

Dynatron

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I am beginning to believe that these stencils are not meant for stylus work. Either that or it has been so long since I really attempted any stylus work on stencil that I have forgotten what little techniques I once knew. Somewhere around here I have an assortment of fannish publications by the likes of Bjo on how to properly apply stylus to stencil and achieve satisfactory results. Those were done some 20 years ago and there are only a few of us old neandertalish fen left who stubbornly continue to use stencils and mimeographs (Eric Mayer still uses a hectograph, for Ghu's sake) in the production of fanzines.

And this tacky little fanzine is DYNATRON and this is the 78th issue thereof. DYNATRON appears whenever I can get enough flexibility into my arthritic old bones and brain to sit myself at the typewriter and work the keys. Brain activity lags behind bone activity and while I can work the keys the results are not always fannishly brilliant any more. If they ever were. Which is simply to tell you that DYNATRON is published on an unscheduled schedule which increasingly shows the effects of entropy. This issue will be sent through the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and the Fannish Little Amateur Press. A few copies will be distributed to the Albuquerque Science Fiction and Village Inn Appreciation Society and there may even be enough left over to be scattered about by editorial whim. Or publishorial whim, as the case may be. Editorial whim and publishorial whim stem from

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107, USA

Included in this issue is a book review by Michael K. Krings, formerly one of the Sabinal Krings and a writing by Peter C. Rabbit of the Put the damned telephone in the refrigerator Rabbits.

DYNATRON 78 is

A Marinated Publication
dated March Spring 1983

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Took up nearly the whole bloody page

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Mention of Bjo Trimble above reminds me that her book *On the Good Ship Enterprise (My 15 Years With Star Trek)* has just been issued by Donning Publishers. In it Bjo recounts, in her merry way, her deep involvement with STAR TREK (and science fiction and fandom in general). Lots of amusing anecdotes to stir up nostalgia and the old Sense of Wonder. Lots of photographs, too. Very fine, Bjo. An enjoyable book even if one is not, as I am not, that much of a Trekker or Trekkie. I don't understand, though, why Hank Stine hired Scott Hill to do the illustrations when Bjo is an excellent artist herself.

This has been an unabashed plug for an old fannish friend who turned out a fine piece of work.

One of the more amusing publications to plop into the mail box recently (rather like a cow pat) is Progress Report 3 from the happy folks at Constellation, the "41st World Science Fiction Convention."

These happy folks are, well, incredible. After I read over some of the things they seem to have come up with I carefully checked the lengthy list of those named as "The Committee" for I would have sworn I would have found the name Heinrich Himmler on there somewhere.

Oh, of course I exaggerate. I understand how it is. One must realize that "World Science Fiction Conventions" are BIG AND SERIOUS BUSINESS involving hundreds of BIG AND SERIOUS PEOPLE (most of them on the convention committee) and the lowly fans who pay their money and attend cannot be allowed to just wander around and do whatever they take a fancy towards. Indeed not! There must be discipline! There must be control! If there is no discipline and control these lowly fans might get the improbable idea that it is *their* convention. Remember they have your name--your REAL name--in their records. "ConStellation will make every effort to put fannish names on badges...However, we still ask that you include your legal name for our records..." (It is, you understand, simply a matter of procedure--we have here your little dossier...)

The matter of hotels is delightful. The main con hotel would seem to be the Hilton, however, ConStellation has also made reservations with 13 other hotels in the Baltimore area (or at least reasonably close to Baltimore) to handle the hordes of anticipated attendees. The joker here is that the anticipated attendee cannot book his or her own room. "YOU MUST USE THE HOUSING REQUEST FORM ENCLOSED WITH THIS PROGRESS REPORT." (Emphasis theirs.) You will then be assigned a room in one of the hotels. Ah, yes, according to merit, no doubt. We can anticipate that the Hilton will be filled with Big Name Pros (or at least members of SFWA) and loyal ~~Party~~ Committee members. Joe Fan will no doubt end up at the Quality Inn, eight miles away on Route 40 West. (Don't leave your money there, Joe. Bring it to the Hilton.) As for parties, the Hilton will be a PARTY hotel. The Hyatt will not be a party hotel. You will not have a party at the Hyatt. You will have a party where we tell you to have a party.

