

ack 10-21-74

# D Y N A T R O N

Number 59

June 1974

Yes, it is indeed, the 59th issue of DYNATRON, a fanzine, an informal publication devoted to science fiction, fantasy, Fandom, and whatever else happens to pique the editor's interest.

DYNATRON is issued on a schedule apparently selected by a random number table but at least four times a year and frequently frequented by Roy Tackett at 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 USA. Distribution is to those interested or otherwise by editorial whim.

A Marinated Publication

TURN ON THE GREEN LIGHT, SOLI, THE MAN WANTS A GREEN FANZINE.

Distressed readers (no more distressed than the editor) have noted that Dynatron's customary green has faded to a SANDWORMish tan. I could tell you that it is because of the drought; the green cacti from whose fibers Dynatron's paper is normally pressed have faded to a dry brown. I could tell you that but who would believe me? Other than Archie Mercer that is?

To be truthful (semi, at least), mimeo paper has been in short supply around here. Vardeman, however, has on hand 76½ cases of fawn Twiltone and I was able to convince him that he needed only 75 for the next issue of SANDWORM so he sold me a case for DYNATRON. The next few issues of the greenzine will be green only in your imagination.

SANDWORM, by the way, is not dead. Or so I am assured by Vardebob. He hopes to get an issue out Real Soon Now.

And, while I think about it, let me get in a plug for Bubonicon 6, the New Mexico Science Fiction Conference, to be held August 23-25 at the Holiday Inn Midtown in Albuquerque. Guest of Honor is F. M. Busby and hanging around will be such fannish luminaries as Vardebob, the legendary Jack Speer, Harry Morris, and the rest of the Albuquerque dancing desert rats. Write to Mike Kring, PSC #1, Box 3147, KAFB East, New Mexico 87115.

THE MARCH MEETING of the Albuquerque SF Group was held in March, undoubtedly and I think I already reported on that one. What I meant to write was May. Sigh. Getting old, Tackett. The MAY (got it?) meeting. Mike Kring complained about news for CHAKOBSA and was advised to make up his own. Walter Kubilius (the younger) reported on the Nebula Awards Banquet, which he attended, and his report of the nominees and winners was greeted with groans of dismay and disbelief and questions of "Who the hell is he?" (in reference to certain authors). Larry Fontane was duly chastized for failing to produce the Woody Wolfe Memorial Pig. We may change his name to Senda. Speer conducted a quiz to determine if fans were slans. Half the club had never heard of slans. Sigh. Getting old, Tackett. Yes.

RT



ED COX DEPARTMENT:

HEAVILY  
TWICE

It's been too long since I've been present in these pages. This may be far from a majority opinion, of course, and in the case of the editor, this fanzine has been issuing issues so fast that the editor may well be tired of writing so much of it himself. Not to mention stenciling, running it off and, worst of all, collating and stapling. Nope, worst of all, is the addressing and all that. So it is, on account of the foregoing, that it is likely that Roytac will even be happy to have this contribution in the pages of ARNIEKATZ (or whatever the title of this fanzine is....)

One of the reasons for resuming this column (assuming, at this time, prior to submission to ye editor, that said latter ye editor is in concert...as they said in 1790 or thereabouts...with the whole furschlugginer idea...as they said in MAD comics), is twofold. A contradiction in itself in truth. However, now that I am finally adjusting to my new/old lifestyle, semi-bachelorhood, I find that I am slowly getting lots of time to do things (now that I'm not working 9-10 hours a day any longer...). And since it is obvious that sex doesn't after all mix with science fiction, I must needs spend time here at home and do Fanac now that I have all this time to devote to immersing myself into this, the best of all possible Hobbies (or Ways of Life, depending on your sect).

Therefore, I have had time to think about Important Things that could, and verily, ought to be done in this area. And feel that I must take this columnar space to acquaint you, the generous readership of DYNATRON (I knew it was something like that...there's been so many of them lately!), with some of the ideas and projects I have in mind to see to fruition and enrich the lore of Fandom.

Ever since I saw a geological/paleontological Histo-Map, which included the Piltdown Man, by the way, I've had an urge to do something similar for fandom (sans Piltdown Man). I have thought up the idea of a Histo-Map of Prozines. This is where the Collector facet of my very being comes to the fore. (I've been watching a lot of golf on ABC's Wide World of Sports...before I got the idea to do something enriching and useful for Fandom.)

Yes. A Histo-Map of Prozines. I've drawn up a pilot sheet for proposal-type exploration into the idea. Along the top of the chart, or -Map, would be the years, starting in 1926. Under these would be months, commencing with April. To the student and fan, or even aficionado, of Science-Fiction (Scientifiction or stf), it is more than obvious that it shall commence with the first issue of the actual, literal and true Science Fiction (or Scientifiction) Magazine: AMAZING STORIES. Following that, the WONDER STORIES magazines, AIR and SCIENCE, AMAZING DETECTIVE, the Quarterlies, by 1930 ASTOUNDING STORIES (of Super Science) and so on. I would in this project omit obvious non-science fiction magazines, such as WEIRD TALES, STRANGE TALES, and so on.

