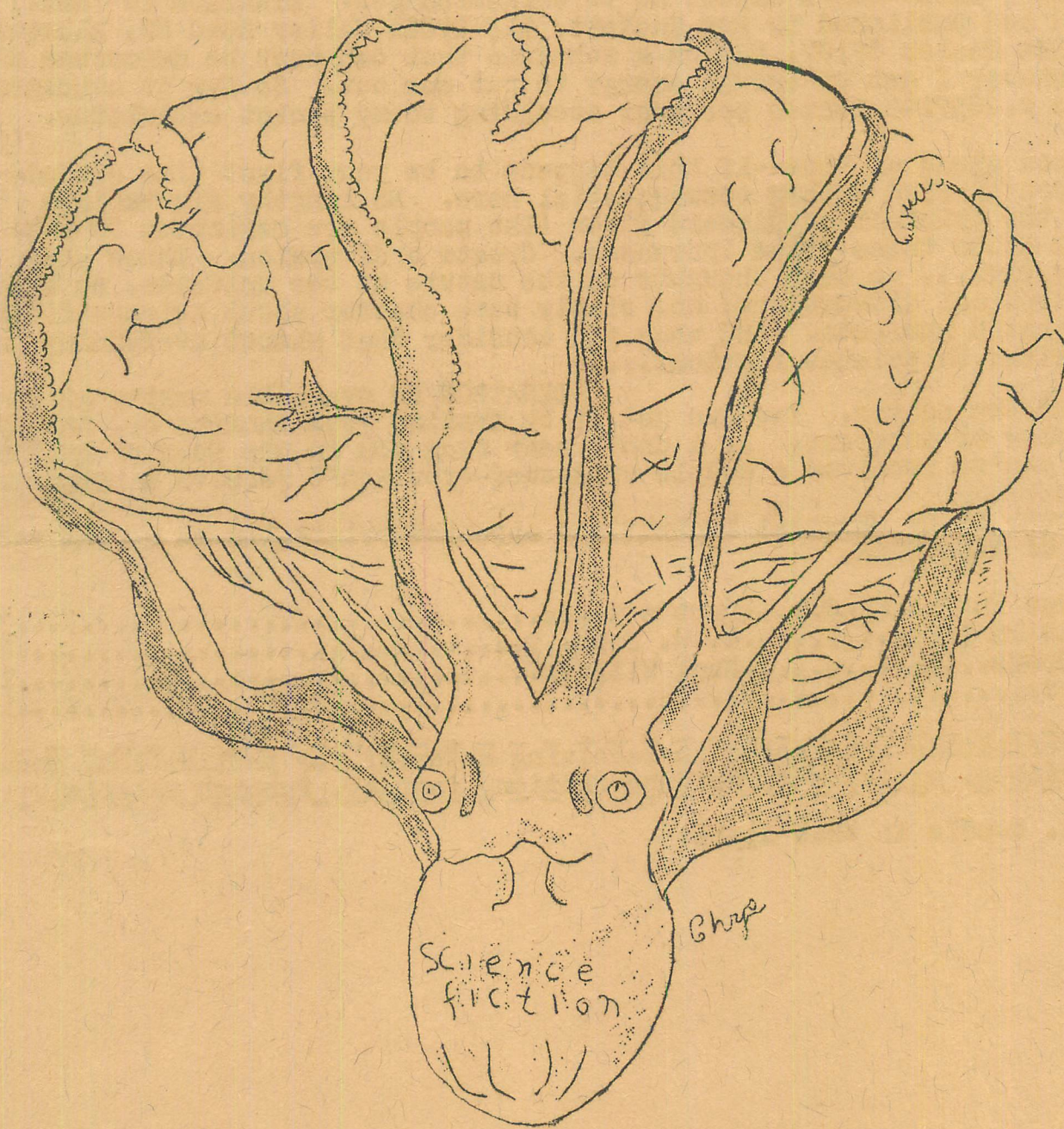


ack 10-21-74

60

DYNATRON



Science
fiction

Grasp

"THE GRASP"

DYNATRON

If you have been keeping track of such things you will realize that this is the 60th official issue of Dynatron (unofficial issues do not count). Sixty issues. It is also the 14th Annish which, while it isn't a record, does make this one of the longer-lived fanzines.

And this is, yes, a fanzine and you know, of course, what a fanzine is. If you don't know--don't expect me to enlighten you. DYNATRON is (koff) edited and published by Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107, USA on a schedule that can best be described as ...whenever I get up enough energy to put one out. So far it averages out to 4.2857142 issues per year according to my pocket calculator.

I'll warn you ahead of time--if this happens to be your first time around--that you'll find nothing consequential here. No lengthy discussions about the downfall of Richard Nixon (The people are beginning to make noises about these price increases. Create a diversion. Throw them Tricky Dick.), no deep thoughts on the nature of the universe, no heady philosophical discussions; no, simply some chatter about science fiction and related subjects. (And when you consider that almost everything can be realted to science fiction....)

DYNATRON is available mostly at the whim of the editor. You can get it by trading your fanzine or, mostly, by a show of interest. If I don't hear from you in one form or another after you've received a couple of issues--you won't receive a third one.

The cover is by Chrystal Tackett and appeared originally on a long ago issue of TIGHTBEAM.

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I am definitely interested in receiving material for publication. Book discussions, articles on science fiction, fantasy, fannish material.

Ed Cox, doodle in this space:

WRITINGS IN THE SAND

Unless one is blessed with acres of shelves, or is an absolute completist, neither of which really applies to me, a time eventually comes when one stares at the jumble of books stacked in every available space and decides, albeit reluctantly, that some of them have to go.

I arrived at that unhappy situation a couple of months ago.

Most unhappy situation for, in addition to the natural reluctance of a confirmed bookworm to part with any book, there is the unfortunate fact that used books really aren't worth anything. Which, no doubt, explains why so many of them end up in recycling centers where they can, at least, bring a few cents per pound as scrap paper. I really couldn't bring myself to go that far so I donated most of what I considered excess to such worthy causes as Goodwill Industries with the hope that the assorted volumes would remain as books instead of scrap. Mayhap someone will pick up one now and again for a few cents and derive some pleasure from it.

I really had no great problem in deciding what would go first. An assortment of mainstream novels which accumulated during the years I belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club, the Literary Guild, etc., could be moved out with no great feeling of loss.

