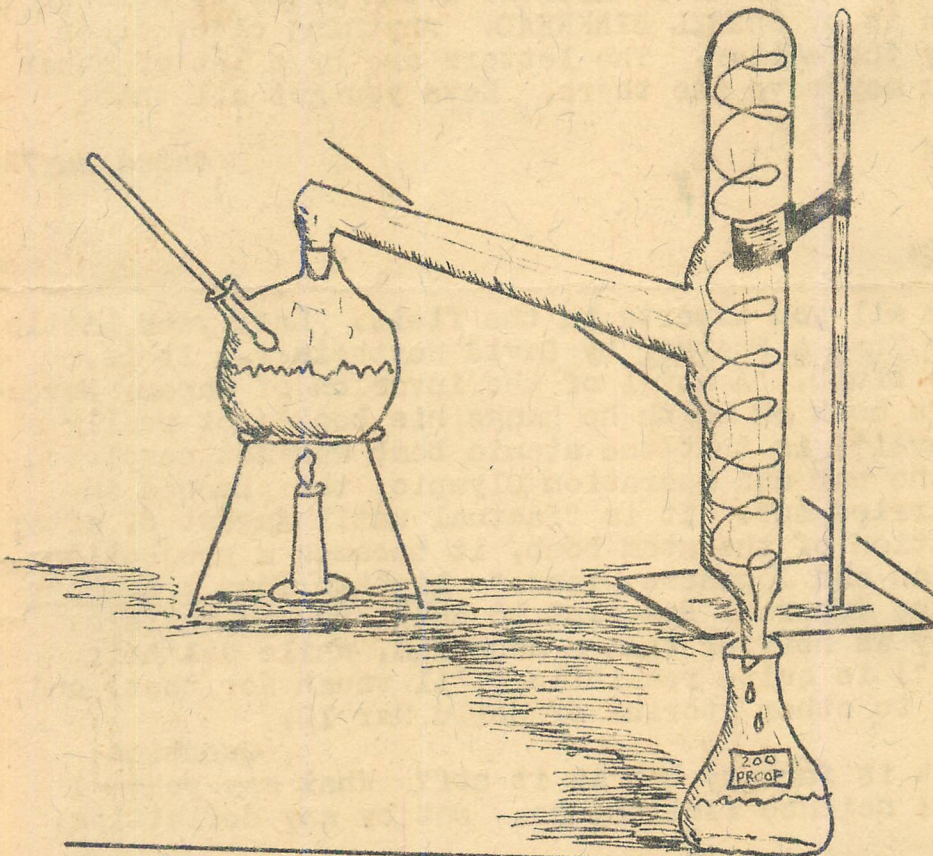


7-17-72

49

**CAUTION:** Resident mad  
scientist at  
work



# DYNATRON



Let me make this perfectly clear...this is, indeed it is, the 49th (count 'em) issue--or somewhere in that general vicinity [do you remember General Vicinity? General N. T. Vicinity, USAF. Yes. Stupid sumbish,] thereof of (fanfare (no, not fanfare--that was somebody else's (hey Juffus, suppose I had written somebody's else?) fanzine)) (HA! I never forget to close them all. One of these days I'll publish a fanzine called PARENTHESES (or did Willis already do that?) DYNATRON. (I'll bet you thought I'd never get there.) But, to return to the subject, my loyal subjects, this is DYNATRON #49. It, as has been the custom with past issues, is edited (I started to say "hastily thrown together" but, even though it looks that way, it has taken more than three months to produce) and published by the same old editor and publisher, yhos, Roy Tackett, at the same old address, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107. DYNATRON, for the unformed unwashed, is, these days, published on a theoretically quarterly schedule and, yes, I don't manage, somehow to get out four issues in a year--usually late. Like this issue is late. You should have been reading it three weeks ago. Two, anyway. Where was I? This thing (don't call it a thing) fanzine costs two bits per copy or a letter of comment or your fanzine in trade or an article I can print or somesuch. The cover of this issue is by SHERYL BIRKHEAD. Anything else, other than the letters, is by the editor. The letters are by a lot of other people. Look--even you may have one there. Have you got all that?

A MARINATED PUBLICATION

dated May72

### WRIT(H)INGS IN THE SAND:

OK, here's one for all you experts in the field. Last year Little Brown published Lighter Than a Feather by David Westheimer. It is, according to the jacket blurb, "A novel of the invasion of Japan, November 1945." Westheimer's hook on which he hangs his book (not really a novel, well, define "novel") is that the atomic bomb was not completed in time to be used in the war and Operation Olympic, the planned invasion of Japan, was carried out. It is "factual until August 6, after which, with the elimination of the atom bomb, it becomes a projection of then-existing American and Japanese plans." Lighter Than a Feather (the title comes from the Imperial Rescript to Soldiers and Sailors: "...be resolved that duty is heavier than a mountain, while death is lighter than a feather.") is quite realistic (I'll vouch for that) and comparable, in its way, to other stories of World War II.

Is it stf? Certainly it is fantasy but is it stf? What say you? I say "no". Fantasy, yes; science fiction, no. Not by any definition.

Hey, got to tell you this one. New Mexico like many states, has (had?) a "filing fee" for candidates for political office. Potential "public servants" had to put up a sum equal to 6% of the first year's salary of the office they were seeking in order to get their names on the ballot. In the case of some of the, ah, loftier, shall we say, offices, such as Yewnited States Sennytoar, this filing fee amounted to around twenty-five hundred bucks and that, as they say, ain't alfalfa (however, it is liable to be if we don't get some rain pretty soon).

