the-grave, capitalist welfare state. TV and trunk. A likely solution to national problems. Not a solution, really, but it is easy and, considering politicians, the way we could go.

HORT



## SCIENCE FICTION IN THE HERO PATTERN

by

PAT McCRAW

Using Joseph Campbell's hero pattern, we can see that science fiction easily falls into that pattern. First there is the call to adventure and the sign of a hero. Simply, the call to adventure is that which first moves the hero to take some action. Secondly, if the hero does not refuse his task, he finds helpers, generally of the supernatural type. Thirdly, he is ready to cross the threshold. "With personifications of his destiny to guide and aid him, the hero goes forward in his adventure until he comes to the 'threshold guardian' at the entrance to the zone of magnified power." (I'll come back to this one in a few moments.) Next comes the hero's passing into night; or his rest or renewal. Then there are the trials and the temptress goddess he must overcome before he can be truly successful. As the last step he returns to that which he left and supplies the human race with more knowledge or a profound understanding of the nature of the universe.

That sounds like formula writing in science-fiction, doesn't it? You could, of course, apply this pattern to almost any type of literature and see that the pattern fits any hero. So the next question is how do you find the mythology in science-fiction and what makes mythology mythology?

Simply put, there is no need to define mythology--it is something which even critics can't agree on; so my definition is that mythology is a force (or story) which is represented with human referents which help to give meaning to life. You do not judge mythology on what it is saying, rather, like Campbell, you judge mythology on its effectiveness.

Now that we have the answer to the second question we can begin a search through science-fiction to see how mythology works. For purposes of this article we will consider two disparate pieces of science-fiction.

Let's look first at Walter Miller's A Canticle For Leibowitz. Now here's an interesting plot. The time is after the holocaust of the third world war. Man is rebuilding civilization and guess who the keepers of knowledge are--the priests! There are not ordinary priests--they are Catholic in structure, but what a strange Catholic!

"From the pace of ground zero, O lord, deliver us.  
From the rain of the cobalt, O lord, deliver us.  
From the rain of the strontium, O lord, deliver us.  
From the fall of the cesium, O lord, deliver us."



Before the Church will accept a priest or brother, it is necessary for the novice to spend time in the wilderness becoming acquainted with his thoughts and to know his own mind (a find your place in the universe idea). Now, while Brother Francis was out in the desert he stumbled upon an old Fallout shelter. (This could be his call to adventure.) One day he stumbled upon the sign which said "Fallout Survival Shelter --Maximum Occupancy: 15." He had never before seen a fallout and he visualized one as a half-salamander. "He had unwittingly broken into the abode (deserted he prayed) of not just one, but fifteen of the dreadful beings!"

Here we have the story of man's beginning search for knowledge. In the shelter, Francis discovered one of the "Blessed Mysteries" of Leibowitz. It was a document that read "Pound pastrami, can kraut, six bagels--bring home." Someday the world would learn what those words meant and then man's knowledge would be complete again.

In Canticle Walter Miller postulates that the myth of Jesus will exist long after all knowledge is destroyed, but no one will know exactly what form it will take. In this book the name of Jesus is lost and it is Leibowitz who takes his place. Leibowitz collected electric circuit diagrams and tried to prevent the war; but the war came and destroyed everything but the scraps of knowledge which those left had to decipher. The book makes a complete circle. It starts with the Deluge (radiation from war), goes through man's attempts to build up civilization, his success, and, finally, another Deluge. This is just like a compact history of Christianity in one book only it comes under the heading of science-fiction.

I think you can call science-fiction the new mythology. It takes old myths, projects them in the future. Instead of being concerned with the beginnings of the world, as most mythology is, science-fiction is concerned with man's search for himself. Space or the Universe can quite literally be interpreted as being man's collective unconscious through which he strolls seeking to find new things which give him a deeper understanding of himself.

Many science-fiction stories are based on or involve characters out of Greek mythology. For example, let's look at a STAR TREK episode with the two ideas in mind--that it is a stroll through the unconscious and an application of Greek mythology. The title of the episode is Who Mourns For Adonis?.