The format would be regular A-size (8½x11 inches, standard fanzine-size pages, as it were) on regular quadrille paper, quarter-inch squares. In this case, I'd use Clear-Print. I could Ozalid each sheet and run off copies for sale at a reasonable price to interested fans and collectors or both.



Considering then, the format as it is, the size of the finished Histo-Map (or Chart as I should call it, "Histo-Map" no doubt being a copyrighted title). Well, in quarter-inch quadrille, it would be three inches to a year in length. Allowing space at the extreme left for magazine titles, the first page would accomodate about three years (1926 thru 1928), the page obviously being utilized in the horizontal, 11 inch, format. Each page, actually, will accomodate at best three years with but four spaces, or an inch, left over. I could overlap this when pasting up the completed Chart, or carry over years from one sheet to the next. However, allowing max three years to a page, 1926 to date would be 48 years, or sixteen sheets long, or, about 15 feet long. We would, of course, expect to allow for a few more years before the prozines die out entirely, except for ANALOG.

Height of the Chart then depends on the total number of titles. By 1953 there were a total of 71 titles. Which reminds me of a further restriction. Only U.S. editions can be accomodated or it gets entirely out of hand. Since then, there have been innumerable other titles. Many, of course, have died. In fact, 98% of them appear to have died when you consider the titles still struggling on (except for ANALOG). Counting the top sheet and remembering we are now working with the shorter,  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ", span of the sheet, we could accomodate 25 titles per sheet. This allows for overlap space when attaching the sheets together (another redundancy). Which also, when I consider it, will accomodate the extra inch horizontally when, again, attaching the sheets to one another (still redundant...).

At a rough estimate, the total height of the Chart would then be four to five feet. Overall, then, we could assume it to be five by fifteen feet.

You'll need one helluva wall for this map. Maybe there'd be room on a wall in the LASFS Clubhouse, or the NFFF Hospitality Room at a convention. Or in Wilt Chamberlain's house...

Think of the panorama of prozine ups and downs it would show. The gradual beginnings in the mid-twenties. The proliferating titles and issues in the late-thirties, early-forties. The titles decrease and issue with less frequency as the war commences. The Lean Years of the mid-forties. Then the late forties and early fifties as the Last and Greatest Boom comes about. The Chart gets thick with the blacked-in squares of issues as title after title is revived or started anew. Until the golden egg source drives out...the buying public. Only so many can be accomodated; the big college and university push hadn't really started. Every local high school didn't have its stf club yet.

So the titles fall off and fade away and the black lines shrink on the Chart as the fifties turn to the sixties. Some new titles arrive and a flock of reprint titles appear. But then, they too fade away as the seventies commence. There, in a vast sweep before your eyes is the whole continuing history of the prozines. Thrilling, eh?

Problem is, it's all so rather cut and dried. Not really that much of a challenge for me. I mean, I could do it, I guess. Or maybe I'll let someone else do it. Maybe a bureau of the NFFF can assume the responsibilities of this task. Or SFWA which amounts to the same thing.

Well, I've thought of something with a little more challenge. Using the same format, I'll do a Histo-Map of Fanzines. I'll do a Histo-Map of Prozines Right after that's done.

ED COX

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BOOK DEPARTMENT: WAR AND SPACE by Robert Salkeld, Prentice-Hall, \$6.95.

Maybe I should be singing the praises of Robert Salkeld. He is a space enthusiast. He is all charged up about the space program and thinks we need to be putting more emphasis on it. With that I agree. With the rest of Mr Salkeld's argument I emphatically do not agree. Salkeld is described as a consultant in aerospace systems analysis and planning who has been involved in the U.S. space program since the beginning. He has a long list of missile-space credits. He is also, if I read him correctly, one of those who feels that war is a normal thing and really isn't bad after all.

Ummm. I have an intense dislike for these theoretical types who sit at their desks and coolly discuss the percentages of war and talk about megadeaths and the like. I'm sure that most of DYNATRON's readers are aware that I am an old warrior who has spent more time than most in the dill. War was, for many years, my way of life and as one who was in the business end of the business I don't like planners who are long on theory and short on experience. For one who conducts glib high-level discussions of death one should be on intimate terms with the subject.

I had originally intended to do some extensive quoting from War and Space but I think summarization is better.

Salkeld says that the main emphasis on the long term search for security and survival in this nuclear age has been focused on eliminating general wars by arms and population control, however, "there are compelling reasons to question whether any of these goals can ever be approached closely, and whether habitual preoccupation with them to the exclusion of other possibilities is not akin to chasing rainbows."

He then goes on to trace the development of modern armaments and the attempts at control over the past 150 years or so and concludes that disarmament attempts are futile. Besides, despite the pronouncements of "government officials and other apologists" you can't trust the commies anyway.

(That one phrase should clue the reader in on the whole tone of the book.)

Our strategic weapons system, including the missile subs, is obsolete, says Salkeld. All the hard stands have been charted by the Russians and the subs are easily spotted by spy satellites. In the event of nuclear war we could expect vast numbers of casualties because so many of our strategic weapons are located near areas of high population density. The solution is to move the deterrent to hiding places in outer space where it would be relatively safe and would eliminate the menace to the cities. And if the Russians or Chinese do the same... Salkeld's proposition is to simply move the battlefield to outer space where lasers and radiation beams and other new weapons can be employed without messing up Earth. The 1967 Space Treaty can be considered void, he says, inasmuch as the Russians violated it less than 60 days after it was signed.

