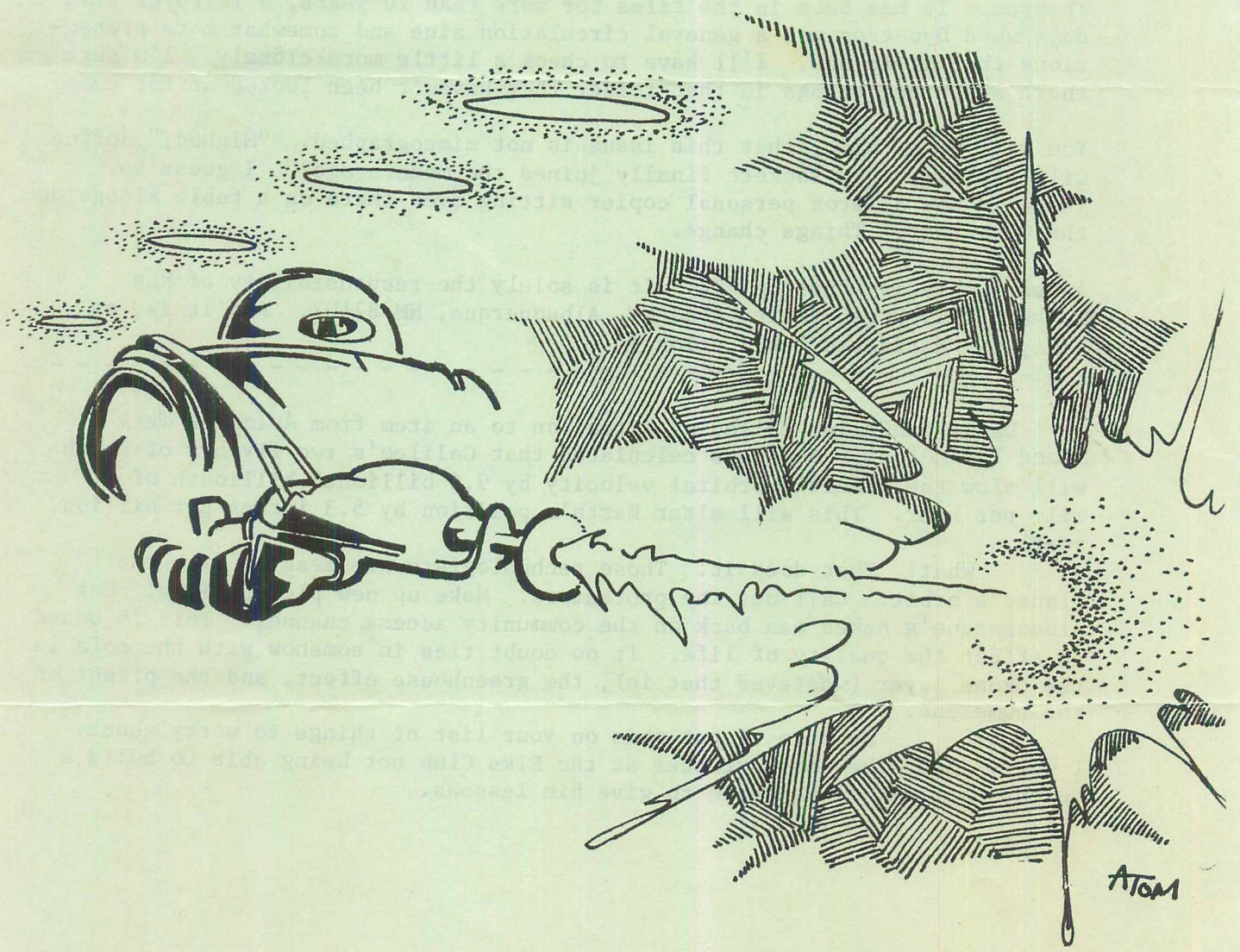


DYNATRON



Dynatron

Number 94

May 1990

Being one more in a long line of typical Roytac crudzines published for an assortment of amateur press associations with a few copies left over to hand out to friends and relatives. Do not look for anything deep or significant here. These are just miscellaneous thoughts being put on paper. I gave up trying to figure out the whichness of the why years ago. The nearest I get to anything deep these days is contemplating the bottom of my cup.

You will note I have a cover on this issue. Illustration by the late Arthur Thomson. It has been in the files for more than 20 years, a leftover from days when Dynatron was a general circulation zine and somewhat more pretentious than it is now. I'll have to check a little more closely. I'm sure there are other things in that folder that haven't been looked at for years.