While on one of its voyages in the universe to seek out new knowledge the Starship ENTERPRISE is stopped by a hand. There is a planet nearby which seems to be the place from which the power is originating. Of course the captain and crew members important to the plot must beam down. Guess who they find! The Greek God, Apollo! (Don't ask why the episode wasn't titled Who Mourns for Apollo? instead of Adonis.)

As it turns out all the gods but Apollo have spread themselves on the wind and died or become one with the universe. It is Apollo who remains steadfast in his knowledge that men will come to seek him and when he sees the first men, he makes them prisoners. All he wants to do is give men peace and the simple life that they supposedly once knew on Earth. In return, he asks only that they worship him.



Captain Kirk is too complicated a man to want the simple life. After all, man was not made for the simple life--he was made to be free, to wander where he will, to be able to believe only in himself. No gods are suitable--especially old-fashioned and obsolete ex-Greek gods.

In the end Apollo's temple is destroyed and man reigns supreme. What seems to be being said here is that man has traveled the universe --his own unconscious--and finds himself the supreme being. There is no need for gods because man, himself, can rise above them all. On another level the story seems to say that conventional gods are of no use to modern man and he must continue his search before he can find peace within himself and his universe.

Pat McCraw

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### TOKYO FILE

by

TAKUMI SHIBANO

(Reprinted from UCHUJIN No. 159 & No. 160)

The 10th Japan SF Convention (DAICON-2) was held on Aug. 21-22 in Osaka promoted by Club Chojinrui (Chairman: Masanori Takahashi), and some 250 fans gathered. It was the largest national con ever held outside Tokyo.

First day we had the main assembly with a 16mm film showing, an auction, a fannish game, a quiz and speeches by some pros and BNFs. A beautiful opening program titled "Introduction" composed of an 8 mm film, slides and music, was highly welcomed by all attendees. A gathering at a hotel in the evening was joined by some 150 who enjoyed an 8 mm film showing and discussions.

The program for the second day included 3 events performed in parallel in 3 rooms. They were: a discussion on SF and fandom, huckster and auction, and a 16 mm film show. In the afternoon Sakyo Komatsu, Yasutaka Tsutsui and Taku Mayumura (all authors from Osaka) made their appearances. Also cartoonists Go Nagai and Osamu Tezuka attended the 1st day and the 2nd, respectively. Masaru Mori, editor of SF-MAGAZINE, mixed with young fans throughout the con.

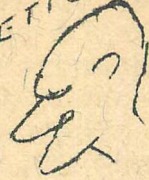
Maynard Hogg of Canada, who had been an exchange student in Doshisha University in Kyoto, attended the con representing his group, the British Columbia SF Association. It was the first time our national con had a formal foreign attendee.

(continued on page 18)



D Y N A L E T T E R S

DYNA-  
LETTERS?



YECH!

ROBERT COULSON, Rt 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348:

Maybe the Post Office improvements haven't reached the west coast yet. Actually the delivery has improved lately in the midwest. I suspect it's less due to postal reforms than to the Independent Postal System taking most of the load of third class mail in Chicago and other big city centers. (Incidentally, if you get any Christmas cards or packages bearing funny-looking stamps with IPSA on them, remember that I'm a stamp collectors...)

So man's only advantage over the animals is tobacco? Well, I've been saying for years that I prefer dogs to people. New Mexico is a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there.

Of course, paperback prices stayed relatively level longer than wages did, so it's a bit difficult to specify how much more work it takes to buy one now than it did then; the problem being which "then". At one point, paperbacks were 35¢ and I was making 65¢ an hour, the legal minimum. Judging from that, a \$1.25 paperback is cheaper for me now than a 35¢ one was then. But the 35¢ price remained after I was making more than 65¢ an hour. When paperbacks went to 50¢, I was making, I think, around \$1.50 per hour, a relative lessening in cost and about equivalent (for me) to a 95¢ pb today.

You say you won't pay \$1.25 for a paperback when you can get a Book Club edition for 50¢ more. But you can't; the vast majority of Book Club editions sell for 75¢ in paperback so you're really paying \$1.00 more (which isn't worth it in a lot of cases.) I'd sooner have hardcovers of really good books, but most stuff I prefer in paperback; cheaper and easier to store. (In fact, I won't even pay original paperback prices for a lot of it; I either pick it up secondhand or I don't get it.)