There is some interesting thought here but Salkeld's conclusion that shifting the battlefield to outer space would spare the populace of Earth mark him as a fool. He--and far too many other military thinkers--tend to look on war as a game. Which is why the military has to be subordinate to civilian leaders who know that war is serious business. I frequently take off on politicians but they are, at least, practical men. It is ivory-towered fools like Robert Salkeld who get us killed.

RF



FANZINE DEPARTMENT: Being simply a listing of fmz received. Thanks to one and all and if you don't gett a letter from me, which is likely, be assured your zine is read and appreciated.

STARFIRE #2, Bill Breiding, 2240 Bush St., San Francisco, Calif 94115.  
IT COMES IN THE MAIL #9, Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St., Newport News, Va.  
SF COMMENTARY #39, Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Australia  
QWERTYUIOP 6, Samuel Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Florida 32925  
THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN, V34#2, Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct.,  
Lake Jackson, Texas 77566.  
SF&F/TV #6, Beth Slick, P. O. Box 5422, Orange, Calif. 92667  
THE PASSING PARADE, #5, Milton Stevens, 14535 Saticoy St., #105,  
Van Nuys, Calif. 91405  
AWRY #7, Dave Locke, 915 Mt Olive Dr., #9, Duarte, Calif. 91010  
DON-O-SAUR #31, Don Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct., Westminster, Colo 80030  
THE ALIEN CRITIC #9, Dick Geis, P. O. Box 11408, Portland, Ore. 97211  
YANDRO 226, Robert & Juanita Coulson, Rt 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348  
TABEBUIAN #13, Dave Jenrette, Box 330374, - Grove, Miami, Fla., 33133  
SWOON #1, Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201  
TIGHTBEAM #Whoknows, Beth Slick, 546 E. Wilson, Orange, Calif. 92667  
TANDSTIKKERZEITUNG #5, Don Markstein, P.O. Box 53112, New Orleans, La.  
NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT #5, Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta.,  
Commerce, Texas 75428  
SPACE & TIME #24, Gordon Linzer, 83-10 118th St., Apt 4-M, Kew Gardens,  
N.Y. 11415  
CHECKPOINT #47, Darroll Pardoe, 24 Othello Close, Hartford, Huntingdon  
PE18 7SU, U.K. (Weird zips you Anglais got)  
GOLIAH, Dick Ellington, 6448 Irwin Ct., Oakland, Calif. 94609 (not a  
fmz but an essay by Jack London)  
KARASS #4, Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, Pa., 19076  
SUPERFAN SPEAKS, John Robinson, 1-101st St., Troy, N.Y. 12180  
THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN MAULE, Ian Maule, 13 Weardale Ave., Forest Hall,  
Newcastle on Tyne, NE12 OHX, United Kingdom  
BOY'S OWN FANZINE #2, Leigh Edmonds, P. O. Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria  
3183, Australia  
SCOTTISHE #67, Ethel Lindsay, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, KT6 6QL  
TITLE #26, Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St Louis, Mo 63131  
SON OF WSFA JOURNAL #145, Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton Md.  
BRASS CANNON #1, Bill Fesselmeyer, 810 Shawnee Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



CARMIE LYNN TOULOUSE DEPARTMENT:

I have just finished reading In Search of Ancient Mysteries which someone left laying around rather carelessly in the livingroom. It, and all the other books in the same vein, have not helped my ulcers. I'm so angry I can't see straight. That's why I decided to write to you and unburden myself. I know you'll understand and accept what I'm about to tell you.

It makes my blood boil (and my gastric juices churn) when author after author make us archaeologists their scapegoat. We are the ones, according to them, who refuse to see, accept or interpret ancient remains the way those authors think we should. They want us to say that all the major advancements of mankind were inspired from visitors from other planets -- "gods" from outside our solar system, if you will. All the blame is ours for not recognizing what is clearly of extraterrestrial origin--obviously we are, then, clearly responsible for holding mankind back. I know other "scientists" are also blamed but we always seem to take the brunt of the criticism.

Now I'm not going to say next what you're obviously expecting me to, I'm not going to make an impassioned plea of innocence. We are to blame for covering it all up and what makes me just as angry as being justifiably accused is our inability to respond. I think it's time to tell the truth, humanity is ready to hear it. But by telling the truth I'm breaking a solemn vow to remain silent to the death. I may be putting myself in danger, but I must put the greater good above my personal safety.

The entire academic field of anthropology is only a cover. We are the colonists (or at least their descendants) from "outer space." It has been our major duty to cover up or obscure our ancestor's activities. This planet wasn't ready for all the gifts we brought, they misused, ignored and fought over them and our forebearers botched the job of trying to calm things down. Eventually it was necessary to go into hiding and blend with the general populace. But it was also necessary to hid and protect the advancements they brought. Different covers were used at different times, the medieval catholic church was a marvelous masking tool.

But now, why is it still necessary to make sure that all the signs of high technological advancements in antiquity are obscured by such clouds of scholarly rhetoric that no one will ever be able to prove it was found in the first place? Isn't it time for all of us anthropologists to be free, too? It seems as if my people are holding on to an outmoded code of secrecy no longer necessary in this enlightened age?

think?