Three potential, but poor, candidates for the U.S. Senate took the issue to court (federal court, that is). A three judge panel eyed the



New Mexico law, checked the U.S. Constitution and declared that the only requirements for the office of Senator were set forth in Article I of the Constitution and anything else was unconstitutional. The filing fee, at least for candidates for the Senate, was out. The state Attorney General, Dave Norvell, himself a candidate for the Senate, issued an opinion that the filing fee was illegal for all offices.

Now, fellow fen, you have got to picture the consternation in the ranks of the professional politicians. Why, why, this ruling meant that just anybody could run for office. Unthinkable! The Gov wanted to call a special session of the legislature to establish requirements for holding political office in New Mexico. A couple of people waved the Constitution at him. He mumbled a bit and settled down. The, ah, "news" media, as it is called, hastily began pouring over the equal time law. There were predictions of utter disaster. Tens, nay, hundreds of candidates were predicted. Egad!

Came filing day. (That's the sun coming up over there, dummy.) 40 ~~xxxxxx~~ candidates for the U. S. Senate. 28 Democans and 12 Republicrats. Somewhere around 8 or 10 from either party for the #1 House seat. One Demican (the incumbent) for the #2 House seat and a number of Republocrats.

Meantime, back in Santa Fe... a group of lawyers known as the statehouse gang or the courthouse gang or the outhouse gang or somesuch persuaded, they say, one Happy Apodaca to take the filing fee question to the New Mexico Supreme Court. The honorable justices ruled...you'd better sit down for this one... that the filing fee was unconstitutional only for the three candidates who had originally filed the suit in federal court but was constitutional for everybody else. They directed the Secretary of State to collect the filing fees and told her that the Attorney General could not give her any legal advice. (Fantastic! The state's chief legal advisor has been barred by the state supreme court from giving the state legal advice!) The AG appealed to the US Supreme Court which took the mess under advisement. The three federal judges in Albuquerque told the Secretary of State that they didn't care about the rest of the offices but if she attempted to collect filing fees from any candidates for Senator she would be in contempt of court. The Secretary of State was trying to scrape up enough money to hire a lawyer to tell her what she should do.

The biggest clown act in history.

More attractions of the Land of Enchantment. West of Albuquerque, across the Rio Grande is a string of some 21 volcanic cones running south to north. Five or six fairly large hills and the rest are quite small. For years I've heard from the Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce--and other booster types--that the volcanos have been extinct for at least a million years. Recently a question appeared in the local paper about this. Chap said he was hiking out around the volcanos and found a small cave from which steam was emerging. True, said the paper's answer man. The volcanos are located on one of the local faults and are still hot. Ol' Roytac and family went looking. By Klono's lava lumbar--there is steam coming out of that cave. A local geologist says, oh, hell yes, those volcanos are not extinct--just dormant. Any chance of an eruption? You betchum, Red Ryder, at any time.



And when one of the men's dorms at the University of Albuquerque was set on fire last week the loss was almost total--there wasn't enough pressure in the city water mains to fight the fire.

Every day in Albuquerque someone is shot or stabbed, quite often fatally, and there are eight to ten or more burglaries and armed robberies. The police are protecting the city, though. With much publicity they arrested a girl for drinking wine in Yale Park.

The power plants at Four Corners complained to the state environmental protection agency that they couldn't possibly get their pollution under control by the end of 1973. The environmental protection agency looked stern and told them that they'd better get it done by the end of 1974 then.

Tom Morris, a former congressman we through out four years ago because he got the idea he was representing Tom Morris instead of New Mexico is running for the Senate. He told a group of students at the University of New Mexico he thought giving the vote to people under 21 was a mistake. They told him he wouldn't have to be concerned with it....

Oh, well, enough of that. Let's get to something more sensible than New Mexico politics.

Er, yes, well.....I keep wondering if James Nelson Coleman is putting us on. I picked up a copy of The Null-Frequency Impulser the other day. It was published by Berkley in 1969 but it has the flavor of 1939. Writers just do not write like that any more. Imagine the worst example you can think of in the way of ancient pulp magazine hackwork. That is the way The Null-Frequency Impulser is written. Coleman writes as if he got his story ideas from comic books and his writing style from DIME NOVELS. The sort of juvenile tripe one would expect from a vanity press book. Save your money. I've read better fan fiction than this.

On the other hand there is The Lathe of Heaven by Ursula K. LeGuin.....When it comes to sheer writing ability LeGuin is everything that J. N. Coleman is not. Her characters come alive for the reader and she can come up with a turn of a phrase that makes even this jaded old reader sit up and take notice. Her story, Nine Lives was one of the best and most powerful science fiction tales I've come across in recent years. What a pity to waste such talent on such garbage as The Lathe of Heaven.

George Orr has the ability to change reality by his dreams. He falls into the hands of Dr William Haber, a monomaniac who wants to change the world and who uses his ability to control Orr's dreams to play God. Unfortunately, like all djinn, Orr always comes up with an unfavorable twist in accomplishing his master's wishes. When Haber seeks a solution for the problems attendant to the population explosion, Orr dreams up a retroactive plague of cancer which wiped out 90% of the world's population. Haber asks for world peace. Orr gives him an invasion of aliens from outer space which brings all the nations together. Haber wants an end to racial intolerance. Orr changes reality so that everybody is, and always has been, gray. Haber finally gains the ability to change the world by dreaming himself and, like the Sorcerer's Apprentice, really makes a mess of things before Orr can stop him and it is even beyond his ability to put things right again.



The Lathe of Heaven is pure wish-fantasy, an Arabian Nights tale in a modern setting. One of the thousand-and-one-night's entertainments and nothing to be taken seriously at all.

I know, I know. You are going to point out to me that it has been nominated for a Hugo (and, I think, a Nebula, too). So?