Well, if you must have the name of a brilliant fan recruited through a con, the '52 Chicon was instrumental in keeping me in fandom, though I had received a couple of fanzines before attending. I was in that dubious neofan stage, and the con convinced me. The next year I fell into Juanita's clutches and have had no chance to escape fandom since.

Actually THE DEVIL'S CHURCHYARD was better than average gothic. I haven't been reading too many gothics, but I've picked up a lot on the stands and skimmed through them. (Partly because one occasionally gets a genuine fantasy packaged as a gothic.) Turton's was well above average. Which gives you an idea of what the average is like.

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MIKE GILNER, 14074 Osceola St., Sylmar, Calif. 91342:

I have always appreciated Schmitz's work in the Hub series, and even tolerated the early Telzey stories. But these latest were such morasses of disorganization, internal inconsistency, and special pleading, that I spent a page-and-a-half griping to Campbell about them. He never answered anything I wrote about his magazine's SF, though. But what I said, in brief, was that Telzey's powers are incredibly arbitrary. They spring up whenever the plot calls for it. They were fantasy, not SF, by his own definition. The melange of terminology like thought screen, probe, psi trap, etc., ad infinitum was equivocated every other paragraph. Even EE Smith has done a better job correlating the powers of his characters. The later Telzey stories were hackwork that Williams would even be ashamed to write.

I find it passing incredible that your fanzine has survived 47 issues. Other than YANDRO I can't think of any that's been around so long.

BILL DANNER, RD 1, Kennerdell, Pa., 16374:

Writings in the Sand suggests that I ask if you saw the tv special a year or so ago (or heard of the matter otherwise) about some birds in one of the south sea islands which use tools. For digging something out of somewhere (you see how good my memory is) they will pick up twigs and discard them until they find one that is just the right size and then go to work. I wonder if anyone ever wrote a sf story on such a premise.

If Knight's Hell's Pavement was issued recently it is, indeed, a reissue. My copy came out when pbs were only 35¢--1955 to be exact.

I found your article on the Book of Pengque interesting but very confusing. Try as I would I couldn't keep all those characters straight but their exploits kept me reading anyway.

SANDRA MIESEL, 8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind., 46240:

I liked the Telzey stories in the beginning but found her becoming increasingly snotty as she ages so I don't bother reading them anymore. Perhaps it was just my imagination, but in the Freas cover for The Telzey Toy doesn't the villain look uncannily like Asimov? Some points on The Tuvela: surprised no one has ever mentioned the cover as an example of Campbell's puritanical censorship--in the text the heroine is supposed to be topless. I mentioned this to Schoenherr and he just chuckled. He also revealed that he draws all his animals from life (compositing when necessary. The intelligent otters in The Tuvela were drawn from a friend's pets.

JACK SPEER, 2416 Cutler NE, Albuquerque, N.M. 87106:

"my old and rare" seems to combine two phrases, of which i know the German source, but not the source for "old and rare".

Vardeman: Specifying that a medal is for heroism doesn't imply they might also give medals for cowardice, but for diligence, donations, and various other things. I'm surprised to hear the Lion of Lucerne coupled with Napoleon's "The old guard dies, but never surrenders". The lion honors the Swiss guards who died defending a Bourbon.

(Lazarus Long)?

Woodrow Wilson Smith

Trouble with that computer produced by unskilled labor



is, it needs ever higher pay. Electronic computers, on the other hand, get cheaper steadily if unevenly (i hear that the arithmetic unit has become so much cheaper that it now costs only a fraction of the usual output units.)" The quotations from Mother Shipton are not impressive. No one who knew what was going to happen would name 1926 as a special year to prepare for catastrophe. Neither would heesh counsel avoiding tragedy by building house light of straw and sticks. What are the lines from Nostradamus giving us until 2000? In referring to Egyptian prophecy are you relying on the length of a tunnel in the Great Pyramid? The natural reason for putting the space odyssey in 2001 is that it's the beginning of a new millenium.