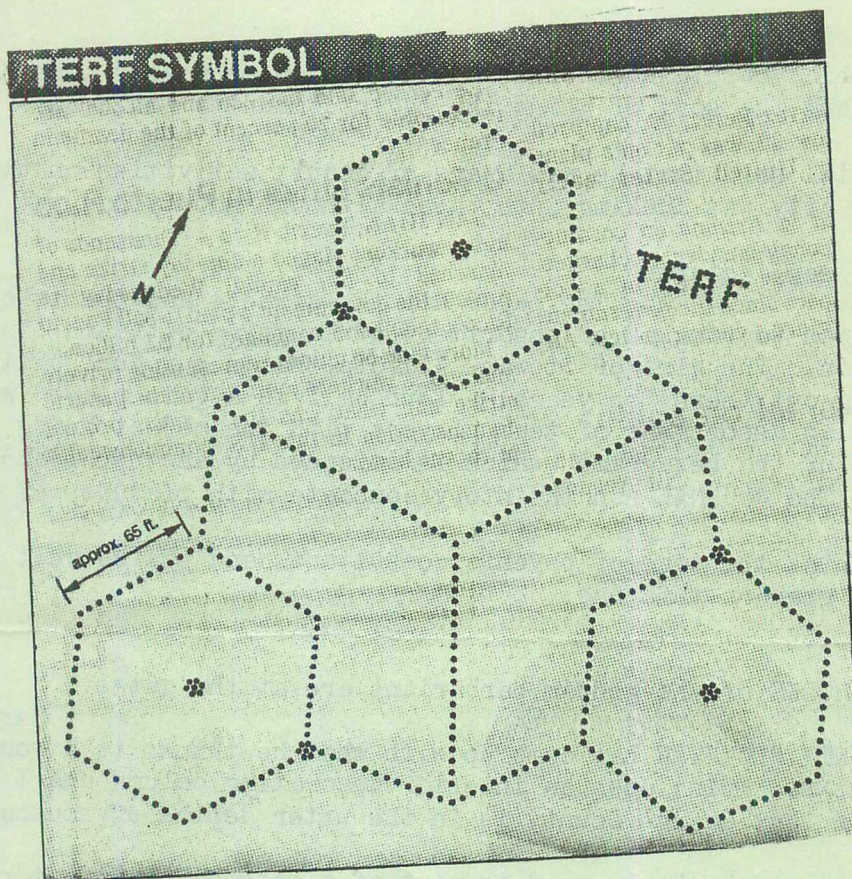
You will note, also, that this issue is not mimeographed. "Mighod," Juffus will exclaim, "has Tackett finally joined the modern age?" I guess so. There is now a Xerox personal copier sitting over there on a table alongside the Gestetner. Things change.

Anyway, this is Dynatron #94. It is solely the responsibility of Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107. And it is, as always, a Marinated Publication ¶

Danny MacCallum called my attention to an item from *Aviation Week & Space Technology*. NASA has calculated that Galileo's two fly-bys of Earth will slow the planet's orbital velocity by 9.6 billionth-billionth of a mile per hour. This will alter Earth's position by 5.3 inches per billion years.

What? That does it! Those technologists are messing with the planet's orbit. Call out the protestors! Make up new picket signs! Get Albuquerque's naked man back on the community access channel. This is bound to affect the quality of life. It no doubt ties in somehow with the hole in the ozone layer (whatever that is), the greenhouse effect, and the plight of the homeless.

Be sure to put this on your list of things to worry about. I worry about the new bartender at the Elks Club not being able to build a decent martini. I may have to give him lessons.



This one I simply have to tell you about. The above design appeared on the front page of the Albuquerque JOURNAL with the headline "The Mystery on the Mesa.

It seems that a worker for the local electric company was going over some aerial photographs and spotted the above design layed out on Albuquerque's west mesa. It is made from more than 400 old automobile tires spaced about five feet apart. Once the newspaper got hold of it speculation ran wild. Cults! Satanism! Witchcraft!

"Three students of cult symbolism say this tire pattern was probably used for rituals."

A "senior officer" of the Rio Rancho police department said the pattern is identical to a seal used in Egyptian mythology for some type of initiation. He said, "It is definitely a ceremonial site used by a cult. A form of church. And it's probably still in use."