I'm sure you all know the Hugo nominees by now so there is no need to repeat them here. My choices

Best Novel: No Award

Best Novella: A Meeting With Medusa by A. C. Clarke

Best Short Story: No Award

Best Dramatic Presentation: No Award

Best Artist: Freas

Best Magazine: ANALOG

Does anyone know Bill Wolfenbarger's current address?

Hmmm. Looking over the 1972 LOCUS poll results and there are no real surprises but there are a couple of things worth noting. The Hugos seem to have been frozen into an inflexible mold that is fast becoming obsolete. The next con committee might consider instituting awards for the best original anthology since more of them seem to be appearing and also one for the best reprint anthology/collection.

Polls. Hmmmmmm. The Dynatron 49 poll. List, in no particular order, your choices of the ten best all-time SF artists. Yes, you may include fantasy. Results will be in the next issue.

But, continuing with the LOCUS poll, I note that the five novels nominated for the Hugo are also the top five in the LOCUS poll with The Lathe of Heaven solidly in first place. All of which would seem to indicate that most fans are still more interested in fairy tales than anything else. Those magazine editors know what they are doing when they slant their zines for juveniles. One of you sociology students who intend to use fandom as a basis for your thesis, as many have in the past, might consider approaching it as Never-Never Land.

Last Sunday I braved the wind which has been blowing steadily at not less than 30 mph for the past week and the resultant dust (you are familiar with lyrical praises of clear blue skies...out here the skies are brown) and made my way to Vardeman's cubicle in the eastern part of Albuquerque where the SF Club was meeting. With a little effort we all managed to squeeze in. (Albuquerque is modern, one must admit that. The population explosion has already caught up with the city and "apartments" are 10x10 cubicles--just like in all those stories such as Home and Make Room, Make Room.) After the usual discussion of stf, local politics, etc. (Pat McCraw kept wanting to talk about the menu for the con luncheon--she's been on that subject for three months) it was duly impressed on me that I should give the next New Mexican a plug so I will. This year's Bubonicon will be held Aug 25-27 and the place in Howard Johnson's Midtown (complete with Mom and apple pie and ice cream) which is located in the general vicinity of the crossroads ....that's I-40 and I-25. Guest of Honor is Ted White and fan GoH is Mike Glicksohn who is even now translating his peechee from the original Canadian into English. Membership is \$4 (cheap) and details may be had from Bob Vardeman (cheap), P. O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M. 87112.



Let me hasten to assure newer readers of Dynatron, the old hands know I speak verily, that those tidbits I throw in about Albuquerque are authentic. It is a fascinating place--in a sick sort of way. A test tube, as it were, for all that is wrong in the country. We are beginning to give some serious thought to northern California--some place north of San Francisco, provided, of course, I can find work in that part of the country. Ah, there's the rub. California is overrun with unemployed electron chasers already.

X

I've managed to get through a vast number of books since last time; about 75% non-fiction and most of the rest stf although I've also been sampling some mainstream fiction. Mainstream fiction is about as bad as I remember it to be. It seems to be quite forgettable as I've trouble calling to mind just what I've read. I can't say much more for the stf either. One of the collections remains fresh...Leigh Brackett's The Coming of the Terrans which is a collection of her Mars tales. Leigh Brackett's Mars is a fascinating place. The Beast-Jewel of Mars FROM a 1948 PLANET STORIES particularly sticks in my mind because it irritated me. The Jewel in question is the jewel of Shanga, an artifice of lost Martian science which reverses evolution and Miss Brackett made much of the Earthman's shame at being evolved from an ape. Why? There's nothing shameful about that. Man's lineage is long and the struggle upward is one of the most fascinating there is. Fantastic, even. Other than that, Leigh Brackett's Mars would be a nice place to visit.

X

A letter from Old Swampy, Bill Marsh (who lives in the desert, too) prompts me to dig out the stencils and go back to work on this. It is now 30 May and this should have been published a month ago. Sigh. I procrastinate.

I can plead, of course, that this is a busy month. Garden to get in, that's mostly Chrystal's work but I do the digging and the watering and the watering is the big problem. Today was a red-letter day...Albuquerque received its first precipitation in more than six months. About 0.25 inch, but it helps. And about a month ago my mother fell and fractured her shoulder so we've had to take care of her place, too. Makes for being busy.

Somebody, I forget who...

my memory gets worse...reviewed Dynatron and said it reads like a letter to old friends. Well, yeah. That's what it is meant to be.

Bob Lichtman and Denise and Benjamin stopped by a couple of days ago. They'd been on a visit to the coast and were on their way back to The Farm in Tennessee. That's a couple I'm always happy to see. Good people. Hey, all you rock fans. Bob says they've an album coming out. It will probably be called The Farm Band so go get a copy. Get two. Proceeds will go to buy more land for The Farm. And if you don't know what The Farm is....where you been?

X

Say, Luttrells, would it surprise you to know that Horrible Old Roy Tackett finds much enjoyment in rock these days? That's a change from a few years back, no?

Mike Montgomery, conniseur of Hallmark cards, keeps telling visiting fen that I'm an old reactionary. Nonsense! 150 isn't old.

\*\*\*\*\*



## LETTERS

Beginning with one left over from last issue.

JACK SPEER  
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87106

"that's three pesos in real money". Ah, what poetic justice.

I, on the other hand, was struck with how well Harlan fitted into the youth culture. I suppose, because he is the kind of person who helped form it. He makes a point of keeping up with their fashions, obviously. Did you hear him express regret that Jack Williamson, though still on top of things mentally, is among those who let themselves become frozen in style of dress etc.? It seems odd to me for Harlan to draw a line between himself and the younger generation, as he did occasionally, for Harlan is one of those clouds of new fans that came along so late in history that I haven't gotten them sorted out yet. ' ' I thought the long reading from The Glass Teat on the little girls' beauty contest was not a good use of his time. It reminded me of Bradbury's description of a not-very-good plot idea that came to him (to illustrate how ideas may originate), that Ray seemed to like better than the audience.