Next came a much smaller assortment of non-fiction books. I am much more reluctant to part with non-fiction than I am with fiction but there were some volumes which I felt had served their purpose and

which I could do without.

And then came about 500 volumes on the occult, mysticism, psychic phenomena, and other associated junk. I have read these over the years with what I hope is an open mind and reached the conclusion that it is all so much garbage...ignorance and superstition left over from the caves and the Dark Ages.

And finally there were the science fiction shelves. Science fiction is the only form of literature a used book dealer will offer money for. In these parts the usual price is five cents for a paperback volume of stf. If one is lucky one can get ten cents. I got ten. It took several hours of sorting and resorting but I finally came up with 250 stf paperbacks I figured I could part with. The hole that was left is hardly noticeable.

A lot of what I culled out was apparently one-shots, single stories by authors I'd never heard of before^{or} again. None of it was very good. Then it came to choosing authors whose work really doesn't appeal to me very much. Out went a lot of Anthony, Blish, Brunner, Knight and others.

That ended Phase I of "Operation Shelfclean." (Gad, how we are corrupted by the gobbeldegook of the military.) The next phase will be to go through the science fiction/fantasy hardcovers and decide which of those can go. And then magazines. I may try to move those out at Bubonicon either by selling them individually or to a huckster. One way or another, though, the load must be lightened.

I am not at all sure just how much of this particular column will pertain to science fiction--probably very little. Some wiseacre in the audience will now point out that this particular column seldom has much to do with science fiction. So it goes. I have, as you well know, Ish, a wide assortment of interests to occupy my time--or what time is left over from mundane pursuits.

One of those mundane pursuits has been the task of trying to keep enough water applied to 915 to keep it from drying up and blowing away. No easy job. Most of June the temperature exceeded 100° F, with no precipitation at all and drying winds. Which all contributed, no doubt, to all three pumps breaking down at the same time. Had two repaired and replaced the third one.

Truly one can make the desert blossom like a rose but it is an expensive proposition.

As I have indicated in previous issues, we are growing increasingly disenchanted with the Land of Enchantment. As former governor, Dave Cargo, said as he left New Mexico for Oregon (where he will, no doubt, be running for governor one day soon): "In four years time I drug New Mexico kicking and screaming into the 19th Century. God knows how long it will take this state to reach the 20th."

We have been discussing a move for the past year or so although we are in no great hurry about it. René still has one more year of high school and we really have no desire to move until she finishes. But we are looking....

During July we took an extended vacation through northern California, Oregon, Washington and western Canada. As usual it was a multipurpose trip. We visited friends and relatives in California, took a good look at Washington as a

possible future location. Oregon is out because there isn't much there in my particular field. Western Washington offered several possibilities so I left job applications scattered around the Seattle, Tacoma, Bremerton area. Somewhat dampish there but rather a change from New Mexico.

We drove on into British Columbia and Alberta for a couple of reasons--one was just to visit, the other was to check first hand on the climate information I reported in the last issue.

Despite what Alexis Gilliland says in this issue's letter column I found the report to be substantially correct. Snowfall in the high mountains of B.C. and Alberta has been significantly heavier for the past few years. The locals I talked to confirmed that many peaks formerly bare in the summer now are snow covered the year around. We saw vast stands of aspen, which should have been in leaf in late July, which were still bare indicating the altitude at which they were growing was colder than normal. The Athabaskan Glacier, which has been shrinking steadily for the past sixty years or so is holding the line...it isn't growing but it isn't shrinking any more either.

What it all means is anybody's guess. Other than some weather changes. I don't think anybody is going to predict a return of the ice for we have seen cold spells before in the past couple thousand years. It is interesting to note that the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (or whatever the Weather Bureau is called these days) has reported that the average temperature of the Earth has dropped more than 2° during the last two or three years.

The weather will be of more than usual interest for a while.

Boycott grapes

We returned to New Mexico by way of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. Made stops along the way at points of historical interest such as Three Forks where the Missouri begins, doubled back in Wyoming to follow the Oregon trail for a while. Coming back into New Mexico one follows the old Santa Fe trail, of course, so we stopped at Fort Union National Monument to muse a while on the old west. We came back loaded with history books picked up along the way.

Diana celebrated her 21st birthday in San Francisco all of which makes me realize how the years are flitting past.

We clocked 5,600 miles on this trip. Gasoline was no problem--except for the cost. I recently heard someone say that the truth behind the recent gas shortage was that there was only a shortage of cheap gas. Yes. Outside of New Mexico I found only two stations, both in Montana, where gasoline was less than 60¢ per gallon. The highest was in Needles, California, where gas was going at 70¢ per gallon. (Well, 69.9 if you are a stickler for accuracy.) We travelled a thousand miles less than last year but spent 50% more for gasoline. It will take a while to recover from that.

The only other trip we have planned for this year is a quick trip to southern California, probably in October. I want to check the job possibilities and living conditions around Point Mugu and Vandenberg AFB.

Restore the Czar

A television commercial for Continental Oil Company says we need a far-sighted national policy to coordinate all phases/problems of the energy situation. Right. Nationalize the oil companies.

LO, THE POOR...OR...THE ONLY GOOD INDIAN IS A...OR (PERHAPS) PIGS IS PIGS.

The U.S. Indian Claims Commission finally settled with the Sioux tribes on one of their claims against the government. The Commission awarded the Sioux \$14.5 million plus 5% interest for the 7.3 million acres of land known as the "Black Hills Area."

Sound pretty good on the surface, eh? Wait.

Back in 1868 the government made a treaty with the Sioux giving them what is now South Dakota plus hunting rights outside the area and guaranteeing that non-Indians would be kept out.

Then gold was discovered in the Black Hills. President U.S. Grant, a forerunner of Millhouse whose administration was almost as corrupt, declared the 1868 treaty was void and sent the army in to settle the Sioux on reservations. One of those who went looking was George Armstrong Custer. To his regret he found what he was looking for. The Army had decided that the only way the plains Indians could be pacified was to eliminate their food supply and make them totally dependent on the government so the bison were killed off and when the Sioux had been starved into submission the Army confiscated their weapons, their horses and their hunting grounds and herded them on to reservations. The government fed the Indians as long as they stayed on the reservation.