An Albuquerque police officer said, "This site is definitely witchcraft." "There's a lot of this going on. I'd guess it was witchcraft--a WICCA group--rather than Satanism. And I'd stay away from there if there are any people around. They'll hurt you."

An Albuquerque "symbolist consultant" ((what?)) agreed that it was a WICCA site but believed it was used in a ceremony to bring more power to the people who built it. He went on, "I would be surprised if these people harmed other people or sacrificed animals. The six sides has to do with working in groups and this was built by more than a small group of people." He further opined that the symbol was feminine which indicated it was constructed by moon-worshipping women.

Another psychic consultant identified the design as a very powerful and spiritual symbol and the sort of thing the pagan community would use.

An

Albuquerque official said that he was aware of occult activities on the west mesa and the city was looking into these although nobody had yet witnessed any.

Et, as they say, cetera.

The paper hit the streets and the telephones at the JOURNAL began to ring as an assortment of laughing citizens, including an ex-mayor, called in. The gist of it was, "Idiots, that's our Terf ball field and we've been playing out there for years." Terf ball is a game played with an oversized ball by an assortment of team players with the object being to move the ball into one of the hexagrams (which is defended by another team) thereby scoring points. The JOURNAL ran the story complete with pictures of the teams and the ball.

I think the team of psychic consultants and police cult experts failed to score a goal on this one.

ONE FOR THE BOOKS or the goddam barbarians are at the gates.

Gary Krino

of the ORANGE COUNTY REGISTER has come up with what he thinks is a wonderful idea for using books. Krino does an interior decorating column and I shouldn't have to remind you that Orange County is in the utter depths of southern California.

Krino suggests books be used as part of a scheme for interior decorating of the home. They can be used as the bases for clear glass coffee tables (make sure the top books have interesting covers) and properly stacked books make can be used as pedestals and look well when topped with an interesting piece of pottery or a vase of flowers. Cookbooks make excellent kitchen decorations and usually have colorful covers.

"Bookcases offer all sorts of opportunities to decorate with books. For the true library scenario, you might want to go with row after uninterrupted row of books all the way up the wall to just short of the ceiling. This is a rather formal approach, but can be cozy, too. Books have a way of softening up a space." He also suggests that you can leave spaces for interesting touches like plants in attractive containers, or oriental porcelains or great baskets.

And books are inexpensive, of course. They come in a splashy rainbow of colors and can be picked up cheaply at garage sales and things like that.

No where does Krino say anything about reading books. Read books? READ? Utterly unthinkable!

I do sort of wonder at whome Krino was aiming his column. Those who might take his advice certainly would not be able to read the column. And for that matter I wonder who Krino got to actually put the words on paper for him.

An, well, another group added to the list: interior decorators. The list grows longer every day.

NATTER

April. Ah, spring. The temperatures are rising to a decent level in the day. The flowers are blooming, the trees are budding, and I am coming out of the winter doldrums.

I made a big mistake last fall when I felt sorry for the dogs and brought them inside for the winter. After all, they do not have much in the way of fur to keep them warm on nights when the temperatures drop below freezing. Unfortunately, what hair they have is loosely attached. Bozo particularly, like the character Pigpen in PEANUTS, walks around in a cloud. Only it is white hair instead of dirt and as a result there is white dog hair on everything. And there is the matter of their little, as the more delicate among us would put it, "accidents". By late March I had had enough of it and kicked them outside. I'm not sure what I'll do with them next winter but they will not come back in the house.

Rene has a professional-type rug shampooer so I asked to borrow it to clean the rug in the rear room.

The New Mexico State Elks' Convention was held in Albuquerque at the end of March and I had volunteered to help out the local lodge by manning the information desk for a while. Not too strenuous. Consisted mostly of pointing out the location of the toilet to visiting Elks. When I got home in the early afternoon I found that all of the furniture had been moved out of the rear room, everything had been removed from the walls, and Rene and Danny were busy putting vast amounts of water and strange chemicals on the rug.

"Hi, Pop," said my darling daughter, "We decided we'd do the rug for you."

"Very nice," I said, eyeing the bare walls with some suspicion, "and?"

"Well, this room really needs painting."
"Yes."

So after the rug had dried I went to the local hardware store to obtain paint. The local hardware store wanted \$21 per gallon. Plus tax. I hastily departed the local hardware store and headed for one of the chain "home improvement centers" where I was able to obtain paint for only \$6 per gallon. But not without some difficulty. I told the clerk I was looking for a gallon of Ivory colored paint. She told me she didn't think she had any Ivory but we could check to see what came close. She showed me chips of paints with such exotic names as Timbuctu and Kauai and Anaheim. After some discussion of these wonderful colors I asked her if she had any old-fashioned Off-white. She remembered seeing some on one of the already-mixed shelves so I settled for that. Anaheim?