And New Fandom, also, was run by a dictatorial secretary. According to De Camp, However, Stalin used his secretaryship more dishonestly than dictatorial secretaries usually do, as by failing to notify opponents of a meeting of the central committee. I guess a would-be dictator has to do that in an organization which has enough power or loot to be worth fighting for.

[[An acquaintance recently explained to me how "they" take over an organization, union, university, women's club, whatever. "They" call the meetings at night, or on Sunday, or Thanksgiving, or Christmas, or other times when the decent members don't find it convenient to attend and then, as "they" are the only ones in attendance, it is an easy matter for "them" to take over the organization. He never explained to me how it was, if "they" were not in power to begin with, were able to arrange the meeting dates to suit themselves. I was never sure of who "they" were, either. I could assume he meant Communists although he could well have meant the Powers of Darkness or the Aliens From Outer Space.]]

"James H. Schmitz has been writing stories of the Hub Federation for Astounding/Analog for around 20 years." Never heard of them. [[Fantastic!]] Your summary of the Telzey saga is a better way of keeping abreast than trying to read the stories myself. ' ' Did the expression "make waves" originate with No Time For Sergeants? [[Don't think so. Maybe. I first heard it as the tag line of a joke.]] You frequently change tense in midsentence in this review. Why not make up



your mind firmly to speak in past tense in a review? I'm vague on what Crest Cats are, but picture them as having gleaming fangs, with 67 percent fewer cavities. "Are Telzey's psionic talents confined within limits sufficient to avoid the feeling that predicaments are superficial because you know a deus ex machina can easily turn up to rescue her?" "The remnants of a race ages old". That description could include the human race. I skipped over a number of misprints, as I commonly do, but "elseelse" demands notice. "Me thinks there is a perfectly good rationale for a galaxy in which the only intelligent life is Earthmen. It would proceed on the premise that the universe was not particularly trying to make intelligent life, and the factors that determine success in the evolutionary struggle do not, as a general rule, lead toward expanding intelligence beyond what is sufficient to cope with nature at a primitive level. There is something eerie about Cro-Magnon men being endowed with mental capability that they could not use, best explained as a lucky accident. No such accident has occurred in the history of other highly evolved forms, such as sunflowers, orchids, octopuses, and insects. If it occurred in the cetaceans, the proof is a long time acoming.

⌞But think of what you are missing by not reading the stories themselves. Just keeping up isn't enough, is it? In Child of the Gods (ANALOG, Mar72) Telzey ran up against a critter which, she said, she couldn't handle. I don't think she really put her mind to it. // I think I would argue with your premise about the evolutionary process. If we can use man as an example--and that's about all we have to go by--the end result is intelligence once the humanoid form is achieved. I wouldn't say that only the humanoid form could lead to intelligence but it is the only one I'm sure of. Given another million years--which they don't have, of course--I'd say gorillas and chimps would be our intellectual equals (if man stopped today--which he won't--he'll still be a million years ahead of them). The intelligence of Cro-Magnon (and other varieties of Homo Sap) is not a lucky accident but simply a continuing advance of what was before. // Daniken, in Chariots of the Gods? and Gods From Outer Space puts forth the theory that man's intelligence level is due to forced mutation by some aliens who were stranded here in ages past. He speaks of intelligence suddenly appearing in genus Homo. Which is nonsense, of course, because intelligence did not suddenly appear some 50,000 years ago...it is the result of several megayears of development and I see no reason why it should not, given the proper conditions, proceed on other planets. Speculative question: is ice one of the necessary ingredients?⌘

Your list of great cosmopolitan centers is incomplete; maybe you didn't intend it to be exhaustive. Spengler would consider all his world-cities to be of that kind, Babylon, Thebes, Peking, Tenochtitlan, Bagdad (and Mohenjo-Daro, if he had heard of it), and I think you would admit at least some of these to the cosmopolitan class. ⌞Perhaps Babylon and Tenochtitlan. The others were provincial.⌘

⌞A Hindu cult noted for its sexual antics.⌘

What's Tantrism?



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Isn't it interesting how many fans enjoy archeology/history? This has to be one of the most popular secondary interest areas. Ourselves included, of course. I think

Bibby's is the greatest thing since carbon-14. We were so impressed by LOOKING FOR DILMUN, we rushed out for a six-pack of Carlsberg.

{{Not really surprising, of course. Stfen are supposed to be interested in the future and you can't know where you're going unless you know where you've been. Three broad-spectrum books I recommend for anyone just starting to look at the past (or wanting the big picture without too much detail) are THE EMERGENCE OF MAN by John E. Pfeiffer (Harper & Row, 1969), THE RISE OF THE WEST by William H. McNeill (Univ of Chicago, 1963) and AMERICAN DAWN by Louis A. Brennan (Macmillan, 1970). The first is early man, the second is a general world history (but not the conventional kings and dates) and the third concerns the peopling of the western hemisphere.}}

Even if prediction isn't the purpose of SF, it does hit a few points now and then. When commercials began to be recorded for entertainment purposes, I recalled Lloyd Biggle's Tunesmith. Or how about Philip Dick anticipating the craze for camp in Man in the High Castle (which was written quite a bit earlier than published)? For an early example of social-historical scenario writing there is Lord of the World by Robert Hugh Benson c. 1905. I most emphatically do not recommend it for pleasure reading because of its bigotry. Lord of the World is about the end of the world, set near the end of this century, a period dominated by three power blocs in the Western Hemisphere, Europe and the East. There are underground apartments, plastic furniture, bomber fleets, euthanasia parlors more coyly revolting than Vonnegut's, and the Antichrist, a young senator from Vermont (so Benson was only off by one state...) {{Watch it.}}