Ah, you knew that, eh?

The Claims Commission ruled that the food and provisions given the Sioux after they had been chased out of the Black Hills represented partial payment and this amount, totaling \$25 million, is to be deducted from the amount awarded to amount awarded.

Yes.

The Senate has passed a bill to cancel that particular bit of nonsense but the House Indian Affairs

Committee under its Chairman, Lloyd Meeds (D,WA) has refused to go along with the Senate's proposal. The Senate Bill was introduced by James Abourezk (D,SD).

Now let's see if we've got this right...the government killed off the Sioux's food supply, stole their land, weapons and horses and now wants to charge them twenty-five million dollars for this.

You betchum, Red Ryder.

Well, of course this is a science fiction fanzine. It says so on page 2, doesn't it? Be patient. I'll get around to it. I can't do a Westercon report because I didn't go. I can't do a Bubonicon report because it has not happened yet. I could mention some books but I'll do that in the book column. So where does that leave us?

One place it leaves me is debating whether I really want to take the Science Fiction course offered by UNM's Community College this fall. SCIENCE FICTION 12 weeks \$35. Science fiction is still adventuresome--but it is emerging as an original area of new forms, new ideas, and both serious and comic views of where we are and where we are going. Selections will cover a wide field, from the "classics", Asimov and Clark (sic) to the personal vision of Silverberg, to the epic DUNE, and the various superstars, such as Ursula LeGuinn and J. G. Ballard. The comic and ironic will be represented also. As many books are widely available, the class will be able to decide on several selections.

Carolyn Maisel, M.F.A.
Wednesdays, 7:00-9:00 p.m.

Hmmmm. I don't know if I want to lay out thirty-five bucks just to get into an argument. Maybe I should go to find out what Silverberg's personal vision is.

Ah, well, it would always make material for this column if nothing else.

And I think at the moment I need material for this column.

If you would like to support Britain (Somebody over there on the right cracked that we've been supporting Britain for years. Shaddup.)...if you would like to support Britain for the 1979 world-con--and I think that is a fine idea--you can get a presupporting membership by sending \$1 incash to Malcolm Edwards, 19 Ranmoor Gardens, Harrow, Middx, HA1 1UQ, U.K.

Hurry, before Malcolm takes a look at the dollar and decides the price ought to go up.

Concommittee there is Peter Weston, Peter Roberts and Malcolm Edwards. All good fen and true.

And if someone in the vast readership (avast, ya lubbers...excuse me, that sort of thing just naturally creeps up on me) will clue me in on the 1975 Westercon I'll be happy to buy a membership or two.

BOOK DEPARTMENT:

THE GLASS INFERNO by Thomas N. Scortia & Frank M. Robinson (Doubleday, 1974, \$7.95, 435pp)

Scortia and Robinson have tried to apply the technique George R. Stewart used so successfully in STORM and FIRE to this story of a disastrous fire in a modern high rise building. They didn't make it.

Some comments on corruption in big business and a thoughtful discussion of marriage keep this one from being a complete loss.

AMERICAN GOTHIC by Robert Bloch (Simon&Schuster, 1974, \$6.95, 222pp)

A fictionalization of the career of Herman W. Mudgett, a Chicago mass murderer of the 1890s who preferred to be called H.H. Holmes. Not up to Bloch's best.

GWEN, IN GREEN by Len & June Moffatt
(Pawcett Gold Medal, \$.95, 191pp)

Gwen and her husband move to an island where her mind is taken over by a sentient water cress and horrible things happen.

This book is one of them.

PLEASURE PLANET by "Edward George" (Carlyle, \$1.95, 187pp)

Stfish porn by a couple of well-known fen. Amusing and full of fannish references.

WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD by Suzy McKee Charnas (Ballantine, \$1.25, 214pp).

Ms Charnas: is a local lass who is a member of the Albuquerque SF Group, I'm told, although I've never met her.

WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD has gotten generally good reviews although some of the locals were lukewarm about it.

I was curious enough to actually spend a buck and a quarter and don't regret it a bit. WALK TO THE END OF THE WORLD is a good story--good enough to keep me turning the pages to the end and that doesn't happen too often these days.

This is an after the catastrophe story and Ms Charnas points out, rightly, that the survivors of any such catastrophe will probably be an elite group whose descendants are likely to have some positive ideas of their place in the scheme of things. (Should nuclear war break out today who do you think will be in the shelters?) Along the way Ms Charnas has some perceptive things to say about the relationship of men to each other, to women, and the need to feel superior to something.

The book ends but the story is not complete so presumably a sequel is in the works. I hope so. A lot of strings are left untied. Recommended.

The Moffatt House Abroad, Len & June Moffatt's report of their 1973 TAFF trip is available from the authors at Box 4456, Downey, California 90241 for \$2 per copy. Illoed by photographs and ATOM cartoons (and Terry Weeves cartoons) the book is worth the price and it goes to a worthy cause: The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. Get one.

Ethel Lindsay for TAFF????

EOA: Flieg Hollander, P. O. Box 317, Upton, N.Y. 11973

THE DISPOSSESSED by Ursula K. Le Guin (Harper & Row, \$7.95, 341pp)

This will be surely, especially after it comes out in paperback, one of the most talked about books of the year. Darko Suvin says it is "a synthesis for our times." and I suppose it could be considered such.

Against a backdrop of twin inhabited planets Mrs LeGuin carries on a lively discussion of politics, ideology, society, man's place, woman's place, religion and just about anything else you can think of. She makes some good points and misses some. I'm not going into any lengthy discussion of what she says. There is essentially nothing new here--I've argued it all many times.

As has been said about Heinlein's recent books, there is much talk and little movement and LeGuin's use of alternate chapters for flashbacks is annoying as it interrupts the continuity of the story...I think it would have been better told in a straightforward manner. "Style" intrudes at times--particularly at the beginning of chapter 10. And the time theories put forth are closer to metaphysics than to physics.

Still it is a good book and I recommend it. There's a lot said in The Dispossessed and a lot of it is worth thinking about.

Too bad the muds won't read it.

ROYTAC

XXXXX

TRAVELS IN INDIA

by

C. W. JOHN

"Write," said Horrible Old Roy Tackett, who calls himself the "editor" of this pamphlet, altho what he knows about editing can fit comfortably in an eyedropper, "about your travels in India. Write about hollering in the Himalayas, about gang-bathing in the Ganges, about killing for Kali, and all that sort of rot."