What do you

(1020 Adams St., SE, Albuquerque, N.M. 87108)

((Who? Me? I think you're putting us on, Carmie. We all know that the Space People live inside our Hollow Earth. Sure.

There've been a number of, ummm, what is the term I want?, "Nuts" is not the term. The nuts are the people who pay money to hear these...careful with your terminology, Tackett..."UFO experts". One clown was huckstering his book, Limbo of the Lost (look up "limbo" in you Websters), which is all about the Bermuda Triangle. All those ships and planes have been grabbed by "UFOs", he says. Following him by two days was the Reverend



Doctor Frank Stranges who is Director of the National Investigation Committee on UFOs headquartered in Van Nuys, California (hmmmm, do we have an inkling as to why Milt Stevens moved to Van Nuys?) and also President of the International Evangelism Crusades. Myomy, ain't that something? Got to watch these Reverend Doctors, though. Hell, chaps, even Horrible Old Roy Tackett is a Reverend Doctor. But to get back to the Rev. Doc Strangess...he gave a series of lectures on UFOs here. Four lectures, two dollars admission to each. His topics were "Are Space People Walking Among Us?", "The Strange, Marvelous World of UFOs", "The UFOs and Government Secrecy" plus "UFOs and the Bible" (a two in one) and "Where do UFOs Come From?" (The interior of Venus, he said in a radio interview--their local base is the interior of Earth.) He said also that there is a GREAT CONSPIRACY (Hot Damn!) among the governments of Earth to keep it all a great secret to prevent the people from panicing...remember the Orson Welles broadcast in 1939.

And what does it all mean? The series of lectures by RevDoc Stranges were held at the Holiday Inn Midtown where #1 daughter works. She reports that Rev Doc Strangess (sorry, one "s") packed them in--between 125 and 150 people at each lecture. At two bucks a head. What does it all mean? It meant roughly a thousand dollars for RevDoc Stranges. At times I am tempted to get into that business myself. Spend twenty-thirty dollars on some books, hire a hall, take out a small ad, charge a couple of bucks admission....

The radio interviewer asked RevDoc Stranges his opinion of von Danneken's books. Von Danneken's facts are correct, said the RevDoc, but his conclusions are wrong; the space people did not create man by messing around with a bunch of apes...nossir...God did that.

According to the the Albuquerque TRIBUNE: "Stranges' organization's membership includes Vice President Gerald Ford, Gov. Ronald Reagan, TV personality Art Linkletter and former CIA Director R. H. Hillenkoetter."

Ford and Reagan? Hmmmm. Two strong contenders, I'm told, for the Republican presidential nomination. Two of our leaders. I could do a couple more pages but I think I'll just quasi-quote Harry Reasoner: "When polls indicate that only 28% of the populace believes in the President but 59% believe in flying saucers...you may need a new President but you surely need a new populace."

RT

#### PETER ROBERTS DEPARTMENT:

On one or two occasions every year I have a peculiar urge to sit down and write letters of comment to fanzines. I usually manage about four and uly send them off. Several months later I hear that three of the locced fanzines have folded and the editors have gafiated. Shortly after that the fourth locced fanzine arrives. The letter does not appear, I am not mentioned in the WANF column...

Thanks to DYNATRON, however, this problem has been solved. I am obviously writing my letters when my biorhythms are critical: I produce the loc when my Intellectual Cycle is negative; the GPO handle it when their Physical Rhythms are at a critical point; and the faned tears it up when his Sensitivity Cycle is at an all time low. Good on you, Art Rapp, for clearing up this mystery. Previously I'd put the trouble down to my precious bodily fluids drying up.

android, though...

I'm worried about that



Thinking of Art Rapp, I've lifted an aged copy of SPACEWARP from a nearby pile of fanzines and now I've a new problem. According to "The Sacred Writings of Roscoe (Book II)" I should blame an evil creature named Oscar for the disappearance of letters:

"If typing near a page's end and you find you've over run it,  
Don't scream a curse in Roscoe's name - it's Oscar who has done it!  
The ban of fuming, frenzied fen, this evil pseudo-beaver  
Brings wails of woe where'er he goes, the skulking base deceiver!"

So, Arnie, it's really Oscar to blame, isn't it? Honest, guv, it was just momentary forgetfulness that allowed me to suggest a (gasp) non-fannish answer to the problem.

I wonder if genetic engineering could produce an all-purpose fannish specimen? Some fine being with permanently damp fingertips for collating (on all six hands), one gigantic right arm for duplicator cranking (like those fiddler crabs, perhaps - not that they do any fanzines, I mean, but..oh forget it!), and so on. The propellor on the top of the head might look a trifle silly, however, though it might have untold uses in mating rituals. Better ask Rotsler about that.