Campbell's HERO WITH A THOUSAND FACES ought to provide a sound framework for analyzing SF novels. Cory Panshin made some comments on Lord of the Rings in CARANDAITH on this basis. I had been thinking of applying it to the Skylark series, just in fun. But ere Pat PmCraw attacks Canticle for Leibowitz, it would facilitate matters if she grasped the plot correctly. The Church in this post-Bomb future indubitably is the extension of the present day Roman Catholic Church. Topicality in the liturgy is no argument against this--in the Middle Ages they prayed "From the fury of the Northmen, O Lord, deliver us," not a supplication one hears anymore. Issac Leibowitz was a Jewish engineer converted to Catholicism who founded the Albertian Order to preserve learning during the Great Simplification. He certainly does not take the place of Christ! (She seems to be confusing the religious situation of the novel with that of Pangborn's Davy.) Then there was the Jesuit who berated CANTICLE for not foreseeing Vatican II and describing too reactionary a Church. If I ever get to teach medieval history, I'd assign CANTICLE for outside reading. It might help the kiddies understand what a renaissance means.

1

Yngvi is a louse!



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Thomas Clareson was here at A&M yesterday (15Mar). I got to hear him talk and then afterward, sit around over coffee and cokes and chew fat for a while. He brought forth a couple of interesting points I had missed that should have been obvious.

One distinction between the New Wave-Old Wave thing (a dead issue, I know) was that of utopian-dystopian worlds. Maybe I should have said dystopian-utopian, because a lot of Harlan's stuff (Boy&Log, Mouth, etc) is dystopian in nature while ANALOG fiction is usually more optimistic. And the point he made was that dystopian fiction didn't come into vogue until after Hiroshima. I'm not saying it wasn't written earlier, just not common in popular literature.

He also quoted someone, Judy Merrill, I believe, as saying no one wants to read Beowulf any more (and going on to disagree with her), but it set me to comparing Beowulf with Kimball Kinnison. Not too much difference, unless you get very picky--not just Kinnison but almost all heros of his type.

{{Unless one closes his eyes completely, it is rather difficult these days to be optimistic. But if the people can keep the pressure on governments and industries, maybe... I've made it a rule these past years to ignore any pronouncements uttered by Judith Merrill.}}

Book prices: I won't say they are too high (again), only that they have driven my roommates and I to open a small second-hand sf book store on campus. I wanted to sell everything at a dime, but that is financially unwise, so we priced most everything at  $\frac{1}{2}$  price, which for a 95¢ or 1.25 book is still a sizeable amount for a paperback.

As for the tube...the only reason I watched Something Evil was for Darren McGavin and even he couldn't save it. The Night Stalker made up for it, tho. ABC has been trying hard to get sf into the media--whether to cash in on the boom or improve the overall quality of their program I don't know. But compared to the run-of-the-mill show, their made-for-tv movie has been quite good. Even the opening sequences done in split-scan (or is it slit-scan?) thing used in 2001 are good.

{{Trouble is, tho, that most of the stuff on the tube is fantasy rather than science fiction.}}

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Aside from my atrocious (hmmm, seems to be spelled right) spelling, I think Alexander's horse was Bucephalus--the horse which was afraid of his own shadow. Then again, I doubt that you really asked it because you wanted to know any-

way. {{I knew. I wanted to know if you did.}}

I really don't know much about fandom beyond pieces of east coast fandom. Sorry to hear that foreign fandoms aren't so well know and exchanged with. You must admit that the language problem does have a lot to do with it but that would also function as an excuse--granted.

ALJO SVOBODA  
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So this is Dynatron, eh? (Actually, that should be something like "ay", but "eh" is just the way I've seen it done, so "eh" it is.){{What is?}} I can see how you influenced Bob Vardeman in your publishing... same screwball sense of humor, same style of writing,

~~same style, same style...~~



I found it interesting that The Andromeda Strain won an award at a Japanese con. Is it available in Japanese or can most Japanese fans read English? Or was the decision possibly based on the book's best seller status? {{It probably was available in a Japanese translation although, yes, most Japanese fans can read English.}}

We have a private postal system out here, too (you think the Midwest yokels could ever be ahead of us slick California suburbanites? Heresy!) called ACI or somesuch. They serve Orange County (wherein you'll find the same city of Orange that I ~~live~~ inhabit), San Gabriel, and the Oakland area, though they don't use stamps and exist, as far as I know, solely for the distribution of "occupant" type mail. {{Gee, I remember when Orange County grew orange trees instead of people and crackerboxes, however, Millhouse says that is "progress".}}

Gee, but think (pointed reference follows) what would happen, Terry, if the Bubonic Plague were to...take care of...err, I'm not sure how to put this tactfully, but anyway, I'd sure get into FRPA fast...

Was Alexander's horse named Dynatron? Well, enuf beating of dead horses, I'll see you in May or somewhere near there if you haven't had your fill yet.

TERRY HUGHES  
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I'm sorry but I just don't read amateur sf...well, sometimes I do but I always regret it. {{Always?}} And poetry...well, I don't enjoy most of what appears in fmz either, except for stuff by Redd Boggs and a handful of others. But somewhere

there must be fans who do enjoy both, other than the writers of such pieces that is.