But what can one say about India? It is overcrowded with ignorant, superstitious people and it stinks. You can smell Calcutta fifty miles away.

No, I'd rather write about the United States. And what can one say about the United States? It is overcrowded with ignorant, superstitious people and it stinks. You can smell New York fifty miles away.

Or maybe I want to write about the Sevagram--the Global Village.

I have spent the past few years wandering around the world and what I have seen is frightening. This little planet of ours is being raped and plundered at an alarming rate. And we really cannot afford it any more. As Asimov has pointed out, Earth could support 1,000,000,000 people in luxury. Unfortunately we now have 3.5 times that number and by the end of this century the figure is expected to reach seven times that number. 7,000,000,000 human beings on this small planet. That is too many.

There has been much talk about population control, about programs to reduce population to a point where we can all live comfortably without completely destroying the environment, the planet and, ultimately, ourselves. Unfortunately, most of

it is just talk. Sex is still mankind's major preoccupation and procreation is actively encouraged by most of our major institutions. Church, government, business all urge more and more people. In the developed countries government and business urge population growth to keep the economy expanding. In the underdeveloped countries, larger populations are urged to help build the economy and to keep up with those nations which are a step ahead. It is all rather stupid.

Most of the world is busy trying to emulate western civilization and since the United States is generally conceded to be the leader it would seem to be up to the United States to take whatever steps are necessary to cope with the situation.

Now, obviously, unless our luck runs out and Mother Nature decides to take a hand, we are not going to have any decrease in population. What we have to do, then, is take steps to accomodate a continuously rising population and, at the same time, preserve as much of the Earth as is possible. There are going to have to be some drastic changes in lifestyle.

I have borrowed from Megan Terry, Silverberg, and several others in the following ideas which, I am sure, will be soundly rejected all around, but they are, nevertheless, worth thinking about.

Owning a place of one's own, even if it is a 20x40 house on a 25x50 lot, has always been the big American dream. Yessir, a place of my own. A man's home is his castle and all that sort of thing. Well and good in its day but the day is past and individual homesites are now a luxury we can

no longer afford. They are too wasteful of land and resources. Suburbia sprawls across the land, an obscene growth encouraged by land developers, builders, and others all eager to make a quick buck with no thought for the future. "Have lots of kids," they say, "so that in the next couple of years you can all move to beautiful Swampy Acres." Use up more land, more trees, more of everything.

I propose that we build new "cities" to take the place of suburbia and the old cities. These new "cities" would be, essentially, huge buildings, similar in design to the Pentagon, that is a series of concentric rings with a large plaza or park in the middle. I visualize these buildings as being a mile to the side and tall enough so that they will be capable of housing between 50,000 and 100,000 people. The lower floors would be given over to shopping and work areas. Small manufacturing plants could easily be accommodated.

The areas between the rings and the central plaza would provide places of recreation and relaxation.

People being people, of course, the buildings would need security and this could be drawn from the residents themselves while at the same time educational efforts would be made to install city pride.

Once a sufficient number of these new cities had been built the current jumble of cities and suburbs could be dismantled. Note that I said dismantled and not torn down for every effort should be made to salvage wood, metal, glass, etc., for recycling and reuse.

Along this line there will have to be some drastic changes made in the cost of material. At the present time material costs, labor costs and freight costs all tend to

make the use of new material much cheaper than the use of scrap and recycled material. Freight rates for scrap, for instance, are twice as high as the rates for ore. Things such as this will have to be turned about to actively encourage recycling.

The reclaimed areas of the cities and suburbs will be used as farm lands--which are getting to be in short supply--or allowed to return to a wilderness state or developed into parks.

It should be obvious, too, that great savings of land and material will be accomplished by the elimination of the need for automobiles and the space devoted to them. The hallways of the buildings could be equipped with beltways to move the residents to their doors or to the necessary vertical lifts.

Some other advantages would include the elimination of such things as racial ghettos, since residences could be assigned to insure racial balance.

There are, of course, a number of details which would have to be worked out but I am sure that our vaunted American ingenuity would be able to solve the problems with ease.

There would, of course, be objections to giving up that 20x30 foot home and castle but perhaps not as many as one might think. Most people will agree that the home and castle is also a big pain in the neck when it comes to maintaining it. Apartment dwelling is becoming increasingly popular and by including all the extras of modern apartments in our new cities they would become most attractive to the public.

C. W. JOHN

XXXXXX

Boycott Lettuce.

POLLUTION SOLUTION

"We've finally
solved it,"
said the Garbage Engineer
as he showed us
thru the
latest addition
to the solar fleet.
"In ships like this
we'll take our solid waste
and dump it
into the sun."
Somewhere a
door slammed
and we all jumped.
"In spite of
all the ill founded rumors
that the program
will cause a nova,"
he concluded
with a frown.

LAMENT

How were we
to know
when we volunteered
to be frozen
that this would happen?
We were idealists
who wanted to see
the future
and realize our dreams.
We had no way
of knowing in advance
that while
we slept
these changes
would be made.
Imagine our shock
when we woke
to find ourselves
slave labor
on the Moon!

FOUR POEMS

by Neal Wilgus

TRUTH

My dictionary
defines mass as
"A measure of the quantity
of matter in a body,"
and "the quotient obtained
by dividing
the weight of a body
by the acceleration
due to gravity."
Isaac Asimov explains
that photons,
gravitons and neutrinos
are particles which,
if they ever came to rest,
would have
zero mass.
Such is the stuff
of which the Universe
and your dreams
are made.

STELLAR PYRAMIDS

"It took
several generations
of our people,"
said the
man from
Hercules Cluster,
"but as you see
we've moved
all our stars
close together
so we won't
be forced to
spend all our time
traveling.
Now we're always
within a lightyear
or so
of the nearest system
and we don't feel
so provincial."

- - - - -
L E T T E R S
- - - - -

{{Starting off with a genuine rarity}}

RICK SNEARY This is an honnist to Roscoe LoC on Dynatron
2962 SANTA ANA ST. #59. I have put comment into Five by Five mailings,
SOUTH GATE, CALIF. and it hasn't done a bit of good. Not even a WAHF
90280 mention.. The weather here is so hot and sultry
 that rather than read Watership Downs, I'm going
to write this, and send it with the mailing.