Really, I am making too much of it. I've worked at conventions and I realize the problems involved. ConStellation is anticipating thousands of attendees and it is a big job. Really, the con committee is looking after the masses of anticipated unwashed fan. Just like Intourist they have arranged city tours to show the masses the glories of Baltimore--and to keep them from cluttering up the convention, no doubt.

Of course no weapons of any kind will be allowed. Are you mad?

The programming looks, ah, well, amusing, shall we say? Science programming includes such interesting items as *The Medical Problems of SF Fans*. Is "brainwashing" always bad? *Schools of the future: Will Johnny need to know how to read?* (No, he can grow up and put on "World Science Fiction Conventions".)

But all is not lost. There will be fan programming. There will be a fanzine display room (behind the furnace in the basement, no doubt, if recent worldcons can be taken as an example) where fan editors can show and sell what Avedon Carol and Peggy Rae Pavlat refer to as their "tacky little fanzines". Uh-huh. They want us faneds to drop them a note and let them know what our plans are.

My plans are simple.

While the hordes of media freaks and groupies are assembling in Baltimore I intend to head for Michigan to visit my grandson. Somehow I don't think I'll miss a thing by passing up the "41st World Science Fiction Convention".

In stf books it has been the year of the big guns. It has also been a year when a surprising number of science fiction, fantasy and books related (or semi-related) to the field are high on the best seller lists. Stephen Donaldson's *The One Tree* headed the list for several weeks. Donaldson is one of the Albuquerque area writers.

(As I have pointed out before Albuquerque, and New Mexico, can boast a goodly roster of science fiction/fantasy writers. The Dean is Jack Williamson, of course, who lives in Portales. Roger Zelazny and George R.R. Martin make their homes in Santa Fe. The local area, in addition to Donaldson, has Fred Saberhagen, Bob Vardeman, Suzy McKee Charnas, Mike Kring, Vic Milan, Walter (Jon) Williams, and Melinda Snodgrass as well as the usual assortment of those who are working at it but still haven't made it.)

Friday

has been called vintage Heinlein and I suppose it is, depending upon what vintage one is talking about. There is no doubt whatsoever about Heinlein's mastery as a story teller. He keeps you turning the pages. He hits you with concepts that not only make you sit up and take notice they often send you screaming up the wall. In these days of genetic engineering the concept of the "Artificial Person" is one we may well have to face in the not to distant future.

In the story Friday and the other Artificial Persons are considered to be non-human because they are not born directly of human parents. As the AP's put it: "my mother was a test tube, my father was a knife". Friday was the result of laboratory manipulation of genetic material to produce out of the ordinary results but she was, nevertheless, the offspring of the mating of human egg with human sperm. Whether conceived in vitro or in vivo, Friday was fully human.

Superhuman, maybe. I got a bit weary of her afterwhile as I tend to get weary of any superbeing who can overcome all obstacles and live happily ever after. Telling the story first person removed all suspense since we knew from page one that our heroine would overcome all.

Friday is, nevertheless, a book well worth reading and thinking about.

Question: are the Living Artifacts human?

Arthur C. Clarke came back with *2010: Odyssey Two* in which he presents a number of thought-provoking ideas and seems to have picked up all the loose ends left over from *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Even so there seems to be a few mysteries left. All in all the concept of the ancient race shepherding newer life forms in the galaxy is too reminiscent of the Arisians in Doc Smith's *Lensman* saga. On the whole I think I prefer the epic of the Lens.