I think it would be a fine idea for you to translate and print excerpts from the Japanese fanzines since most of us can't read Japanese. How can we give them proper consideration for the Hugo as you called for if we can't read the stuff? I think it would be a good feature and be popular with the readers. Most of us like to learn more about foreign fandoms. {{Aljo Svoboda is working on that.}}

I like Sandy Dennis. Phooey on y'all. I do hate Kim Darby who starred in the People (which I thought was okay but not very good), and in that show I thought she was trying to imitate Sandy Dennis's performance in Up the Down Staircase but failed miserably. But then Harry Warner is a Kim Darby fan...

I'll be out there in New Mexico this summer for the Bubnicon and face the Bubonic Plague like a fan...or the Bobiconic Plague if Vardeman prepares some foul punch for the attendees.

Does HORT stand for His Ornryness Roy Tackett??? {{You're close.}}

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21740

It seems familiar to be writing a loc on Dynatron once again. Every time I wrote mailing comments on it in Horizons, there was that awful sense of duty neglected because I didn't immediately put the stencil in an envelope and mail it to you.

I should have also worried over the philosophical question of how many stenciled lines are the equivalent of a typed loc, but I've always been afraid that too much thought of that would bring me to the certainty that every mailing comment on a fanzine should run to two pages.



You mentioned a blurb for The God Machine about "top space and science novelist". Earlier today, before reading Dynatron, I was looking at the paperback racks in a drug store and was noticing how several volumes were billed as space fiction, not science fiction. This strikes me as odd, in view of the way newspapers and television keep assuring us that the public is bored with the space program and angry over federal spending for it.

Your biographical notes will be useful if I manage to bestir myself sufficiently to resume notetaking for the second volume of the fan history. Even if I can find any lurid episode in your fanish past which would deserve a chapter all its own in the history of the 1950's, I've been notetaking on the entire history of fandom, just in case my brain should soften and my body should harden sufficiently to cause me to go on and on and write about the 1960's later.

But a few lines later your editorial degenerates. You dismiss The People in a few lines without even mentioning the topic of so many of my illegal thoughts, Kim Darby. I admit that she didn't look and behave at her best in that film, but the entire project was quite obviously patterned to be a showcase for the potentialities of a regular series based on the Henderson stories. Offhand you'd think that the simple camera tricks which would be repeated over and over if the series came into existence would bore everyone dreadfully after two or three weeks. But then there are the examples of Bewitched and I Dream of Jeannie, both of which survived endlessly with just the same fundamental gimmicks. The thought of both Kim Darby and Julie Andrews on television every week next winter is enough to make me think about taking setting-up exercises every morning.

Today I ran across a reference to an oddity of fictional prediction that I haven't seen mentioned in any fanzine. In a long essay on John Buchan's fiction by Howard Swiggert I discovered that in one novel I've never read, apparently The Courts of the Morning although the reference is not clear, the plot centers around a man named Castor who seizes power in a small nation on the American side of the Atlantic that had always been until then "on the edge of bankruptcy and revolution" and is now gaining prosperity and has "a stable government because (its) people have lost interest in being governed." One character says: "I hate the things that Castor stands for. I hate cruelty. I hate using human beings as pawns in a game of egotism. I hate all rotten machine-made, scientific creeds. I loathe and detest all this superman cant. I really believe in liberty, though it's out of fashion." The book was published long before anyone with a similar name and probably similarities of character had come into prominence in the Americas.

The new bulletin of the Nostalgia Book Club describes the results of a poll on what the public considered a minimum amount to support a family of four in this nation through the years. The figure in 1947 was \$43. I am pretty sure that all paperbacks were 25¢ then except for a few extra big ones and perhaps the early Ballantines which I seem to remember as having been 35¢ from the outset. In 1957, the figure was \$72. Without checking, I'd guess that paperbacks were mostly 50¢ and 60¢ then, pretty much in line. In 1967, the figure was \$1.01 and paperbacks were beginning to flirt with the price area just under a buck. Now the poll found the weekly income needed for minimum support is \$1.27 not quite three times the amount of a quarter-century ago, and paperbacks sell for three to five times the old figure, at a minimum, eight or ten times as much for the quality lines.



Your front cover is the most complicated ATom illustration I can remember. Does this mean that he's undergoing a change in style much like the one that has overtaken Rotsler in the past year?

{What will you do with thish which, if all goes well, will be in the FAPA mailing? Mailing comments, particularly in FAPA, are something of a problem. To be proper they should have some length to them--one liners are fine for Honny Youngman but not for fans--but, for my part, I find it difficult to do lengthy comments on most of what appears in FAPA. It just is not of interest to me. That is, undoubtedly, my problem for others seem to enjoy it.// There is nothing unusual in now finding "space fiction" on the stands. Since we have now made our first stumbling steps into space such stories are no longer stf but contemporary fiction. Even if they are a few years ahead. // If the public is bored with the space program--and that great beast soon becomes bored with anything not in the category of the Roman games--the fault lies with the government and the news media. With the news media for failing to maintain the thrust of enthusiasm and with the government for not giving us more to be enthusiastic about. It is difficult to get worked up over "astronauts" who are simply interchangeable parts just plugged into the machine...The coverage of the current Mars probe is an example, though. It has gotten little play. With only a little effort it could be made into a tremendously exciting story. // The ATom illo used on the cover lastish has been in the files for at least five years. Look back through your files and you'll see that he did many illos similar back then. I haven't noticed any change in Rotsler's style. After all these years I am still unable to work up any great enthusiasm for his cartoons and filler art. Again, the lack is probably mine.}}

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Aha! Welcome back to the big world! The old green pages reappear at last - thank you for putting me on the mailing list. Heaven knows, with you exercising the Gestetner, even GRUE may rise again from the hoary past. {Gestetner? It's a bloomin' Tower. Hand-cranked at that.}}

I don't remember anything about a "gift of truth and prophecy" in Leviticus, which for some reason I have recently reread, but I did learn a couple of things. Such as that the Chosen People were forbidden to eat insects. Except for crickets, grasshoppers, and locusts. Those were allowed. Also that rabbits for some reason are unclean. No roast rabbit. Then the ceremony of investiture for the early priests was definitely worth reading about: one daubed the candidate's clothes, thumbs, great toes, and ear lobes with blood, and went on to do other bizarre things...