I pay so little attention to fanzines these days that if you hadn't mentioned the sandwormcolor of the paper, I would never have thought of it...though you had already mentioned getting the paper. Not observent is one of my many faults.

I have a list of Nebula winners, but not the usual 2 runnersup. I imagine that McIntyre was the name no one knew...at least I didn't. Well, I do have a 1973 address for her, as a LOCUS reader, but she wasn't in the SFWA list then. To tie this with your later remarks about Hugo nominations...I repeat that this defussion of interest is what is hurting fandom today. Not only is there to much to keep up with--even if you become a 102% fan, like some in 5th Fandom were, and read nothing else--but we aren't reading it at the same time. And the dumb stories. I just finished reading THE EARLY ASIMOV..About a dozen of the first stories he sold...as a teenager and raw beginner. The writing, even then, was so poor it sold to places like COMET and AMAZING. Yet I enjoyed every one. In the Elwood collections I've received, it's luck if I am able to find two stories that are alright. I like Jenrette's idea of what makes a good story: "An appealing character strives against great odds to attain a worthwhile goal!" To many stories have characters you hope drown, while doing nothing to prevent pointless things from happening.

Edco's idea is staggering. It sounds like something I might have thought up. If it doesn't say something about great minds, it at least suggests why we have been buddies so long. Though there are a few suggestions...One weakness in the idea is that you can't tell how often a title appeared. Mags like the AVON FANTASY READER appeared over six years, but with only 18 issues. To be a perfectionest the bars on the histo-map ought to have little stars where acctual issues appeared..or different colors to cover different frequency of appearance..or both. Black for monthly, blue for bi-monthly, green for quarterly, and maybe red for very irregular. No... Green would mean 4 issues a year, you would only need three other colors to list the lesser number of appearances. This would have the advantage of being able to trace the rise and fall of the indavidual magazine, as its colors shifted, through red to green to black and back. Another problem not mentioned is how to show the magazines that changed names while merging into another one. I belive Edco is off in his size, though. Going over my index I count 95 American titles of SF and fantasy/weird. I can easily get 60 lines to a page of paper, so you shold be able to get them all on two sheets, virtacally. My typewriter has holes in the plastic typing guard that are designed so that you can place a pen through it, slide the carrage across, and instantly have a ruled line, just one 'line' wide. By. putting the sheets in sideways

you could rule them the other way. After the first sheets with the names, you could get four years to a page, or 12 sheets wide. That would be only 8½ feet wide. Still darn big, but not quite unmanageable. It would be an impressive thing for the wall of a Science Fiction library.

⌞Listen, Rick, I think you and Edco have both been ought in the sun too long. Next thing I know the two of you are going to talk Moffatt into doing that fanzine histo-map. When I see you cresting Nine-mile Hill I may join you...we can take it all the way to Rapp's place.⌟

Your format for presenting letters is just a little hard to get used to. I found myself thinking at first they were comments by you, directed toward the person named. As you use them as mini-articles, the approach is understandable, but just a little hard, none the less, to tell where RT leaves off and someone else begins. (This due in part to the fact that letter writers tend to write in the style of the fanzine in question, to some degree..)

Regarding your Dr Stranges (he has to be kidding) and his organization. I wouldn't get overly excited about Ford and Reagan being listed as members. After all, its easy to make up a membership list. And besides Nixon is listed as a Quaker. If one thinks about it, if there are aliens, they probably have unfriendly intent toward us, or they would have spoken up. Maybe they are weighting for us to make things easy for them by wiping out most of our ownelves in one way or another. "GREAT CONSPIRACY"...Oh, I tell you some times I envy all those paranoids who can blame all their troubles on some helpless enemy. We manic-depressives have to swing along wih an often to clear picture of who is to blame.

The one trouble with a belief in the Bigfoots is rather like the Loch Ness Monster: it takes more two of a kind to keep a species going. There would have to be several of them, probably moving in a clan/tribe which makes the chance of their being seen or traced that much greater. But it seems that it is always only single beings that are sighted, or tracks found. Maybe like the imaginary animals of my early dreams, they have found the fountain of youth and one has lived all these hundreds of years.

⌞Not necessarily. They might move in small family groups as the Shoshone did and meet with other families only ocasionally for various reasons. Having just travelled through Bigfoot country I'm willing to concede that they could remain undiscovered in those forests...but not too much longer at the rate the forests are being cut down.⌟

Regarding stone artifacts and 250,000 year old camel bones--is it not possable that the bones were layed down that long ago and then partly uncovered again in time for Stone Age Man to drop a few things? The passing reference was to brief to tell if the scientific hole diggers found them intermingled or just piled up like a collection of old rubbish.

⌞I think the bones and artifacts were found in a layer that was estimated to be 250,000 years old. I, too, find it hard to give credence to man in the Americas that long ago.

What is even more interesting is the recent suggestion that Cro-Magnon man used a form of writing. Very interesting. I think we are shortly going to have to revise all our theories on ancient man. Maybe the picture I've been building of the Fifth Men isn't so far out after all.⌟

DARRELL SCHWEITZER Cobwebb'd Sir:

113 DEEPDALE ROAD
STRAFFORD, PA.
19087

My loyal servant (Igor--he wants a plug {{Horse, tobacco or electrical? RT}}) hath shewn me that there have been no DS letters in DYNATRON lo, these many aeons, so I shall post haste and hast postily endeavor (didn't they name a spaceship after that word once?) to remedy this situation.

Now on to the meatgrinder.

I find some of the statements in this issue (like pp 12-13) appalling. I'm glad that you're not a writer, Roy, because with your attitude we'd have just another low grade hack. Regardless of if you had any talent or not. Anyone who doesn't think he is writing "literature" isn't going to work any harder than he has to.