In deeming inflationary recession to be utterly fantastic, you assume there's something paradoxical about it. Why would some people being out of work keep other people from charging more for what they sell? " You seem to disagree with your alter ego about the force behind today's mobs. My own observations led me to believe there's some truth in the ntion that Communist-trained people are active in directing them. " Ya dope, i meant in what writing did Carroll speculate on the insane etc. If you answer Spencerian, i'll give up.

BOB GEORGE, Villa Drive, Route 8, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311:

Please note change of address. I am now out of the Navy and going to graduate school at UT in Chattanooga, working on MBA degree. However, this might change as I'm tired of studying, and trying to find a place that can use my talents.

Enjoyed most of DYNATRON #47, especially the Telzey article. Such an in depth review of a current series is not too common and most warranted. I believe in psi forces and enjoy reading about their use. The ramifications could certainly be something if psi could be developed in much of the population.

The article on book prices certainly hits the nail on the head. One really thinks more than twice about buying many paperbacks for \$1.25. I have started waiting for my copy at the library and scouring used book stores. Also note that Lin Carter's 95¢/volume fantasy series has gone up to \$1.25. I thought 95¢ was a bit high.

This past semester we read Galbraith's New Industrial State. His prediction of our future economy sounds similar to Orwell's planned bureaucracy in 1984. The only difference is that Galbraith feels we should accept it.

TERRY HUGHES, 407 College Ave., Columbia, Mo. 65201:

Did you send a copy of thish to the New Mexico Tourism Board by any chance? I'm sure they'd really love your comments on the Land of Enchantment. A desert in the middle of a drought. Fascinating. Excuse me, but did you say New Mexico also has a lot of Bu-bu-bu-bu(slap) BUBONIC PLAGUE?!! I've been in New Mexico a few times before but it doesn't look like I'll go there again for a while. Do you realize the Black Death could wipe out fandom in one swell foop?

XXXXX

Pay attention now. The 25th West Coast Science Fantasy Conference (WESTERCON XXV) will be held in Long Beach, Calif. 30Jun-4Jul72. Yes. Guest of Honor is the well known cellist Lloyd Biggle, Jr. He also writes stf. Fan GoH is Len Moffatt. Membership rates are \$4 through 31 May. After that they go up. Make checks payable to WESTERCON XXV and the address is WESTERCON XXV, 14524 Filmore, Arleta, CA 91331.

DYNATRON



BILL WOLFENBARGER:

THE BOB FARNHAM LETTERS

Just the other evening I was rambling through my correspondence files and caught sight of Bob Farnham's letters. My memory tripped back to those days when I was full of young blood and an intense awareness of fandom. Seeing all those letters brought it all back again, with pleasure and pain.

I met Bob through correspondence in the summer of 1961 when he was a member of the National Fantasy Fan Federation Welcome Committee and the Corresponding Secretary of the Southern Fandom Group. During this stage the talking concerned mostly club matters. Bob told me he published THE CHIGGER PATCH OF FANDOM on an irregular basis, and that this fanzine was round robin letters and his wild, inventive Southern humor. I finally got to see a copy when I was Historian for SFG and it's all true. Bob was also a professional writer, of sorts; that is to say he made one sale to the makers of Sal Hepatica in 1948, two sales to FATE in 1954-55, and one sale to IF in 1960. "I haven't made any effort to write since the last one," he wrote.

In the same letter (dated August 12, 1961) he praised Judy Dikty as being "the pivot, moving spirit and the Power behind Chi-con 2, of 1952"; he said "without doubt the finest character in Fandom". I have read elsewhere that Bob Farnham hitchhiked to Chicago to attend that convention with something like a total purse of \$1.50! Farnham was hip to Fandom. If that ain't a truefan, you can blow smoke rings around Chicago!

Bob's next letter (dated unknown from Dalton, Georgia) is revealing:

"Since arthritis hit me in November, 1955, I haven't had very much entheusiasism (spel?) for typer-wprol and as all fen know typer-work is ALL fanactivity. May some day pick up speed again, but then . . . ."