The size of Worldcons has been worrying me recently (and Pete Weston and Malcolm Edwards, for that matter). As you may, possibly, have heard, we are intending to bid for a British World convention in 1979 (a long way off, but it's the nearest reasonable date). The problem is: how big is it likely to be? We really haven't a clue and there seem to be no reasonable guidelines for predicting it. The last UK Worldcon had, I think, 300 or so attendees (1965). The Heicon in 1970 had about 650 attendees. The Tynecon, the recent UK Eastercon, had 415 attendees - in the Northern Wastes of Newcastle, as well. So there isn't any good way of estimating numbers for a Worldcon on the South Coast (ie, near London) if it was held next year, let alone in 1979. We reckon on a 1000 as a rough minimum; but does anyone have any better ideas or guesses? While you're thinking, I'll put in a quick subliminal plug: pre-supporting memberships for the British worldcon bid are \$1 to Malcolm Edwards (19 Ranmoor Gardens, Harrow, Middx). Thanks.  
(6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2, UK)

#### HARRY WARNER DEPARTMENT:

In theory I am not writing locs these days, but instead am writing the book about fandom in the 1950's. But this is a loc on the latest Dynatron and it's going to be complicated to explain why. I meant to reserve tonight, the rest of the weekend, and another day or two for cutting Horizons stencils. Then my typewriter at the office busted and I've been forced to do my writing at home. This gums up the type and rather than waste lots of time removing and replacing the ribbon and cleaning the type between stenciling and columning, I put off the FAPA chore for a few more days and decided I would nurse this sudden cold and do little during the weekend but write that stuff for the newspaper and watch television. But it became abnormally warm outdoors today with a high around 70°, the furnace hasn't been running with the thermostat set at 66° and for the first time since I turned it down from 72° I'm suffering from the chill in the house, which is damp and clammy. So I don't dare sit still in front of a television set and destiny clearly has caused all these things to lead to creation of a loc. I don't think I responded to two slender issues of Dynatron that arrived in the mail and comments on the issue in the November FAPA mailing won't appear until May, so obviously, you get the loc.



You impressed me with the statement about your Sears electric typewriter. It looks as if it cuts a good stencil and that fact could conceivably persuade me to invest in one from either Sears or Montgomery Ward next fall. {{The Sears machine, at least mine, is a Smith-Corona in disguise. It is the Sears Medalist Electric 12 with an assortment of useful and useless features. Keep an eye on their sales catalogs. I saved \$50 buying this machine through the catalog rather than at the local retail outlet.}}

I like the calm way in which you present your sensation, a general fanzine item by Art Rapp. It's a good one, too, even though I kept waiting all through the discussion of the three cyclical theories for a culminating pun which never came on a tricycle. I don't doubt that many people have one or more of these cycles strong enough to be noticed, but I find it hard to believe that their effect is very noticeable when they must compete against all the stimuli that hit the emotions and intellect and physical body from modern civilization. It must be something like the moon's effect on the weather: it must exist but not in such determining manner that anyone can accurately predict weather conditions from the moon's status alone.

Snooping through old microfilms, I found in the Hagerstown newspapers a syndicated column about the oil situation which might have been written yesterday except for minor details, published in the spring of 1924. The columnist, a man named Haskin, used revelations in the Teapot Dome scandal and a U.S. Bureau of Mines report to support his contention that disaster lay ahead if the nation didn't stop being dependent on foreign sources of oil and didn't start squeezing oil out of shale. I don't doubt the reality of the present oil crisis or the possibility that it will quiet down for a few years if the Arabs alter policy. But I don't think we can count on another 50 years of oil, because there probably isn't any unexpected new factor lying ahead like the ones Haskin didn't foresee, the ability to get oil from out-of-the-way places in the Far North and off-shore. So I can't understand why Washington does not take some real measures to cope with the crisis. {{What ever became of the gas shortage?}}

(423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740)

BOOK DEPARTMENT: (Don't you just love the way I've got things organized in this issue?)

BIGFOOT by John Napier (E. P. Dutton, NYC, 1973, \$8.95)

In this excellent treatment of the subject (subtitled "The Yeti and Sasquatch in Myth and Reality"), Professor Napier closely examines the facts and fictions surrounding the Himalayan Abominable Snowman and his American cousin. The writing is excellent and Napier provides, where it is needed, just the right touch of lightness and wit. He concludes, in the case of the Yeti, probably not--the only thing that keeps him from changing that "probably" to "positively" is the footprint photographed by Eric Shipton on the Nenlung Glacier in 1951. That one is, so far, unexplainable. As for Sasquatch: "I am convinced that the Sasquatch exists, but whether it is all that it is cracked up to be is another matter altogether. There must be something in northwest America that needs explaining, and that something leaves man-like footprints." Professor Napier admits that the evidence in favor of Sasquatch is not hard evidence and that most scientists would not accept it, but it is, nevertheless, evidence and there is enough of it to warrant further investigation. Excellent book. Recommended if you're interested in the subject at all.

RT



BOOK DEPARTMENT:

MONUMENT by Lloyd Biggle, Jr. (Doubleday (SFBC), 1974)

Hey, get this one, it is a delight. Not deep, not significant, but great reading and a good story.

Cern Obrien, a wandering prospector, crashed on an uncharted planet which was, in many ways, a paradise. The "natives", descendants of the survivors of a previous starship wreck, lived an idyllic life working as little as was necessary and generally taking life easy and performing the local equivalent of throwing monkeys at the coconuts. In his old age Obrien comes to the realization that he is dying and that this paradise is sure to be discovered by civilization soon or sooner and the sharks will move in. Obrien teaches the natives a secret and gives them a Plan.