The horse's name was Bucephalus, wasn't it? I seem to remember that Alexander named a city after the beast when it died.

I've decided "Ms." is pronounced the way it always has been--"manuscript". {Yar.}}



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Imagine Hanging Jack not knowing the sacred source of "old and rare"! It sort of shakes one's faith in the Elder Gods, doesn't it? All these years (forty years, man and boy) I've gone along secure in the knowledge that cofans knew everything beginning with the Year 1, After Hugo, but here comes this damning admission.

The only greater catastrophe I can think of off hand would be a confession by Wollheim that he didn't know how to spell Phantagraph.

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Dynatron reminds me muchly of SANDWORM. You'd better watch yourself, and correct this before its too late and they put you in a cage. Whatever he's got you're contracting. Try quarantine. ~~@@Nonsense!~~ DYNATRON is printed on green

paper made from crushed cactii whereas SANDWORM is printed on sand-colored paper made from crushed sand.}}

Re yr comments on ANALOG: I've been a fan of the hard type SF for some time now. By this I mean SF wherein the author is serious about the possibility of his premise. The other stuff simply does not connect with reality. This doesn't necessarily

mean it's bad (I read Lafferty for the same reason I read James Branch Cabell) but it isn't real SF. However, the only one of the SF magazines I have never read regularly is ANALOG, because of dreadfully low writing standards, and in general lack of story telling. No characterisation, and generally no plots worth mentioning in the shorter pieces. Either they're political sermons or science lectures. It would seem that Campbell in his last few years was publishing pre-Campbellian SF, because it would seem that most of that stuff would be at home in Gernsback's AMAZING, but the Campbell of 1940 wouldn't have considered it. This is probably the reason why ANALOG is so unpopular among fans. As for the hard SF, GALAXY and IF seem to be consistently beating ANALOG at its own game, with things like Tau Zero and Niven's "Known Space" series.

You will argue ANALOG's circulation vs. GALAXY. True, but as we all know, names sell magazines. There are very few big names in ANALOG (until very recently, but more on that in a minute) so obviously it is selling to an audience that either considers F. Paul Wilson and Robert Chilson, et al, to be big names, or to one that is not name conscious at all. I suggest the latter. ~~@@Agreed.}}~~ It would seem that ANALOG has a special readership all its own, which has very little overlap with the regular SF readership. Proof of this may be found in the extremely low rate of reprints, anthologisations, and awards of ANALOG material. I believe the Jerry Pournelle serial published recently has not even been accepted for book publication yet, which would be unheard of anywhere else.

Question: if ANALOG has the highest rates and should have complete command and first choice over the market, why have all the choicest items (from the viewpoint of the SF reader) turned up elsewhere?

ANSWER: ANALOG is not aimed at the SF reader.

One thing Ben Bova seems to be doing is re-introducing major writers into the magazine. Niven, Pohl, Simak, more Asimov. He still has a long way to go, but I think the results will be a significant rise in the magazine's circulation. The reason is very simple--one



readership almost untouched by ANALOG is those people who read SF regularly, support the other prozines, and the paperbacks, (Notice, for example, that the vast majority of ANALOG regulars have never had books published, either collections or novels.) In other words, if ANALOG can pick up the science fiction readership without losing its own special one, prosperity is just ahead. One thing might happen is that the major writers, trained by Campbell, who made the magazine what it was in the 1940s, but were dumped later on, might just come back. Good many are still alive and active.

Question: why did the new Asimov novel appear in GALAXY? Surely ANALOG could have made the higher bid.

←Surprise! I'm going to grant most of your points. I agree that much of what Campbell published in the past few years he would have rejected 25-30 years ago. As for names selling magazines--maybe. But Campbell always had his own stable of writers and while I scratch my head and wonder just who the hell some of these people on the contents page are, I can only assume that he was building a new stable--he had done it before. Oh, certainly ANALOG--or Campbell, rather--had/has its own special following. I know many people who read ASF regularly who do not read any other stf. Sure, they are/were Campbell fans more than anything else. I think Bova will be able to hold them. (If you'll look in your files you'll find that when the zine was changing title from ASTOUNDING to ANALOG a prominent feature of the cover was "John W. Campbell, Editor", which tells you what the main attraction of the zine was.) As to why the "major" writers no longer appeared in ASF--I don't know. Some sort of alienation between the writers and the editor, I should think, although I have no idea what and why. Yes, if Bova can bring in the regular stf writers--and thus the regular stf audience--and still retain the Campbell following he'll have pulled off quite an accomplishment. But it will take more than just names. // I would argue with you--or anybody--about something called "regular" SF readership because I don't think anyone really knows who reads what (exception: JWC knew who read ASF). You mention a readership which supports the magazines and the paperbacks but Wollheim says there is very little overlap between those two. And you certainly can make no judgements about SF readers based on fandom, an entity which is neither fish nor fowl! It would be interesting if someone would take a survey of the readers of the stf zines and books.→→

\*Not to be confused with "foul" which it ofttime is.