The same letter reveals his wit, his wild humor, which characterized his fanzine and his personality:

"David Hulan gets his neck in a noose Nov 12th in Atlanta and will stop by en route home, for a short visit.....hope he can stand my coffee after being so long on Army Style coffee. Know how they make it? Back in 1921-26 they used to put in a pair of sergeants old socks, the soles off a pair of a sergeants old hiking shoes, a coffee bean and ten gallons of water; the mess was allowed to simmer for 23 hours. If you could keep two cupfuls down for 2 hours, you were IN the army right....Now days tho, they've refined that formulae a little by adding 5 cast-off cigar butts from the Captains tent



spittoon.. flavor is a bit stronger but otherwise there is little change in the stuff. Sometimes a GOOD pinch of Copenhagen Snuff helps quite a bit, too."

The letter dated May 24, 1962 is handwritten in pencil. Under the date is: "H-O-T! 91<sup>0</sup>". Bob's arthritis is hitting him hard. He writes:

"I'm not going to quit & give up. But the path I'm on is ruff & I often grow tired and discouraged; there are other things beside pain that I have to combat but it is my FAITH in God and His Words in the Bible that keep me going. Just the same, release will be welcomed. The friends I have in and out of fandom help tremendously, too.

"I am some improved. Toes are getting well, the Doc gave me back my pipe and I get a couple of H C books or prozines now & then, so things, in the long run, add up for the better.

"Yes, I know there are others and when I think of them I feel small for all my yowling."

The last paragraph to this letter reads:

"I have read The Old Testaments once clear thru and Revalations 3 times. My heart could be better too. .. All 4 this trip."

During Christmas in 1962 I was living with my grandparents and an uncle in Farmington, New Mexico, and working in a supermarket. I decided Bob needed a Christmas present, and got in touch with Santa Clause. Bob's letter of December 24th, 1962 (at 10:30 p.m.) reads in total:

"Dear ~~BYXX~~ Santa:

"I was STARTLED into SPEECHLESSNESS when I saw that pipe. I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO AFFORD A KAYWOODIE. They are one of the leading best brands made! It is very gentle breaking in and at long last I really have a GOOD PIPE...

"It is difficult, in writing or in words, to express the gratitude I feel toward you for this Xmas gift, Bill...But know you this. I do feel so.

"My sis-in-law gave me a 1 lb. can of GRANGER, RUFF cut. Hard to pack in the pipe & hard to keep lit, but nice taste. I prefer Prince Albert but 'gotta' smoke this 'G' up or risk a family 'war'.

"TSK!

"Now & then I come into possession of a good H-C item of STF. Next one I get I'll send. My health seems better but no fan-news.

Sincerely  
- Bobeff"

That's the final letter from Bob Farnham I have in my correspondence files.



In the mid-60s I was living in Los Angeles, exploring worlds within and without myself. Memory blurs which fan I was then visiting the time I was reading a fanzine and learned of Bob Farnham's death. It hit me hard. But then I recalled his letters, the parts which spoke of welcoming release and of his faith. I have this feeling that his faith carried him over into the next life.

BILL WOLFENBARGER

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Editor's note: Bob Farnham was one of those old time fans, well-known and liked although he never was acknowledged a BNF, whatever that may be. In his later years he was one of the mainstays of the N3F and, although frequently bothered by chronic illness, he never lost his enthusiasm--or his sense of wonder--and was always willing to do a job if he could or lend a hand to any fan. I suppose that Bob Farnham could best be summed up by an old fannish cliché: he was a good fan and true. RT.

XXXXX

desert

low giant conquering clouds  
abiding above the desert  
safeguarding even mountains  
& the inner breath of God  
past San Mateo Blvd.  
in Albuquerque New Mexico  
of sand & rock  
& colossal billboards  
& stony underpass  
& quite suddenly the sky lengthens

-BILL WOLFENBARGER  
Albuquerque, 20Aug1967

Where have I been?  
Where am I now?  
Where shall I go?  
Why must I go?  
Because I have been  
And I am here now.  
Time does not stop:  
It is going into the future  
Making the present the past.