The planet is shortly discovered and, indeed, the sharks do arrive in droves intent on subdividing the planet like so much California (or New Mexico) real estate. The poor natives are drive to the wall but they have FAITH in the Plan-- and what the Plan does to the sharks is a delight. All logical and legal, too.

A fun book.

RT

Note also that Busby's Cage A Man is now available in paperback from (I think it is) Signet for 95¢. If you haven't the hardcover edition then by all means get the paperback.

CLIMATOLOGY DEPARTMENT:

Most of you probably picked up on the AP story about recent climate changes but for the one or two that didn't (Hi, Pardoe):

George and Helen Kukla (No, I don't know what happened to Fran and Ollie) of the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory of Columbia University have made an intensive study of weather satellite photographs for the past few years and they report that Earth's icecap has increased in size by 12% since 1971. Peaks in the mountains of British Columbia, the Himalayas, Tien-Shan and the Hindu Kush which were formerly snow free in the summer are now covered with snow and ice the year around.

Dr F. Kenneth Hare of the University of Toronto reports an overall temperature dip in Canada, the winter of 1972 was the coldest on record and many areas of that nation have recorded below normal temperatures for the past 19 consecutive months.

And, finally, Reid A. Bryson, director of the Institute of Environmental Studies at the University of Wisconsin reports that the Polar air mass has expanded greatly forcing the continental and subtropical highs south resulting in increased aridity which accounts for the severe droughts in northern Africa and Asia and America. If the pattern holds, he says, look for widespread crop failures.

All of which may explain why we had front in Albuquerque on the 21st of May.

12% increase in the size of the icecap. Very interesting.

I know drought conditions in even normally dry New Mexico are widespread with the farmers on the eastern side of the state saying they have already lost thousands of acres of wheat and other crops.

be interesting to watch what develops.....

It will



LYNN HICKMAN pens a postcard saying he received the latest issue of my political journal and wants to know when I'm going to publish a fanzine again. You really know how to hurt a guy, Lynn....

tioned politics once this issue?

Have I men-

One of the local radio stations went to a talk format with call-in programs on which all the ultra-rightwing nuts display their ignorance. I tune in now and again to catch up on the latest conspiracies. One of the programs I enjoy is called "Let's Talk It Out" with Father John Penn. Father Penn is a liberal-type Episcopal priest who often infuriates the listeners with his views. He also provides an occasional chuckle as with his statement that "death takes something out of our lives." Yes.

On this one particular day Father Penn was discoursing on the sanctity of marriage and the wrongness of pre-marital or extra-marital sex when Timothy Aloysius Callahan called in.

Top o the mornin', Father Penn, says Callahan.

Good morning, says Father Penn with a slight quaver in his voice because Callahan is something of a regular caller who loves to apply the needle.

Tell me, Father Penn, says Callahan, is there a Mrs God?

No, says Father Penn, suspecting that Callahan is going to lay one on him but not sure what it is. No, there is no Mrs God. I don't think God can be looked on as a sexual being.

Indeed, says Callahan, not sexual, you say. How do you suppose it was then that he managed to get that little Jewish girl pregnant a while back?

Now...begins Father Penn...

But Callahan interrupts, No Mrs God. Well then why does the church make such a fuss about marriage? I mean if God hasn't done the right thing by Mary and married the girl after all this time how can ye expect mere mortals to do any different?

I'm afraid your thinking is a little too far out for me, says Penn, but Thank you for calling....

A few years ago I thoroughly confused the readers by reporting that the Lomas Avenue Paint and Body Shop had moved from north 4th St to Amherst Avenue. That brought in some puzzled inquiries. I simply thought it amusing that a company called the Lomas Avenue Paint and Body Shop had moved to what was obviously a third location in Albuquerque while retaining the original "Lomas Avenue" name. My attempts at humor are sometimes a bit too esoteric, I think, and fall flat because things I find funny leave others cold. Ah, well, I admit to having a weird sense of humor so bear with me.

By the way, the Lomas Avenue Paint and Body Shop has now moved to Gibson Boulevard.

What does one do with only a few lines left at the bottom of the page and not really wanting to start a new subject? One says, Ed Cox, Doodle in this space:



Don Miller's SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL arrived (as Edco would say) with the listing of the Hugo nominees and I realize more than ever how the field is growing when I find stories and sources listed I've never even heard of.

I'm disappointed that neither Cage A Man nor Hard To Be A God made the nominations list. Both were, I thought, superior to The Man Who Folded Himself.

The inclusion of Genesis II among the nominees for "Best Dramatic" causes me to shake my head in wonderment and speculate that it must have made the list simply because it was produced by Roddenberry and thus sacred to the Trekkies. It was an absolute dog.

The biggest surprise, though, is the nominees for best fan writer: egad! Dirty Old Dick Geis is the only male surrounded by four females. He will, undoubtedly, have much to say about that. But somebody tell me please, who are Laura Basta and Jacqueline Lichtenberg???

Recently saw the following line in one of the fmz: Get SF out of the classrooms and back in the gutter where it belongs.

OK, it is an amusing one-liner and I chuckled but it reflects a lot of things.