After all these years Isaac Asimov once again picked up the story of the Foundation with *Foundation's Edge* which continues the story of the struggle between the First and Second Foundations for the re-establishment of the Galactic Empire. This time Asimov ties in most of his other major ideas (the robots, eternity) and recommends that those who haven't done so run right out and purchase his other books. The primary gimmick in *Foundation's Edge* is the search for Earth on which the Foundationers hope to find a lot of answers. At the end of the book Earth remains unfound and we may be in for a new series on the order of *Dumarest of Terra*.

Robert Silverberg returned to the world of *Lord Valentine's Castle* with *Majipoor Chronicles* and proved once again that he is one of the better story tellers in the field today. This is a series of related and sense of wonder provoking stories filled with strange and wonderful characters and it is difficult for me to imagine anyone but Silverberg being able to present them so well and with such fascination. Very enjoyable.

So for the four big ones -- the Heinlein and Silverberg books are excellent. Heinlein is irritating and Silverberg is fascinating. The Clarke book is good but not his best and of interest primarily to answer the questions posed in *2001*. The Asimov is readable but I wasn't all that thrilled by it.

reviews

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER

by

Brian M. Stableford

Out front, I guess I should state that I'm a fan of Stableford's. Admittedly, some of his novels suffered overmuch when he went through his "significant" prose state (i.e., the DEUS IRAE trilogy and, especially, TO CHALLENGE CHAOS), but, overall, there exists a spark of originality that permeates all of his books, even THE BLIND WORM, his first published work (one-half of an Ace double). However, there was a notable lack of characterization in his last book, CASTAWAYS OF TANAGAR and it exists in his latest, JOURNEY TO THE CENTER. And in JOURNEY TO THE CENTER, that sloppiness flaws what could have been an excellent novel.

As usual in a Stableford book, the background of JTTC sparkles like a perfect diamond, catching the eye and brain even when the characters are in total darkness. In this case, the background is an entire world: ancient, crumbling, old; from another galaxy (or is it?) that is hollow. It is really not a world, but a giant starship, or, maybe, an artificial planet. It is built in layers, like an onion, and on each layer are devices that far surpass anything in the known galaxy. It is also totally dead (or so it is believed) and frozen. This creation is perfectly realized and it was what continued to pull me through the book, not the characters.

The characters were old, tired and true. I've seen them a thousand times, as has almost every reader of science fiction. In the hands of a novelist who cares about his works, or is having fun, the clichéd characters can be quite enjoyable. But Stableford slipped. The so-called hero (and Stableford loves the anti-hero: cynical, wise-cracking and aloof) is an ass -- a stupid ass -- and the female lead, who is a caricature in extremis (not even marines are that gung-ho), are mere puppets for Stableford, enabling him to move the reader about the landscape. There is, of course, a bad guy (alien, natch) and a poor, misunderstood android. The android is a tired device and one that Stableford used in his novel OPTIMAN; it didn't work there either. There are bits of dialogue that shine and some important social aspects that Stableford touches upon, but his main character, Mike Rosseau, is such a tired, worn-out cliché that even when he is spouting logic, it takes time to realize it.

If the characters had been a bit more believable and the style of writing a trifle tighter, this would have been a fascinating book, but, as it is, it's merely a good read. (Though the beginning of Chapter 7, with its "with it" reference to "screwing" was so jarring that I almost threw the book down in disgust. That slang did not fit with the well-thought-out prose of the rest of the novel. I have no idea why Stableford put it in, nor why any editor would leave it. And it was not because I am a prude, far from it, but that the slang was so old-fashioned and strained. It seemed as if Stableford was striving to be cool and "in".) But that background world -- now that makes it a good read.

It was a trifle disappointing for me to read this novel, because I feel Stableford has done some very worthwhile things (the Hooded Swan series comes to mind), but his latest works have suffered from a lack of something. I have no idea what to call it. Fun? Sincerity? I'm really not sure. But there is something lacking and JOURNEY TO THE CENTER lacks it, too.