-DIANA TACKETT

Perhaps I have always listened,  
Hearing the sounds of bygone  
Ages calling to me.  
Elsewhen is my time: leaving the  
Dreary grayness of today to  
Run after the mammoth with my  
Aurignacian brothers.

- Elarty



THE LIGHT

by

RICHARD JAY ROSS

Pain! Pain! I die. I am born. I grow. Again I die, am born, grow. The cycle repeats itself over and over. Finally I awake into the brighter sunlight of morning after a night of nightmares. Lately they have become worse. Nothing seems to help: sleeping pills, suggestion. I'll be glad when I am done with this job. I'm not sure we are doing the right thing trying to engineer mutations into the human form. We don't know enough yet about the human blueprint to be able to say with certainty just what we are going to come out with in each experiment. I'm not even sure we know what we want as the final form. Some of the monsters I have seen!!

Ever since the development of the artificial womb and forced growth techniques, some 150 years ago, man has been trying to catalogue the positions and the characteristics of each of the 26 pairs of chromosomes that makes a man a man and not something else.

The first experiments were complete failures. Using ova and sperm donated by the laboratory staff and using crude irradiation and even cruder micro-surgery techniques the embryos died to the last one. Using the artificial womb and forced growth, a normal fetus could be brought to full term and given the body of a full grown man in six months. Now all micro-surgery is done with electron microscopes and the laser scalpel. We can remove a chromosome or alter its structure to almost anything that we want. The thing is we don't know if the alteration to the chromosome is going to give us exactly what we hope. I have seen boneless masses of flesh, bodies with skin of chitin like an insect, bodies with no limbs or too many limbs, bodies that look like something out of a nightmare.

We have given up trying to change the basic form and are concentrating on the brain. I'm not sure that some of these aren't just as monstrous as the physical deviants. The last one was a psychic amplifier; it picked up emotions from people in a high emotional state within a range of many miles and broadcast these same emotions, many times amplified, to anyone within several hundred yards. Have you ever experienced the pain of dying, of being born, any and all emotional states all at once? There seems to be a lingering effect even after the experiment is dead. I'm still having nightmares over it.

We are now trying to develop an inherent memory in our experiments so that when they are awakened they will have a full set of basic memories to use. It will help us to better evaluate the experiment if they are able to talk almost at once. We are due to awaken the latest



experiment this morning. It will be interesting to hear what its first words will be, probably something one of its ancestors said.

Well, he's awake now. Funny how we now refer to him as him instead of it. Once they are awake it seems more proper to refer to them by their sex and not in the neuter. He seems to be a young man of about 25, of average height, dark, strong face, hook nose, he has the look of power about him. I hope this one is better than the last one was. He's moving now, coming fully awake. What will he say? We hope that what he says will give us some clue to his earliest identity/memory. He's mumbling now. WHAT??

"I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD; HE THAT FOLLOWETH ME SHALL NOT WALK IN DARKNESS."

Richard Jay Ross

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I am created in the image of my Maker, said Adam.  
Look at yourself in the mirror, said the Scarecrow.  
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TOKYO FILE (continued from page 10)

The last program of DAICON-2 was the presentation of Sciun Awards. The winners were:

Novel (Japanese): WHO SUCCEED MAN? by Sakyo Komatsu  
(Foreign ): THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN by M. Crichton

Short Story (Japanese): VITAMINS by Yasutaka Tsutsui  
(Foreign ): THE POEM by Ray Bradbury

Dramatic Presentation: U.F.O. (A TV film series).

The general meeting of the Federation of SF Fangroups of Japan was held in the evening of the first day. Yoshiyuki Kato, former secretary of the Federation, was elected Chairman succeeding Nobumitsu Ohmiya, and Jun'ya Yokota was elected the new secretary. Two clubs, SF-Kosho Kenkyukai and Club-Chojinrui, left the Federation, which resulted in the number of member clubs being decreased to 12.