Al- most from its beginnings science fiction was considered third-rate literature, pulp fiction ground out by hacks for a penny a word. School teachers took their students to task for reading junk when they should have been reading the classics and the "good literature" found in the English II reader. Parents frowned on it because it was pulp and they all knew that sort of trash was dirty (after all, look at that girl on the cover....)((which reminds me of another Callahan story which I'll get to in a bit)).

Then, a decade or so ago, the literati suddenly discovered science fiction and began some serious discussion of the field. Their followers, the pseudo-intellectuals and the artsy-craftsy types, also took it up because it was, my dears, the thing to do. Why simply everyone is reading science fiction. Soon we had classes in science fiction in the colleges and then the highschoools and junior highschoools and, egad, even the grammar schools.

Most of the secondary school classes in science fiction are snap courses designed to give a credit in English to those students who are too lazy or too dumb to take on the intricacies of a regular English course. Nobody flunks SF. As long as the student shows up in class and reads, or pretends to, he gets a grade.

Because science fiction, these days, is literature.

Ha!

There are some of us who have been around this field for many years who have never really given a damn about the literary merit of science fiction. What was (and is) important are the ideas in the story, not how well the story is written. Oh, certainly, a well-written story makes for better reading but some of the best science fiction I've ever read would never make the grade on literary standards.

But these days stf is being held up as literature. It isn't important. Old wave, new wave, who cares? It doesn't matter a bit whether or not science fiction makes the grade as literature.



What matters are the ideas, the concepts, the science that the writer puts into his story. (And that's where so many of the so-called new wave writers fail...they're too busy concentrating on literature... and if they want to write literature what the hell are they doing writing science fiction?)

Am I advocating that we take science fiction out of the schools and put it back in the gutter where it belongs? Of course not! Keep it in the schools. Let's have more science fiction classes. If we can take one student out of a hundred and turn on his sense of wonder, get him interested in science, cause him to ask "What if?", then we are way ahead of the game.

BOOK DEPARTMENT: THE 11TH PLAGUE by L. T. Peters, (Simon & Schuster, 1973, \$6.95)

"L. T. Peters", according to the dj infor, is the pseudonym of a highly successful doctor, who specializes in infectious diseases, and his wife.

Better he should stick to the medical business.

What we have here is a book about bacterial warfare. An Arab bacteriologist from an unspecified (but Egyptian) country develops a new strain of staphylococci, resistant to all the commonly used anti-biotics which causes a form of pneumonia that is highly virulent and 100% fatal. Ahmed Macdhi and his germs are kidnapped by an Arab terrorist organization. Their aim is to take the U.S. out of action before the next war with Israel by spreading disease throughout the country. The method of delivery: the germs are mailed to U.S. cities.

(OK, stop the laughing. The idea is a good one that's been thought of before. Of course, considering the current state of the U.S. Postal Service, the germs would probably die of old age before they were delivered...)

The germs are duly delivered and people begin dying by the thousands (by the 10s even) but genius medics Max Schwartz and Alex Kahn are called up by the government to solve the problem.

Macdhi had sent Schwartz a paper with all the vital clues as to what the germ was and how to control it but just as Schwartz reads the paper he (are you ready for this?) has a heart attack and dies.

Valiant Dr Kahn, however, finds the paper, reads the clues, says "Aha!" and risks his life to prove the suggested cure will. It does and in the nick of time, too, by golly. Just in time to save his wife and son who have come down with the disease.

Owell....there's a couple of good points to the story. Like, for instance, the message that bacteriological warfare can be carried on by just such an unexpected means and by just such an unexpected foe. There's the touch about the President having a list of 18 possible enemy countries which are to be warned that unless a cure for the plague is forthcoming immediately we are going to blow hell out of them with nukes. (The list of 18 possible enemies is kept on file and updated from time to time....hmmmm.)

I don't think there's any question that many of the smaller nations around the globe are actively working on bacteriological warfare projects. The Germans certainly are and without doubt any number of other non-nuclear powers.

It all makes life interesting. Which is more than can really be said for The 11th Plague.



MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER DEPARTMENT: A great article by Art Rapp. (How do you get these old BNFs to contribute?) The great danger of crackpot theories like biorhythm and Von Daniken is the tendency to make investigation of their subject matter unrespectable. In other words, there may be a grain of truth in biorhythm, but because of the tain of a crackpot theory it is less likely that serious investigation into the subject will be done. This is already a matter of historical record in the case of Velikovsky, where serious scientific consideration of the man's work is only recently being undertaken.

←(You have a point there. Serious investigation of a lot of things is put off because of lack of hard evidence or simply because there aren't enough investigators to go around. Or because some of this crap is too far out to even be considered. It is amusing, though, that whenever serious investigation does disprove a particular crackpot theory the proponents of that theory are not the least dismayed; they simply dismiss the scientific conclusions as "cover up" and carry on as usual.)→

I recommend that you read The Coming Dark Age, which presents a unique doom theory based upon the chain-reaction collapse of all our large systems. A fascinating book.

←(So? So who wrote it? Any collapse of the system will not be the fault of the system but of the dummies who are trying to operate it.)→  
(2123 N. Early St., Alexandria, Va., 22302)

And, generally, in keeping with a couple of other things in thish ...Dr Roald Fryxwell of Washington State University, Dr Harold E. Malde and Virginia McIntyre of the U.S. Geological Survey recently addressed a geology conference in Denver. They presented some stone artifacts from a dig at Hueyatlatco, Mexico: a leaf-shaped point, a point with a concave base, a knife, some other stuff, which were dug up in association with a camel pelvis and some other animal bones.