I've heard your line before. The previous version of it was "Science Fiction can't be judged by ordinary standards," and this translated as "Doc Smith may be an illiterate but I like him anyway. How dare you call me indiscriminating?" This was a rather common defense used by fans to answer challenges made (often by their teachers) against the cherished idols of the SF field. The reason that SF wasn't all that respectable in the 20's, 30's and 40's was that most of it was illiterate drivel. In the 1940's things began to shape up, but the word didn't get around for a while. (Ever notice that the stuff they study in academic SF courses is mostly from 1940's ASTOUNDING?) But have you ever stopped to ask yourself why SF became disreputable to start with? It was perfectly respectable in the 19th Century. I've heard claims that every major American writer of the 19th Century wrote some SF (or at least a utopian romance). Well I don't know if they all did, but many of them did, and SF was respectable in those days because it was written by capable writers who considered themselves artists and did their best. It didn't become disreputable until the days of Gernsback and the pulps with their half-cent a word hackwriters. Gernsback had his defenders who resisted John Campbell's attempts to humanize the field and impose minimal story values. (Funny, but Campbell actually started this silly upstart trend which says that SF writers should try and learn how to write.) And there have been others who have resisted the further recovery of the field from the damages done to it during the early pulp days.

People like you for instance. Let's face it, this claim that the literary merit of SF is irrelevant is rationalisation, a last ditch effort to defend writing which you know is shoddy. Fortunately very few writers hold such a position these days, and the field will be better off when those who do leave. When you say of other writers "they're too busy writing literature--what the hell are they doing writing science fiction?" you are in effect saying "They're too busy trying to think out their premises so that any educated adult will be mentally stimulated by them, they're too busy making their characters real living human beings; they're too busy making sure that their situations don't compromise the basic realities of life; they're too busy depicting whole societies in the complex manner in which real societies exist; they're too busy writing in a manner that displays more than a passing acquaintance with the English language; they're too busy doing all these things, so what the hell are they doing writing science fiction?"

{{You forgot to add "they're too busy concentrating on cuteness and style and relevance (whatever that is) to be concerned with such things as plotting and a solid scientific (rather than pseudo-scientific) background.}}

If you want that kind of science fiction you'll have to become an old magazine collector. That kind of science fiction is on the way out. I think it may even disappear from ANALOG now that Ben Bova is stirring up a little dust in those parts. Literary merit means that the writer is able to depict his subject matter competently, believably, and intelligently. Idea is not all.

this.

Yours, hoping some fur will fly over

{{It may. Who knows? Go thou and read Don Pfeil's editorial in the October VERTEX. Your viewpoint and mine are not all that far apart for I mostly agree with your arguments. Now, if I can convince you that in SF the idea, which may not be all, is certainly the most important thing... Suppose I throw you some names to illustrate my points: James Sallis, Carol Emshwiller, Sonya Dorman and various others who appear mostly in the ORBIT series. Do you want to defend that type of writing on the grounds of literary merit?}}

P.S. Wanna read a D. Schweitzer story? Two short books of mine (short stories with lots of illos and big margins) are coming out this summer from Shroud Press. The titles are Silkie Son and A Dream In The Mountains. Both are WEIRD TALES style fantasies. Go thou and buy or Cthulhu'll eat ya. {{Ol' Squidface showed up last week. I put him in the cioppino. Burp.}}

IAN BUTTERWORTH
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CHEADLE HULM
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My, my, haven't you got strong views on, well, on just about everything. Take for instance the draft, and you can keep it. We in this country have managed perfectly well without it for some few years. Our army, and all the other services, for that matter, manage quite well without the draft. While realizing that there is a bit of difference in sizes, though I shouldn't have thought that much different in relative terms, and they seem to manage quite well. A thought, its always possible to find work for an extra pair of hands. Think about that in relation to the Army.

{{Yes. Work expands to the number of men available. Certainly I have strong opinions on everything. And if a subject comes up on which I don't have one, I'll be sure to form one immediately. Hopefully, the opposite of what everybody else holds.}}

ERIC LINDSAY
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If you don't like Nixon why don't you stop beating about the bush and say it - can't stand people who never tell you where they stand.

{{At this moment, with Nixon having departed from the scene, my feelings are academic. But, if you insist, no, I don't like Nixon, cast my first vote against him in 1950. He is no longer President--good. Ah, but if I don't tell you exactly where I stand then you can't put me on the spot.}}

I first read you on the postal service in D58, I thought I must have picked up a spare page of YANDRO, but then I realized that you were even meaner than Buck. {{I've had more years to practice.}}

your reviews, mainly because many of those you review arrived here recently, and I've been putting off reading them. I read Dynatron on the train going home tonight, with a copy of FMBusby's Cage A Man in my briefcase also - started reading it after tea (I get home really late usually)

and couldn't put it down to start this loc until I had finished it. I'm not sure about Hugo quality; the characters are not really developed to a great extent, and too much is lightly passed over as in the escape. However it has been several books since I felt the same old sensawonder building up (the last one was Colin Wilson's The Philosopher's Stone which I read a week ago - liked that so much I ordered another $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen as gifts and for sale), and the time before that was a long time back (Heinlein's Time Enough For Love in fact - which I really liked as a story, although as a novel it doesn't rate).

I have Cabu here also - if I agree with you so much on one book I suppose I might as well tempt fate (and ignore the 20 letters/fanzines that arrived in the past two days) and make that my late night reading tonight.

⚡⚡OK, and although I've not heard of Wilson's The Philosopher's Stone, I'll make a point of hunting up a copy.⚡⚡

The Busby one reminds me of something Gene Wolfe once wrote in a letter to me about his first book - that it was cut by more than half. The Busby would have benefited from greater length. I wonder if it was cut to fit the publisher's schedules?

You were pointed out to me at Torcon, and perhaps we even met (altho I have to admit that whole segments of that con are a blur to me now...bottle fatigue probably,)(but I remember a tall and distinguished, even handsome, fan. ⚡⚡Tsk, your memory is faulty there...not guilty on all three counts.⚡⚡

Our politicians are granting themselves a wage rise - as much as I make in fact. I may just try finding the left over stocks from the last bit of roadmaking I was engaged in.

I'd love to stomp on you about conscription, but now I'm past the age of (non)consent I find myself not worrying as much (especially with ours abolished). You make sense with that idea however...I don't agree, but it's a better argument than most I've seen.

1984 & counting - some of the bastards have decided not to wait that long. Have you noticed all the kids protesting for end of war, then drifting into permissive sex and drugs? Sometimes I wonder if these are the throwaway concessions made by society so no one will protest about all the other losses of liberty. Sometimes I see conspiracies everywhere...and some of them exist.