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Mike Kring is one of the mainstays of the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society. He has been with the club ever since the Air Force sent him to Albuquerque several years ago. Mike left the Air Force, enrolled at the University of New Mexico, and recently graduated in computer science or computer programming or some such arcane subject. He has had two science fiction novels published: THE SPACE MAVERICKS and CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT. There are others in the works.

Another of the major components of ASFS is Peter C. Rabbit. He usually shows up at the meetings about the time Jack Speer is trying to get the formalities adjourned. I asked Peter for a contribution some months ago and he came through with the following:

MY SLANT ON . . . STAR TREK II

by

PETER C. RABBIT

Well, Star Trek II has been out for a while, and it becomes appropriate for those of us with what might be termed a proprietary interest in the proceedings to inform the world of our ruminations on the subject. Of course, what with all the invective, verbiage and ink already in the air or on the printed page, anything I might say will probably sink immediately out of sight in the quagmire of your mind. In fact, you're probably so sick of it that you're not going to read this at all. That's right, you're probably going to just turn the page ... and read ... something ... else...

Actually, part of what makes the STAR TREK phenomenon a phenomenon is the amount of attention it receives, not just in fandom, but generally. It is a topic for mainstream columnists, writers, reviewers, critics and just plain people. (Yech.) It is one of the few, and one of the first, works of science fiction to gain wide interest, reception and respect, while still retaining the label of science fiction. (Stop complaining. I didn't promise you anything original or profound, or even interesting.) From Jules Verne to 2001, and beyond, if it was popular, nobody noticed that it was the same stuff we were always talking about. (I even suggested you turn to something else, remember?) For this, if for nothing else, Star Trek deserves our respect. (If you're still reading this, you've nobody to blame but yourself. And the editor, of course. If I were you I'd write him a nasty letter and cancel my subscription.)

Quite often, Star Trek has received scorn rather than credit in fandom. I think this is due to one or more of two reasons. First, the difference, or even conflict, between the concepts of "good TV" and "good science fiction." Often, good TV cannot be good science fiction, and Star Trek's first problem was to be good TV. (I mean Roytac's got his nerve, printing drek like this. Whatever happened to literary standards, not to mention good taste?) Second, there was a reaction in fandom against all the outside attention directed exclusively at the show, but not in the context of science fiction generally. After all, if all *those* people like it, it can't be that good. This resulted in a certain snobbishness factor, which I like to refer to as the "snobbishness factor." And finally, there were the pressures and problems of producing a weekly show, with budget limitations. In that situation, you can't be good all the time. This means that any critic can always find ammunition to attack any show with.

You may have noticed that I only seem to be discussing the TV show. ("Look, Martha, he's only discussint the TV show. What the hell is wrong with him?") Well, the movies were TV shows. There's a difference between movies and TV. They look different. The stories are different. From the time people first started talking about a Star Trek movie, you'd hear that Roddenberry was looking for a story big enough for a movie.

He has yet to find one. Both Star Trek I and II are just new TV shows. The difference is that STI was trying to be a movie, and failed, which made for bad TV as well. STII was only trying to be a TV show, and succeeded. (Ever notice how since the Super Bowl started, more and more movies seem to come with Roman numerals? I think Andy Rooney said that.) It returned to the old characterizations. McCoy was a Jewish mother. Scotty was a Jewish mother for machines. Spock thought he could get away with doing stupid things just because he's half-Vulcan, although this time he finally got burned. Chekov was just stupid. And Kirk had ex-girlfriends all over the galaxy. Nobody has that many ex-girlfriends. (I take that back. My friend Harmon has that many ex-girlfriends right here in Albuquerque. That probably explains why Harmon's hiding in New York, and I'm stuck here, running into his ex-girlfriends, and having to explain that I'm only marginally responsible for my own debts, let alone Harmon's, and that I don't really know what he was going to do with the fish costume, the skates and the paint roller.) Kirk's middle-age identity crisis, while a new wrinkle, is really a throwback to one of the show's original concepts, Hornblower in Space. Large portions of the Hornblower sagas are taken up by his ramblings of self-doubt and insecurity. Even the music is a new arrangement of the original theme. (They're all horrified by the fish costume, roller skates and paint roller. Except for Marjorie, that is.)