Sunday afternoon I painted the overhead. That's the ceiling in land-lubber language. Monday night Danny did the west bulkhead while I was at play practice. Tuesday afternoon I did the north, northeast and east bulkheads. Danny came by Tuesday night to help paint. That's done, I told him, let's move the furniture back where it belongs.

I told Rene and Danny that I really did appreciate them getting me moving again. I have taken up where I left off when the winter glums hit me last November and, as much as available time allows, am industriously working on the yards and have the "garage" scheduled for the next inside job. (Well, it is still the "garage" although there is no way I could get a car into it. It is more of a shop and storage area and the garage doors have been covered by sliding glass panels.)

Despite some intensive advertising I have not yet been able to sell the motor home. Had a lot of lookers who gave me the impression that if I would give them 30 bucks to fill the gas tank they would be happy to drive it away. I turned it over to a broker this past week which means that I won't get as much for it as I wanted but he has a better chance of selling it than I did and I won't have to put up with any more lookers.

People are weird. I advertised the price I was asking (high enough to allow me a little negotiating room) but most of the people who looked were not prepared to offer half my asking price. For the price of a pickup camper shell they expect to get a fully equipped motor home. And they do not have the price of the camper, either, but hope to be able to get it from a money-lender. Ah, well.

Anyway, spring are sprang and I am busy doing all the things that a homeowner has to do to keep the place from falling apart. Ambrose Bierce, I think it was, said that anyone who owns his own home deserves whatever he gets. He gets a lot of work is what he gets but, whathell, it's mine and it's paid for. It may not be a latifundia but it is big enough for the Holiday Inn Cat to roam without getting into trouble. And enough work to keep me busy and out of trouble, too.

Oh, oh, here's an item that will cause trouble, though, among all the crusaders who are concerned with such things. According to a story in the newspaper spokespeople for assorted minority groups are complaining that all these environmental controls are hurting them economically and making their plight even worse than it is already. They cannot afford to have their cars fixed so they meet the anti-pollution standards. They cannot afford the effort that goes into separating trash for recycling. They cannot afford to take hazardous household wastes to the hazardous waste collection stations. What can they afford to do? Have more kids.

I tell you that the choice between saving the planet and these precious economically deprived folks is a difficult one to make.

Late April brought the 5th Amigocon in El Paso and since that is a local convention (and is usually enjoyable) I decided I would attend. Out here in the wild and woolly, anything within 400 miles is a local convention. El Paso isn't quite that far away, somewhere around 250 miles, so it is an easy drive. I do the typical old man thing, set the cruise control on 60, get in the right-hand lane, and let everybody else on the road pass me. Counting stops for gas and food (one) it took about six hours from Albuquerque to El Paso.

Vardeman was one of the guests at Amigocon and since he had to wait for Patty to get off work that meant he had to fly so the stroller for Christopher ended up in the back of my little red wagon.

One of the attractions of Amigocon for me was the opportunity to see Poul and Karen Anderson again. It has been far too long since I've had the chance to visit with them. I just don't get to west coast conventions any more so when I read that they would be at Amigocon V, I marked that one on the calendar as a definite commitment.

The convention hotel was the Embassy Suites, an interesting hotel built as a quadrangle around a huge atrium. There was an European flavor to the hotel and it was not the typical con hotel. Well, for one thing, all of the con facilities were on the top floor. That is unusual.

Things were a little late getting started because the function rooms were not available on time so at the scheduled five o'clock opening time the huxters were still setting up (although Willie Siros was able to sell me a book at approximately 5:01 p.m.) and the art show was just getting a started on set up. I don't think all of the art was hung until sometime the next day. Not a whole lot of interest in the art show--the usual cutesy dragons and unicorns--and, unfortunately, too many artists are simply sending prints which are beginning to show up at convention after convention and are getting boring.

There was enough programmin scheduled to give something for everybody and the panelists were appropriately amusing and informative. At the panel on myth and folklore Somtow Sucharitkul told of his visit to the family shaman who promised that if he followed certain instructions his career would progress. He said that strangely enough sales improved after his visit to the old woman.