⚡⚡I never held much with Great Conspiracies in the past but, after Watergate, I'm on the verge of becoming a believer.⚡⚡

⚡⚡Hmmm. Picked up a copy of something called CONSUMER ADVOCATE OF ALBUQUERQUE, and the first thing I see is an article entitled How To Sue In Small Claims Court by John B. Speer. Hmmm. Bet he didn't get paid for it either.⚡⚡

DENNY LIEN
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⚡
I had better do an LoC on DYNATRON if I wish to continue getting same, yes? ⚡⚡Yep, as we say out west.⚡⚡

"DYNATRON is, as you well know, a fanzine of sorts (check with Dr Wertham for an explanation of what fanzines are)." Oh, you're a special form of communication devoted to comics and-or sci-fi, huh? ⚡⚡Well of course, as our governor would say⚡⚡

I think the pun Bill Marsh was looking for re lowering thermostats in Nevada houses of prostitution would have had something to do with "hoar frost." But I'm not going to make that pun.

"Jesus Shoes" reference to a story by Alan R. Bosworth in the April 1942 UNKNOWN, or to the legend behind said story: walking on water. {{Right.}}

Ah yes, Spiro Agnew as science fiction writer. I think we can freeze him out of the Hugo, but he's probably going to get the Nebula and the JWCampbell Memorial Award for best new kid. So it goes, again. {{Big John would rise up out of his grave...}}

Just wait till VERTEX discovers its own Shaver mystery. {{The Octish has The Great Pyramid--The First Observatory}}

Thanks for plugging TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. We seem to be a scorned minority. {{'Tis a proud and lonely thing...}}

As for DYNATRON as an underground leftist newsletter, the review of Wertham's book in CHOICE (library trade journal) said in effect "who cares about fanzines --nobody sees them and they don't take sides on vital issues?" {{The reason DYNATRON does not take sides is because, sir, we are dedicated to the Radical Center. Yes.}}

{{Goddam anchovies sure do make one thirsty.}}

GIL GAIER
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According to my developing fanzine philosophy you are one of the happy ones. A fanzine exists for the pleasure it gives its editor. That pleasure sometimes gives, sometimes takes. It's sometimes tightly organized, sometimes loose and free. A fanzine's existence reflects the needs and conscience of the faned. Some think of themselves as a service. Others stretch their minds inside. Some frolic about and roll over to have their bellies rubbed. It's one of my great pleasures sharing the variety of so many lives and attitudes. It is obvious that you enjoy the same things.

{{Yes. DYNATRON is a special form of communication and I enjoy putting it out. It is essentially a letter substitute. I don't think I'm doing anything IMPORTANT and SERIOUS. I'm just having fun, trading for other zines, enjoying the reaction when I sometimes strike a sympathetic note with others or when I hit somebody's nerve. I've got a couple of hundred friends on the mailing list and I use these pages to talk to them, sympathize, tease, and just, generally, say "Howdy."}}

BILL MARSH
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It's good to see Ed Cox back fan-writing again. His stuff is always very readable. He writes the kind of low-keyed, lightly whimsical stuff that we need more of in fanzines. Most of the attempts at fan-nishly humorous writing in fanzines in recent years has turned me off as smacking too much of the frenetically yakety-yak school of humor.

As much as I enjoyed Ed's column, though, I take irked exception to his equating NFFF with SFWA. As a nominal member of the former organization, I feel insulted. There ain't no way in which NFFF is as fuggheaded as the pro group.

Yeah, war is hell. So they tell me. As for me, I spent my sole stint at soldier-playing -- during the Korean

"police action" -- as a militant surveyor in the Philippines, waging the fight against jungle-rot and boozy boredom. I'd buy the idea you advance that the main danger to preventing the Super War is probably from the gung-ho technocrats like Salkeld. Overall the "balance of terror" shtick hasn't worked out all that badly as an approach to delay the final, deadly conflagration. In my opinion it has served surprisingly well. A couple of decades back I had no firm confidence at all that the year 1974 would still see a quasi-civilized state of humanity continuing on this planet.

It's truly a chancy game. I hope that the politicians on all sides will remain content, despite the urgings of rah-rah mad-scientist types like Salkeld, with the idea of "balance". Eventually, maybe in some more utopian time, perhaps they can even grow to mutually agreeing to defusing the clout that both sides possess.

In the province of kooky and anti-kookery literature, I've recently read Some Trust In Chariots, a rubuttal to von Daniken's book that is quite effective in spotlighting the lack and distortion of fact, logic and scholarship in the Swiss' approach. It's an anthology of articles by a group of Australian scholars (archaeologists, engineers and theologian types) that dissect von Daniken's fallacies in a vary straightforward cogent and sane manner. Ghu knows this kind of counter-writing is needed in the area. It's too bad that the scientifically based retorts to The Chariots of the Gods and other like best-selling psuedoscientific publishing ripoffs will never reach an iota of the audience that the flim-flam writers have. Not that many of the "true believers" would be dissuaded from the false gospel by fact and reason anyway.

⌞Your last sentence is what makes the point, Ol' Swampy. People believe what they want to--regardless of fact or argument to the contrary. There is a basic flaw in most people--they believe they are inferior and that all of man's accomplishments must have been caused by some sort of superior being: God or The Old Ones or Men From Outer Space. (N.B. This also accounts for most of our racial prejudice... Believing themselves inferior, men must feel superior to somebody.) ## As for the "balance of terror", Nobel Laureate I. I. Rabi, in Albuquerque recently for the Oppenheimer lectures at Los Alamos, says the chances for nuclear war are greater now than they were in, say, 1946 because the horror of the Bomb is growing remote. We are forgetting what it can do.⌘

HARRY WARNER
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⌘
About a month ago I put to rest the first draft of the new fan history book. All that needs doing now is a small clean-up job on about fifty points where I need more information, and the even smaller task of writing a 140,000 word final draft.