Would a Star Trek movie that was a real movie be a success? I would doubt it. Star Trek fans don't want changes in the product. They're comfortable with old ways and old friends. To make Star Trek a real movie would require a complete change in emphasis. It has never emphasised action on the large scale, as in Star Wars. From necessity, it concentrated on human relations and problems, even when dealing with aliens. (At the time, Marjorie jumped out Harmon's window wrapped in a sheet, screamed, and stole his bicycle.) Closeups were far more important to Star Trek than special effects and long, spectacular shots of space and spaceships, which wouldn't have worked as well on the small screen. Remember Battlestar Galactica? (Now Marjorie's been married and divorced twice, and says she wishes she had stayed. She's changed quite a bit since that bicycle ride.) Star Trek should stay a TV show, even when it will be shown in a movie theatre. That is, perhaps, its own first, best, destiny. (Anybody know where I can rent a fish costume, cheap?)

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MORE SCRIBBLING IN THE SAND more or less continued from page 3:

It appears that I forgot to mention elsewhere that anything not otherwise credited is the writing of Roy Tackett. I don't want anyone to get confused on that. I know that I am confused and you are confused but if there is anyone who is not confused--that one doesn't know what is going on. Not that any of us does, mind you. And it is probably better that way.

WE HAVE A LITTLE LIST

Which includes this time National Pen Corporation of San Diego, California. This outfit puts out advertising pens. They will inscribe your logo or message or whatever on ball point pens and you can pass them out for advertising. You've seen them I am sure and I've even used them. But no more.

Chrystal does woodcrafts and ordered a bunch of pens from National Pen Corporation to be inscribed "Woodcrafts by Chrys" along with the address. She ordered them on the first of November. The idea was that she would pass the pens around to potential customers during the Christmas season. The pens arrived, after Christmas, and inscribed "Woodcrafts by Chrys, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Inglewood, Florida." Inglewood, Florida?? Egad!

Since the pens arrived too late to do any good and the inscription was wrong she sent them back and cancelled the order. Did National Pen Corporation apologize for their mistake? National Pen Corporation did not. They went so far as to insist on payment. Hoo Haa!

National Pen Corporation can forget about any more business from this address. Screw up the order, don't apologize, and still expect the customer to pay? Such a business.

✕

Fascinating ideas. That's what makes good science fiction. ((Roytac's standard lecture #7a goes here.)) Roger Zelazny and Fred Saberhagen have collaborated on *Coils* which takes some fairly standard stfish themes, shakes them up a bit and comes out with something new.

Basic story: Our Hero struggling against the Evil Corporation which has done him wrong. Stf gimmick: psionics. Twist: Our Hero's talent is that he can mentally interface with computers and in the world of not-so-distant tomorrow when EVERYTHING (almost) is computerized that gives him quite an advantage. Example: stopped at a roadblock while on the run Our Hero presents his identification, interfaces with the computer and shifts his identity number by one digit after it is fed in. He gets a clean clearance. Utterly delightful.

There are some other interesting ideas floating around in *Coils*, too. Zelazny and Saberhagen are both very good writers on their own. This collaboration turned out to be a good one. (Tor Books, 250pp, \$2.95)

✕

Before any of the more literary types get all shook up about my book reports let me point out that I am not (Praise be to Klono's Iridium Eyeballs) a literary critic. I am simply a reader who mentions what I've read and if I liked it or not. I doubt that even qualifies me as a "reviewer".