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Received DYNATRON #48 today and found it good (though extremely fast) reading. The one thing that really struck me was the all-but-total absence of artwork--whatsamatta? Got a grudge agin the graphic arts? Or perhaps it's just an off time of the year? ←No grudge against fillos and no off time of the year. I'm just too lazy to cut them on stencil myself and not rich enough to have them electrostenciled. (After which, of course, there would be the problem of inserting them into the stencil and all that work.→→



Re: your comments about the TVersion of PILGRIMAGE. Yeah. That's why some of Ellison's stories irk me...too mannish. Doesn't he realize there's 2 sexes around? Should know better than to write in such a fashion as to betray his gender. Henderson's a female, a teacher and, I would assume, a childhood-phile and she should be ashamed of herself for letting those facets of herself leak into her fiction. Tsk-tsk. Asimov shouldn't write so much about Science either...I mean, so what? if that's his bag...

Dislike the People stories if you will (though generally an admirer of them, some do get a bit maudlin for my tastes, too) but please find a better basis for criticism...or at least set "womanish" in quotation marks. Being womanish is natural if you're female, being "womanish" is to be overly sentimental, syrupy and in the REDBOOK, TRUE CONFESSIONS, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING ven--with all that they imply.

←Humm. My comments on the People stories last issue represent my opinion of them as they apply to me and were not in the nature of criticism. When I put on my critic hat I analyze on other basis. Should I change the emphasis of my statement? The People stories are too womanish for my tastes. I grant you they are well-written and, on the whole, good stories and there are, undoubtedly, many readers who enjoy them. I don't.→

Chicago seems down on professional predictors lately. Overexposure in 70-71 I assume. (We do have a UHF station that produces an ESP oriented show--supposedly--called "Psychic World". Perhaps they think that's enough.) Your Dr. Holloway seems as pertinent and clairvoyant as most. What was Barnum's remark concerning suckers? ←Bill Danner says You can fool some of the people some of the time and you can fool some of the people some of the time but you can fool some of the people some of the time--or words to that effect.→

Pat McCraw should re-view that STAR TREK episode she mentioned. Kirk did not say "no gods are suitable", he said "our one God is enough" (or words to that effect). Surprised me at the time as previously no mention had been made of what (if any) direction religion was making in that time-period. As usual, Roddenberry opted for Good Ol' American Culture...running rampant over the rest of Earth's societies in its to-be-expected fashion. ←You expected anything different on American commercial TV??→

But, in any case, the ST universe did acknowledge a god, at least, though he apparently had little daily import in people's lives. Just came in handy when pooh-poohing any old-time gods who might crop up. Louses up her entire statement.

Bill Banner was referring to one of Darwin's finches on Galapagos Island. Gets termite larvae or somesuch critter with a twig. "Man as tool-maker" has been pretty thoroughly set aside as an accepted definition of "Man". Jane Goodall's work with wild chimps drove the final nails. ←No. Man as tool-user, yes, but as tool-maker, no. There is a vast difference between just picking up a twig or stick or rock and in taking that stick or rock and shaping it for a purpose. The work of the Baroness Goodall is extremely valuable, a wonderful person, but it did not show the chimpanzees as tool makers, simply as users. Given time, as I said above, they would develop I think. Ah, but to what purpose? Remember Jerry Was a Man?→



MORE SAND SCFIBBLINGS by ol' Roytac

Alas! Alack! What there seems to be a lack of is any outside material. So it goes. Once again I am thrown on my own resources which, like most of the resources of this third planet from the sun, are wearing thin. I may have to start strip-mining my ASTOUNDINGS. Owell, this issue is two months late anyway.

Trouble is, you see, I send copies to Buck Coulson (may his tribe increase (I realize that statement is contrary to a loudly expressed minority opinion these days but we've got to have a few people left so we might as well make them the good ones (hey, did you know the Greek government is now offering baby bonuses (or is that "bonusi"--no, that would be Latin)? Yep, 500 drachmas for every child over the number of two. Must be the Greeks are going to try to outbreed the Turks. That's one way to get ahead in that part of the world.))) and he reviews them and suddenly I get hordes of sticky quarters (or 25¢ tokens as we call them) from people who think they are going to get something good. I never hear from them after they get their first issue of Dynatron. It's just as well because I'm not too eager to increase the mailing list anyway. But it does serve the purpose of driving me back to the typewriter to get out another issue. Duty, and all that sort of rot, you know.

Sigh.  
So here I am with about three and a half pages to fill. Or, more likely, just this one and say to hell with it. Start on the next issue.

I keep getting these fanzines from Missouri published by (honest, this is what it says) "Arnie Katz approved neofan(s)". Maybe Arnie is forming up his own neofan's apa or something. He's the one to do it, you know. Just a rank neo himself.

Damn right.

Heh. I gleefully note that all of the "regular" politicians (Democratic, that is) in New Mexico and weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth. Seems they are all out in the cold when it comes to being delegates to the national Demo convention. All of them, the Gov, the Senators, the whole works. The regulars, good party men all, backed Jackson or Muskie or Humphrey. New Mexico's 18 delegates got split between McGovern (10) and Wallace (8) so the backers of these two get to name all the convention attendees. Luverly.

And over on the Gopper side New Mexico has 15 delegates. 14 pledged to King Richard and one for Paul McCloskey. New Mexico is, in fact, the only state in the union with a delegate pledged to McCloskey. Beautiful. Richard the First will probably pull every federal project out of the state. On the advise of Dr Kissinger, of course.

So it goes. Let me enter a plea here for some contributions of material, please. Something in a light vein preferably. As you can see from this issue, I am badly in need of it.

Next issue in August.

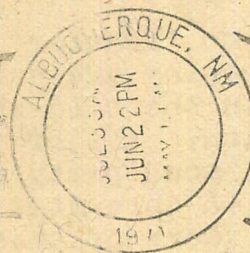
Yes, this August.

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