Geologically dated as being 250,000 years old.

Yes, that is two hundred and fifty thousand. Try to fit that in all your conventional theories. RT

WAHF DEPARTMENT: Buck Coulson, Ken Gammage, Darrell Schweitzer, Rose Hogue, Ben Indick, F.M. Busby, Irvin Koch, Jack Speer, Milt Stevens, and Gil Gaier. And probably some others I've forgotten or mislaid or lost or something.

EFFICIENT, BUSINESSLIKE U. S. POSTAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT:

Today's date is 6 June 1974. A copy of DYNATRON addressed to Chris Hulse was returned to me today. "Not deliverable as addressed." It was a copy of DYNATRON 54 bearing the postmark 12 September 1973. The "Return To Writer" was postmarked Long Beach, June 3, 1974.

No, no. I'm not going to comment on that. I'm beyond that. You can if you want to.

After all, they may have spent nine months trying to find Chris Hulse.

Sure.



BOOK DEPARTMENT: I really don't know how much Thomas N. Scortia has written but I do know that I haven't read very much of his work. Which is regrettable because Thomas N. Scortia is one fine science fiction writer. I have been very pleased with what I have read because Scortia writes the type of stf I like to read--what is sometimes referred to as hard science fiction. No cutesy fantasies, no wild flings with "style" but good hard stf. Good hard stf.

His latest seems to be Earthwreck! (Fawcett M2963, 95¢) in which he presents the problems facing the crews of American and Soviet spacestations when all-out nuclear war erupts on the planet making Earth uninhabitable.

Scortia handles the story well, the characterization is good, the solution logical. I might carp at his introduction of a tiny moonlet in orbit around the Earth as an essential part of the story, but not too loudly for there may well be one. (I seem to recall that a rather thorough but unsuccessful search for such a moonlet was conducted a few years ago.)

Earthwreck! is highly recommended, particularly if you like hard--and mature--science fiction.

If any of the readers knows about Scortia and would care to do an article on him, I'd be most happy to have it here.

JACK SPEER DEPARTMENT:

HGWells traced man's menstrual cycle ("man" includes woman, naturally) back to the tidal pools. But i wonder whether the intermediate animals, especially our brother primates and other mammals, show the same periodicity. ' ' Rapp neglected to tell us what the "sensitivity rhythm" was that helped lay Eisenhower low. ' ' I don't know by what measure "Most encyclopedias" can be said not to give the dates of birth and death. Just looking at random in my old Britannica, i found Martin Luther's birthdate given, and i remember that the excellent small one-volume encyclopedia edited by Lloyd Smith and published under such names as Everybody's Complete Encyclopedia in cheap editions before and during the war ({WWII}), gives dates of birth and death, which to me seems poor use of the wordage. ' ' It wasn't clear, either, whether "critical day" means one when all cycles coincide in being critical. The phrase is sometimes used alone, sometimes modified by "on his icicle". ' ' The whole thing is absurd, for reasons Rappointed out and others.

Alligators in Transylvania?

Schweitzer: 874,567th Fandom is too many, even for exaggeration. I've always felt the same way about the 267th Chorp dimension.

Work has been done on oil shale. I have a 16mm film, made several years ago but i got a projector for it only last week, which describes a process of using heated ceramic balls to break up and heat up the shale in ball mills. It was in use by The Oil Shale Company, of which i haven't heard anything recently. ' ' I'm not sure population reduction is the solution for the problems we face. Consumption per capita would go up anyway, especially if we are to move into interplanetary flight and other superscientific stuff on a large scale. But of course all causes are lost if population control is lost.

Bill Marsh: I'd say history is sufficient to give a framework, in the civilized world, back to 3,000 BC. ' ' No spearing of the sentence structure



but it's worth noting that Bill forms the pastense of "weave" with a d. More and more of the old Starkverbe are being regularized.

Why, shore there was a Jubal Harshaw type in Starship Troopers, if that means an older guy who hands down the Heinleinian gospel. I remember distinctly some infuriating academy instructor who proved that only soldiers should be citizens, as conclusively as Dr Johnson proved that equality wouldn't work.

(2416 Cutler Ave NE, Albuquerque NM)

BOOK DEPARTMENT: CHEAP THRILLS by Ron Goulart, (Arlington House, 1972 \$7.95)

Maybe someday someone will write a definitive history of the old pulp magazines (maybe someone already has) but this certainly is not it. Goulart's effort would serve as an introduction to the old pulpazines but that is about all. He tries to cover too much in too short a space. Much of it is familiar but there are a few nuggets. Goulart confirms, for example, my memory of a character called The Moon Man who no one else could seem to recall.

CHEAP THRILLS is good for an hour or so of nostalgia. The pulps aren't really dead, you know. They are alive in the paperbacks. Although not so cheap. In price anyway.

But what is? A book like this is eight bucks? Check it out of the library.

And that is going to wind up this issue. If I try for 20 pages I'll never get it published.

XXXXX

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