The military themes panel consisted of Poul Anderson, Somtow Sucharitkul, Michelene Pendleton, and Vardeman and went off in an orderly manner without the audience screaming "fascist bastards" at the panel. Must admit that, unlike some of the military theme panels I've sat on, the panelists did not attempt to goad the audience. (Hell, that's the fun of military themes--get them stirred up.) (And Southwestern fen are not as radically pasifistic as those on the west coast.

All in all an enjoyable convention. Attendance around 360. If you are looking for a convention next April, try Amigocon.

Can't Afford Holland? Then Why Not Join Perry Rodent At

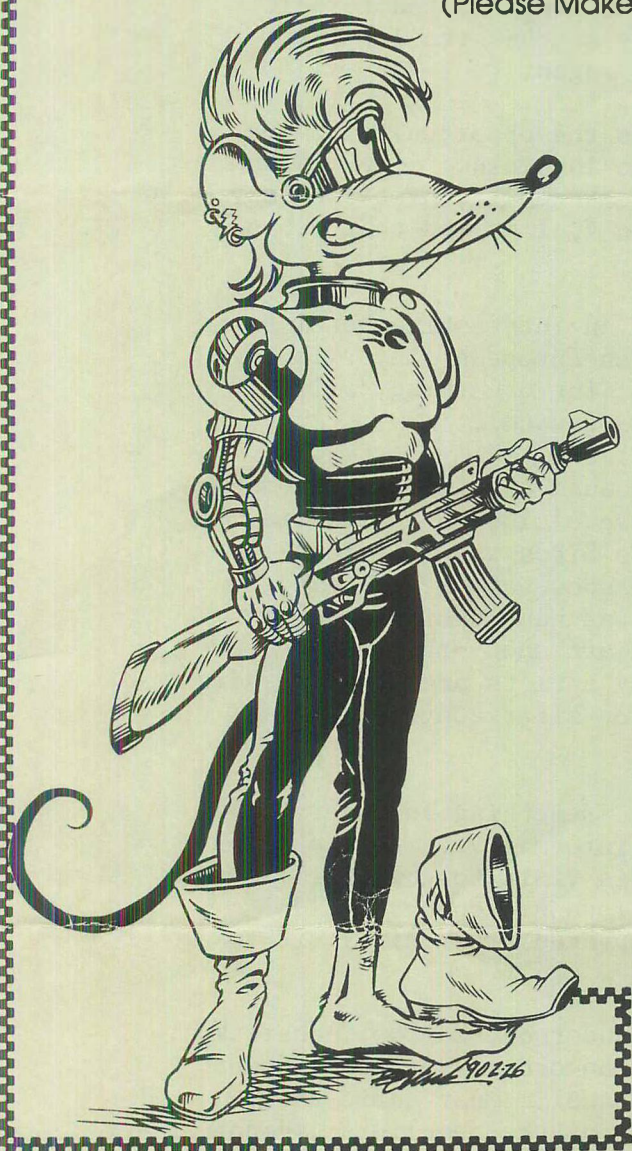
BUBONICON 22

New Mexico's Longest Running Science Fiction/Fantasy Convention

August 24-26, 1990 • Clarion Four Seasons

2500 Carlisle NE (I-40 & Carlisle), Albuquerque, NM

Room Reservations (505) 888-3311 • Single/Double: \$55 Poolside, \$50 Other
(Please Make Reservations By August 1, 1990)



Guest of Honor

JENNIFER ROBERSON

Sword-Dancer, Chronicles of the Cheysuli

Toastmaster

ROY TACKETT

FAPA, First Fandom

Guest Artist

HARRY O. MORRIS

World Fantasy Award Nominee

Panel Discussions • Auction • Speeches
Saturday Masquerade • Art Show
Movies • Readings • Filking Session
Book Signings • Green Slime Awards
Hucksters • Parties • Lots of Fun

Memberships: \$18 Until May 31

\$20 June 1-July 31, \$22 Thereafter

(Fri \$8, Sat \$12 and Sun \$10 at the door)

Huckster Tables: \$35 (1 membership),

\$45 (2 members), extra tables \$25

(14 tables available)

**Art Show: Send SASE for Entry Forms
and complete Regulations**

Make All Payments and Inquiries to the NMSF Conference

P.O. Box 37257, Albuquerque, NM 87176

For more information, call Craig at (505) 266-8905 5 PM-11 PM MST.

No collect calls accepted.

BUBONICON. CLOSER THAN HOLLAND & JUST AS CULTURAL.

Presented by the New Mexico Science Fiction Conference with assistance from Albuquerque SF clubs