So I'm turning to locs again, and I've been averaging one daily in an effort to catch up on the huge fanzine backlog. Since fanzines are arriving at the rate of two per day, I'm hunting some bright young person who has a good grounding in modern math who can show me how to avoid dis-couragement. If I've missed commenting on many issues of Dynatron, my apologies. I'm so confused by this loc vacation that I can't even remember what has been arriving, and I'm confining comments to current issues until I've resumed contact with a substantial number of fanzine editors. ⌞My schedule this year has been so strange...I don't think you've missed commenting on an issue. Heh. Indeed I am one of the, ah, substantial faneds--in poundage, that is.⌘

Almost all fans wear glasses. So I've been wondering why Morrie Dollens or someone doesn't huckster a series of clip-over attachments made specifically for fannish purposes. Maybe he could sell them by the set, in 10 or 12 different shades, and every fanzine editor could include in each issue instructions on which shade or combination of shades are needed to achieve his goals. You, for instance, would instruct your readers to don the supplemental lens that would turn Dynatron's 59th issue green, while a fan who publishes on a ditto which is not in good condition could recommend attachments which would dramatically increase the contrast between faint impression and whatever color paper he had used. Maybe this system could even solve some problems at worldcons. To avoid friction, comics fans might consent to bathe in some harmless liquid, then a scientifically chosen combination of colored shades over the hotel lights and the proper shades on science fiction fans' glasses would cause the comics fans either to disappear completely or appear to wraithlike to trouble the mainline fans. Harlan Ellison could be given a custom-made set of attachments for his sunglasses that would render everything at the con invisible except pros and paper currency.

I don't know how many will attend a worldcon in the United Kingdom. But suddenly I've begun to wonder about worldcons in this country. I've been reading a lot about Roger Elwood and the enormous number of anthologies he is preparing and the breakthrough he has achieved with Harlequin Books, which will apparently begin to emit science fiction titles as often as other forms of popular fiction. Suppose all this activity really does develop an entirely new readership for science fiction, as some people think it might. Will it be another Star Trek in much greater dimensions? Will Roger Elwood cause worldcon attendance in the United States to hit five figures, because of the influx of new fans, and will even the remoter regional cons like Bubonic con acquire an average of a couple of thousand visitors?

Pretty soon now I'll be in a better position when someone like Jack Speer refers casually to Starship Troopers. I finally acquired a copy of it yesterday at a flea market. I hope someday soon to find a copy of The Lovers and see if this Phil Farmer really is a promising up-and-coming new author.

JEFF MAY
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I'm thinking of starting a fannish club for people who've been ripped off by George Senda's checks. Do you think Vardeman would like to join?

The thing that bugs me about In Search of Ancient Mysteries et al. is the credulity of the writers of same, or perhaps their habit of explaining all evidence in terms of their great, paramount theory, and ignoring all conflicting evidence. I do feel that such writers have found some truly unexplainable things, but I do feel that these same writers have used as "proof" many facts with a perfectly common explanation, or facts with more explanations than ancient astronauts.

Personally, it's easier for me to believe in the theory expressed in The View Over Atlantis (John Michell, Ballantine Books) and the 2 or 3 other books that express the same theory in the same terms, than in von Daniken and cohorts. These books claim that the marvels and mysteries are relics of an ancient civilization that existed on Earth. These are not your usual (or whatever) Atlantis nuts, a la Churchward. Their books are quite lucid and interesting.

ALEXIS GILLILAND
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((All note: a new address))

Some comments on Sandwormtron, or, more properly, comments on subjects touched on, in a casual and peripheral manner by Sandwormtron's correspondents. @@Sandwormtron, indeed! Hrmpf!>>

This year's Disclave had Dr J. Murry Mitchell, the climatologist as one of the speakers. He wouldn't say yea or nay about whether the glaciers are coming, but he pointed out that the 12% increase in ice covering (since 1972) has already vanished. He also agreed that the cooling trend of the last 30 years may presage something, but he wouldn't say what. <<Note my comments on ice and snow in B.C. up forward there. Two climatologist types from Oregon U recently declared we are in for what is called "a little ice age" such as has been known at various times in the past thousand years or so: very bitter winters with an increase in the size of existing glaciers.>>

War and Space I haven't read. However, the space shuttle, when it comes into being, will mount laser weapons capable of incapacitating a nuclear warhead coming over the horizon. Correction: it will support an orbital fortress mounting such weapons.

The space race, in which I am in favor, is the long sought for surrogate activity for war. Consider: it can only be done by governments, it is essentially useless, and...it reflects a fairly accurate indication of the relative technological strengths of the contestants. Thus, by "winning" the space race, we and they both agree that the winner has the superior technology, and, by implication weapons technology, and by further implication that the winner of the space race would likely be the winner in a real war.

So...? Instead of having a war, we are having a contest intended to prove the same thing. At substantial savings in human life if not in currency.

<<But that still does not rule out non-space powers from dragging us into their petty quarrels.>>

WAHF: Sheryl Birkhead and Ben Indick with letters that were more in the nature of personal missives than LoCs. Bruce D. Arthurs and others inform me that Laura Basta and Jacqueline Lichtenberg are writers in the Star Trek fanzines which is probably why I'd never heard of them. I don't get many Star Trek fanzines. As a matter of fact I don't get any Star Trek fanzines. Am I missing something? Ronald Salomon comments on the Postal Service. He agrees it is lousy. Don't we all?

WE DIDN'T HEAR FROM: P.W. Frames, Jackie Franke, Meade Frierson, Ken Gammage, and probably some others for whom this is the last issue unless

All of which just about wraps up this (Oh, note that fannish slang there. By golly, Arnie Katz will be proud of me.). A few lines left to fill.

Other fanzines from Albuquerque include ZYMURGY from Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque NM 87105. 35¢ for a sample of dick's interesting genzine.

THE FRACTURED MONGOOSE from Mike Kring, PSC #1, Box 3147, Kirtland AFB East, N.M. 87115. A personal-zine. Ask for a copy.

NYCTALOPS comes from Harry Morris Jr, 500 Wellesley SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106. An HPLzine and Harry does beautiful work. Send him a buck.

SANDWORM from Bob Vardeman, P. O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M. 87112 is not, he says, dead but it hasn't appeared for a while. Give him some encouragement.

You have to be in FAPA to get Jack Speer's SYNAPSE but I mention it for the sake of completion.

That's six fanzines from Albuquerque which is rather remarkable in itself. No, Albuquerque is not remarkable in itself. I meant the fact that six fanzines are published here is remarkable.

Next issue...oh, before the end of the year, I should think.

ROYTAC

FROM:

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-0-

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