✕

Forry Ackerman has long been bugged by all those good yarns that never won a Hugo because at the time they were published the Hugo did not exist. Never one to let a minor detail like that stop him Forry went on with the project. He got Triton Books of L.A. to agree to publish the stories and the ancients of fandom with the long memories (the members of First Fandom) to make the selections.

The results, published by Triton at \$14.95 (and worth it) are contained in THE GERNSBACK AWARDS, Volume 1, 1926. The contents:

The Coming of the Ice by G. Peyton Wertenbaker. This is a fine story for its time. Wertenbaker wrote only a half-dozen or so sf stories before moving on to other fields and I've enjoyed what little of his that I've read.

The Empire of the Ants by H. G. Wells

The Crystal Egg by H. G. Wells

The Eggs from Lake Tanganyika by Curt Siodmak

The Metal Giants by Edmond Hamilton

The Diamond Lens by Fitz-James O'Brien

The Thing from "Outside" by George Allan England

The Mad Planet by Murray Leinster

The Moon Metal by Garrett P. Serviss

Beyond the Pole by A. Hyatt Verrill.

By Roscoe, there's same names to conjure with there. The other Gernsback Awards:
Best Magazine: AMAZING STORIES (What else was there?); Best Editor: Hugo Gernsback;
Best Artist: Frank R. Paul; and Best Novel: *The Moon Maid* by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

I enjoyed this one. I think you might, too.

X

We have a genuine letter of comment. We don't get many of those these days. This is from Eric Mayer, 1771 Ridge Road East, Rochester, N.Y. 14622:

About ten years ago when Kathy was working as a secretary for a construction firm, and doing quite well due solely to the flood which inundated the northeastern part of Pennsylvania resulting in a brief boom for contractors, she saved her money and traveled to Russia.

Like your's, Kathy's tour had a special slant - only her's worked out. (I must say the abortive attempts to sciencefictionalize your tour were one of the more interesting things I've read lately. A very odd trip report.) Anyway, she went with a group organized by a former ballet dancer named Briansky, who was I believe Russian originally and knew the people he was dealing with. Accordingly they got to visit the Bolshoi's special training school, attend rehearsals, go backstage, and so on in addition to the usual shows and performances. Quite an experience. However, her reaction was the same as yours - while the cultural aspect was nice, she was glad to get home. I take it that being in Russia one gets the nagging feeling, unfounded as it may be, that you might not get out. Something to do with the atmosphere. ((No, I don't think we ever had that sort of feeling. One general impression we did get though is that Intourist was working extra hard to make sure that no untoward events would take place if American citizens were involved. I felt that Americans in the USSR tended to be more protected than other tourists.))

Kathy laughed when I quoted you on Aeroflot. "When I got on the plane," she said, "I expected to see crates of chickens. It was crude. The bathroom was a hole in the fuselage. I don't think the planes were pressurized anyway." Maybe Russians are so repressed, not just because they're afraid of being shipped to Siberia, but because they're afraid they'll be shipped to Siberia on Aeroflot. ((Aeroflot horror stories are legion. Talked to one chap who had flown from London to Moscow on Aeroflot. When the seat belt sign came on he discovered there was no receptacle into which he could fasten his seat belt. The stewardess told him to hold it tightly across his lap. Refreshments on the flights we took consisted of a couple of ounces of either mineral water or "lemonade". The "lemonade" was drinkable if one added an equal amount of vodka to it.))

Kathy did mention that in Russia no one seemed to smile on the streets. A very grim place. You didn't mention collecting medals. She had tons of them, traded for gum. One featured the monument on your cover. There were lots of attractive busts of Lenin and

and red stars. Rather cute really. I ought to wear one to work. They're upset enough now about the UAW trying to organize editors! ((We picked up a couple of medals. One commemorates a joint USSR-Bulgarian space mission and the other celebrates the 1500th anniversary of the founding of Kiev. I really didn't have much interest in busts of Lenin or Red Stars or things like that. Heh. At the intelligence debriefing I had upon my return one of the agents asked me if anyone approached me wanting to buy jeans or bubble gum. BUBBLE GUM? I asked somewhat incredulous. BUBBLE GUM? No, no one approached me wanting to buy jeans or (snort) bubble gum.))