NEW BOOKS: Yasutak Tsutsui, A SAMBA OF ESCAPE AND CHASE (novel) and ZIG-ZAG ISLES OF JAPAN (collection). Tadashi Hirose, EROS (novel). Aritsune Toyota, THE DESCENDANT OF CONQUERORS (novel). Koichi Yamano, WHERE'S THE BIRD FLYING NOW? (collection). Fujio Ishihara, FANCY AND RELATIVITY and SF-ROBOTICS (both non-fiction). Shin'ichi Hoshi, IN HIS OWN DREAMLAND (Juvenile novel). Masao Segawa, TO THE LUNA-CITY OF TOKYO (juvenile novel). Ichiro Kano, THE MIRACLE GIRL (juvenile novel). John Boyd, THE LAST STARSHIP FROM EARTH.

TAKUMI SHIBANO

UCHUJIN is the leading Japanese fanzine published monthly by Takumi Shibano. UCHUJIN is a handsome, printed fanzine containing articles, fiction, illustrations and photographs and is certainly one of the outstanding fanzines in the world. It deserves a Hugo but will probably never receive one because, except for one page in English, the zine is entirely in Japanese. Still it is supposed to be a Worldcon, ne?....RT



Sigh. What does one do when one reaches the end of his fanzine and finds he is still more than a page short? One fills. Now if I were in Harry Warner's position and had great stacks of fillers coming across my desk each day that would be no problem. Alas, I am not that fortunate. However....

At the University of New Mexico recently Ms (pronounced Mess?) Robin Morgan addressed a Women's Lib group calling on them to use violence to throw off the yoke of the male oppressors. "Kill or Die for Women's Lib" was the way the Daily LOBO reported the matter. Presumably Ms Morgan's listeners were converted; a male student who wandered into the meeting was set upon and thoroughly beaten, kicked and bashed by several members of the ah, gentler sex. Or so it is reported.

I made it official and joined LACon so now I'm duly eligible to make Hugo nominations and all that sort of thing. I'm not sure just what I'll nominate, though. Well, that's not completely true for I have made up my mind in the fan categories.

Best fmz: UCHUJIN, SPECULATION, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY

Best fan writer: Vardoman, Ethel Lindsay, John Foyster

Best fan artist: ConR Faddis, Arthur Thomson, Steve Fabian

In the pro categories...I lean toward Oliver's The Shores of Another Sea and Schmitz's The Lion Game. And Uncle Hugo's Ultimate World.

Novella? I don't know. Wheels Within Wheels by Wilson is as good as anything else. Shorts? Who knows? Artist: Freas, of course. Prozine: ANALOG or the Japanese SF MAGAZINE.

Dramatic presentation?

I really don't have the foggiest on that one.

Alexander the Great was born 356BC and died in Babylon in 323BC. What was the name of his horse?

For those interested in such things:

The 4th year of the 687th Olympiad begins on July 1.

This is the year 2725 AUC. 1392 of the Mohamadan Era. Year 5733 of the Jewish Era begins on September 8. It is also the 47th year of Showa. All of which should be of much disinterest to you. But when one is fillering--anything goes.

I could tell you of my experiences as a juror but there isn't enough room left. I havnn't said much about books in this issue. Next time on that.

Which will be, if all goes as expected, the May issue.

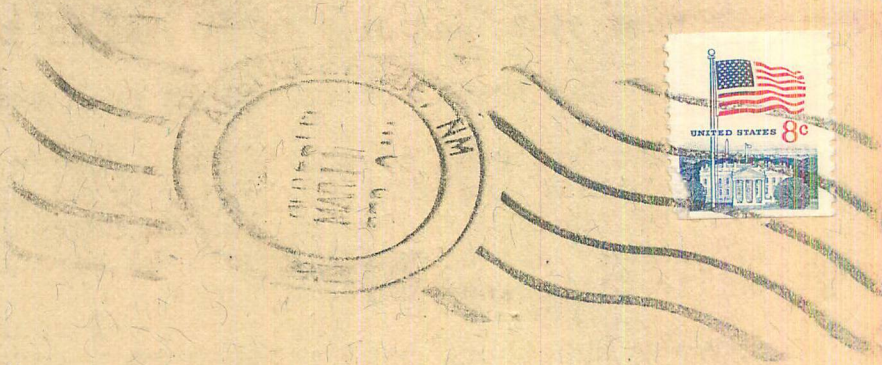
And enough of this.

Roy Tackett



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