While there she met some young Russian dancers. They were very interested in American rock music. They wanted the outrageous stuff. Kathy agreed to send them some albums. As a matter of fact they were going to trade. Well, when she got home she picked up some rock magazines and a New York Dolls record - very very loud, the cover featured the band in drag and the subject matter of the songs matched. The Russians had been excited upon hearing of this band. Needless to say the package was duly mailed and disappeared. A letter written to the people disappeared. Probably some customs official had a bonanza, maybe he sold the album or just kept it in his trophy case. That was Kathy's attempt to better east-west relations.

They do put out attractive space stamps, which Kathy got me a collection of.

Admittedly, I know nothing of the country first hand. But from what Kathy told me I'm grateful not to be there and can't help looking askance at anyone who professes much love for communism. ((I'd suggest that anyone who thinks what the Soviets have is better than what we have should spend a few weeks over there. I think that person would change his mind rather quickly. When you consider that people live where they are told to live and work where they are told to work, they are not much better off than they were under the Czar.))

Upon her return we also decided to cook up some authentic borscht. Worked all afternoon boiling and cutting and what not. It was authentic all right. It was so rich I ate about two tablespoons and was full. Haven't tried the recipe since.

Bob Tucker pens: "Wild and wooly adventures. Flying off into the wild blue yonder in an overworked DC 10. You daredevil!"

Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California 90280 says:

The trip report was interesting. Glad nothing serious went wrong...that is sickness or life threatening accident. One does wonder at people who would think it dangerous to travel there because of the "dirty Commies." ((Our own domestic propaganda is remarkably effective. RT)) As long as you don't go out of your way to brake the rules, it is probly safer than half the other countries in the world where terrorists are apt to turn up at any minute. ((Not to mention the muggers here at home. RT))

It would seem that Customs/Immigration Officers are all molded out of the same stamp. In JDM's book, he gripes about them, too--in the U.S...and they seem like that in England, too. Only places they aren't bad is countries that don't give a damn. A country spends millions getting tourests to come and the first person they see is a grouchy bureaucrat.

Most reports of Intourist guides I have read about picture them as you did--young, helpfull, and correctly friendly. You wonder what happens to them when they get older. I would think they would be held to be too suspect of idealogical contamination for any sensitive post, yet with their knowledge, could hardly be turned over to routine work.

But one wonders about the Russians. Why so many lines? A shortage, sure, but they seem to make them. Was it you or JDM saying about a store with three lines? One to get wated on. One to pay for what was bought. And a third to pick up the perchase. Sure, they need jobs...but...((Probably mentioned by both JDM and myself. It's a ridiculous system but yes, one must line up three times in order to make a purchase. One reason for all the lines might be a shortage of stores. RT))

I remember reading one of their English language magazines, long ago. It was terrible. The subject matter was good and would have been interesting--and useful as pure propaganda--but even though in English it was that stilted and pompous style that reads more like a parody than a serious article.

((One of the problems our Intourist guide had was with the different varieties of English. Before us she had a group of English tourists so she commented on the differences in usage and idiom between the English and the Americans. And after us she was to take a group of Cenadians.))

RICK SNEARY

And this is page 10 which seems a good place to halt if I am going to keep the cost of mailing down to something reasonable. Next issue will maybe be in July or August. I can always use some material: essays, articles, reviews, and, of course, letters.

ROY

"Civilization is possible only when you have a mass of people who agree to remain weak and law abiding in return for the comfort of being ruled and directed by an oligarchy which decides to be strong and law breaking." — Aron.

FROM:

ROY TACKETT
915 GREEN VALLEY ROAD NW
ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. 87107

FIRST CLASS MAIL

TO: